

Weeping Water

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

Weeping Water was without its Sunday edition of the World-Herald a week ago Sunday, and telephones were ringing all over town trying to learn the cause. It's strange how much people miss their Sunday papers. Especially when it was a dreary

day like it was. As far as we have been able to learn the driver of the truck, which brings them from Omaha, had an accident and the papers were thrown into mud and water, and were in no condition to be delivered when they reached here.

H. Kirchoff and son Dicky were at Plattsmouth, Tuesday, on business. They returned home the proud possessors of a new Farmall H tractor. Mrs. Henry Kirchoff visited at the home of Mrs. Wm. Kehlbek, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Olsen are looking

forward to a visit from their daughter, Miss Dorothy Olsen. She expected to arrive in Omaha from Chicago, last Saturday night.

Miss Phyllis Korisko of Omaha is visiting her cousin, Miss Mildred Zaloudek, this week. Miss Korisko is the daughter of Fire Commissioner Walter Korisko, of Omaha.

Mrs. Hubert Cappen spent Sunday in Weeping Water with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Halverson of New Virginia, Iowa, came Tuesday to be with Mr. Halverson's mother, Mrs. Augusta Halverson, who fell and broke her hip August 10th, and

underwent an operation at Bryan Memorial hospital, Wednesday. Mrs. Halverson is reported to be getting along nicely. Mr. and Mrs. Halverson spent Friday and Saturday with their aunt, Mrs. Anna Minderman, near Otoe.

Mrs. Wm. Kehlbek has been confined to her bed with a severe heart attack for the past few weeks. Miss Hilda Buchholz, of Otoe, is with her during her illness.

Mrs. Harold C. Elliott entertained at a dessert bridge Saturday afternoon honoring Miss Doris Marshall, who was here from Omaha to spend the week end.

Mrs. Lola Stacey and her daughter, Miss Lola B. Stacey, of Saginaw, Mich., are expected here Friday evening for a visit at the home of Mrs. Stacey's son, E. Thomas Stacey, and family.

The women of the Methodist church had an all day meeting at the church last Friday when they cleaned the church and prepared fifty chickens to go into a locker for use during the Fair.

Mrs. Henry Snell arrived home Sunday morning from Chicago, where she visited her sister, Mrs. Jenkins. She arrived at Mynard Saturday evening and spent Saturday night at the home of her son, Albert Snell and family. A group of relatives gathered at her home Sunday to welcome her home. They were Mrs. Chris Snell and Joy Snell, of Omaha; Sgt. Pete Petersen, Mrs. Petersen and baby, of Camp Forrest, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Groesser and Ronald; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snell and Neil.

Usually we are crying for rain, plenty of rain, but this week the cry has been, "I wish that it would stop raining until after the Fair is over," but rain came and the Horse Show could not carry out its plans. For weeks the track has been put into just the right condition, and everything was in order, but falling rain and muddy tracks and a Horse Show just don't agree, so the only thing which could be done was to take the Horse Show in to the large Show Barn. Notwithstanding the crowded condition there, the afternoon and evening was greatly enjoyed by all able to see the performance. We called the secretary Saturday and were unable to get a list of the winners, but we do know that the list would have done credit to a much larger Horse Show. One Lincoln man brought nine horses.

Rain all night Thursday night and all day Friday, caused the Christian church young people to have to close their sandwich booth on Main street, and rain closed nearly everything. Even the dance in the evening was called off until a later date.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hoback received word of the birth of a son, Dennis Eugene, born to their daughter, Mrs. Robert Rich (Doris Hoback) of Denver, Tuesday, August 22.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunn of Omaha visited friends and attended the Fair Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Harold Myers and two sons, David and Harold, Mrs. Helen Clark, Mrs. Richmond Hobson and daughter, Susan, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Day returned home Sunday from their vacation trip to Minnesota.

Mrs. Dorothy Embleau of Kansas City, Mo., was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Serry and of Mrs. Hattie Sperry, last week.

Vernon Roberts informed us that their son, Charles Roberts, WTLIC, after duty on Pacific and Atlantic oceans for the past two years, has been transferred to the naval training school at Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harris of Falls City were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hanlan, Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Norton expect to move into their new home, recently purchased from Miss Beatrice Spohn, the first of September. Miss Spohn will move to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Spohn, for the coming school year. This will be much closer to the school building, where Miss Spohn has been a teacher for several years. Mr. George Spohn, has made no permanent plans, as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Behrends are also planning to give up their home, September 1st. They have not yet secured a place to live, at Plattsmouth, so we can't place them, definitely. This shortage of homes is getting to be a serious problem. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Welch, who bought the Behrends home, expect to move into their new home the latter part of next week.

Mrs. Rookstool, Mrs. Leta Tyner and daughter, Helen, returned home Thursday after a week spent in Lincoln.

Ralph Tefft of Westfield, New Jersey arrived Thursday for a visit with his mother, Mrs. C. E. Tefft and his sister, Miss Esther Tefft. Mr. Tefft stopped at St. Louis enroute to attend to business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Tigner of Oma-

ha were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Friesel last week.

Otto Hell, of Louisville, is the owner of the beautiful Palamino horse, Colonial Court Mabel, given away at the Horse Show, Friday evening. With the horse went the complete outfit of bridle, saddle and blanket. The most popular horse at the show was "King George," owned by Otto Schaeffer of Nehawka.

L. R. Snipes of Lincoln attended the Fair Thursday.

Mrs. Ole Olsen spent Tuesday night and Wednesday, in Lincoln.

The Luncheon club, who are sponsoring the Boy Scout organization, presented the members of the organization with neckerchiefs, last week.

Two Weeping Water boys, Marvin Wade and Cecil Amos Beck, left last week to enter military service.

Mrs. L. N. Kunkel has been having the interior of her home all newly decorated. Peter Lynn of Elmwood is the decorator.

Mrs. Ben Tromley and daughter, Darleen, of Omaha, were guests at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ranney and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ranney last week. They returned to Omaha, Saturday morning.

Mrs. Roy Bjorkman and daughter Betty, of Minneapolis, visited at the home of Mrs. Bjorkman's brother, Edwin G. Steckley, and wife, last week.

William Jackson of Rulo visited last week at the home of his sister, Mrs. T. H. Hanlan, and Mr. Hanlan. Miss Clara McGregor of Kansas City spent last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. L. DeCreame, and Mr. DeCreame.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ray Smith went to Plattsmouth Wednesday to attend the funeral of William Smith, a cousin of S. Ray Smith's.

Mrs. Ray Norris, head of the Flower department at the county Fair, had the misfortune Friday to slip on a polished floor at the Farm Loan Association office, and to break two bones in her left wrist. This happened just after noon Friday. She was taken to Elmwood, where Dr. Liston set the arm, and she returned to her duties in the Flower department, remaining there until the closing hour, although she was suffering very much.

Speaking of that Garden department, Mrs. Norris reports that the champion potted plant this year was Mrs. John Friesey's "achimenes," and that there were forty flower arrangements, with Mrs. Herbert Hell of Louisville, and Sigved Jensen and Rasmus Lauritzen, Sr., winning first places. A beautiful arrangement of gladioli caught the eye of all visitors. This was prepared by D. L. Tyrell, of the "Tanner's Flower Co." of Lincoln and exhibited by William Hobson. The Weeping Water Garden club display attracted attention and led the way to the entrance to the Garden club display, as it was placed in the main room at the right of the entrance leading to the display, and to the left was a most interesting and educational display of bird nests gathered together during the past few years by Mrs. Sigved Jensen. The flower department held many unusual varieties and proved that all Nebraska needs to grow the finest of flowers is plenty of moisture which we have had this year.

Pvt. John Prodrasky, son of Mrs. Ike Keed, is enjoying a furlough from a Minnesota camp, while visiting his mother.

Richard Lauritzen, 17-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Rasmus Lauritzen, Jr., had a fine model Waco N passenger airplane at the Fair this year.

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which attracted much attention. Two years ago Richard had a fine exhibit of planes at the Fair. This is his hobby, and he does some outstanding work along that line.

Mrs. W. A. Robertson of Plattsmouth was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nell Munkres, Wednesday, for a few hours, enroute to visit her daughter, Mrs. Murphy, at Lincoln.

Oxford school will open Monday, August 28th with Miss Doden of Nehawka as their teacher.

Wm. Zahlman, principal of Weeping Water high school, was in town Thursday arranging for next year's work. He will make his home at the J. M. Ranney home, again this year.

Howard Friesel and son, Jackie of Keokuk, Ill., returned home last week after a five weeks visit at the home of Mr. Friesel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Friesel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gussett, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Stock and son, Tommy, of Lincoln, visited relatives and attended the Fair, Friday, and Mr. and Mrs. Gussett remained for the week end.

Weeping Water's new school superintendent for the coming year will be T. R. Dappen, instructor in the teacher's college of the University of Nebraska. He will succeed L. A. Behrends, who recently resigned to accept the office of Cass County school superintendent. School will open the fourth of September. We understand that Mr. Dappen has not yet secured a home here for his family. The vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Maude Baldwin, eighth grade teacher, is not yet filled, and the board has had to accept another resignation. Owing to the serious illness of Mr. H. C. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, who taught before her marriage, and again took up the work to help relieve the shortage of teachers, has had to resign.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Day received a message announcing the birth of a granddaughter, Tuesday, August 22, to Sgt. John Day and wife, at Bradenton, Florida. The father is on duty overseas. This is Mr. and Mrs. Day's first grandchild.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood of York came to Weeping Water for the Fair and Thursday night they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Hayes. Friday night they spent

with their friends, the Fred Carstens, on the O St. highway. Mrs. Mary Johnson is visiting at the home of Mrs. Mariba Lynn at Union.

Mrs. Edward Dowler and daughter, Ruth Louise of Omaha spent last week with Mrs. Dowler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baldwin.

Recalling the Cass county Fair of '82, '84 and '85, Carl Day told of meeting Mr. Mockett, the automobile man, in Lincoln, last week, and that he brought to memory those old Fair days, by recalling the fact that he and Mr. Frederickson, of Omaha, both bicycle dealers at that time, had been contestants in bicycle races at that Fair. In handicap races, and in three way races, man on bicycle, man on horse, and man on foot.

Miss Agnes Rough has sold her stock of millinery to a Lincoln firm and her stock of ladies ready-to-wear goods to Mrs. Henry Snell. Her beauty shop equipment will be stored until she has a good rest. She expects to leave Weeping Water the last day of this month, which will be this coming Friday, and go to Lincoln for a short time. Later she expects to visit, probably at Kansas City, Oklahoma City and Chicago, before deciding what she will do. Her many friends here are hoping that she will decide to return to Weeping Water. Mrs. Snell will move her newly acquired Ladies Ready-to-Wear goods to her home on the north side of Main street, adjoining Hehrd's Implement store on the east.

Surveyors have completed their work on the O St. highway for the extension of the paving on that road. Danish Ladies Aid society met last week at the home of Mrs. Otto Mogensen, when Red Cross work was completed. Guests for the afternoon were Mrs. Lloyd Lauritzen and two children, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Walter Andersen and daughter, Naoma Andersen, Mrs. Nella Zwiernbein of Omaha.

Mrs. Paul Ward was hostess at the Mothers Victory Circle meeting last week when one convalescent robe was completed and another one started.

The Mennonite Camp meetings closed Sunday evening. It is followed by a ministerial conference, lasting three days and closing Wednesday.

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Princess of Grätzen



CHAPTER VIII

The Princess Meridel of Grätzen and her cousin arrive in Canada to visit Baron Rudi de Grätzen, her uncle. He had been employed by Madame Fabre-Luisman, who turned the estate over to the Baron in order that he could entertain the Princess without her knowing of his reduced circumstances. Roger Fabre of the Canadian Air Force and Rosine find a photograph on the Madame's table and learn that it is the man whom Roger has vowed to kill. They then learn that the man is Roger's brother. Roger still does not know the connection between his brother and the crime he is pledged to avenge. The children break the picture frame and tell Madame the truth. She tries not to believe that Roger's own brother had killed Bonhomme Fricot, but a doubt remains. The Baron was not the owner of the castle, so they all left for Coq d'or where he bought an interest in the Golden Cook.

Roger looked all around him, puzzled, then pretending to find her only after an interval, he feigned surprise, saluted briskly and said, "Ah, so you are the wicked old witch who has the lovely princess shut up in her castle! Free her at once, beldame, or I shall be forced to draw upon your goblin guard and—"

"Come up here!" "I come, madame." She heard the clatter of his boots on the back stairway and almost before she could reach the hall he was there, bright cheeked, smelling of frost and tobacco, strong of arm as he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Surprise!" he said. "Landed at St. Hubert in the middle of the night." "Why—why did you not let me know?" "Military secret, my beloved aunt. But here I am, Tante Mimmi—and oh, so glad to be here! Please sit down and tell me all about everything—about yourself, about your grand gesture of playing fairy godmother to the little exiles, about—"

"About Meridel?" "Well—yes, about Meridel. Where is she?" "Gone!" Roger jumped up before he had settled on the cushions. "You mean she is not here? She has gone away? But—"

"Not far away in distance, Roger; but very, very far I am afraid, in relationship. Oh, damn it, why do things have to be the way they are! We were all so happy and then—"

"And then what? What happened?" "She found out that Rudolph was the butler. That big mouth, blundering Guy Winters came one day and—well, she learned the truth."

"And she left you?" "That night, I don't blame her. I could understand just how she felt about it all. I forgot about her being a princess. I realized what she was, and why she was—"

"Were you ever in doubt about it? She is the loveliest—"

"Yes, I know. Roger! I've missed them all terribly. Rudolph went with them. It was sad to see them go. It was pathetic somehow. They looked what they really were, as they stood in the hall that night, saying goodby to us—exiles, strangers in a strange land, four poor souls lost among the millions."

"You should not have let them go! You should have made them—"

"You sit down. Here—" she handed him the letter she had just received from Meridel. "I think you'll like to read that."

"When I asked her why—Madame's voice made Roger's eyes grow wide, brought a sudden chill to him. He leaned forward in his chair, his hands clasped in front of him—"

"Who had—" Roger started to smile, but the smile died a-borning. His lips were parted. He stared hard at his aunt and saw no gleam of mirth in her eyes. A shadow there, a hideous lurking curtain of doubt.

"A moment," he said softly. "Just a moment! This—this was no play, none of their make-believe!"

"This was serious. We questioned them. Meridel and Rudi scolded them. It was no good. He is the one who killed Bonhomme Fricot. And he laughed afterward. I hate him, hate him, hate him! My God, Roger, I have been hearing that child's voice ever since. In the dark hours of the night when I waken and realize how old I am and remember you and remember him—"

"They could be mistaken. Youngsters like them—"

"They are old, these children of the war—old and wise, Roger, I'm afraid. I've been afraid since I that day. I can't think of it—can't bear to. You know how he felt about those people. He lived among them three years. He was formed by them—"

"Not to betray his country! Not to wear their—"

"Even the scar on his chin," said the old lady bitterly. "His souvenir of Heidelberg he called it—a saber cut—they remembered that!"

"Don't! Don't talk about it!" Roger got up and walked to the window just as the telephone rang softly, hands to Roger's elbow. He looked inquiringly at madame and lifted it when she nodded. He did very little talking, a great deal of listening. The old lady watched him sharply, straining to read in his eyes the news that made their dark looks alter, grow darker still.

"Good! We shall see you soon, my friend!" And he put the telephone down slowly and looked earnestly, appraisingly at his aunt. "Order that coffee and cognac, madame. You are going to need it."

"What—" she spoke through the house phone to Gesner, turned then to her nephew. "Tell me. Who was that?"

"Old Delorme, your confidential agent's clerk. That black devil Follet has skipped. There's a letter in his office there for you—and from what I could gather—not much else."

"You mean," Madame picked up her stick and fingered the knob, "you mean to say that Gabriel Follet has swindled me!"

"It looks that way. You know, darling, I've been leaning you for years and years that Follet smelled of brimstone and that you should look after your affairs a bit better."

"Pouf! Where is the coffee? I have been poor before. I never minded that. One day champagne, the next gruel. It was the way when I was young. Ah, Gesner, you bring ambrosia."

"I shall go back to the city at once and see what's to be done. I'll get some good lawyer for you. I know that you wouldn't be interested enough to come with me."

"Why not? It is a long time since I have been away from here. We shall go right after luncheon. Perhaps now that we are poor, Meridel and Rudi and the children will forget their pride and come back."

"The tiny back parlor of the Coq d'or held a gay company that night. The tavern was closed early and the little ones, as a very special concession, were allowed to stay up a full two hours after their bedtime. Roger was their hero.

"You must come to stay with us," said Madame, "not just to visit. If I am able to remain there, Meridel, you and the children must return to me. Now, you see, the shoe is on the other foot, it is I who am poor, who am in need of good friends and cheery faces around me. You would not leave a poor, helpless old woman alone!"

She tried to look piteous, but failed signally. She did not take the threat of poverty at all seriously. She had already dramatized the situation, in which her part was somewhat of a cross between the Little Match Girl and Eliza crossing the ice. She was enjoying herself greatly and after a few imprecations and vain threats against "that sly fox, that Gabriel Follet," she seemed to have entirely forgotten him. She sat in the place of honor by Jules Goujon's fireside and benignly let Rudolph wait upon her, which he did with obvious pleasure.

"Ah, it is like the good old times, Rudolph," she said. "I fear it is not until you were gone that I realized what a treasure I had in you."

"Just as I, until I became a baron, madame," murmured Rudolph, "did not know how pleasant is the lot of a butler."

The children surrounded Roger and Meridel, questioning Roger, asking him the meaning of the bright ribbons on his tunic, begging him to tell them of his adventures in the sky. He waited, as did Meridel, and madame also, for queries, some talk of Bonhomme Fricot, "that good man who was laughing soldier killed." They knew Rosine and Pol Martin were thinking of that, but something, some childish intuition kept their little tongues away from the subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED)