

The - Plattsmouth - Journal

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When you write a friend tell him about the big fall festival to be held in Plattsmouth on September 1 to 6, and ask him to come.

The press dispatches confirm our previous statement that the substitution of young men for old in the weather bureau would have disastrous effects.

Many a good citizen this morning was startled to find the saloons closed. He didn't know they closed on primary day and his feelings were some ruffled when he jarred the front door in vain.

Cass county is one of the historic counties of Nebraska. Many of the old pioneers are still living and their reunion in this city on September 2 will be well worth attending, as it will be highly interesting and entertaining. You want to come.

On September 3 the Plattsmouth merchants will give a pure food show in this city which will be worth attending. They carry the best goods in the market and every one wants to visit them and post up on what is good for the inner man.

The aeroplane is coming in the near future and the day of the automobile is soon to pass. In fact, the automobile is rapidly becoming too common for the rich, and it soon will take its place with the common horse as an instrument of commerce.

On Saturday, September 4, the fall festival will have a day devoted to games and sports. There will be every kind of a game and sport had imaginable, and if you enjoy manly prowess and exhibitions of strength and skill you will come to Plattsmouth on that day.

Governor Shallenberger and his staff are touring the Pacific northwest and, it is said, are attracting some attention because of their fine appearance. Nebraska has a habit of selecting fine looking governors, even if some of their policies do not arouse great political enthusiasm.

The best stock show in southeastern Nebraska, the biggest and best display of grains in southeast Nebraska, and the finest and largest poultry show ever given in southeastern Nebraska, all take place in Plattsmouth on September 1. Every lover of fine horses, cattle, hogs, wheat, corn, oats and other grains, and fine chickens and fowls, should come to Plattsmouth and visit these shows.

Labor day, Monday, September 6, will close the big festival. On this day it is planned to have a monster meeting of the Burlington employees from Havelock and this city. There will be a great ball game and exhibitions of strength in a tug of war between the two shops. It is planned to make it a contest of Plattsmouth vs. Havelock. There will be in addition a splendid program of interest to every one who takes an interest in labor and its development. This will close a grand week in a blaze of glory.

THE SMELL OF THE RAIN.

Sweeter than any perfume ever distilled by the chemist, sweeter than roses or cape jessamines or the scent of a ripe grape, sweeter than new mown hay or a baby's breath, sweeter than fresh linen and milady's washed hair is the smell of the rain.

It is breath to the nostrils, exhilaration to the lungs, elixir to the blood and wine to the brain. The dusty earth inhales it and is puls-

ing again with potential life; the flowers that were panting are revived and the very leaves of the trees absorb it as incense and are lifted up. Hungry, fretful, parched and complaining man opens his mouth and gulps it down like a gormand.

The fading and withering cotton blossom welcomes it as a message of new life and the naked of all the world rejoice in the hope of replenished wardrobes. The growling, growling beasts of the stock exchange, intent upon the dust and drouth and want of a grim prospect, sniff it and are abashed and tame. Miasmas of privation and distress fade away from it, as the frogs before the sunshine, and mellow wholesomeness possesses the fields and permeates the habitations of men.

The grass of the plains, brown and withered, and dry as stubble, senses it as the blind and deaf are aware of the unseen and unheard approach of friends, and it steals over the land as the perfumed herald of an unforgetting Providence.

The very sparrows of the ground twitter their delight, the songsters of the forest acclaim it with a more liquid melody, and the mother bird on her nest whispers rejoicings to the brood beneath her wings. The bee that hung despairingly to the honey comb flies straight to the clover field.

It springs up like a newborn presence; it spreads like a universal blessing; it comes down like a benediction. An unseen censor is swung in the air; a silent baptism is celebrated; the prayer that was uttered haltingly and half-faithlessly is answered, and a resurrection is realized. What skeptical, impatient and unworthy creatures are we; what malcontents and murmurers! And how short-sighted is our view of creation and reproduction and the eternal scheme of life! Six thousand years have taught us little, though we know so much of the current day and hour. A lifetime of bounty, centuries of progress and the recurring cycles of a perpetual universe are vain to impress our poor understanding with the truth of the unfailing and the everlasting. What know we of the recessions and precessions, the actions and reactions, the energies and the restings of this old-young earth's large life? How unmindful we are of the deep, big truths which nature has been exhibiting all these years and generations and eons of the upward and advancing march! A little trial, a little hardship, and we are undone, though the storehouse is full and the years are certain to return for the fruitful ground will not belie itself.

But the smell of the rain—one whiff of it and all reptilings are done and the way is shining again and we are after the butterflies as eager and as heedless as before.

Men are but children of a larger growth, and their tears are dried and their hurts are healed by little kisses which they straightway forget.—Ft. Worth (Texas) Record.

All the good weather the old heads of the weather bureau used to turn out has been misplaced in some manner, and the youthful and inexperienced men who have replaced them are not able to produce the goods. The beastly weather of the past several weeks illustrates the folly of the administration in changing the works of the weather bureau. It is better to have the old heads on the job than new and inexperienced persons. Once in a while the old boys would have a "bareback" or something similar, but they never have been guilty of such atrociously hot weather as this last batch. The slogan of the people should be, "Put the old heads back."

Is it — enough for you?

Plattsmouth will have the biggest and best fall festival ever held in southeastern Nebraska. You want to be sure and be there.

This is certainly fierce weather for warfare of any kind—mimic or real—and the soldier boys who are tearing around the coast resorts imagining they are learning the game will doubtless appreciate it.

The fall festival is getting "all kinds of encouragement and is sure to be a big success. Are you doing your share? Write all your friends and ask them to visit you, or at least come to Plattsmouth for the big event.

There are a number of candidates for the office of supreme judge on the Republican ticket. The duty of the Republican voter is to attend the primary and vote for the candidates you believe would make the best judges.

After the hot weather is past the place to go is Plattsmouth, where a great big fall festival will hold the boards from September 1 to 6. There is a cordial invitation extended to every one to attend and have the time of their lives.

There is a contest on for the office of register of deeds before the Republican primary. E. E. Hilton of this city and L. H. Dart of Greenwood are candidates. Your duty, Republican voter, is to go to the primaries and vote for your choice of these two men for the honor.

Tomorrow is primary day. On the Democratic ticket there is but one contest—that of sheriff. Ed. S. Tutt and John A. Spence are the candidates. Your duty is to go and vote for the man you consider best qualified for the place. Don't forget it.

A batch of census supervisors were named yesterday by the president and his official advisor, Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican national committee. A humorous feature of the naming was the rigid instructions given to eschew politics in taking the census. After calling Hitchcock in to name the men, the humor of this batch of instructions can be seen.

TO introduce fine materials, clean methods, scientific equipment into the making of soda crackers was one triumph—

To actually *bake into them* a subtle goodness, a real *individuality*, never before known, was another triumph—

But to effectually protect them so that the fullest benefit of these fine materials, this careful, cleanly baking, this unique goodness comes to you unaltered, was the crowning triumph that gave the world

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

New York's Chinatown is stirred over the murder of another white woman by a Chinaman. This makes the second case of the kind in a few months and once more illustrates the fact that the white and yellow only mix with disastrous results to the former. As in the Elsie Sigel case, oriental cunning has covered the murderer with mystery and there is small likelihood of discovery.

The Republicans are fearful of the effect of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill on the fall elections. The outrage of raising the tariff in the face of a promise to lower it, perturbs the leaders, as well it may. They realize that sooner or later the people will revolt against such tactics and will repudiate the people guilty of them. The time to commence this revolt is right now and every vote should be cast against the party of false pretense.

There is lots of fun connected with the army maneuvers in Massachusetts. The attack of the red invading army was postponed on account of the non-arrival of a "transport." The commanding general of the invaders sent a polite note to the commander of the defending army informing him of the postponement, something which is hardly to be expected in real warfare and something which elevates the mimic warfare almost to the comic opera level.

It is said now that the president will soon change the interstate commerce commission. Franklin K. Lane of California, who has been so largely instrumental in securing evidence against the Harriman roads, is slated to be removed. Is anything more needed to prove the absolute subservience of the administration to the money powers? First, the tariff bill framed to make the people pay tribute to the trusts. Second, the reorganization of the interstate commerce commission so that the railroads and corporations will be free from interference. This much of the program is already unfolded and there is more to come.

The writer made a trip down into the edge of Nodaway county, Mo., last Saturday, and on the way we noticed that there was a great deal of corn that was "firing." Some few fields look healthy, but they are needing rain equally as much as the farmers in Cass county.

Make up your minds to attend the Merchants' Carnival as many days as possible. It is only once in a lifetime that your wife and children have an opportunity to witness such an event. Bring your own family and tell your neighbors it is his duty to bring his family also.

Next Sunday you will have an opportunity to attend the Elmwood chautauqua. A special will be run from this city to that point, leaving this city at 8 in the morning and returning will leave Elmwood at 10 at night. Take a day off with your family and go. It will please them and the entertainment you will receive will pay you for going.

The vote in Plattsmouth yesterday was very light, but Ed. Tutt virtually got the entire Democratic vote for sheriff, while Quinton beat his opponent, John Busche, by a good majority. Quinton, no doubt, is nominated, and now the voters of Cass county will learn of a great

many reasons why the third term should not be elected—the principal one being that he has failed to perform his duties in the manner that a sheriff should.

Regulation of freight train whistles is the latest thing to be taken up by the Nebraska Travelers' association. The boys have grown very tired of running for trains in little towns, only to miss them and be compelled to stay over another day. They want all trains to whistle some time before leaving the yards, instead of whistling and then pulling right out. Since the matter has been taken up, the railroad officials are giving the whistle orders wherever requested and the association secretary is sending out a train whistle schedule.

Charles L. Graves, the former newspaper man of Union, came up this morning from his home to attend to some business matters in the city.



FOR RESULTS YOU NEED A KODAK
We are the exclusive agents for Kodaks. It isn't a kodok unless its an Eastman. Always a complete line of fresh supplies on hand.