

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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Every blonde carries her own headlight

It is better to crawl out than to be thrown out.

The primary will soon be as unpopular as prohibition.

And now someone suggests changing it to the "Volstead Flaw."

Now there is the undertaker who ran his business into the ground.

Two liars are company, three a crowd and four or more a chamber of commerce.

There is a man in this town so dumb that he thinks Einstein means a glass of beer.

The fellow who shot Jake Lintle is so hard to find our guess is he must have rolled under the bureau.

Major parties have not only run out of real issues, but seem slowly converging on questions of the dry.

We can visualize a United States of Europe pretty clearly, but haven't decided yet who would be Simeon D. Fess.

Congress does not meet until December, so it looks as if we'll have to wait till then to find out what Borah's against.

It has been discovered that Cal Coolidge was once a correspondent for a country weekly. That explains his literary style.

President Hoover urges home owning. But what does this generation care about a home when they can't go anywhere in it?

One reason which may account for Sir Thomas Lipton's losing streak is that he has his mind on his business. You know—a trifle tea sick.

More statues, declares a writer, should be placed in the middle of ornamental ponds. But very few ornamental ponds are really deep enough.

"Women's clothes for winter will be elegant and subtle," says a Paris fashion note. And now we will have to wait patiently until winter to find out what "subtle" is.

The Iowa man who bequeathed a library with the stipulation that females be barred, probably acted on the supposition that every woman knows her books anyway

Folks in the north who expect to go south during the coming winter and find jobs as well put on their ragged overcoats and stay at home. All soft jobs are filled.

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more

The price of wheat and the price of bread are perfect strangers.

The chronic kicker is usually the fellow who has to foot the bills.

Success slogan in India: If at first you don't secede, try, try again.

A contemporary speaks of Germany's "political front." Which one?

There tallest skyscraper, don't you cry; you'll be second largest by and bye.

A 50-year-old 50-cent debt has been paid in San Francisco. Things ought to pick up now.

Passing a law to make others be good; thinking it shouldn't apply to people as nice as we are.

What the heck do countries who have no prohibition laws blame everything on, d'ya suppose?

"More Women Drinking," says a newspaper headline. Perhaps that's why the price of hooch is so high.

"I can't figure why a rotten egg like he is can have so many friends." "Never mind, after he is broke he won't have any."

After all, the rich are not altogether worthless. If Harold Vanderbilt should lose his fortune he could easily get a job as master of a fishing schooner

The postal deficit, predicted to be \$85,000,000 for the current fiscal year following a series of other red ink periods, is one of the administration's first-rank worries.

If some ordinary editor—like this one for instance—should grind out the stuff that Cal Coolidge is selling at a dollar per word he could not sell it at a dollar per yard.

The trouble with this country as found by George Tedrick of the Altomont Times is that lots of fellows have the notion, but no motion, while others have the motion, but no notion.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis said in a political speech the other day, "Men cannot thrive in America without pie." It would have been just as correct had he said rye instead of pie.

Former Gov. Smith has call time on the persons who, in care-free fashion, sign his name in turgid expressions of their own sentiments. He had to, he doubtless saw, though it has not been generally noted, what they were trying to let him in for.

THE TROUBLESOME DOLE

Social tinkers who are eager to push the Federal Government into widespread charity through doles, unemployment insurance and other fairly recent methods of giving away tax money, should cast a cautious eye on England. Even after considerable experience with the unemployment dole, and several trials at revising its provisions—usually in the direction of more liberal giving—the dole is a constant source of annoyance, unfairness, expense and, some say, a growing army of professional dole collectors who would not recognize a job if it bit them.

There are a million more unemployed in England now, or about twice as many, as when last year the Laborites won their victory on a promise to "do something" about the unemployment situation. Several writers have plainly said that all this increase in England's disastrous unemployment is not due to industrial depression, but that each year a greater and greater number become regulars at living off the Government. They make no show at obtaining positions. It is said of the Labor Government that by liberalizing the provisions of the dole it has simply made it easier for additional thousands of the chronically unemployed to collect the enormous taxes assessed against the gainfully employed.

That such a thing would happen was inevitable; it should be, nevertheless, a warning to the United States, and particularly to individual states, against rushing blindfolded into such legislation. The question is seldom allowed a moment's rest in America, and what with demands for pensions, doles, unemployment insurance and the like—all, of course—it is obvious that here, as in England, deliberate unemployment would soon become a huge industry in itself. There seems to be naive impression that the public treasury is inexhaustible. It becomes so through confiscatory taxation, and in the end no one can blame a worker who, after years of dividing his income to support someone unknown to him, eventually decides to have a whirl at living on the Government.

Chairman Fess says prohibition is not an issue. If the reader will recall the incident, there was once a dry Congressman who couldn't believe the suitcase would leak.

Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania complains that "the greatest material need of civilization is a solution of the distribution problem;" and it is not hard to see why he should think so.

The dairy industry, a government statistician says, is far greater than steel. So it seems that the only similarity existing now between milk and steel is that both are used for building-up processes.

I have said that the American future depends upon the free minds of first-class men, but that the first-class man finds it harder and harder to maintain freedom of thought and action against the increasing crowd-mindedness of America.

Two American aviators, mixed up in a frustrate revolution in Chile, are under arrest, and no doubt they will soon be yelping for Uncle Sam to get them out of the trouble. Well, Uncle Sam didn't get them into trouble so there does not appear any logical reason why they should be given the protection of the American flag.

And instead of the present highway—so familiar to those who have made the pilgrimage to the home of Washington—past railroad yards, factories, billboards and filling stations, there will be a parkway to Mount Vernon, close by the river, with a variety of views, easy grades, long curves and pleasing vistas over the broad lake-like scenery of the lower river.

There's no suavity more Chesterfieldian than that which foreign statesmen affect when putting thru a retaliatory tariff against the United States. Nearly every country protested when the Hawley-Smoot bill was being cooked up; but not one has ever admitted that its own high rates and embargoes, adopted about the time the measure passed, were directed against America.

Referring to the storm of protest aroused when Hanford MacNider, our new minister to Canada, wore the uniform of the American army when formally presented to the Governor-General, the Hattiesburg American asks: "Why not adopt a typical American costume in which our diplomats can feel comfortable?" The trouble is we have no typical American costume. We are the worst-dressed and at the same time the best-dressed people in the world.

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AUTUMN RAINS

It is both singular and depressing that in all of the years since men gained a partial degree of civilization they have never yet found any way of doing anything really effective about autumn rains.

To practically every other variety of weather there is some sort of answer. In sweltering summer days one can—if lucky—sit in the shade with a fan and sip a cool drink; or at the very worst one can climb into the bath tub. In winter blizzards it is simple to go down and shake up the furnace. A January thaw can be balked by the simple expedient of stay-indoors, or by donning heavy galoshes when one goes out. A spring or a summer rain is nothing as long as one is not actually out in it without an umbrella.

But an autumn rain is not so easily checkmated. You can stay inside until it blows over; but the melancholy, down-in-the-dumps feeling that it engenders will pursue you to your lair, no matter how tightly you close your windows. An autumn rain, in fact, is not a meteorological phenomenon at all; it is a state of mind, and there is no escaping it.

It is on rainy days in the fall that suburban housewives begin to feel that staying at home every day is a sorry lot. It is on such days that people in city office buildings rebel against the fate that chains them to their places. It is on such days that school children are moved to heretical thoughts, and farmers dream of escaping from their damp acres, and policemen wish that they had become radio announcers or something.

But there is nothing that can be done about it. One can only hope that the rain does not give one a cold, and make the best of it. But the best is a very miserable best.

For the rain of autumn is a negation of all of the things by which we live; a disquieting reminder that the world is excessively imperfect, a hint that those bright promises of last June may have been base deceptions. It displays nature in a mood that is devoid of either hope or energy. It is raining, one feels, because there isn't much sense—the universe being what it is—in doing anything else.

That, in fact, is the discouraging thing about it all. The autumn rain is so spiritless. A January blizzard is not so bad; for it at least has a vindictive, spiteful fury, and one can sustain one's manhood by resolving to buck it. A sweltering August day, at the very worst, bespeaks the eternal fecundity of the teeming earth. But a rainy autumn day is simply the fag end of everything; a gloomy reminder of the mortality of all created things.

However, we shall doubtless live through it. Very likely a moist fall is essential to winter wheat, or something.

DILEMA OF TAXPAYERS

A subscriber ventures this opinion concerning the taxpaying problem:

"I notice some articles in your paper concerning taxes, but what we need most just now is repeal of the relative to delinquent taxes, or a modification thereof. It costs the delinquent about fifty per cent when he attempts to redeem, and there will be thousands during the coming year who will be unable to pay. The only person who gets any protection is the Sylock who bids in the property on which taxes are delinquent."

There's food for thought in the above paragraph, especially that last sentence.

Scores of persons have grown wealthy buying in property at delinquent tax sales—taking advantage of the other fellow's misfortune. Legitimate, of course, but not exactly a nice way of making money.

A BRITISH FAMILY REUNION

From Australia and Canada, New Zealand and South Africa, Ireland and Newfoundland, the cabinets of British self-governing dominions are now on their way to London to meet with the British cabinet for the Imperial Conference in four years. The Imperial Conference is in many respects a family gathering. It has no written constitution, no rules of procedure, in fact no formal legal status whatever. But it is none the less one of the most potent political bodies in the world.

Purely political questions will be subordinated this year, the previous conference having set forth once and for all the complete autonomy of the dominions as sister commonwealths on a plane of equality with the mother country. Some attention is to be given to foreign policy and defense, as well as to a projected tribunal to settle controversies between the dominions. But for the most part the agenda of the coming meetings deals with economic questions.

There are so many cross-currents in the angled economic interests of the Empire that none can say what definite measures may find approval. Britain, urged by the Rothermere press, will stress the possibilities of higher tariffs all around, with a generous preferential rate to members of the British Commonwealth. This would mean a tariff wall around the entire Empire, and would be aimed especially at the United States. Many difficulties stand in the way of its attainment, however.

Oversea settlement is another challenging problem. Would the more sparsely settled dominions welcome larger numbers of immigrants from the United Kingdom? If so, what opportunities will they establish for them to make a living? These and related questions are to be mullied over by the Premiers of the dominions and their aids.

The temper of the delegates to the London meeting, especially those from Australia, is likely to be none too enthusiastic. Depressed business has hit Australia perhaps harder than any other important country of the world, and she is in no mood to make additional sacrifices of her own interests for the good of the Empire. South Africa also is rebellious, although primarily in a political way. It will be interesting to see what the tact of the MacDonald Government can do in smoothing the way to agreement on these highly intricate questions of an Empire independent politically, but interdependent for defense and for its economic welfare.

The story of the authorship of "Abide With Me" is even more pathetic. It was written by Henry Francis Lytle, a missionary clergyman of the Church of England, who consecrated the best years of his life to work in the vast slums of London.

A Louisiana bank was robbed of \$20,000 and about the same hour a wealthy Arkansas planter was kidnaped and is being held for \$25,000 ransom. There are still ways of making money without working for it, but all are hazardous.



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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 Fannie McQuin, deceased: On reading the petition of Lewis B. Moughey, Administrator de bonis non, praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this Court on the 25th day of September, 1930, and for final settlement of said estate and his discharge as said Administrator de bonis non;

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 24th day of October, A. D. 1930, at 9 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 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.

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 David C. Morgan, deceased: On reading the petition of Kate Oliver Morgan, Administrator, praying a final settlement and allowance of her account filed in this Court on the 26th day of September, 1930, and for final settlement of said estate and her discharge as said Administrator;

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 24th day of October, A. D. 1930, at 9 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 26th day of September, A. D. 1930.
A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE

In the matter of the Application of Carl D. Ganz, Administrator C. T. A. De Bonis Non, for License to Sell Real Estate.

Notice of Sale.
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a license to sell real estate and Order of Sale issued by the Honorable James T. Begley, Judge of the District Court of Cass county, Nebraska, on the 24th day of September, 1930, that I, Carl D. Ganz, Administrator C. T. A. De Bonis Non of the estate of Sarah Thimgan, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, that is to say 10% of bid on date of sale at the balance when said sale is confirmed by the Court, at the west front door of the Bank of Murdock, in Murdock, Cass county, Nebraska, at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon on the 17th day of October, 1930, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots seven (7), eight (8) and nine (9), and the south half (½) of Lot six (6) in Block three (3), in the Village of Murdock, Cass county, Nebraska.

Said sale to be and remain open for one hour.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1930.
CARL D. GANZ,
Administrator C. T. A. De Bonis Non of the Estate of Sarah Thimgan, Deceased.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, according to the provisions of a decree entered by said court on August 22, 1930, in a cause pending in said court wherein The Nebraska City Building & Loan Association, a corporation, is plaintiff, and Gilbert L. Hull, et al are defendants, commanding me to sell in the manner provided by law the real estate hereinafter described, to satisfy the lien adjudged and determined against said land by said decree in favor of plaintiff in the sum of \$150.38, with interest accruing and costs as in said decree provided, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Cass County, Nebraska, will on Saturday, October 12, 1930, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the south front door of the Court House in the city of Plattsmouth, in Cass County, Nebraska, offer for sale and will sell at public venue to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate in Cass County, Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot 1 in Block 3 in the Village of Union.

Dated this 12th day of September, 1930.
BERT REED,
Sheriff, Cass County, Nebraska.
PITZER & TYLER and LLOYD E. PETERSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff. s18-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the County Court. In the matter of the estate of Joseph F. Tubbs, 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 October 24, 1930, and January 25, 1931, at 10 o'clock a. m., 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 24th day of October, A. D. 1930 and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 24th day of October, 1930.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 26th day of September, 1930.

A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Gertrude L. Morgan, 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 testator leaving no last will and testament and praying for administration upon her 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 24th day of October, A. D. 1930, and that if they fail to appear at said Court on said 24th day of October, 1930, at 9 o'clock a. m., to contest the said petition, the Court may grant the same and grant administration of said estate to Kate O. Morgan, or some other suitable person and proceed to a settlement thereof.

A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.

SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Nebraska, County of Cass ss.

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 20th day of October, A. D. 1930, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day at the south front door of the court house, in the City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate to-wit:

Beginning at a point, 50 feet north of the northeast corner of Block 6 in Lynn's first addition to the Village of Union, in Cass county, Nebraska, running thence northerly 125 feet along the street line, thence westerly at right angles 315 feet, thence southerly at right angles along the street line 125 feet, thence easterly along the line of B. Street at right angles 215 feet to the point of beginning in the Village of Union, in Cass county, Nebraska, known as the south half of Block 7, in Lynn's first addition to the Village of Union, in Cass county, Nebraska.

The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Ellen Pearsley Norris et al, defendants, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by Art O. Pearsley and Mattie Becker, assignees of Daniel G. Golding, plaintiffs, against said defendants. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, September 15, A. D. 1930.

BERT REED,
Sheriff of Cass County, Nebraska.

s18-5w.

NOTICE OF REFREEE'S SALE

Pursuant to an order of the District Court of Saunders county, Nebraska, made and entered on the 18th day of September, 1930, in which action pending therein, in which Sedwick R. Parks and wife, Gladys Parks; Carl H. Parks and wife, Millie Parks, are plaintiffs, and Lulu Cadwell, a widow; Addie Rager and husband, Bert Rager; Pearl Richardson and husband, C. D. Richardson; Mattie Hewitt and husband, Irvin Hewitt; Daisy Kline and husband, Leonard Kline; Grace Parks, single, incompetent; Carl H. Parks, as guardian; and Edwin Fricke, are defendants, ordering and directing the undersigned Referee in said cause to sell each piece of the following described real estate, separately, to-wit:

The East One-Hundred Twenty Acres (E 120 A.) of the North West Quarter (NW¼) of Section Twenty-four (24), Township Twelve (12), Range Nine (9), Cass County, Nebraska.

The East One-Hundred Twenty Acres (E 120 A.) of the North West Quarter (NW¼) of Section Thirteen (13), Township Twelve (12), Range Nine (9), Cass County, Nebraska.

Notice is hereby given that on the 28th day of October, 1930, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the south front door of the court house, in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, the undersigned Referee will sell each piece of the above described real estate, separately, at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash. Said sale to be held open for one hour.

Dated this 23rd day of September, 1930.
J. B. PARKS,
Referee.
J. C. BRYANT,
Plaintiff's Attorney. s25-5w.



Headache!

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