

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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It occurs that the Democratic search for the "forgotten man" may lead to John J. Raskob.

Someone tells us that a porch swing will go 40,000 miles on a can of axle grease and no gasoline.

Industrial items which the newspapers are printing these days have the look of smile posts on the road to recovery.

If the real article comes back, will there be sentimentalists who complain it isn't like the beer that father used to make?

"Bootleggers aren't making a decent living now."—Volstead. There are those who think they never did make a decent living.

Amelia Earhart's flying from coast to coast every now and then is evidently her idea of coming home and settling down after an Atlantic flight.

Gene Tunney will enter the political arena as a Democratic speaker. Now if the Republicans can recruit Dempsey, there ought to be a right lively argument.

"She's the kind of a woman," a Great Bend friend remarked, according to the Tribune, "who is scared stiff of what the neighbors will say, and for that reason she hasn't a moment's peace, nor can she think for herself."

"Spain has a surplus of women and no farm board to buy them up," says the Jewell Republican.

"Will give party, fond of dogs, use of home for a month," says an advertisement. Never mind the dogs—when is the party?

What this country needs is a return to the old-fashioned paths. The new ones have led many persons astray in recent years.

As we understand the pathetic appeal of Charlie Chaplin, he wants his children to be normal children, but not to be too normal when they're grown.

Next to a head-on crash with a truck, nothing brings an absent-minded motorist out of his reverie so quickly and completely as a smell of burning wool.

A descendant of Alexander Hamilton is now running for office in New York or somewhere. You will recall Mr. Hamilton—he was the best secretary of the treasury before Andrew Mellon.

An Illinois college announces that it will accept livestock, grain or other farm products as cash in payment of tuition. Probably this system will not spread among the bigger colleges, however. It's all right to pay the faculty members in produce, but in most cases the football team will demand cash.

Who says prosperity isn't contagious? Right on the heels of the advance in hog prices comes increased activity in the pig iron market.

A woman in Massachusetts has just divorced a husband who had previously divorced her. Still determined to have the last word, we suppose.

"Married men ought to wear something to indicate plainly that they are married," says a novelist. They generally do—the suit they bought the year before last.

Who remembers when people were so honest they didn't need cash registers? And who remembers when the farmer always kept a horse and buggy for the hired man?

George Bernard Shaw says that within thirty centuries children will talk as soon as they are born, which makes us rejoice more than ever that we live in the good old days.

Vice-President Curtis is an Indian and Speaker Garner is a cowboy. Unless a lot of literature is inconceivably false, what is going to happen to Uncle Charles is just too bad.

Certain African tribes require that a man to be eligible to marry must be able to run, jump, swim, and fight. These items evidently are listed in the order of their importance.

An early snow is reported in the Rocky Mountains, dated August 30. The "Springtime in the Rockies" that the once popular song informed us about may be looked for around Thanksgiving, we guess.

We hope and trust that the eclipse was a success in New England, where elaborate preparations had been made for it. As for the territory farther West, we feel pretty good over the outcome, since we traded an eclipse worth about \$10 for a million-dollar rain.

If everyone had the optimism of some of the brewers there would be no depression. It is stated that several breweries are making real beer, and will age and keep it so there will be a plentiful supply when the alcoholic content of beer is declared by congress.

A local man is in trouble. His wife found a note on him which said, "Come to the straw stack on Blank's farm Friday night and you will find one gal there for you on the north side." He can't convince her that it was a gallon of whisky instead of some other woman.

We saw a man and his wife who were strangers to us, the other day, and then saw them for not more than a moment, still we know them for a couple who get along well. As they started to leave a drug store she stopped him, and asked him whether he did not wish to buy himself a cigar.

PAVING THE WAY TO EDUCATION

The little red schoolhouse, more often scarred of paint than not and woefully lacking in teaching facilities, holds a pleasant memory for many who learned their Three R's within its single room. Their children hear of the three-mile walk through winter's snows and summer's dusty roads, of "sums" written on slates, and of first visions of the outside world being unfolded from the pages of McGuffey's Readers.

But many of these people, should they venture to seek one of these early educational institutions, would be amazed to find that the muddy or dusty road they once trudged has been paved, and—alackaday—the little red schoolhouse bell no longer calls pupils from neighboring farms. Modern highways have improved transportation to such an extent that the little red schoolhouse is a vanishing American institution. In its place, the red and yellow school bus takes pupils from a twenty-mile radius to a consolidated rural school. There the facilities, at least, for a better education may be provided at lower cost, according to a recent survey.

North Carolina, for example, increased its modern highways by 2311 miles between 1924 and 1930 and abandoned 1539 one-room schools as an indirect result of the improvement. Over the same period Indiana witnessed the passing of 1402 little one-room schools and a gain of 2226 miles of paved road. Other states show similar though less pronounced change, and the trend continues.

Let the little red schoolhouse, then, live in glamorous memory, for it has served its purpose well in giving the boon of literacy to rural America and will continue to flourish in isolated districts. But who will regret its passing, with the way being paved to still better education?

A LEADER, AT LAST!

The country is rapidly getting a clearer view of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And the better it sees him the better it likes him. The better it sees him and the better it likes him the more surely the breath of hope begins to flutter in its nostrils and the pulse of courage to throb once again in its arteries. For here, coming over the brow of its mountain of troubles, is a figure alive and vital, a man of conviction and high resolve—a leader, at last, after so many years of waiting.

It is not strange that many, at the time of his nomination, saw Franklin D. Roosevelt through a mist darkly. It was a lame man they saw—perhaps a hopeless invalid. It was a man weak and irresolute, timid, a compromiser, a self-seeker. A man not strong enough, physically, mentally, spiritually, to be president in such days of trial and stress as these. A man greedily ambitious whom clever politicians were foisting upon the democratic party at a time it should be summoning as its standard bearer the ablest, the bravest, the strongest, the most trustworthy of all the notable galaxy of leaders at its disposal.

Many saw Roosevelt so, in that light, because it was so he was cunningly painted for them as clever, as unscrupulous, as systematic and well organized a campaign of personal detraction as has ever, in so short a time, disgraced American politics. In the glare of its lurid and distorted misrepresentations there was all but lost to sight the real man, who had served so brilliantly and ably under Woodrow Wilson; who had so greatly distinguished himself in successive national conventions of his party and in its hard-fought campaigns; whose record as governor of New York was so luminous and outstanding; whose personal strength and popularity in the Empire state had broken down party lines; and whose gallant fight back to health from a terrible affliction had evidenced a stamina and will power that commanded a nation's admiration.

How absurd the slanders to which he was subjected are coming now to appear, in the light of succeeding developments following his nomination!

And, with true retributive justice, as the contrast between what he was painted and what he is reveals itself, how destructively the slanders are receding on the heads of those who gave them currency!

In his dramatic speech before the Chicago convention; in his quiet, earnest talk on his party's platform; in his speech at Columbus where, with merciless logic, he dissected the record of the Hoover administration; in his Seagirt discussion of the prohibition issue; in his handling of the Walker hearing at Albany—in these successive appearances, surely, convincingly, Governor Roosevelt has gone far to make the nation familiar with his qualities.

And it is a strong man that stands revealed—a strong man in an hour when strength of leadership was never more seriously needed.

To our own mind perhaps the most impressive thing about the Roosevelt qualities is the admirable manner in which cool-headedness, poise, self-control, are combined with a high order of courage, serene confidence in his faith and purpose, and a resolute will to carry them forward. Here is a man of the people, though of wealth and aristocratic lineage, in which there is no taint of demagoguery. He is a constructive democrat. He believes in Jefferson's creed. He is a devoted champion of popular government and its mission. He is an enemy of class and privilege in the seats of power. But he peddles no nostrums, no patent medicines. He resorts to no quackery. He is no self-proclaimed miracle man.

Because he has faith in the people he is transparently candid with them. His words require no interpreter. There are never too sides as to their meaning.

Because he has faith in his own policies and ideas he is glad to put them naked before the country.

He isn't afraid of a fight. He doesn't dread it and shrink from it. He isn't sullen and resentful in the face of criticism, even though it is untrue or unjust. He goes into battle with a smile on his lips, a certain winning gaiety of spirit that marks the warrior, or the prophet, who esteems his cause greater than himself.

A man with definite and constructive ideas; a man cool and self-disciplined; a fighting man, stout of heart and will; a man clear headed and forward looking, whose mental processes are limpid, never muddy; a man who believes, in all honesty and sincerity, in our American form and theory of government; a man

who frankly hates the privileges, the injustices, the usurpations that have brought so much distress in their train, and who discloses himself as their unsparring enemy—where could the democratic party have found a braver champion, a more inspiring leader?—World-Herald.

MR. HOOVER'S GUESS IS THE SAME OLD THING

"We are convinced that we have overcome the major financial crisis," Mr. Hoover tells the conference of business heads called to Washington. It would be easy to go back and list the many times in which Mr. Hoover has missed with similar prophecies. But that would be unkind, and we shall all hope that this time he has guessed right.

It would be easy, too, to go over numerous similar speeches by Mr. Hoover during this depression, to other conferences, in which the words "co-ordinate" and "co-operate" predominated, and to show how little these overworked words have meant. That also would be unkind, and we shall all hope that this time "co-ordinate" and "co-operate" will produce something.

It would be unkind to bring up these things, because Mr. Hoover, sincere as are his efforts, simply doesn't seem to understand. Again he digs up every little revolution everywhere in an effort to establish his contention that this trouble we are in is everybody's fault but our own. Mr. Hoover cannot, or will not see that the policy pursued by this country beginning with the Harding administration is a policy that was certain to bring us to a smash-up.

That policy is one of choking off world trade; of lending money to Europe for the purchase of our farm and manufacturing surpluses, but of not buying back from these foreign customers of ours enough to allow them to pay what they had borrowed. Inevitably the day came when American lenders had to stop sending more money overseas, and the result was a backing up of our surpluses in the home market with the general crash that followed.

Inevitably that policy was followed by retaliatory tariffs and trade regulations against our goods. The latest retaliation has just been agreed upon at the British empire conference in Canada. There will be a further restriction of purchases of American farm products and manufactured goods by members of the far-flung British empire. And Mr. Hoover's impossible suggestion now, as set forth in his acceptance speech, is to lend Europe some more money by canceling the war debts and loading that colossal sum on the American taxpayer.

There will be no sound and lasting prosperity in this country until we enter into agreements of trade reciprocity with the world. To do this, we do not need to give our shirts away. We shall, however, have to make some concessions—concessions that the Grundys and the Mellons who have dominated Mr. Hoover's policy will not like. These agreements will give the smaller business man a fighting chance to get back on his feet.

With all the money made available by congress, some pick-up should be felt in numerous localities. What this country wants, though, is a cure that will return our economic body to a healthy condition, not merely a readjustment of the pillow beneath the patient's head.—Milwaukee Journal.

Mayor Cermak of Chicago reports that conditions are improving in his town so rapidly that the time the big fair opens there next year Chicago will be the safest city in the country. Well, we advise the mayor not to overdo it. Many who go to Chicago next year will be looking for thrills, and if word gets out that there aren't any, they'll spend their vacations in Philadelphia, Estes Park or Lyons, Kas.

One of the main troubles we have with driving, especially on Sunday afternoon, long about dark, is sonny boy out with the family car giving his sweetie a ride. The trouble with sonny boy is that he usually is driving with one hand, at about five miles an hour and the car weaves from one side of the road to the other.

The long ordeal at Albany is telling on Mayor Jimmy Walker, according to eyewitnesses, and he has the appearance of being on the verge of another nervous breakdown. For one unaccustomed to long detention in the rigorous climate of New York state, Jimmy has stood up wonderfully well.

Borah might call a world parley of his own and see how the other countries feel about it.

Journal Want-Ads get results!

Reduced Prices

In line with the times, we have greatly reduced our shop labor prices effective at once. Now—

You can have your work done in a modern shop by skilled mechanics at prices no higher than the alley garage.

WHY TAKE A CHANCE? Ask us for an Estimate

Combination Wash and Grease Job for \$1.50



Plattsmouth Motor Co. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

PANTS BUTTONS AND THE PRICE OF WHEAT

Expenditures of the federal department of agriculture in the 1932 fiscal year total \$18 million dollars. Combined value of the 1932 wheat and oats crops is estimated at 345 million dollars. Figure it yourself. At 30 cents a bushel, the average farm price, the estimated 750 million bushels of wheat is worth 225 million dollars. Total, 345 million dollars. Contrast this with \$18 million dollars, the total disbursements of Secretary Hyde's department. The resulting sensation may prove sickening.

These figures, offered to a radio audience by the editor of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, illustrates the ends to which bureaucracy dares to go even in periods of dire depression.

Nor does this huge expenditure take into account the millions of dollars it cost the postoffice department to transport around the country such bulletins as No. 52 of the federal bureau of home economics, department of agriculture, which tells the depressed farm mother, or perhaps her city cousin, just how Junior can be taught to button his pants.

The bulletin offers a design for a very simple garment for the little lad and continues: "It is suggested that, until a child has become thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of buttons and buttonholes, all his trousers be made from the same pattern, with fastenings in the same place."

The Portland Oregonian "resents instructions from Secretary Hyde as to the art of pants buttoning. Says the western critic: "Now we ask you, haven't affairs come to a pretty state when the federal government thinks it must teach us freeborn American people how to button our pants?"

The answer is that an instructor should be allowed to teach that with which he is most familiar. It is better for the department of agriculture to promulgate and distribute nursery pamphlets, than to spend all its \$18 million dollars trying to stabilize and merchandise 225 million dollars worth of wheat.

The tragedy of the huge disbursements by government bureaus lies in the fact that the taxpayer who supports them otherwise could purchase any of a thousand products made in or grown around Toledo and furnish employment at a time when city finances are cracking under the burdens of providing food to the unemployed.

Thus does Washington bureaucracy run riot.—Toledo Blade.

BREAK WITH MRS. HUTTON

Des Moines.—Thirty-two ministers of the Iowa and Minnesota divisions have voted to withdraw from the international church of the Four Square Gospel, Rev. John Richey, divisional official announced. The ministers also decided to break all affiliation with Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, leader of the denomination, Richey said. "Certain widespread publicity" and policies of the international church's leadership were given as the reasons for the withdrawal. The publicity has brought "undue reproach" upon the work, Richey declared.

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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

OMAHA DETECTIVE KILLED

Omaha.—Detective Sergeant Lloyd Bolar was fatally injured shortly after noon Friday when the car he was riding in, alone, crashed with a street car. Bolar died in an ambulance en route to a hospital. Bolar formerly was head of the auto theft bureau. Recently he had been working the Harry Lapidus murder mystery. The crash came when Bolar attempted to pass another car. He was driving at a high speed and his auto met the street car headon.

SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss. Pursuant to an order entered in the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, in the case entitled, The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. M. Balthazor, Defendant, I will sell at the South Front Door of the Court House at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon on the 10th day of September, 1932, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, one Ford Coupe, Model, 1928, Motor No. A 92595. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, August 6th, 1932.

ED W. THIMGAN, Sheriff of Cass County, Nebraska.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Pursuant to an order of the District Court entered in the case entitled State of Nebraska vs. Leonard Glover and one Studebaker, Model 1924, Motor No. 110294-4 (D12 18), on the 9th day of August, 1932, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, one Studebaker Touring Car, 1924 Model, Motor No. 110294-4 (D12 18), the property of Leonard Glover, at ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 17th day of September, 1932, at the south front door of the court house, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

ED W. THIMGAN, Sheriff of Cass County, Nebraska.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the County Court. In the matter of the estate of Clarence W. Fleschman, 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 23rd day of September, 1932, and on the 24th day of December, 1932, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, to 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 23rd day of September, A. D. 1932, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 23rd day of September, 1932.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 26th day of September, 1932.

A. H. DUXBURY, County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss. In the County Court. In the matter of the estate of Don C. Rhoden, 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 23rd day of September, A. D. 1932, and on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each day to 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 23rd day of September, A. D. 1932, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 23rd day of September, 1932.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 26th day of August, 1932.

A. H. DUXBURY, County Judge.

SHERIFF'S SALE

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss. By virtue of an Order of Sale issued by C. E. Ledgway, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1932, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day at the south front door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate, to-wit:

Lot five (5) and six (6) in Block seventy-three (73) in the City of Plattsmouth, as surveyed, platted and recorded, Cass county, Nebraska—

The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Ray G. McMaken and Glenn Viola McMaken, husband and wife, defendants, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by The Standard Saving and Loan Association of Omaha, Nebraska, plaintiff against said defendants.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska, August 9th, A. D. 1932.

ED W. THIMGAN, Sheriff Cass County, Nebraska.

HERE are your Hinky-Dinky VALUES



Ad for Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6 and 7

- FANCY SMOKED Picnic Hams lb. 7½¢
- Fresh Meaty Quality. Delicious with Dressing or Barbecued.
- Spare Ribs lb. 5½¢
- Select Center Cuts only—cut any thickness desired.
- Pork Chops lb. 10¢
- Old's Old Style. See quality. Delicious warm or cold.
- Bologna per Ring 5¢
- Schobert's Famous Brand in Bulk.
- Peanut Butter 2 lbs. 15¢
- Van Camp's Medium Cans PORK & BEANS Limit 6 cans. Each 4¢
- Del Monte Tick Tock No. 10 Pineapple or Peaches "Gallon" Cans 39¢
- CAMAY SOAP or Kirk's Hardwater Castile. 3 bars for 14¢
- MARSHMALLOWS 1-lb. Glassine Bag for only 12¢
- Minky-Dinky COFFEE, Best for the money, lb. 20¢
- Minky-Dinky FLOUR, 24-lb. bag, 53¢; 48-lb. 89¢
- PEACHES No. 1 Colorado Elberta Freestone, Bushel Bskt., \$1.89
- BANANAS Firm Yellow Ripe Lb. 5¢

GOLD MEDAL Kitchen Tested Flour 48 lb. \$1.19 Bag,

BLUE RIBBON MALT Plain or Hop Flavored 3 lb. can 49¢