

"MAYOR SMITH IS A NUT," DECLARES THE POSTMASTER

Fanning, Referring to Paving Row, Says Mayor "Doesn't Know Much About Municipal Affairs."

Charles E. Fanning, postmaster and paving contractor, this morning declared that:

"Mayor Smith is a nut."

Mr. Fanning was referring to the mayor's statements in the city council meeting on Tuesday, with reference to a contract which had been awarded last year for paving Leavenworth street, Forty-eighth to Sixtieth streets.

"The trouble with the mayor is that he has it in for me," Mr. Fanning continued. "You will recall that the mayor was the man who wrote to Washington, stating that it would be a public calamity if I should be appointed postmaster of Omaha."

To Visit Council Thursday.

"I have made a better postmaster and paving contractor than Smith has shown himself as mayor. He may know a lot about law, but he does not know much about municipal affairs. I will be up at the council meeting on Thursday morning and will have a few things to say on this Leavenworth street paving contract."

Last year Mr. Fanning was awarded a contract for paving West Leavenworth street, his bid being nearly \$60,000, based on the then prevailing prices of brick and other materials. He states that when figuring his bid he estimated that brick would cost \$1.13 per yard, as against present prices of \$1.54 to \$1.58. To carry out the contract at this time he declared would stand him to lose \$20,000 on the job.

Fanning Makes Charges.

He charges that the city council last year granted the street railway company an extension of one year in which to change its tracks on Leavenworth street, and he further explains that he could not proceed with his work until the street railway company had first relaid the tracks. He is willing to take the matter into court.

Mr. Fanning and representatives of the street railway company have been asked to appear before the city council on Thursday morning for a conference.

Church Bodies Want Temporary Injunction Against Language Law

Church organizations seeking to stop the operation of the Simon law, passed by the last legislature, filed an amended petition in district court yesterday, asking a temporary restraining order to keep Governor McKelvie, Attorney General Davis and County Attorney Shotwell from enforcing the law which prohibits the use of any language except English in the schools. The first petition, filed a week ago, asked a permanent injunction and, as this would not come up for hearing until four weeks had elapsed the amended petition was filed to secure the temporary order until the hearing on application for the permanent order.

The plaintiffs in the case are the Nebraska district of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other states; and St. Francis Catholic church of Omaha.

They declare that it is impossible to instruct children in the lower grades of their parochial schools in English because they don't understand that language when they start to school.

Baby Falls 20 Feet, But Escapes With Slight Hurts

A 20-foot fall of the 18-months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. William O. Van Wyck, 4824 Farnam street, resulted in no serious injury to the child Tuesday. The baby suffered slight bruises and cuts. It was taken to the Nicholas Senn hospital, where it was reported it slept soundly throughout the night.

The baby accidentally fell from the sleeping porch of the Van Wyck home after it had found its way out of a cradle. A nurse yelled when she saw the babe fall from the porch railing.

Sister Searches for Her Brother Missing 35 Years

Postmaster Fanning has received an appeal from Mrs. M. E. Ward of Troy, N. Y., for aid in locating her brother, Matthew Muldoon. Mrs. Ward believes her brother is in the vicinity of Omaha in the live stock business.

"I have been trying to find him for 35 years," she writes. "It sounds hopeless, but I haven't despaired yet. His mother died recently without seeing him. There are only three of us left in the family. Surely he remembers his own sister!"

Happened Year Ago on 13th.

Today is the first anniversary of the present city administration. Mayor Smith and the city commissioners were sworn in on May 13 last year and were on the job the following day.

"Yes, I was sworn in on the 13th and I live in a house numbered 1313, but I have never been afraid of the hoodoo thirteen," declared the mayor.

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My Heart and My Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

Stockbridge Might Do.

Mr. Stockbridge moved promptly toward us at Mr. Donkers' call, but I could see that his action was tinged with reluctance. He evidently also had noticed his wife's increasing restlessness and moodiness, knew, no doubt, far better than any of the rest of us what such action on her part portended. But there was no escaping Mr. Donkers, who, apparently feeling that his matrimonial liberty was in no danger from me, had adopted an elephantine playfulness of manner which kept me busy controlling my risibles.

"I am afraid, Stockbridge, you are cherishing a heretic," I said, though fair—perhaps I might say dangerous because fair—he indulged in a fatuous chuckle at his own remark, pointing it with an inclination of his head toward me, "in your school. She tells me that she believes divorce should be made easier."

"Does that make her a heretic?" Mr. Stockbridge replied smiling, although I saw his eyes roving uneasily in search of his wife. They had not far to go, for Milly Stockbridge was slowly making her way toward us, doing it in a cleverly unobtrusive way. I admitted, but still patiently determined upon joining our group.

"You misunderstand me entirely," I said a bit impatiently to Miss Holcombe's bete noir. "I said I believed divorce laws should be uniform over the country, and that more safeguards and difficulties should be thrown around marriage. There are many unhappy marriages—" I snapped my sentence off short as I realized that Milly Stockbridge had come within hearing, hoped devoutly that she had not caught the beginning. "It is a tiresome subject, anyway," I said lightly. "I'm sure that I didn't start it."

I achieved almost a kittenish pout as I looked at my bovine vis-a-vis.

What "Milly" Said.

"My dear Mrs. Graham," he began to protest, but Milly Stockbridge's high-pitched voice interrupted us.

"What's this about unhappy marriages?" she shrieked. "Whose, for instance? Surely not yours, Mr. Donkers, if we believe what you constantly tell us." There was a shrewish meaning in the glance she threw him which evidently penetrated even his epidermis, and I learned later that the late "dear departed" Mrs. Donkers had ruled her husband with the rod of absolute monarchy.

"And as, of course, it couldn't possibly be yours, Mrs. Graham," she made the very pronunciation of my name sound venomous, "why, then, it must be ours. Why didn't you stand up for our record, Ken? Why didn't you tell them ours is one of those wonderful unions made in heaven—and wound up in the other place?"

She laughed, an uncanny, gruesome sort of merriment that made me shiver. I looked around uneasily. Fortunately her voice is always shrill, and no one seemed to have noticed her manner or voice—no one save Alice Holcombe, who had been watching us. I saw her pick up Bess Dean with a flash of her

eye, and then saunter lazily toward us. Miss Dean promptly followed her example.

Mr. Donkers was too obtuse to realize the real seriousness of the situation, but he hastened to protest the only point his mentality could grasp.

To Distract Her.

"Oh, but my dear Mrs. Stockbridge, we mentioned nothing personal, meant nothing. It was general, an academic discussion."

"I'm not your dear," she snapped inconsequently. "You may call Mrs. Graham that if you like—I heard you doing it just now—but I don't care for it. And you can't fool me like that. I know you meant my marriage. But I should worry. I ought to be used to it by this time. Every new teacher Mr. Stockbridge gets seems to get it into her head that he is a subject for sympathy, and proceeds to administer large doses of it. I'm getting tired of it. I know. What's sauce for the goose, you know. Lieutenant Graham looks to me as if he were just pining for a little sympathy. I think I'll go and tell him my troubles and see if he doesn't want to confide in me. So long, Mrs. Graham."

She darted away, her face alive with malicious mischief. But quick as she was, Alice Holcombe and her husband were quicker, and I saw them both speaking to her authoritatively. Bess Dean darted in another direction, toward Dicky, and what was my delight to see her evidently challenge him to accompany her to some other part of the room, and to witness his acceptance of her challenge. Anything was better than the possibility of having Dicky learn from Milly Stockbridge's lips of the ugly volcano over which I was working.

"Mrs. Stockbridge is a bright, pleasant little woman, but do you know, sometimes I do not quite know how to take her. She sounded in earnest just now, but of course, she was joking."

Mr. Donkers looked ponderously troubled. I hastened to reassure him.

"Oh, of course," I echoed, praying that the jest might not turn into a tragedy before the evening was over.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

GRANDMOTHER OF REVOLUTION TO LECTURE TODAY

Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky Will Relate Conditions in Russia at Brandeis Theater Tonight.

After the hostile demonstrations in many eastern cities by the bolsheviks, Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky, "The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," who arrived here yesterday morning, found it difficult to keep the tears back when she found herself among enthusiastic Americans and warm friends of the Social Settlement of the Maytime lunch yesterday noon, fifth floor of Orchard & Wilhelm.

In a private dining room, especially arranged for Mme. Breshkovsky and members of the settlement board, there were gorgeous bouquets of flowers from the Bohemians, friends of Russia, from friends of the poor and oppressed and a corsage of lavender sweet peas which had been presented by Mrs. Marie Leff-Kaldwell, whom the old lady had known in Siberia several years ago. These she carried near her heart.

"In many cities they would not let us have our meetings. Some lectures were given under the strictest police patrol because the bolsheviks of America and their sympathizers do not understand me or my purpose in coming to your country. It is not to denounce the Russian revolutionists, but to feed millions of starving children and orphans over there, 4,000,000 of whom are without parents, many fathers having lost their lives in the allied cause."

"There is so much to eat here and so many pretty girls bringing the food," she sighed. "Oh, how I wish our starving little Russians could have only a small part of what is left on your plates."

Madam Breshkovsky will talk at the Brandeis theater this evening in the interest of the children of whom she speaks.

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