Farmers Union National Meet to Be Held Here

Convention Will Open at Hotel Castle November 20 —Governor Pinchot to Be Speaker.

The nineteenth national convention of the Farmers' Union will open November 20 at Hotel Castle with about 300 delegates from 22 states present

President Charles S. Barrett, Union City, Ga, will give his annual address the first day. E. L. Harrison, Lexington, Ky., vice president, and A. C. Davis, Springfield, Mo., secretary, will be present.

Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania has been announced as a speaker for November 22.

The Sapiro method of marketing probably will form a large part of the discussion, according to L. S. Herron, editor of The Union Farmer, official state organ of the union. Aaron Sapiro advocates the pooling plan. The discussions will take up the question of whether the direction of this method will be placed in the hands of a few "experts" or kept under the direct control of the farmers

The tariff on wheat is expected to bring a good deal of debate. Nebraska, South Dakota, Oklahoma and Kansas are four strong wheat growing states, that will be in favor of the plan

Discussion of legislation measures will come in for its share of consideration.

A change is expected in the national board of directors. The present board consists of John Tromble, Salina, Kan.; J. M. Collins, Eaton, Colo.; C. J. Osborn, Omaha; J. W. Batchellor, Mission Ridge, S. D., and George Bowles, Lynchburg, Va.

The first three are presidents of their state bodies and the last is secretary.

Father's Neglect Is Son's Misfortune

Rev. Albert Kuhn Preaches Sermon on Need for Religious Leadership in Home.

Lawlessness and unrest of today is lagely due to the neglect of fathers for their homes, in the opinion of Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church, in his Sunday night sermon, which was dedicated to the interest of Father and Son week. Rev. Mr. Kuhn continued: "Every father should be the priest of his household. In the olden days one of the main functions of the father was to lead the family in worship. Today the majority of fathers lag behind mother and children in religious matters. I firmly believe that this is one of the main reasons for the lawlessness and irreverence that exists today everywhere. I believe it is one of the main roots of the present turmoil in Europe.

"Nothing exerts as strong a control on human conduct as the sense of responsibility to God. By their religious indifference our fathers are helping to raise a generation which follows blindly the momentary impulse of their nature because the religious impulses in them are not developed enough to exert an efficient control. The consequence is a shallow, purposeless, inefficient life which leads to waste, ruin, want and sorrow.

"May this Father and Son week cause many a father in Omaha to ponder these truths and to turn a new leaf."

Farmers Selling Off Hens; Now Short of Fresh Eggs

Columbus, Neb., Nov. 11.—The close of the egg laying season, coupled with unusually heavy shipments of poultry from the counties tributary to this territory, has resulted in a shortage of fresh eggs for the markets and an oversupply of birds, according to W. W. Witter, manager of a produce house here.

Apparently, Mr. Witter says, the high price of corn is having the same effect on chicken feeding that it does on cattle feeding, and instead of keeping birds through the winter the farmers are selling them the same as they are selling cattle and hogs, retaining only what they need for their own purposes.

Fresh eggs are moving in smaller quantities than they have for many years, while poultry shipments show a heavier increase than they have in several years. The result is that eggs are moving out of cold storage, while the market is over stocked on poultry.

Livestock Caretakers to Be Taken to Norfolk Depot

Lincoln, Nov. 11.—The Chicago & Northwestern railroad has ordered that livestock trains coming into Norfolk with caretakers on board shall be detached from the caboose and that the car shall be taken from the South Norfolk yards to the depot, it was announced at the state railroad commission today. This order was issued at the suggestion of the commission, it was said, and is for the safety and convenience of the livestock caretakers.

Record Breaking Bull Claimed by Adams Farmer

Beatrice, Neb., Nov. 11.—G. L. Sink, farmer and stock raiser, living near Adams, has raised a Shorthorn bull which he believes is the largest in Gage county for his age. The animal is 18 months old and weighs 1,100 pounds.

White Pelican Shot by Wayne Student

Plainview, Neb., Nov. 10.—A white pelican, one of the extra large species, was shot near here by one of the students of Wayne state normal. Professor Spong of the biology department of the normal school at Wayne emblamed the bird and sent it to Lincoln to be mounted. When returned the pelican will be on display there at the state normal.

National and State Leaders of Farm Union

C. J. Osborn.

C. S. BARRETT.

Bones Found Reveal Tragedy

Farmer's Discovery Near Plainview Believed to Be Relics of Lost Pioneer.

Plainview, Neb., Nov. 11.—H. W. Hopkins, who a short time ago found the skull and bones of the body of a person thought to have been killed by the Indians, later found the metal parts of a shotgun near the narrow grave which he uncovered while plowing in one of his fields near Neligh.

The stock of the gun had rotted away and the barrel and other parts were so rusty that the make of the gun could not be learned. It was a breech loading gun and contained a loaded shell believed to be a .16-gauge. This seems to verify the supposition that the person was killed in the early days, probably by Indians.

James Nash, a pioneer of the early days, says that sometime between 1884 and 1889 Charles Belmer, a young man who resided near Neligh, disappeared and no trace of him ever was found. He thinks that it is quite probable that the skeleton and gun which Mr. Hopkins unearthed are Belmer's.

Ex-Congressman Sloan to Speak at Geneva Dinner

Geneva, Neb., Nov. 11.—An address by Charles H. Sloan will be a feature of the community club dinner Monday evening. The dinner is the first of a series of six to be held by the club this winter. At each dinner a speaker will be present to address the club.

Have you the O. O. McIntyre habit? His column appears each day in The Evening Bee.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

(Continued From Saturday.)

"That Home business has been a big, grinning, 'Get-you-any-minute devil,' peeping 'round the corner at me ever since mother went. I could dodge him for myself, but I couldn't take any risks for Lily. These Orphings' Homes ain't no place for children. 'Stead of the law building them, and penning the little souls starving for home and love in them, what it should do is to make people who pay the money to run them, take the children in their own homes and love and raise them personal. If every family in the world that has no children would take two, and them that has would take just one, all the Orphings' Homes would make good hospitals and schools; while the orphings would be fixed like Lily and I are. Course I know all folks ain't the same as you and Peter; but in the long run, children are safer in homes than they are in squads. 'Most any kind of a home beats no home at all. You can stake your liberty-birds on that."

"You surely can," agreed Mrs. Harding.

"You just bet," perisisted Mickey. "When I didn't know what they would do, I didn't want them pestering 'round, maybe to ruin everything; and when I did, I didn't want them any more, 'cause then I saw their idea would be to take her themselves, and in one day they would a-made all I could do look like 30 cents. She was mine, and what she had with me was so much better than what she would a-had without me, or if the law got her, that I thought she was doing well enough. I see now she could a-had more; but I thought then it was all right!"

"Now Mickey, don't begin that," said Mrs. Harding. "What you did was to find her, and without a doubt, save her life; at least if you didn't, you landed her in a fairly decent home where all of us will help you do what you think best for her; and there's small question but we can beat any orphans' home yet in existence. And as for the condition in which I found her, it was growing warm in that room, but I'll face any court in the universe and swear I never saw a cleaner child, or one in better condition for what you had to begin on. The Almighty himself couldn't have covered those awful bones with flesh and muscle, and smoothed the bed sores and scars from that little body; and gone much faster training her right, unless He was going back to miracles again. As far as miracles are concerned, I think from what you tell me, and what the child's condition proves, that you have performed the miracle yourself. To the day of my death I'll honor, respect, and love you, Mickey, for the way in which you've done it. I've yet to see a woman who could have done better, so I want you to know it."

"I don't know the right words to say to you and Peter."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Harding. "We owe you quite as much, and something we are equally as thankful for. It's an even break with us, Mickey, and no talk of obligations on either side. We prize Junior as he is just now, fully as much as you do anything you've gained."

Mickey polished the plates and studied Mrs. Harding. Then he spoke again: "There's one more obligation I'm just itching to owe you."

"Tell me about it, Mickey," she said.

"Well right in line with what we been talking of," said Mickey. "Just suppose a big car comes chuffing up here this afternoon, like I have a hunch it will, and all those nice folks so polite and beautifully dressed come to see us, I know you are busy, but I'll work afterward to pay back, if you and Peter will dust up a little—course I know the upset fix we are in; but just glorify a trifle, and lay off and keep right on the job without a second of letting up, 'til they are gone. See?"

"You mean you don't want to be left alone with them?"

"You get me!" cried Mickey. "You get me clearly. I don't want to be left alone with them, for them to put ideas in Lily's head about a nicer car than ours, and a bigger house, and finer dolls and dresses, and going to the city to stay with them on visits; or me going to live with Mr. Winton, to be the son he should have found for himself long ago. I guess I have Lily sized up about as close as the next one, and she has got all that is good for her, right now. She'd make the worst spoiled kid you ever saw if she had half a chance. What she needs to make a grand woman of her, like you and mother, is clean air, quiet, good food like she's got here, with bone as well as muscle in it; and just enough lessons and child play with children to keep her brains going as fast as her body, and no silly pampering to make her foolish and disagreeable. I know how little and sick she is, but she shan't use it for capital to spoil her whole life. See?"

"'Through a glass darkly,'" quoted Mrs. Harding laughing. "Oh Mickey, I didn't think it of you. You're deeper than the well."

"That's all right," said Mickey, his face flushing. "Often I hear you say 'let good enough alone.' My sentiments exact. Lily is fine, and so am I. Let us alone! If you and Peter will do me the 'cap-sheaf' favor, as he would say, you'll dust up and spunk up, and the very first hint that comes—'cause it's coming—at the very first hint of how Miss Leslie would love to take care of the dear little darling awhile, smash down with the nix! Smash like sixty! Keep your eyes and ears open, and if you could, dearest lady, beat them to it: I'd be tickled silly if you manage that. If you could only tell them how careful she has to be handled, and taken care of, and how strangers and many around would be bad for her——"

"Mickey, the minute they see the shape things are in here, it will give them the chance they are after, so they will begin that very thing," she said.

"I know it," conceded Mickey. "That's why I'd put them off if I could, 'til we were fixed and quiet again. But at that, their chance isn't so grand. This isn't worrying Lily any. She saw all of it happen, she knows what's going on. What I want, dearest lady, is for you to get on the job, and spunk up to them, just like you did about Junior going away. I didn't think you'd get through with that, and I know Peter didn't; but you did, fine! Now if you and Peter would have a little private understanding and engineer this visit that I scent in the air, so that when you see they are going to offer pressing invitations to take Lily, and to take me, and put me at work that I wasn't born to do; if you'd only have a receiver out, and when your wires warn you what's coming down the line, first and beforehand, calm and plain, fix things so the nix wouldn't even be needed; do you get me, dearest Mother Harding, do you see?"

"That I do!" said Mrs. Harding rising abruptly. "I'll go and speak to Peter at once, then we'll shift these workmen back, and quiet them as much as we can. I'll slip on a fresh dress, and put some buttermilk in the well, and fix Peaches right away, if she's finished her nap——"

Mrs. Harding's voice trailed back telling what she would do as she hastened to Peter. Mickey, with anxious heart, helped all he could, washed, slipped on a fresh shirt, and watched the process of adjusting Peaches' hair ribbon.

"Now understand, I don't know they're coming," he said. "I just think they will."

Because he thought so, for an hour the Harding premises wore a noticeable air of expectation. All the family were clean and purposely keeping so; but the waiting was long, while work was piled high in any direction. Peaches started the return to normal conditions by calling for her slate, and beginning to copy her lesson. Mary with many promises not to scatter her scraps, sat beside the couch, cutting bright pictures from the papers. Mickey grew restless and began breaking up the remains of packing cases, while Junior went after the wheelbarrow. Mrs. Harding brought out her sewing, and Peter went back to scraping black walnut furniture. Mickey passed him on an errand to the kitchen and asked anxiously: "Did she tell you?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Will you make it a plain case of 'nobody home! nobody home?'" questioned Mickey.

"I will!" said Peter emphatically.

Being busy, the big car ran to the gate before they saw it coming. Leslie Winton and Douglas Bruce came up the walk together, while Mr. Winton and Mrs. Minturn waited in the car, in accordance with a suggestion from Douglas that the little sick girl must not see too many strange people at once. Mickey went to meet them, and Peaches watching, half in fear and wholly in pride, saw Douglas Bruce shake his hand until she frowned lest it hurt, clap him on the back, and cry: "Oh but I'm proud of you! Say that was great!"

Leslie purposely dressed to emphasize her beauty, slipped an arm across his shoulders and drawing him to her kissed his brow.

"Our poet!" she said. "Oh Mickey, hurry! I'm so eager to hear the ones in the book Douglas tells me you are making! Won't you please read them to us?"

Mickey smiled as he led the way. "Just nonsense stuff for Lily," he said. "Nothing but fooling, only the prayer one, and maybe two others."

An abrupt movement from Peaches as they advanced made Mrs. Harding glance her way in time to see the first wave of deep color that ever had flooded the child's white face, come creeping up her neck and begin tinging her cheeks, even her forehead. With a swift movement she snatched her poetry book, which always lay with her slate and primer, thrusting it under her pillow; when she saw Mrs. Harding watching her she tilted her head and pursed her lips in scorn: "'Our!'" she mimicked. "'Our!'" Wonder whose she thinks he is? Nix on her!"

Mrs. Harding, caught surprisedly, struggled to suppress a laugh as she turned to meet her guests. Mickey noticed this. He made his introductions, and swiftly thrust Peaches' precious child into her arms, warning in a whisper: "You be careful, miss!"

Peaches needed the reminder. She loved the doll. She had been drilled so often on the thanks she was to tender for it, that with it in her fingers she thought of nothing else, so her smile as Leslie approached was lovely. She held out her hand and before Mickey could speak announced: "Jus' as glad to see you! Thank you ever so much for my precious c

Nothing more was necessary. Leslie was captivated and would scarcely make way for Douglas to offer his greeting. Mary ran to call her father, while the visitors seated themselves to say the customary polite things; but each of them watched a tiny white-clad creature, with pink ribbons to match the color in a flawless little face, rounded to the point of delicate beauty, overshadowed by a shower of gold curls, having red lips and lighted by a pair of big, blue-gray eyes with long dark lashes.

(Continued in the Morning Bee)

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Madge Went With Edwin and Harriet to Marvin.

"You'll telephone to Dicky?" I halted at the head of the apartment hall staircase down which the Braithwaites already were making their way to the waiting taxi. Lillian grinned a bit maliciously at me.

"For the third time, I assert that I will inform the Dicky-bird of your departure, destination and dereliction of duty in not telling him before he left of your intended journey to the Durkees."

With an embarrassed flush I remembered that I had reiterated my request three times. Because of my nervous headache of the night before, Dicky carefully had refrained from waking me when leaving in the morning. Lillian had told me of this, and of her own intended departure to the farmhouse during my hurried breakfast, and I realized that Dicky would come home to the empty apartment with no idea where I had gone. My "Ingrowing Puritan conscience," to which Dicky so often jestingly refers, had been responsible for the fussiness at which Lillian was smiling.

I took refuge in foolery akin to her own.

"See that you don't forget," I threatened severely, "or I'll——"

"Miss your train if you don't get a move on your fairy feet," she retorted. "Now don't worry. I'll discipline your husband, tidy up your apartment, and when I get out to the farm kiss your son, and placate your mother-in-law if she needs it. Could any mortal woman promise more?"

"No, indeed," I murmured, with the sudden consciousness that "fussiness" was a mild word when applied to my insistence. "I'm afraid I have been an——"

"Will you get downstairs?" Lillian demanded, and I obeyed her, joining the Braithwaites, laughing and breathless.

"We haven't much time,' my sister-in-law said, with a trace of acidity in her voice, which always shows itself when the ironclad schedule of her surgeon-husband's time appears likely to be disarranged. It is a schedule which she herself manages, so that rarely is there a second wasted for him.

"All the time there is," her big husband boomed jovially. "This man looks capable of getting us there in half time if necessary."

The taxi driver grinned. "What train, sir?" he asked, and when Edwin told him, the grin widened.

"Take you over and back again," he said confidently, but I noticed that there was distinct though unobtrusive haste in the way he stowed us in the taxi and swung his machine around so as to traverse the least traveled route to the station.

"He probably means take you over and back to a hospital or morgue," Harriet said sardonically as the driver, with a quick, wary look over his shoulder for a possible policeman, swung around a corner upon the hypothetical one wheel so dear to the lay conception of motoring, and started up Eighth avenue at a high rate of speed.

She was looking out of the window as she spoke, and her husband, after a quick, furtive look at her, drew down one eyelid in an unmistakable wink at me. It was the sort of grimace in which Dicky and Alfred Durkee invariabgly indulge at Leila's expense and mine, but that the big surgeon should employ it in amusement at his stately wife astonished me, and at the same time so appealed to my risibles that I had hard work to stop the twitching of my lips by the time my sister-in-law turned her face toward us again. The little incident gave me an illuminating sidelight upon their relations. That my sister-in-law occasionally could permit pettiness to mar the poise which in her always has seemed to reach perfection, and that the big surgeon understood her foibles perfectly, and was affectionately amused at them—these things gave zest to my interest in them. They were more nearly human than I thought, I said to myself, impishly, but the discovery did not bring the problem of their future contentment and happiness any nearer.

That, I was more sure than ever, could only be solved by the presence of children in their home. But with Harriet's shrinking from the adoption of any child not closely associated with them by kinship or friendship, that solace for their heart hunger was put out of the question. But so strongly had their need of younger lives impressed me that dring the journey to Marvin, one rarely punctuated by speech upon the part of any one of us, I spent much of my time in wishing futilely that something would happen somewhere to give them the panacea for unhappiness which they so sorely needed.

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