

# The Plattsmouth Journal

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The times are out of joint, not joints.

Cheer up and smile. It's gravity that keeps things down.

Republics aren't so very ungrateful if those who deserve gratitude have votes enough.

A Virginia man has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion. What will he name the cigar?

Herb Hoover offers to work for one dollar a year, but maybe he won't have to put in a full year.

The perfect flower of optimism is to rejoice in the fact that you could now get more for a dollar if you had one.

"There are musical notes which are inaudible to the human ear," says a scientist. We want more of this kind.

An evening paper asks, "What is the Dangerous Age?" Everything seems to point to the fact that it is from 0 onwards.

What a world! Taking the people to build a track for trucks; taxing them more to save the railroads from truck competition.

Meanwhile the uproar continueth that (a) Prohibition doesn't exist, and (b) it must be abolished before it ruins the country.

After all, Sunday is the ideal day to have motor car accidents, because there are plenty of "Sunday drivers" about to blame them on.

This is proving a great year for unemployed men to continue their education; some are going to college, and others are trying out the primary elections.

The Texan who tried to blackmail his old schoolmate is described as "a 1-time school chum of the intended victim." Wouldn't "2-time school chum" be nearer the situation?

America, according to William Allen White, is scared, angry and asleep. Also, this is campaign year and about time for the steam roller to leap into the saddle and get out beyond its depth.

James Cagney says if he doesn't get an increase in salary from the movies, he will quit and go to practicing medicine. His movie admirers hope he gets the increase, and presumably so do his prospective patients, so that makes it unanimous.

Hitch your plow to a good stout mule and let the little star twinkle, twinkle.

We cannot understand why beans were the only vegetable that ever got into the navy.

Another thing that has been hurting this country, is that everything has been one-sided with the little fellow underneath.

A lawyer was relating his memories of a famous jurist one night recently. "His decisions," said the lawyer, "were gems of brilliance, tempered with justice."

A neighborly greeting to Canada, with appropriate condolences from a country whose falls are full of boot-leggers, to a country which is rapidly filling its jails with Dukhobors.

It is said that the catching of a trout by Greta Garbo, filmed, of course, cost the company employing her \$2,000. Now there is some balm for the fellow who thinks he is paying too much for his plugs, ties and other equipment.

The Pennsylvania railroad is planning lines to run 190-mile-an-hour trains from New York to Washington. That will put Wall Street in pretty close touch, but of course, we can always use the telegraph from out this way.

The engineers and the laws at the University of Missouri, who have carried on a feud of ancient standing, are reported to have buried the hatchet, but in whose neck may not be made clear until the reconciliation ball Saturday night.

Had an idea today. Not that that is anything unusual, for we had an idea last year about this time, but this one was so odd that we lost ourself in reverie and the ice cream in our cone went slipping gracefully out onto the sidewalk.

Vassar college girls are reported to be gaining weight from vigorous athletics and comfortable clothes. There is no need for alarm, however. Whenever they wish to reduce, all they have to do is take up athletics and uncomfortable clothes.

As representing the two schools of modern financial thought, there is one group of Americans who suspected Ivar Kreuger was a crook the minute they discovered how many of his matches wouldn't light; while the other group was ready and eager to lend him money for that very reason.

You don't get a sheepskin in the School of Experience. You just get a little of your own skin removed.

And still another way to get the world to make a beaten path to your door is to own the only lawnmower in the neighborhood.

The college girls and boys who are out hunting their first schools are having a hectic time of it. One girl thought she had a country school cinched, but found that a man teacher had been hired. When asked the reason she said: "Oh, he had more relatives in the district than I had."

Charles Dana's classic definition of news being the occasion of a man's biting a dog still holds good. William Allen White has argued for prohibition for thirty years and nobody paid much attention. He came out last week for re-submission and got on every front page in the country.

A gentleman accustomed to using matches to light his cigarettes was presented a silver cigarette lighter by his wife. He's still trying to explain to her that it was just force of habit that caused him to toss it away after he had used it the first time.

Like the man who, following a night of gin, whisky, wine and beer, blamed his indisposition next morning upon a roast beef sandwich he thinks he ate, we find many 1929 stock market speculators still blaming the bear for what the bull did to them.

"I am not speaking for beer," said Senator Wadsworth the other day. "I am speaking for government." The mathematical formula is a bit complicated, but if we understand the senator correctly, 2.75 per cent more efficiency in the beer would raise the government efficiency about 100 per cent.

With a good deal of co-operation here and there, Gaston B. Means is onto more at large on \$50,000 bail, which will be a great relief to his public, or at least that part of his public which has money to invest. He also has a reading public which was less deeply concerned; in fact, his reading public was rather in hopes he would find time, while in jail, to write another of those interesting romances for which he has a unique gift.

## A BETTER OIL OUTLOOK

The oil industry has done a really good job of stabilization in spite of exceedingly difficult conditions. The report of a number of big companies that they are pulling out of the red and again making profits, though still small, is an indication that the restriction of production to the demand has been effective. There was a good deal of skepticism when the general restriction of crude production was undertaken. It was feared that voluntary limitation, which would be the big factor in the policy, would not be general enough to produce the desired results.

However, the restriction was made effective in about 95 per cent of the output. The result was that a price of 80 to 85 cents per barrel was consistently maintained over a period during which storage declined about 70 million barrels. In this period the demand for gasoline declined slightly, but that of fuel oil was steady or gaining. Recently there has been a very perceptible increase in the demand for fuel oil, reflecting, it is believed, the prospective duty on imports of both crude oil and gasoline.

The recent advance of crude oil to \$1 and a relative increase in gasoline prices is expected to hold, or improve, oil authorities say. It is consistent with improved conditions. If the duty, or tax, provided in the pending revenue bill is permitted to stand, another advance is expected. The import percentage of consumption is a real factor as to crude imports, but is small as to gasoline. None of the big companies has been importing gasoline, but they have used considerable quantities of petroleum from Venezuela and Mexico and less from other foreign fields.

The possibilities of demoralization of the gasoline market by importations has been demonstrated in Detroit, where one independent dealer has brought in great supplies of Rumanian and Russian gasoline, retailing it at prices that have virtually destroyed the local market for the American product. The protective tariff system should prevent such encroachments as this on a native industry. But the duty on oil still is being fought by many representatives from states that have no oil interest, but are directly concerned with the prices of oil and its products.

## PACKAGED OPINIONS

One expects nowadays to get in packaged form almost anything one may want—shoes, or ships, or sealing wax, and cabbages if not kings. Even the unpredictable meandering of the pretzel has been confined within the precise geometry of the cardboard box. But the packagers will seek new worlds to conquer. Nor are they likely to be turned from their quests by any considerations, even those of aesthetics.

Consider, for instance, the intriguity of the packager who, having boxed a shirt for Beau Businessman, decides to add also a tie and a pair of socks to the achievement, assuring his customer that the ensemble is in the best of taste. It actually is being done. And not only at the haberdasher's. The package ensemble has invaded also that last fastness of the domestic domain—the kitchen. For what is called the "Chinese dinner" now comes complete under one cover.

To imagine that packaging is confined to tangible things, however, is to hold the times in too sanguine a regard. There are many persons today taking not only their dinners but their ideas in ensembles—assured by the packagers, of course, that they are in perfect harmony. And it seems never to have occurred to these persons that they might find it more fun to choose some of their thoughts for themselves—singly—and arrange them according to their own tastes in boxes in which they could get along together comfortably.

The notion that one is either a Victorian or a modern, a hard-headed business man or a soft-collared poet, a lover of home or an inveterate wanderer, is a product of the package mentality. There are probably not many who are any of these things to the exclusion of the rest. It is quite possible to enjoy Ravel's music when it is played on a good square piano. It is possible to write good poetry in a skyscraper office, and to love home the more for wandering.

Even the person who can don with grace a package of evening dress and sit down to enjoy a "Chinese dinner" may pause now and then between courses in the hope of hearing a little conversation that could not have been acquired in cellophane wrapping.

## SCATTERS BILLIONS WITH SMILING HAND

It is strengthening, it saddening, to see a great man struggling in the storms of fate. Senator Brookhart, he of the far-smelling olfactories for rum, and the far-darting and the loop-the-loop statistics, is fence-viewer in the home state this week. He will be a candidate for re-election in the republican primaries. Wall street and the cohorts of sin in Iowa have been plotting his ruin. If he doesn't get 35 per cent of the primary vote, the nomination will go to the state convention. There the bosses will knock out the people's champion. A number of candidates, major and minor, have been set up. Ambassador MacNider, Mr. Eugene Meyer, the cement trust and divers other enemies of the public good have furnished the machine with "willing tools."

Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Davenport, Des Moines, Waterloo have sent their gangs of mercenaries against the glory of two Washingtons. A former dear friend, "the Judas kiss upon his cheek," has come into the fray to split the agricultural vote. Speaking in his capital, the Iowa Washington, the senator threw himself upon the bosom of the most virtuous of constituents.

If you will fight for me half as hard as I have fought for you all these long, weary years, we will win the greatest victory in the history of the Iowa primaries.

Who can doubt it? With his accustomed ease Mr. Brookhart scatters billions with a smiling hand. In his sight they are but pennies. To the revolving fund of the farm board he allots one billion to send the surplus agricultural products abroad; to the veterans three; to public works three, to give jobs to "the seven million or eight million now unemployed." There are other strings to his bow, but those three should be enough. From these he should coax a tune that will seduce the ears of all progressives who wish to practice the art of levitation by means of the straps of one's boots.

—New York Times.

A Kansas editor believes congress would be all right if it had some convictions and some courage. On the same theory, no doubt, as that a lettuce sandwich becomes edible with the addition of a couple of slices of ham and an egg.

Journal Want-Ads get results!

**It's double acting**

First—in the dough. Then in the oven. You can be sure of perfect bakings in using—

**KC BAKING POWDER**  
**SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS**  
**25 ounces for 25c**  
MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

## WARNING TO WORLD IN BRUENING PLEA

Chancellor Bruening's declaration that Germany cannot and therefore will not make further reparations payments, made on the eve of the Lausanne conference, is a forthright warning to the civilized world against what easily might develop into an economic collapse. The suggestion that in one direction economic recovery may be found while almost surely another road would lead to disaster is reasonable. Let the responsible governments reach a definite conclusion as to the proper treatment of the international issues involved.

Herr Bruening's plea that Germany and the German people have suffered enough is one that is bound to elicit the sympathy of all who properly have analyzed world conditions and who understand the situation. Under the terms of the treaty of Versailles Germany has paid enormous amounts in reparations. She would continue to pay for decades if the terms of the hard driven treaty were carried out. This would mean that for a generation or two the German people would be held in subjection, discouraged, hindered, balked.

The civilized world must realize by this time that it cannot ostracize a great people and succeed and by itself. If Germany were made to suffer indefinitely, that suffering would not be confined within the border of the republic. It would extend to all parts of the world. A nation of scores of millions of people must be maintained in a healthy economic and financial condition lest it contaminate others.

The time has come for readjustments in Germany's favor. Right thinking persons everywhere are bound to recognize this. If in Europe prejudice could be controlled long enough for statesmen to analyze the conditions it would be seen that Germany must have her place in world affairs if, indeed, civilization is to progress.

The Germans are striking on reparations. The American people will sympathize with them in the attitude they are taking. The armistice was signed nearly 14 years ago. That has been too long for the victorious powers in the world war to punish the defeated. They have not profited greatly from the process. Great Britain has been almost ruined as a result, and today France, which has held out longest against Germany, is beginning to feel the pangs of economic disorder. If France only could realize that the worst may be ahead of her as well as the rest of the world, she might send delegates to Lausanne to handle the reparations questions in a humane and businesslike manner. Germany must be given a chance for survival.

## SPOIL SPORTS

In these days the enjoyments of the average American are simple and few. His chief evening and Sunday pastimes, unless we mistake our guesses, are the following:

1. Listening to the radio.
2. Going to the movies.
3. Driving the family around on Sunday.
4. Playing contract bridge.
5. Making—and drinking—home-brew.

It is worthy of note, we think, that every one of these innocent occupations is the object of a special drive by the tax-bill makers in Washington.

It is as if the members of congress had reached the conclusion that it is just as wicked to have a good time as it is to trade with foreigners and had determined to do to pleasure what they have already done to trade.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

## THE INDIAN STOLE A HORSE

Former Secretary Fall again, for a day or two, in the headlines. And, perhaps for a somewhat longer period, the unspeakable—though no more unspeakable—Gaston B. Means.

Mr. Fall, who once sat at the right hand of a president who was his close friend, who once occupied a commanding position in the senate of the United States, a powerful and audacious political leader, emerges from the prison at Santa Fe. "There were many funny things about my stay there," he says. "I was to be treated like all other federal prisoners. There was only one other federal prisoner—a Navajo serving a sentence for horse stealing."

"Funny," indeed. An Indian who stole a horse. And a statesman who betrayed and sold out his country. And the authorities absurdly placing both in the same category—ruthlessly forbidding any privileges to the statesman that the Indian might not equally enjoy. The more you think about that the funnier, after a manner of speaking, it seems.

On his way out of jail Mr. Fall might salute from afar Mr. Means, at Washington, who is possibly on his way back to jail. He is charged with having bilked a kind-hearted woman out of \$100,000 as the price of a return of the Lindbergh baby. A rascal, a jail-bird, many times indicted—but he, too, in the days when normalcy and Fall were in their glory, shone in the reflected light of exalted personages whose crony he was.

What memories are recalled as these two resurge into the headlines! Memories of crookedness and betrayal, of graft and corruption, of disolute ways and bawdy habits. Memories of the Little Green House on K Street and all that it connoted. Memories of an administration some of whose members set the pace for the orgy of crime, the saturnalia of official corruption, that was soon to sweep the entire country.

For how much of what has since transpired, for how much of the general letting down of standards that followed, Fall and Means and Daugherty and Jess Smith and their many associates were responsible, who can guess?

The Navajo Indian who stole a horse is still in the penitentiary at Santa Fe. Perhaps he would never have been there, perhaps he would never have thought of stealing the horse, had there not come into his poor benighted mind the stories of what Fall and the others had been doing down at Washington. For Fall, as all men know, was for many years the Little White Father of all New Mexico.

And Washington, as we likewise know, is a sort of Little White Father to us all. The light of a bad example set in a high place shineth far.—World-Herald.

## WASHINGTON WINS FIRST PLACE

Original convictions have been vindicated on a little matter pertaining to George Washington and it will not be necessary now to make a hasty cancellation of remaining bicentennial programs. It had been generally understood that Washington was the first President of the United States, but competition for that honor became so keen that the position he had held in history seemed to be menaced. Claims were advanced for Thomas McKean, who had been one of the presidents of the Continental Congress, and for John Hanson, who was the first president of congress after the articles of confederation had become effective in 1781.

The issue went to the state department, whose ruling is decisive and, presumably, final. It is that "George Washington was the first President of the United States of America," under the Constitution framed in 1787, and later adopted, which specifically provides for that office.

Now that momentous question is settled, perhaps the state department will rule on whether Senator David R. Atchison of Missouri really was President for one day, March 4, 1849.

If you want to sell anything, try a Journal Want-Ad. The cost is small.

## NOTICE

Of Application for License to operate a Pool Hall:  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Tuesday, June 7th, 1932, at 3:00 o'clock p. m. at the County Court House in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, make application to the Board of Commissioners of Cass County, Nebraska, for a license to operate a pool hall in the building situated on Lot 5, Block 3, in the Village of Manley, Cass County, Nebraska, for a period of one year.  
Signed and dated this 3d day of May, 1932.  
GEO E. COON,  
Applicant.

## Lumber Sawing

Commercial sawing from your own logs—lumber cut to your specifications. We have ready cut dimension lumber and sheeting for sale at low prices.  
**NEBRASKA BASKET FACTORY**

## FOR SALE

Three young Red Pole bulls.—C. C. Barnard. m12-21w

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass County, ss.  
In the County Court.  
In the matter of the estate of Terrace Hennings Pitman, 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 3rd day of June, A. D. 1932, and on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon 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 3rd day of June, A. D. 1932, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 3rd day of June, 1932.  
Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 7th day of May, 1932.  
A. H. DUXBURY,  
County Judge.

## NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.  
In the matter of the estate of William D. Coleman, deceased.

Notice of Administration.  
All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said court alleging that said deceased died leaving no last will and testament and praying for administration upon his estate and for such other and further orders and proceedings in the premises as may be required by the statutes in such cases made and provided to the end that said estate and all things pertaining thereto may be finally settled and determined, and that a hearing will be had on said petition before said Court on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1932, and that if they fail to appear at said Court on said 27th day of May, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock a. m., to contest the said petition, the Court may grant the same and grant administration of said estate to N. D. Talcott or some other suitable person and proceed to a settlement thereof.  
Dated this 27th day of April, A. D. 1932.  
A. H. DUXBURY,  
County Judge.

(Seal) m2-3w

## ORDER OF HEARING and Notice on Petition for Settlement of Account

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.

State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Etta Perry Barker, deceased:  
On reading the petition of Bernice Kiser, administratrix, praying a final settlement and allowance of her account filed in this Court on the 28th day of April, 1932, and for final assignment of the residue of said estate and for her discharge as Administratrix thereof.

It is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the County Court to be held in and for said county, on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock a. m., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner 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.  
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of April, A. D. 1932.  
A. H. DUXBURY,  
County Judge.

(Seal) m2-3w

## ORDER OF HEARING and Notice on Petition for Settlement of Account

In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

State of Nebraska, Cass County, ss.  
To the heirs at law and all persons interested in the estate of John Quinton, deceased:  
On reading the petition of C. D. Quinton, administrator, praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this Court on the 4th day of May, 1932, and for his discharge as administrator. Also that H. M. Logan has filed claim and petition for assignment of surplus under note and mortgage given by Flossie Peters and John C. Peters; It is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the County Court to be held in and for said County, on the 3rd day of June, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock a. m., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner 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.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court this 4th day of May, A. D. 1932.  
A. H. DUXBURY,  
County Judge.

(Seal) m2-3w

## They've Never Tasted a Tonic!



THESE are not patent medicine children. Their appetite needs no coaxing. Their tongues are never coated, cheeks never pale. And their bowels move just like clockwork, because they have never been given a habit-forming laxative.

You can have children like this— and be as healthy yourself—if you follow the advice of a famous family physician. Stimulate the vital organs. The strongest of them need help at times. If they don't get it, they grow sluggish. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin is a mild, safe stimulant.

When a youngster doesn't do well at school, it may be the liver that's lazy. Often the bowels hold enough poisonous waste to dull the senses! A spoonful of delicious syrup pepsin

once or twice a week will avoid all this. It contains fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin, and does a world of good to any system— young or old. You can always get this fine prescriptive preparation at any drug store. Just ask them for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin.

Get some syrup pepsin today, and protect your family from those bilious days, frequent sick spells and colds. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest instead of cathartics that so often bring on chronic constipation. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin can always be employed to give clogged bowels a thorough cleansing, with none of that painful griping, or burning, feeling afterward. It isn't expensive.