

The Plattsmouth Journal

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If there is anything that can travel faster than gossip, it must be misfortune.

"There is a certain amount of luck in bridge," says a writer. A good deal depends on a good deal.

Another thing that has been bothering a local citizen, is what people do with their empty ginger ale bottles.

"There was a contest among the girls at our house last night," said a very droopy-looking young woman today, "to see who could stay out the latest, and I won."

Mary Pickford wouldn't resume an airplane flight because she couldn't get in touch with her astrologer. Mary isn't quite as bright a star as many people think.

A machine to stop and collect enemy bullets has been devised by a Japanese inventor. What is needed now is something to prevent the bullets from being started.

The divorce evil has changed the meaning of some words. For instance, a girl was asked recently if she was unmarried. "Gosh, no," was the reply. "I haven't even been married yet."

A year's observation has convinced the California magistrate who is responsible for stocking one of the jails in his jurisdiction with 1000 books that the inmates are profiting by their sentences.

After all, it's of little advantage to be of an inquisitive frame of mind. Here a while ago we were all agree to learn what a torch singer is. Then one day someone explained it to us and today we've forgotten again.

A Moscow dispatch says baseball will be played this summer in the Park of Culture and Rest. That's raising the great American game to a new high standard. Or perhaps the name of the park will be changed.

We wouldn't like to play with Emily Post's crowd. We don't like the ground rules. She says corn should be held with only one hand while being eaten. The way to eat an ear of corn is to brace your elbows against the table, grasp the corn firmly with both hands, and bend it around your face.

One of our contribs appends a note to his contribution expressing a feeling of embarrassment because he was dressed strictly for comfort while writing his latest message to his public. There's no need for embarrassment, however. He ought to see how some of his readers are dressed when they read his message.

Although Ziegfeld was a glorifier of beauty and probably furnished more millionaires with wives than did any other man, he found time to marry only two of them—Anna Held, who divorced him, and Billie Burke, to whom he had been married the last eighteen years and who was nearing his bedside when the end came.

Still Hot!

Light, cool Shirts and Shorts for these torrid summer days!

All to match the weather and every kind to suit your purse, priced at—

25c 39c 49c



It won't be long now until those who are desirous of becoming servants of the people can go back to work for themselves.

If men really cared about what other men were wearing, perhaps there would be as many men as women attending church.

Too much sleep is as harmful as overwork, according to a writer, but it seems a long time since we heard of a bad case of either.

The ones who really feel the evil of politics are the biographers who wrote books about the dark horses before the Democratic convention.

A Tennessee town had a moral uprising and burned all the bathing suits on the townsite in one bonfire. The blaze, it is reported, was visible at a distance of thirty or forty feet.

A tiny boy and his father passed under the office windows one day last week and the child was begging for something. Finally he said, "Well, daddy, can I have it when the expression is over?"

Money being plentiful and nobody caring what becomes of it, the government is printing a 25-volume history of George Washington at a cost of \$157,975. Probably the sets will go to the congressmen complimentary.

Thousands of empty bottles were found in the Chicago stadium after the Democratic convention adjourned. The explanation must be that the place wasn't cleaned up after the Republican convention the week before.

The idea of a lady decorator that bad wallpaper makes bad tempers is all right, a local gent believes. He says his wife decided the wallpaper is bad and keeps asking for some new, and his temper is getting worse all the time.

It is said that we now are entering the season known as dog days. If some of us don't fill the cellar with potatoes, canned fruits and preserves, dog days will start about the middle of November and last until turnip greens time.

In this progressive age when so much is being said about farm boards, trade boards, bank boards and town boards especially, townships, seem to be forgetting the possibilities contained in the old reliable dough board.

Here's a new one—congress has appropriated \$15,000 to salary for a man to go to Europe to look around and see what he can find out about tobacco. Considering that this country knows more about tobacco now than Europe will ever find out, it ought to be a real snap.

It is a curious and little-known fact that Napoleon narrowly escaped being born an Englishman. France and England had long been wrangling about the possession of Corsica, and only a few months before the birth of the great Napoleon in 1769 the matter had been settled in favor of France.

The grand old game of passing the buck is on the decline, declares a writer who believes that hard times have led people to a habit of checking things up squarely to responsible persons. The explanation probably is that when people once get hold of a buck in hard times they are reluctant to let it go again.

Can you remember (and no offense intended) the caps popular for small boys' wear during the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896? The G. O. P. caps bore a band across the front proclaiming "McKinley and Hobart" in black letters on a gold field; while the Democratic little boys' caps were for "Bryan and Sewell" on a silver field; the gold and silver question was paramount in 1896. Those were the days when people really got out and tried to save the country in campaign times.

COMMISSARS AND BOARD OF TRADE

The farce of a hearing before an administrative board of political appointees having been gone through, the rights of the Chicago Board of Trade and its members are now to be tested in the only place they ever should have been tested: In open court.

To anyone schooled in the traditional theory of American government, the forms which have been gone through thus far in the board of trade case almost pass credibility. The government has an agency known as the farm board which uses the taxpayers' money to gamble in grain. The board of trade has permitted the farm board to enjoy the privileges of the exchange, but at length comes to the conclusion that the agencies through which the farm board has been operating have not complied with the rules of the exchange or of the grain marketing act and thereupon withdraws those privileges.

The law vests in the secretary of agriculture the right to license markets in which future contracts can be bought and sold. He may also withdraw a license after a hearing before a commission consisting of himself, the attorney general and the secretary of commerce, all of them political appointees, all of them directly responsible to the wishes of the president who appoints them. Such an administration board might be impartial, might respect individual rights, might even have a proper knowledge of what private rights are. But such a board of commissars might, with much greater probability, be expected to act as political expediency and the lust for power dictate. To subject the private affairs of American citizens to the whims, the ambitions and caprices of such a trial board is a perversion of justice, a denial of constitutional liberty so gross as to appear fantastic.

The absurdity is heightened when the action of the administrative board is observed in connection with the complaint against the board of trade. The farm board wants its agencies to enjoy the privileges of the exchange and its clearing house. The remedy, if one is required, would plainly be to require the board to extend those privileges. Instead, the new tyranny dictates that the board of trade itself must be destroyed and the livelihood of its members, not to mention the farmers, cut off.

Tyranny is the abuse of power at the expense of the citizen by his government. It is no less tyranny when the tyrant is not a king but an administrative official appointed by a president. Fortunately, our constitutional defenses against oppression have not wholly broken down. The commissars do not yet have the final word. That is still the province of the courts.—Chicago Tribune.

THE END OF SECRECY

The secrecy which attached to loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been a scandal from the beginning. We are glad congress has ended it, despite qualifications.

The great sums being doled out of the federal treasury through the corporation are the people's money, and they have every right to know who are getting it. If publicity is sometimes prejudicial to the borrower, as we can well believe, it is a thousand times more prejudicial to the public interest to keep the loans secret.

The Post-Dispatch has insisted from the outset that no secrecy should conceal the operations of the corporation. It is not surprised to observe that whereas only a few voices were raised against shoveling the people's money out under cover before the rush began, many people, including most of the members of congress, think now that publicity is safer.

We are sorry Mr. Hoover, who sided in the debate with the powerful interests which fought publicity, could not agree that the utmost publicity is the best possible guarantee against abuse of the great lending power placed in the hands of the corporation.

We said before a dollar was loaned that the men charged with this great responsibility could not afford to lend themselves to suspicion that favoritism, or even politics, is sometimes a factor in making such loans, to which we imagine they assent. Certainly it has not been pleasant for them to hear the criticisms of the \$9 million dollar loan to General Dawes' Chicago bank after we had acted as chairman of the board.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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

IOWA MAN SURVEYS THE SEAT OF GREED

Recently an Iowa business man stood with his 14-year-old son atop the dome of the Empire building in New York. At their feet lay the great metropolis. Across the Hudson they could see Jersey City and the great industrial ports of New Jersey. Bridgeport, Conn., was visible in the distance. By use of binoculars they could see the dim outline of towns and cities in Massachusetts.

And as they stood there, surveying the impressive panorama about them, the Iowan spoke to his son about as follows:

From this point, son, we can observe the heart and nerve center of financial and industrial America. We can see almost to the limits of the small area into which has been concentrated the bulk of the power and liquid wealth of the nation. You see here the seat of greed and selfishness.

"In this little area are gathered the so-called 'best minds' whose thoughts and policies have dominated the government and business of the nation for the last 12 years, bringing ruin, hunger and want to all this great nation."

"The American people now are engaged in electing a new president and a new congress. Almost, one might say, the issue is between the interests of this little spot we see and the rest of this great land of which we are all so proud. It doesn't seem right, and it isn't right, but it nevertheless is true. Their interests are not our interests out in Iowa. Their thoughts are not our thoughts. Their ways are not our ways."

That is just a paraphrase of course, but it reflects the impressions of a thoughtful man with a keen sense of proportions and an evident flair for dramatics. And he knew whereof he spoke, for from "the seat of greed" as he termed New York, has emanated the invisible power that controls government and shapes the affairs and selfishness.

Let the people of these prairie states contemplate this man's vision and the moral he drew from it. Let them reflect upon the relationship between the great farm regions and the restricted money center. Let them decide which party and which candidate speaks for the interests of the prairies and which speaks for "the seat of greed."—Sioux City Tribune.

CARELESSNESS IS STILL FATAL

Individual carelessness still remains the most destructive factor in injury and death from industrial accidents. A report compiled by the state department of labor shows that falls rank first as a cause of deaths and second as a cause of injury. In a minor proportion of instances faulty construction, such as improperly designed stairs, narrow window sills, lack of protective devices at openings in walls and floors, is to blame. In by far the greater number of instances personal heedlessness is at fault.

This may be carelessness of a person injured or of another. An opening in the floor of a building under construction was left unguarded until after a workman had fallen through it to his death. For lack of a proper platform on which to perform his work, a mechanic got on a box eighteen inches high to repair an auto top; the box tipped over; the man's head struck the concrete floor; he was killed. A butcher entering an ice box for meat slipped on a piece of fat, fell and was fatally injured. A watchman stepped on a loose timer, which turned over; a driver cranking his automobile without taking the trouble to observe it was in gear was crushed against the wall of the garage; an electrician carelessly put his feet where a slip brought him into contact with a highly charged feeder wire; in each of these accidents death was the penalty.

Although makers of machinery strive constantly to devise new safety devices, they are unable to foresee and prevent accidents. A bulletin of the labor department puts it: "There is no essential difference between the heaviest printing press and a sewing machine as regards accidents, except in the size and degree of damage." Employers should not only make sure that machinery is equipped with every possible safety device, but they should also see to it that the instruction of each worker in accident prevention is continuous and persistent.—From the New York Sun.

When a saleswoman says to a woman to whom she is showing dresses, "the lines are good for you," that settles it; the customer is fat.

WHERE'S MARK HANNA AND WHERE THE FAT

The presidential campaign will not be actively under way, except as to the preliminary preparation, for another month. There have been no polls, as yet, to indicate the run of voter opinion. Men active in politics have their own private ways, however, of measuring the currents of public opinion. The betting fraternity, for one, never sets out to fool itself. No matter who is to win, the gambler wants his money on the winning side. There is, therefore, some significance, though not the greatest, to Friday's report of Wall Street odds of 7 to 5 on Roosevelt, the democratic candidate.

National Committeeman Julian of Ohio declares himself ready to undertake an undertaking to pile up a 350 thousand plurality for Roosevelt in Ohio. The majorities two years ago for Senator Bulkeley and Governor White give credence to the prediction. But Ohio goes democratic on state elections with much more ease than when the presidency is at stake. Electing democratic governors in Ohio is, indeed, almost a habit, while Ohio's vote for Woodrow Wilson in 1916 stands out as an extraordinary departure from the rule. If Ohio is to go for Roosevelt, we may as well admit that the reported odds of 7 to 5 are sound.

The logic of the situation, of course, favors the democratic claim. The times argue for change. The voters can fairly reason that, pretty much regardless of what they get by change, they cannot be worse off than as they are. The frying pan is so hot that there is no fear of any fire. There is the matter of swapping horses midstream; but there are some horses, it can be answered, that should be swapped even on the way over Niagara Falls. There has been a preponderance of report from people who cruise about the country to the effect that the tide is running as National Committeeman Julian says it is. There should be no surprise in that.

But it is not always the candidate who seems ahead in July who turns up with the votes in November. It has always been judged that in the summer of 1896 William J. Bryan had the votes to make him president. How Marcus A. Hanna tried out the fat to the tune of the largest campaign fund ever, up to that time, even dreamed of, and by the most effective voting of cash the world had ever seen nosed Bryan out, is now a commonplace of political history. But where is the Mark Hanna for the party of Herbert Hoover now? And if the Mark Hanna were to be had, where is the fat to fry?—Dayton News.

HEAT

There is some consolation in the assurance that summer heat, even in its extremes, is good for most of us. While excessive heat may be dangerous to the weak or to those unduly exposed to it, we are told that the normal person can stand a lot of it without harm, and perhaps with substantial benefit.

But such assurances do not make us happy when we are drenched with perspiration, when the trees are like painted pictures for lack of breeze, when sleep refuses to anesthetize us against our miseries, and when the heat has been sufficiently prolonged to penetrate almost everywhere, leaving us no place of refuge, even when we are free to seek it.

One of the effects of torturing heat waves should be to make the world safer for democracy; it treats everybody the same, and we all suffer in common. It should make us more sympathetic with one another and more responsive to suffering in general. It should do that, but isn't it more likely to make us so heat-conscious that we become irritable and unreasonable and even unsympathetic? Sometimes it seems so. If extreme heat has its uses, the uses must be physical; there are no evidences that they are mental or spiritual.

One of the things the government has not yet done for us is to gather statistics on swearing with respect to degrees of heat and cold. But in due time the sociologists of the bureaucracy doubtless will supply the important figures, and then we shall find, by consulting them, along with the accompanying graphs, that in the latter part of June and in July and August the volume of realistic language takes a sweeping upward course. If, perchance, the heat wave is interrupted by cool days, the graph will show a precipitous downward shoot, almost as if expression had ceased.

Until we have access to authentic statistics on heat behavior, probably we should take with some allowance the contention that heat—that is, hot heat—is good for us.

PEOPLE MUST RUN COUNTRY

"After all," said a cynic, "the people have to be ruled by somebody. The choice is between their being ruled by those who want money and will get it by exploiting them or by those who want votes and will get them by fooling voters. It is rule by 'special interests' or by demagogues. Of the two evils I prefer the special interests."

But is that the choice? Certainly it is, if we will neither care nor think. The exploiters can put up campaign funds, organize political committees and secure the services of expert propagandists. They will rule us for their profit if we are lazy enough to let them.

Or if in reaction against them we get too excited the demagogue puts in his work. He is prefervid in his expressions of sympathy with the less fortunate, but very vague about what he will do for them. Or he offers them quick remedies which promise them what they want, but could not be fulfilled. In the guise of food he presents them bait. If we are indolent enough for the one or gullible enough for the other they will save us the trouble of ruling ourselves.

The remedy, then, is in ourselves. Democracy will work if we work it. Everything else will work whether we work it or not. The electric light will come on when you push the button and you do not need to know how or why. The water flows at the turn of the faucet. Under our mechanized society and the division of labor most of life is that way. But not government. That, under a democracy, will be run by and for the people if the people are willing to take the trouble to do it. If they do not, somebody else will run it by and for himself. The test is of the people.—From the San Francisco Chronicle.

HIGHWAYS FOR THE PUBLIC

The right of a state to act as it deemed fit to protect its investment, a public investment, in its highways would seem to be obvious. That is the right recognized and sustained in the unanimous decision of the court of appeals that New York state may erect screens on the right of ways of highways to obscure unsightly billboards or advertising signs that would tend to attract the attention of motorists and interfere with safe driving. The placing of screens of lattice work or the planting of trees and shrubbery as protection against commercialization of public highways is to be effective in a growing war against roadside ugliness and for promotion of safety.

Perhaps it will not be necessary in a large number of cases to defend such procedure in court; but the decision in the New York case is encouraging as to the outcome when the test is made. There can be no doubt that, although the billboard or other objectionable sign may be erected on private property, the plain intent is to take an unfair advantage of the public's use of a highway. That condition the courts more and more have come to recognize in their liberal opinions on the matter.

AMELIA RESTS AT OMAHA

Omaha.—Twice conqueror of the broad Atlantic, Amelia Earhart Putnam is vacationing in the sky.

She flew into Omaha late Sunday from New York City, enroute to the Olympic games at Los Angeles. With her was her cousin, Miss Lucy Chellis of Atchison, Kas., and Gene Vidal, vice president of an eastern seaboard airline.

"It's too warm, even for flying," Mrs. Putnam explained in announcing the party would remain here overnight. She explained that she is taking a brief vacation after her two recent record breaking exploits, the solo Atlantic flight and the launching of a new woman's record for a west-east transcontinental hop. Incongruously, her "vacation" consists chiefly of flying.

SEEK ELMER SATTERLEY

Auburn, Neb.—Officers are searching for Elmer Satterley, forty-two, of Brock, Neb., who disappeared last Wednesday. He left here for Nebraska City with a load of beans which he delivered to a canning factory. He collected money for the beans and then disappeared. Relatives fear foul play since he was carrying the money received for the beans.

Satterley is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs about 148 pounds. He has sandy hair and has tattoo marks on his body, one being an American flag. He has a wife and three children and is a member of the Auburn post of the American Legion.

Leroy Stohlman Marries Popular Capital City Girl

Church Wedding Unites Son of Former Louisville Residents and Miss Clara Johnson.

A beautiful church wedding which occurred in Lincoln on Sunday, July 9, at Trinity Lutheran church, was of great interest to the Louisville friends of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stohlman, of 3402 P street, Lincoln, former prominent farmers of this vicinity, when their second son, Leroy, was married to Miss Clara Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Clara Johnson, of Vine street, in that city at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The impressive ceremony was conducted by Rev. Theodore Hartman, pastor of the Immanuel Lutheran church at Louisville, who was formerly the pastor of the Stohlman family when they lived here. Miss Martha Stohlman, sister of the groom acted as maid of honor and Miss Heral Hedcock was bridesmaid. Rex Touzalin and Betty Larson of Omaha were flower children and Robert Stohlman carried the ring.

Edward Stohlman, brother of the groom, was best man and the ushers were Martin Stohlman, brother of the groom and Arthur Johnson, brother of the bride.

The gowns of the young ladies of the bridal party were exquisite and with palms and ferns with baskets of flowers adding to the beauty of the affair. A reception was held later at the home of the bride's mother.

The bride is a charming young business woman of Lincoln and the groom is a rising young attorney at law. He has met with splendid success in his chosen profession and his many friends here have felt much interest and pride in his career. They will have the best wishes and heartiest congratulations of their host of Cass county friends for future happiness and success. They will go to housekeeping at 2145 South 35th street, in Lincoln. Their honeymoon trip will be to the Black Hills.—Louisville Courier.

Business goes where it is invited. Merchants who advertise are the ones who "sell the goods" nowadays. Let the Journal assist you in keeping up sales volume during the coming year.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.
In the County Court.
In the matter of the estate of John F. Gorder, deceased.
To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified, that I will sit at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 19th day of August, A. D. 1932 and on the 21st day of November, 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 19th day of August, A. D. 1932, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 19th day of August, 1932.
Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 22nd day of July, 1932.
A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.
(Seal) J25-3w

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 Robert Willis, deceased:
On reading the petition of Owen Willis praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this Court on the 21st day of July, 1932, and for final assignment of the residue of said estate, and for his discharge as Administrator 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 19th day of August, 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 21st day of July, A. D. 1932.
A. H. DUXBURY,
County Judge.
(Seal) J25-3w

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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