

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS
Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in wedded life with Edith Boyce, religiously cold daughter of a farmer. After a year and a half together she goes to Chicago where her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, is ill. Claude is sent to a military camp and commences his military training. He has friends in the Erlich family, motherly widow and five sons. He has friends in Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young farmers and neighbors of the Wheeler family. He has an elder brother, Bayliss, in business in Frankfort, his father, Nat, and a younger brother, Ralph. While home leave from camp he falls in love with Claude's former school teacher, his wife, Miss Leila. Claude leaves with his company for France, where he receives military training in France. They have an important message to division headquarters, several miles behind the lines, in a small city devastated by the war. While waiting to see the colonel, who has been called to Paris, he meets the ruined town, where he picks up acquaintances with Edith, a one-time French soldier, and Miss de Courcy. He receives their invitation to visit them and becomes deeply interested in Miss de Courcy. He and Sergeant Havel leave for the front by train.

BOOK FIVE, CHAPTER XI.

After four days' rest in the rear of the Battalion, Claude and his men in new country, about 10 kilometers east of the trench they had relieved before. One morning Colonel Scott sent for Claude and Gerhardt, and showed his maps out on the table.

"We are going to clean them out there in F 6 tonight, and straighten our line. The thing that bothers us is that little village stuck up the hill where the enemy machine guns have a strong position. I want to get them out of there before the Battalion goes over. We can't spare too many men, and I don't like to send out more men than I can help; it won't do to reduce the Battalion for the major operation. Do you think you two boys could manage it with the men?" The point is, you will have to be out and back before our artillery begins at 3 o'clock."

Under the hill where the village stood, ran a ravine, and in this ravine a twisting water-course wound up the hillside. By climbing this gully, the raiders should be able to fall on the machine gunners from the rear and surprise them. But first they must get across the open stretch, nearly one and a half kilometers wide, between the American line and the ravine, without attracting attention. It was raining now, and they could safely count on a dark night.

The night came on black enough. The Company crossed the open stretch without provoking fire, and slipped into the ravine to wait for the hour of attack. A young doctor, a Pennsylvanian, lately attached to the staff, had volunteered to come with them, and he arranged a dressing station at the bottom of the ravine, where the stretchers were left. They were to pick up their wounded on the way back. Anything left in that area would be exposed to the artillery fire later on.

At 10 o'clock the men began to ascend the water-course, creeping through pools and little waterfalls making a continuous splashing sound, like mice rubbing against the sky. Claude, with the head of the column, was pulling out of the gully on the hillside above the village, when a flare went up, and a volley of fire broke from the brush on the up-hill side of the water-course; machine guns opening on the exposed line crawling below. The Hun had been warned that the Americans were crossing the plain and had anticipated their way of approach. The men in the gully were trapped; they could not retreat with effect, and the bullets from the Maxim's bounded on the rocks about them like hail. Gerhardt ran along the edge of the line, urging the men not to fall back and double

himself with his elbows, but kept slipping back. "I'm the only one left, then?" said the mournful voice below. At last Claude worked himself out of his burrow, but he was unable to stand. Every time he tried to stand he got faint and seemed to burst again. Something was the matter with his right ankle, too—he couldn't bear his weight on it. Perhaps he had been too near the shell to be hit; he had heard the boys tell of such cases. It had exploded under his feet, and swept him down into the ravine, but hadn't left any metal in his body. If it had put anything into him, it would have put so much that he wouldn't be sitting here speculating. He began to crawl down the slope on all fours. "Is that the Doctor? Where are you?"

"Here, on a stretcher. They shelled me. Who are you? Our fellows got up, didn't they?" "I guess most of them did. What happened back here?" "I'm afraid it's my fault," the voice said sadly. "I used my flash light, and that must have given them the range. They put three or four shells right on top of us. The fellows that got hurt in the gully kept stringing back here, and I couldn't do anything in the dark. I had to have a light to do anything. I just finished putting on a Johnson splint when the first shell came. I guess they're all done for now."

"How many were there?" "Fourteen, I think. Some of them weren't much hurt. They'd all be alive, if I hadn't come out with you." "Who were they? But you don't know our names yet, do you? You and Gerhardt, is that right?" "Lieutenant Gerhardt among them?" "Don't think so." "Nor Sergeant Hicks, the fat fellow?" "Where are you hurt?" "Abdominal. I can't tell anything without a light. I lost my flash light. It never occurred to me that it could make trouble; it's one I use at home, when the babies are sick, the doctor mumbled.

"The man tried to strike a match, with no success. 'Wait a minute, where's your helmet?' He took off his metal hat, held it over the doctor, and managed to strike a light underneath it. The wounded man had already cooped his trousers, and now he pulled up his bloody shirt. His groin and abdomen were torn on the left side. The wound, and the stretcher on which he lay, supported a mass of dark, congealed blood that looked like a great cow's liver.

"I guess I've got mine," the Doctor mumbled as the match went out. Claude struck another. "Oh, that can't be! Our fellows will be back pretty soon, and we can do something for you."

"No use, Lieutenant. Do you suppose you could strip a coat off one of those poor fellows? I feel the cold terribly in my intestines. I had a bottle of French brandy, but I suppose it's buried." Claude stripped off his own coat, which was warm on the inside, and began feeling about in the mud for the brandy. He wondered why the poor man wasn't screaming with pain. The firing on the hill had ceased, except for the occasional click of a Maxim, off in the rocks some-

where. His watch said 12:10; could anything have miscarried up there? Suddenly, voices above, a clatter of boots on the shale. He began shouting to them. "Coming, coming!" He knew the voice. Gerhardt and his rifles ran down into the ravine with a bunch of prisoners. Claude called to them to be careful. "Don't strike a light! They've been shelling down here."

"All right, all right, Wheeler? Where are the wounded?" "There aren't any but the Doctor and me. Get out of here quick. I'm all right, but I can't walk." They put Claude on a stretcher and sent him ahead. Four big Germans carried him, and they were prodded to a slope by Hicks and Dell Able. Four of their own men took up the doctor, and Gerhardt walked beside him. In spite of their care, the motion started the blood again and tore away the clots that had formed over his wounds. He began to vomit blood and to strangle. The men put the stretcher down. Gerhardt lifted the Doctor's head. "It's over," he said presently. "Better make the best time you can."

"They picked up their load again. 'Them that are carrying him now won't jolt him,' said Oscar, the pious Swede. B Company lost 19 men in the raid. Two days later the Company went off on a 10-day leave. Claude's sprained ankle was twice its natural size, but to avoid being sent to the hospital he had to march to the railroad. Sergeant Hicks got him a rubber shoe he found stuck on the barbed wire entanglement. Claude and Gerhardt were going off on their leave together.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Roomers Flee Early Fire

Clad in Night Clothing
A dozen persons were driven into the street in their night clothing when fire was discovered in a rooming house at 314 North Eighteenth street early yesterday morning. The rooming house is operated by Minnie Henderson.

Prowlers Take Pennies

Wearing apparel and jewelry valued at \$50 and \$1 in pennies were obtained by prowlers Wednesday night at the home of G. A. Rohrbough, 1330 South Thirtieth street. R. G. Wolf, 2215 Howard street, reported the theft of a wrist watch.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Reason Madge's "Best Laid Plan" Was Beaten.

Beneath the frothy ripples of little Mrs. Durkee's apparently pliable personality runs a strong current of steady efficiency and common sense. These qualities often surprise those who know her only by the charming, inconsequential things she says and does, and who have heard the nickname, "Her Fluffiness," which her doctor, Alfred affectionately calls her. That she can be quick and resourceful in an emergency, I have long known. And I also have observed that the little woman, the soul of courteous kindness and hospitality, is as unrelenting and stubborn in her dislike of any one who thwarts the plans of those she loves. She is the cleverest woman I know, however, in masking her displeasure when policy or her inherent fear of giving pain sways her.

Knowing all this, I was not surprised to hear the honeyed accents with which she addressed Bess Dean. I smiled to myself at the tiny sting which she planted in her words for the girl's benefit. But if I had thought that the resourceful audacity of the Bayview high school teacher would be balked by Mrs. Durkee's suggestion of a dinner tray for Alfred and Leila upstairs because of Leila's turned ankle, I was speedily undeceived.

"Of course, Alf will want to eat up there with Leila," she caroled, and she lifted her voice unmistakably for the benefit of the two upstairs. I was sure. "For that matter, we all will. I'll tell you what, Mother Durkee, we'll just serve dinner upstairs. I'm the best little omnibus in the business. It will be a scrumptious lark!"

What Madge Resolved.

As I mounted the stairs I made the grim little resolve that if Leila's injury were enough to keep her upstairs, she should not be disturbed by Bess Durkee's chatter. That little Mrs. Durkee would do her Machiave-

lian best to aid me I was sure, and it was with a fiercely protective feeling that I entered Leila's wide-open door.

Alfred had deposited her upon the chaise longue and was taking off her hat and coat. Leila looked at me with a wry little smile as I dropped to my knees beside her and began removing her shoes.

"I don't believe this is going to be bad at all," she said, and I realized that she had heard Bess Dean's audacious proposal, and would eat her dinner downstairs, no matter how badly her ankle was injured.

"But when I had taken off her shoe and stocking, and with fingers trained by many household accidents, had run lightly over the swelling, I agreed with Leila's optimistic diagnosis.

"How's the Foot?"

"I'll telephone for the doctor," Alfred said, anxiously, as he tossed Leila's hat and coat with masculine ruthlessness into a heap on the bed. "No, please," Leila implored, and I seconded her protest.

"I'm sure that is unnecessary, Alfred," I said decidedly. "This isn't a bad sprain at all, and it won't even be painful when I get it bandaged. Suppose you massage her ankle while I get hot water and bandages."

"Can't I get the things?" he asked with ready courtesy.

"No, I'll be quicker, and as an ex-military man you ought to be a first aid of the most skillful kind."

I hurried out of the room as I finished speaking. I did not intend that he should go roaming around the house in search of the things I wanted, with the practical certainty of encountering Bess Dean. She was perfectly capable of accompanying him back to Leila's room and harrowing my nervous little friend's nerves with her officiousness and protestations of sympathy.

I tested the water from the hot water tap in the bathroom, found it steaming hot, and rejoiced that I did not have to make a trip to the kitchen. Thanks to Mrs. Durkee's careful housewifery, I found liniment, gauze and bandages in the medicine cabinet, without losing any time in the search. And I lost no time in returning to Leila's room with a basin of hot water and all the other

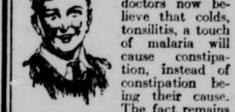
things I needed arranged upon a big tray which careful Mrs. Durkee always generally regarded as of the least importance are in reality the cause of most serious illnesses and of the greatest proportion of deaths. They are constipation and common colds. Many doctors now believe that colds, tonsillitis, a touch of malaria, a touch of influenza, a touch of constipation being their cause. The fact remains that you seldom have a cold without constipation, due to general congestion. The only way to avoid colds is to keep up your vitality. You usually catch cold in the winter if you are run down. Therefore in cold weather exercise more; eat more fatty foods; drink four to six glasses of water a day; keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open.

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At the first sign of a cold, at the first few warning sneezes, take a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin and the congestion will be gone in a few hours. Don't wait until the cold has a grip on you. Mr. Henry Dean, Jr., of Rochester, N. Y., cured a stubborn cold in just that way, and Mrs. Alice Corbrey of Haskell, Okla., uses it effectively for all the small ills of her family, such as constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizziness, and to break up fevers and colds. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a scientifically-balanced compound of Egyptian senna with pleasant-tasting aromatics. It is safe to give to infants, and all children like it. Before you again resort to cold remedies containing narcotics try a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist will supply you, and the cost is less than a cent a dose.

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Illinois Central System Discusses Valuation of the Railroads

Under the terms of the Valuation Act, introduced and sponsored by Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin and enacted into law by the Congress in 1913, the Interstate Commerce Commission has been engaged about nine years in compiling data to determine the value of the properties owned by the railroads and used in the service of transportation. The Government and the railroads together have already expended upon this work about \$88,000,000.

Using the information on railway value compiled by its Bureau of Valuation, the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1920 placed, for rate-making purposes, a tentative valuation of \$18,900,000,000 upon the railway properties of the country. Although this country probably never will go back to the low level of costs existing prior to the war, this tentative valuation was based upon pre-war costs, which since then have practically doubled. Subsequent net additions to the railway properties have been taken by the Commission at cost less depreciation, and the present tentative valuation is around \$20,000,000,000, which is about \$2,000,000,000 in excess of the outstanding railway capitalization.

Valuation and capitalization of railway properties are sometimes confused in public discussions. Some railroads are over-capitalized; on the other hand many railroads are capitalized at much less than a fair value of their properties.

Take the Illinois Central system as an example. The aggregate par value of our securities outstanding as of December 31, 1922, was \$406,868,141. On that date we owned about 75,000 freight cars, 1,850 locomotives and 1,700 passenger train cars. Taking \$1,000 as the average value of our freight cars, which is less than half what a new car costs today; taking \$30,000 as the average value of our locomotives, which is nearly half what we are paying now, and taking our passenger train cars at \$15,000, the following is a conservative estimate of the value of our equipment alone:

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|----------------------|----------------------|
| Freight cars | \$ 75,000,000 |
| Locomotives | 55,500,000 |
| Passenger train cars | 25,500,000 |
| Total | \$156,000,000 |

Subtracting this from our capitalization gives only \$250,868,141 as representing the value of our roadway, with its right-of-way, ballast, ties and rails, bridges, signals, telephone and telegraph lines and other roadway properties, and even including our buildings, land, roundhouses, shops, freight and passenger stations and the like. The value of our terminal properties at Chicago and other important cities runs into large figures. For example, we own 1,415 acres lying within the city limits of Chicago, 114 acres bordering on Michigan Avenue and the great Loop district. The Illinois Central System owns about 6,200 miles of road, but, counting additional main line trackage, passing tracks and yard tracks, we have about 10,000 miles of track. If the \$250,868,141 referred to above covered the value of track alone (excluding all other properties used in the service of the public), it would represent only about \$25.087 for each mile of track. It costs around \$25,000 a mile to build ordinary hard-surfaced highways with only light grading and bridge construction involved and without including the cost of acquiring the roadway. Will any reasonably minded person deny that the Illinois Central System's track, with its right-of-way, ballast, ties, rails, heavy bridges, signals, telephone and telegraph lines and other appurtenances, is worth more per mile than it costs to build a mile of hard road with only light grading and bridge construction involved and without including the cost of acquiring the land?

There are some who are trying to make it appear that the Interstate Commerce Commission's tentative valuation of the railroads is excessive and a burden upon those who pay freight and passenger rates. They overlook the fact that out of every dollar received by the railroads in 1922 about 86 cents went to pay the actual costs of the service rendered to the public (costs upon which the valuation can have no conceivable effect), and only about 14 cents remained out of which to pay interest on indebtedness, rentals of leased lines, dividends and the cost of enlargements and improvements.

Constructive criticism and suggestions are invited.
C. H. MARKHAM,
President, Illinois Central System.

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