

Weeping Water

Weeping Water Garden club met Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hugh Hanlan, with Mrs. J. M. Ranney presiding, and Mrs. Lloyd P. Wolcott in charge of the program with her subject being "A Silver and White Garden." This was also the regular time for the spring exchange of plants. Following the meeting was a social hour, when the hostess served refreshments. The June meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ben Olive.

Helping Hand Society met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Lawrence Johnson, when the afternoon was spent piecing quilts. Three visitors were present. They were Mrs. J. M. Ranney, Mrs. L. A. Hay and Mrs. John Hay.

William J. Rau, former Manly banker, now living in Lincoln, was a Weeping Water visitor, one day last week.

Word has been received that Wayne Michel, fifteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Mick-L. Hadsell, of Avoca, were Weep-

el, is being released from the hospital, this week, after having been in Lincoln and Omaha hospitals for nearly thirteen months. Wayne was badly burned, and his life was despaired of for some time.

The Pincchle club, organized by the young married people, northeast of town, met Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Rehmeier.

Mrs. Nettie Amick has returned home after spending two weeks at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sadie Schomaker, at Union.

Organization has been completed for three Cub Scout Dens, with Francis L. Hebard, as chairman of the Cub Pack committee, and Mrs. R. A. Shumaker, Mrs. Lloyd Luaritzen, Mrs. A. C. Petersen, and Mrs. Harry W. Kelley as Den Mothers. Boy Scouts act as den chiefs.

Edwin G. Steckley, and his son Gardner, have been at their home here for the past few days. They expect to return to California, soon.

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Small, of guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Sterling.

Bryant Drake, president of Doane college, A. E. Wolf, Doane College Field Man and Rev. W. Wayne Michel, of Avoca, were Weep-

Gather Ye Rosebuds

By JEANNETTE COVERT NOLAN

MAJOR CAMERON sat in a sequestered nook in the St. George bar where the palm trees were real, though they grew in tubs. His hat was on the back of his head, his brow knit; in his hand was a notebook in which he now and then scribbled a name.

To observers, those few before-noon drinkers who sauntered in and out, he must have seemed a man whose disciplined brain plowed a single, fertile furrow of thought; but the fact was that he crossed out the names almost as soon as he wrote them, and his thoughts were jumbled as a crazy quilt.

He had just written "Walter McNally," and crossed it out (poor Walter—a post-office clerk, of course, and so rather secure, with a steady, modest income; but still saddled, probably with the expense of his wife's illness and death) when the bartender called jocularly to him:

"Morning, Major. Ain't you gonna have your buttermilk?"

"No, I'll wait a while, thank you, Jim."

He would wait, he reflected, until Mr. Milgrim came in, as he was likely to do, and offered the buttermilk "on the company." The prices here were simply outrageous: twenty-five cents for a mug of buttermilk. Well, you paid for everything else with that mug—the sparkling mirrors behind the bar, Jim's white apron, Jim himself, the St. George management's taxes and interest on investment. As the word "investment" flashed into his mind, the Major winced. It had recent connotations; it brought up his last night's conversation with Sidney. She was becoming more incorrigible every day, that girl, more like the Major's unfortunate sister Laura.

He had said to Sidney, "What you are demanding is not feasible. I am at present putting all my available funds into an investment."

"Could you make a better investment," she retorted, "than in your son's future?"

FOR fully a half-hour, having cooped him up in a corner of the parlor, she had continued her badgering. She wanted forty dollars—well, then, thirty-five—for Jeff, because Jeff had some sort of job in view, a job in a distant city to which he must travel by train; the money was for the railroad fare. Major Cameron hadn't quite understood what it was all about; this was partly because he didn't wish to, but largely because Sidney was so secretive. In anyone other than himself, the Major detested secrecy. Why couldn't Sidney come right out with it, instead of beating around the bush? He asked her that, and her answer was characteristically perky—why didn't he tell her the nature of his investment?

"In due time," he had said, "you will know, Sidney. In due time, as it materializes, forty dollars will seem the merest pittance sum to me and to all of us. Jeff will be able to travel any distance he likes, not to a job, but to college, a university."

"Jeff? Why, Papa, he's too old for college. He's twenty-three. And, anyway, he can't hang around until due time. He's got to go at once or not at all. Surely you have a little ready money. We can't be that poverty-stricken!"

"My dear Sidney, we are not poverty-stricken. You must think of it as a temporary condition only, the—ummm—famine before the feast—"

"Tell me one thing," she said, "is this investment of yours connected with Mr. Milgrim at the St. George?"

He did not intend to tell her, but somehow her eyes had a com-

elling gleam. "Well—yes. But I don't—"

"Never mind, I just had to know that much."

BUT the truth was, and he avoided facing it oftener than he must, that the oil business was very slow in developing. This was to an extent the Major's own fault—or so Mr. Milgrim seemed to think. The president of the company was not "producing" enough, Mr. Milgrim said—which meant that the Major was not selling enough certificates fast enough. "You must produce, sir!" Mr. Milgrim said; and occasionally the Major detected a shade of censure in the adjuration. "After all, sir, a citizen of your pre-eminence in this community, this state, with 'shoals of friends'—"

Well, the Major had already sold one hundred and eighty-three certificates, which was nine thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars' worth; but the next day he had gone out again on the route, visiting, among other old tobacco customers, Mr. Sylvester Atkins of Carp Creek, Indiana. Mr. Atkins bought a gross of Spunky Mule plugs; he didn't buy any Shenandoah stock. Mr. Atkins said he'd like to, but he now had four certificates, which was his limit. "A fellow can invest just so much, Major," Mr. Atkins said.

Mr. Milgrim was advocating speed and more speed. . . . Sometimes the Major was quite frank and thought of himself as an elephant prodded from the rear by an irascible trainer. He borrowed from Jeff and bought a certificate; he sold one to his barber, one to a conductor on the Governor Street trolley, and then no more. He mused with regret upon the lack of conviviality in his past life. He had few intimates—none, really. And he began to make a list of his neighbors. He had the names of Mrs. Kerr, Dr. Tarpin, Mr. Fischer and Doc Morton. . . . Then, suddenly inspired, the Major added another name: Judge Logan. A stiff, proud man, Judge Logan. The Major would enjoy doing him a favor, and, later, when the Shenandoah spouted a golden harvest, receiving his gratitude.

(To Be Continued)

mont, has returned to her home, after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Lane. Mrs. Bogard is a former resident of Weeping Water.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Uhling, of Louisville, were Friday evening visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hugh Hanlan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nielsen have bought a home on North 35th Street in Lincoln, and they expect to move in about another week. They have rented their farmhand, west of town.

There was a delightful gathering, Thursday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Livingston, when Mrs. Livingston, assisted by Mrs. Maurice Hammons and Miss Nina Freeman, entertained at a shower for Miss Wilma Livingston, whose marriage to Don Schutz, of Walton, will take place June the first. The May day theme was carried out in the decorations and in the games. Huge May baskets were filled to overflowing with gifts for the bride-to-be. Forty-five guests enjoyed the occasion, with three out of town guests. They were Mrs. Fred Schultz, of Walton and Mr. and Mrs. Jess Livingston, of Lincoln.

Guests at the Ed Steinkamp home, Sunday afternoon, were Charles Gardner, Miss Margaret Gardner, Jerry Skoog, and Miss Wanda Steinkamp, all of Lincoln. The Christian Endeavor Society of the Christian church, had as members of the Christian En-

their guests, Sunday evening, the deavor Society of Murray. Following the regular meeting all remained for a social hour.

About 95 per cent of the substance in grass comes from sunlight, air and water—the rest from soil nutrients.

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SAYS TIM ADAMS:

It sure beats the dickens how a fellow discovers that a lot of folks agree on more issues than most of us suspect.

Now, for example, during the coal strike, there was a mighty revealing statement made by this Joseph Padway who's the big lawyer for the American Federation of Labor. Here's what he said: It is "fundamental that men have the right to work or not, as they see fit."

Well sir, it appears to me that when an important union spokesman makes a statement like that, it's mighty good proof of what I've been maintainin' all along. There's no real quarrel between the fellows in the unions and the rest of us folks. Joe Padway may not realize it, but he said exactly what the Nebraska Small Business Men's Association was savin' when it asked us voters to okay the Right to Work Amendment last November.

We all believe that a man has the right to work and earn a living without havin' to kowtow to anybody, whether it's a union boss or an employer. I say, give the working man a chance to clean the racketeering out of unionism, and you'll see the rise of some real leaders who'll help iron out all the troubles that are holding up production. After all, the "common man" has an uncommon lot of good sense.

NEBRASKA SMALL BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION
Devoted to Building a More Prosperous Nebraska



Colgate's pitcher Rollins Schuster, 18, of Maplewood, N.J., reports to class after being declared ineligible for collegiate competition for reportedly signing contract with Boston Red Sox for \$17,000.

Angola, West Africa, Dr. McMillan went to Lisbon to study the Portuguese language, which is used in Angola. His talk was illogical missionary in Africa means illustrated with films. Being a medical man, he must not only be well versed in medicine, but he must have knowledge in agriculture, and other lines of work. Mrs. McMillan assists him in his work.

Mrs. John Wishart went to Lincoln, Monday morning, for a visit at the home of her son-in-law and Sorenson.

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daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sam Rector returned home from the hospital, Sunday. He is improving rapidly, but will be confined to his bed for probably another week.

Mrs. Charles Bogard, of Fremont,

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ALLEY OOP

SO HELP ME, OOP, YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! THIS MUST BE THE BASHAW'S PALACE!

THEN ALL WE GOTTA DO'S FIND 'TH' OL' BOY'S STRONG ROOM!

SPEAKING OF STRONG ROOMS, THERE MUST BE SOME THING PRECIOUS IN THERE... LOOK AT THAT DOOR!

YEH! I WONDER WHY IT'S NOT GUARDED?

THE GUARD'S PROBABLY GONE TO SEE THE HARBOR FIRE-WORKS... WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH THAT LOCK?

WHATCHA SEE? 'NOMING MUCH! 'C'MON, LET'S GO IN!

DAMES!

HOLY COW! WE'VE BLUNDERED INTO THE BASHAW'S HAREM!

WHATLL WE DO NOW?

WE'LL GET OUT FAST!

'S TOO LATE NOW... WE'LL HAFTA HIDE SOME PLACE!

OH, BROTHER!

IF WE'RE EVER GONNA GET OUT OF THIS HAREM, IT'LL HAVE TO BE NOW!

I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF WE STUMBLE OVER SUMPIN' IN 'TH' DARK!

SO FAR... SO GOOD! I THINK WE'RE... OH, OH! HOLD IT! LOOK!

GADFRY! WOTTA MAN!

CAN WE GET PAST THE BIG LUG?

OH, SURE!