

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER. Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS. Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents, left Temple college, denominational school at Lincoln, in his third year, in order that he might spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. An older brother, Ralph, runs an implement store at Frankfort. In Lincoln Claude became close friends with the Erlich family, a motherly widow and five sons. Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young farmers, are friends of Claude. Claude declares his love for Enid Royce, daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort miller. Enid tells him marriage for them would not be the best thing. World war is raging. Claude and his mother deeply interested in German advance on France through Belgium. Claude feels the call of war. Enid and mother return from Michigan. Claude turns mind to building home on Wheeler land. His father and mother don't approve of his choice of a wife. As soon as the fall planting was done Claude got the well borers out from town to drill his new well, and while they were at work he began digging his cellar. He was building his house on the level stretch beside his father's timber claim because when he was a boy he thought that grove of trees the most beautiful spot in the world. It was a square of about 30 acres, set out in ash and box-elder and cottonwoods, with a thick mulberry hedge on the south side. The trees had been neglected of late years, but if he lived there he could manage to trim them and care for them at odd moments. Every morning now he ran up in the Ford and worked at his cellar. He had heard that the deeper the cellar was, the better it was; and he meant that this one should be deep enough. One day Leonard Dawson stopped to see what progress he was making. Standing on the edge of the hole, he shouted to the lad who was sweating below. "My God, Claude, what do you want of a cellar as deep as that? When your wife takes a notion to go to China, you can open a trap door and drop her through." Claude flung down his pick and ran. Rare Raisin Pie - is being baked for you by master bakers in your town. Ask grocers or neighborhood bake shops to deliver one to try. Why bake at home? - you'll agree that you don't need to when you taste the pie they're making with delicious Sun-Maid Raisins. Had Your Iron Today?

Claude working on the lattice enclosure of the back porch. "Claude is like Jonah," Enid laughed. "He wants to plant gourd vines here, so they will run over the lattice and make shade for the back porch. Gourd vines that might be more ornamental." Claude put down his hammer and said coaxingly: "Have you ever seen a gourd vine when it had something to climb on, Enid? You wouldn't believe how pretty they are; big green leaves, and gourds and yellow blossoms hanging all over them at the same time. An old German woman who keeps a lunch counter at one of those stations on the road to Lincoln has them running up her back porch, and I've wanted to plant some ever since I first saw hers." Enid smiled indulgently. "Well, I suppose you'll let me have clematis for the front porch, anyway? The men are getting ready to leave, so we'd better see about the steps." After the workmen had gone, Claude took the girls upstairs by the ladder. They emerged from a little entry into a large room which extended over both the front and back porches. The carpenter called it "the porch hall." There were two long windows, like doors, opening upon the porch roof, and in the sloping ceiling were two dormer windows, one looking north to the timber claim and the other south toward Lovely creek. Gladys at once felt a singular pleasantness about this chamber, empty and unplastered as it was. "What a lovely room!" she exclaimed. Claude took her up eagerly. "Don't you think so? You see it's a porch hall, a rather large white and brown striped beetle, which usually requires from two to three years to complete its life cycle. Besides the apple, it attacks the quince and pear among cultivated fruits, and the wild crab service, mountain ash, chokeberry, seedling apple, and some other wild or native trees. This booklet describes the insect in its different stages, its habits and work, natural enemies, and the various methods of controlling it. Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 675." "Goo, Goo," Says Baby When Parents Get Judge's Order J. L. LaBunte, 24, auto salesman, 2112 Chicago street, said his wife had the temper of a tigress and Mrs. LaBunte, 22, declared that her husband blew cigarette smoke in her face. Both were telling municipal Judge Wapnick yesterday the cause of their quarrel Wednesday night. Mrs. LaBunte carried their baby and as the judge told the couple to report to him on April 30 the infant remarked: "Goo, goo." "You're right," affirmed the judge. Marriage License Shows Huller's Change of Mind Elmer McNally and Mrs. Mary Huller took out a marriage license yesterday. McNally was divorced from his wife. Mrs. Huller was divorced from her husband, who runs a cafe at 1302 Douglas street. Huller was correspondent in this suit. At the time the divorces were granted McNally was asked if he would marry Mrs. Huller. He stated emphatically that he would not.

Uncle Sam Says

Round-Headed Apple Tree Borer. The apple tree has no more destructive enemy than the round-headed apple tree borer. It is the grub of a rather large white and brown striped beetle, which usually requires from two to three years to complete its life cycle. Besides the apple, it attacks the quince and pear among cultivated fruits, and the wild crab service, mountain ash, chokeberry, seedling apple, and some other wild or native trees. This booklet describes the insect in its different stages, its habits and work, natural enemies, and the various methods of controlling it. Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 675."

Our Children

The Gift Box. I watched a lady trimming a box. She covered it with lovely brocade and trimmed it with bright ribbons and sparkling favors. It was a very attractive box. "What is it for?" I wanted to know. "It's a gift box. Just to look at. Isn't it pretty?" "Why, yes. But what's going inside of it?" "Nothing, really. I don't expect him to open it. He'll be content with looking at the beautiful outside of it, you see. "But suppose you put a real gift inside it—he'd never find it would he?" "No. But why look inside of it? It's just meant to be pretty and satisfy the hunger of beauty." "I doubt that it will satisfy anything," I retorted, for I have little love for fine boxes. I have seen so many lovely ones, so lovely that the children to whom they were given were so taken up with the form and the beauty and the cleverness of the wrappings and the ingenuity of the knots and the bows that tied them as never to be beyond them. Yet these were real gifts in the boxes—gifts that promised happiness and sweet content. I have heard a clever teacher of arithmetic dress up a lesson in such profusion of language, and brilliant illustration, and learned references, and hosts of instances, that the class were lost in delighted astonishment and never caught a glimpse of the gift that was wrapped up so gorgeously. I have listened to a father present a gift of wisdom to his son and it was so swathed in personal atmosphere, so bound about with family tradition, so decorated with interesting and curious words that the boy took it wonderingly and turned it over and over asking himself whatever in the world he should do with it and never once catching sight of the gift of love and fatherly kindness and deep rooted loyalty that his father had offered him. All because of the ornate casing. I have heard pastors present the love and fatherhood of God wrapped about with so much dogma and creed and ritualistic formulae that the children listening were mystified and thrilled and attracted, but they left the service without discovering the gift lay hidden in the magnified work. Just a little less outside dressing, just a bit more of straight forward directness of speech and of action, a touch of simplicity, an honest and humble approach to the truth we are trying to show them, and the gift is made plain to the children. That, after all, is what we are striving for, isn't it? That truth

shall enrich the lives of the young ones—Truth, who needs neither color nor tinsel nor glitter. "Plain Truth," she is called and with reason! (Copyright, 1923.)

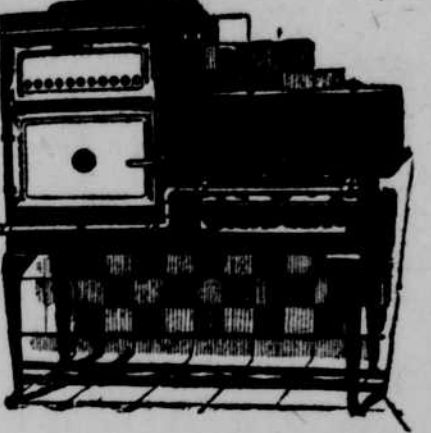
Scottsbluff Commerce Body Elects Farmer President. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Scottsbluff, Neb., April 12.—The Scottsbluff Chamber of Commerce elected a farmer, Neal Barbour, its president. He succeeds William Morrow, attorney. Lynn Thompson was elected vice president, H. H. Ostenberg, treasurer, and Miss Heister Ruckman, secretary.



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The World Aghast As Red Russia Mocks Christendom

IN MOSCOW, at 4 o'clock in the morning of March 31, Monsignor Butchkavitch, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia, after a night of brutal tauntings and torture, was led down into the cellar beneath the Cheka building and shot to death. This execution followed a trial of fifteen Catholic priests which included, besides the Vicar-General, Archbishop Zepiack, on the charge, according to dispatches, of "opposing the Soviet Government." The Archbishop was also sentenced to death but as a concession, it is said, to the religious sentiments of the Russian peasants, his sentence was commuted by the Central Executive Committee to ten years' imprisonment. Protests and pleas for clemency from Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish organizations in all parts of the world, from the Pope and from the governments of Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Spain, Poland,

and Czecho-Slovakia, had no effect in staying the death sentence. "The formal protest of America, the nation that fed some millions of Russians starving a few months ago, stirred Moscow to a peculiar rage," says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "It was the strange frenzy of the arrogant, ungrateful beggar whose belly has been filled and whose sores have been washed. In the eyes of millions of people over the world, Red Russia has stamped herself as the anti-Christ with the mark of the beast set on her brow." This latest action of the Soviet government has aroused the indignation of the entire Christian world and may have far-reaching consequences. Read THE LITERARY DIGEST, this week, April 14th, for the expressions of public opinion in America and the view-point of the Russian government toward the attitude of the world at large.

- Other Vital News-Features in April 14th Digest Uncle Sam Harpooning the Oil Sharks Chicago's Clean-Up Election Recipe to Make Prosperity Permanent Britain's Third Workless Winter An Electric Ferry-boat Bernhardt, France's "Greatest Missionary" (Illustrated with rare portraits from a private collection) Cradles Instead of Divorces Bates Wins Debates A Day in the Life of the English Queen Many Fine Illustrations Including Cartoons

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