

The Plattsmouth Journal

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DECORATION tomorrow. No paper will be published.

THE weather man at Washington promises summer. Good!

THE weather has got even the oldest inhabitant up a tree.

MAYBE it would help if the weather man could be induced to take his summer vacation.

AN exchange is anxiously waiting for Teddy to denounce Jonah and the whale story as a fake.

SO ONLY the bad spirits remain near earth. What are we to do? We can't get away from gravity.

THIRTY thousand Chinese revolutionists are on a butchering raid in Wong-Kong, which is probably their way of painting the town red.

IF so consistent and steadfast a standpatter as Joseph G. Cannon, of Danville, were really to try to discard and draw, it would break up the game.

TOMORROW is the day on which we pay tribute to the fallen heroes, and everyone should remember their valliant deeds by scattering flowers over their graves.

IT will be a much easier task for the democrats to select their candidate for president than it is proving for the republicans, because the democracy know what it wants and the g. o. p. doesn't.

ALL newspapers issued for advertising purposes and sent to other than regular subscribers must be paid for at the rate of one cent for each paper. That is what the postal law says and to violate it means that Uncle Sam will look after you.

THE difference between the black slave of yesterday, who worked for his master for board and clothes, and the white slave of today, who works for wages, is that the black slave was cared for in bad weather and sickness, while the white slave is left to suffer and starve when his master don't need him.

DOLLAR wheat has been realized, but the dollar that the farmer gets for a bushel of wheat will not buy as much as a dollar did when the wheat sold for much less. We are accustomed to measure everything by the dollar, but as a matter of fact the dollar is measured by the commodities for which it is exchanged.

A CUCKOO admirer of the president's choice for the republican nomination next year, says "Taft is so fat that he waddles when he walks, but that he does not waddle when he thinks." All of which is true. He is not allowed to think and speaks only as coached and instructed by his manages.

WITH the presidential election coming on, the republican party finds itself in the predicament to which the artful dodger always comes sooner or later. Its tricks and subterfuges on the tariff, the vital principal of its existence, are coming home with a vengeance. Its makeshift arrangement to appease the tariff wrath of the Germans and enable them to evade payment of the lawful tariff rates having stirred up the standpatters, the whole question is thrown wide open at the most awkward possible time for the party in power. Secretary Taft's declaration that he is a candidate for the republican nomination for the presidency as a tariff revisionist throws high into the air the lid which President Roosevelt, Speaker Cannon and the other self-constituted leaders and bosses have held down hard on tariff discussion ever since the reciprocity convention of two years ago gave notice that there was a boiling and bubbling under the lid.

HENRY WATTERSON, of Louisville, Ky., writes and speaks most entertainingly and vigorously on matters political, but the fact remains that he hasn't named many presidential candidates of late years.

PRESBYTERIANISM'S stand against marrying persons divorced contrary to the tenets of their faith is a decided step, which, if taken by other denominations, would go a long way toward uprooting the divorce evil in its entirety.

ABE HUMMEL, from the seclusion which the prison grants, declares he is ready "to help Mrs. Howard Gould out." As Abe is all "in," it would be good in Mrs. Gould if she would help the festive Jerome witness to get "out."

FORTUNATELY, it's a bad idea to eat much meat in warm weather. The trust and the independents and the shippers may fight it out all summer. String beans and peas are pretty good and roasting ears will soon be coming on, if Old Sol will only shed his rays sufficiently.

ARE you doing anything for Plattsmouth? There is only one way to bring prosperity, and that is for every citizen to do some improving about his place of business or his home. A general air of prosperity begets prosperity, and if everybody is busy everybody is prosperous, and if it is up to you to get what is coming to you, you will have to hustle.

WORK upon the alleged site of the Panama Canal is progressing at the rate of about one mile during one administration. It is a physical fact, one not generally known or understood, that the western end of the proposed canal is further east than the eastern end. Maybe that paradox accounts in part for the hope that the end of the construction of the same may be nearer than the beginning ever has been.

Tribute to Fallen Heroes.

IT is one of the happiest circumstances in our national life that Memorial Day has become a truly national anniversary. Originally instituted by the Grand Army of the Republic for remembrance of the dead of the Union army, it has, forty-two years after the close of the civil war, become a day for celebrating the deeds and the virtues of Americans who took part in that great struggle.

The meeting on Decoration day in Richmond, Virginia, of the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was not an accidental coincidence. It attests the perfect reconciliation that has come to members of the one organization with those of the other. It is a tribute to the magnanimous humanity of Commander Tanner, who, for years, has made it a practice to strew flowers upon the graves of Confederate dead whenever he has been near them on Memorial Day.

In many places the day was jointly celebrated this year by organizations of the Blue and of the Gray. The custom is not a new one, but it is growing. It is especially in the south that the custom is popular, for there is perfect fraternity between the men who fought on the side of the south and then tens of thousands of brave men who, after fighting on the northern side, have found homes in the south.

The soldier of the sixties is passing. Speak while he's in hailing distance. Liberty is the priceless legacy he leaves behind. He rescued it where death scoured land and sea, and bore it back to shelter and to safety. Gallant amidst the conflict of arms to be generous around the campfires of peace, he merits respect, gratitude and affection. Time has healed the wounds of civil war. Our country is one and inseparable forever. Boys of the north who gathered with Grant, and sons of the south who followed Lee, now whitened in many winters and bent with toil, touched elbows yesterday in their slow march to the sunset of life, strewing flowers upon the narrow home of Federal and Confederate alike. "Under the laurel the Blue, under the willow the Gray," the last soldier will soon be sleeping.

MAY probably is glad to go. She has not had a good season. May May do better next year.

ANOTHER boy was killed with a gun that wasn't loaded. The fool who rocks the boat has not yet reported.

IT is currently reported, and none now are alive to successfully gainsay it, that ninety-one years ago this year, winter lasted all summer and December was the mildest month. And now, up to June 1st, 1907, the seal-skin sacque has the peek-a-boo waist beaten to a rag.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD is perfectly willing that the harrowing details of her divorce suit should have the widest publicity. Sure! Wasn't that one of the primary objects of filing the suit?

JOHN D. ROCKFEDLER'S automobile ran down a peddler the other day and John didn't stop to see whether he had killed the man or merely crippled him. Perhaps his mind was too intent upon another gift to a college with a simultaneous increase in the price or kerosene.

IT is nothing uncommon nowadays for a railroad to plead guilty to rebating and pay its fine "like a man." Rather amusing to reflect that only a few years ago every railroad in the country was vociferously declaring that rebating was a thing of the past.

TEDDY finds time to write upon many subjects aside from those that the people regard as coming within his line. He takes a whack at a naturalist who tells something of the history of wolves, and says that the man who has studied the subject has missed his calling and forthwith enrolls him as an addition to the Ananias club. There are a few men who can spread out over so many subjects and treat all to their own satisfaction.

FRIDAY, June 14, will be flag day. It will be the 36th anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the flag of our country. It should be observed as a patriotic day, and lessons of patriotism should be taught in every school throughout the length and breadth of the land. Prepare to swing "Old Glory" to the breeze and to appropriately observe the day.

THERE is nothing that can help the democratic party more than a continuation of that screaming musical farce, "Teddy, Bear-Terror to the Trust; Words by Himself; Music by Knox and Garfield." Hence the announcement from the White House that Roosevelt proposes to stop his "war on the railroads" can hardly be expected to please democrats.

AN exchange that has been doing a little observing, observes that the flour dealers advance the price of that staple as the wheat gamblers push up the price of options, notwithstanding that the flour on hand was made from cheap wheat, and bought at a corresponding price. It also observes that the decline in the wheat pit is always more rapid than the decline in the price of flour, after its having been advanced by reason of the bull movement. People nowadays appear to be doing business for what money there is in it—that is, all but the newspapers. They are run, of course, at the expense of the editor, for the benefit of the community.

THE Journal has leased the rooms on the second floor of the building now occupied by the office, and the same is going through a system of repairs. When completed the front rooms will be occupied as editorial rooms, while the large back room is thrown into a composing room, where all the work on the paper will be done. The lower room will constitute the job, press and stationary departments, with general business office in front. This is done for more room, for which we have been crowded for some time, and to make room for other material coming in.

Commencement Day.

Now dawns the day of the diploma, of the sweet girl graduate and the manly youth issuing forth from high school to meet face to face the practical things of life and have molded and welded into reciprocity therewith their college-conceived views of life and and its duties, men and their relations with one another. It is the season of commencements, of baccalaureate sermons, valedictories, essays, addresses and farewells. It is the hour of the young, the hopeful, the ambitious.

Now do youthful breasts swell with pride and the love of noble things, and the desire to do mighty deeds and win worship worshipfully. And a pessimistic, base and too, too worldly world rests for a moment from its flurried search for the all-powerful dollar to smile benignly and say: "Yes, that's right. That's right. Go it, girls. Sick, 'em, boys."

It's a great time, this commencement season, fraught with its burden of pathos and of humor, illumined by the shining faces of the graduates, made rosetate with their promises to do and dare, to reform a wicked world that will not be reformed.

It is indeed the commencement season, the beginning of life for so many boys and girls, in whom life surges high and strong. These diplomas, what do they represent? The leaven that is to keep the lump from souring and becoming stale. These youthful, fond ideals, these noble impulses and ambitions. What are they? The salt which savors the world, which keeps life from growing utterly dull, stale and unprofitable.

But for the perennial enrichment and purification of the business and social world by these untried boys and girl of our school, how long would the world remain decent? How soon would it perish on sheer lack of desire to remain vibrant? Annually the schools turn out their product, as vital and indispensable to the life of the nation as the red corpuscles are to the life of the individual. They issue forth fresh in vigor, strong in purpose, eager to strive and brave in virtue. They revivify, purify and leaven the lump which we know is humanity. And they keep the old world moving onward an upward.

So here's to the sweet girl graduate and the fearless, sassy youth, who seize their day to flutter in flimsy lace and crinoline or flaunt their wisdom and their power in most intolerant and indisputable expression of virtue triumphant and not to be denied. Let the old world smile. The smile is not altogether ironic. Much there is in it of pathos and of undying hope that all the Class of 1907 may some sweet day become as it is pictured on Commencement Day.

THE democratic ship in the next campaign will not lack a pilot; what it will need most is fuel and an engineer.

WE have often said that there is no prettier little city in the western country than Plattsmouth, and now when the trees and flowers abound on every hand, and the city is dressed in her best spring suit, we are about ready to reiterate the statement. What is still better, we are going to have a clean town, and there will be no trash heaps in the streets nor in front of residences to mar the beauty of the city. The authorities are going to enforce the cleaning of the alleys and also stop the depositing of filth on vacant lots, and when she does we will have the cleanest town in the State.

ManZan Pile Remedy put up in convenient, collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment so that the remedy may be applied at the very seat of the trouble, thus relieving almost instantly bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Gering & Co. Druggist.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Departs for Washington.

Thomas Sanders, wife and four children, will depart this evening for Silvan, Washington, where they will engage in farming on the farm of his wife's uncle, Matthew Matheson, where he will have 15 acres to cultivate. Mr. Sanders has been engaged in the Burlington shops here for a number of years, and tiring of that kind of work, thinks to see what the old farm will afford.

Mr. Sanders wishes to say, through the columns of the Journal, that he and his family thanks the people who so kindly met at their home Sunday night and gave them a surprise farewell. He also says that in his memory will always remain the same to the good and true friends that he has made while in Plattsmouth, and that it is a fine city in which to live.

DAILY LOCAL EVENTS.

From Tuesday's Daily
Geo. A. Kaffenberger, and Fred Monitor two of our substantial farmers are in Omaha to-day looking after some business matters.

Attorney Matthew Gering departed for Des Moines, Ia., today where he goes to argue the case of Ed. Brantner before the supreme court of Iowa.

Andrew Hawrick is making some very substantial improvements on his property on Chicago avenue, among them, being the painting of his residence.

Chas. Emrick and wife, who have been visiting with the family of W. S. Scouten, returned to their home in Lincoln this afternoon on the fast mail.

John Hiber who has been suffering from a broken shoulder for some time has so far improved that he is able to have his arm of the support that he has been compelled to use heretofore.

W. A. Schutz is all smiles now. We saw him in the city this morning, and he said it was a girl, and he smiled when he said it. We had an invitation to smoke, but as we were busy could not spare the time just then. But here is to you, old boy, hoping that your joys may never grow less.

Dr. Cummins was called to the home of W. A. Schutz at an early hour this morning by a message from the stork, and having to go to Omaha the doctor took the train from Oreapolis. At Omaha today he has to be present at an operation which is to be performed on Mrs. G. G. Meisinger, who has been in a hospital in that city for some time past.

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