Third Party Man Urges Sympathy for Rail Shopmen

Wray, in Keynote Speech at Progressive Convention, Advocates Government Owned Public Utilities.

Lincoln, Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Rousing cheers for organized labor greeted 300 striking shopmen from Havelock, Neb., when they stalked into the progressive party state convention which opened at 10 today in Hotel Lindell.

Delegates numbered 300. The keynote speech was by Arthur G. Wray of York, third party nominee for the United States senate. He was appointed temporary chairman.

Favors Waterway Project.

In his speech, he advocated for the progressive national platform: Freedom for the Philippines; international labor movement to end wars; government ownership of railroads, telegraph lines, telephone systems, pipe lines, terminals and coal mines. He favored the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway project; issuance of currency directly by the federal government; regulation of packing and grain exchanges; 100 per cent sympathy with striking shopmen; restriction of injunctions in labor disputes; jury trials in constructive contempt cases; unity of farmers and laboring men in a fight on monopoly.

Outlining the state platform, Mr. Wray stated the progressive party stood for abolition of the code law; Home Builders' Protective association; exemption from taxation of farm improvements and city homes up to $2,000; preservation of direct primary by constitutional amendment; recall of all elective officers; removal of party circles; rural credit system; passage of the Omaha municipal light bill.

Argument Over Credentials.

Following Mr. Wray's discussion ensued on the appointment of a credentials committee, due to arguments arising for seats in the convention between the Bigelow and the Harrop factions in Omaha. Two delegations arrived from Omaha. W. J. Taylor of Merna, Neb., proposed that each delegate be given one-half vote. The quarrel was settled by the appointment of a committee of seven—none from Omaha—to act on the matter. Both sides emphasized intentions of carrying the fight to the floor of the convention, notwithstanding the decision of the special committee.

Receipts of Cattle Not Lowered by Strike

According to stockyard officials, business at the yards is suffering but little from the railroad strike. The largest cattle run of the season was brought in Monday and Tuesday a large run of livestock was received with most of the trains arriving on time.

Tuesday the Northwestern still maintained a partial embargo, refusing to take eastbound shipments, but all other roads accepted billings for all points.

Railway representatives urge shippers to disregard all rumors regarding the situation and to depend on their local agents for all information relative to shipping conditions.

Vault Smells Like Saloon as Blast Breaks Bottle

Grand Island, Neb., Aug. 15.—(Special.) — Sheriff Lorentzen's vaults in the county courthouse now smell like the "morning after." Over 1,800 bottles of beer, alleged to be of more than ordinary voltage, were taken when the Platte county transporters were caught in this county after a shooting scrape. These bottles all were neatly piled up in the vault.

A few days ago, some dynamiting was done at a nearby swimming pool in order to level the bottom. The detonations jarred the courthouse, five blocks away, tilting a small section of the piles of bottles and breaking a few underneath.

Failure of Guardsmen to Appear Causes Flurry

Grand Island, Neb., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—A bit of a flurry was occasioned when Company H of the National guard was about to entrain for the encampment at Plattsmouth and found itself a few men shy. Applications had been made by three banks for the exemption of clerks who were members of the guard, these clerks having had their regular bank vacations. One of the clerks was sent for by detailed officers. The necessary quota was secured, but the train was delayed for two hours.

Mate Water Shy, Charge

Falls City, Neb., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—The charge that her spouse, Albert A. Schneiderwind, has not taken a bath since they were married, December 9, 1920, is the basis for divorce action brought in district court by Alice Schneiderwind.

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"The last time I took you out anywhere was on our wedding day, I think, wasn't it?" he asked casually.

She nodded, flushing a little.

"Yes; and Norman——" she broke "Oh, I was so sorry to hear about Norman," she said.

"Yes, it was hard luck," Barry agreed though his voice sounded hard "My uncle and aunt are very much cut up, of course."

He gave his order to the waiter and took a chair opposite Hazel. For the first time he really looked at her.

"Who chooses your frocks?" he asked suddenly.

She flushed sensitively. "Mr. Greaves sent me to somebody he knows. She's quite a lady, and she has beautiful taste."

"She certainly has. I hardly recognize you."

"Perhaps I'm not really changed so much as you think," she said almost inaudibly.

Barry forced a laugh.

"I saw a photograph of you in one of the papers today," he said. "If what one hears is correct you will soon be the talk of London."

She did not answer.

"I shall think about you tomorrow night," he went on lightly. "And wish you every success. May I send you some flowers?"

"If you would like to."

"I wonder they allowed you out tonight" he said presently. "Oughtn't you to be resting or practicing, or something? I don't know what a star does the night before her debut, but I should have thought Greaves and Hulbert would have been very strict jailers."

She looked up at him.

"That's why I asked you to take me out," she said, painfully. "Mr. Hulbert wanted to come around to see me, and, oh, I don't like him," she added tremulously.

Barry knocked the ash from his cigaret into a tray in front of him. His hand was not quite steady.

"You've changed your opinion," he said, quietly.

"Yes . . . I thought he was so different; I thought . . ."

"Oh, he's not such a bad chap," Barry said carelessly, though his heart was racing. "It doesn't do to take him too seriously; he was very decent to me 18 months ago—people like him, as a rule.

He looked at her, and quickly away, but not before he had seen how her lips trembled, and that the tears stood in her eyes. He let his cigaret go out. When he spoke next there was a different quality in his voice.

"You are not obliged to make a friend of him if you don't wish to do so, you know," he said quietly.

"But I've told him I don't want him," she broke out impulsively. "And it isn't any good; and so—so I thought if I told you——" She stopped, only to rush on again: "I know I haven't really any claim on you, but I thought if . . . if you wouldn't mind. . . ."

"I shall be pleased to do anything I can," Barry said, formally. He kept his eyes averted. What was she trying to ask him, he wondered? "What do you waunt me to do?"

She leaned a little towards him over the table; her eyes were very pleading.

"If you would come to Liverpool; I just dread going there without—without anyone belonging to me. If you wouldn't mind coming—it would make all the difference if I knew you were there."

Barry raised his eyes slowly. Did she still think of him as "someone belonging to her?"

"You really wish me to come?"

"Oh, if you would."

For a moment he wavered. He would have given anything in the world to have been able to refuse, but somehow, with that look in her eyes, that eager note in her voice, refusal seemed impossible.

"Very well," he said. "I shall be delighted, of course. . . . Ah, here is dinner."

It was quite a merry little meal in its way. Hazel spoke no more of herself save to tell him how hard she had been working, how difficult it had all been.

"They even had to teach me how to walk on the stage," she said. "Mr. Greaves said that very few people know how to walk on well. He has been very kind; do you like him?"

"I prefer him to Hulbert."

"So do I." Barry was leaning back in his chair. He looked rather tired, she thought. He looked somehow older, too, and there was a little worried line between his eyes.

He had been kind to her that evening, and yet—he was not the Barry she had first known and loved. He seemed so indifferent; he had spoken of Greaves and Hulbert quite casually, though once he had told her that it drove him mad to know that she was going about with them.

It was quite true that a sudden inexplicable fear of Hulbert had driven her to make this overture to Barry. Something in the way Hubert looked at her, something different in the tone of his voice, had roused a vague apprehension in her heart.

In sudden panic she realized how utterly alone she was, that there was nobody but Barry to whom she could turn. She was unstrung and nervous—it had been sheer desperation that had driven her to him that evening.

He was different to those other men—there was something about him that had already given a feeling of security.

It was quite early still when they left the restaurant.

"I don't know if you would care to go anywhere else," Barry said, tentatively, as they drove away. "I'm quite at your service, you know."

But Hazel said she would rather go home. "I think I'm a little tired," she said. "And I've got to work hard tomorrow . . . Oh!" The taxicab, swinging round a corner, had flung her against him. She laughed nervously, and tried to raise herself, but Barry's arm was round her in a grip of steel. He did not speak, but he just held her tightly to him.

He quite expected that she would try to free herself, but her little figure seemed to yield quite willingly to his touch.

Barry half turned. In the light of a street lamp they were passing he saw her eyes. She was looking up at him and for a moment it seemed as if the past unhappy weeks were wiped out and forgotten. She was once more the little girl he had known and loved—the little girl who had cried so bitterly when he went away, and who had followed him to London and married him.

"Hazel!" said Barry, hoarsely. He drew her head down to his shoulder, and, bending, found her lips.

There was no time for words. Hazel had barely freed herself from him when the taxicab stopped and the driver came to the door.

"Is this the number, sir?"

Barry swore under his breath. He hardly knew if he were standing on his head or his heels. He paid the driver extravagantly, and in another moment he and Hazel stood alone on the path in the autumn night.

Barry looked at her.

"Well?" he said, huskily.

She answered in whispered confusion. "I can't talk to you here, and I've got so much to tell you. Will you—" she broke off.

The big door leading into the block of flats behind them opened suddenly. The porter came out. He stood for a moment against the light, whistling for a taxicab. A woman had followed him out and stood on the steps waiting impatiently. It was Delia.

She saw Hazel. She came down the steps.

"Well, I never!" She looked the girl up and down quizzically. "I've been waiting an hour for you, my dear. I quite thought I should catch you in tonight; you ought to be resting instead of gadding about. A nice sort of wreck you'll be in the morning. Hulbert hasn't half been swearing, I can tell you."

She glanced at Barry. She gave a little exclamation of amazement.

"You! Lord, what in the world will happen next?"

Hazel had moved away from him. She felt horribly nervous and self-conscious. She dreaded what Delia would say.

Barry guessed how she was feeling.

"I'll say good night," he said, quietly. He held his wife's hand hard for a moment. He felt that he could have wrung Delia's neck for having appeared so inopportunely. "I shall see you tomorrow," he said.

There was no time for more. Hazel turned and fled into the house. A taxi came crawling up through the darkness. Delia looked at Barry. "Can I drop you anywhere?" she asked him.

"Yes, you can," Barry told her, uncompromisingly. "I want a word with you, too."

The porter shut the door and they drove away.

Delia leaned back and drew her coat cosily round her.

"I've been waiting there an hour for Hazel," she said, disagreeably. "She's a little fool to have gone out tonight. Hulbert was mad, I can tell you. If she's not careful he'll chuck her up, and then she'll be in a nice hole."

Barry laughed. He felt that he could afford to be magnanimous.

"I fancy Hulbert will get his conge sooner than he expects," he said, lightly. "My wife has no further use for him."

He spoke confidently, but Delia burst into shrill laughter.

"So you've nibbled the bait first time," she said, coarsely. "I thought you'd got more sense! I thought you were a match for Hazel, but apparently she's too much for you! I never thought she was so smart!"

She laughed again. "So you think she wants you back, do you?" she mocked him. "Barry Wicklow, I never thought you were so green! I'd have backed you to see through her every time. Bless your heart, it's not you she wants at all; it's your cousin's money and Ereshe Hall, and all the rest of the paraphernalia you've stepped into; she—"

"What the devil do you mean? If this is more of your infernal mischief-making—"

She shook herself free. "Bah!" she said, contemptuously. "You can't bully me any more. I never liked you, but I never hated you half as much as I hate Hazel, with her baby face, and her way of getting round everybody! It's you one day and Hulbert the next, and Greaves the next.

"I thought she'd finished with you, and she would have done if that cousin of yours hadn't conveniently died. Oh, she knows what she's doing! She fancies herself as Mrs. Barry Wicklow, with Ereshe Hall in the back ground. Hulbert was telling her last night that you'd come into it all. He told her that you'd paid up what you owed him. She didn't say much; she's too deep to give herself away, but I knew what she meant to do; I could see it in her eyes. She's too clever to put all her eggs in one basket—she wants a saver all the time. If she's a frost with Greaves—well, she'll fall back on you, if you're fool enough to let her. What are you going to do?"

Barry had let down the window with a run and was shouting to the driver.

"Where are you going?" Delia asked him, fearfully. But Barry did not answer; the taxi stopped and he left her without a word or a look, and strode away into the darkness.

Delia looked after him with angry eyes; then suddenly she laughed.

"I'll teach you to snub me, my boy," she said, vixenishly, under her breath. The driver came to the door; he looked at Delia suspiciously. She broke out angrily: "Oh, drive on, and don't stand there gaping. Do you want me to catch my death of cold?" She leaned over and, catching the handle, slammed the door viciously, and the next moment the taxi had started away again.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Common Sense

Are You One of the Easy Goers?

It is difficult for you to keep your mind on anything which is hard and practical.

Just why is it that you prefer to think of the things which are easy to understand—the duties which require little thought?

Are you mind lazy, and going to keep along that way?

Are you just fluttering through life, giving a little thought to everything, and no concentrated thought to any one thing?

And all through life you have been of this sort, and yet, you pronounce your successful friends as lucky, not taking into consideration the hard study and continued effort to get over the top.

Of course some day you intend to buckle down and make real preparation for the lean years in sight, possibly, but not now.

Before you realize is, you will have reached the time when old age should have been provided for; and what then, when it is too late?

Are you one of the easy goers?

Begin to hustle before you rust out.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Fire Destroys Barn

Falls City, Neb., Aug. 15.—(Special.)—Twelve hundred bushels of corn, 900 bushels of wheat and a quantity of hay went up in smoke when a fire destroyed the barn of George Coon about five miles from this city. The blaze is believed to have originated from spontaneous combustion.