

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Neale Crittenden, 12 years old, is a typical, red-blooded American boy living with his parents in a small town near New York City. He has completed three years in preparatory school. Vacation time arrives and, with his mother gone to visit relatives, he and his father decide to leave for the city. The sun is shining in France Marie Allen, 11 years old, is living with her mother in the home of Anna Eicherberg, a French woman. Marie's father, a French peasant, is employed by the Allens as a servant. Marie is deeply interested in the study of French and in the books in the library. He rides a bicycle for recreation. One day he rides to Nutley, a village some distance away, and there runs across his old boyhood friend, Tom Roberts, who is playing tennis with two girl friends, Polly and Natalie Underhill. Although Neale has never played tennis, he accepts an invitation to join in the game. Vacation over, Neale returns to his preparatory school and finishes his last year. Early the following autumn he passes the entrance examinations of Columbia university. Pending the opening of school he works on his father's sawmill.

father to have a visit with grand-mother in the kitchen. Neale clamored up and clinging with one hand reached in and took out a volume . . . any one of the three. From there he went to the top of the highest lumber pile outside, in the clean sunlight. The pungent smell of the newly-sawed wood, the purifying wind, wide space about him, solitude, silence, and this deep, strong voice purifying, untroubled, speaking to him in a language which was his own, although he had not known it. "Today Shall be the Same as . . ."

March, 1902. Flora Allen found she was not following the words on the page, and let the book slowly fall shut. As it lay there among her hair brushes and cold-cream pot, she looked at it with a listless distaste. How sick she was of reading instructive books! She never wanted to see another! She turned sideways in her chair with the gesture of a person about to stand up, but the motive power was not enough, and she continued to sit, one arm hanging over the back of her chair. Why get up? Why do anything more than anything else? How horribly lonely she was! How horribly empty her room was!

The emptiness echoed in her ears. It was an echo she often heard. She always heard it more or less. She told herself that it was like the emptiness of a long stone corridor along which she seemed to be always hurrying, hoping to come to a door that would let her out into life—the warm, quivering life that other people—women in books for instance—seemed to have.

Now she was tired. She had almost worn herself out in the long flight down the empty passageway that led from birth to death. She began dreadfully to fear that she would never find a door. Wherever she thought she saw one ajar, it was slammed in her face.

Looking back, how she envied her earlier rebellious unhappy self, bright with the animation of her naive hatred for Belton and America, quivering with her aspiring cry of "Europe" and "culture!" She had been married almost 16 years—was it possible? A life time. A life time filled with nothing. A life time spent between Belton and Bayonne! Oh, it wasn't fair! She had never had a chance—never! And soon it would be too late for her chance!

How hideously fate always discriminated against her. She was always thrown in the dreariest places with the dreariest dead-and-alive people, flat and insipid and tiresome.

(Continued in the Morning Bee.)

But at the other end of the hall from his own low-ceilinged, little boy's room, he found one like it, rather more cheerful. The sun came in through a dormer window as it did in his own room. He remembered now that this was the room father had always had, till he went away to college and that to New York to live. And there, sure enough, was the little book case. Of course, he must have seen it lots of times, going by while the sun was open. Now, what was in it? Maybe, after all, nothing to his purpose; probably this had been used like the shelves in the attic as a place to put volumes that nobody wanted to read.

Mather's Invisible Providence sounded religious. Neale did not even take it out. A big, old book with the back off proved, when he opened it, to be Rollin's Ancient History. With a true Hadley horror for learning anything out of hours, he slammed it shut and took down the next one, Butler's Analogy. Seemed as though he had heard of that one. He sat down on the edge of the little four-poster, and opened it at random, skimming the pages. Oh, awful! "Fierce! Worse than religious! He put it back, discouraged, and ran over the titles on that shelf. A name struck his eye. Emerson! Oh, there a poem by Emerson at the beginning of "The Children of the Zodiac?" Neale like every one else at that time had read a good deal of Kipling, although he was vague as to Emerson.

He took down Volume I, and opened to the first page. "But thought is always prior to the fact; all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws."

"Pretty rough sledding!" thought Neale, "had as Butler."

He turned over a page. His eye was struck by a thick black pencil mark along the margin; a passage that had interested somebody. Neale read, "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing today."

An idea knocked at Neale's head. He looked up from the book to take it in. It echoed and re-echoed in his brain, the first idea about history which had ever penetrated to fertilize that fact piled up by Hadley. Gee! there was something to that! Neale began to walk around it speculatively. Wonder if that's true? Sounds good.

Were there perhaps more passages marked? He turned over the pages again and came on another of the black pencil lines in the margin. "When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me—when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mines, time is no more."

"Time is no more . . ." The grandeur of those four words unrolled a great scroll from before Neale's eyes.

Say, who was it who had marked these places, anyhow? Who was it, who, before Neale, had sat in this low-ceilinged room and had caught that glimpse of timeless infinity? Neale turned back to the fly leaf and found in a familiar handwriting, "Daniel W. Crittenden, Williams 1878."

Why, that was father!

Neale stared at the name. Could it be father? Yes, he had gone to Williams and although 1876 was incredibly long ago, that might have been father's class. And this was father's room! He looked about him, astonished.

For the first time in his life it occurred to Neale that his father had not always been a father and a successful, conservative business man of forty-something, but that long, long ago he had also been a person.

The idea made Neale feel very shy and queer as though through the pages of this chance-found book he were spying on the privacy of that unsuspecting person. But all the same, it was too strange that father should have marked what else had been marked? Intensely curious, Neale turned the pages over. What else had struck the fancy of that young man, so many years ago, before he dreamed that he was to be a business man and a father. It was like looking straight into some one's heart; the first time Neale had ever dreamed of such a thing.

Two Clubs After Butler's Scalp

Council Refers Resolutions Seeking Police Head's Removal to Mayor Dahlman

Resolutions of two Omaha improvement clubs, asking the removal of Dan Butler from the commissionership of the police department, were read at city council meeting yesterday morning.

They were referred to Mayor Dahlman for investigation.

The resolutions came from the Bohemian-American Improvement club, 1245 South Thirteenth street, and the Tenth Ward Improvement club. They charged the use of the police department "for private and political purposes" and condition of "utter demoralization" in the department.

"I'll not act hastily on the matter," said the mayor. "At the present time it is not in my mind to remove Butler from the police department. But it will be necessary to investigate the charges."

"It's gang stuff, and to be expected," was Butler's comment.

Diplomatic Tension Over Ship Liquor Lessened

By International News Service.

Washington, July 2.—Diplomatic tension over the enforcement of American prohibition laws against foreign ships was considerably relieved today when the State and Treasury departments were advised through consular channels that practically all foreign ship lines have decided to stop loading beverage liquor under seal for the homeward voyage.

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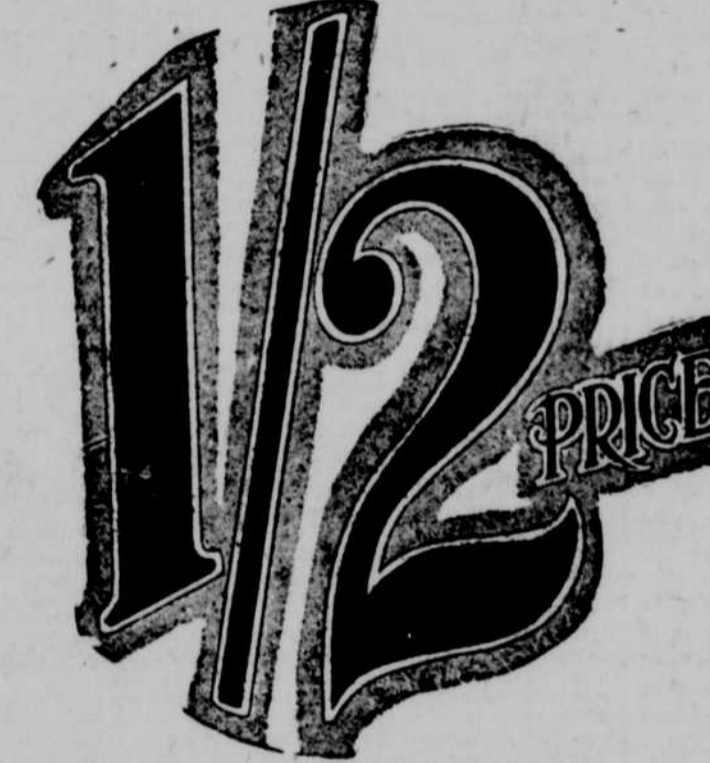
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