

Fourteen State Lawyers to Aid in Soldier Work

General O'Ryan Names Them to Hear Complaints From Disabled Veterans in Nebraska.

President Edward P. Holmes of the state bar association, at the request of General P. O'Ryan, now counsel to the federal senate committee investigating government care of disabled soldiers, has named the following Nebraska attorneys as assistants to the general in this state:

Vincent C. Hascall of Omaha, J. W. Kinsinger of Lincoln, Earl Meyer of Alliance, George Munn of Ord, Frank Warner of Norfolk, Robert M. Armstrong of Auburn, and Harry Ellis of Holdrege.

General O'Ryan states his position in a letter from which this is taken: "I cannot attempt to perform the functions of the veterans bureau in Washington, nor can I, acting for the committee, assume the functions of a board of appeal in cases where soldiers are dissatisfied. I must, however, cause to be investigated a large number of complaints that might be considered as characteristic, for the purpose of judging the merits of complaints of each class."

"What I have in mind is to constitute a list of former officers who are lawyers and who will serve in the manner indicated (without compensation) to hear the limited number

of complaints sent to them, where the circumstances warrant it, to secure the facts by affidavits, and to report to me briefly their conclusions and suggestions. This latter will be directed toward expediting prompt action in any meritorious case that has been neglected, but should include observations of constructive character which go to the root of any organizational defect in the system of providing for the disabled."

Women Act in Play by Stuart Walker

Omaha Club to Vote April 30 on Proposal for Financial Secretary.

The speech education department of the Omaha Woman's club presented a delightful program at the general meeting of the club Monday afternoon in the Muse theater.

Stuart Walker's play, "Six Pass While the Lentils Boil," was given under direction of Mrs. A. S. Harrington. The cast included Mesdames C. C. Piley, Grant Williams, O. Y. King, H. S. Kamen, A. D. Nunn, E. H. Westerfield, O. E. Monroe, W. W. Watt, Miss Fosteen Potts, Miss Melba Bradshaw and Kenneth Baker. Extemporaneous talks were given by Dr. Idelle Stoddard and Mrs. George Magney. Mrs. Magney spoke on the "Spirit of Homemaking" and Dr. Stoddard's subject was "A Feather."

Mrs. Grace Poole Steinberg, contralto, contributed a song group, accompanied by Mrs. Willis Redfield. Much credit is due Mrs. H. J. Holmes, department leader, and Professor Edwin Puls, director, for the success of the program.

During the business hour Mrs. Harriet MacMurphy, chairman of the constitution committee, proposed an amendment to the constitution providing for a financial secretary. This amendment will be voted upon at the meeting of April 30.

The club will celebrate the 30th anniversary of its founding with a luncheon at the Fontenelle hotel Tuesday, April 24.

Mrs. D. M. Hildebrand of Seward, a past president of the Seward Woman's club, was a guest at Monday's meeting, which was attended by 700 members and friends.

Some chopped mushrooms and a half cup grated cheese added to the cream sauce for fish is a delightful improvement.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents and a younger brother, Ralph, has to quit Temple college, a small denominational school at Lincoln, at the end of his third year to take care of the home place while his father, Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Claude's older brother, Baylis, runs an equipment store at Frankfort. While in Lincoln Claude has become a close friend of the Erlich family. Mrs. Erlich, a motherly widow with five sons, having made the shy boy feel at home on his numerous visits. Claude and Baylis go sleigh riding with End and Gladys Farmer. They drive past the Trevor place, which Baylis announces he has bought. Claude takes End to Hastings on a shopping trip. While there they visit Rev. Arthur Weldon, one of Claude's former professors.

Mr. Weldon certainly bore no malice, but always pronounced Claude's name exactly like the word "Clod," which annoyed him. To be sure, End pronounced his name in the same way, but either Claude did not notice it or did not mind it. From her, he sank into a deep, dark sofa, and sat with his driving cap on his knee while Brother Weldon drew a chair up to the one open window of the dusky room and began to read Carrie Royce's letters. Without being asked to do so, he read them aloud, and stopped to comment from time to time. Claude observed with disappointment that End drank in all his platitudes just as Mrs. Wheeler did. He had never looked at Weldon so long before. The light fell full on the young man's pearl-shaped head and his thin, rippled hair. What in the world could sensitize a man like his mother and End Royce find to admire in this purring, white-necked fellow? End's dark eyes rested upon him with an expression of profound respect. She both looked at him and spoke to him with more feeling than she ever showed toward Claude.

"You see, Brother Weldon," she said earnestly, "I am not naturally much drawn to people. I find it hard to take the proper interest in the church work at home. It seems as if I had always been holding myself in reserve for the foreign field,—by not making personal ties. I mean, if Gladys Farmer went to China, everybody would miss her. She could never be replaced in the High school. She has the kind of magnetism that draws people to her. But I have always been keeping myself free to do what Carrie is doing. There I know I could be of use."

Claude saw it was not easy for End to talk like this. Her face looked troubled, and her dark eyebrows came together in a sharp angle as she tried to tell young man preach-

er exactly what was going on in her mind. He listened with his habitual, smiling attention, smoothing the paper of the folded letter pages and murmuring, "Yes, I understand. Indeed, Miss End?"

When she pressed him for advice, he said it was not always easy to know in what field one could be most useful; perhaps this very restraint was giving her some spiritual discipline that she particularly needed. He was careful not to commit himself, not to advise anything unconditionally, except prayer.

"I believe that all things are made clear to us in prayer, Miss End." End clasped her hands, her perplexity made her features look sharper. "But it is when I pray that I feel this call the strongest. It seems as if a finger were pointing me over there. Sometimes when I ask for guidance in little things, I get none, and only get the feeling that my work lies far away, and that for it, strength would be given me. Until I take that road, Christ withholds himself."

trees in front of Mrs. Gleason's house. Before they got into it, he called End's attention to a mass of thunder-heads in the west.

"That looks to me like a storm. It might be a wise thing to stay at the hotel tonight." "Oh, no! I don't want to do that, I haven't come prepared."

He reminded her that it wouldn't be impossible to buy whatever she might need for the night.

"I don't like to stay in a strange place without my own things," she said decidedly. "I'm afraid you'll be going straight into it. We may be in for something pretty rough,—but it's as you say." He still hesitated, and she said with quiet determination, Claude had not yet learned that End always opposed the unexpected, and could not bear to have her plans changed by people or circumstances.

For an hour he drove at his best speed, watching the clouds anxiously. The table-land, from horizon to horizon, was glowing in sunlight, and the sky itself seemed only the more brilliant for the mass of purple vapours rolling in the west, with bright edges, like new-cut lead. He had made 50 odd miles when the air suddenly grew cold, and in 10 minutes the whole shining sky was blotted out. He sprang to the ground and began to jack up his wheels. As soon as a wheel left the earth, End adjusted the chain. Claude told her he had never got the chains on so quickly before. He covered the packages in the back seat with an old cloth and drove forward to meet the storm.

The rain swept over them in waves, seemed to rise from the sod as well as to fall from the clouds. They made another five miles, ploughing through puddles and sliding over liquefied roads. Suddenly the heavy car, chains and all, bounded up a two-foot bank, shot over the sod a dozen yards before the brake caught it, then swung a half-circle and stood still. End sat calm and motionless.

Claude drew a long breath. "If that had happened on a culvert, we'd be in the ditch with the car on top of us. I simply can't control the thing. The whole top soil is loose, and there's nothing to hold it. That's Tommy Rice's place over there. We'd better get him to take us in for the night."

"But that would be worse than the hotel," End objected. "They are not very clean people, and there are a lot of children."

murmured, "From here on, it would be a matter of luck. We might land anywhere."

"We are only about 10 miles from your place. I can stay with your mother tonight."

"It's too dangerous, End. I don't like the responsibility. Your father would blame me for taking such a chance."

"I know, it's on my account you're nervous," End spoke reasonably enough. "Do you mind letting me drive for awhile? There are only three bad hills left, and I think I can slide them sideways; I've often tried it."

Claude got out and let her slip into his seat, but after she took the wheel he put his hand on her arm. "Don't do anything so foolish," he pleaded.

End smiled and shook her head. She was amiable, but inflexible. He folded his arms. "Go on."

He was chafed by her stubbornness, but he had to admire her resourcefulness in handling the car. At the bottom of one of the worst hills, was a new cement culvert, overlaid with liquid mud, where there was nothing for the chains to grip. The car slid to the edge of the culvert and stopped on the very brink. While they were ploughing up the other side of the hill, End remarked: "It's a good thing your starter works well; a little jar would have thrown us over."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Value of John D., Jr.'s Stock Jumps \$104,201,000

New York, April 2.—The market value of the John D. Rockefeller, jr., holdings in Standard Oil stocks increased \$104,201,000 in the last year, according to a tabulation today by the Evening World.

The amounts of market appreciation in the various companies is given by the newspaper as follows: Standard of New Jersey, common, \$15,508,000; preferred, \$103,000; Standard of California, \$15,939,000; Standard of New York, \$37,923,000; Atlantic Refining, common, \$5,546,000; preferred, \$58,000; Ohio Oil, \$4,524,000; Prairie Oil, \$424,000; Illinois Pipe, \$184,000; Vacuum Oil, \$18,152,000.

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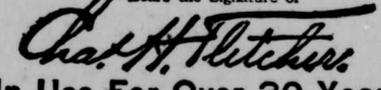
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