

Elmwood

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Adams had the pleasure of having both of their daughters at home for a few days this month.

Mrs. Lois Horton Francis returned Saturday from Falls City where she had been looking after her interests there.

Dr. O. E. Liston made a business trip to Colorado last week.

The Woman's Council met at the Christian church parlors on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Bess Streeter Aldrich is making an extended visit at Lincoln with her daughter, Mrs. Beechner and family.

Mr. Guy McGill had the misfortune to have part of a chicken bone lodge in his throat. He was taken to Bryan Memorial where the bone was removed.

Kenneth West arrived home for a visit Tuesday. He has been employed in defense work in New Jersey.

Elmwood has a new citizen, to live at the Norman Hornemeier home. The little daughter was born on last Saturday.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pulek on last Sunday were her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Miller and two sons of Friend, and their daughter, Mrs. Wade of Lincoln.

Mrs. Lydia Muenchau and Miss Lillie Muenchau plan to start on Thursday for a trip to Lansdale, Pa., the old home of Mrs. Muenchau. Miss Lillie can enjoy a vacation from her duties as bookkeeper at the Farmer's Union Elevator.

Mr. Paul Eveland was among the ones from the school in Fort Sill, as second lieutenants this week.

Mrs. Donald Gonzales and Cheryl Ann are spending this week at Raymond with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Tolhurst. They will return here for another short stay before they go to their home in Dothan, Alabama.

Two of our soldier boys are in hospitals in England, after their service on the Continent. Oral Kuehn is in with a broken ankle, and Don Ziegler with another wound. The latter thinks he will be able to go back soon to active service.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Lind went to Omaha on Wednesday to attend the annual conference. The church members voted to have them return next year with an increase in salary. The lay delegate to the session is Mr. Melvin Miller. He and Mrs. Miller expect to go the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Cora Williams Reeder came over from Plattsmouth and stayed the most of last week here. Her father, Mr. Harry Williams is improved in condition in some ways.

The farmers are appreciating the nice weather, and are keeping busy these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Creamer and daughter, Helen of Waverly, were guests on Sunday at the home of his mother and sisters, Mrs. Clara Creamer, Maude and Jessie. Miss Helen attended a convention of Youth Fellowship workers at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, recently. She is to be a senior at Wesleyan this next year.

Mrs. Belle Coakley is teaching at Guide Rock this year, to which place she went last week.

A large number of our people are attending the State Fair at some time this week. The school had a short session on the first day, Labor Day, so the teachers and pupils could go.

The Melvin Miller and Charles Miller families attended the Otoe County Fair at Syracuse last week each day, where Larry Miller had two 4-H calves on exhibit. One calf took first prize in its class and third prize in all classes. Both calves were sold at good prices.

Mrs. Addie Fleischman visited her son and wife at Lincoln a few days last week.

The roof of the Christian church received some new shingles on the south side, the men of the congregation doing the work, on last Saturday.

Mrs. Rollins of California is here caring for Dr. W. A. Alton. Mrs. Sherry of Rock Bluffs acted as nurse until her arrival.

Mrs. Gladys Schlichtemeier has returned to her home in St. Louis, taking with her the children, Beverly and Bertie, who had spent the summer with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Reber. Gladys is now a teacher in the school near her home.

Miss Mabel Broderick of Fremont and Miss Agnes Welch of O'Neill, teachers in our school, are making their home with Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Cora Gerbling at the Douglas place.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Roberta are moving Thursday from the Douglas apartment to their home at Wabash, where Mr. Smith has charge of the elevator.

Friends and neighbors of Mrs. Wm. Harley are having a dinner for her on Thursday, as she is soon to close her home for the winter or longer, if it is sold.

Mr. Carl Skeen was a recent visitor at the home of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Miller have taken up their residence at Ashland where he is superintendent of schools. He taught in the State Normal at Wayne last year.

Miss Joyce Bronn returned to her home on Tuesday, her stay at the hospital not being so long.

MURDOCK

Mr. F. Markle spent Sunday with his sons and their families in Lincoln.

Wm. Knaup who suffered a broken neck July 5th, was calling on friends in Murdock the latter part of last week.

Mr. E. H. Miller has purchased the Crawford property in the northwest part of town.

James Mills is having a new roof placed on his farm home two miles northwest of town. His brother-in-law, H. Mohning of Elmwood, is doing the work.

Oscar Rikli of Drummond, Okla., was in this vicinity the fore part of the week visiting his mother, Mrs. A. Rikli, and his two brothers, William and Leo.

He was returning home from Dakota where he had been for several weeks looking after the operation of a large combine that his assistant in the harvesting of the wheat crop, all the way from Oklahoma through Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas.

W. O. Gillespie and Joe Gustin have been busy for several days, pulling the pipe from the old hotel well. Although the pipe has been in the ground for nearly twenty-five years they found it in good condition.

Donnie Rase spent Friday and Saturday of last week in Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schleiter spent Wednesday at the State Fair.

John Charles Kruse entertained a number of his little friends Saturday, August 26, on being his fifth birthday anniversary.

Art Ward is out at the Jess Stock farm repairing the buildings and getting them in good shape for the winter.

Ed Wegner has finished the decorating of the bank, which greatly improves its appearance.

Art Shoeman of Louisville was in town Tuesday having some work done on his car, at the Rase garage.

O. B. Lupardus, who has been in Hutchinson, Kan., for some time was home for a few days the first of the week.

Paul Stock has repainted his trailer house, which gives it a nifty appearance. Mr. Wegner did the work.

With the help of Herbert Bornemeier, Hy. Heineman spent Labor Day completing the laying of a cement walk on the west side of his residence property.

Gene Tool, who is now located in a Missouri army base, was in town Saturday visiting his many friends.

Ed Ganaway spent Sunday and Monday in Lincoln with his daughter and family.

Ed Vance of Ashland was a Murdock visitor Tuesday.

Tohy King has been mowing the streets and alleys, which was badly needed.

Our material handlers got in a shipment of 150 sacks of cement last week.

Herbert Bornemeier had a force of men putting a cement floor in his hog house and poultry house the latter part of the week.

WE have received a new shipment of G. X. L. powder for washing your separator!
2 Pound Box, 35¢
Made by the Wydotte Co.

We need more Spring Chickens, both leghorn and heavy breeds!

PLATTSMOUTH CREAMERY
Home of CASCO Butter
Lower Main St. Phone 94

Greenwood

Mr. C. A. Mathis who is seriously ill, is reported weaker.

Dorus met at the church Friday afternoon with Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Carter.

Mr. Ed Stone of Washington, Mr. Emmitt Friend of Alvo called at the Lincoln Dimmett home Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Keller were Tuesday evening supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles. Janice and Larry Lee returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Life Mullen and Nita, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Dimmett of Alvo, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dimmett and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dimmett and family of Ashland, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. Dimmett in honor of Mrs. Dimmett's birthday.

Mr. Earl Iden was taken back to the hospital last Saturday, and is some better.

Miss Elizabeth Martin left last Friday for Oakland, Nebr., where she will teach music in Oakland school.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kinney and sons of Alvo spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles.

W.S.C.S., met at the church Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Elsie Kelly, Mrs. Fred Pamquist and Mrs. Ora McDonald.

Mrs. Joe Kyles went to Friend on Thursday to spend a few days at the Dr. Wallace home.

Receives Combat Medal
Mrs. Robert Jensen of Eagle recently received the new combat infantryman's medal from her husband, Pfc. Robert Jensen, who is a member of the 32nd Infantry, 7th Division, which was reviewed and honored by the president during his visit in Hawaii several weeks ago. The award was presented to members of the Infantry who participated in three of the South Pacific campaigns.

TO HOLD OPEN HOUSE

An open house will be held at the Lewiston community center on Thursday, September 14th in honor of Mrs. A. Dove Asch, long time resident of that community, who is leaving soon for California. Open house will be held from 2 to 5 o'clock. The friends that cannot come are urged to send greeting cards.

ARREST COLLABORATIONIST

Paris, Sept. 9. (UP)—Rene Fonck, aviator famous in the First World War has been arrested as a pro-Nazi collaborationist, the French ministry announced today. The ministry also announced the arrest of Rohan Shabot, director of the Fred Red Cross on a similar charge.

The Army Ordnance Armory at Springfield, Mass., is conducting a four-year course, leading to an expert toolmaker certificate. Thirteen honorably discharged servicemen are now taking courses in such subjects as engineering drawing, shop mathematics, shop trigonometry, gun theory, metallurgy and heat treatment, thread grinding, jig borers, first aid, foremanship and management, production engineering and shop theory.

As Omar Pow-Wow



Guarding the steel fedora of their master, Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, commander of American ground forces in northern France, these two fox terrier puppies learn what's in store for the Nazis.

Buy More Bonds

You Can Save If You'll COMPARE!

See for yourself: compare Hinky-Dinky's prices with those you pay elsewhere, and count up your savings. You REALLY save when you shop at Hinky-Dinky.

We've Got Plenty of Colorado Mountain-Grown PEACHES

California Green Top Carrots	Large Bunch 8¢	Fresh, Crisp, Solid Cabbage	Pound 5¢
Colorado White Snowball Cauliflower	Large Well-Bleached Stalks	CELERY	Each 15¢
U. S. No. 1 GREENINGS	FINE FOR PIES OR SAUCE	APPLES	Pound 10¢
POINT FREE ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT	No. 2 Cans, 184 46-OZ.	BLENDED JUICE	CAN 42¢
43 Points, MISSION SLICED PEACHES	No. 2 1/2 Cans		23¢
Only 12 Points, HUNT'S PRUNE PLUMS	No. 2 1/2 GLASS		28¢
CREAMY OR CHUNKY SKIPPY PEANUT BUTTER	1-LB. JAR		33¢
BOND DILL TOMATO PICKLES	QT. JAR		24¢
FRAGRANT, FULL-BODIED HILLS BROS. COFFEE	2-LB. 1-lb. jar 30¢		59¢
FLAVORFUL POINT FREE VEAL RIB CHOPS	POUND		33¢
THRIFTY, TASTY FOR STEWS VEAL BREAST	Pound		17¢
FOR DELICIOUS VEAL PATTIES GROUND VEAL	Pound		29¢
SMALL, LEAN, MEATY FINE FOR BARBECUING SPARE RIBS	Pound		21¢
TYPE 1, FORMERLY "MINCED HAM" LARGE BOLOGNA	Pound		31¢
DELICIOUS WHEN STUFFED AND BAKED VEAL HEARTS	Pound		19¢

HINKY-DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective September 11 through September 13, subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

Buy more War Bonds now for Future security, too!

Princess of Gray

CHAPTER X

The Princess Meridel of Gratzon and her cousins arrive in Canada to visit Baron Rudt de Montpau. He had been employed by Madame Fabre-Luisignan, 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 nephew of the Madame's falls in love with the Princess. The estate is turned over to the care of unfortunate children of war-torn Europe. Pol Martin 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 determined 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's friend, but a doubt remains. The Princess learned that 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 Cock. Roger returns to the Princess and Madame's fortune in a bad way. He sets out with Madame to find the Princess and have her and the children returned. While they were together Michel and a companion, escaping from a prison camp, appear and take the keys to the car. It is only then that Madame and Roger are convinced that Michel is one of the enemy.



Meridel took her handkerchief and dabbed it against Roger's mouth, helping to staunch the flow of blood.

"There," said Roger, standing straddle-legged in front of the fire, facing them. "I informed the authorities. The chances are they knew nothing about the escape. Perhaps the discipline in the camp had slackened a bit. But the hunt will be on now."

"You think they will be taken?" Meridel's eyes were bright in the firelight, but there was a tired, drawn look about her mouth. "They will not be allowed to cross the border, to regain their own country in time and again cause death to the innocent?"

Roger shook his head. "I do not think they'll be recaptured. Mike—Mike"—repeating the name he smiled bitterly—"knows every road and byway between here and the line. He knows what he's doing—always did know."

Madame stood up straight and defiant. "I am not finished yet. Michel Fabre always defied me, always had his own way, always laughed at me. Tonight I have pity for him, the anger has gone out of me. It would be a mercy if a bullet from some guard's gun would put an end to a life like that. A traitor, a murderer—I God have mercy on us all. Good night, my children. Good night, Rudolph."

Ceremoniously, Rudolph escorted the old lady from the room, leaving Roger and Meridel to the quiet there, the soft murmur of the flames on the hearth, the low voices of the wind in the trees. Roger sat on the davenport beside her and covered her clasped hands with one of his. Her face was pale, her eyes big and shadowed and the smile she gave him was a tired smile, wistful and unhappy.

"It has been hard for you, Meridel." "Not so hard for me as for you—for your good aunt. Once, when we first heard from the children about—about him, we said, Madame and I, that we would not believe the story unless we had the evidence of our eyes, our own ears. Unless we saw him, heard him confess his guilt. And we saw and heard."

"Yes, it was the same way with me." Roger stirred restlessly and lit a cigarette when she declined one. "I knew Mike well enough to realize that he would side with the devil—if he thought the devil was right. But how he strayed into this—this horrible business is more than I can fathom. What reward could they give him? Money he never cared for and fame never bothered him. He has cast aside his birthright, his self-respect, everything. I have often thought of those renegade Englishmen who broadcast over the German radio and to me they seemed mere crackpots who were to be laughed at or pitied. You can't laugh at Mike—and he could never be an object of pity. He is one who knows what it's all about."

"It was all so strange," whispered Meridel. "So different from the memory I had of him. When I met him there long ago he was so young and carefree and there was something in his eyes that was beautiful and good to see. But tonight, Roger—you saw his eyes tonight."

"Yes—cold, hard, deadly. Yet I thought there was misery and torment in them. And still I had to go tonight and put men on his trail who will shoot him down like a dog, and receive no blame for doing so. Perhaps by now they have got him; perhaps—"

"There! You must not concern yourself so." "Some women could care enough to forgive him even this," continued Roger.

"Is there such love? Is love really the name for it?" Roger shrugged. "I think there is such—the sublime, the all-forgiving."

"Mine is not like that. It wasn't love, perhaps. It may have been, but a colored dream. You can't take a little bit of beauty, fine as silk, and spin it out into a thread that will stretch halfway across the world."

"Then tonight was the end of that? Tell me that I may begin to hope—"

She smiled up at him. "I think you never ceased to hope, Roger." "Say, rather, I never despaired. You will marry me, Meridel?" He looked into her eyes, slowly drew his hands from her shoulders. "There is nothing to stand between us now."

"Less than nothing. If—if you want me, I will marry you, Roger." "Want you? More than I have ever wanted or even could want anything else in this world."

"But you are not quite happy, because it came to you this way." "I think I would rather have lost the game than have won it this way—through knowing the truth about Michel. But I see no reason why that should spoil our lives, our happiness."

Roger did not go to bed that night. He drew his chair to the window and dozed there a while and awoke to see the red-gold furnace in the eastern sky. As soon as he heard a noise below stairs, he shaved himself and showered and went down to drink coffee with Gesner and Rudolph in the kitchen.

Someone had turned on the radio. The voice of the announcer gave the early news items from Montreal—"The police and military authorities have nothing so far to report on the two German prisoners, former members of the Nazi Luftwaffe, who escaped last night from a prison camp in the Laurentians. The two men, one of them armed with a pistol, took the station wagon—"

Roger had reached the radio in three strides and turned the dial until he found music. But some of the keen little ears had heard. Pol Martin's big eyes were staring at him, at the still swollen lip and the newly healed cut. A strange look came over the child's face.

"Was it from this camp back in the woods they escaped, Roger? Was it your station wagon?" Roger could not answer, but Pol Martin needed no words; he could read it all in Roger's face, in the way he looked at Meridel.

"They came here, and you fought with them. That is how you cut your lip. All this happened while we were sleeping. But I dreamed of Bonhomme Fricot last night." "You are sure you are not just telling us that, Pol Martin?" asked Meridel.

"No, no, I dreamed of him. He was alive again. He was smiling at me and holding out his hand to me and to Rosine. Tell me about the prisoners, Roger, please."

"Not now, my little one. Some other day, perhaps. Now it is time for all of you to have breakfast. Today if you like we shall go up into the mountain."

"That will be good, Roger," said Pol Martin gravely. "A lot of fun." But Flight Lieutenant Roger Fabre was not to climb the mountain that day. Shortly after breakfast an R.C.A.F. station wagon, far faster and sleeker than his own beloved jalopy, drew up in front of Philibert with orders for him to return to Montreal at once.

"I felt it, somehow," he said ruefully to Meridel. "I have to go, but this time I take my happiness with me. When I return, dear, you will be ready?"

"I shall be waiting, mon brave," she said gravely. "I shall pray each hour for you—for your safe return." They gathered on the steps of Philibert to see him go, to bid him Goodspeed, Madame wearing a few thousand dollars' worth of sables as carelessly as she would a Navajo blanket, over her thin shoulders, Meridel in a white sweater and gray-blue velvet slacks. Rudolph, attired much like Gesner—all the little ones in the gayly colored, bob-tant coats and tasseled toques Madame had bought for them. Like lovely little gnomes from the dark forest they looked, thought Roger, as the mitted hands waved him farewell.

"A heck of a note, sir," said young Ayscough, who had brought the car, "to have to leave. I guess it must be pretty important, though. The old man was having fits when he couldn't get through to you on the telephone."

(TO BE CONTINUED)