

C. of C. Asks for Phipps Bill to Aid Irrigation

Would Provide Temporary and Needed Relief for Western Nebraska, Says Committee.

On recommendation of the agriculture committee, the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday endorsed a resolution to congress, President Coolidge and Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work to pass the Phipps bill that would provide temporary relief to the farmers in the North Platte irrigation project.

Action on this matter was taken after the agricultural committee had been advised that opposition to the bill, with amendments offered to defeat its purpose and effectiveness, had been offered in the house after the bill had been passed by the senate and sent to the house of representatives. Congressman Cranston of Michigan was reported to be the leader of the opposition, although the bill is an administration measure.

The original bill without amendments, as passed by the senate would defer payments of rentals and penalties prior to January 1, 1925, except that no payment shall be deferred beyond the date on which the last payment of construction charges are required. This permits the distribution of the deferred payments over the life of existing contracts.

The resolution of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce urges that the settlers in the North Platte reclamation project be given the fullest extent of temporary relief possible, and the chamber pledges to assist in every possible way the securing of a permanent reclamation law that will meet the needs of the settlers under the various irrigation projects.

Former Wymore Marshal Dies in Lincoln Hospital

Wymore, Neb., April 8.—Dennis J. Hatch, 85, one of the original settlers of Wymore, and who had lived here continuously for the last 41 years, died at a Lincoln hospital. He was city marshal and night watchman of Wymore from 1904 to 1915. The widow and two daughters survive. A son, Edwin, a Burlington railway locomotive engineer, was killed when he crawled under his engine to make repairs and it accidentally started up and ran over him, between Wymore and Liberty in 1891.

Plans Prepared to Drain Favorite Hunting Pond

York, Neb., April 8.—York county road engineer is preparing blue prints for the drainage of the large basin near Waco, which will be presented to the county board April 15. Some opposition has been met with from land owners whose farms the ditch does not cross on the ground that the water drained from the ditch will be carried to their farms. This basin has long been a favorite hunting pond.

Convict to Face New Charge After Release

Falls City, Neb., April 8.—When J. Nelson leaves the penitentiary at Bismarck, N. D., he will find Sheriff Albert R. Young of Richardson county waiting for him. Young has left for Bismarck to bring Nelson here on the charge of stealing the car of F. A. Jones, division engineer for the Missouri Pacific, last summer.

Ages of Seven at Birthday Celebration Total 568 Years

Falls City, Neb., April 8.—Seven men whose ages totaled 568 years attended the 85th birthday celebration of Levi Hitchcock, Falls City pioneer and civil war veteran. All of the men were members of the G. A. R.

Held on Bootlegging Charge

Beatrice, Neb., April 8.—Lil Smith was arrested on a bootlegging charge filed by County Attorney Mattson. He was brought before Judge Ellis, pleaded not guilty and his case was set for hearing next Saturday.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Way Dicky Made His Anger Clear.

Outwardly calm, but inwardly distancing the much-splashed "leaf in a storm" by a thousand tremors, I watched Dicky's face after my last retort to him.

The flush which anger had brought faded into pallor, and his eyes held the furious gleam which makes one realize that human beings are not many generations removed from sav-

TRAIN KILLS MAN SITTING ON TRACK

Falls City, Neb., April 8.—G. M. Robinson, believed to be from Nebraska City, died at Union, Neb., today, 30 minutes after he was struck by Missouri Pacific passenger train No. 105, west bound, two and a half miles west of Nebraska City. His legs were severed and he was otherwise badly mangled. According to reports that reached division headquarters here, the train crew observed Robinson apparently asleep sitting on the track too late to stop the train.

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agery. He did not speak for several seconds, and when he did his voice was taut and uneven.

"This is about the outside of human limit!" he stormed, and rushed into the bedroom, where I heard him throwing things around.

In a few minutes he came back again with his hat and overcoat on, and a traveling-bag in his hand. One shirt-cuff dangled outside the bag, where he had slammed the sides together, and with my knowledge of his fastidiousness, I had the house-wifely impulse to call his attention to it. But just in time I caught a mental glimpse of the absurdity of such a proceeding, and contented myself with an ostentatious glance at the protruding cuff and a slight lifting of my eyebrows.

Dicky's glance followed mine involuntarily, and he gave a chagrined start, which he quickly covered with a blustering pretense of violently pushing an unoffending chair out of his way.

"Since you're so adept at guessing what I've been doing," he sneered, "you can just keep on wondering. I'll be along some time tonight so you won't be alone, and you can sulk that blasted dump or keep it just as you please. There's only one thing certain. I'm not coming back to it, except to get my things. I've crammed 'em all into my suitcases, and I'll stop and tip the janitor to take them down to his rooms and keep them for me."

He was ridiculously like a small boy in his anger that through my own tremulous wrath, there shot a lightning gleam of mirth. But most women, I think, will realize why I could not resist a parting shaft.

"Why do you take that trouble?" I queried. "I can ask Mrs. Marks to keep them for you, if you wish."

He complied Mrs. Marks and me in an obsequious as pictureque as it was vehement, and strode to the door. But with his hand on the door-knob he turned.

"Got enough money?" he growled, and I felt a sudden treacherous impulse to run to him, but the memory of that whispered interview in the hall with Mollie Fawcett rose before my eyes and I crushed down the thought.

"Plenty, thank you!" I said shortly, and he jerked open the door as if he would like to have torn it from its hinges. He started perceptibly as

he looked into the hall, then closed the door again, and swung around with his back to it.

"There's just one thing I'd like to remind you of," he said, and the way he snapped the words made me realize that his nerves were also strung to a high tension. "You never see fit to account to me for your absences or actions when you are helping old Lil to save the universe from chaos, or some little job like that. And yet you expect me to punch a time clock as if I were working in a department store. I suppose you call that being a good sport?"

He turned, went out and shut the door for good this time, and it seemed to me that the accents of his voice, withering, contemptuous, lingered in the room, echoing in my ears.

I waited only until the hall door of the apartment closed reverberatingly before switching out the lights and rushing to the front window.

As I expected, I was barely in time to see him emerge from the building and walk rapidly toward the subway. He had not given any directions to the janitor. Indeed, I had not been much afraid that he would, for I knew that he hated discussion of our affairs by an outsider as much as I did.

With a sudden remembrance of the way he had started when he

looked into the hall, then closed the door while he palpably added a curtain line to his exit, I did not at once switch on the light, but walked to the door and opened it noiselessly. There was no one to be seen in the hall, but I had a sudden psychic in-

uition that somewhere near me was another waiting figure.

And then, in exactly the same fashion as a turtle might poke its head out of its shell, I saw the elaborate coiffure of Mrs. Marks projecting cautiously around the top in the hall.

Mother 95 Years Old Survives Daughter Dead at Age of 67

Shenandoah, Ia., April 8.—Mrs. P. N. Finn, 95, who died at Maryville, Mo., is survived by her husband and three children and also her mother, who is 95 years old. The mother of the former Shenandoah woman is Mrs. Thomas Dowling of Chula, Mo. Death was due to pneumonia. The family moved to Maryville from here seven years ago.

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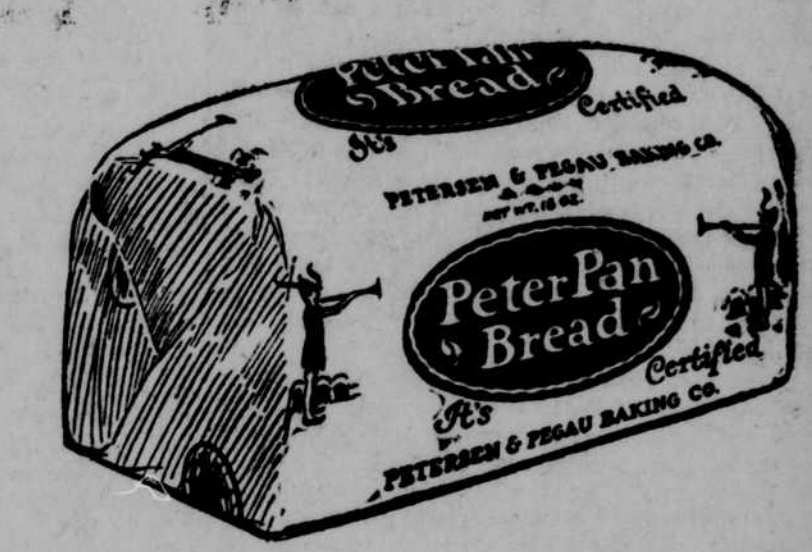
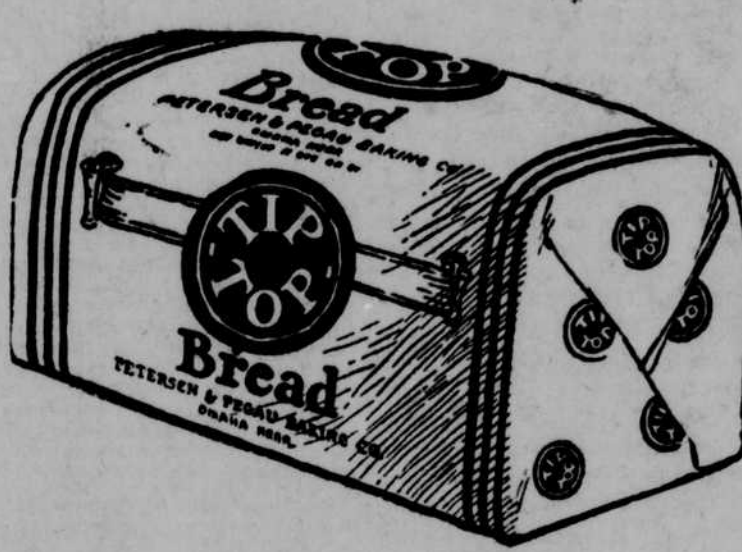
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