

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

SYNOPSIS

Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in wedded life with Edith, a girl from Lincoln. After a year and a half together she goes to China, where her younger sister, Catherine, a missionary, is ill. Claude goes to officers' training camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. While attending a small denominational college in Lincoln he becomes a friend of the British family, Leonard Dawson, young Nebraska rancher and neighbor of the Wheeler family. He has an elder brother, Hazlett, in business in Franklin, Neb., and a younger brother, Ralph. His mother is proud of her sons. While home on leave Claude finds he loves Gladys Farmer, high school friend of his wife. Claude leaves for Europe for Europe. On board the transport he makes friends with Victor Morse, an aviator. Albert I. Cook, a young man from Wyoming; Private Bert Fuller, a Virginia soldier, and Corporal Tannhauser and Lieut. Fanning, an epidemic of "flu" breaks out on shipboard and Claude is kept busy caring for the sick. Corporal Tannhauser and four other soldiers die and are buried at sea.

CHAPTER VII

B company's first officer, Captain Maxey, was so seasick throughout the voyage that he was of no help to his men in the epidemic. It must have been a frightful blow to his pride, for nobody was ever more anxious to do an officer's whole duty.

Claude had known Hazlett Maxey slightly in Lincoln; had met him at the Ellens and afterwards kept up a casual acquaintance with him. He hadn't liked Maxey then, and he didn't like him now, but he thought him a good officer. Maxey's family were poor folk from Mississippi, who had settled in Nebraska county, and he was very ambitious, not only to get on in the world, but, as he said, to "be somebody." His life at the university was a feverish pursuit of social advantages and useful acquaintances. His feeling for the "right people" amounted to a venereal disease. After his graduation, Maxey served on the Mexican border. He was a tireless drill master, and threw himself into his duties with all the energy of which his true physique was capable. He was slight and fair-skinned; a rigid jaw threw his lower teeth out beyond the upper ones and made his face look stiff. His manner, tense and nervous, was the expression of a passionate desire to excel.

Claude seemed to himself to be leading a double life these days. When he was working over Fanning, or was down in the hold helping to take care of the sick soldiers, he had no time to think, did not manically forget the thing that came to hand. But when he had an hour to himself on deck, the tingling sense of ever-widening freedom flashed up in him again, and he was a man again. He had never known any like it before. The fog, and rain, the grey sky and the lonely grey stretches of the ocean were like nothing he had ever imagined long ago—memories of old sea stories read in childhood, perhaps—and they kindled a warm spot in his heart. Here on the Anchores he seemed to begin where childhood had left off. The ugly hiatus between had closed up. Years of his life were blotted out in the fog. The thing which had been at first depressing had become a shelter; a tent moving through space, hiding one from all that had been before, giving one a chance to correct one's ideas about life and to plan the future. The past was physically shut off; that was his illusion. He had already traveled a great many more miles than he had told off by the ship's log. When Bandmaster Fred Max asked him to play chess, he had to ston a moment and think why it was that came had such disagreeable associations for him. Edith's role, deceptive face seldom rose before him unless some such accident brought it up. It happened to him once a group of boys talking about their sweethearts and war-brides, he listened a moment and then moved away with the happy feeling that he was the least married man on the boat.

There was plenty of deck room, now that so many men were ill either from sea-sickness or the epidemic, and sometimes he and Albert Usher had the stormy side of the boat almost to themselves. The marine was the best sort of companion for those gloomy days; steady, quiet, self-reliant. And he, too, was always looking forward. As for Victor Morse, Claude was growing positively fond of him. Victor had tea in a special corner of the officers' smoking-room every afternoon—he would have perished without it—and the steward always produced some special garnishes of toast and jam or sweet biscuit for him. Claude usually managed to join him at that hour.

On the day of Tannhauser's funeral he went into the smoking room at 4. Victor beckoned the steward and told him to bring a couple of hot whiskeys with the tea. "You're very wet, you know," Wheeler said, and he should. There, he said he put down his glass, "don't you feel better with a drink?"

"Very much. I think I'll have another. It's agreeable to be warm inside."

"Two more, steward, and bring me some fresh lemon." The occupants of the room were either reading or talking in low tones. One of the Swedish boys was playing softly on the old piano. Victor began to pour the tea. He had a neat way of doing it, and today he was especially solicitous. "This Scotch mist gets into one's bones, doesn't it? I thought you were looking rather seedy when I passed you on deck."

"I was up with Tannhauser last night. Didn't get more than an hour's sleep," Claude murmured, yawning.

"Yes, I heard you lost your big corporal. I'm sorry. I've had bad news, too. I'm out now that we're to make a French port. That dashes all my plans. However, c'est la guerre!" He pushed back his cup

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you're lucky enough to have a shilling, you can get something for it." "Yes, things are pretty tame at home," the other admitted. "Tame? My God, it's death in life! What's left of men if you take all the fire out of them? They're afraid of everything. I know them! Sunday school sneaks, prowling around these little towns after dark!" Victor abruptly dismissed the subject. "By the way, your pals with the doctor, aren't you? I'm needing some medicine. Fit only for empty heads. Silly sort of play, whirling around and around. They may have been right about that sort of dancing. That is not the kind I mean. It isn't any of those things. It is the secret of teaching the children the very poetry of motion; a motion that is as suave as a sonata, as graceful as an St. Gaudens statue, as lovely as a Corot spring. There is no foolishness in that. There is the keenest kind of intelligence at work. There is no waste of time but a very sane use of it. The child is learning to control his body in a way that fills him with an artist's delight in it; in a way that sends a thrill of health and vitality through every fiber of his being; in

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.
The Dancing Lesson.

When I was little the grown folk used to speak lightly of the dancing lesson. Foolishness! Waste of time! Fit only for empty heads. Silly sort of play, whirling around and around. They may have been right about that sort of dancing. That is not the kind I mean. It isn't any of those things. It is the secret of teaching the children the very poetry of motion; a motion that is as suave as a sonata, as graceful as an St. Gaudens statue, as lovely as a Corot spring. There is no foolishness in that. There is the keenest kind of intelligence at work. There is no waste of time but a very sane use of it. The child is learning to control his body in a way that fills him with an artist's delight in it; in a way that sends a thrill of health and vitality through every fiber of his being; in

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Castellar School Boy, 13, Is Found Drinking Whisky
The arrest of Lloyd Mills, 13, 2311 South Nineteenth street, brought to a head rumors current for several days that boys of Castellar school were indulging in drinking parties held after class hours. Detectives found him drinking whisky from a bottle hidden near the school. Since the foundation of the German empire in 1871, 1,900 different postage stamps have been issued.

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REEL REMARKS
By the M. P. Editor

"Hoot" Gibson is to return to us. For he is known "Hoot" Gibson is a Tekamah (Neb.) boy who became a hard-riding cowboy, just the type to fill a smart aleck none too romantic role in westerns. He was human manner, and versatile, although he never was sleeky.

Then he got married. We don't know whether or nor it was Mrs. Gibson or "Hoot" himself, but soon he announced himself as Edward (Hoot) Gibson, and then as Edward Gibson. Awfully nice in electric lights, but beginning to be punk in box office returns.

So now Edward is sunk; there are no more parentheses, and our "Hoot" is back—in wild and woolly westerns.

At the Screen Door
By CLARE IRVINE

Thanks for the donations to this kolin. Everybody is invited to step in and say their funniest; original or overheard.

Hollywood drug note: Connie Talmadge has done her hair in yellow!

The paraffine frying pan this week goes to H. B. K. Willis, clever reporter of the Los Angeles Times who sent in this witz: "They're even covering up the wagons in Hollywood." ("The Covered Wagon" is now on.)

I asked Doug Fairbanks the other night what he thought Napoleon could do were he here today. "He'd be a picture director," replied the tanned son of the cinema. Pretty deep!

Director Frank Borzage outdoes Griffith! He has St. Peter under contract and is making scenes in heaven—for his new picture, of course!

Women like her simply don't exist in your part of the world," the aviator murmured, as he snapped the photograph case. "She's a linguist and musician and all that. With her, every day living is a fine art. Life, as she says, is what one makes it. In itself, it's nothing. Where you come from is its nothing—a sleeping sickness."

Claude laughed. "I don't know that I agree with you, but I like to hear you talk."

"Well, in that part of France that's all shot to pieces, you'll find more life going on in the cellars than in your home town, wherever that is. I'd rather be a steward in the London docks than a banker-king in one of your prairie states. In London, if

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