

## The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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### THE WOES OF ROCKEFELLER.

Poor old John D. Rockefeller. He is like that Etruscan maiden who agreed to open the gates of her city to the Roman soldiers if they would give her the bracelets they wore on their arms. She executed her part of the contract, and then the soldiers covered her with so many bracelets that she was crushed to death. For, in addition to the bracelets, they threw their shields at her. John D. is possessed of immense wealth, but lives in mortal terror. The sword of Damocles is ever held above his head. His house on the Tarrytown estate near New York is patrolled by colored guards, and he has the place now fitted up with electric lights. On the slightest noise he simply presses a button by the side of his bed, and red, white and blue lights flash all about the house. This is a signal for all of the guards to report by pressing buttons which are located on the outside of the house. Eight men constantly patrol the premises, and all of them are heavily armed. In addition to that the grounds are securely locked every night, and no one is admitted even in the day time without a rigid inspection. There may be people who would enjoy this sort of living, but the trouble extends to his son, John D., jr. In vain John protests that he has nothing to do with the Colorado troubles. The Rockefellers "loaned" the Goulds some money on their stock in the mines, and were obliged to take the property, but they hold only a minority of the stock. Now the I. W. W. insist that Rockefeller shall arbitrate the dispute, and even Judge Lindsey of Denver joins with them in making this request. Poor old John has troubles enough of his own, without shouldering those of Colorado mine owners. No wonder that he is prematurely bald, and says plaintively "that there is rest beyond the grave."

It looks like Carnegie may become a fact if he aims to pension all who succeed.

King George can sympathize with Pharaoh when he was afflicted with the various plagues.

This week it would be rather difficult to find a man bragging that he has not yet "taken 'em off."

Charley Bryan never intended to get into the running for governor. He has just gotten into the way of talking through his hat, that's all.

An early forecast says it will rain on the Fourth of July. Let it rain. We don't care. Plattsmouth ain't going to celebrate, anyway, and the corn crop may need the rain by that time.

While the Elks of this city were expecting Governor Morehead here Saturday, he was enjoying himself at the same time fishing in the lakes near Ainsworth, with a number of friends of that city.

According to the secretary of state the order in which the respective parties will appear upon the November ballot, the democrats will have first place; bull moosers, second; republicans, third; socialists, fourth, and prohibitionists, fifth.

### HOT WEATHER ADVICE.

There is a bit of suggestion going the rounds of the press which is so good that we reprint it. The real secret of keeping cool in hot weather is to think as little about the weather as possible. Those who work in hot offices are no more uncomfortable than the ones who sit at home under an electric fan and moan, and the first people have the benefit of being able to cool off by a shower and a change of clothing at the end of the day. But the other advice is good. Avoid meats, butter and heavy or fat foods of all kinds. Eat soups, fruits, vegetables, ice cream, and whatever you eat, take only one-half as much as you ordinarily consume in cold weather.

Avoid beer and all other alcoholic drinks—their first effect may be cooling, but their secondary effect is distinctly heating. Drink liberally of water, buttermilk, weak tea and clean milk. Cool these drinks by standing on ice; never put ice into them. Wear as few clothes as the law allows; have them tight and porous, clean and unstarched. Wear loose clothing and change underwear daily. Avoid tight lacing and tight belting. Anything that retards circulation of the blood is dangerous in hot weather. Protect the head and spine from the sun.

Take a bath every day—twice a day is better—give your pores a chance to breathe. At least, take a bath just before going to bed. You will sleep better and awaken more refreshed and better able to withstand tomorrow's heat. Body cleanliness is extremely important.

Sleep in the open air, if possible, and get at least eight hours' rest every night. Avoid strenuous exercise under a hot sun. Don't fuss or fuss about the heat—that only makes you hotter. Turn the thermometer to the wall and give the cold shoulder to the hot weather fusser. Keep your temper under control and shun heated arguments. Even politics should be tabooed until "dog days" are passed. Avoid crowded places, especially indoors. When the cars are not crowded, take a trolley ride into the country. As often as you can, get out in the open air, on the green grass, under the sheltering trees. A little common sense and a little self-denial will save you a heap of discomfort and perhaps serious trouble in weather like the present.

Justice is triumphing more here lately at other places than in theatrical performances. You will notice that Charley Becker, the New York police lieutenant, got his, although given a second turn at the bat.

To the famous pictures representing Washington crossing the Delaware, Napoleon meeting his Waterloo, De Soto skirting the Mississippi and Funston swimming the Bag-Bag will have to be added that of Roosevelt discovering the River of Doubt.

Cass county has a state candidate. J. M. Teegarden of Weeping Water has filed for state treasurer on the republican ticket. Mr. Teegarden is a banker and just the kind of man to make an efficient officer. Besides, Jim is a rattling good fellow.

The contest between the four democratic candidates for governor promises to be very interesting, with the prospect of Governor Morehead's nomination more promising. R. L. Metcalfe's entrance into the contest creates no particular stir, but he will control some votes, nevertheless, and with the four of them in the race, assures a big vote at the primaries.

Toby and Edgerton will find out before the primary that they are too small to go to congress.

DeLoyd Thompson may find looping the loops at an altitude of one mile an easy way to make a living, but it is a precarious way to keep a living.

So far the miners' strike has involved a loss of \$12,000,000, and it has resulted in a lot of lawsuits that are likely to cost another twelve million.

R. L. Metcalfe has at last filed for governor on the democratic ticket. It is hard to tell which wants to be governor the worst—Metcalfe or Sam McKelvie.

Will Maupin has again launched himself as a candidate for office. He is now a candidate for railway commissioner on the democratic ticket. Will Maupin is a good fellow, and will make a lively run. The Journal is with him in this effort and we hope he will be nominated.

That illegitimate bantling, by name, the Nebraska Republican, still keep firing away at Governor Morehead, but its utterances have about as much effect upon the governor as a cur dog barking at his heels. Such papers are started for the purpose of bounding the footsteps of those who are far above them in both ability and character.

The following from the Lincoln Trade Review meets with the Journal's approval, as it should with every voter: "The people of the state, as they understand this question, will see that the wrecking of the university in the city will not only involve the enormous loss accompanying it, but that the placing of the university out on the farm will destroy the farm itself so far as its usefulness and development for all outside agricultural work, experimentation and development. It only needs information on this question to show the people of this state the unwarranted extravagance that would accompany the removal of the university to the farm. Under present financial conditions in this state and under the present rapid increase in taxation, it is impossible to reconcile the fact that the people generally are willing to add two or three millions unnecessary burden to what the people of this state must pay in order to advance the too chimerical propositions which the few real removalists in this state are behind."

The more one looks at the political situation in Nebraska, the more he becomes convinced that matters are pretty badly jumbled up on both sides, and from present indications it is hard to conjecture the final wind-up. It must be generally conceded that the democrats are in better shape than the republicans, as it seems now that they are hopelessly divided unless they all join in with the (moosers) progressives. This cannot be successfully carried out because there are too many republicans who do not believe in discarding the old name under which banner they have fought for nearly sixty years. The principles of the democratic party are all right, if lived up to, but it would seem that a person must coincide with one certain faction or he is no democrat in their estimation, yet he never bolted a democratic ticket, while with others they cut and slash with impunity, as though they had the right to do so, not considering the rights to the other fellows to do the same, unless it was following in their wake. The democrats can get together and they can carry Nebraska, but in nowise by the rule or ruin policy of a few little whip-snappers who know less about politics than anything else.

### TREATMENT OF VAGRANTS.

A dispatch from Fort Wayne, Ind., states that the chief of police and a squad of five patrolmen arrested twenty-two vagrants encamped at the outskirts of that city, marked each man by clipping a furrow through his hair with a pair of horse clippers and then ordered them out of town, accelerating their departure by padding each with a barrel stove. The vagrants were warned that if they were captured before their hair grew out each would be given 100 days on the stone pile. No doubt the chief of police took considerable pride in reporting his heroic action to the press and that he is still congratulating himself on the picturesque manner in which he grappled with one of the most serious problems of the police.

The episode differed from what is taking place in numerous communities of the country only in the detail of hair-clipping and in the use of the barrel stove. The suspension of a sentence for a certain number of hours, during which the culprit is given the option of leaving town or submitting to the penalty, has become a practice that is almost universal. But is it a solution of the problem? Does it not simply pass the responsibility on to some other community, one that must learn of the character of the involuntary exile by experience? Does it not inflict on intermediate rural districts certain depredations, against which the inhabitants cannot guard, and for punishment for which they have no handy machinery? In some instances the exile is not a real vagrant, either under the common law or special statutory definition. In such cases is he not made a wanderer on the face of the earth from necessity, in violation of every natural and constitutional right?

If the vagrants at Fort Wayne were such from choice, they should have been sent to the rock pile, as threatened in event they returned. Looked at from the selfish viewpoint of that city alone this would have been a better policy. When the news got abroad, by those mysterious processes of the underworld, that a stop in Fort Wayne would mean a stay of a hundred days at arduous and unremunerative employment, would not the vagrants have given the city a wide berth? And if other cities and villages should adopt a course of sending confirmed vagrants to the rock pile or, as is much better, the road gang, would not vagrancy ultimately become a pursuit too disagreeable for anybody to follow it long? But the "hours to leave town" works little hardship. The vagrant usually gets to stay a day or so before he runs foul of the authorities. And he does not mind a quick move. That is why he is a vagrant.

Apparently the Nebraska wheat crop is so far along that the elements couldn't kill it with a club.

John W. Hamilton was nominated for governor by the democrats in the Iowa primary election Monday. A splendid man, and popular throughout the state.

Secretary Redfield announces that Americans do not use scientific methods in the export trade. Perhaps after the country's curiosity is thoroughly aroused Mr. Redfield will give some better illustration of efficient and scientific methods.

"It is impossible to administer law without the press," said Charles Nagel, former secretary of commerce and labor, in an address before the University of Missouri recently. Continuing, Mr. Nagel said: "I have no confidence in laws for the regulation of newspapers; the only real regulation is public opinion."

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

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### The Kind You Have Always Bought

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### THE FARMER.

Leslie's Weekly says: "It is the day of the farmer. Back to the soil!" is the cry of the tired business man. It is in everyone's blood. The trolley line and the automobile are partly responsible for it. Suburban farms are all the rage. The city man can reach his farm house now in an hour or two though it be fifty miles or more away from his office, for the railroads have entered keenly into competition with the trolley and the automobile, and low commutation rates to cultivate the suburbanite.

The cry is "Back to the farm and to the simple life." It is a catching fever. The drift of the farmer boy to the great city is partly offset by the longing of the brainfagged city man for a breath of the fresh air and a sight of the green fields and the wooded hills. A silent revolution has been wrought in farm values around all of our great cities by the demand for suburban homes. Farms that were worth a moderate sum per acre are now laid out as residential plots worth as much for a single lot of a few hundred square feet as the acre was worth. Farms farther away from the cities are now valued as villa sites and still farther away they are coveted as the homes of the gentleman farmer.

"He is the farmer who loves to gaze upon the cows that he never milks, upon the pigs that he never kills, the chickens that he never feeds and the sheep that he never clips. But he sees to it that the hired help tends to these matters and his pride is in the well kept farm, the well bred cattle and the well fed pigs and fowls. The horses he may drive or ride, for the love of good horse flesh is inseparable from the love of the farm."

It may be remarked that Teddy put his river on the map as readily as he put the g. o. p. off of it.

man behind the pocketbook whose brain is busy in the great city, but loves in the calm of the evening to go back to the quiet enjoyment that nature gives with its green fields, its buzzing bees, its cackling hens, its hollyhocks and honeysuckles."

President Wilson made it plain to the delegation of manufacturers from all sections of the United States who called on him a few days ago, that they were wasting their time and breath in talking to him about swerving one iota from the program of anti-trust congress. The president listened patiently, or as patiently as he could, but with that firm lower jaw ready to snap as soon as the spokesman had concluded. He advised them that it were far better to act soberly and rationally now in putting such statutes on the books than to await a time when more radical elements might be in power in congress.

Hon. John Mattes, jr., of Nebraska City, has made several campaigns for office, one for lieutenant governor, and ran away ahead of his ticket. He served one term in the state senate from Otoe county. Mr. Mattes is a candidate this year on the democratic ticket, and will no doubt be nominated and elected.

Ex-Governor Aldrich and his cohorts will battle to a finish against the nomination of Ross Hammond for governor. Aldrich has threatened to enter the contest, but since the filing of Senator Kemp of Fullerton he has consented to drop out. It's just as well that he did so, for Nebraska has had plenty of Aldrich.

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