ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Saturday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in wedded life with Enid Royce, religiously cold daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort, Neb., miller. After living together a year and a half she goes to China to visit her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, who is ill, and Claude goes to officers' training camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. He had three years in a small denominational college in Lincoln, where he became a friend of 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 older brother, Bayliss, 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. Claude goes to France with his company. He and Lieutenant Gerhardt become friends on the transport. Their first active service is leading a successful attack on a German machine gun nest, in which Calude is wounded in the ankle by an exploding shell. Gerhardt gave up a musical career to enter the army. While on ten days' leave they visit Madame and Mlle. Claire, French friends of Gerhardt's while he was studying violin in France several years before. They rejoin their battalion and arrive at Beaufort, recently used by the Germans as a rest camp, where they and the populace gathered in the town square to welcome them are fired on by a German officer ambushed in a dwelling house. Captain Maxey is shot in the leg. Claude and Gerhardt and several of their men rush the house and Claude kills the German with his bayonet. The German killed and wounded several soldiers and French citizens before he was dispatched.

BOOK FIVE, CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as Captain Maxey and the wounded men had been started on their long journey to the rear, carried by the prisoners, the whole company turned in and slept for 12 hours—all but Sergeant Hicks, who sat in the house off the square, beside the body of his chum.

The next day the Americans came to life as if they were new men, just created in a new world. And the people of the town came to life . . excitement, change, something to look forward to at last! A new flag, le drapeau etoile, folated along with the tri-color in the square. At sunset the soldiers stood in formation behind it and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with uncovered heads. The old people watched them from the doorways. The Americans were the first to bring "Madelon" to Beaufort. The fact that the village had never heard this song, that the children stood round begging for it, "Chantezvous la Madelon!" made the soldiers realize how far and how long out of the world these villagers had been. The German occupation was like a deafness which nothing pierced but their own arrogant martial airs.

Before Claude was out of bed after his first long sleep, a runner arrived from Colonel Scott, notifying him that he was in charge of the company until further orders. The German prisoners had buried their own dead and dug graves for the Americans before they were sent off to the rear. Claude and David were billeted at the edge of town, with the woman who had given Captain Maxey his first information, when they marched in yesterday morning. Their hostess told them, at their midday breakfast, that the old dame who was shot in the square, and the little girl, were to be buried this afternoon. Claude decided that the Americans might as well have their funeral at the same time. He thought he would ask the priest to say a prayer at the graves, and he and David set off through the brilliant, rustling autumn sunshine to find the Cure's house. It was next the church, with a high-walled garden behind it. Over the bell-pull in the outer wall was a card on which was written, "Tirez fort."

The priest himself came out to them, an old man who seemed weak like his doorbell. He stood in his black cap, holding his hands against his breast to keep them from shaking, and looked very old indeed—broken, hopeless, as if he were sick of this world and done with it. Nowhere in France had Claude seen a face so sad as his. Yes, he would say a prayer. It was better to have Christian burial, and they were far from home, poor fellows! David asked him whether the German rule had been very oppressive, but the old man did not answer clearly, and his hands began to shake so uncontrollably over his cassock that they went away to spare him embarrassment.

"He seems a little gone in the head, don't you think?" Claude remarked.

"I suppose the war has used him up. How can he celebrate mass when his hands quiver so?" As they crossed the church steps, David touched Claude's arm and pointed into the square. "Look, every doughboy has a girl already! Some of them have trotted out fatigue caps. I suppose they'd out fatigue caps. I suppose they'd thrown them all away!"

Those who had no caps stood with their helmets under their arms, in attitudes of exaggerated gallantry, talking to the women, who seemed all to have errands abroad. Some of them let the boys carry their baskets. One soldier was giving a delighted little girl a ride on his back.

After the funeral every man in the company found some sympathetic woman to talk to about his fallen comrades. All the garden flowers and bead wreaths in Beaufort had been carried out and put on the American graves. When the squad fired over them and the bugle sounded, the girls and their mothers wept. Poor Willy Katz, for instance, could never have had such a funeral in South Omaha.

The next night the soldiers began teaching the girls to dance the "Pas Seul" and the "Fausse Trot." They had found an old violin in the town; and Oscar, the Swede, scraped away on it. They danced every evening. Claude saw that a good deal was going on, and he lectured his men at parade. But he realized that he might as well scold at the sparrows. Here was a village with several hundred women, and only the grandmothers had husbands. All the men were in the army; hadn't even been home on leave since the Germans first took the place. The girls had been shut up for four years with young men who incessantly coveted them, and whom they must constantly outwit. The situation had been intolerable—and prolonged. The Americans founds themselves in the position of Adam in the garden.

"Did you know, sir," said Bert Fuller breathlessly, as he overtook Claude in the street after parade, "that these lovely girls had to go out in the fields and work, raising things for those dirty pigs to eat? Yes, sir, had to work in the fields, under German sentinels; marched out in the morning and back at night like convicts! It's sure up to us to give them a good time now."

One couldn't walk out of an evening without meeting loitering couples in the dusky streets and lanes. The boys had lost all their bashfulness about trying to speak French. They declared they could get along in France with three verbs, and all, happily, in the first conjugation; manger, aimer, payer—quite enough. They called Beaufort "our town," and they were called "our Americans." They were going to come back after the war and marry the girls, and put in waterworks.

"Chez-moi, sir!" Bill Gates called to Claude, saluting with a bloody hand, as he stood skinning rabbits before the door of his billet. "Bunny casualties are heavy in town this week!"

"You know, Wheeler," David remarked one morning as they were shaving, "I think Maxey would come back here on one leg if he knew about these excursions into the forest after mushrooms."

"Maybe."

"Aren't you going to put a stop to them?"

"Not I!" Claude jerked, setting the corners of his mouth grimly. "If the girls, or their people, make complaint to me, I'll interfere. Not otherwise. I've thought the matter over."

"Oh, the girls—" David laughed softly. "Well, it's something to acquire a taste for mushrooms. They won't get them at home, do they?"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Adele Garrison
"My Husband's Love"

Copyright, 1923.

The Confession Leila Made to Madge.

When, after Leila's paroxysm of sobs and tears, I suggested that she tell me "all about it," I expected fully to hear a recital, more or less hysterical, of her grievances against Bess Dean. And I knew only too well that the things she might tell me would be no chimeras, born of an excited imagination, but real facts calculated to arouse jealous wrath in the heart of any woman. But, instead, her clutch on my hands tightened, and she drew me closer, while she whispered fearfully:

"Oh, Madge, I am afraid—so afraid!"

"Afraid!" I echoed, incredulously, and then, as her terrified eyes stared into mine, there flashed into my brain an inkling of her meaning, and with eager joy in my voice, I dropped to my knees beside her, and gathered her once more into my arms.

"Oh! Leila, dearest! Do you mean? —you must—how wonderful!" I exclaimed, as her head nodded a quick, shy acquiescence, and her eyes dropped. "But, sweetheart, there is nothing to be afraid of. There's so small a margin of danger in these modern days, and as for the pain, of course——"

She raised herself on one elbow abruptly, her cheeks flushing carmine, her eyes glinting with indignation.

"Do you think me such a coward," she asked, "as to care for pain or danger?"

"I know you're not," I replied quickly, "but you spoke of being afraid——"

She sank back upon her pillow with that inexplicable look to terror again creeping over her face.

A Haunting Fear.

"I am afraid," she moaned. "Horribly afraid. I—am—not—sure—I haven't even told Alfred or mother yet—but—I—should have gone mad, I think, if I couldn't have talked to some one, and you are always so poised and strong—not a silly, useless thing like me."

"You mustn't call my friend names," I smiled, in an effort to divert her thoughts, an effort which I saw in the next second was as useless as it was banal, for she went on as if she had not heard it.

"Oh, it can't be true, Madge! I can't have it true! Not now! To think this should come to me now!"

At the anguish in her voice there swept over me a memory of the joyous, sacred hour which was mine when first I realized that I was to have the accolade of motherhood. I had known that to some women the knowledge brought dread instead of joy, but I acquitted gentle Leila Durkee of membership in that class. There must be some unusual terror swaying her to the hysteria which I saw in her eyes.

I tightened my clasp on her twisting hands, and spoke sharply.

"What Do You Mean?"

"But, Leila dear, you must tell me why you feel this way. I can't help you unless I know the reason for your terror."

Her eyes widened in amazement that I should not guess her meaning.

"Haven't you seen?" she asked. "That girl—Alfred—it's killing me—but if it were only myself I could go to Aunt Dora and get away from it all. But to have a—little—child come into the world with no home. Oh, Madge! It is awful—I can't stand it!"

There was such agony in her face and voice that if Alfred Durkee had been within reach of my hands I am afraid he would have had to summon a physician immediately afterward. To think that gentle Leila, in the hour which should have been her greatest joy, should be suffering mental torture like this because of a callous girl's vanity and her husband's masculine blindness.

But there was no aid for Leila in anger against Alfred. She was on the verge of a hysterical breakdown, and I knew I must act quickly if I were to be of service to her. With deliberate intent, I drew my hands away, and spoke with slow, derisive coolness:

"I suppose you mean Bess Dean. Really, Leila, you are the greatest idiot I know."

She started as if I had struck her, and I was glad to see resentment against me flash into her eyes. Anything was better than the despairing terror which had dominated her.

"What do you mean?" she faltered at last.

"Exactly what I say," I returned coolly. "The mythical person who first converted a mole-hill into a mountain certainly had nothing on you. I thought you had some real reason for your terror, but if you have nothing more serious to weep over than Bess Dean, and Alfred's opinion of her, you're a mighty lucky woman, and I've wasted about a thousand dollars worth of sympathy!"

$240,000,000 for Improving Electric Lines This Year

By Associated Press.

Chicago, June 10.—Electric railways in the United States will spend the enormous sum of $240,000,000 for new equipment and plant facilities during 1923, according to a survey of expansion programs just announced by the Illinois commission on public utilities.

This will be an addition to the large normal expenditures which must always be made for materials and supplies necessary to the continuous operation of the properties of city and interurban lines.

These proposed expenditures are about 60 per cent greater than those of 1922, the commission's statement says, the 1922 expenditures totaling $151,000,000.

NEWS of SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

Pupils Receive Individual Care in Omaha School

School of Individual Instruction Gives Personal Service With New Aims of Education.

The School of Individual Instruction was opened on North Fortieth street, January 3, 1921, with a registration of three pupils. During the first five months only seven pupils had been enrolled so a different location was sought. Meanwhile sessions were held at Turner park until the residence at 3507 Harney street was leased, ready for the fall term, 1921, which opened with 27 pupils.

The School of Individual Instruction has created its own capital. The first 13 months it operated at a financial loss because the unique methods employed called for much expenditure before the worth of the school could be proved. It virtually became a question of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Yet not once did the school seek or accept donations. It forged ahead regardless of seemingly insurmountable obstacles; result—a nonsectarian school for boys and girls—a school without "frills and fads." Today, 108 pupils occupy two buildings—3507 Harney street for junior high and high school—3518 Harney street, first to sixth grades inclusive.

School Has Advisors.

The school has as its board of advisors—George H. Payne, Dr. Samuel McCleneghan, Howard H. Baldridge, J. E. Davidson and W. J. Foye. Mrs. C. F. Pratt is owner and manager, and Mrs. George C. Edgerly, principal.

Leading educators of today agree that individual instruction should and must become the future system of all schols, both public and private. This point was emphasized at the recent national convention. Individual instruction based on common sense methods, eliminates mental strain during the adolescent period. It is a deplorable but a wellknown fact that many boys and girls do not know how to study. The School of Individual Instruction promptly corrects this deficiency by careful explanation of assignments, thereby helping students to help themselves. Personal attention is featured by small classes.

To Open June 18.

The summer school will open June 18. It brings pupils up to standard or paves the way for successful work in the new subjects of the next semester. The curriculum covers all grades, junior high and high school subjects.

Individual instruction is an unqualified success. Anyone, after a moment's thought, will admit that 10 pupils in a class can learn more than 60 in a class. The time has passed when children can be patterned alike and turned out of a common mold.

Mrs. Pratt, manager, says:

"Individual instruction will come eventually into all educational institutions. It will come into the public schools sooner probably than into the colleges and universities. The general public has only a vague idea of what individual instruction really is. They imagine it may have something to do with helping the pupil individually, when as a matter of fact, individual instruction is teaching each individual child to help himself."

Military Students to Have Good Fare

Government to Provide Nourishing Diet at Training Camps.

Realizing that "an army fights on its belly," the United States government is making every preparation properly to feed the 4,000 students who will attend the third series of the citizens' military training camps, which will be held in the Seventh Corps area during August. These camps will be held at Fort Snelling, Minn.; Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and Fort Des Moines, Ia.

There will be 360,000 meals prepared at these three camps and they will be such as properly to nourish students who are required to work hard and play hard.

The fact that these students flourish under the government's supervision is proven by final physical examination of the men who attended last year's camp. Their weight, according to the government's examination, was increased five pounds for each student.

According to the government's compilation, it will require within the Seventh Corps area 65 tons of beef, 65 tons of bread, 75 tons of potatoes or other fresh vegetables, to say nothing of the numerous other articles required to feed 4,000 hungry boys.

Young men between 17 and 24 are eligible to attend these camps. Four coures will be offered, the Basic Red, Advanced Red, White and Blue.

All training is for the purpose of preparing the candidates to be officers in the Officers' Reserve corps.

The War department has supplied a representative of the Military Training Camps association in each town, as well as the railroad station agent, and postmaster, with full details of the camps.

Maj. Gen. George B. Duncan, commander of the Seventh Corps area, Army building, Omaha, will give further details on application.

Beatrice Fairfax
Problems That Perplex

Says Insulting Things.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old. My family oppose my friendship with a young man because his family is not the equal of mine. I love this man very dearly. He is a fine young man, considered very handsome and is making a good salary. He often says that he loves me but has said a few insulting things. Do you thing he does love me or should I give him up? He has also acted in an insulting way but for this he apologized. What would you advise me to do? "BLUE EYES."

I would advise you to take something to strengthen your moral fiber. Of course the man does not love you. He merely looks upon you as a cheap, weak-minded young woman who is ready to overlook any indignity for the sake of having a man to walk down the street with. A man does not insult the girl whom he intends to select out of all the world for a life companion. And the sort of girl who is a desirable life companion does not talk of "fine young men" insulting her.

Fluffy: I am going to quote you a few lines from Robert Browning. Read them through and then ask yourself if this kiss could have meant so much to him if he had been in the habit of kissing every girl he happened to take home, or if the girl herself had given her kisses lightly to every passing lover. A kiss is a symbol only when it has these qualities of truth and thrust which Browning describes.

"All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee;
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem;
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea;
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, —wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl,
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me,
In the kiss of one girl."

Iowan Killed in Effort to Board Freight Train

Tranton, Neb., June 10.—Davis H. Steele, 20, Albia, Ia., was killed here today when, in attempting to board a freight train, he made a misstep and was thrown under the wheels. He had been employed by the Burlington Railroad company. The body will be returned to his Iowa home.

Vacation School Plan of Boyles

Omaha Educator Will Conduct Summer Session to Fill Office Help Demand.

How often we hear the expression, "This was actually the best vacation I ever spent." Generally considered, that's what a vacation is for—to spend money, to spend time and often to expend more effort than if one stayed at home and continued working.

According to Mr. Boyles, head of Boyles college, a person can "invest" a vacation in a way that will show profit and provide money for enjoyment throughout a lifetime.

Then he tells how young people take to commercial training during the summer months without suffering a single hardship, because the work is such a distinct change that it affords a real diversion that is far more beneficial than any three months of idling could be.

And of all summers this is not the one to fritter away because the demand for office workers is increasing daily and the new material must be prepared quickly.

This is why Boyles college will continue its classes without letup during the summer in both the day and night school, in Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Business School Finds Jobs for Graduates

One of the great sources of satisfaction at the American College of Business, 1908-16 Farnam street, says Prof. J. A. Youngstrom, is that every one of the graduates are in position. "We have not only placed all our own graduates, but also a number of outsiders who have come to us for help in finding employment."

He says business conditions must be improving rapidly, for during the past year this college has experienced a decided increase in the number of calls for office assistants.

"We could have placed at least two times as many young people as we have had graduates available to send to positions. It is true our employment department is in constant touch with the business men, but at that, the great majority of calls for bookkeepers, stenographers and comptometer operators has been the direct result of the splendid work done by our graduates after taking positions," said Professor Youngstrom.

No fewer than 200,000 American tourists are expected to visit London this summer. It is estimated that they will spend upward of $150,000,000.

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