

# 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 A YEAR IN FIRST POSTAL ZONE  
Subscribers living in Second Postal Zone, \$2.50 per year. Beyond 600 miles, \$3.00 per year. Rate to Canada and foreign countries, \$3.50 per year. All subscriptions are payable strictly in advance.

They soak the rich to make them absorb the taxes.

The tightest sticking things in government bureaus are the salary drawers.

Not a war? Tell that ten years from now to the veterans of the Japanese Legion.

After all, why be surprised at the country being a bit shaky when a Quaker heads it?

Singing increases the blood-pressure, declares a Southern doctor, but he doesn't say whose.

Another trouble in government circles seems to be too much fact finding and not enough fact facing.

No, "Little Caesar," we're not going to march in the beer parade May 14. We've decided to be the given point.

Congress has proposed that the Army and Navy be consolidated. They must want to beat Notre Dame every year.

Reflection persuades us that when the Filipinos shall have become competent for self-government, we shall have a lot to learn from them.

"A good conversationalist is always appreciated at the table," says a writer. Unless it so happens that the other three are trying to play bridge.

The same people who are denouncing the present Digest poll as padded were loud in their indorsement of the poll in 1928 which showed Hoover leading Smith.

A financial statement says that men everywhere are beginning to get their feet on the ground. The wonder is, we think, that the soles lasted as long as they did.

Congress is now challenging Mr. Hoover to specify on economies. It's the same Congress that, a few weeks ago, said Mr. Hoover was stealing its prerogatives by specifying economies.

The old bureau in the bedroom was a place where you hid your money so you could find it when you wanted it. A government bureau is a place where you put your money and never find it again.

You can prove almost everything by the Bible and everything by Babson.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of most anything but work.

We've begun looking forward to 3-cent postage as a last resort from the deluge of spring poetry.

A doctor says spinach is good for the eyes. It is indeed. In its wild state it is a beautiful sight. And it's too bad some very nice people can't let it go at that.

The suggestion has been made that all candidates have printed on the backs of their cards "Good for one square meal." This, he believes, would be a sure vote-getter.

Spring is here at last, the University of Lawrence (Kansas) concludes from the fact three of the instructors in the department of journalism had guest speakers take over their classes the other morning.

Days have passed, weeks have come, and still Rudy Vallee has not written a croon song that will make the public forget its poverty. Mr. Hoover possibly set the famous crooner to a more difficult task than that of fooling itself rich.

The surest way to make everybody hate you is to go around town "woofing" about the way other folks do, about the hard times, and about everybody else being crooked. Huily gee, maybe we will see the day that times like these may be something to sigh for.

Ossie Jacoby is going to promise to love, honor and try to improve his fiancée's bridge, and she is going to vow to reciprocate, with special attention to his tennis game. And it looks like a true love match, provided neither is ever called upon to teach the other to drive a car.

The somewhat mild statement on prohibition given out by Senator James A. Reed on his arrival home from Rochester, Minn., is explained by the fact that he has been ill seven weeks, and probably two or three more will be spent in light work at his office to injure his complete recuperation. Perhaps after that he will have something really definite to say about prohibition and other issues of the day.

## WHY NOT A GRANDMOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 8th, will be Mother's Day. It is a pleasing sentimental custom to set apart one special day in every year for the particular remembrance of everybody's mother. Very few of us are so unsentimental as not to have tender and pleasant recollections of childhood days in which mother was everything to us. She stood between the child and all that would harm it. She did not have to say, and probably never stopped to realize, that she would gladly give her own life, if necessary, to protect the life of her child. We have known of men and women whose lives have been wrecked by an excess of maternal devotion, by the reluctance of their mothers to let them live their own lives, free from parental interference. But even those look back to their infancy with a tender devotion to the figure that stood between themselves and harm.

We should like to see somebody, however, start a "Grandmother's Day." It is our observation that grandmothers have had about as much to do with shaping the lives of most of us as our mothers had. A good many mothers would have made a much poorer job of bringing up their children if there hadn't been a grandmother or two in the background, to give them the benefit of her wisdom gained from the experience of raising a family to maturity.

We hope that everybody who reads this will remember his or her mother with some appropriate gift, however small, on Mother's Day, but let's not forget grandma.

## WHAT A SITUATION

Pitiful indeed is the story which comes out of Washington about the advice given President Hoover by "political friends." These gentlemen, committed to the Hoover cause, have asked the president to give up all thought of going to California this summer on the ground that such a trip would be embarrassing. "If he traveled to California," the story says, "the voters in the towns along the way would expect him to stop and speak. If he did so, his advisers fear that he might be a target for a barrage of embarrassing political questions." Questions, it may be supposed, that would better not be asked if Mr. Hoover is to be re-elected, and questions which simply cannot be answered. It is reported that the president is "veering" toward the view of these advisers.

What a situation! The president of the United States, approaching election, doubts whether he dare go among his people for fear his stewardship will be questioned. And the president's advisers, men who expect to stand with him through thick and thin, have so little faith either in his record or his ability to answer criticism that they urge him to hide out on the Rapidan and conduct his campaign solely by radio, a medium which permits no heckling. — Milwaukee Journal.

Hog's jowl and mixed greens are better than a peace conference.

## A "PEANUT STAND" IN PERSPECTIVE

Americans should thank General Dawes for calling the New York Stock Exchange a "peanut stand." His pungent description may help to break the strange obsession which has kept so many eyes glued to ticker tape in the last few years. The nation might well take to heart his further remark:

It is not what the crowd in Wall Street thinks that controls. It is what the mass of the people think and feel about it, and, take it from me, the mass is feeling better.

A great part of the public has been too much like a fireman who kept so busy watching the steam gauge that he had no time to shovel. And in the case of the stock market, the gauge has not always been even an accurate measure of conditions in the business boiler. Moreover, when the top blew off the gauge in 1929 and \$40,000,000,000 of paper profits evaporated overnight, the fireman got the idea that the boiler had burst and he had lost his coal and water.

General Dawes does well in asking Americans to turn their attention to the essential and non- evaporating wealth of the country and the vast volume of production, distribution and consumption as distinguished from the buying and selling of shares. Recovery will come more quickly if the fireman gives more effort to producing and less to watching the steam. But, abandoning anxious regard of the stock market as a barometer of personal speculation or of national prosperity, the public may find some study of its workings educational.

One opportunity for such study is offered by the current investigation of short selling by a United States Senate committee. It is not the most favorable opportunity that might be devised because politics and prejudice are so largely involved. A better attitude, both of the public and of the stock traders, will be achieved if politicians can stop baiting brokers and exchange officials could drop some of their mystical self-righteousness.

Politicians do positive harm by stirring up excessive fears of ferocious "bear raids," and Wall Street does not help matters by assuming the airs of a charitable institution. Brokers cannot be blamed for a general collapse of values, but neither can they reject all responsibility for giving faulty advice. They did not make the mania for stock trading, but they profited by it and encouraged it.

The stock exchange will avoid drastic and perhaps harmful regulation more readily by admitting that there had been abuses in the past and showing a determination to prevent them in future than it will by maintaining that it is merely a market place and its members merely automatons. And it will allay suspicion and fear if it will lay aside the veil of mystery and give the public a better understanding of how the "peanut stand" operates.

It stacks up about like this: An optimist has no money, and a pessimist won't lend you any.

## RIGHT AND LEFT IN AMERICAN POLITICS

In European politics the word "left" is generally employed to denote progressive principles and trends of thought. Obviously the word "right" is used to denote standstill, conservatism or Toryism.

Broadly speaking, the left concerns itself principally with measures of human welfare while the right concerns itself with vested interests and material things.

Students of American politics observe in current developments a tendency to draw a sharp line between material and strictly human interests. The republican party under Hoover, Coolidge and, lately, under Harding, has displayed an increasing tendency to adhere to tenets of materialism.

The progressive spirit that found expression under Roosevelt and that was kept alive by the elder La Follette has been all but dissipated. The Borahs, the Norrises and others who heired the mantle of the great T. R., have been unable to sustain public interest in the principles he espoused.

While the republican party has been more definitely turning to the right, as the Europeans would say, the human principles that belong to the left have more and more sought expression through the democratic party. But the democratic party of late years has not been the party of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson. It, too, has leaned more to the right than to the left.

But the human principles are eternal, not partisan, and are capable of expression through the medium of any party that offers them sanctuary. It is already a matter of leadership. And because they no longer find lodgement in the party of Hoover, Mellon and Watson, and because they are insistent they now seek expression elsewhere through other leadership.

It is not too much to believe that the insistent urge of human welfare for a restatement and a redramatization that accounts for the swelling tide in the fortunes of the democratic party and the definite swing to the leadership of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And, beyond all question, Roosevelt himself has experienced a definite turning to the left, even within recent weeks. Though the principles of the left are his logical heritage, both by tradition and inclination they are clarifying themselves in mind for application on a broad, national scale.

As frequently stated, the issue of this campaign is "conservatism against liberalism." Hoover is irrevocably identified with the eastern financial community, which is conservative, while Roosevelt more nearly than any other man, typifies the common aspirations of the plain folks of America seek to have translated into terms of law and social order. — Sioux City Tribune.

## THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

We think we live in a complicated age, but more than three hundred years ago everything was just as topsy-turvy as it is today. Robert Burton, who was born in 1576, published a famous book called "The Anatomy of Melancholy" in 1621. And three hundred and eleven years ago he wrote in that book a number of paragraphs which have a very familiar sound in this year of grace, 1932. Here are some of them:

"New news every day. Those ordinary rumors of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, shipwrecks. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances. Then come tidings of weddings, entertainments, embassies, trophies, sports, plays, treasons, robberies, enormous villainies of all kinds, funerals, death of princes, new discoveries and expeditions.

"Our summon bonum is commodity, and the goddess we adore, Dea Moneta, Queen Money.

"So many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ; so much talk of religion, so much science, yet so little conscience.

"To see so many lawyers, yet so little justice; so many laws, yet never more disorders. Lawyers get more to hold their peace than we to say our very best.

"New books every day, pamphlets, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, &c."

Only the very young or the very inexperienced think that there is any material change in human nature and its manifestations from century to century.

## FELLOW SPRING POETS—

Perhaps it will not be decided this season whether the spring poet is an excrescence or a phenomenon. No doubt the crocus would bloom as early, the forsythia shine as sunnily, the birds sing as blithely, if no spring poets were. It may be all the tiny exultations of field and woodland and stream would exult as exultingly though no one watched and waited to preserve the memory of the flutterings in rhyme. Still, would spring be spring without her bards?

It is a small town that has not one spring poet. It is a big town that could hold them all. And it is a wise one that can decide whether to point with pride to, or view with alarm, those of its citizens whom spring has thus smitten. For the information of that mayor, alderman, town clerk, policeman, fireman, dog-catcher or staid resident who does not furtively conceal one of these palpitating poets behind a businesslike countenance, it should be pointed out that the vernal versifiers are positively a necessity to a community's self-respect during the year's whimsical adolescence.

For spring poets are proxies of ourselves. They objectify that part of ourselves which we find it difficult to laugh at, but at which we feel we should. So long as men feel that way, and so long as spring is kind, there will bud with the eagerness of all spring's children these long-suffering chirpers of the quill.

Of course, not all who write poetry in spring can be called spring poets. Some of them are at it the year round. Neither, however, can many who do not write poetry in spring be omitted from the category, for surely these would like to if they thought they could, or if they dared.

Now, since we are agreed that the spring poet is not only a respectable, but an indispensable citizen, why should we not all aspire to his position in the community? No doubt it is a duty. There is no way of telling how many of our neighbors need proxies—and the more to laugh at, the more to laugh with. Somehow, too, one has the feeling that if he does not attempt poetry when the urge of spring is upon him he may never do so. And, verily, 'tis better to have tried to write poetry in the spring than never to have tried it at all.

## COMMON HONESTY

One evil, unless minimized severely, no economic system can stand up under. That evil is fraud. It is the curse of capitalism.

Reported from Stockholm: "A 23 million dollar block of International Match," listed in the assets of Kreuger & Toll, cannot be found. This bears out the recent announcement of irregularities and deceptions in the last official Kreuger & Toll balance sheet for 1931.

Ivan Kreuger was a Swede. Fraud in finance, banking and stock promotion is not peculiarly an American sin. There were enormous frauds committed by Hatry, a company promoter, in unauthorized issues of securities, whose crash preceded our own stock market deflation. Hatry was an Englishman with operating headquarters in London. Since his collapse, notes the financial editor of the Boston Transcript:

"All manner of fraud has been exposed by the relentless shrinkage in security values, including manipulation of collateral by a now defunct brokerage house, and manipulation of industrial accounts. Bank closings have revealed the most questionable practices on the part of bankers individually."

This observation has general application at home as well as abroad. An optimistic turn to the situation is given by the Transcript writer in saying: "Apparently most of the iniquity has been exposed." The word "apparently" indicates that he hopes so, but is not sure.

Such cases as Kreuger & Toll reflect corporate deceit and perjury. The Paris newspaper that printed, in the interest of speculators in foreign exchange, the false report that one of the largest New York banks had suspended payments reflects the unscrupulous gambler in currencies. Banking houses that swindle investors reflect the low morality of the trade in securities.

Blessed be common honesty. Without it nothing in commercial life can survive.

We don't really know whether it was the Big Papa Bear, or the Middle-sized Mamma Bear, or the Little Wee, Tiny Bear that sheared Little Goldilocks in Wall Street, but whichever it was did it effectively.

## FOR SALE

Delco automatic light plant, nearly new. Inquire Robert Patterson, Murray phone 3311. a14-tfw

## 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

The line of cards for Mother's day at the Bates Book & Gift shop is one of the largest that has been brought to this city. Call and make your selection now.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the County Court. In the matter of the estate of Rudolph H. Ramsel, 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 6th day of May, A. D. 1932 and on the 8th day of August, 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 6th day of May, A. D. 1932 and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 6th day of May, 1932. Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 8th day of April, 1932.

A. H. DUXBURY, County Judge. (Seal) a11-3w

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the County Court. In the matter of the estate of John Stuart Livingston, 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 20th day of May, A. D. 1932 and on the 22nd day of August, 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 20th day of May, A. D. 1932, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 20th day of May, 1932. Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 23rd day of April, 1932.

A. H. DUXBURY, County Judge. (Seal) a23-3w

## 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 Margaret Wehrlein, deceased: On reading the petition of John F. Wehrlein praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this court on the 18th day of April, 1932, and for settlement and distribution of said estate and discharge of 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 20th day of May, A. D. 1932, at 10 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 weeks prior to said day of hearing. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court this 18th day of April, A. D. 1932.

A. H. DUXBURY, County Judge. (Seal) a25-3w

## NOTICE OF SALE

In the District Court of Cass county, Nebraska. In the matter of the trusteeship of the estate of Anna Gorder Ploetz, deceased: Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Honorable James T. Begley, Judge of the District Court of Cass county, Nebraska, made on the 12th day of March, 1932, for the sale of real estate hereinafter described for the payment of legacies and expenses of administration under the last will and testament of Anna Gorder Ploetz, deceased, there will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the south door of the Court House at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 30th day of April, 1932, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to-wit:

The east one-half (E½) of the northeast quarter (NE¼) of Section eighteen (18), Township twelve (12), north Range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in Cass county, Nebraska, and an undivided one-half interest in and to Lots two (2), three (3) and four (4), in Block thirty-five (35), in the City of Weeping Water in Cass county, Nebraska.

That the sale will be held open for the period of one hour and that the highest bid will be submitted to the Court for confirmation and approval. Dated this 26th day of March, 1932.

FRANK A. CLOIDT, Trustee of the Estate of Anna Gorder, Ploetz, Deceased. A. L. TIDD, Attorney. m28-5w

# Right on the 1932 Target MORE POWER FOR LESS MONEY

Economies are welcome these days. Here's one. Feed your motor the new STANDARD Red Crown GASOLINE. It will give you more power and more miles per dollar than any ordinary gasoline. Quality is up, but not price.

This is why. STANDARD Red Crown GASOLINE is special non-premium gasoline refined by an improved process which makes it quicker starting and more complete burning. It has a high octane number which indicates a more perfect balance for both power and economy.

Tank up today with STANDARD Red Crown GASOLINE and get more power for less money.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA "A Nebraska Institution"

AT ALL RED CROWN SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE IN NEBRASKA

