

The Plattsmouth Journal

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AN END TO DEATH

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

—Revelations 21:3-4.

Reports indicate stump speakers are up a tree instead.

After all, perhaps the best intelligence test is a blind curve.

Coolidge doesn't play golf, so that's why he talks so little.

It's a blow to lose a good job, but the only real calamity is to lose hope.

There are a great many articles in the papers these days on how to prolong your life, but we haven't seen yet why.

Men's new styles will be plain, according to a fashion note, but in many cases last year's styles will continue to prevail.

There are few good snake stories," laments the New York Telegraph. That's because the supply of inspirations is running low.

One reason why a husband hates to shop with his wife is because he can't stand the strain when the saleswoman talks about "slender lines."

A German scientist thinks that man may yet live to be a thousand years old. Somebody must be hankering to stick around until Germany gets her debt paid.

The National Geographic Magazine says that Norfolk, Va., is "the peanut capital of the United States." Which will surprise many citizens who always thought Washington was that.

Under present circumstances we fall to see how any democrat or "died-in-the-wool" republican can vote for Norris. He says he will not vote for Coolidge, and we all know he is not a democrat.

One of the things about this election that few people know about and fewer care about is that there are nine presidential candidates in the field. Eight of whom are going to be bitterly surprised and disappointed.

Thirty-seven hundred books have been written about the Einstein theory. And if Einstein has read them, he probably knows more about his theory than he ever dreamed of before. But it is quite possible that he knows a great deal less.

When you vote for John H. Morehead for re-election to Congress, you know you are voting for a gentleman who reflects credit upon the people of his district among leading men of the nation. He is a man among men and his ability is unquestioned.

A western woman, inmate of a poorhouse, filleted a suitor worth \$50,000. Doctors scratched their heads and brought her before a board to test her sanity. Have we, in our materialism and vicious competition, actually reached the point where any one who rejects money, though in dire need, is to have sanity challenged? A majority of Americans already have a recognized form of insanity—"pecuniary honorific"—highbrow name for "displaying ability to pay."

If they stop the marines from swearing, we are going to stay out of that organization in case of another war. It is bad enough to have to go to war at all; not to be with tough guys would be terrible. No man can express the proper amount of patriotism in "Dear me" and "Gracious goodness." Even Gen. Dawes, who poses as a first class military cusser, is the most inane swearer we know. Any veteran could tell you right off the bat that he never was in the thick of things. The language he uses is the commonplace profanity of the service of supply and G. H. Q.

Nehawka

(Continued From Page Two)

be awarded to the boy and girl in high school having the highest average for the scholastic year. Dorothy Lewis and Pearl Chapell spent Thursday in Plattsmouth. Mr. Burby in history class, "Marion, What climate isn't healthful?" Marion, "Unhealthful."

This week has been house cleaning week for most of Miss Green's classes. Tuesday morning the girls in the cooking class were busy cleaning out the cooking tables so that they could use their new aprons and towels that were made.

Last week we had our eyes and ears tested. This week Dr. Thomas examined the throat and nose of all pupils.

Watch for announcement of the senior class.

Basketball Basketball is, you might say, the only athletic sport in our school. We would appreciate very much to have the people of Nehawka support us this season and others to come. Although the boys have not done so well the last few years, we intend to put out a team this year that will make our school and town proud of us.

We know that some of the people are against basketball and say it is an unnecessary expense. Yes, it costs money but we make enough to cover all our expenses. Others say it is a waste of time. But is it? It gives the players strength and good sportsmanship. It trains them to think quickly and accurately. They say it takes the interest of the school work away from the pupil. Again No. It is required that the student be up in their studies in order to play. They will study diligently in order that they will be able to play if they can make the team. If you will take notice, I think you will find that most of the people who are complaining and criticizing the school are people that are kicking about everything else.—An Enthusiastic Player.

Grace Sinille of the class of '21, spent the week end at her home in Nehawka.

Since the new chemistry aprons have arrived the chemistry class has become quite ambitious. Last Wednesday they gave the laboratory a thorough cleaning. The shelves, cupboards and acid bottles were all washed. This class is preparing for work.

The library is open to the use of the pupils. For a few days the library will be open noons and after school to the English pupils desiring books for outside reading. Two a semester are required to be read and reported on by each pupil in the English classes.

The chemistry class have been learning how to bend glass successfully.

"The masterpiece of man is to live to the purpose."—Benjamin Franklin.

The flies were a nuisance Tuesday morning. Those in the assembly the first period noticed their attacks especially.

Faculty Picnic The teachers of the schools for sometimes have had their mouths puckered for a picnic supper. So what did they do? They said "Good-bye" to books about 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and started for a pleasant little grove of trees. Being good hikers they soon reached the chosen spot and with their shirts tucked up and their hats on their heads they had the warming flames jumping in to the air. One member was excused from hiking in condition that he would bring his family and would carry the eats. The burning sticks soon settled into a bed of coals. A squad of wienie pointers were charged upon the fiery circle. A sizzle, a sputter, another sizzle, a crackling and the first morsel was on its way. You know what is generally eaten on picnics. Yes, even to the ashes. And you know that the taste is not to be described in words. But there was an added flavor that of conviviality.

School at the County Fair In place of attending the usual class room work last Friday afternoon the entire enrollment was dismissed at noon with the expectation that all should study the various exhibits at the Cass county fair held at Weeping Water. Most of the pupils had their own means of transportation so that the two buses were able to carry the others.

The home economics department was filled with a large variety of needlework. An applied bedspread made in China was of great interest. Many beautiful hand-painted dishes, paintings, penciled drawings and strings of beads were also shown. A very clever piece of work was the small stand made of rope.

The live stock consisted of several choice specimens of purebred and of thoroughbred animals. A few state fair ribbon winners were in the barn. In one hall you could see all kinds of canned foods as well as fruits, vegetables and grains. The variety of these especially the canned foods, was interesting. A glass case contained some "busy bees" that were endeavoring to fill with honeycomb. Many of the pupils of the county could look with pride at their handiwork pasted on the walls. The quality of this work shows the interest of the maker. The benefit of seeing what others are doing can hardly be measured. It may have been good judgment of weather conditions or it may have been a rheumatic forecast, but thanks to which, it was that directed an early return of the buses so that the children were safely home before the rain.

The boys that are intending to play basketball this coming season had their hearts tested Tuesday by Dr. Thomas. We do not know the outcome but we think that all will get to play.

Advertise your wants in the Journal for results.

Europe as We Saw It in 1924

By Miss Marie E. Kaufmann

A stop of twenty five minutes was made at St. Joseph, Missouri, which gave us time to meet some of my friends who had come to see us off and, passing through the delicious lunch. When at last we had settled down for the night, we were soon asleep. Perhaps some of our readers wonder why we chose the southern route in preference to the Chicago-New York. The three of us had traveled between these points before but some of us had never gone the southern way and since the rate remained the same we chose this route which, by the way, was made in almost the same time as going by the way of Chicago. We awoke early, and turning to Mrs. Coffman I said, we are really on our way. It was 7:30 a. m. when we reached St. Louis. We found Mrs. Hesse waiting for us, so together we checked our baggage and by that time were ready for our breakfast, remembrance of the night with very few words. It was evening when we reached Cincinnati, Ohio, wishing then that we might have had time for a short sight-seeing trip in company of Mrs. Hesse who had formerly lived there, but we hurried on our way and lady who took her seat in the very few steps. This time Mrs. Hesse was ready "for a good sleep" as she expressed herself. Friday morning while the other passengers were still sound asleep, Mrs. Coffman and I were viewing the new country, the scenery was beautiful, we had often heard of the Virginia hills and now we were actually among them, the houses, too, were built in a different style from ours at home, the large Nebraska corn fields were so new and small farms and acreages were in sight, many donkey drawn carts and even ox teams made their appearance.

It was about nine a. m. when we reached Clarksburg, West Virginia, where, among other passengers, we drove his horse and carriage, we were behind us. She noticed that we were admiring the scenery and began to talk to us. She proved to be Mrs. Alberta Lanham, the mother of the young man who was the first to drive his horse and carriage in Germany in 1918 and our readers will perhaps recall the accounts of record as was given in the leading magazines at the time.

We arrived in Washington Friday afternoon at 3:30 tired and dusty. We handed over tickets to the agent, this had to be done if we expected to remain several days. The beauty and cleanliness of the Washington station impressed us, as also did the sign "This is your city" which seemed a personal greeting.

We took rooms at the Continental Hotel which but three blocks from the station. About five o'clock we walked up toward some of the government buildings and had been sitting in front of the Pension building about five minutes when a big, fat colored woman ran past us and clear behind her the Rhineland and the cry came, "thief, thief," and one of our trio exclaimed, "Oh boy, look at her go." About a block from the woman was finally caught, the patrol followed and she was hurried off to the station. The excitement was great, and we decided not to wait for a pension but to return to the hotel. After supper we took a walk to the Capitol which was beautifully illuminated. Saturday morning we visited Mt. Vernon. It was a clear day, just the kind one would wish for this place. Many of our readers who have taken this same trip know just what is shown here, but to those who have never been there we wish to name just a few of the buildings and rooms usually visited.

In all large cities where we went sight-seeing we found the Thomas Cook and Son party and in so doing, we were able to see more in one day than we would have been able to see in a week, without a guide.

Early Saturday morning we were at the point of starting. The large auto was filled with tourists eager to visit Mt. Vernon, the home of our first president. As we crossed the lawn and walked up the well kept paths and up to the very door where George Washington himself entered, we felt that we were almost on sacred ground. We stood for some time on the porch which overlooks the Potomac river, and even took a few snapshots. Upon entering the house we visited the dining room, music room and Martha Washington's spinning room where you may see the old fashioned spinning wheel. After visiting the twelve rooms which are open to the public, we entered Martha Washington's kitchen where we were given a chance to purchase souvenir post cards, which nearly all did. Upon returning to the hotel we made several stops, one at Alexandria, an old and noted town. After returning to the city a heavy storm came up and we had just time enough to get to the tent store for safety. Sunday morning we ate breakfast at the First Baptist church and in the afternoon took a drive to Arlington cemetery. We had intended to visit another church in the evening, but a heavy rain kept us indoors. Monday forenoon we spent in visiting the White House and Capitol, while in the latter, were given thirty minutes to sit in the house of representatives and listen to the various speakers. At noon we left for Philadelphia and entered the city through a two miles tunnel just at the hotel rates had gone up ten per cent which is at five o'clock in the evening. We soon found a good place to stay, the Rittenhouse hotel. Mrs. Hesse was tired and remained

at the hotel while Mrs. Coffman and I ventured out to call upon a resident whom we were to look up for others. We found the place—which was only about ten miles away, and after finally finding the correct house and number, to our great disappointment, learned that the people had just moved, and in the opposite direction, so back to our hotel we hastened and reached it after ten that evening.

Early the following morning we booked with the Thomas Cook and Son company and visited Fairmont Park and Independence Hall where we were allowed to touch the old Liberty Bell. The City Hall has over six hundred offices and enough electric light cord to cover over four acres of ground. Wanamaker's store employs eight thousand clerks and operates two thousand telephones, and Philadelphia, the third largest city in the U. S., has 962 churches and two saloons. After spending two days in the City of Brotherly Love, we hastened on to New York, our port of embarkation. It would take a week to tell about the wonderful sights we viewed in this, the largest city in the world. It was our desire to visit old Castle Garden, where we, as children, entered America. To do this, we took the subway and were whizzed along so rapidly—no stations called—that before we knew it, we had passed under the Hudson river and were in Brooklyn, miles from No. 1 Broadway, our destination. Had it not been for a kind lady who might have been still riding on that nickel. These last days were busy ones. We traveled miles and miles to get our French and English visa, without which a traveler cannot land on foreign shores. These visas are ten dollars each. After having our baggage transferred, we went to the dock to view our steamer, the Homeric, which we boarded the next day at eight a. m., but it was ten a. m. before we reached our stateroom and eleven o'clock when we said "Good-bye" to the United States. Not until the ship weighs anchor and the thousands of fluttering handkerchiefs fade from sight does one realize what leaving home shores really means.

And now for the ship—the Homeric is the third largest steamer of the White Star Line, the Majestic, Olympic and then the Homeric. After our baggage had been brought to our room and our belongings put in their respective places, we went up on deck in search of a familiar face—and it seemed everyone else was there for the same purpose. By the time this face to face inspection was over, land was almost lost to sight. Promptly at noon the large bell rang for dinner and all made haste to the dining room which was down one flight of stairs from our deck. A nice, clean room seating 350 greeted our eyes, white table cloths, napkins and silverware sparkled with cleanliness. All seemed ready for their first meal, as many had done as we had—eaten a light breakfast to prevent sea sickness. From the bill of fare below you may see just what we were served at our first meal.

MENU
Potage Jaskson Boiled Cod
Anchovy Sauce
Roast Pork Savory Dressing
Parasols in Cream
Boiled and Roast Potatoes
Plum Pudding Sweet Sauce
Ice Cream
Apples Oranges Cheese Biscuits
Tea Coffee
We had one of the smaller tables

Democratic Rally!

J. M. NORTON
Nominee for Governor

Will Speak at Union, Nebraska, on

Tuesday, October 14th

Come and Hear the Issues!

seating just six. Opposite us were a professor with his wife and a young man traveling with them through Bulgaria. All three were from Jersey City, N. J. Most of the first afternoon was spent in reading rules and regulations of the ship and getting acquainted. About twelve hundred were on board, most of them expecting to spend their vacation abroad—some on business intent and others for pleasure bound. Soon there were many congenial groups, for at sea it is easy to make new acquaintances. Our group consisted of an American professor from Pittsburgh on his way to Paris, returning the third time to spend the summer in study; a young man from Chicago going to Brugg, Switzerland; a young couple from Syracuse, N. Y., for a honeymoon in Switzerland and a family of four going to Vienna, Austria; so you see we were eleven in all. I hear some one say, "How did you pass the time at sea?" Breakfast was served at eight a. m., and passengers began to arise as early as four in the morning—we did, on several occasions, to see the beautiful sunrise. And until 10:30 a. m. all were expected to remain on deck or in the reading rooms until the stewards had finished their work and inspection. About 10:30 each day some attendant passes hot bouillon and wafers. Dinner is served at twelve. In the afternoon the passengers write or read or watch the ever changing beauty of the sea. The evenings were spent enjoying music, dancing, card games, etc. One evening a concert was given for the benefit of the Sailors Home in New York city. An admission fee of ten cents netted a neat little sum. All were invited to take part and it is true that "variety is the spice of life," we had a spy program. A watched for event was the daily reading of the log and from the chart it was interesting to find our exact location on the face of the briny deep. The distance from New York to Cherbourg, France, as we traveled, is 3,242 miles and was covered in six and

one-half days. Two days we had a rough sea and all port holes had to be kept closed. Our trio escaped being seasick. Early on the morning of the seventh day the shores of France greeted our eyes and the ship was given over to the pilot who boarded it about 6:30 a. m. We who were going to London, were transferred to a smaller steamer and said "Goodbye" to Mrs. Hesse and other passengers who were bound for Southampton or Hamburg.

GOOD HAY

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I am prepared to conduct sales of any kind. No matter what you have for sale, I can sell it for you and assure you success.

See me at H. H. Shrader's, Plattsmouth, or call me by telephone. I pay long distance calls.

CALL PHONE NO. 432-J
Plattsmouth, Nebr.

J. H. Swainston
Auctioneer

PUBLIC SALE

- Holstein Cattle! -

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his place, one and a half miles north of the O-K Garage on Eighth street, Plattsmouth, Neb., on

Monday, October 20th, 1924

Commencing at One O'Clock P. M. Sharp

22—Head of Holstein Cattle—22

Consisting of cows, heifers and calves, mostly all pure bred stock, sired by King Korndyke Mercedes Homestead, one of the high grade bulls from the J. B. Branson Dairy Farm at Lincoln, Neb. This is an extra fine bunch of cattle and must be seen to be appreciated.

Terms of Sale!

Six months credit from date of sale, with approved bankable paper, bearing eight per cent interest. All property to be settled for being removed from the premises.

R. B. WILL, Owner

W. R. Young, Auctioneer

R. F. Patterson, Clerk