

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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A baby is born in New York City every four minutes.

Triffles may be left as air, but some are like sticking plasters.

Pedestrians shouldn't kick. Lots of them get wonderful breaks.

How much you get out often depends on how much you put into it.

Honesty may be the best policy, but the trouble is it is allowed too often to lapse.

Bill Hart is going to appear in a talkie. Won't it be interesting to hear him say, "Darn it!"

No doubt about it—the great need of professional baseball is paper pop bottles for conservation of impies.

Remember you back when a picnic in the country was an event to be planned weeks in advance.

Quite a few romantic youths around town have been observed wearing the new sun-tan complexion on their white collars.

The masters of the protection schedules are not being quoted in the tariff discussions. The present experts use their own lights.

Czecho-Slovakia is to tax all unmarried men over 25 years old. Perhaps one of the bachelors may say it is cheaper to pay the tax.

One of the best ideas, at this time, for eliminating all wars is to have the advancing skirmishers crawl slowly across a strawberry patch.

One rather pathetic feature of going out of town for a vacation is having to catch up later with all the continued stories in the comic strips.

We hope the new paper money will stick better than the postage stamp.

Summer must be here, because the contents of the restaurant salt-shakers are drying out.

There are certain limitations to the talkies; for example, the actors can not always say what they did in the silent drama.

One writer speaks of Mussolini's iron will and another of his iron nerves. Personally, we think we prefer the former.

Generally speaking, amateur baseball is that played in a town where the local paper prints the box score when the home town wins.

H. G. Wells says mankind must be freed of illusions before war will end. But there will always be people who will bet on the horses.

It has been suggested that members of congress read the constitution before drafting their bills. Really, this is absolutely necessary.

A movement is on foot to unite school districts in order to lessen the number of school buildings. The argument is, economy and better education.

Several monkeys in the St. Louis zoo are reported to be suffering nervous breakdowns. It must be trying to look through the bars day after day watching people.

There are 1015 motions required in the washing of dishes, a University of Chicago student has discovered. The 1015th, of course, is the one father uses when he sticks his fist into the last cup in the set and breaks it.

Maybe the reason why so many Scotchmen have won success in this country is that they will give no quarter.

Quite a good deal of picnicking is going on these days, and will get better later on after the pioneer picnickers have got the chiggers used up.

Until his wife lost her voice recently, the Tribune says, a Great Bend man never realized what fun it was to carry on a reservation uninterrupted.

If the Mediterranean fruit fly gets among the citrus orchards on the Mississippi coast maybe they can be trained to eat up bunch grass on the golf fairways.

A fashion expert says that American girls have dispensed with corsets altogether. We understand that they insist on absolute freedom—and no bones about it.

Some 199-year liquor was found in an excavation in New York the other day; and so that's what the bootleggers will sell from now on instead of the usual pre-war stuff.

A New York team has just completed a journey around the world in 34 days, 3 hours, and 55 minutes. We're glad somebody met the popular demand that this thing be done.

Middle age is that period in a sensible man's life when he likes a medical adviser who tells him that there's more danger in exercising too much than there is in exercising too little.

A railroad which the French are building across the Sahara will probably run through a steel tube. This will save the rails from being constantly blocked by winddrift sand.

Recalling the cub reporter who didn't write anything about the wedding because the groom failed to appear, an Arkansas county correspondent says, "There is no news this week on account of the food."

Beginning July 1, it will cost aliens \$20 instead of \$5 to become citizens of the United States. Most of those who have been through the mill, however, will testify that no money could correctly measure the value received.

THE LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE

What a cruel reflection that a rich country cannot long be a free one.—Thomas Jefferson, *Travels in France*, 1787.

In a recent number of *The Outlook*, Matthew Josephson expressed what is probably a widespread opinion in the United States—that in our scheme of civilization the liberties of the people count every day for less and the individual becomes more and more absorbed by the mass. It is clear, he says, that Americans have largely abandoned the inward consolations and liberties which Jefferson and certain other fathers vainly sought for them. They seek only the physical and sensual enjoyments of our newer time, in which power has shifted from the hands of the political leaders to those of the financial leaders, who have become the real arbiters of America.

The Post-Dispatch is reluctant to believe that the industrialism which characterizes our time is necessarily a lasting peril to political values and the liberties of the people. It is quite aware that there is perhaps as much evidence in America to support the dismal judgment of Mr. Josephson as there was in pre-revolutionary France to support the lamentation of Jefferson. The spectacle of free America turning her back upon that liberty of which Jefferson said that it had become a ball certain to roll around the world has attracted universal attention. More than one country whose inspiration to liberty was from us has stood staring at the sight of America moving in denial of those liberties which she was the first people to grant.

The Fiftieth Anniversary Number of the Post-Dispatch contained some admirable opinions of this phenomenon ventured by the philosophers of Europe. Andre Siegfried, for instance, pointed out that whereas the ambition of America had become to make the individual rich, that ambition to make the individual free with which America has inspired even France herself is still the outstanding characteristic of France. H. G. Wells thinks America is in a phase of forgetfulness. He believes we are at heart devoted to those liberties of the people which made America unique, and he anticipates that when we have wearied of running after riches we will renew our devotion to more enduring values.

There are indications that we are beginning to do so now. The free press, which came within an ace of passing from the scene, is reviving. No discerning observer can have failed to notice the increasing freedom of the press within the past year. The mute and inglorious Miltons of journalism are becoming the outspoken advocates of liberty and justice. The newspaper that was afraid to open its mouth, no matter what perils to the people it discerned, is becoming as rare as the magazine which closes its pages to free and untrammelled public opinion.

The passing of Mr. Coolidge as the high priest of shush, and the coming of Mr. Hoover as the oracle of candor, has fairly revolutionized the Government. single newspaper reporter, armed with the bludgeon of public resentment, smashed secret voting upon public appointments in the United States Senate.

What incredible and shameful era in which the Daughters of the Revolution could defame men for doing precisely what the forefathers of those Daughters did; an era in which the property of the nation was secretly bought and sold; an era in which the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals could operate as major political forces and still not turn in an account of their expenses, as all other political forces are required to do by the corrupt practices act; an era in which the man on horseback rode down the coal miners of West Virginia and Pennsylvania as ruthlessly as the Cossacks ever rode down the Jews of Russia; an era in which the people everywhere were denied the right of free speech and assembly; when men were arrested for reading the Constitution of the United States, and when women could be sentenced to prison for associating with radical minorities; when Oregon felt she could pass an antiparochial school law, and the Ku Klux terrorized the alien, the Catholic and the Negro in a dozen states of the Union; an era in which the presidential candidacy of a man whose religion did not happen to be that of most people fairly scandalized the country, despite the guarantee of religious freedom; an era in which Mr. Sinclair, like Phatethon, rode so high that he finally landed in jail, and in which that great political financier, Will Hays, was at last found out and fled the country. That reign of anarchy from the top stirred America to the bottom. It is unlikely

that we shall ever see anything like it again. It is probable that in our detestation of all that happened we will become even more devoted to honest government and government for the people than we have been since we were reminded of the moral duty of America by Abraham Lincoln.

The liberties of the people, in our opinion, are safe. They are enshrined in the heart of America, and we are entirely too young a nation for judgment to be passed upon us, Jefferson said:

When we reflect that the eyes of the virtuous all over the earth are turned with anxiety on us, as the only depositories of the sacred fire of liberty, and that our falling into anarchy would decide forever the destinies of mankind, and seal the political heresy that man is incapable of self-government, the only contest between divided friends should be who will dare farthest into the ranks of the common enemy.

Count von Keyserling says we are suffering at the moment from an inertia, and he tells us what the individual must do to preserve himself and thus restore the liberties of the people.

Now what is the particular form of inertia which thwarts most of the inner progress of "American man"? It is fear of public opinion. This fear is the result of the eighteenth-century idea of service: If you are to think of others first of all, then also the convictions of others seem more important than your own. Therefore, if America is to progress, more courage is wanted in each individual case. In America more than in any other country all the future depends on the non-confronting individual. America's most urgent problem is to discard all conformist ideals; it is to get to believe in originality as the supreme value. Standardization is a good thing in the case of the dead; shoes may be standardized without loss of value. But a standardized human being is less than an animal, because it means a man who has fallen back to the animal stage. Today in a period of collective ideals—a day which I trust will be short—a good deal of courage is wanted for an American to be himself and himself alone.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

TALKING MOVIES AS PACIFIERS

The suggestion that "talkies" be installed in the home probably will be greeted with sarcastic observations by the average married man, but it has been made, in all seriousness, by an Omaha pastor, who sees in them a possible antidote for domestic discord. The pastor does not suggest that either party to the marital contrast keep still and let the movies do the talking. His idea is far more subtle than that.

The subject arose when a couple appeared before him to be married, and a member of the wedding party brought a camera. When the ceremony was over and the grinding of the camera ceased, the minister remarked that it would be a fine thing if the picture could have been of the talking variety. He believes that if the marriage vows, which he makes pretty strong in his ceremonies, could be preserved for future reproduction they might shame the married couple out of all manner of disagreements and half battles.

In other words when the two married folk found that the parting of the ways was imminent, they could sit down together in a darkened room, view again the scene of their happy wedding and hear themselves promising to love and honor each other until death. If they have hearts such a picture should touch them. Although the pastor does not mention it, we suggest that the first born, if it is old enough, be deputized to turn the crank of the projecting machine. The second reel might be scenes from the honeymoon. The idea has great possibilities.

VON LUCKNER'S NEW VOYAGE

Count Felix Von Luckner is putting out to sea again. He has embarked from Mordenham, Germany, in a sailing yacht in which he will make a three-month deep sea exploration cruise in the Caribbean sea, taking the famous New York naturalist, Dr. William Beebe, as passenger.

One cannot help contrasting this peaceful trip with the famous count's former excursions at sea, when he sailed in the raider "Sea Devil," roamed the seven seas as a terror to British shipping and made a name for himself that will live for centuries in the annals of the sea's heroes.

Few men emerged from the World War with greater luster than Von Luckner. Here's wishing the doughty skipper a successful and happy voyage.

Advertise your wants in the Want Ad column for quick results.



Click! Bang! Ouch!

FOUND a fellow the fonder day who didn't approve of Delco-Light. Said it was simply ruining his business. Come to find out he's a chicken thief. He says, "It's gettin' so these days a fellow ain't got a chance. You no more'n get your hands on a nice, fat pullet when somebody turns on a light in your face and right away you gotta start dodgin' buck shot." I didn't have much sympathy for him. A man that hasn't any more sense than to try to steal chickens on a farm where there's a Delco-Light certainly does not deserve much sympathy.

O. C. Stout

234 South 11th Street
Lincoln, Neb.

Just phone or drop me a card and I'll bring Delco-Light to your home for a night demonstration!

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HOT WEATHER NEWS

This is the time of year when news, except for a sporadic outburst of sensational crimes, settles down in a well-defined groove in which freak stories are a most important factor. We never are actually certain that summer is here until Congress packs up and goes home and wild men, two-headed eagles, hens that mother baby wildcats, etc., etc., begin to make the front page.

True to tradition, a wild man has appeared in Mexico to baffle the anthropologists. Another is running around as natural in Maryland, and at Clinton, in the same state, houses are being stoned at midnight by a phantom, churches are haunted and children are being chased from streets.

Out in Kansas, the jack rabbits are reported to have suddenly become vicious, turning from their heretofore peaceful pursuits of nibbling fruit trees and vegetables to killing chickens. Even the biggest and gamest roosters have gone to defeat in mortal combats with these bunnies who seem, in some manner, to have taken on a superiority complex.

Connecticut reports a mother cat that nurses a litter of guinea pigs whose maternal parent has deserted them, probably for a career as a clinic specimen at John Hopkins. Another cat in Chicago is reported to be nursing some young motherless rats. Two or three treasure-hunting expeditions have sailed, a six-legged calf was born in Missouri, a Wisconsin fisherman found a wedding ring in a trout, and a young man plans to swim from Detroit to Cleveland.

Senator Glass complains that in the Republican campaign discussions only in reference to the prohibition law was referred to as a subject for law enforcement to study, and the crime commission is going to take in more subjects. Maybe the Republicans have found that there are actually some crimes not caused by prohibition.

Marian Talley, who bought a farm some weeks ago out near Colby, Kas., to raise flowers and trees on, decided she didn't have enough room and bought another quarter right next to it some weeks ago. Now she can raise a lot of trees.

Because of the peculiar shape of trousers worn in Australia, men are wearing both suspenders and belts.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.
In the County Court.
In the matter of the estate of John Cory, deceased.
To the creditors of said estate:
You are hereby notified that I will sit at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 19th day of July, 1929, and the 21st day of October, 1929, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is three months from the 19th day of July, A. D. 1929, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 19th day of July, 1929.
Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 15th day of June, 1929.

A. H. DUXBURY,
(Seal) J17-4w County Judge.

ORDER OF HEARING

on Petition for Appointment of Administrator.

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.
In the County Court.
In the matter of the estate of Mary J. Sullivan, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Adeline Spangler and Mary E. Phillipson praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Arthur N. Sullivan, as Administrator:
Ordered, that August 2, A. D. 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m. is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Plattsmouth Journal, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing. Dated July 3, 1929.

A. H. DUXBURY,
(Seal) J8-2w County Judge.

SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss.

By virtue of an Order issued by Golda Noble Beal, Clerk of the District Court, within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day at the south front door of the court house in the City of Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate, to-wit:

Lot fifty-three (53) in Wise's Out Lots, an Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, as surveyed, platted and recorded, Cass county, Nebraska.

The same being levied upon and taken as the property of the estate of Hans Tams, deceased, et al, defendants, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by The Standard Savings and Loan Association, of Omaha, Nebraska, plaintiff against said defendants.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska, June 7th, A. D. 1929.

BERT REED,
Sheriff Cass County, Nebraska.

NOTICE OF HEARING

on Petition for Determination of Heirship

Estate of George Thomas, deceased, in the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs take notice, that H. J. Spurway, Receiver of the First National Bank, of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, has filed his petition alleging that George Thomas died testate in Rush county, Indiana, on or about October 30, 1863, being a resident and inhabitant of Rush county, Indiana, and died seized of the following described real estate, to-wit:

The northeast quarter (NE 1/4) and the southeast quarter (SE 1/4), all in Section two (2), Township twelve (12), North of Range twelve (12) East of the 6th P. M., in Cass county, Nebraska—

leaving as his sole and only heirs at law the following named persons, to-wit:

Sidney Thomas, widow; Mary M. Alexander, daughter; Daniel L. Thomas, son; George W. Thomas, son, and John Q. Thomas, son.

That the interest of the petitioner herein in the above described real estate is owner of the fee simple title as subsequent purchaser and praying for a determination of the time of the death of said George Thomas and of his heirs, the degree of kinship and the right of descent of the real property belonging to the said deceased, in the State of Nebraska.

It is ordered that the same stand for hearing at the County Court room in said county, on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1929, before the court at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1929.

A. H. DUXBURY,
(Seal) J1-4w County Judge.

A Testimonial THAT means something

Not just the preference of a few people—Nebraskans use *three times as much Red Crown Gasoline* as any other brand.

This is a testimonial Nebraska motorists have written with their own money—a testimonial that really means something. *Balanced Red Crown Gasoline* is powerful fuel. It was here when automobiles had only two cylinders. It will be here for many years more. Good. Uniform. Your money's worth.

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Now comes Red Crown Ethyl Gasoline, the most remarkable fuel you've ever used in your motor. Red Crown Ethyl not only contains the famous Ethyl compound that stops knocks no matter how much carbon you may have in your motor, gives added power and smoother running, but it is made, first of all, with clean, powerful Red Crown Gasoline. Costs a bit more by the gallon—but not by the mile.

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"A Nebraska Institution"



RED CROWN Gasoline

Better oil at lower cost—Selected crude and a special refining process make Polarine a better motor oil—at a lower cost. Lubricates correctly at all temperatures, lasts long, deposits a minimum of carbon. Consult the Chart for correct grade of . . .

