

President to Broadcast

Washington, June 5, U.P.—President Roosevelt will address delegates of the forty four nations who have just concluded deliberations at the Hot Springs Virginia Food Conference at 4:15 P.M. c.w.t. Monday, The White House announced today. The speech was expected to deal with conference recommendations and food planning. It will be broadcast to the nation.

Buy War Bonds

Weeping Water

G. R. Binger, Mr. and Mrs. John Bolze and son Roger, and Mrs. S. D. Litton were at Wilbur on Memorial day. Mrs. Litton remained there for a longer visit with relatives.

Mrs. F. A. Hacker (Gertrude Cole) visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cole, on Memorial Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Johnson was a week end visitor at Omaha with friends.

Word of the death of Charles Beach, 77, at Lincoln, Tuesday, came as a shock to the pioneers of this community, who had known the members of the family when they lived in Cass county, first on a farm near Wabash, then later they moved to Weeping Water.

The sympathy of friends in this community is extended to the widow in her saddest hour.

The Dorcas Circle, of the Christian Church, held one of their well known Birthday Luncheons, today (Thursday) at the home of Mrs. John Reike.

Mrs. Fred Hike and three children, were visitors at the Clifford Cooper home, Friday.

How about that garden? We have been asked several times lately I believe that I have never explained that this garden plot was flooded so badly, last summer that it was thought to be ruined forever. That is why everyone is so interested in its welfare. When the paving was laid on Eldora Avenue, dirt was filled in north of the garden, leaving a waterway which runs diagonally through this garden, washing out the asparagus bed, the rhubarb bed, and everything else in its path. Three fruit trees were taken, also, leaving a deep hole in the north side. The man who has it this summer was told all this. He has rolled stones down from the huge pile of dirt which was filled in, and dug deep trenches, hoping to carry off future floods. Just row after row of peas are in bloom. Carrots, onions, spinach, lettuce, beets, are on level ground. Tomatoes are staked and are growing rapidly. Sweet potatoes are ditched so as to hold all water at their roots. Cabbage is sprayed, and flowers are planted along the edges. The west end of the garden slopes upward. There beans are planted on contour rows, to hold the rain, and back of them are several rows of glads. There are no weeds in this garden, and every plant is kept sprayed. It is a beautiful sight, and will be much more beautiful when plants have grown larger. It is now a question of whether, or not, the newly built dam will hold if a heavy rain comes. It is hard to believe our eyes when we view the picture there today, after viewing the wreck of last summer, which was the benefit which we derived from the paving.

The Jolly Homemakers entertained at a party Wednesday afternoon for a former member, who is visiting here this week, Mrs. Owen Runyon, of St. Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tankersley left Wednesday morning for a visit with their two daughters, one at Salem, Oregon, and one at Portland, Oregon. Before returning home they will also visit their son Keith, at Camp Kerns, Utah. They were accompanied by their daughter Shirley, and their son Larry. Ray Tankersley, Jr., is already on the west-coast coast.

The annual picnic dinner of the Congregational Church, will be held Sunday, after the morning church service, on the lawn of the Ray Norris home. This is an event which is looked forward to, with great pleasure, by those who attend.

Miss Eloise Pool came home Friday, from Peru, where she is an instructor, to spend a weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Pool. She came as far as Weeping Water, with Dr. Thelma Komig, who went on to Schyler for a visit before going east. Miss Hazel Pool, of Geneva, also arrived here Friday and remained until Sunday evening, and all enjoyed a fine visit.

One of the happiest events for the members of the Weeping Water Woman's Club, each year, is their annual June breakfast, and installation of officers for the coming year. Tuesday morning this breakfast was served by Mrs. McDonald, in the new annex to Mac's Cafe, with members and guests all seated at one large table, in the shape of a double T. Large bowls of peaches, oriental poppies, and pyrethum, adorned the table, and nut cups in the shape of small baskets, holding small flowers were used for favors. At nine thirty a breakfast consisting of a mixed fruit compote, bacon, goldenrod eggs on toast, hot baking powder biscuits, butter, jelly, and coffee was served after which a short business meeting presided over by Mrs. John Norris, when the decision was made to meet twice each month next year, one day for study and the other to assist in making surgical dressings at the Red Cross rooms. The first meeting to be held on the third Tuesday in September.

Mrs. John Domingo was hostess to a group of seven women at the Woman's Club breakfast Tuesday morning. Her guests were Mrs. Fred Gorder, Mrs. S. Ray Smith, Mrs. Clarence Pool, Mrs. W. W. Jamesen, J. L. Wiles, Mrs. Homer Jamesen and Mrs. Thomas Murter.

Mrs. Ray Norris, county Red Cross chairman, announces that the Cass County annual Red Cross meeting will be held July 21 at eight thirty, at the Weeping Water Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Brandt visited Elmwood and Unadilla, on Decoration Day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jacobson and family returned home from San Anselmo, California, Monday. Mr. Jacobson has been in California for the past seventeen months. His family joined him there several months ago. Their daughter Thelma remained at San Anselmo until the close of the school year, when she will also return.

Mrs. Keith Saunders is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wiles. Mr. Saunders left Thursday last week to join the Navy.

Mrs. Arthur Wiles spent four days last week at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Uffelmann, at Syracuse. They brought her home Sunday and remained to spend the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ruby of Nebraska City visited with Mr. Ruby's parents, the E. M. Rubys from Wednesday until Saturday, last week. Bernard has received his call to report for his physical examination next Monday, for entrance into the Army.

Virgil Rhodes had what might have been a serious accident, Monday evening when he was repairing the track for his hay fork. In some way he caught his hand in the pulley and was suspended about thirty feet above the ground, and hanging by one hand, caught in the pulley. Some of his neighbors had to be called to get him down from his perilous position.

Mrs. Leone Swisher, of Lincoln, was a Weeping Water visitor, Decoration Day. Mrs. Swisher teaches in the Lincoln schools. When school closes she expects to leave for Los Angeles to spend the summer with her daughter, Miss Dorothy Swisher.

Mrs. Raymond Norris, of Eagle, visited Mrs. Clifford Cooper, Tuesday, Friday evening the Coopers entertained Mrs. Coopers parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ruby, and her children.

George Olive and Jack Herman have enrolled for work at the summer term at the State University, at Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Parson and family spent Memorial Sunday with Mrs. Parson's mother, Mrs. F. M. Hall, at Bennett. Their daughter, Donna, remained for a longer visit with her grandmother.

Raymond Snow, of Phoenix, Ariz., visited his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Frank Snow last week, before he reported for duty in the army.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Philpot and two children are visiting Charles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Philpot. He has a thirty day leave of absence from his work in South America. The wife and children have been making their home at Onawa, Iowa, since he went south.

Mrs. Oscar Zink, of Lincoln, was a Memorial day visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ratnour.

Mrs. Leo Christensen informs us that John McCune, son-in-law of the late H. P. Christensen, who was badly injured in an automobile accident while enroute to his father-in-law's funeral, is better, and has been removed from the oxygen tent. Mrs. Roscoe Sill, who was also injured was taken to her home Friday. They have been at the Lutheran hospital in Omaha.

We believe that we told you that Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tankersley and their family left Wednesday for the western coast. They did get as far as Omaha, and were unable to get onto the train. With about one hundred other people who failed to get onto the train, they decided to return home and make another attempt at a later date.

Mrs. J. S. Shrauger and son, Jackie, returned Thursday morning from a two weeks visit at Muskogee, Okla., with Major and Mrs. Peter-son, formerly of Weeping Water.

Helmar and Walter Christensen, sons of the late H. P. Christensen, are here visiting relatives. Both men live at Long Beach, Calif.

Mrs. Theo C. Harms and daughter, Marilyn, went to Springfield on Decoration Day and accompanied Mrs. Carne's mother, Mrs. Norma Marks, and her sister, Miss Blanche Marks, to Ashland, for Memorial services. While there they visited another sister, Mrs. George Newsham.

Friendly Farm ladies held their last meeting for this season, Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Marion Spangler, with Mrs. Ed Steinkamp, as assistant hostess. Newly elected officers for the coming year are Mrs. Renos Anderson, president; Mrs. Thor Hansen, vice president; Mrs. Alvin Groesser, secretary. Their meetings will be continued in September.

Mrs. O. C. Hinds returned home Friday morning from a months visit with her son, Major Harold Hinds and her daughter, Miss Betty Hinds, in Arizona and with relatives in California. Accompanying her home was Mrs. Harold Hinds, who will remain here, and in Lincoln, for a months visit.

Miss Leona Simmons left Thursday for Pomona, Calif., after a months visit with her parents. Her wedding to Carl Martin, of Pomona, will take place June 12.

Week end visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Elgaard were their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Kracht, of Omaha. Other guests at their home, Sunday, were another son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Don Philpot, and family.

Danish Ladies Aid society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Rasmussen, when Red Cross knitting kept the ladies busy during the afternoon.

Mrs. Ellis LaRue and Miss Katharine Ellie were at Peru last week, when Mrs. LaRue made arrangements to attend summer school at the state Teacher's College.

The Colbert family annual picnic was held at Lincoln, at Antelope Park.

Marion and Gertrude Stutz, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Aden Stutz, left last week for San Francisco, where they have work in a defense plant.

Mrs. Clarence Ferrigue arrived here the first part of last week for a visit with her mother, Mrs. James McNamee, and her sister, Mrs. Henry Rugh. She expects to return home Tuesday.

Mrs. E. J. DeWolf returned home last week from Wichita, Kans., where she spent the winter with a daughter.

Mrs. Joe John has returned from a two weeks visit with her daughter at Spencer, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Gibson and Mrs. LaVern Hayes were in Lincoln Sunday at a family gathering at the S. A. Jackman home, honoring Lt. Philip Gregory and wife, of Roswell, New Mexico, a nephew of Mrs. Gibson.

Correction: Jack Jorgensen, who left for Wilmington, N. C., will make the acquaintance of her new grand-daughter, the daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Gerald Jorgensen. This is Mr. and Mrs. Jorgensen's first grandchild.

Card of thanks
We wish gratefully to thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness in the time of the accident and especially to those who so generously assisted in the farm work, as well as personal calls, cards and messages.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lau

Buy War Bonds

SEASONED TIMBER
DOROTHY CANFIELD FEATURES

CHAPTER IX SYNOPSIS

Timothy Hulme, principal of a good but impoverished Vermont academy, lives a studious bachelor's existence with only his Aunt Lavina for company. Timothy makes friends with a new teacher, Susan Barney, and her younger sister, Della. Now Timothy has received a letter from a disagreeable trustee of the academy, Mr. Wheaton, calling him to New York. When he keeps his appointment with Mr. Wheaton he is told that he has made a big mistake in admitting a Jewish boy as a student. Timothy meets his nephew, Canby Hunter, who gives him some suggestions about developing the academy. Canby goes on a skating party in bad weather. They run across an auto accident in the mountains in which Susan was badly injured. He brings her to Dr. Anson Craft for himself.

His silence broke the spell which had held the others, leaning to his harshly whispered words, their faces blank white. They straightened themselves stiffly, took their eyes from the narrator for the first time, and looked at each other unseeingly.

The door behind them opened, closed, noiselessly. Doctor Craft was there to issue commands: absolute quiet in the house tonight, his wife would stay with the case till the roads were sanded and he could get another nurse down from the Ashley hospital. "Yes, yes, she has a chance. She's lost an awful lot of blood. Maybe a transfusion tomorrow—say, you, whatever your name is," he said roughly to Canby, sprawled forward in his chair to listen, "you go home and get to bed. You're just about all in yourself." He went out the door, closing it with infinite care behind him.

Back of them, Timothy Hulme leaned faintly against the wall, and then let himself down into a chair because the droning in his ears made him too dizzy to stand up.

Miss Peck had been the first to collect herself enough to speak. "The doctor doesn't know my name," she said to Timothy. "He even had the nurse sit out in the living room with the door ajar. It's not only her eyes, you know. Nor the loss of blood. It's the results of shock. The doctor's got nothing to do with it. Well, all right. I'll do what the nurse did then. If the door's ajar, I can sit close to it and talk through the crack. I'm just a useless old woman, you know. I've nothing else to do."

Timothy heard again the raw insolent rudeness of Canby's voice. "Say, that's a swell idea of yours, Mrs. Washburn! Too good for you to keep to yourself, by heck! I'll stay with you on that, I'll sit there, too. I'm just a useless young man, you know. I haven't got anything else to do either, see? Any more?" Timothy once more saw Canby's impudent grin, as he looked around the table, careless of making a fool of himself.

And because he was there, always there, Canby was the one who welcomed her as Susan groped her way back to health. Leaden-limbed, impotent, incredulous, Timothy had watched the current getting away from him, faster and faster. The moment had passed—when had it gone by him? No, no, it had never been there—when, risking all on one stroke, he thinks of it and all. Canby's peremptory order to drag the old woman away bodily, and leave him alone with Susan.

Mr. Dewey now stood up and picked up the green and gray carpet from the other fire. "Moon's due to rise in three-four minutes," he said. Timothy got to his feet and stepped with the old man from one to another of the sleeping boys, giving each shoulder a shake, saying clearly in their ears, "The moon will soon be up. If you want to see the moon rise, now's the time." They grunted, nodded, and sat up, or propped themselves unsteadily on one elbow and looked around sleepily.

Presently Timothy's professional conscience, reaching him on a reflex of habit, bade him make sure that all was well with those entrusted to his protection. He turned his head to look and saw that, as he had thought, the boys had collapsed again into sound sleep. No, one of them was stirring. Bending his eyes more intently, Timothy saw that the blanketed form nearest him was stirring. He rose to his feet, he took the two or three steps that brought him to the boy, stooped, put his hand on his shoulder. It was Jules. Wide awake, he lay looking out over the silvered upland pasture and across the valley brimming with white. Timothy asked, "Something the matter, Jules?"

The boy clutched at Timothy's arm and sat up. "Oh, Professor Hulme, I can't stand it!" He pulled the teacher down to sit beside him. "It's like that swell place in the Kreutzer—where the octaves... he choked and rubbed his sleeve back and forth over his nose. Timothy pulled out his handkerchief and passed it to the boy, who blew



"Sounds to me as if you were dreaming—rather a nice dream."

his nose, handed back the handkerchief and pointing to a straggly small bush near him said, his voice cracking grotesquely from trouble to bass and back again. "Professor Hulme, maybe I'm crazy, but when that bush came out of the darkness it c-came singing! Honest! Do you think I'm crazy? Oh, gosh, I wish my darned voice would stop changing."

"You probably weren't quite waked up, Jules," suggested the teacher calmly. "Sounds to me as if you were dreaming. Rather a nice dream."

Timothy looked at the fire. Night was no more. The new day began. The day wind woke. The column of smoke slowly, gently, bowed itself to the rising sun.

"So be it," said Timothy Hulme, and got stiffly up to go on with his teacher's work of arousing those who sleep.

Renewed like eagles by long cat-nap sleep, the troop of youth clattered up the trail.

From time to time they looked back over their shoulders at the old and middle-aged men soberly bringing up the rear.

They crossed the top of Dowling Hollow. This meant that they were halfway to Hawley Pond. "What say we get our breaths?" suggested Mr. Dewey, sinking down on the huge trunk of an old fallen yellow birch. Then he fell to talking about Mr. Wheaton's health, said not to be very good of late.

"How old is he?" asked Timothy. "Not old at all. Can't be more'n seventy."

He got stiffly to his feet, and snapped his fingers at the old cliche. The boys scrambled up and started on along the trail which here, following the old wood road, was wide enough for several of them to walk abreast. Jules began to sing the Academy song, and the others joined in.

put out his hand to sort the letters. The one they were looking for was at once visible to Mr. Dewey. Timothy handed it across the table to the old man.

Timothy was still looking down at a letter from Della Barney when Mr. Dewey said surprisingly, "Well, the dirty skunk," and laid the letter on the table. "Read it. Read it, T. C.," he murmured, dropping his head wearily back and closing his eyes till Timothy had finished.

It did not take long; the words, entirely legible in very black letters on white, leaped out to say that Mr. Wheaton had long ago and more than once told Hulme to get rid of that incompetent old janitor, Melville Griffith, and now was the time to do it. Anybody could see that he was the one who had left the faucet turned on. Here was the talking point for dismissing him which Mr. Wheaton had long been waiting. "Look around and locate a family man with young children who's been out of a job for some time—there must be lots of them in Ashley since the shutting down of the chair factory—you could probably get him actually for less wages than Griffith. He wouldn't dare hold out for more anyhow, no matter what he had been earning."

The two men looked at each other in a long silence. Finally Mr. Dewey remarked in a conversational tone. "Wa-l, I guess mebbe I could get a couple o' hundred for the oak on the Tyler lot. 'Taint really 'big enough to cut yet, but..."

"Oh, never mind. I've got nearly two hundred and fifty in the bank I could spare," said Timothy. He laid the letter down. Mr. Dewey silently reached for it and dropped it into the wastepaper basket. As he turned his head to do this, he caught sight through the open window of someone on the far corner of the level ground in front of the Academy, and looked to see who it was. Timothy followed the direction of his eyes and saw a tall, red-headed boy pushing a bicycle up the hill from the village.

The boy left the bicycle collapsed in a tangle of glittering wires and started across the empty tennis court. He had a white envelope and a yellow one in his hand. He appeared at the open door of the Principal's office and handed the two envelopes to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

"Wait a minute, Burt," said Timothy. "Maybe there's an answer. Here, I'll sign for that special delivery."

Mr. Dewey had roused himself enough from his limp exhaustion to lean a little forward in his chair as he took the two envelopes from the messenger. He tore open the yellow one first, looked at it blankly, said, "What d'you s'pose that means?" and passed it on to Timothy. It read, "Sending important letter to you special delivery mail today. Gilbert W. Paine."

Mr. Dewey tore open the letter, began to read, turned very white, and handing the letter to Timothy, said, "Here, you tell me what's in that."

They had forgotten the Academy senior standing back of them. Timothy began to read aloud connectedly, but by the end of the first sentence he was wildly snatching only at the salient word in each phrase, flinging them out without connection as if he were reading aloud a telegram, "George Clarence Wheaton found dead—apoplexy—will leave Academy one million dollars for endowment—two hundred thousand for buildings—on condition name be changed—Wheaton Preparatory School—also exclusion all Jewish students—Jewish defined as person with any relative of Hebrew blood—codicil prescribes also that tuition be..."

Mr. Dewey was on his feet, risen to his full height. "What do you say to that, Timothy Hulme?" he asked, his face dark as thunder. "I say it's infamous. What did you think I'd say?" shouted Timothy, crushing the letter together and flinging it down.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WEDNESDAY SPECIAL
Clean & Press
Mens Suits and Top Coats and Spring Coats—Plain Dresses and Mannish Suits
\$1.00
Heavy Coats and White Garments Not Included!
Men's Felt Hats Cleaned and Reblocked like new
50c
Reg. Price, 75c—Save a Third
Same high quality work as at our regular prices. No one day service. Cash and Carry!
Lugsch Cleaners
429 Main St. Phone 166

SAVE THAT FAT!!
Waste fats are an important item in the production of war materials. One tablespoon of fat salvaged each day by every American housewife would make an astounding difference to our war effort. Government reports show that only 1-3 of all American housewives are saving waste fats. Get behind your Government. Next time you shop bring us your waste fats.

TOMATOES Texas Red Ripe For Salads and Slicing Lb. **10¢**
CABBAGE California Firm Green, Excellent for Salads and Cooking Lb. **7¢**
CARROTS California Green Top Crisp and Sweet large Bunch **8¢**
APPLES Washington Winesap Extra fancy Lb. **15¢**

Buy Quality Meats at Hinky-Dinky

4 Blue Pts. GRAPEFRUIT JUICE	Zenada	46-oz Can	29¢
12 Blue Pts. CORN QUALITY HALL	Whole Golden	12-oz Can	11¢
CRABAPPLES	THANK YOU Spiced	No. 2 1/2 Cans	20¢
KOOL AID	MAKE YOUR OWN DRINKS	3 Reg. Pkgs.	10¢
COFFEE	COFFLET'S IMPROVED BLEND	1 Lb. Bag	25¢
COFFEE	HINKY-DINKY ECONOMY BLEND	1 Lb. Bag	23¢
COFFEE	DEL MONTE Drip or Regular	1 Lb. Jar	32¢
PEANUT BUTTER	LUNCH-ON	24-oz Jar	40¢
KELLOGG'S	CORN Flakes	11-oz Pkg.	8¢
KELLOGG'S	VARIETY Package	12¢	19¢

HINKY-DINKY
Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective June 7 thru June 9 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.