Miss Selma Neuman left for Sa-

Miss Loretta Flamig, who has

been employed in Omaha, came home

Weeping Water

Subscription payments for The Plattsmouth Journal may be paid locally to Mrs. THOS. MURTEY, Representative

Eilene Fitzpatrick entertained the senior class of the Weeping Water High school at a buffet supper at her home Wenesday evening, following rehearsal for their class play. Mrs. Frank Elgaard and William dist church Sunday except the Sun-Zahlman ,the two high school teachers who had charge of the play, were Omaha to conduct the services next also invited.

decides to go to Pole Star House. He

tells his chief about it and departs.

Monsieur Victor, a Frenchman, arrives

at Pole Star House. Odette Hannan vis-

"You've got a brother a prison-er, miss?" Jim Fraser was caught

off guard. Odette Hannan, and he

had thought she was a spy. A

brother at Dunkirk and now a pris-

oner of war! His damaged foot be-

gan to stab and ache; he sat down

in, anyhow!" Odette Hannan came

closer to peer into the white face.

Fraser steadily. "I think it was

thinking of anyone being a prisoner

of war. When you've been one your-

ing in the waves of her yellow hair with trembling hands. "It gets

me like that sometimes. Well, if

When Netta saw Monsieur she

knew what she had imagined about

him was correct, and in some way

she felt frightened. Her greeting

was diffident and restrained. "Well, how nice of you to come." Netta

knew her voice was queer, but she

could not help it. She led the way

into the charming heather-colored sitting room, feeling as if her hands

and feet were too large. Rather

fussily she dragged up two chairs.

remained in the hall to take off

his coat and hat, now entered, fully

resolved to exert himself and be

pleasant whatever it might cost

him. Locking extremely well

groomed, he seized a third chair

by its cushioned back and smilingly

"Oh, thank you very much, Mer-

ci beaucoup." Netta sat down with

a jerk. "Pas de quoi," said Mon-

"She talks French quite well,"

said Joan chattily. She was think-ing that Netta looked very nice

and that Monsieur knew it. He

and Netta were talking away in a

mixture of French and English and

Monsieur had lost that expression

"Monsieur went up into the vil-lage this morning," Joan cut in

"But yes," Monsieur explained.

"Exotic," Joan was pondering.

"No, I don't care for Odette Han-

she said. "I like her too,

Netta said, "but that's be-

"I bought some shoe laces, and on

the way home I met a very charm-

ing young lady. Tres exotique,"

"Oh, yes, that must be Odette Han-

and think she's lovely, but Netta

cause I don't trust her. What is

she doing here to begin with?

There's something so odd about

that. I agree that she had a shop

in London and was bombed out of

it, but she is quite young and could

ambulance or something.'

about Odette Hannan.

easily go back. She could drive an

thing odd about Odette Hannan but,

all the same, I like her," said Joan.

And then they all began to talk

For the moment Monsieur forgot

the horrors lying crouched behind

his mournful brow. These two

charming women, the one so naive

and so eager, and the other, she

with the copper head and strong

resolute mouth. There was cour-

age behind that resolute mouth with

its firm lips. Lips made for love.

thought Monsieur dryly. How was

lovely fires," said Joan as she and

Monsieur walked home. She barely

had time to fit the key in the lock

Grace agitatedly. Shutting the door,

she stood there looking distracted.

"The lady arrived, mum," said

"Arrived. But she wasn't coming

"She said she said today, mum."

"She didn't." Joan suddenly felt

hostile. Or did she? "Oh, It's my

fault," Joan cried, "I made a mud-

dle of the dates. Grace, what is

Seemed to think she ought to have

hat, Joan groaned. "I'll go see her

Mrs. Manvers-Pollock was a lady

accustomed to make her presence

felt, so she proceeded to do so as

soon as she stepped from the train

and found that there was no one

to meet her. But after all the in-

She found Grace's welcome

charming. So was her own bed- I ute or two to lock and disconnect

convenience of finding a taxi-

been met at the station.

and get it over."

"Very much the lady, mum.

"So she ought." Straightening her

"And now for a nice evening with

it that they had missed it?

before the door was opened.

until tomorrow!"

"Yes, I agree that there is some-

of profound melancholy.

ended Monsieur, smiling.

invited Netta to sit down in it.

sieur gracefully.

"Permettez." Monsieur, who had

"Yes, I know." Odette was press-

self you know what it means."

you're all right I'll get along."

"I don't know, miss," said Jim

"What's the matter? You look all

suddenly on his wooden stool.

its Jim Fraser, the lame cobbler.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Zessen had liberty. He is stationed at Miami. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. De-Forest Ward of Murray.

Mrs. Helen Clark has been confined to her home this past week with a severe case of the mumps. Miss Cleo Jamesen has been caring for

There was no service at the Methoday School. A pastor will come from

Mr. and Mrs. L P. Wolcott and Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Wallick, Mrs. as their guests Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolcott accompanied George Ellis and Mrs. Ellis La Rue Mrs. Guy Ward and son, Ensign Robert Wolcott to Plattsmouth, last went to Oregon, Missouri, Thursday David Ward, who is at home on week, when he entrained for Leaven- to attend the funeral of William Elworth for army training .

> Cablegrams have been received from Dr. L. N. Kunkel and Ralph Linger, saying that they had arrivcd safely overseas.

The household goods of the late several months. Mrs. Andrew Fredrickson were sold at auction at the family home, Saturday afternoon. Reports are that the attendance was large and that prices were good.

Cpl. Harold Kellberg is now located in the Hawaiian islands.

lis, father of the late George Ellis. The deceased has visited at the homes of relatives here quite often, and had many friends in this community. He was past eighty years of age, and had been an invalid for

All reports from the Senior Class play, "Act Your Age," which was presented at the High school auditorium, Friday evening, are that it were hostesses Sunday afternoon at was one of the High School's best, a miscellaneous shower in honor of and that each one of the cast de- Miss Selma Neuman, whose marriage served orchids for their fine work took place Sunday, April 30th. in the three-act comedy. Those in Guests included relatives and Peggy Amick, Bill Mutter, Bob gifts were received by the honoree Ciark, Agnes Hinds, Charlotte Rieke, The hostesses served delicious re-Ruth Jean Gibson, Wilbur Morris freshments. and Marguerite Stohlmann.

Mrs. O. J. Kracht (Dorothy Rehmeier) went to Mapleton, Iowa, Tuesday to visit relatives of her hesband, who is in the army.

Mrs Hazel Kellberg has rented the second floor of the Leahi Store tuilding, and expects to move there May 1. She has been operating the Laurel Hotel for the past year. Mrs Tuesday evening were Mrs. Elmer Joan Carter, the owner of the hotel, is again taking charge today. This will be good news to her many sen, Dewight Schliefert. friends as her chicken dinners have been famous in this vicinity for years.

The appointment of Mrs. Murray Mutter as chairman of the Junior Red Cross in this county, and Miss Jessie Baldwin, as vice-chairman, has been made known by the county Red Cross chairman, Mrs. Ray Norris.

Norman Tuck, young son of Mr and Mrs. Albert Tuck, was taken to a hospital Thursday for observation. He returned home Friday, but it is expected that he will have to return

From what we hear over the radio others who try to raise flowers or vegetable gardens, are having trouble with children who have not been taught to have respect for their neighbors flower beds. One small boy was seen to ride his tricycle lengthwise through a flower bed since the plants are up. The result was several young plants crushed to the ground. Then along came the paper boy on his bicycle, and across the flower led leaving broken peony plants in his wake. Before this he had broken two shrubs off close to the ground. Weeping Water needs some Junior Foresters.

Mrs. Fred Gorder went to Alvo Sunday morning, to spend the day at the home of her brother-in-law and gister, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McKinnis, and to visit with her nephew, Harold McGinnis, who is executive secretary of Detroit's Good Will society. and was at home for a short visit

last week, to assist his aunt, Mrs. John Philpot, at the sale of her

denton, California, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Day returned to their home in Weeping Water, Wednesday. The South Side Pinocle club met

After spending the winter in Bra-

Wildrick, with Mrs. William Kunz. bearers were Arthur Fitzpatrick, as an invited guest. Danish Ladies Aid met last week

at the home of Mrs. Harold Thomas-

sen, when the afternoon was spent

doing Red Cross work. Mrs. Arthur Wiles spent Wednescay in Lincoln, visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter D. Smith. Mr. Smith. well remembered as a former coun-

ty superintendent of this county. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tankersley. Shirley and Larry, were Omaha visit-

ers Friday. Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson spent

the week at St. Louis, returning Tuesday. They went to meet their son, Lt. Jack Robinson and wife. who were visiting there. Lt. Robinson has been transferred to Ft. Mead, Maryland. His wife will accompany him to the east and remain Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knaup and

family went to Murdock, Friday evening to attend the senior class play at the Murdock High school. Mr. Knaup's sister, Ann Louise, is a member of the senior class, and took part in the play.

Saturday Evening Dinner club met at the J. and M. cafe for dinner, after which they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Hobson.

The Girl Reserves observed Girl Reserve Sunday by all attending the Congregational church, and assisting with the music. Lena Baier is the latest member of the club.

Mrs. Herman Routh called at the R. K. Bergman home Tuesday after-

Mrs. Fred Stohlman was an Omaha visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Frederick Stonlman, Mrs. Wm. Neuman and Mrs. Alvin Vogler the cast were Eilene Fitzpatrick, friends. Many beautiful and useful

> Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Krecklow and Keith and Dwight Schliefert were shopping in Lincoln Thursday afternoon.

Miss Anna V. Rauth of Omaha spent the week end with home folks.

Those who attended the Senior class play, "Who Killed Aunt Caroline?" of the Louisville High school, Pearson and Charles, Mrs. Theo. Harms, Kenneth and Donald Leren-

Herman Arends attended the Grain Dealers convention in Omaha Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Hebard elebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary Thursday evening, when they were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knaup. With them, of course, was their son, Eugene Hebard.

There were no changes as the city council organized for the new year Tuesday evening, except the ingoing of the new city mayor, Joseph F. John: D. D. Wainscott was re-elected as president of the council. Tom Colbert was appointed as marshall, and Rasmus Lauritzen as water commissioner, and all standing committees remain the same.

Mrs. Andrew Fredrickson Betty Nelson, widow of Andrew Fredrickson, was born November 17, 1860, in Sweden, and came to the United States in the year of 1892. The following year she was married to Andrew Fredrickson, at Plattsmouth. To this union three children were born, a son, Kane, who lives in Detroit, and who, with his wife, were with the mother when she passed away. Two daughters preceded her in death in the year 1913. They died of diplitheria, within the same week, when 13 and 15, respectivesly Their death came as a great blow to the mother who idealized her children. Since the death of her husband she has lived alone in the old home, in the southwest part of town. Wallace Philpot returned to Gandy A fall which left her with a broken hip, left her walking with crutches, but she was always cheerful and was beloved by all who knew her. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at the Hobson funeral home, with Rev. John H. Pryor, of the Congregational church, officating. Mrs. Henry Ruhga and Mrs. Herbert Ratnour sang, with Miss last week at the home of Mrs. Frank | Maude Moulten accompanist. Pall-Chas. Gbison, Guy Hopkins, Roy Ward, San Smith and Byron Baker.

Keep Buying War Bonds

WEDNESDAY **CASH & CARRY SPECIAL**

2 Ladies' 2-piece mannish suits, Mens 3-piece suit, Spring coat, Top coat or Hats for

No pastel shades or ladies dresses included on special

Lugsch Cleaners 429 Main St. Phone 166

Wednesday evening to spead a few Dewight Schliefert and R. K. Bergman were in Plattsmouth on cays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. business Thursday. Phillip Flamig. Pole Limas Pay Well for

been in the Bryan Memorial hospital lina, Kansas, Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Jane Steinkamp, who has

for the past weeks, was able to

come home last Monday.



Lima Bean Vines Are Beautiful on Garden Fence.

In spite of the fact that only the | inches, depending on the fertility seed of lima beans are used, they of the soil, and small seeded from are a good crop for Victory gar- 6 inches to a foot. Where growth dens, yielding more for the space seems to be slow, be sure the plants occupied than peas. In small gar- are not overcrowded. dens pole limas will take up little | Pole limas take 75 to 90 days to ground space, and these climbers mature and since they are planted not only bear the largest and best late, this brings the first harvest flavored beans, but give the heaviest into late summer. From then on

yield. beans and take longer to mature. abundant, and the dark green leaves In both bush and climbing types cover a garden fence or trellis with there are varieties of small seed, a mantle of green which forms a and those of large seed. In general, beautiful as well as productive the small seeded varieties will do background for the garden picture. better in mediocre soil than the In planting the large seeds of all large, but the flavor of the large limas, it has been found there is a beans is generally deemed best. definite advantage in placing the The small seeded pole limas are eye down. In growth the bean is the butter bean of the south.

the yield is continuous until frost Limas are more tender than snap kills the vines. The vine growth is

thrust out of the ground by a sprout In growing bush limas, it is im- which develops from this eye, and portant to give them room. They if the eye is down the thrust is make much larger bushes than straight upward, while otherwise the snap beans and need more space bean must sometimes turn over between plants. Large seeded vari- before it can emerge, and some eties should have a foot to 18 fail to perform this feat.

Nothing To It!

It's no trick at all to plan tasty. nutritious, yet economical meals when you shop at Hinky-Dinky . . . wide variety, high quality, LOW



rices.	GAR	
NEW LOW P	RICES ON SELECTED STOCK	
GENUINE RED SEED	POTATOES	100-LB. BAGS WHEN PACKED
Early Ohios \$		\$2.69
Onion Plants, Bermudas,	Bundle of 100,	100
Onion Sets, More to the	Pound, Small Size, Pour	ıd 35¢≹
Florida Sealsweet Valencia	Florida Marsh Seedless	3
Oranges LB.	g° Grapefruit	LB. 8°
California Long Green Tender	Florida Well Bleached	3
Asparagus LB.	20° Celery	Large 15

Cream Corn No.2 13 Peaches 5 Points, Cheerio Solid Pack **Red Beans** Tomatoes 3 Points, Armour's Treet Coffee Semolina Cut Spaghetti No Points, Armour's Star

Macaroni 2-LBS. 37 Baked Loaf LB. 20° Franks S.C.T.1 LB. 39 New, Different-Minced Luncheon Berliner Delicious Fresh Liver Small, Lean, Lots of Meat Sausage Spare Ribs Fresh, Pure, Ground All Popular Brands, Sliced Beef Bacon LB. 37

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective May 3 through May 5 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables, and meats. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales

CHAPTER IV Dr. Warner upon meeting the postman offers to deliver two letters to Mrs. Maturin, owner of the Pole Star House. One of these letters is from the British government ordering her to hold herself ready to take care of evacuees, unless she prefers to take care of dependent relatives. Mrs. Maturin is much upset over these orders, but dutifully mails an advertisement to the London Times offering accommodations for four people "in a hotel far from military objectives." John Wynter reads the ad and

Lithe as a cat, Odette Hannan came down hand over hand room; even Mrs. Manvers-Pollock could find no fault with that. And the tea was delightfully arranged in a very pretty drawing room by a lovely fire-this also an unexpected pleasure. Therefore, when Joan, looking up into Mrs. Manvers-Pollock's hard, long face and wondering how on earth she would be able to bear her, almost abjectly apologized, Mrs. Manvers-Pollock said unexpectedly, "Oh, well, let's forget it." Unexpected, because Mrs. Manvers - Pollock generally drove home any advantage she might happen to have. But as a matter of fact she was agreeably surprised with Pole Star House. "Have you any other visitors? Do sit down, won't you?" said Mrs.

Manvers-Pollock graciously. "No, thanks-very much. I should sit down if I wanted to," said Joan "Yes, we have one other visitor and are expecting a second. A Frenchman-a Monsieur Victor."

"Free?" "Oh, no, he pays," explained Joan

"I mean Free French." "Oh, I see," Joan chuckled. "How funny! I thought did you mean did I take him for nothing? Yes. I expect he's a Free Frenchman; I never thought of asking him. Would he be loose like this if he wasn't?"

"He might be. He might be a spy."
"A spy! Oh, no! Not Monsieur,"

chuckled Joan. "Wait until you see him; you'll know in a minute that he isn't one."

"Well, I don't know exactly how," said Joan awkwardly. "Oh, dear, I must go and take off my hat; we've been out to tea, Monsieur and I have. Such fun; we loved it. Something quite new for him to scramble up a hill to a tiny cottage and have tea with a novelist."
"What novelist?" inquired Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, deciding that for

a woman who ran a hotel Mrs. Maturin was too much at her ease. "Netta Jackson. She wrote 'A Knight in Mufti.'" "A dreadful book!" exclaimed

Mrs. Manyers-Pollock. "Dirt. I never read dirt on principle." "I see." And then with a pleasant word or two Joan excused herself. This hard-faced woman had hunted for all the improper bits and missed the lovely ones! Later in the evening with Mrs. Manvers-Pollock settled at her Patience cards and Monsieur in the lounge reading "France Libre"-she asked Dr. Warner what he thought of Monsieur,

"I should say that he had gone through a good deal. If he wishes to tell us he will. Don't probe." "No. no. of course I shan't. But it's all too easy," Joan comment-ed. "Things will go wrong when

the new man comes. I feel they "Oh, let's forget about the paying guests," said Dr. Warner light-

"Will they spoil things?" asked "Spoil what?" Suddenly feeling reckless, Dr. Warner held out his arms, "Don't make it difficult for me, darling," he said. "You know exactly how I feel. Try to be content with that for the moment any-

"Oh, I am, I am." With a rush

Joan was in his arms. John Wynter arrived at Staple ford, twenty miles due west of Battle Point, at about half-past three in the afternoon, and steered his car into the edge of a little narrow lane. It was well concealed because it was one of the approaches to the huge military air drome that had recently been built among the gorse and heather. A wonderful airdrome, camouflaged almost to the point of magic. Crushing out his cigarette he slipped his hand under the cushion of the seat and pulled out a blueprint. Yes, he could get in away to the left; he had his pass and that would admit him without any difficulty. Pushing the blueprint into an inner pocket, he pulled out the ignition key and got out of the car. It only took a minit and then, pulling his hat a little lower over his eyes, he started to walk up the hill. The lane got narrower and narrower and he had to pick his way through a couple of giant elm tree roots, sprawling across the pathway. He would linger and smoke for five minutes or so and remember the joyous days of his youth when on an afternoon like this he would set off with a bag of buns in his pocket and hunt for rabbits, and get back as it was getting dark, and then have a gorgeous late tea with his mother, whom he adored. Happy, happy days, thought John Wynter, remembering that mother whom he had lost when he was fifteen, whose loss he had never really got over.

And as he stood there his thoughts took another turn. Strange things had happened when he was a boy; since he had grown up he recognized them as all pointing to the fact that he more or less possessed a sixth sense. A sense that had been almost alarmingly valuable to him in his profession. But why was it invading him now? Someone; something in his vicinity. Danger . . . it was connected with danger. Shifting his hand round to his hip pocket he felt the stubby nose of his automatic. No,

hand back again. And then he looked upward. The boughs were thick above his head although leafless. In one place there were leaves; a thick mat of them caught among the twigs. Quite a good pro-

not personal danger; he took his

"Hallo!" A white laughing face gleamed down at him. The young lady, whoever she was, had had fright. The airdrome; John Wynter felt inclined to burst out laughing. So simple; how things fell into his lap! Red-handed! And it might have taken him weeks . . .

"Hallo, what's the game?" John Wynter took off the soft hat.

"Why, it's a mania of mine, Look, I'll show you now that you have caught me." Lithe as a cat in her gray flannel slacks and jacket to match, Odette Hannan came down hand over hand. Like a gray shadow with the cap pulled down well over her ears. "It's birds; I simply can't resist them. I watch them through these." Odette patted the field glasses, swinging by their strap. "I photograph them too when I can, but I mayn't now because of war, besides this is near the airdrome. Oh, you are a stranger and I oughtn't to have told you. Never mind; see my book of birds. Aren't they heavenly?" Talking rather fast in her husky voice, Odette pulled a little book out of her coat pocket.

Colored pictures; song birds. John Wynter looked at the pictures appreciatively. Also it gave him time. Had he been correct or hadn't he? If he had she was very accomplished; her spontaneity was sublime. "Yes, charming," he said.
"I'm sorry I frightened you."

"Frightened me! You didn't." Odette's voice was charming. "I really think I must have a try," said John Wynter. With the easy spring of the athlete he had swung himself up to a lower branch. He would go up as far as she had gone and see what sort of a view she got. Superb, of course. He saw the tarmac and a Sunderland flying boat being wheeled out of a shed.

"Well." Down on the ground again he smiled. "Not so bad for someone of my age."

"Did you see the airdrome?" "Heavens above, I forgot to look!" John Wynter gave a great shout of laughter. "Never mind, it doesn't interest me. Besides I must get on my way; it's getting late." "Where are you going?" Odette flushed.

"I'm going to Battle Point. Do you know it?" "Why, I live there." "Do you really?" Why did his heart suddenly turn over in his breast, wondered John Wynter, de-

spising himself because it had done (TO BE CONTINUED)