

# Alvo Department

Little Margaret Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stromer is getting along very nicely at this time.

Arthur Dinges and wife were visiting last Sunday at Syracuse, where they had a most delightful afternoon. A. B. Stromer and C. D. Granz were visiting and looking after some business in Plattsmouth on last Monday.

Simon Rehmeier and family were visiting with relatives in Omaha for last Sunday, they driving over in their auto.

The families of Frank E. Cook, and Simon Demmeyers were visiting and doing some trading at the city of Weeping Water on last Monday.

Frank E. Cook and family were the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will A. Cook for last Sunday where a most pleasant time was enjoyed. Fred H. Gorder of Weeping Water the county commissioner for the third district, was looking after some business matters in Alvo on Wednesday of last week.

Last Wednesday Charles Godbey constructed a foundation for a monument which is to mark the last resting place of the mortal remains of Mr. Olaf Peterson.

Mrs. Clo Schaefer was called to Lincoln on business on last Wednesday and while she was away the assistant postmaster, Mr. C. F. Rosenow was looking after the affairs at the postoffice.

Joseph Armstrong and wife were at Eagle on Tuesday evening of last week where they went to attend the commencement exercises which were a feature of the closing days of school at that place.

The Alvo orchestra, which is composed of Lee and Ethel Contnell, Jess W. Bennett and Muriel Vickers, dispersed very fine music at the senior class play which was given for two nights at the close of school.

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church of Elmwood, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oris Cook on last Wednesday and where all surely enjoyed the occasion and both Mr. and Mrs. are entertainers of the first quality.

Miss Alice Cook was the guest at the home of her friends, the family of Lloyd Wolcott, of Weeping Water, for the week end, and all took a trip to Shenandoah on Sunday where they enjoyed the occasion and visited both broadcasting stations.

Daniel Williams was assisting in the planting of corn at the farm of Frank E. Cook, and during the time Lenox was looking after the driveway work and hauling a load of dirt to the garage of Art Dinges for filling and leveling up the uneven ground.

John Skinner was dragging the roads and getting them in the best of condition last Wednesday, which he did and it was well for nature was kind to him, not coming with rain to spoil all his work as was the case in the eastern portion of the county.

In the action at law which was held on last Saturday wherein Miss Ethel Harriscock and Clarence Ohm were the principals, after a long and labored hearing before a jury, they stood three to three, and no decision, so the case was set for hearing for May 22th.

There are many people who admire the striking qualities of the former air service man, Mr. Mitchell, and demonstrating their admiration of this gentleman, there were from Alvo to hear him one evening last week when he spoke in Lincoln. W. H. Warner, R. L. Parmenter, J. W. Banning, Henry S. Ough, and Geo. P. Foreman.

Joe Banning and the family of Union, were in Alvo on last Sunday, driving over for the day to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Banning, the genial lumberman, where all enjoyed the visit very much. The family from Union were in quite a hurry when it came to going home, for the master of the storm added much to the speed limit.

Walter Collins, Arthur Dinges, J. B. Skinner, R. L. Parmenter, C. D. Ganz, George Eldemiller, Lee Stewart and James Applegate were all in attendance at the district meeting of the American Legion, which was held at Plattsmouth on last Thursday, and some of them are reported to have gotten a little damp in the rain storm which prevailed. They all, however, had a most delightful time.

C. H. Kirkpatrick and wife, R. M. Coatman and the family and Mr. J. B. Skinner, all were visiting last Sunday at the beautiful city of Seward, where they picnicked in the park there and were the guests of Miss Bessie Over and Miss Iren Carson, as well as Miss Alvira Meyer. Everyone surely enjoyed the occasion and following a most pleasant visit returned home and had a merry chase with the bluff of a rain which was in evidence on Sunday evening.

Everyone seems to have to have experiences before they really know a fact. Art Dinges, who sells gas, works on cars and knows them from "A" to "Zard," knows well enough

that a car will not run any ways for a ny great distance without gas, still he assayed to make a trip on last Wednesday morning with an insufficient supply of gas in his reservoir. He made it very well until he had gotten over near the lumber yard, when he had to hot foot it back to the garage for an additional supply.

**Hold Their Picnic**  
The Alvo schools closed their school year on Friday with a very enjoyable picnic in Boyles grove. There was a most delightful program as well as a general good time. There also were refreshments galore, which was surely of a very fine quality from the way everyone seemed to be enjoying them. Everyone visited with the neighbors and took a squint at the future with its possibilities for the members of the senior class, as they are the ones who are going out into the world.

**Many Enjoy Picture Shows**  
With the opening of the free shows which occurred on last Saturday there was a goodly number of people from all over the vicinity contiguous to this thriving little city. There were 73 cars counted parked on the streets, and those who came in them added much to the people of Alvo and all enjoyed the wonderful play which was presented. Come again folks and have a good time.

**Ruth in a Rush**  
Ruth certainly was in a rush at the senior class play on both last Tuesday and Wednesday evening at the high school auditorium which was scarcely able to hold the vast crowds which thronged to hear the play. Those to take part in the play were Miss Carolina Althouse, as Mrs. Jessica Brownell, an aunt of Ruth; Miss Opal Steel as Juliet, Ruth's friend; Thelma, as Ruth herself; Della Nebe, as a maid; Sterling Coatman, as a suitor; Leonard Bruce, Phillip Coatman, as Wayne Ashley, Gilbert '29, as Dwight Lambert, Clarice Kitzel, as Peggy Patton; Phillip Coatman, as a writer; Kenneth Bailey, as Phillip Grant; Miss Lucile Christensen as Sadie; Letha Althouse, and Mrs. Foster, a sister of "Ruth". The play was set somewhere in the east, and was all of action, mirth and wit, as well as sunshine and a few clouds.

**Local Color Was Added.**  
A bit of local color was added to the free moving picture on Saturday evening in that the corn husking contest which was staged north of Greenwood last fall, was shown and proved to be one of the very enjoyable features of the evening's entertainment. By watching the picture one could see just how the contest was put on and it was so realistic one could almost hear the ears of corn hit the throw boards.

**Decoration Day Services Sunday.**  
Arrangements have been consummated for the observance of Memorial services to be held at Alvo on Sunday, May 30, and at which time the Rev. W. E. Chenoweth will deliver the Memorial address, which will be at the regular morning service hour, while in the afternoon the services will be held and Judge E. B. Chappel, of the Municipal court of Lincoln will deliver the oration.

**A Freak Coincidence.**  
On last Thursday, May 13th, there arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ganz, a boy who inherited the name of Charles, and a very fine name at that. The folks are all doing nicely and all are happy over the arrival. Then again six days later, came the stork, making a second visit, this time arriving at the home of Charles Roelofs, and was accompanied by a young man, who secured for his name that of Carl Ganz Roelofs, and now there is one Charles and one Carl in each family and two men are honored by another man named for them.

**Notice of School Meeting**  
The annual meeting of the legal voters of School District No. 102 of Cass county, Nebraska, will be held at the high school auditorium at Alvo on Wednesday, June 14, 1926, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of voting an appropriation of \$16,500 for school purposes, which is in excess of the levy, and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before them.

**FARM FOR SALE**  
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## Sermon to the Graduates Filled with Advice

Rev. McClusky Delivers Annual Baccalaureate Address to Members of the Senior Class.

Rev. H. G. McClusky delivered the annual Baccalaureate sermon to the Class of 1926, Plattsmouth. High school last night at the Presbyterian church. The address which was replete with good advice to the young men and women who are this week to go out into the world to make a name and fame for themselves or to matriculate in higher halls of learning, as the case may be, was based on the theme—

**"Man's Quest for God"**  
Text: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him."—Job 23:3. Scripture: John 14:1-14.

Every person is a seeker after God. From the ignorant of the Philippines, there is a yearning for God. It is just as natural that this is so, as it is for the beetle to dig his way out of the ground to find the light; or the seed to send forth the stalk upward to the sun, that they may find their freedom and their power. Thus souls, buried in the flesh, smothered in weakness and harassed by trials, will search for the goal of their idealism, which we term God. Says the poet, "Naught but God can satisfy the soul." Says the Psalmist, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Said the great David, "I shall be satisfied only when I awake in thy likeness."

"Give us a God, a living God; One to wake the sleeping soul. One to cleanse the tainted blood. Whose pulses in our bosom roll."

It was Voltaire who said, "If there is no God, it would be necessary to invent one." Just now there is a great rush into Canada, in the Province of Alberta. It is equal to the famous Klondike migration. For thirty miles square every foot of ground has been staked as a claim. Hardships from cold and ice and darkness have been endured; waiting for the spring to thaw the ice that they may dig for the treasure there. It is not gold, but a richer metal—platinum. But there have been mightier rushes for God, that never die. The Crusades still speak to us of a tremendous attempt to find God. Our mightiest wars were vain struggles to find God. Great intellectual and spirited controversies and creedal debates have filled the press of late in a recent outbreak to present God in the true light. England's labor struggle is a seeking after God. The colonizing of our eastern shores was a search for God. Every battle in the human heart, every desire, every spirit of discontent are all the growing pains in search for a more abundant life. "Tis true that the few are finding Him. For 'straight is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' So many are like the bug thrown into the water, that frantically strives to swim to shore, but merely turns around in a circle. They know not the way.

It is the constant question of the three Wise Men of the East, "Where is He that is born king of the Jews?" Where shall we find Him? The words of the text are taken from Job. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him." They are the outburst of a tried soul. We hear the echo many years later from the lips of Jesus in the garden, "Oh that this cup might pass from me." This deeper meaning is "O God, the God who permits suffering and distress to come upon us?"

Job had had great prosperity and a fine home. But Satan had been permitted to rob him of all these. And more, to visit upon him a terrible aggravating disease. Three of his friends try to console him. Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar all argue with him that because of his sinfulness God has sent these punishments upon him. Job secretly denies this charge, and upholds his righteous life. Their accusations become more pronounced, until Eliphaz openly accuses Job of secret sin. It was then that Job exclaims in the words of the text, "If I knew where I could find Him, I would lay my arguments before Him and He would sustain me and put strength into me. It was then that Elihu comes forth, and offers a different line of argument, claiming that this punishment was not because of sin, but because God wanted to strengthen and purify him and was sent out of a loving father's desire to chasten. This brings comfort to Job and he breaks forth with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He shall stand up at the last upon the earth; and after my skin hath been thus destroyed, yet from my flesh shall I see God." Job's possessions were restored double their former amount and his family restored in the same manner. He had endured the test and had found God in a larger sense than ever before.

The Psalmist says, in the 90th Psalm, 3rd verse, "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men." This is a word of destruction. We people have been turned into it. But we are commanded to return to God out of it. In the making of a mighty steel wheel, a mold is first constructed out of sand. Into this the molten steel is poured. When the wheel is hardened the mold is broken up and the wheel brought out. These bodies are but the mold for the soul. But they are like the grass. In the morning it grows up, but in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Their strength is labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away. The wheel is but a frail shell, but it has been the means by which an ugly worm has become the beautiful butterfly. "Change and

decay in all around I see," but out of it we are striving for that which changes not—and that is GOD.

These demands for God are seen in our devious ways. When we are sick we seek a doctor. Human souls are all sick and they need the Great Physician. That is why there goes up from the lips of all the world a cry for God. It is like the child that climbed into the Ford Sedan standing in the back yard, and while investigating its varied mechanical levers released the brake, allowing the car to run down the yard and up a bank and turn over on its side. As I watched the proceedings, I saw the child's head appear through the upper window and offer a lusty cry of "Mamma."

Being entrusted with an intricate world, we often find ourselves in charge of a bigger task than we can handle, and which so frequently throws us over, and our one recourse is a cry to God.

We are deprived of health. To live in this world we must have a body that is filled with living tissue. But we barely get started into life when something interrupts the machinery of the flesh and we begin to run down and to die. We read that bodies once lived for hundreds of years. And we today are averaging only a little over forty. And there is something that suggests to us that we should never die. Every perishing power within us cries out against dissolution. Merely to say we cannot know about any other life than this, so this is all, does not satisfy, for we cannot smother that longing for more life. Cicero tells us, "There is no knowledge how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls."

"It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well— Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after Immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught? Why shrinkst thou from thyself? Back on herself, and starvels at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that doth lead us; the divine point that guides us; 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter. And intimates eternity to man." —Addison.

We are deprived of much knowledge. Paul says, "Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." The more we learn the humbler we grow. Each day brings us new revelations in this vast storehouse of knowledge, and the wisdom of man is but foolishness with God. And when we have studied through three score years of life, only to find that our most brilliant mental attainments have but penetrated the outer rim of truth, we must know that a fuller knowledge is held in store for us in another life.

"All things I thought I knew; But now confess— The more I know I know, I know the less." —Owen

In London a huge floating dry dock was constructed in the docks, launch, and joined together and people wondered why so large a dock. For boats that large could not be brought up to the Thames river. It was all out of proportion to the need. But the builders knew best for they floated it down the Thames to where it was needed for boats that would fill it. So our capacity to learn is far too large for the amount that we have stored up in this life. Why that unfulfilled desire and unsatisfied thirst for knowledge, but we are to be taken away where there will be knowledge gained to fill that capacity.

Another deprivation of this life is the need of the soul. The soul is that part of our human constitution that attends to all the moral actions and conduct of life. It has to do with our goodness or our depravity. Paul emphasizes this thought in the words, "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do." There is undoubtedly no part of our human existence where we might rise so high, yet fall so short as in the moral excellence of a Godly life. There is nothing in all this world so wonderfully attractive, magnificently beautiful, and exquisitely adorable as a character highly cultured in the virtues and graces of unselfish love and altruistic service to others. And there is no one who degrades himself to do an act of meanness, but always feels a sense of shame and self condemnation in its doing. This is the main reason why the human soul craves the need of a God to supply that immense lack of moral righteousness.

Now comes the question, "Where shall we find Him?" For it is God only who can supply these needs. There are preliminary steps to be taken in a successful search for God. And the main reason why so many do not find Him is that they stop before they have taken all the preliminary steps. When Moses built the tabernacle, he had to complete every detail of its construction before it was accepted of God and God's presence filled that tabernacle. If you are building a home, it will not be a home until you have put on the roof, and finished up every enclosure. Every one can find God when he has completed his part of the covenant contract.

I wanted to have the sweet music of a wren about my house. There was one way that such could be accomplished. Not by calling to one; Not by trying to catch one in a net, for if I caught him he would not sing. But by building a little house. This I did, but I made the opening too small, and he could not get in. I enlarged it. But had I made it too large he would not have accepted it.

But I made it just right and he came and sang all summer for me. Thus will we find God.

Knowledge is the first great preliminary essential. We cannot find the All-Knowing God unless we ourselves know at least in part. It has been found that no substantial advance can be made in converting the heathen without a good education. The training coupled with the religious teaching does not have to have a high school or college education to find God, but with such education he will come nearer finding Him than the one who does not have it. In your completion of your high school training, you have roamed among thoughts and ideas, you have traveled through lanes and thoroughfares of truths that have brought you into the promises of God's dwelling. And even if you have not found Him, you have been lingering around where He lives. Knowledge is the material that we use in seeking God. In seeking Him in India, how foolish we would be to attempt it with a fly net. You should take an elephant and a high powered rifle.

Today three-fourths of the world are trying to capture God with the fly net of ignorance, and when they meet Him they are unable to hold Him for He is too powerful for the equipment they have. You will not find God in knowledge, but with knowledge you will come close to Him.

That is the great mistake made today by the literary minds of the world. They have sought God in knowledge, but have not found Him there. At Princeton we were permitted to ramble through the beautiful estate of Taylor Pines, a multi-millionaire. It was a pleasure to view his wonderful gardens of flowers and vegetables. And the stables for his cattle were as clean as the kitchen in many a home. One would know that the man who constructed all that must be one who loves beauty and neatness and cleanliness. He must be rich and industrious. But though I visited his gardens often, I never met the man, nor learned to know him. A study of God's flowers and His great nature tells us many things about Him, but it will never bring us to Him personally. Such was the pity in the life of Burbank, who spent the greater part of his life in the house of God, enjoying their fragrance and rich lessons of power and intelligence, yet he never met their owner. At least, he was not on talking terms with God. The same is true with our greatest naturalist, John Burroughs. He loved birds, he wrote the tenderest stories on nature, and knew that whoever made all these things must be God, but he said that he did not have a personal acquaintance with Him. The same is true with Hiram Maxim. He knew how to use the elements of God's nature so that he could use their power as a mighty protection of our rights in the Maxim machine gun, but he never met the maker of these elements of power. So it is with Thomas A. Edison, whose knowledge has made light to shine, but he has not met the true Light that shineth unto righteousness.

Neither shall we find God in science. Science is merely discovering how elements act and react. It is indeed marvelous to take an instrument that picks up a vibration set in motion in New York and make it speak here. It tells us that God must be, but it gives us no introduction. Philosophy does not bring us to God. Philosophy is merely the ideas of man systematized into a logical order to postulate asserted by man in the first place. The best that it can do is to churn up knowledge, or exercise the brain, much as an athlete exercises his muscles with a punching bag. At best it only takes one around a circle, and leaves him where he started. No philosopher's dictum has ever become a standard for ethics of life. It stands to reason that none of these will lead one to God—because the principles that make up God are not found there. Nature does not possess the elements found in the human breast—hatred, vengeance, pride, compassion, gentleness and love. Because you know how many atoms of hydrogen and oxygen in composition will produce a drop of water, does not tell you how to combine an atom of sacrifice, plus more of forgiveness to produce a grain of love. Just because one thinks he knows how many monads are at work in producing the quality of living that makes a thief, or a loafer, or a Saint, has never enabled anyone to attain the right number of atoms that might climb from one of these character strata to another. But if we have learned all this knowledge or some of it, we ought to be better able to know God when He speaks to us. And that is the secret of finding Him. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

How shall we know that voice when He speaks? In the first place, God speaks in His holy book, the Bible. That is where countless millions have found Him. It is the key. It will unlock the door to God if you use it. You will find yourself there. A painter in a great Empire had a reputation in his small realm as an artist, but at Rome he looked upon the masterpieces of Raphael, the chief of painters, and he remarked, "I too am a painter."

In the Bible you will see the great masterpiece of life, and see that you can be Godly. Believe the Bible. Swallow it whole. There is nothing there that can hurt you. But if you go to picking it to pieces it will not do you much good. Thirty million copies are sold every year. Over six hundred million copies of it have been printed. It has been printed into eight hundred and thirty-five languages. Always take it with you. It is God's word. Accept it! Strickland Gillilan has put this idea in poetry convincingly:

"I have listened to Agnostics since my childhood days of faith, Till the trust my mother taught me seemed as fleeing as a wraith; I have shed the light of reason on 'th' Bible tales, an' thought That the miracles it told about could never have been wrought. I have proved beyond a question that such doings hadn't been— But when I set down to read 'em, I believe 'em all again.

I have heard it proved by science that the sun-delayin' stunt That is credited to Joshua's error! You may hunt Through the volumes of Biology, from frontispiece 't' end Fr 'th' fish that swallowed Jonah—but she isn't there, m' friend. That 'th' masonry o' Jericho should stumble at 'th' foot Of a lot o' sheepshead gear is a tale at which they hoot. But although the things I mention seem preposterously thin— When I set an' read 'em over, I believe 'em all again.

Take the one about where Samson with the jawbone of a mule Tackles thousands o' Philistines with this funny fightin' tool; That thar tale of Neb'chadnezzar goin' grazin' line a steer. Would impress the careless hearer as at least a trifle queer. While that one about that donkey rode by Balaam speakin' out— That un's quite as hard a story to believe—er just about.

There's our mother still a lovin' us thru all these fruitless years— Yep, I'll stop it if you thing that I'm a-tappin' ye fer tears! Nature's doin' things each minute with a lot more wonders in; So I set an' read m' Bible an' believe it all agin."

After all there is only one way to find God and that is in Jesus Christ. "I am the Way, the Truth, the Light; no one cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

The Bible tells you all about Him, but you have to take Him out of the Bible, and let Him come right into your life. "Lo, I am with you always." "I and the Father are one." But to take Him into your life, you must be obedient to His word. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." An artist made an appointment with a judge of art, to view his painting. The judge came at the appointed time, but was kept waiting. He was impatient. At last the artist came and explained, "I kept you waiting that your eyes might soften from the strong light of the street." So we see God best when apart from the world's distracting interests. You cannot prove God by logic, you just feel His presence. Just like Mrs. Browning has expressed it:

"They say that God lives very high; But if you look above the pines— You cannot see our God, and why? And if you dig down in the mines, You'll never see Him in the gold— Tho' from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good He wears a fold Of heaven and earth across his face Like secrets kept of love untold. But still I feel that His embrace Slides down by thrills by all things made— Thru sight and sound of every place. As if my tender mother laid on my shut lips her kisses pressure, Half waking me at night and said, 'Who kissed you thru the dark, dear guesser?'"

A mighty organ was built in a cathedral at Moscow. But it was thought to be a failure. No one was found who could play it. Finally one day a youth by the name of Mozart brought his skill to manipulate its keys. Immediately there came forth music in wonderful power, and thrilling ecstasy. We despair in our attempt to make our lives count for God, but if we will let God, in Christ, play these heart strings, every life can be glorified with a life of intense joy and peace.

Paul found God in Christ, and it changed him from a villain to a life of tremendous power for good. And if any one does not find God, it is his fault, for lo He is here, even at the very door of your soul. When you find Him, then you begin to live. Quoting again from Mrs. Browning:

"Thou: Art thou like to God? (I asked this question of the glorious sun) Thou high unwearied one, Whose course in heat and light and life, is run. Eagles may view thy face; Clouds can assuage thy fiery wrath! The sage can mete thy stature. Thou shalt fade with age; Thou art not like to God.

Thou: Art thou like to God? (I asked this question of the bounteous earth) Oh thou who givest birth To forms of beauty and to sounds of mirth. In all they glory— Works the worm decay; Thy peace and toil. Thy power shall pass away; Thou art not like to God.

Thou: Art thou like to God? (I asked this question of my deathless soul) Oh, thou whose musings roll Above the thunder, o'er creation's whole? Thou art not! Sin and shame and agony within thy deepness are. They cannot steal thy voice in thee, and cry, 'Thou art not like to God.' Then art thou like to God— Thou who didst bear the sin and shame and woe? Oh Thou whose sweat did flow, Whose tears did gush, whose brow was dead and low? No grief is like thy grief;

No heart can prove Love like unto Thy love— And those who love only Thou Below—above—Oh God is like to God."

## Legion Convention a Notable Event in City

Continued from Page 1.

Secretary of the Relief Commission that has charge of the distribution of some \$85,000 annually to needy service men and their families. Mr. Douglas paid high tribute to Judge Duxbury, service officer of the local post, declaring him to be one of the best service officers in the state, always alert to so distributing the money available for local relief in a manner that it will do the most good to the largest number of needy, which is the intent of the law. He also dwelt upon government hospitalization features and many post officials gained a new conception of what is being done by the commission to extend the benefits to everyone who is in actual need.

R. A. Kirkpatrick, historian of the Omaha post and radio speaker from WQAW on Saturday night of each week, deviated from his intention of speaking on Americanization policies of the Legion and instead stressed on membership and the preamble to the American Legion constitution, handling the subject in his usual energetic and clear-cut manner.

Post Department Adjutant Frank B. O'Connell, who served the Legion seven years in this capacity, spoke on the Military Training issue now before the public in some section of the state, although it is rather a dormant issue in this locality. Frank is a most eloquent speaker and was warmly applauded at frequent intervals in his speech.

Junior Executive Committeeman Lloyd Peterson, of Nebraska City, and Sam Reynolds, National Executive Committeeman from Nebraska, were heard in impromptu remarks and announcement of the parade prize winners was made. A few minutes were also allotted to A. A. Misgadis, member of the Talmage post and Americanization committee chairman to tell something of his work in this line.

Following this came the matter of deciding on the next convention city, and the claims of Shubert were presented by a member of the post, there and a Shubert business man, the motion in favor of Shubert being seconded by the Lincoln post and vociferously carried by the convention.

Adjournment was then in order, for the dance at the pavilion, which continued into the wee hours of the morning.

### ENCOURAGING PROGRESS

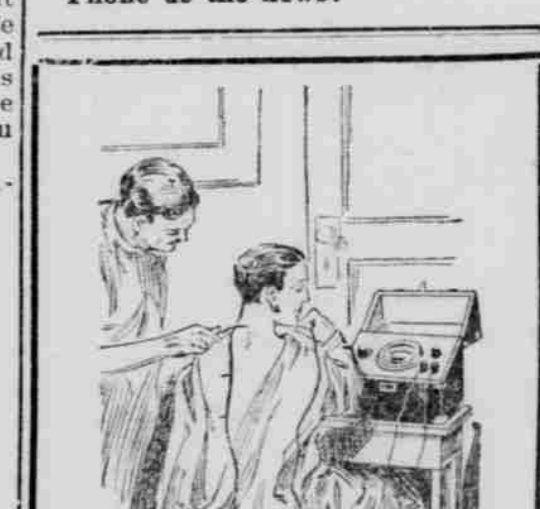
From Saturday's Daily— Miss Erma Mayfield and Mrs. Elmer Webb, Plattsmouth patients at the University hospital, Omaha, are both making excellent progress following their operations this week. Miss Mayfield, who was operated upon Monday morning for appendicitis, is expected to be able to get up tomorrow and the surgeons tell her she will be able to leave the hospital by the middle or latter part of next week.

Mrs. Webb, whose operation was performed Tuesday afternoon, was showing marked improvement at the end of the trying first 72-hour period last night and is expected to continue on the highway to complete recovery.

### EGGS AT REDUCED PRICES

Accredited Barred Rock eggs, \$1 per setting, \$5 per hundred.—Mrs. C. L. Wilos, Plattsmouth, Nebr. Phone 3421. m15-61d

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