

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

SYNOPSIS. Neale Crittenden, 10 years old, is a typical, red-blooded American boy, living with his parents in Union Hill, a village near New York City. He is very fond of outdoor sports and takes part in all of the boyish fun of the community. Vacation time arrives and he goes with his mother to visit his grandfather Crittenden in the country. While there destiny taps him on the shoulder in the person of his great uncle, Barton Crittenden, who is to play an important part in the French rural province, where Old Jeanne, Amigorena visits the home of her niece, Anna Etcheberry, in whose home on American couple named Allen and their 11-year-old daughter, Marise, have come to live. Old Jeanne

the distinguished old lady showed under her long crape veil, a face as quiet as that of the nun. The two elderly women sat at ease, their hands folded in their laps, chatting in a pleasant low tone.

"Yes, so every one says, a great deal of money, Madame la Marquise," said the nun in her murmuring monotone, "as all Americans have."

The other breathed out with a great wistful sigh, "Oh, Soeur Ste. Lucie, if only the good God had sent us at last the opportunity to get our chapel."

"Yes, yes indeed," assented the nun, drawing in her breath sharply between her teeth. She raised her eyes,

Making Expectations Become Realizations

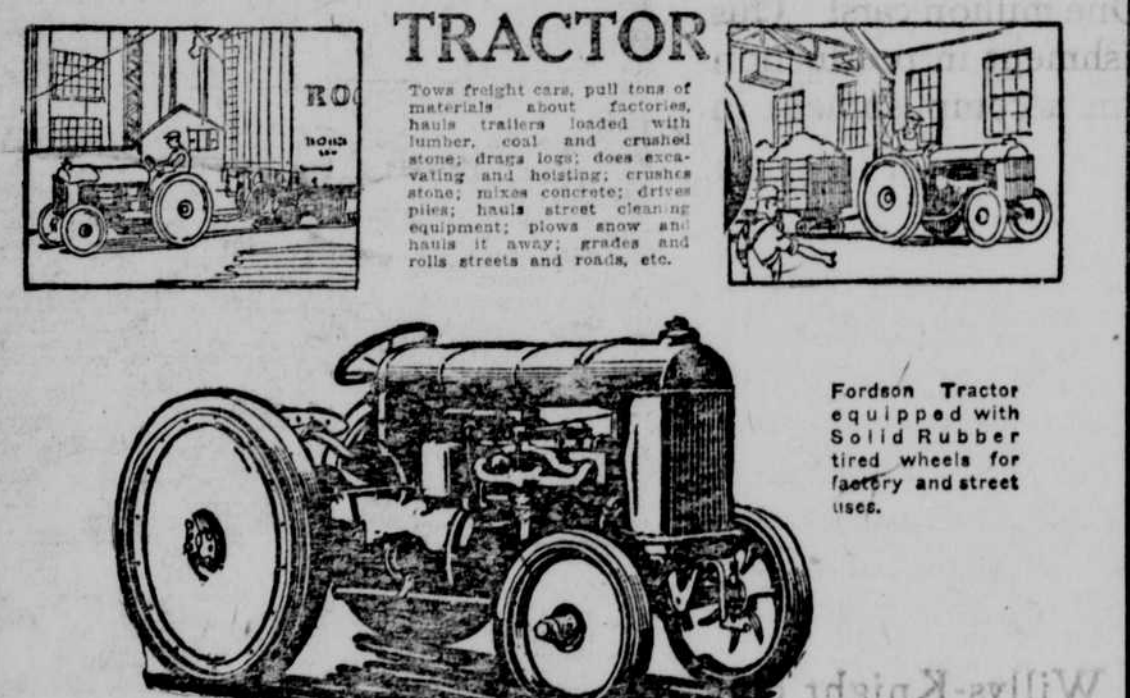
IT would be a good thing if every man who goes out to buy an automobile would make a list of the things which he expects the car to do for him.

This would tend to focus his attention upon these details of car performance that originate in actual travel and which involve the local institutions existing for the service and convenience of the car owner.

When we sell a man a car we not only sell him a good car, but we deliver with it the certainty of satisfaction in ownership. Everything in this establishment except our stock of cars exists to guarantee that our customer shall realize his expectations every day he drives the car we sell him.

GUY L. SMITH
DISTRIBUTOR
HIGH-GRADE MOTOR CARS
OMAHA, U. S. A.
Farnam at 26th Street
ATlantic 1944

Fordson TRACTOR



Tows freight cars, pull tons of materials about factories, hauls trailers loaded with lumber, coal and crushed stone; drags logs; does excavating and hoisting; crushes stone; mixes concrete; drives piles; hauls street cleaning equipment; plows snow and hauls it away; grades and rolls streets and roads, etc.

Fordson Tractor equipped with Solid Rubber tired wheels for factory and street uses.

A Great Industrial Worker

There isn't any doubt about the dependability, adaptability, efficiency or economy of the Fordson Tractor. These things have all been proved by the most severe tests on farms all over the country where more than 170,000 of them are in daily use.

Light, easy to handle and operate in small spaces, there is absolutely no doubt about the practicability of the Fordson for industrial uses. This has been proved by manufacturers in almost every line, construction and excavating engineers, cementing contractors, coal and building supply concerns, street and road building contractors, cities, towns and villages.

You can undoubtedly apply a Fordson to your line of business. Let's talk it over. It will interest you to get all the details.

Authorized Ford, Fordson and Lincoln Dealers

IN OMAHA

GALBREATH MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	6001 Military Ave.
HANNAN-OODELL-VAN BRUNT, Inc.	- - -	Farnam at Boulevard.
MCCAFFREY MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	15th and Jackson Sts.
C. E. PAULSON MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	20th and Ames Ave.
SAMPLE-HART MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	18th and Burt Sts.
UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	2011 Leavenworth St.
ADKINS MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	4911 South 24th St.

IN COUNCIL BLUFFS

BOWERS MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	25 North Main St.
HUGHES-PARMER MOTOR COMPANY	- - -	149-155 W. Broadway.

"They are such queer people, I can't tell you!"

Madame Hardoye had been listening to this flood of talk, her lively interest in the matter struggling with her distaste for Jeanne's familiar manner.

She now broke in with an accent which she meant to express, "There you've talked quite enough. After all, though my sister has queer ideas, we are not in your class. We are not peasants. And it's high time you remembered that." What she actually said in a curt tone was, "Where do we ring to make a call on your mistresses?"

Jeanne understood the implication perfectly. It was one quite familiar to her. With a change of manner she motioned them silently across the hall. "There," she said laconically, her face suddenly hard and somber.

Rachel Hasparren also understood the implication and flushed an even more vivid color than that habitually on her dark cheeks. She held out her hand, her kid-gloved hand, to Jeanne, with a defiant gesture of equality, "Good-by, Jeanne, I'm glad we had a glimpse of you."

Rachel advanced provocatively, "Did you hear what Old Jeanne said, how the American lady would not put a dog to sleep in lodgings in which we French expect to house our servants?"

The married sister resented this spiritedly, "Spilling servants for the rest of us, that's what it is!" she said impatiently. "And what good does it do? You saw how Old Jeanne only thinks the less of her for it. The more you try to do for that class, the less they think of you."

"That's because Jeanne's whole nature has been degraded by our caste ideals," shouted Rachel. "She's a poor, superstitious, medieval old thing, incapable of any decent human relations. If she'd lived in America. . ."

Angele pulled the other bell-cord here with an air of cutting short another outburst, and they both stood silently looking at the closed door, which presently was opened by little Isabelle.

As they went down the stairs, Angele remarked, "Well, she seems to be all right. Like everybody else, as far as I can see. I expected to see her with a Liberty cap on her head and swinging a lighted bomb, to hear you going on."

Rachel was taking off her kid gloves and putting on cotton ones. She said dreamily, her black eyes deep and glowing, "When I asked her how the peasants lived in America, she said. . . the dear American. . . there aren't any peasants in America."

Her dark flushed face was shining as they came out on the rue Thiers and stood for an instant, glancing up at the battlemented walls of the dark castle.

Rachel suddenly shook her fist at it, her cotton-gloved fist, and cried out, "You needn't grieve like that, you hideous old relic of an evil past! There's a great, wide, rich country across the sea, that never heard of such a you, that never had a feudal castle in it, that isn't darkened by a single hateful shadow such as you still throw down on us here."

"Hush, Rachel," said her sister, patiently attempting to quiet her, "Anna Etcheberry is looking out of the window at us."

Rachel instantly lowered her voice, with an instinctive response of caution to this warning, but she was furious since she had done so. "That's Europe, that's Europe for you, she said hotly, under her breath, "Spied upon every minute by suspicious, mean, malicious eyes."

Angele broke in on her to say reasonably, "Well, anyhow, your hat is on one side again."

CHAPTER IX.
Round-Robin Letter to Mrs. Horace Allen's Neighbors and Friends in Belton, New Jersey.
Bayonne, France, May 25, 1923.
Mrs. Chere Amies

Je vous demande pardon for being so late with this letter. I know I promised to write just as soon as we got here. But, chere amies, I know you would forgive me if you knew how nervous our new life is here in this old, beautiful, civilized world. I have just been letting myself go in it, just grabbing at its charm and wonder, and all I can tell you is that Europe is even more wonderful than I thought. I just wish every one of you could persuade your husbands, as I did, to take a position that will bring you across the sea to this "fabbed old land of story and art." You owe it to your children to give them the culture which they would get here.

But let me begin first with the material things. Mr. Allen, you know, felt sort of badly because the position here didn't seem to be as important and have as big a salary as the job the company offered him in Chicago—Chicago! Well, you cannot imagine anything like the cheapness of the life here. We have two flats of six rooms each, on the same floor, just the landing between them, 12 rooms in all, furnished elaborately down to the last little thing in the kitchen even, and we pay about half the rent we paid in Belton for our unfurnished house. There is perhaps a little old-world dinginess about the wall-paper and the curtain things, but that only adds to the delightful atmosphere and makes you realize that you are really in old Europe and not raw young America.

We have two maids for less than \$3 a week each, and such maids! In America we haven't any idea what it is to have good servants. I am not

expected to lift my hand or think about the housekeeping. My old cook, the most fascinating creature in a quaint peasant's costume, takes all the responsibility on her own shoulders. She gets up brightly early in the morning, and goes off to market with a big flat basket, and comes bringing it on her head all filled with the loveliest things to eat you ever saw, and bought for almost nothing! But she buys just as closely for me as she would for herself. Servants identify themselves with the family of their masters here, and are glad to! I know the world "masters" sounds very un-American; but one soon gets used to the vocabulary of the country. Pardonnez moi! Jeanne—that is our cook—brings

our breakfast to us in bed, all except of course for Mr. Allen, who can't seem to adapt himself to other ways of living.

Then, as I am getting dressed, Jeanne comes in, with a clean apron to "take her orders," in the good old European way. And from that minute on, I have no more bother about it. Everything is set on the table at the right time, beautifully cooked, the house is kept clean and in the most perfect order.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

They looked about them in silence now, the restrained calm of their faces uncolored by their thoughts. Hearing steps in the hall, Soeur Ste. Lucie shook out her long black gloves to cover her hands more completely, and cast down her eyes so that her sweet, rosy, wrinkled old face was once more blank and impassive.

Anna Etcheberry was waiting at the door of her lodge as they descended the stairs, and she ran before them out to the old closed carriage, which stood at the curb. Bowing deferentially and murmuring under her breath, "Madame la Marquise. . .," she held the door open for them. The lady smiled her thanks at her, a preoccupied, well-modulated smile which took for granted the deference and the service.

As the nun stepped into the carriage she said withunction, "Now I see how lived in the world can be as useful to Our Lady as those of the convent. No one could have resisted Madame this afternoon. To have a great name and all worldly graces, use them only for the greater glory of Our Lady!"

The carriage proceeded very slowly and rickety over the rounded boulders of the pavement. Inside it, the two women, accustomed to such jolts, thrust their arms through the broad, manning loops, and went on talking.

"Not a disagreeable person," said the great lady in a kind of tolerance. "A very middle-class little woman, but no harm in her, I should say. I was afraid to find some one not quite—you know it is said that American women are not very moral—so many divorces in America."

"And still you went. . .," breathed the nun, lost in admiration of the other's heroic devotion. "When you ran the risk of meeting a divorced woman!"

The marquise made another gentle, fatigued gesture of warding off praise. It was a pained gesture as though she had occasion to make it often.

After a time she said, "Odd she should be so interested in the cathedral here, and yet a free thinker."

What made her talk so much about the South Portal? I never heard of anything unusual about it, did you? Except that that disagreeable, anti-clerical Countess is some where near there, to the memory of those wicked revolutionists."

The nun shook her head, indifferently. "I always enter by the North Portal," she said. "I don't believe I ever happened to see the south one."

After reflection, the marquise said, "I don't believe I ever saw either. Why should any one? You never enter from that side. Nobody lives on the rue d'Espagne, that anybody would ever have occasion to visit."

III
May 20, 1923.

Anna Etcheberry measured accurately the social status of the two ladies who asked for Madame Allen's apartment, and without getting up or stopping her sewing, she answered in the careless tone suitable for people who wore home-made hats and cotton gloves, that Madame Allen was at the top of the first flight. After they had passed, she thought to herself that she believed she knew them. Miss Hasparren, the school teacher and her married sister. They were Basques, like Anna, but of the small government employe class, who put on airs of gentility, and wore hats and leather shoes. Miss Hasparren gave music lessons, as well as teaching school. Probably she had come to try to be taken on as Marise's music teacher.

The two ladies were mounting the stairs in silence and very slowly, because the school-teacher had taken off her cotton gloves and was putting on a pair of kid gloves she had pulled from her hand-bag. She explained half-apologetically, to her sister, who had only cotton gloves, "It's to do honor to America!" and then with a long breath, "The first American I ever saw."

"What do you care if it is, Rachel?" asked her sister languidly. She added with more animation, "Your hat is over one ear again. Your hat is resting between the two exactly similar doors. Rachel made a quick decision at random, crossed to the right-hand side, and pulled the bell-rope.

The door opened, and showed the upright frame of Jeanne Amigorena. There was a moment of mutual surprise, and exclamations of greeting and inquiry. "Why, Jeanne, you here? I thought you were on the farm at Midasson!"

Jeanne broke out upon them with a great rush of Basque, enchanted to see familiar faces, "enchanted to have a neck and a neck!" "Oh, good-day, Madame Hardoye. Good-day, Miss Hasparren. Who ever would think to see you here? Yes, here I am in a family of the queerest foreigners you ever saw. But they pay very well. They have both apartments on this floor. Yes, they must be made of money, and I have little Isabelle from Midasson with me, as femme de chambre, and what do you think, we have each a room, a real furnished bedroom, just as though we were guests. The Madame took one look at the "maids' rooms under the roof, on the fifth floor, you know, and when she saw they are all dark except that little skylight, with no furniture to speak of, she sat down and let a dog sleep there. The idea! I would have been plenty good enough for Isabelle and enough sight better than what she ever had at home. She is setting beyond herself. All the time Isabelle is, I have an awful time keeping her in her place. The lady hasn't the least idea of doing it.

COME BUY THIS CLASSY H. C. S. PHAETON

A real sport car. Dark maroon paint, fine tires, extra wide, extra wide windshield, motor, tonneau, standard top and sport top. It is

Hansen Guaranteed You Are Safe

and it is just like brand new! You will like this car—you will be surprised at the low price.

A SAFE PLACE TO BUY

J. H. HANSEN CADILLAC CO.
Farnam at 26th HA 0710
Open Today Until Noon

Snatch Up This Hupmobile Touring

A little car that has been thoroughly HANSEN-REBUILT SO YOU ARE SAFE

Motor overhauled. Car repainted dark blue—just out of the paint shop. Tires excellent. Brand new top. This Hupmobile is an exceptionally good car. It will give you fine service.

A SAFE PLACE TO BUY

J. H. HANSEN CADILLAC COMPANY
Farnam at 26th HA 0710
Open Today Until Noon



Deliveries Now being made on Star Sedans and Coupes

We are now getting large shipments of Star Closed Cars and for the first time can make immediate deliveries.

Andrew Murphy & Son
14th and Jackson
Phone AT 4411

GATES TIRES

"The Tire with The Wider and Thicker Tread"

You Ask Can We Do It—

We are often asked how we can put the extra rubber into the wider and thicker tread of Gates Super-Tread Tires without charging more for the tire.


This is a logical question and we will answer it.

It's the extra rubber that is giving our customers two or three thousand extra miles—and this is what has increased our business 253% in the past year.

The extra rubber pays profits—that's why we do it.

THE BETTER GRAY

Is the Equal or Superior of High Priced Four Cylinder Cars in 40 Ways and More



- 1—Gray Motor; 18 years successful engine building.
- 2—Smooth, vibrationless; all reciprocating parts balanced.
- 3—Deep, rigid frame, cold pressed. Tubular cross member.
- 4—Gray special double springs, comfortable, anti-rebound.
- 5—Timken special forged, double heat-treated front axle.
- 6—Starting, lighting and ignition—standard Westinghouse.
- 7—Selective, 3 speed-and-reverse sliding gear transmission.
- 8—Disc clutch, running in oil.
- 9—Standard worm-and-gear steering—irreversible, adjustable.
- 10—Both hand-throttle and foot-accelerator control.
- 11—Special, automatic economy carburetor.
- 12—Hot-spot manifold, perfect vaporization.
- 13—Carburetor coupled direct to manifold—easy starting.
- 14—Emergency brake on drive shaft—locks both wheels.
- 15—Spiral bevel quiet gears in rear axle.
- 16—Timken combination thrust and radial bearings throughout.
- 17—Two-piece full ventilating windshield, with rainstrip.
- 18—Motor, clutch and transmission, all lubricated from crank case.
- 19—Adjustable valve tappets—dust tight and noiseless.
- 20—Three-bearing crank shaft, bearings extra size.
- 21—Quiet, helical cut timing gears.
- 22—Three-quarter floating, Gray designed, Timken rear axle.
- 23—Transmission and rear axle gears, special nickel alloy steel.
- 24—Three point suspension for motor.
- 25—Ten-inch non-glare drum headlights with dimmers, brass, nickel plated.
- 26—Touring cars, fully equipped, speedometer, dash light, door opening curtains.
- 27—Clutch and fly-wheel enclosed, dust-proof, oil tight.
- 28—Extra large, removable bronze cam shaft bearings.
- 29—Driving union solid one-piece forging—not keyed on.
- 30—Lowest unsprung weight of any car—high tire mileage.
- 31—Gas tank under cowl—no pump, no vacuum tank, only one connection.
- 32—Rear axle shafts, chrome alloy steel.
- 33—Ten-inch service brakes on rear wheels, entirely enclosed.
- 34—Radiator of extra height and cooling capacity.
- 35—Ample leg room for tallest person, extra wide doors.
- 36—Enclosed cars—speedometer, dash light, dome light, visor, window lifts, windshield cleaner, door locks.
- 37—Fan belt instantly and easily adjustable with 2-inch adjustment.
- 38—Oil scrape ring at bottom of piston—no foul plugs or smoking.
- 39—Four cap screws on each crank shaft bearing, instead of two.
- 40—Every bearing adjustable by dropping oil pan.

KOPAC BROTHERS
Distributors Nebraska and Western Iowa
Wire at Once for Agency
Omaha, Neb.