

The Plattsmouth Journal

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
Entered at Postoffice, Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class mail matter

R. A. BATES, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Large scandal from small talk often grow.

Strange to say, the coming man is the one who has arrived.

No oculist can remedy the shortsightedness of a selfish person.

Installment selling of automobiles has just been introduced into Japan.

The more intelligent a girl is, the easier it is for her to remain single.

Most men would rather help with the anvil chorus than play second fiddle.

Mexico is a country where political elections are decided by lead rather than mud.

Laugh and the world laughs with you—but it isn't your personal joke any longer.

Football teams never will be equipped properly until each team has an ambulance corps.

Once upon a time Charles Levine did something without getting into trouble about it later.

News of the Mexican election has become excessively scarce, but so have opposing candidates.

Did you hear about the Scotch lawyer who acted as his wife's counsel when she sued for divorce?

If all the pedestrians in the United States were laid end to end, reckless drivers would have an easier job.

In some respects, Al Smith is an ideal candidate. He films well and has a perfect voice for broadcasting.

The owner of a barking dog is always the first to complain of the noise made by the neighbor's children.

The honeymoon is over when the newly-wed husband begins to notice that his stenographer has pretty ankles.

Too many people know a lot of things that are none of their business and many other things that are not so.

The United States has at least a dozen new cruisers in prospect, all needed to comb the sea for over-confident aviators.

A Manhattan cab driver found \$450 in the back seat and returned it. He probably figured that one loss caste by accepting small tips.

If undecided about a candidate, the Republicans could settle the matter, perhaps, as they settle all their other problems—by leaving it to Hoover.

Our faith in the vindication of offenders would be vastly increased if only each vindication did not lead to an investigation similar to the one which caused the original vindication.

When a child will not eat, the scientist says it is afflicted with "anorexia" but we unscientific people no doubt will continue to guess that the child does not like the spinach.

The Hattie burg American is mourning the loss of one subscriber who quit because he didn't like the editor's attitude toward the state-wide livestock law. Here's hoping our brother will bear up as best he can under the calamity, consoling himself with the knowledge that the paper probably has other subscribers.

A suspicious woman raises a large crop of doubt.

Girls beg the question when they try to induce men to propose.

The Russian government seems to have beaten its sword into oil shares.

A dummy oil corporation, it is our presumption, is one that will not tell.

Few women can resist the call of the wild when it takes the form of a fur coat.

Becoming great carries no assurance with it that a man will be great at the finish.

A stitch in time does more for one's peace of mind than any number of safety pins.

Occasional you see a man driving a car so carefully that you conclude it must be paid for.

Many a political platform that is called "a masterpiece of fiction" turns out to be a best-seller.

Things are getting to the point where a tropical film seems a fake unless it has a few Marines in it.

If a man can make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, the world will beat him out of the patent rights.

Women flyers should have one advantage, anyhow. They shouldn't run out of gas as soon as most men.

A man will drink anything provided it's prewar, but when the coffee's too strong in the morning—ye gods!

A Kansas City man was arrested for careless walking. Mebbe the charge should have been "reckless" walking.

A Chicago judge ruled a girl 19 years old past the spanking age. That's when the smacking age begins, judge.

The President is apparently unmoved as yet by Senator Glass' criticism of the State department's policy in regard to foreign loans.

As soon as a naval conference agrees on the caliber of the guns, someone mentions tonnage and the conference has to start all over again.

The only reason some families don't own an elephant is that they never have been offered one for \$1 down and the balance on easy weekly payments.

We suppose that to a man who fears an aerial invasion of this country nothing is so pleasing as a successful flight, unless it is an unsuccessful flight.

Lack of war news from China leads us to suppose that what fighting is being done takes place in those parts of China the foreigners allow the Chinese to use.

The war minister of France has placed a strict ban on all forms of hazing in the French military schools. Here is an opportunity for Nebraska educational institutions to learn a simple lesson in humanity.

A New York dentist told a patient that it wouldn't hurt, but it did whereupon the patient arose from the chair and killed the dentist. Perhaps the average member of that profession does not realize how close he is to violent death every day of his life.

THE PASSING OF TROTZKY

Ten years ago this November 7 in Red Square, Petrograd, the death knell of a czar was sounded and Russia's "bloodless" revolution began. There were bound to be storms for the new ship of state to weather, but there were two strong men at the wheel to whom all Russia looked as captains. The men were Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotsky.

This year, marking the first decade of the new government, a "man in the street" will stand and watch the workmen's organizations parade through the same square. That man was one of the "captains" of the new Russia, fallen now from his great estate. Leon Trotsky will be a spectator where he used to be the central figure, where he once was the man on the reviewing platform receiving the salutes of all Russia.

Lenin and Trotsky together intrigued, planned, shaped politics, drew up codes, won the czar's soldier, lived in cellars, hoped, waited, worked, and then—in that supreme moment of 1917—ascended to the very pinnacle of Russia. Lenin lived six years after that great dream was realized. Before he folded his hands in death, he launched a last testament to the Russian people, upholding Trotsky as the man worthy to lead them, and warning against Joseph Stalin, that "Bonapartist" dictator.

What has happened? Three years after Lenin's death Trotsky is expelled from membership in the Communist Executive, and the group led by Stalin controls the party.

Here is one of the great moments of history working out under our very eyes, and a dramatic moment, too. Looking back to the French Revolution there are parallels into which our later day has read a new significance—Danton's fall, then Robespierre's. It seems that the men who lead revolutions are crushed themselves by the mighty machine they start rolling.

Russia today offers a study that is worth while. Stalin, firm in his belief that the victory of the revolution can be won only by holding the power firmly in the hands of his own group and using every possible means to prevent free discussion in the ranks of the party and to prevent what we might call a Trotsky, assailing "that class of bureaucrats and party officials appointed and controlled by Stalin," and demanding restoration of control to the rank and file of the party.

Stalin is at the top now and Trotsky is out. The next chapter, even more interesting than the struggle just witnessed between the two men, is now in the acting and has yet to be written. How shall it be written?

Is Trotsky going the way of the complaining old man who raises his voice vainly in the streets and where-ever he can find an audience? Or is he already on the way back, gathering about him the nucleus of a new leadership and preparing for the moment to strike? These are interesting conjectures. The next few years hold the answer.

Trotsky, at least, now knows this—that plaudits, after all, are empty and Fame hurries along. People have a way of speeding Fame on her journey. It's just a natural trait, perhaps.

A prominent London physician says that everybody should take at least two hours off for luncheon. That would be all right if it weren't allowed to cut in on one's tea time.

A Czech composer is almost ready to give jazz funeral music to the world, according to a cable dispatch from Prague. We shall have to revise the text, "O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?"

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, having concluded his flight tour of some 23,000 miles over forty-eight states of the Union, now, perhaps, is the best living authority in the matter of how uncomfortable it is to be a hero.

If the Pittsburgh Pirates win the pennant next year, they can win the world series. All they have to do is follow the advice of the Yankee stars, as contained in the current advertising, and eat plenty of yeast before each game.

Senator T. Coleman Dupont, whose vocal chords were recently removed by a throat specialist, has a mechanical larynx installed, and it is working perfectly. However, he will not be the only purely mechanical speaker in the Senate.

A professor of biology declares there won't be any blonds a thousand years from now—although by common consent gentlemen prefer them. He may be up on biology, but how does he know there won't be any drug store at that time?

For Double Action

in your bakings
use

KC BAKING POWDER

25 ounces for 25¢

Same Price for over 35 years

Millions of pounds used by our government

Twisting Rez's Tail

The old tricks in politics are good ones, and William Hale Thompson, having put on a very blurbly side-show, now proceeds to the main tent where the real fun begins.

The ballyhoo has been excellent, which is to say side-splitting. King George, of England, has been up to terrible tricks. Centering his activities in the history books used in the schools and tampered with nearly every volume in the libraries, you can hardly sit down to read a book in Chicago without finding out what a great mistake our forefathers made when they went to war against the British Lion.

It is well that Chicago has a mayor that knows all about these things. We don't know whether or not there is anybody left in Chicago who drinks tea, but if there is, it's a safe bet that he won't have to pay the tax on it. He can thank his lucky star that there stands at the head of his civic government such a mighty taittwister as Big Bill.

Mr. Mencken has been invited to the show, and you know Mr. Mencken hasn't any love for John Bull, either. He's going to crack the whip in one of the rings. The only mysterious thing about it that we can see is that Mr Mencken doesn't seem to be running for any office.

Twisting the lion's tail has proved a pleasant and profitable pastime for various people who have something to sell to the public, whether it be personality, press-agency, politics, or poffle. If we really and truly believe all these Rex-wrestlers, we'd shoot an Englishman on sight.

It's an old show.

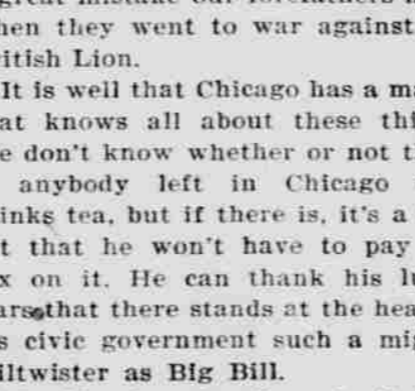
Mrs. John Willers, a Chicago woman, thought she had an ideal husband until he commenced to talk in his sleep about gay parties he had attended when she supposed he was attending lodge meetings and visiting sick friends. His chatter was all about the Marys and Maudes he had met in his meanderings. Herein we find a nice Sunday morning sermon for all husbands. If you must talk in your sleep, talk about the weather.

After many years of study, a Vienna doctor announces that he has discovered a cure for asthma. At last Vienna has done something to atone for psychoanalysis.

FOR SALE

Good registered thoroughbred Chester White boars. Charles Warga, phone 3213. o31-4tw

Garage



Our Repair Garage

is kept constantly busy because motorists recognize it as the best and most reliable repair shop for every kind of damage a car can possibly sustain. And, being practical men of long and varied experience, all our repair work is excellently and thoroughly done, without unnecessary delay and at reasonable charge.

Fradys Garage
Phone 58

CARELESSNESS KILLS

A student of motor accidents culls from the Sundays news these instances of fatal carelessness: In North Carolina a driver, plunging into a congregation just as it leaves church, kills two and injures three. His excuse was that he "didn't see them!" In Kansas one is killed and five are seriously hurt in an automobile collision with a passenger train at a grade crossing. The car, according to witnesses, was driven pell-mell into the roaring locomotive. Yet, the man at the wheel, had he escaped, would have said, perhaps, that he "didn't hear." In California a lover and his lass, soon to be married, drove into a garage, and sat for a while talking, while the engine ran. When they were found some hours later, she was dead and he dying from carbon monoxide. Despite the generally known danger from that gas in close quarters, they didn't think.

Such thoughtlessness, such heedlessness it is that keeps so high the toll of motor deaths. Those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, are chargeable with most of the fatalities on highways and streets. It is carelessness, mainly, that kills. The fundamental reform in traffic affairs, therefore, must take place in the minds and hearts of those who drive—and those who talk. Rules are essential and must be enforced, systems are helpful and should be maintained; but none of these can protect against wanton carelessness. The cure for that must come from within.

FLAPPER CLOTHES

The office girl is a bad risk, according to a physician of leading old line insurance company. For once we are compelled to disagree with an insurance authority, because we believe the office girl, summer and winter, is even healthier than her sister who stays at home.

The insurance statistician blames modern feminine dress for susceptibility to tuberculosis and body-weakening colds. We do not believe the doctor has found the right reason. Over-heating of offices and homes and the usual excessive dryness at which we too often keep our interior atmospheres, are more to blame than the girl's clothes.

It is absurd to say that today's light clothing, with the old busbie and tight waistline gone into the discard, makes for poor health. We have heard many predictions to the effect that girls who go with their necks bare will "catch their death of cold" but we never see one of those forecasts come true.

The office girl, who gets fresh air and exercise every day outdoors, even if it be only a short walk, should have a higher resistance to disease and a better chance to throw off colds than the pent-up person whose occasional foray into the outer air seem inevitably to result in sniffles.

Take them all in all, we have found office girls of today healthier than their corseted sisters of a couple of generations ago. We can remember when a woman couldn't or wouldn't take a deep breath for fear of coming unfastened.

DON'T WORRY, BISHOP

The Bishop of London has expressed the fear that American school children are being taught to hate Great Britain and all her works. In the schools, he says, stories of the Revolution and other wars are so colored that England is placed in a very bad light.

At last we've found a use for Mayor Bill Thompson, of Chicago. When he said that the educational system of his city was Anglicized, we put that down as only another of those quaint and very interesting pronouncements of politicians.

The fact is there are so many writers seeking to cook the bunk and nicely browned around the edges. Many of our great men of the revolution have been painted as selfish and noisy busybodies and our early national heroes have had considerable of the starch taken out of their stories.

On the one side, we have many expressing fear that we're about to annex to merry England, admitting our mistake about teas and taxes, and all that. On the other side, equally insistent, are those who are expecting a war with Great Britain at any moment, the way anti-British propaganda is being disseminated in this country.

Let's not get too excited about this. We don't hate King George and the crop-headed Parliament at all. Neither are we bending the knee in tribute to them.

We're just a couple of nice countries, trying to get along.

If some people only knew how little they know they wouldn't talk so much.

THE PURINA PLAN OF FEEDING

- 1-Raise all the feed you can
- 2-Use just enough Purina to supply what your own feed lacks.
- 3-Give the feed from the Check-board bag a fair trial and follow the directions on the bag.
- 4-If Purina doesn't make you more money, don't feed it

We keep a large supply of Purina Feeds on hand at all times.

If you want one sack or a ton call 3614

W. F. NOLTE

"I always know," remarked the sophisticated young man, "that half the things I learned in school were not so, without having the Mayor of Chicago to tell me I was right."

Several good Hampshire male hogs. Pigne 3114, Murray, Neb. Peery Nickles. o10-1msw

FOR SALE

All kinds of business stationary printed at the Journal office.

L. C. HAWLEY
240 Omaha National Bank Bldg.
Omaha, Nebraska

Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of November, 1927, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Plattsmouth Motor Company, Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash one 1926 Ford Roadster, Motor No. 14,297,709, covered by chattel mortgage in favor of Plattsmouth Motor Company, signed by A. S. Christ and assigned to American Credit Corporation, said mortgage being dated October 5th, 1926, and having been filed in the office of the County Clerk of Cass county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of October, 1926.

Said sale will be for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage and for the purpose of satisfying the amount now due thereon, to-wit: \$138.53.

AMERICAN CREDIT CORPORATION
L. C. Hawley, Attorney.

ORDER OF HEARING
on Petition for Appointment of Administratrix

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.
In the matter of the estate of Watson Long, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Emma Long praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Emma Long, as Administratrix:

DISHES ARRIVE TODAY

From Thursday's Daily—
The American Legion Auxiliary dishes ordered some weeks ago for use in serving banquets in the new community building arrived today and include service for 200 persons. The Syracuse chinaware plates, cups, saucers and pie plates all have the Auxiliary emblem in blue thereon, the emblem and light blue band being glazed into the dishes before they were put thru the baking ovens, and as a result will last as long as the dishes themselves instead of wearing off as is the case with the cheaper painted decorations.

Another boy prodigy will make his debut in New York in a few days. His name is Benno Rabinoff. He has just turned 21, and, according to the newspapers, he has been playing the violin ever since he was 3 years old.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by Golda Noble Beal, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass County, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1927, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day at the south front door of the court house at Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate to-wit: All that part of lots 20 and 25 in the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 21; lying east of the public road known as road No. 198; lot 23 in the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 21; the east half of the southeast quarter of section 21; lot 29 in the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21; all of section 22 excepting five acres out of the northwest corner of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of said section known as lot No. 14; all of fractional Section No. 27; the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter, the south half of the northeast quarter of section 28; the southeast quarter of said section 28, all in Township 11, north, in Range 14 east of the 6th p. m. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Cromwell Land and Cattle Co. a Corporation; John Nottelman and Howard W. Hull defendants to satisfy a judgment of said court recovered by Eugene A. Nutzman, plaintiff, against said defendants.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska, October 23d, A. D. 1927.

BERT REED,
Sheriff Cass County,
Nebraska.

ORDER OF PROBATE OF WILL

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.
State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss.

To all persons interested in the estate of William H. Wynn, deceased:
On reading the petition of Fred H. Wynn praying that the instrument filed in this court on the 26th day of October, 1927, and purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, may be proved and allowed and recorded as the last will and testament of William H. Wynn, deceased; that said instrument be admitted to probate and the administration of said estate be granted to H. A. Schneider as executor;

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 25th day of November, A. D. 1927, 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 that 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.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1927.

A. H. DEXTER,
County Judge.

(Seal) o31-3w

"Without A Rival"
OVER 50 YEARS

BUDS

Segars 5¢