

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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Everything seems lovely.
And the goose hangs high.
What does the New Year promise?
Many things if we reach out and get them.
Plattsmouth is a good town but we all should unite to make it better.
The legislature will meet next week, and the new governor will be inaugurated the following week.
Hog Island seems to have been properly named, even to include the odor that arises from it every time an investigator stirs it up.
Whatever else may be said about them, these war time safety matches are one of our most dependable institutions. They never strike.

The days are slowly growing longer, except in the estimation of the holidays are over, and vacation days also, and he must continue going to school pretty regularly now, if the flu don't stop him.
Has it escaped attention that few of the gentlemen of the Congress, although the recipients of their accustomed perquisite of mileage money, encumbered the railroads by going home for the several days' recess?

The Allied governments are making no response to the Bolshevik pleas for peace. They evidently are waiting to hear more from the Bolshevik declaration of war, which they merely heard rumors about, but no real confirmation.

The new multiplex telephone device "makes it possible at one and the same time to carry on five different conversations." What a boon to the ladies who use the phone for social purposes and who have hitherto been hampered by rude persons who wished to transact business affairs.

Dr. Billy Sunday says he will never buy anything made in Germany as long as he lives. Our idea of a spirited half hour would be to present some time when Doctor Billy discovers that he has just bought something some enterprising Hun has made and stamped "Made in France."

As seemed to befit his station as commander in chief, Von Hindenburg occupied the most luxurious and most bomb-proof dugout in the German Army, situated more than 100 miles back of the firing line. There was only one other dugout within the lines more bomb-proof or further from the line of action. That was the kaiser's.

We are inclined to laud only Cass County's troops in the field. They did valorous work and deserve all the praise we can give, but we must not forget the boys in the navy who made it possible for the troops to do these things. Many writers insist it was the "gobs" who really won the war, yet, there is glory enough for all.

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There is now a great prospect for a genuine good wheat crop.
Mr. Hoover in his best days was never such an efficient food preserver as 80 cent butter and eggs are now.
Well, anyhow, the Kaiser did not eat either his Christmas or New Year dinner in Berlin.
That new multiple telephone invention may be a marvel, but people who already suffer on a party wire will be shy of it.
The late Kaiser's reported refusal to quit Holland reminds us of his previously reported refusal to quit his throne.

It wasn't necessary for that Bolshevik scheme to abolish everything to specify the lunatic asylums among the condemned institutions.
Unscrambling the railroads bids fair to take more than McAdoo's five years. It's easier to get into a mess than to get out of it.

This by about forty paragraphs, each of whom claims he thought of it first: "Henry Ford ought to get out a rattling good newspaper."

It was nice of King George to tell us that we speak the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, but has he ever read any of our free verse?

Keep on your agitating a plan for a memorial in Cass county for the County's soldiers who gave their lives in the great world war for the cause of democracy.

May all the readers of the Journal enjoy the New Year and ere it's departure, or sooner for that matter, be able to buy the necessities of life at reasonable prices.

The American soldiers after seeing the wanton-brutality of the German army, will not tolerate a commiserating attitude of the peace envoys toward that country.

The profiteer is to get it in the neck this month. The fellow who goes the rounds of the town inviting combination on prices is the fellow the authorities should get after first.

This, from the Los Angeles Times, reminds one again that the wars aren't all over: "Florida is advertising her advantages as a winter resort. Florida is the place, you know, where they pick the oranges and the tourists, both green."

To the end of a man's days there is mercy in the very renewing of the year. Because of the old habits of our human race the dullest of us can see these months ahead with some clear idea of the natural changes their recurring days will bring. And, if he will, in this splendid frame of time any one of us can set the purposes of his own life. We do not all sow and tend and reap in the fields, but none the less we can make our scheme of action through the seasons. With time, one is either master or slave, and the new year gives us choice again. The sorrows and failures are now gone behind us forever, and ahead there is the eternal chance of being and doing, of happiness and service and victory in the work that is at our hand. Enemies can be made friends, grief can be turned to joy, and deserts, whether geographical or spiritual, can be made to blossom like the rose. These frost sharpened days ought to clear our eyes to the horizons of life and set our purpose in holding fast to the things that we know are good.

YES, GERMANY CAN PAY.

This talk about Germany lacking the means to meet the bill for her depredations in Belgium and France should not go unchallenged. Germany cannot pay back the lives stamped out, but she has a reuter for every rafter, a slate for every slate, a shutter for every shutter, a window light for every window light. Why should she not pay for the damage to dwellings in these?

Much more important still, Germany owns several billions worth of the best modern manufacturing machinery. Every bit of it can be moved with a little trouble and ingenuity. Machinery makes the nation, nowadays. Germany has taught us a strange lesson by carrying off the equipment of the French and Belgian factories. But for that lesson we might have forgotten what machinery is worth, and how well it stands removal and reinstallation.

For the coin of repayment a beaten enemy need stand in no lack if we choose for that coin Germany's mechanical equipment. In this alone can she pay somewhere near a fair price. In this alone can her victims obtain a fairly early advantage from their indemnification.

THE RED CREW IN BERLIN.

It looks as if Dr. Karl Liebknecht was determined to demonstrate that the late Imperial German Government was not always wrong in its dealing with men and things. The man who chokes the blackest hour of his country's misfortune to create new discord, new ruin, new misery, can hardly be regarded as a very safe person to be at large, maniacally forcing his nightmare follies upon a dazed and unbalanced public.

Liebknecht is, after all, the typical Prussian. Self-centred, self-willed, blind to all truth, impervious to all reason, incapable of logical thought or sober judgment, he runs amok against civilization just as did the Kaiser and the Junker paranoiacs. Suspicion, delusions of greatness, impossible projects and reckless methods class him like them in the field of mental pathology. He is not only the latest, but perhaps, the greatest of his country's misfortunes.

It is also a new and terrible phase of the criminality of those who made the war that they have opened the way for him and his like, in their own and other countries, to assert themselves for a brief disastrous period over the heritage of ages of civilization.

USING THE PRESIDENT'S NAME.

It seems that every official, commissioner or bureaucrat that is urging revolutionary changes in our attitude toward industries and utilities professes to have the backing of the president. The Federal Trade Commission, in advising some sweeping changes to correct evils it claims to have discovered and whose existence is specifically and vigorously denied by the companies sought to be regulated, finds its principal argument in the supposition that President Wilson favors it. It asks for such an expansion of its jurisdiction and power as neither congress nor the country dreamed of at the time the commission was created, and it seeks to silence all opposition by assuring us that the president also favors that. Mr. McAdoo, in recommending retention of government control of the railways for five years, for purposes of experimentation, also invokes the name of the president, although his last public utterance on the railway question was to the effect that if congress did not soon adopt some solution to the problem, which he admitted he was unable to suggest, he would turn the railways back at once. Mr. Bursleson, in his efforts to scramble the wire properties beyond any possibility of their return to the owners, from whom they were seized under the war power, also claims to have the cordial approval of the president.
Not all these claims, in the light

of the president's public utterances, are worthy acceptance and belief. It is improbable that Mr. Wilson has had the spare time from the engrossing international questions that made him feel his personal visit to Europe was an imperative duty, to go into the solution of this maze of domestic questions. It is suspected that his name is being used for conjuring purposes without his full knowledge of all the facts. But even if he has approved all the sweeping changes being promoted in his absence, that would not relieve congress of the duty of considering each proposal solely on its merits. When the president, as commander-in-chief of the army, asked congress for anything he deemed necessary to successful prosecution of the war, congress responded promptly. But neither first nor second hand assurances of his wishes as to domestic policies should outweigh judgment based on full consideration of the facts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GERMAN AND BOLSHEVIK.

The extraordinary situation in Russia is best illustrated perhaps by the fact that the Bolshevik troops now follow the retiring Germans toward the border, pillaging as they advance. Theoretically the Bolshevik and the German Socialist ought to make good friends. Actually the attitude of the two armies "spells anything but friendliness. A year or so ago the situation was the precise reverse. In the German Empire the Bolsheviks professed to see a deadly enemy. But when it came to action they gave up Russian territory and signed a peace treaty ready-made by the Germans. The Bolshevik leaders of 1917 showed as plainly as actions can show that they were working in the interests of the German imperial and military authority. The same clique in Petrograd seek to-day to gain domination over the German radicals. They feel it necessary either to serve a German Emperor or to control a German government of men such as themselves.

Judging by this interpretation of the Russo-German relations, we may look for an attempt at unification of the two former nations under one control. Germany will hardly find any friends outside of Russia, while the Bolsheviks of Russia need not expect any sympathy save from Germany. The two nations are flung together.

THE OLD YEAR.

Though we must keep our eyes to the front, and march steadily forward, the memories of all of us will long be busy with the things that lie behind us—and properly so. For the experience of the last year is a very important and vital part of our

race inheritance. We have just emerged as victors over a great wrong, and over a system that would, had it triumphed, have made a new era impossible within the lifetime of the youngest of us. We have a right to be proud of the record, and do well to dwell on it. Others will think of those whom they have lost in the great struggle, a sacrifice to the hideous monster of war, and of graves in a far distant land. It was a year of tears and smiles, of grief and pride, of the deepest sorrow and the most turbulent joy. Those who have lived through it cannot be wholly unaffected as to character. For four years the world has been going through a crucifixion. Will there be a resurrection? It is out of this terrible yet glorious past that the new era, when it comes, will be born—perhaps it was born during the pangs of war. No one can tell. But all can see that this past, or at least its consequences, must be carried by us into the future. The stern discipline through which men have gone must have its effect. It has been a sad year, sadder than we realized when we were passing through it. But it has proved to us many things in regard to which people have been somewhat in doubt. We learned that men are still brave, self sacrificing, capable of devotion to a great cause, finely patriotic, sympathetic and lovers of decency and honor. Man has not lost his grip on the realities of life, on the fundamental verities. He has shown that he has not forgotten the old teachings that the greatest realities of all are ideals. The immediate past of this generation is a veritable shrine, and one that we shall return to again and again, always with proud and thankful hearts. The year 1918 will long be looked back on as the testing time of this Nation and of humanity.

How pleasant it is to go back to the little ways of peace. One can idle an hour or two away with a frivolous book and do it with a clear conscience, without a substratum of thought running through the mind that we should be actively up and doing, engaged in one of the innumerable ways of winning the war. One can drift into a play-house and watch a musical comedy's

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mild amblings and let the ear be titillated with light tunes without feeling that perhaps it is not just the thing to do in days of darkness and sorrow. The lights—the bright white, reassuring lights—are there again before the theater, telling us that fuel economy is no longer imperative, that evenings after a full day's labor can again be spent idly and luxuriously. One can even invest an idle dollars in a box of chocolates because one feels that sugar saving is no longer quite so necessary. These, of course, are days of reaction. Soon we will return to the sterner things. We will worry about the League of Nations and the freedom of the seas; we will be precipitated into the problems of reconstruction. But a little lull has inauspiciously placed itself between the grave days that are gone and the busy days that are to come. And this little lull, we find, is welcome and a thing to be cherished.

"Carter Glass," says a Washington despatch, "spent four hours to-day learning his new job from Secretary McAdoo." Mr. McAdoo should have made it six hours and taught him how to run the railroads, too.
The days are getting somewhat longer.

It seems a shame to sink all those German warships. Even if they can't be used as warships, there must be an awful lot of good metal in them. And this should be saved, even if they have to be beaten into pruning hooks. The world's prune crop shows no signs of diminution and pruning hooks will be badly needed.

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