

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Synopsis.
Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents, quit college in his third year in order to attend to the home ranch while his younger brother, Ralph, and father, Nat, spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Bayliss is Claude's oldest brother, and is in business in Frankfort, Neb., the scene of the story to date. While in school in Lincoln, Claude made friends of Erlich family, a methodical, successful, and successful. Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young Frankfort farmers, are close friends of Claude's. Claude and mother are greatly interested in German advance into Belgium during world war. Claude turns attention to building home for Erlich Boyce, religious daughter of Jason Boyce, Frankfort miller. He married her at the Boyce home. On the first night of their honeymoon Ernest casually asked Claude to spend the night in another part of the train. He is hurt but complies. They arrive in Denver next morning.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
(Book Three)
CHAPTER I.
Claude was to continue farming with his father, and after he returned from the wedding journey, he fell at once to work. The harvest was at most as abundant as that of the summer before, and he was busy in the fields six days a week.

One afternoon in August he came home with his team, watered and fed the horses in a leisurely way, and then entered his house by the back door. Erlich, he knew, would not be there. She had gone to Frankfort to a meeting of the Anti-Saloon league. The prohibition party was bestirring itself in Nebraska that summer, confident of voting the state dry the following year, which purpose it triumphantly accomplished.

Erlich's kitchen, full of the afternoon sun, glittered with new paint, spotless linoleum, and blue-and-white cooking vessels. In the dining room the cloth was laid, and the table was neatly set for one. Claude opened the back door where the stairs dry the following year, which purpose it triumphantly accomplished.

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Claude, how soon do you figure you'll be able to let me have the thrasher? My wheat will begin to sprout in the shock pretty soon. Do you guess your father would be willing to work on Sunday, if I helped you, to let the machine off a day earlier?"

"I'm afraid not. Mother wouldn't like it. We never have done that, even when we were crowded."

"Well, I think I'll go over and have a talk with your mother. If she could look inside my wheat shocks, maybe I could convince her. It's pretty near a case of your neighbor's ox falling into a pit on the Sabbath day."

"That's a good idea. She's always reasonable."

Leonard rose. "What's the news?"

"The Germans have torpedoed an English passenger ship, the Arabic, coming this way, too."

"That's all right," Leonard declared. "Maybe Americans will stay at home now, and mind their own business. I don't care how they chew each other up over what they chew. I'd as soon see one get wiped off the map as another."

"Your grandparents were English people, weren't they?"

"That's a long while ago. Yes, my grandmother wore a cap and little white curls, and I tell Susie I wouldn't mind if the baby turned out to have my grandmother's skin. She had the finest complexion I ever saw."

As they stepped out of the back door, a troop of white chickens with red combs ran squawking toward them. It was the hour at which the poultry was usually fed. Leonard stopped to admire them. "You've got a fine lot of hens. I always did like white Leghorns. Where are all your roosters?"

"We've only got one. He's shut up in the coop. The brood hens are setting. Erlich is going to try raising winter fry."

"Only one rooster? And may I ask what these hens do?"

Claude laughed. "They lay eggs, just the same—better. It's the fertile eggs that spoil in warm weather."

This information seemed to make Leonard angry. "I never heard of such damned nonsense," he blustered. "I raise chickens on a natural basis, or I don't raise 'em at all." He jumped into his car for fear he would say more.

When he got home his wife was lifting supper, and the baby sat near her in its buggy, playing with a rattle. Dirty and sweaty as he was, Leonard picked up the clean baby and began to kiss it and smell it, rubbing his stubby chin in the soft creases of its neck. The little girl was beside herself with delight.

"Go and wash up for supper, Len," Susie called from the stove. He put down the baby and began splashing in the tin basin, talking with his eyes shut.

"Susie, I'm in an awful temper. I

can't stand that damned wife of Claude's!"

She was spearing roasting ears out of a big iron pot and looked up through the steam. "Why, have you seen her? I was listening on the telephone this morning and heard her tell Bayliss she would be in town until late."

"Oh, yes! She went to town all right, and he's over there eating a cold supper by himself. That woman's a fanatic! She ain't content with practicing prohibition on humankind; she's begun now on the hens." While he placed the chairs and wheeled the baby up to the table, he explained Erlich's method of raising poultry to his wife. She said she really didn't see any harm in it.

"Now be honest, Susie; did you ever know hens would keep on laying without a rooster?"

"No, I didn't, but I was brought up the old-fashioned way. Erlich has poultry books and garden books, and all such things. I don't doubt she gets good ideas from them. But anyhow, you be careful. She's our nearest neighbor, and I don't want to have trouble with her."

"I'll have to keep out of her way, then. If she tries to do any missionary work among my chickens, I'll tell her a few home truths her husband's too bashful to tell her. It's my opinion she's got that boy cowed already."

"Now, Len, you know she won't bother your chickens. You keep quiet. But Claude does seem to sort of avoid people." Susie admitted, filling her husband's plate again. "Mrs. Joe Havel says 'Ernie don't go. He Claude's any more. It seems Ernie went over there and wanted Ernest to paste some prohibition posters about 15,000,000 drunks on their barns. Ernest wouldn't do it, and told her he was going to vote for saloons, and Ernie was quite spiteful. Mrs. Havel said, 'It's too bad when they boys were such chums. I used to like to see them together.' Susie spoke so kindly that her husband shut her a quick glance of shy affection.

"Do you suppose Claude relished having that preacher visiting them,

when they hadn't been married two months? Sitting on the front porch in a white necktie every day, while Claude was out cutting wheat?"

"Well, anyhow, I guess Claude has more to eat when Brother Weldon was staying there. Preachers won't be fed on calories, or whatever it is Ernie calls 'em," said Susie, who was given to looking on the bright side of things. "Claude's wife keeps a wonderful kitchen, but so could I, if I never cooked any more than she does."

Leonard gave her a meaning look. "I don't believe you would live with the sort of man you could feed out of a tin can."

"No, I don't believe I would." She pushed the buggy toward him. "Take her up, Daddy. She wants to play with you."

Leonard sat the baby on his shoulder and carried her off to show her the pigs. Susie kept laughing and washed the dishes; she was much amused by what her husband had told her.

Late that evening, when Leonard was starting for the barn to see that all was well before he went to bed, he observed a discreet black object rolling along the highroad in the moonlight, a red spark emitting in the rear. He called Susie to the door.

"See, there she goes; going home to report the success of the meeting to Claude. Wouldn't that be a nice way to have your wife coming in?"

"Now, Leonard, if Claude likes it—"

"Likes it?" Big Leonard drew himself up. "What can he do, poor kid? He's stung!"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Last "Pill Box" in Place.
The last of the new "pillbox" suburban police stations has been set in place by the contractor, this location being Hanson park property along Westworth avenue, a short distance east of Thirty-second avenue.

Are you reading the Brisbane column daily appearing in this paper?

Our Children
By ANGELO PATRI.
The Sand Pile.

There were a great many children living in the apartment houses that lined the park. The park made a fine place for them to play in and to look at. The parkman, Paddy, used to let the dandelions blossom so the youngsters might see them shining like golden discs in the tender green of the soft spring grass.

Over under the big elm there were swings and slides and just beyond was the pond, shallow enough to be safe and deep enough to fish for the gold fish who were too sophisticated to hang themselves on bent pins or scraps of red flannel however temptingly dangled before their snuffy noses. Boats with paper sails did very well too, and the beach furnished just the right sort of damp sand for pies.

But some of the mothers wanted a sandpile. "Nice, clean sea sand that they can shovel and carry, you know, Paddy."

"Yes, yes. It's me that knows them and piles," said Paddy. "And the more I know about them the more I don't like them."

"They're so clean, you know. The children get so messy playing on the edge of the pond. They must have some sort of dirt to play in and every day you wouldn't be saying how clean they were. However, I'm not the commissioner. Still I'm advising them. Steer clear of their sandpiles. It's me that knows them."

But the lady called on the commissioner and persuaded him to put a

sand pile under the old sycamore that grew in the little dell close to the pond. "It will be so cool and so shady and the view of the pond is so attractive," said the active lady mother.

"'Tis all of that," said Paddy. "Tis cool and shady and damp and the blessed sunshine will see little of it and it's none the better for that. Now if I was placing you bit of a dump I'd be for putting it right out in the open lot with the sun full on it. I would that."

But the lady smiled at old Paddy's obstinacy and took Cyril and Maude and their shovels and pails to the fresh new sand pile. It was lovely. "Paddy, you don't know how good it is," she called to him. "The children never had such fun in the playground as they've had today."

"May it last," said Paddy fervently. "but I know it will not." The next afternoon when the lady appeared with Cyril and Maude, the pile was well filled with busy shovellers. Suddenly one of them stopped shovelling and began to cough. There was only one sound in the world like that. "Whoops," said Cyril. "He's got 'em bad."

"And O mother, look what that little one over there is doing right in the sand!"

"Home," said mother. "Quick. I blame Paddy for this. He might have told me." But then, who was Paddy compared to the active lady mother who persuaded the commissioner?

"They never listen to me," said Paddy, "and it's me that knows."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Lions After Convention.
Omaha Lions have started a campaign by which they hope to bring the 1924 national convention of Lions to Omaha. The Omaha Lions are carrying a large advertisement reading "Omaha in 1924" in the Lions club magazine.

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