

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.
Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska farmer, finds no happiness in married life with Edna Boyce, religiously cold daughter of Jason Boyce, Frankfort, Nebraska. After a year and a half together she goes to China where her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, is ill. Claude goes to training camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. Claude had three years at a small denominational college in Lincoln, where he became a member of the Greek family, motherly widow and five sons. He was friends in Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young Nebraska farmers and neighbors of the Wheeler family. He has an elder brother, Bayless, in business in Frankfort, his father, Nat, and a younger brother, Ralph. While home on leave from camp he falls in love with Gladys Farmer, high school friend of his wife. He leaves with his company for Europe. An epidemic of "flu" breaks out on board and several soldiers die and are buried at sea. The transport docks at a French port and Claude gets his first glimpse of the horrors of war when a trainload of wounded American soldiers is brought in from the front. He is killed with another young man, M. and Madame Jonhart. After two weeks of intensive training, Claude leaves with his company for the front. He and his men rescue a starving Belgian refugee woman and her children, giving them food and shelter in a deserted farm house.

BOOK FIVE—CHAPTER VIII.
Four o'clock—a summer dawn—his first morning in the trenches. Claude had just been along the line to see that the gun teams were in position. This hour, when the light was changing, was a favorite time for attack. He had come in late last

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night, and had everything to learn. Mounting the fire-step, he peeped over the parapet between the sandbags. Into the low, twisting mist. Just then he could see nothing out the wire entanglement, with birds hopping along the top wire, singing and chirping as they did on the wire fences at home. Clear and flute-like they sounded in the heavy air—and they were the only sounds. A little breeze came up, slowly clearing the mist away. Strains of green showed through the moving banks of vapor. The birds became more agitated.

That dull stretch of gray and green was No Man's Land. Those low zig-zag mounds, like giant molehills protruded by wire hurdles, were the Hun trenches; five or six lines of them. He could easily follow the communication trenches without a glass. At one point their front line could not be more than 80 yards away, at another it must be all of 300. Here and there thin columns of smoke began to rise; the Hun was getting breakfast; everything was comfortable and natural. Behind the enemy's position the country rose gradually for several miles, with ravines and little woods, where, according to his map, they had masked artillery. Back on the hills were ruined farm houses and broken trees, but nowhere a living creature in sight. It was a dead, nerveless countryside, sunk in quiet and dejection. Yet everywhere the ground was full of men. Their own trenches, from the other side, must look quite as dead. Life was a secret, these days.

It was amazing how simply things could be done. His battalion had marched in quietly at midnight, and the line they came to relieve had set out as silently for the rear. It all took place in utter darkness. Just as B Company slid down an incline into the shallow rear trenches, the country was lit for a moment by two star shells, there was a rattling of machine guns, German Maxims—a sporadic crackle that was not followed up. Fling along the communication trenches, they listened anxiously; artillery fire would have made it bad for the other men who were marching to the rear. But nothing happened. They had a quiet night, and this morning, here they were!

The sky flamed up saffron and silver. Claude looked at his watch, but he could not bear to go just yet. How long it took a Wheeler to get round to anything! Four years on the way; now that he was here, he would enjoy the scenery a bit, he guessed. He wished his mother could know how he felt this morning. But perhaps she did know. At any rate, she would not have him anywhere else. Five years ago, when he was sitting on the steps of the Denver state house and knew that nothing unexpected could ever happen to him... suppose he could have seen, in a flash, where he would be today? He cast a long look at the reddening, lengthening landscape, and dropped down on the duckboard. Claude made his way back to the

dugout into which he and Gerhardt had thrown their effects last night. The former occupants had left it clean. There were two banks nailed against the side walls—wooden frames with wire netting over them, covered with dry sandbags. Between the two banks was a scap-box table, with a candle stuck in a green bottle, an alcohol stove, a bain-marie, and two tin cups. On the wall were colored pictures from Jugend, taken out of some Hun trench.

He found Gerhardt still asleep on his bed, and shook him until he sat up. "How long have you been out, Claude? Didn't you sleep?"

"A little. I wasn't very tired. I suppose we could heat shaving water on this stove; they've left us half a bottle of alcohol. It's quite a comfortable little hole, isn't it?"

"It will doubtless serve its purpose," David remarked dryly. "So sensitive to any criticism of this war! Why it's not your affair; you've only just arrived."

"I know," Claude replied meekly, as he began to fold his blankets. "But it's likely the only one I'll ever be in, so I may as well take an interest."

The next afternoon four young men, all more or less naked, were busy about a shellhole full of opaque brown water. Sergeant Hicks and his chum, Dell Able, had hunted through half the blazing hot morning to find a hole not to scumily, conveniently, and even picturesquely situated, and had reported it to the lieutenants. Captain Maxey, Hicks said, could send his own orderly to find his own shellhole, and could take his bath in private. "He'd never wash himself with anybody else," the sergeant added.

"Araid of exposing his dignity?" Bruker and Hammond, the two second lieutenants, were already out of their bath, and declined on what might almost be termed a grassy slope, examining various portions of their body with interest. They hadn't had all their clothes off for some time, and four days of marching in hot weather made a man anxious to look at himself.

"You wait till winter," Gerhardt told them. He was still splashing in the hole, up to his armpits in muddy water. "You won't get a wash once in three months then. Some of the Tommies told me that when they got their first bath after Vimy, their skins peeled off like a snake's. What are you doing with my trousers, Bruker?"

"Hunting for your knife. I dropped mine yesterday, when that shell exploded in the cut-off. I darned near dropped my old nut!"

"Shucks, that wasn't anything. Don't keep blowing about it—shows you're a greenhorn."

Claude stripped off his shirt and slid into the pool beside Gerhardt. "Gee, I hit something sharp down there. Why didn't you fellows pull out the splinters?"

"He shut his eyes, disappeared for a moment, and came up spluttering, throwing on the ground a round metal object, coated with rust and full of slime. "German helmet, isn't it. Phew!" He wiped his face and looked about suspiciously.

"Phew is right." Bruker turned the object over with a stick. "Why in hell didn't you bring up the rest of him? You've spoiled my bath. I hope you enjoy it."

Gerhardt scrambled up the side. "Get out, Wheeler! Look at that,"

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.

"George." "Only child?" asked the elderly visitor. "Yes. He's the only one." "Got a pet? Dog, rabbits, anything alive to play with?" "No! We thought he was too young to have the responsibility of caring for an animal. They're a lot of trouble, too." "Yes, children bring trouble with them. Dogs are nearly as much care as a child, not quite, and rabbits are worrisome things. But the lad ought to have something alive to talk to and play with. Lose something if he hasn't."

"When I was a boy I was alone with my mother and she was sick a lot. I worked hard to help her. Did everything she'd let me do. Washed and scrubbed, and did the dishes, and made the fire. Anything I could do."

"I didn't get much play, but I didn't mind that. Sometimes though I felt lonely and empty and wishing for something. One day my mother gave me a quarter and told me to go to the show in the old car barns. That was a great treat! An afternoon off and a quarter to spend!"

"Ten cents admission left me 15 cents to spend but I didn't see anything that I wanted at my price. Then I came upon the incubator. They were new at that time and I thought it the most wonderful sight on earth. Little chicks tumbling out of eggs and kicking lively little legs in the air!"

"Well, sir, I wanted one of those chicks to take home. Walk right up and buy a chick. Twenty-five cents for a real live chick fresh from the incubator. Raise your own hens and have your own eggs. Buy a chick for 25 cents."

"I searched my pockets in the hope that I might find a fortune in them but there were only the three nickles. I watched people buying chicks and longed the harder for one."

"When the crowd thinned out I asked the man if I could have a chick for 15 cents. "Nope," says he. "They're 25." Desire made be bold

and I said, "Maybe you could let me have that little scrawny one that nobody seems to want. Fifteen cents is all I got." "He looked at me sharply and gave me the chick. I ran out and got a bitch home on a passing ice wagon, my chick held in my pocket by my free hand. Mother, I'm going to raise hens and have my eggs when my chick grows up. Isn't it a fire one?" "But it was a big scrawny rooster—the best friend a boy could have had. I called him George Washington because it was on that great man's birthday I got him. He followed me about the house, talked to me, played with me. I was never lonesome after that as long as George lived."

"Every child ought to have a live companion. If he has a dozen brothers and sisters he still ought to have his pet. I can't be thankful enough for my George—even if he disappointed me in the matter of eggs." (Copyright, 1922.)

Omaha Bankers to Attend Group Meets Over State

Omaha bankers are making reservations with Secretary Hughes of the Nebraska Bankers' association, for trips to group meetings of bankers out-state. A special Pullman leaves Omaha at midnight Monday, June 4, for North Platte, where a meeting of group five will be held June 5, and for Holdrege, where group four meets June 6. Another Pullman leaves here at 4:45 the afternoon of Monday, June 11, for Woodlake, where a group six meeting is to be held June 12, and Gering, where a group seven meeting is to be held June 14.

Bluffs Man Asks Police to Seek Missing Wife

Harry Martin, 900 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, asked Omaha police to look for his wife, Gertrude, 26, whom he believes to be living at Eighteenth street and Capitol avenue with their 1-year-old baby. She left home, he said, after a quarrel.

String Club Concert.

Albert A. Farland, "the world's greatest banjoist," will give a recital in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium next Monday evening. The first annual concert of the Omaha String club, assisted by the Trinity Ladies' trio, will be given in the same place Thursday evening, June 28.

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Three Murder Trials to Start First Week in June

Three murder trials will go on in district court the first week in June. County Attorney Beal will ask the death penalty on James Cardine, charged with killing his sweetheart, Anna Greco, 14. He also seriously wounded the girl's father, Sam Greco. The death penalty will be asked also on Walter Lawrence, who will be tried for killing Sebastian Mangianelli in a fight over whisky. Life imprisonment will be the punishment asked in the case of Santora Salerno, charged with killing Mike Bell. Bell's wife, Lucy, is also held in this case.

Man Arrested for Failure to Pay Alimony, Released

Seima Love testified in police court that Clarence Love promised to love her but didn't. He was under arrest for failure to pay alimony. Love said he is touring the principal cities of the country seeking a cure for one arm injured in an automobile accident. He said he could work to earn the delinquent alimony if he were released. On his promise to pay up, he was discharged.



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