STATE'S POTASH YIELD IN 1918 IS 25,000 TONS

Boom Days Over, Says Arthur Thomas After Inspecting Fields; Now Stable Business.

Nebraska's production of potash in 1918 will be 100,000 tons of potash salt, or 25,000 tons of pure potash, worth $11,250,000, according to an estimate by Arthur Thomas, manager of the bureau of publicity, after a tour of inspection of the potash field.

Nebraska will furnish about 50 per cent of the potash produced in the United States this year.

Nebraska potash is being sold at $112.50 per ton of potash salts, or $450 per ton pure potash. About one-half of the 1918 output is still in storage.

The fertilizer companies stopped buying Nebraska potash when the armistice was signed, hoping to get the cheaper potash from Germany. The recent action of the war board in prohibiting importation from Germany until after the treaty of peace is signed, will make it necessary for the fertilizer companies to buy up the Nebraska product in order to make the fertilizer which will have to be ready for delivery to the cotton growers in March and April, 1919.

"The boom days of potash are over," says Mr. Thomas. "The industry will be placed on a stable money making basis or it will cease. American business men have had harder problems to solve and have been successful."

Snow, Rain and Sleet Cover Western Nebraska

Winter has taken a grip on western Nebraska and the country through to the mountains is the report that comes to the railroads.

The Burlington reports snow, rain and sleet over most of the territory covered by its lines west of the Missouri river. On the line to the northwest, a drizzling rain is general over the central portion of the state, with snow and sleet from Alliance west. There is a heavy snowfall in Wyoming. On the Burlington's southern line snow Monday night was general from McCook, west to Denver. A cold, drizzling rain was reported all through the central portions of Nebraska.

Along the Union Pacific it is snowing from North Platte, west as far as Cheyenne.

George Johnson Is Victim of the Spanish Influenza

George Johnson, 3115 North Twenty-fourth street, who has been in the employ of the Missouri Pacific railroad for 30 years, died from influenza at the Swedish Memorial hospital Sunday morning. Mr. Johnson leaves a daughter, Mrs. L. Cleveland of 2002 Burt street, and a grandson, Lt. George Cleveland, now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock from the Brailey & Dorrance undertaking parlors, and will be in charge of the Botherhood of Railway Trainmen, of which he was a member.

Hawkley is to Be Brought Back; Out of Hospital

William Hawkley, negro, wanted in Omaha for the shooting of a woman by the name of Ira Stamford last July, has been located in a Kansas City hospital, where he is in the charge of the police of that city. Hawkley came to light by reason of a gun fight in which he received three bullet wounds. He will be returned to Omaha as soon as he is out of the hospital.

With President's Party.

C. E. Griffith of the Castle hotel has received a letter from his brother, Lt. Harley C. Griffith, with the presidential party to Europe, announcing their arrival in France. Lieutenant Griffith was former manager of the Royal hotel at Huron, S. D. When the United States entered the war he enlisted in the service and went to the officers' training camp at Fort Snelling, where he received his commission. Owing to defective eyesight, he was later transferred to the intelligence department.

OBITUARY.

MYRTLE KATHERINE SUTTON, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sutton, died at the family home, 812 North Twenty-seventh avenue, Sunday. Funeral services will be held in St. John's church this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment will be in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

MRS. BEN N. BURRESS of Yuma, Colo., formerly Miss Beatrice Hooker, prominent Council Bluffs high school girl, died at Berchmont hospital, Omaha, Sunday afternoon from the effects of pneumonia following influenza. Both Mrs. Burress and her husband have many friends among Omaha and Council Bluffs young people. No funeral arrangements have been announced owing to the illness of Mr. Burress, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Kathleen Burress, at 1715 South Tenth street. Mr. Burress also has the influenza.

IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

Hazel Williams alleges in a petition for divorce that her husband, Charles D., has been guilty of nonsupport. They were married on July 14, 1914.

Arthur Schmoker is charged with cruelty in a petition for divorce charged by Ora Schmoker.

Helen McGinnis has filed a petition for divorce against William J. McGinnis, alleging that he falsely accused her of indiscretions and displayed a revolver in a threatening manner. The McGinnises were married in Omaha January 3, 1918.

In a divorce action started by Mable against Eugene J. Varn, the wife alleges that Varn struck her and also held a kitchen knife and a pistol in a manner which did not indicate love and friendship.

WAR PUZZLES

FRENCH CAPTURED

1,500 prisoners, two years ago today, December 17, 1916.

Find a captor.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

Upside down in front of Lenine.

TWO GERMAN GOTHAS

Were brought down during an air raid over London, one year ago today, December 18, 1917.

Find an airman.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

Upside down nose at left shoulder.

Omaha Man Writes to Sister on Same Day He Is Killed in France

Mrs. M. Barry, 5128 South Twenty-second street, has received a telegram telling her that her brother, Rudolph Deml, was killed in action October 24.

It is rather an interesting bit of news to know that on the same day he was killed, he wrote a letter to his sister telling her of the battle that was raging about him and telling her that a number of enemy Zeppelins were flying over him as he was writing. He also told of seeing two machines shot down and as they fell in flames the pilot and gunners jumped from the falling machines in parachutes.

The letter did not state anything whereby it could be known in what part of France he was located, but stated that it was the third big battle he had participated in.

Besides Mrs. Barry, Private Deml leaves two other sisters, Mrs. L. Jorgensen, Twenty-seventh and Drexel street, and Miss Goldie Deml, who resides at 5124 South Twenty-second street. There are also two brothers, John, who lives in South Dakota, and, Joe, who resides at Forty-second and L streets, South Omaha.

Returning Yanks Will Be Given First Chance Buy Nebraska Farms

In their efforts to put men on the manless land of Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado, S. B. Howard of the Burlington and R. A. Smith of the Union Pacific land departments are succeeding in working up some tremendous lists of properties that are going onto the market at low prices and on long term payments.

As to western land generally, both Messrs. Howard and Smith are of the opion that beginning early next spring the demand will be unprecedented, with a tendency to higher prices. Within a year they look to see the bulk of the low priced land between the Missouri river and the mountain off the market and in the hands of practical men who will be engaged in farming, or stock raising.

Government Still Wages War on Barberry Bush

Persons in Omaha who had hedges of the European barberry, or who used the plants for ornamental purposes, and destroyed them last year, on a government order to prevent the spread of wheat rust, find they have not been forgotten.

Every person on whose place the European barberry was destroyed last year has received a communication from the Agricultural department to examine their premises and find if any live roots or young plants can be found.

The barberry is hard to eradicate and the government in its efforts to destroy this menace to wheat growing in the state is starting in on an intensive campaign that will take in every locality in Nebraska, and it is hoped during the coming season to do away with the pest altogether.

The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Blackburn's Queer Story

Blackburn's voice resumed its throaty monotone. As he spoke he glanced about shyly, suspecting, perhaps, the watchfulness of the fancies that had intimidated him.

"I realized I had to get out if they would let me. So I left the bed. I went."

He ceased, intimating that he had told everything.

"I know," Robinson said, "but tell us how you got out of the room, for when you—when the murder was discovered, both doors were locked on the inside, and you know how impossible the windows are."

"I tell you," Katherine said hysterically, "it was his body in the bed."

Bobby knew her assurance was justified, but he motioned her to silence.

"Let him answer," Robinson said.

Silas Blackburn ran his knotted fingers through his hair. He shook his head doubtfully.

"That's what I don't understand myself. That's what's been worrying me while these young ones have been talk ign as if I were dead and buried. I recollect telling myself I must go. I seem to remember leaving the bed all right, but I don't seem to remember walking on the floor or going through the door. You're sure the doors were locked?"

"No doubt about that," Rawlins said.

"Seems to me," Blackburn went on, "that I was in the private staircase, but did I walk downstairs? First thing I see clearly is the road through the woods, not far from the station."

"What did you wear?" Robinson asked.

"I'd had my trousers and jacket on under my dressing-gown," the old man answered, "because I knew the bed wasn't made up. That's what I wore except for the dressing-gown. I reckon I must have left that in the room. I wouldn't have gone back there for anything. My mind was full of those angry people. I wante dto get as far away from the Cedars as possible. I knew the last train from New York would be along about three o'clock, so I thought I'd go on into Smithtown and in the morning see this detective I'd been talking to. Ie went to Robert Water's house. I've known him for a long time. I guess you know who he is. He's such a book worm I figured he might be up, and he wouldn't ask a lot of silly questions, being selfish like most people that live all the time with books. He came to the door, and I told him I wanted to spend the night. He offered to shake hands. That's funny, too. I didn't feel like shaking hands with anybody. I recollect that, because I'd felt sort of queer even since going in the old room, and something told me I'd better not shake hands."

Paredes looked up, wide-eyed. The cards slipped from his fragile, pointed fingers.

"Do you realize, Mr. District Attorney, what this man is saying?"

But Robinson motioned him to silence.

"Let him gon on. What happened then?"

"That's all," Blackburn answered, "except this long sleep I can't make out. Old Waters didn't get mad at my not shaking hands. He was too tied up in some book, I guess. I told him I was sleepy and didn't want to be bothered, and he nodded to the spare room off the main hall, and I tumbled into bed and was off almost before I knew it."

Paredes sprang to his feet and commenced to walk about the hall.

"Tell us," he said, "when you first woke up?"

"I guess it was late the next afternoon," Silas Blackburn quavered, fumbling with his pipe again. "But it was only for a minute."

Paredes stopped in front of Robinson.

"When he turned! You see!"

"It was Waters knocking on the door," Blackburn went on. "I guess he wanted to know what was the matter, and he talked about some food, but I didn't want to be bothered, so I called to him through the door to go away, and turned over and went to sleep again."

"He turned over and went to sleep again!" Katherine said breathlessly, "and it was about that time that I heard the turning in the old bedroom."

"Katherine!" Graham called. "What are you talking about? What are you thinking about?"

"What else is there?" she asked.

"She's thinking about the truth," Paredes said tensely. "I've always heard of such things. So have you. You've read of them, if you read at all. India is full of it. It goes back to ancient Egypt—the same person simultaneously in two places—the astral body—whatever you choose to call it. It's the projection of one's self whether consciously or unconsciously; perhaps the projection of something that retains reason after an apparent death. You heard him. He didn't seem to walk. He doesn't remember leaving the room, which was locked on the inside. His descent of the stairs was without motion as we know it. He had gone some distance before his mind consciously directed the movement of this active image of Silas Blackburn, while the double from which it had sprung lay apparently dead in the old room. You notice he shrank from shaking hands, and he slept until we hid away the shell. What disintegration and coming together again has take nplace since we buried that shell in the old graveyard? If his friend had shaken hands with him would he have grasped emptiness? Did his normal self come back to him when the shell was put from our sight, and he awakened? These are some of the questions we must answer."

"You've a fine imagination, Mr. Paredes," Robinson said dryly.

His fat face, nevertheless, was bewildered, and in the eyes, surrounded by puffy flesh, smouldered a profound uncertainty.

"I wish Groom were here," Paredes was saying. "He would agree with me. He would know more about it than I."

Robinson threw back his shoulders. He turned to Rawlins with his old authority. The unimaginative detective had stood throughout, releasing no indication of his emotions; but as he raised his hand now to an unnecessary adjustment of his scarf pin, the fingers were not quite steady.

"Telephone this man Waters," Robinson directed. "Then get in communication with the office and put them on that end."

Rawlins walked away. Robinson apologized to Silas Blackburn with an uneasy voice.

"Got to check up what I can. Can't get anywhere with these things unless you make sure of your first facts. I daresay Waters' story will tally with yours."

Blackburn nodded. Graham cleared his throat.

"Now perhaps we may ask that ver yimportant question. The day Mrfl Blacburn called at your office in Smithtown he told Howells he was afraid of being murdered. According to Howells, he said: 'My heart's all right. It won't stop yet awhile unless it's made to. So if I'm found cold some fine morning you can be sure I was put out of the way.'"

"I know," Robinson said.

"And that night," Graham continued, "when he went to the old room, he was terrified of something which he wouldn't define for Miss Perrine."

"He warned me not to mention he'd gone there," Katherine put in. "He told me he was afraid—afraid to sleep in his own room any longer."

Robinson turned.

"What about that, Mr. Blackburn?"

For a moment Bobby's curiosity overcame the confusion aroused by his grandfather's apparently occult return. All along they had craved the knowledge he was about to give them, the statement on which Bobby's life had seemed to depend. Blackburn, however, was willing. The question seemed to have returned to him something of his norman manner.

"No use," he mumbled, "going into that."

"A good deal of use," Robinson insisted.

Blackburn shifted his feet. He gazed at his pipe doubtfully.

"I don't see why. That didn't come, and seems it wasn't what I ought to have been afraid of after all. All along I ought to have been afraid only of the Cedars and the old room. I've been accused of being unjust. I don't want to do an injustice now."

"Please answer," Blackburn said impatiently.

"You must answer," Graham urged.

"I don't see that it makes the slightest difference," Paredes drawled. "What has it got to do with the case as it stands tonight?"

Robinson snapped at him.

"You keep out of it. Don't forget there's a lot you haven't answered yet."

Silas Blackburn looked straight at Bobby. Slowly he raised his hand, pointing an accusing finger at his grandson.

"If you want to know, I was afraid of that young rascal."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Hartington Priest is to Face Federal Jury on a Charge of Sedition

The trial of Rev. Father Ferdinand Schnuttgen, Catholic priest of Hartington, Neb., charged with sedition, has been set for Thursday.

Schnuttgen is under federal indictment on three counts and is charged with speaking disparagingly of Liberty bonds and of advising his congregation not to invest in bonds because, he is charged with saying, "you never can tell what will happen."

A score of witnesses from Hartington will appear against the priest and the case has attracted state-wide attention.

The trial of William R. Richter, charged with making up false bills of lading, has been postponed because of the illness of one of the principal witnesses.

The next case to come before the federal court is that of David Riseman, charged with giving false statements in bankruptcy proceedings when he recently filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in federal court.

CHAPLAIN CALLS FOR XMAS CHEER AT FORT OMAHA

Lieutenant Sanders Asks Church Federation to Provide Packages for Boys at Balloon School.

The chaplain at Fort Omaha, Lieut. Wm. L. Sanders, has asked Omaha to open its generous heart once again, in a Christmas remembrance to the boys at the fort. Through Frank E. Mayer, executive seccretary of the Omaha Church federation, the request has been made for 1,500 packages, to be ready for delivery Christmas morning.

Mr. Mayer is taking the matter up with the various churches and is asking each to provide a certain number of the packages. He is finding a ready response, and the indications are that every one of the lads at the fort will have a memento of Omaha on the day of days.

It is not the purpose to make the parcels elaborate. A tube of tooth paste, shaving soap, or any other useful man's toilet article, with some good, home-made cookies or candy, and a Christmas greeting, bearing the love of the sender to the lad to whom it may come is all that is required.

Chaplain Sanders knows the men and because he understands how much it will mean to them he has made the request to Mr. Mayer. That it will meet a generous response in Omaha is certain.

Young Turks Bitter.

Athens, Dec. 16.—The situation in Smyrna is critical, according to dispatches from Mittylene. Young Turk officials have posted armed bands in the town and these have been bombarded by the allied fleets.