

# Nebraska Farmers Have Produced Bumper Crops

## 1923 Corn and Oat Production Second Largest on Record—Big Supply of Livestock.

Lincoln, Oct. 14.—With a corn crop that lacks few bushels of being the second largest on record, an oat crop ranking second in size, a record crop of hay, heavy crops of wild and tame hay and forage and a fine supply of livestock, Nebraska "is in the shape," says the regular monthly crop report of the United States government, division of crop and livestock estimates issued here by A. E. Anderson, head of the division.

Nebraska will probably harvest 568,335,000 bushels of corn and 83,832,000 bushels of oats, Mr. Anderson says, adding that "these are conservative figures."

The report, as given by Mr. Anderson follows:

The condition of corn is 92 per cent, indicating a crop of 263,138,000 bushels compared to 182,400,000 bushels last year and the five-year average of 190,570,000 bushels. A recent survey through grain dealers indicated that practically all of the crop would be matured by October 10. A light frost followed by dry, windy weather would be highly beneficial and insure good quality. Fortunately, counties that suffered heaviest loss of acreage and yield of wheat have splendid yields of corn and practically all matured. A strip of corn extending from Superior slightly northeastward to the Platte river is the only area of any consequence that has poor corn.

Oats, 85,833,000 Bushels.

Second on record is the oat crop. The average yield is 23 bushels per acre, and the production, 85,833,000 bushels, against 55,106,000 bushels last year, and the five-year average of 61,570,000 bushels. The crop is exceptionally good in western and southern sections but rather uneven in northeastern Nebraska. The quality is poor, due largely to rains after harvest. On account of shortage of old corn, and comparatively low price, most of the crop is being fed.

The barley crop is the largest on record, totaling 9,342,000 bushels, as compared to 4,556,000 bushels last year. The average yield is 28 bushels, which is 10 bushels above last year's yield. The rye crop is small, being 1,650,000 bushels against 2,106,000 bushels last year.

Spring Wheat Poor.

The average yield of spring wheat is nine bushels per acre and the production a largely increased acreage, only 3,600,000 bushels as compared to 2,679,000 bushels last year. Black stem rust is responsible for the low yields and many fields, both spring and winter wheat, were not harvested. The estimate of all wheat is 31,372,000 bushels as compared to 28,896,000 bushels last year. Approximately 39 per cent of the wheat crop was marketed prior to October 1.

Condition and quality of potatoes are lower. The estimate of 76 per cent indicates a crop of 9,506,000 bushels as compared to 11,676,000 bushels last year. The late commercial crop is below expectations in both yield and quality, particularly the early Ohio variety. The wet season was favorable to the development of disease.

Larger Hay Crop.

All hay totals 6,011,000 tons against 5,200,000 tons last year. The average yield of alfalfa is 2.5 tons and the crop will approximately 2,000,000 tons. All tame hay is placed at 2,885,000 tons compared to 3,322,000 tons last year, and wild hay at 2,226,000 tons against 1,877,000 tons last year. Quality averages low due to delayed harvests and to rain after harvest.

The conditions of apples is 52 per cent, forecasting a crop of 815,000 bushels compared to 1,420,000 bushels last year. The former includes 53,000 barrels classified as commercial apples, compared to 130,000 barrels last year. Sugar beets are rated at 86 per cent. The production is 538,000 tons compared to 703,000 tons last year.

Estimates of minor crops are as follows: Buckwheat, 88 per cent; sweet potatoes, 34 per cent; flax seed, 98 per cent; clover hay, 1.7 tons; clover seed, 74 per cent; alfalfa seed, 1.8 bushel on greatly reduced acreage; pasture, 94 per cent; grain sorghum, 95 per cent; tomatoes, 91 per cent; cabbages, 6.5 tons; onions, 125 bushels; grapes, 85 per cent; pears, 75 per cent.

Total acreage in crops is 2 per cent less than last year.

Present farm wages are \$40 per month with board and \$25.00 per day without board.

Palmer Pioneers Are Wed;

Bridgemoor, 82, Bride, 77. Central City, Neb., Oct. 14.—Mrs. Julia Gage, 77, and Alfred Brown, 82, both of Palmer, were married recently at the Methodist church in that village. Both are prominent residents of that community, having resided there and in the surrounding territory since the state was in its infancy. Mrs. Brown settled in Gage valley in 1872, with her first husband, W. C. Gage.

Mr. Brown is a veteran of the civil war and built the third dwelling house in Loup City.

# Troops Transported by Airplane in Maneuvers



Moving troops by airplane.

For the first time in history troops have been transported by airplane from one part of a battlefield for emergency use in another. The latest method of troop movement was introduced by the United States marine corps maneuvers in Virginia, when huge Martin bombers carried the men, their arms and equipment to a section of the battlefield where the "enemy" was about to breakthrough.

# MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

synopsis  
Mickey O'Halloran is a new boy who finds and adopts a little lame girl, Lily. He and she at once become a strange pair to supply the comforts of life to the little girl.

Mickey, while on a trip in the country, finds a family who want to entertain some poor girl from the city for two weeks and Mickey makes arrangements to take Lily, Lily's name, to the farm. Bruce is engaged in an investigation of the city officers and Leslie rents a cabin in the city. The father and brother move out of the city for the summer. (Continued From Saturday.)

"Well 'tain't the first time I ever could a-said it, if I'd a-wanted to," explained Mickey. "I see! You game little kid, you," said Mickey. "All right, Mary, you ask your mother and if she says so I'll show you how, and maybe you can rub Lily's feet, if you go slow and easy and don't jar her back a speck."

"Ma said I could a-said it," explained Mickey. "Ma said for me to! She said all of us would, all the time we had while you were away, so she'd get better faster. Ma said she'd give a hundred dollars if Peaches would get so she could walk here."

Mickey sat back on his heels suddenly. "Who'd she say that to?" he demanded. "Pa. And he said he'd give five hundred."

"A-saw-ab!" marvelled Mickey. "He did, too!" insisted Mickey. "This morning 'fore you came out, and Junior would too. He'd give all in his bank! And he'd rub too! He said he'd give a hundred dollars!"

"Well, if you ain't the nicest folks!" cried Mickey. "Gee, I'm glad I found you!"

"Just as glad!" chimed in Peaches. "Mary bring Robert here," called Mrs. Harding from the hall. Mary obeyed. Mickey moved up and looked intently at Peaches.

"What do you think of this?" "I wouldn't trade this for heaven!" she answered. "The country is all the heaven a body needs in June."

"Mickey, bring in the cow now!" ordered Peaches. "Bring in the cow?" queried Mickey. "Sure, the little red cow in the book that makes the milk. I want you to milk her right here on my bed."

"Well, if I could!" gasped Mickey. "Sure, I'll bring her in a minute, but a cow is big, Lily! Awful, great big. I couldn't bring her in here, but maybe I can drive her where you can see, or I don't know what would be the harm in taking you where the cows are. But first, one thing! Now you look right at me, Miss Chick. There's something I got to know if you got in your head straight. Who found you, and kept them from 'getting' you?"

"Mickey-lovest," replied Peaches promptly. "Then who'd you belong to?" he demanded. "Mickey," she answered instantly. "Who you got to do as I say?" he continued.

"Mickey," she repeated. "Whose family are you?" he pursued. "Mickey's!" she cried. "Mickey, what's the matter? Mickey, I love you best. I'm all yours, Mickey. I'll go back an' never say a word 'bout the hotness, or the longness, or anything, if you don't want me here."

"Well, I do want you here," said Mickey in slow insistent tone. "I want you right here! But you got to understand a few things, you're mine. I'm going to keep you; you got to understand that."

"Yes, Mickey," conceded Peaches. "And if it will help you to be rubbed more than I can rub you while I got to earn money to pay for our supper when we go home, and fix your back, and save for the seminary, I'll let the nice pleasant lady rub you; and I'll let a good girl like Mary rub you; and if his hands ain't so big they hurt, maybe I'll let Peter rub you; he takes care of Bobbie, maybe he could you; and he's got a family of his own, so he knows how it feels; but it's nix on anybody else, Miss Chick, see?"

"They ain't nobody else!" said Peaches. "There is too!" contradicted Mickey. "Mary said Junior would rub your

feet. Well he won't! It's nix on Junior. He's only a boy! He ain't got a family. He hasn't had experience. He doesn't know anything about families! See?"

He carries Bobbie, an' I bet he's heavier 'n me. For the first time Mickey lost his temper. "Now you looky here, Miss Chick! 'He's got no family, he's got no nix on Peter, nor nothing, because he didn't and you, and you ain't his; and I won't have it, not at all! Course he's a good boy, and he's a nice boy, and you can play with him, and you can rub his feet, and you can give him a ride on your back, but when it comes to carrying and rubbing, it's nix on Junior, because he's got no family and doesn't understand. See?"

"Um-huh," taunted Peaches. "Well, are you going to promise?" demanded Mickey. "Back you go and never see a cow at all if you don't promise," threatened Mickey.

"What's the matter with you?" cried Peaches suddenly. "What you getting a tantrum yourself for? You ain't never had none before!"

"That ain't no sign I ain't just busting full of them," said Mickey. "Bad ones, and I feel an awful one as can be coming right now, and coming quick. Are you going to promise me nobody who ain't a family, carry you, and rubs you?"

Peaches looked at him in steady wonderment. "I guess you're pretty tired, an' you need to sleep a while, or something," she said. "If you want about sick yourself, you'd know 'at anybody 'cept you 'ull get their dam-gone heads ripped off if they touches me, please you! Course, they'd a-got me, if you hadn't took me. Course, I'm yours! Course, it's nix on Junior, an' it's nix on Peter, if you say so, Mickey. I just love you an' love you. I'll go back now if you say so, I tell you, Mickey what's the matter?"

She stretched up her arms, and rubbed her cheek against his, crooned over him, and held him tight while he gulped down big sobs. "Mickey, tell me," she begged, like a little mother. "Tell me honey, are you got a pain anywhere?"

"No!" he said. "Maybe I was kind of strung up, getting you here and being so awful scared about hurting you, but it's all right now. You are here, and things are going to be fine, only, will you, cross your heart, all ways and forever remember this: it's nix on Junior, or any boy, who ain't got a family, and doesn't understand!"

"Yes, Mickey, cross my heart, an' forever, an' ever, an' Mickey, you must get the soap. I slipped, an' I said the worst yet, if it meant to you, but Mickey, I guess you can't trust me. I guess you got to soap me, or beat me, or something awful. Go on an' do it, Mickey."

"Why crazy?" said Mickey. "You're nixed up. You said anything! What you said was all right ever; rightest of anything I ever heard. It was just exactly what I wanted you to say. I just loved what you said."

"Well if I ever!" cried Peaches. "Mickey, you was so mixed up you didn't hear me. I got 'nother chance, goodly, goodly! Now show me the cow!"

"All right!" said Mickey. "I'll talk with Mrs. Harding and see how she thinks I best go at it. Lily, you won't ever, ever forget that particular nix, will you?"

"Not ever," she promised, and lifted her lips to seal the pact with a kiss that meant more to Mickey than all that had preceded it.

"Just how do you feel, anyway, Flower-girl?"

"Fine!" said Peaches. "I can tell by how it is right now, that it isn't going to get all smothery an' sweet'nish here; whoo-hoo! it's so good, Mickey!"

Mickey bent over her holding both hands and whispered: "Then just you

# Adele Garrison

## "My Husband's Love"

### What Happened After Dicky Helped Out Peaches.

If there had been no other ground for my doubts of Dicky, my suspicion would have been aroused by his offer to help me with my preparations for dinner. There is nothing he hates quite so much as fussing around the house, and if I have any especially arduous domestic task on hand, I always give a heartfelt sigh of relief when he is safely out of the house. That he was voluntarily staying at home and proffering aid was a sure sign to me that, in the universal maternal phraseology, he had been "up to something." A desire to atone to me for something of which he supposed me to be in ignorance, or an attempt to avert my wrath—these were the interpretations I mentally put upon his offer.

But I flatter myself that there was no hint of my censorious thoughts in either my voice or my face when I answered him. "There are so many things to do 'first' that it's hard to make a choice. However, I fancy I'll tackle Harriet's rooms first. Here," I thrust my packages into his hands. "I'll get some things I've planned to put up there, and we'll go directly up."

His face took on a gloomy, resigned expression. "You're the original 'Do It Now' fiend, aren't you?" he grumbled. "What's the awful rush, old dear? You have several hours yet."

"And several dozen things to do in them," I retorted. "However, I can get along by myself, if you'd rather stay here."

Every wife knows the effectiveness of this weapon, if delivered in a tone which has no hint of rancor, but breathes sweet resignation. Dicky got to his feet with a reluctant grin which just escaped being a grimace.

"Where do you find 'em'?" "Oh, I'll toddle," he said. "I'm the 'Perfect Housewife's Delight' today, or the 'Housewife's Perfect Delight,' suit yourself as to the title. Ready? All right, let's go."

We ascended the stairs to the apartment duplicating ours on the next floor, which I had secured for Dicky's sister and for her famous surgeon husband. Dicky gave it one searching, critical look, and turned to me with a Gaelic shrug of his shoulders.

"Where do they find 'em'?" he said. "I thought ours was bad, but this is the holy outside limit. Harriet will never put up with this."

"It hit back the irritated rector that it was distinctly a Hobson's choice with his fastidious sister. "Just wait," I said confidently. "It was what Mrs. Ticer would call the 'spitting' image of our, but I've fruited up things a bit downstairs as I'm going to do here. And Harriet's chief requisite is a clean, handy, isolated place where she can cook the dishes Edwin requires. That she will have here, and the beds are as comfortable as those of most hotels. Those are the only things that really matter."

A startled recognition. "I trust Harriet shares your optimism," he said with an infection that made my palms fairly itch for forcible contact with his ears. But when, with his aid, I had pulled the stiffly placed furniture around to more homelike angles, covered the

scarred table with a colorful piece of Chinese embroidery, put a dainty, white dresser-scarf over the bureau and some gay cushions upon the davenport, fastened another piece of oriental embroidery over the mantel and placed upon it the bowl of pink enapdragons and sweets, with jangled-colored candles in cheap but effective candlesticks on either side, Dicky gave a low, admiring whistle. "Have to slip it to you, old dear," he said heartily. "You've made it almost livable."

"Thank you," I answered absently, with my eyes sweeping the room. "But I have forgotten the book-ends. We can get along with the one set. Do you mind bringing those quaint colonial figures from my desk, with perhaps four or five books you think they'd like? And ask Mr. Schwartz to bring up some kindling wood. I'd like to lay a fire in the grate, all ready to start when they come in."

"I'll see that the kitchen is in readiness for Harriet while you're gone." "I fly," he answered and he was almost as good as his word, for he was back with the articles in an incredibly short time, closely followed by Mr. Schwartz with the kindling wood. And in another 10 minutes we had locked the apartment door behind us, with the satisfying consciousness of a task well done.

Mrs. Marks' shrill voice came to our ears as we descended the stairs. She was standing just inside the half-opened hall door bidding goodbye to Mollie Fawcett. At the sound of our footsteps the girl looked up and her eyes, startled, recognizing, looked into Dicky's.

# Nebraska Rural School Pupils to Have Hot Lunches

Lincoln, Oct. 14.—The Nebraska university agricultural extension service, through its county agents, will assist in planning a hot lunch for students in county schools. This hot lunch, as defined by extension

# Horses Bring \$55 to \$65;

Mules, \$60 to \$110 at Sale Snyder, Neb., Oct. 14.—At the Frank Snyder farm sale northeast of Liberty horses brought all the way from \$55 to \$65 a head, mules; \$70 to \$110 a head, and cattle, \$35 to \$68 a head. Mr. Snyder will retire from the farm and move to Blue Springs.

The case of the state against Lil Smith, who was arrested a few days ago on a liquor charge, was called in Judge Ellis' court and continued to October 25. Smith will face four counts when the case comes up for trial. They are: Intoxication, driving a car while intoxicated, transporting liquor and having liquor for sale.

# A Genuine Laughing Hit

# "The Nebbs"

On the comic page of The Evening Bee