

The Plattsmouth - Journal

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Put it down in your day-book: Plattsmouth will have a big celebration on the Fourth of July.

Announcements for county candidates in the Journal is \$5.00—the same to democrats and republicans alike.

An election is appointed for Mexico October 1, but the real choice will not take place until the ballot counters get to work.

Let us hope that the man who is to do the crowning of King George does not make a slight error and put it on Jack Johnson's head instead.

President Taft will not spend this summer in Minnesota, and the small boys of that state lose the chance to make money finding his lost golf balls.

Governor Wilson is back at Trenton, but has he learned how to drive the skeeters from Newark flats by counting the telegraph poles of Arizona?

A final farewell is being said to Sarah Bernhardt this week, but as Sarah is a free spender, we do not doubt she will soon be back to the base of supplies.

Perhaps in a few weeks we can all afford a parlor rug, after the tariff on carpets has been reduced 50 per cent. Now none but the rich can enjoy such luxuries.

A million people gathered at Rome to see the Victor Emmanuel monument dedicated. They were probably all qualifying to become guides to American tourists.

The average price of farm labor is said to be \$25 a month and board. We have moments when that would look attractive if we felt sure they wouldn't give us any prunes to eat.

Chief Justice White is trying to reform the delays of the equity courts. The trouble is that in all other professions people get paid for doing things quickly, but in the law they get paid for doing things slowly.

Less is said about the seventeen-year locust than formerly, perhaps because now the farmers are scouting around in their automobiles, instead of leaning over the fence looking despondently at ruined crops.

The Providence Journal complains that the democratic congressmen have been wearing paper collars. Considering the Washington climate, we are inclined to give them credit for wearing any collar at all.

Don C. Rhoden of Murray is a candidate for the democratic nomination for sheriff, and from the present outlook stands a good show of being the lucky man, not only in the primary, but in the general election, as well.

The Nebraska Press association has been in session in Omaha this week, and have been enjoying a genuine good time, as the metropolis is always ready to furnish to such gatherings. Of course, we would have enjoyed the event, no doubt, but our motto has always been, "Business Before Pleasure." There seems to have been a goodly number of other

newspaper men adhering to the same motto.

Thirty senate speeches are to be delivered on reciprocity. The poor stenographers will have to stick it out, but the senators are familiar with the location of the ball grounds, which are aimed to meet just such exigencies as this.

The presidential election next year bids fair to be a badly mixed affair. The genuine old-fashioned politics, such as has usually been dished out to the voters, are liable to be side-tracked and one party fight as progressives and the other as conservatives. William Allen White of Kansas says: "The conservative party and its president will try to hedge and straddle on progressive measures, and, of course, will go down to defeat."

If opposition to reciprocity makes such overwhelmingly republican districts as the Ninth Iowa doubtful, what will it do to the republican statesmen from close districts who voted against reciprocity in congress? Voters in the special election in the Ninth congressional district of Iowa spoke out for reciprocity. The district gives a normal republican majority of from 5,000 to 7,000. It has been represented by Walter I. Smith, an ultra-standpatter. The fight against Smith by the progressives last fall reduced his majority to 1,800.

"GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE."

"Aye, me, how many perils doth enfold
The righteous man to make him
daily fall."

—Spencer.

Paraphrasing the thought and partly the language of the early English bard, the later English satirist wrote:

"Aye, me, what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold
iron."

But neither Spencer nor Butler served on a ways and means committee and tackled a tariff bill. If they had they might consider sin an immaterial schedule and gunpowder a classification hardly worthy of mention.

Even Theodore Roosevelt contrived to weather the tariff and leave it to his successor. It was quite certain that when the democrats took the initiative they would require among themselves a compromising spirit, asking and reasonably expecting of the public patient forbearance. With this in mind it seems to us that Mr. Underwood has thus far displayed good qualities of constructive statesmanship and legislative leading.

The democrats have acquired in congress merely the right to propose. They simply "have the floor" in the lower house. First, and above all else, they needs must show the capacity to "do" and outlive and refute the accusation of "excess." The country has swallowed enough of dogma. What the people want is deeds.

To every intent and purpose the tariff is a new question. Since 1895 there has been no general discussion. After twenty years of successful agitation, the voters, educated to a thorough understanding of every issue in dispute, the manufacturers warned and prepared, the Wilson bill—a highly protective measure, falsifying the hope of the people who had made the fight—was adopted

by the party as the best which, under the existing leadership it was ready and willing to essay. Upon it we went to smash. In 1896 the tariff was sent to the rear and free silver was brought to the front. Again we went to smash. A generation unknowing of the old debates has arrived upon the scene.

That the fair weather and smooth sailing which Mr. Underwood and his colleagues have had since the extra session began would not hold out forever was to be expected, but it is both disconcerting and regrettable that Mr. Bryan, of all other democrats, should cast himself into the sea across the party bow and become yet once again its stormy petrel.

Mr. Bryan owes it to his own fame, as well as to his fellow democrats, to proceed warily and go slow in the matter of censorship. He should be very sure both of his footing and his judgment before attempting to stir the depths and muddy stream. His three defeats for the presidency not only bring him in life-long debt to his political associates, but they admonish him not to be too self-confident. It seems the part of wisdom for a man occupying his exceptional position to rest awhile from agitation, even from counsels, and to let well enough have a chance in the race after perfection.

We are beginning to hear talk about "the doctrine of free raw materials." It is the chatter of children. There can no more be a "doctrine" on such a subject than a "doctrine" touching "the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." Having gone to destruction upon the rocks raised up by the latter, shall the shallows of the other be allowed to impede our onward course, to perplex and undo us?

Free raw materials, like free silver, is the merest incident of legislation. In undertaking to force Mr. Underwood, Mr. Bryan is as one who demands that, instead of administering the calomel in broken doses, the doctor shall willy-nilly pour a hundred grains down the patient's throat. Mr. Bryan may be right and Mr. Underwood may be wrong in diagnosing the case. But the responsibility is with Mr. Underwood, not with Mr. Bryan.

Free raw materials, like free silver, is trumped up in the east to catch the manufacturers. Taken in connection with the corresponding reduction in the price of the finished product it was all right. But in arranging the details of a tariff act still taxing the people, it gave a privileged class everything and left the class most heavily pressed by taxation nothing.

The Courier-Journal will hardly be accused and cannot be suspected of a disposition to lower its flag in the matter of tariff. It is the last survivor of the old guard of revenue reform. Heartbroken, it saw its party fatally shipwrecked by most incompetent navigation, literally wrecked in port. It had abandoned hope. Yet it has lived to see the question come again.

Taking counsel of the past—even of some of its own mistakes which Mr. Bryan now would copy—it will seek in the coming battle for the right to achieve rather than to theorize and declaim.

The democratic party has for the first time in sixteen years enjoyed a little spell of sunshine. We have a living chance to win. But we are not yet masters of the situation. That we may become so we must hold well together and keep a little to the wall. It were indeed a fate—a destiny—that, at the moment when republican protectionists are splitting hairs among themselves, democrats pretending only to be bent upon driving graft from the tariff and reducing it, as we are able, to a revenue basis, should engage in chatter about the incidentals and

make controversy over the conveyance, set as we all claim to be, in a common direction and purpose.

So, come away, Mr. Bryan! Avast there and leave the boys a chance to start the old carryall of democracy in their own way, not in your way. You have scarcely had such good fortune as commends you the best and only driver. The Courier-Journal is your friend, not your enemy. Come off, before your enemies have the right to say that with you it is rule or ruin.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Oh, for another million-dollar rain! We could use it right now.

A millionaire pretends that the blessings of poverty look good to him.

Three weeks from next Tuesday is the Fourth of July. Prepare to celebrate the day in Plattsmouth.

The man who claims that he always says what he thinks is saying something that he knows is a lie.

"Is it hot enough for you?" Now you can make a man "sweat" for asking such a question at the present time.

The University of Minnesota cashier, was robbed of \$13,000, probably by students looking for help to pay their spring clothing bill.

The supreme court adjourned until fall, with only one-third of its cases disposed of. We know what would happen if the printer's devil did that.

We had been getting discouraged about the progress of the world, but the annual mighty uplift from the graduation exercises is only a fortnight away.

Trinity church in New York has \$13,700,000 worth of property. Gosh, what a lot of cake sales the Ladies' Aid society must have in order to keep it all in repair.

The down-trodden and imperiled western farmers would like to know who is hiring all the high-priced lobbyists in their behalf to work against the reciprocity bill.

Senator Cummins of Iowa has declared himself for Taft. Is the Iowa senator jealous of La Follette, and is he going to support Taft for spite. Don't it look that way?

After congress investigates the purchase of Tennessee coal and iron a little longer they will probably get possession of such inside facts as are familiar to the office boy.

Enterprises are just finding out that Plattsmouth is a good location for all kinds of manufacturing establishments. We have every facility that any other city has, and why not a good location?

Mexico's seal represents an eagle, meaning the government, exterminating a serpent, typifying rebellion. This emblem, it may be added, is considerably shot to pieces.

The government paid \$2,450 for a portrait of ex-Secretary Day, but it remains to be seen whether it looks any more like him than an enlarged photograph costing \$10.

It has cost the steel trust \$200,000 to answer the government's demands for information, while if they had declined to answer they would perhaps have been stuck only \$10 and costs for contempt.

"What has become of the inter-

urban railroad project?" asks a friend at our elbow. We don't know. Nothing has been said or done lately. Maybe the projectors are waiting for the erection of the Platte river bridge.

Colonel Goethals says gambling is demoralizing the canal employes. If those fellows want to bring any money home to God's country, they should stay at home evenings and read black-covered government reports.

Charles P. Taft was presented to King George the other day. Some people supposed they talked about international law and arbitration, but more likely Charley asked him if his wife had tried the new fireless cooker.

A fellow has been arrested at Juarez for trying to blow up Francisco Madero with a bomb. Mr. Madero may soon wish he had remained at home hoeing the potatoes daytimes and watering the geraniums in the evening.

Judge Gary of the steel trust would be willing for the government to fix prices. No doubt Andrew Carnegie is all worn out getting towns to carry off his surplus in the shape of libraries.

The army officers' prejudice against Jews and the naval officers' prejudice against young women who earn their own living causes plain citizens to wonder what kind of a military establishment they're putting up \$250,000,000 a year for.

"There is no truth," said Mr. Roosevelt, "in the report that I have agreed to support any man for president in 1912." Mr. Roosevelt evidently believes there is going to be trouble enough in the 1912 campaign without plunging into it pell-mell at this early day.

Some people seem to think that ability don't count when it comes to the governorship of Nebraska. They evidently think they are just the one to fill the bill. Most any ordinary man knows that there's been but one man really fit who has been proposed as a democratic candidate for governor next year, and his name is John H. Moorehead of Richardson county.

The congressional committee that has started an investigation of the United States Steel corporation is uncovering "sensations" which have been matters of public knowledge for ten years. The fact that Carnegie received for his Pittsburg plants \$160,000,000 more than he was willing to take a few months before the trust was organized, received widespread publication at the time.

If the farmers are not in favor of better roads, we can't see why the townspeople should fume so much about them! But, generally speaking, the enterprising farmer does care and is putting in all his spare time in seeing that they are kept in order near his farm. It is those farmers who fail to do their duty in this respect that are afraid they will do someone else some good. That's all there is to some farmers' prejudices to good roads.

Now is the time to cut Mexico up into small republics while the factions are warring with one another. Dick Ferris (and nearly everybody in this section who knows anything about theatricals knows or has heard of Dick Ferris) has set himself up as dictator, and is going to detach Lower California from Mexico and set up a government of his own. We are a little bit afraid that Richard is biting off more than he can chew, which he will find out when matters become more settled in the land of strife.

FARMING AS AN ENTERPRISE.

The farm products in the United States last year amounted to \$8,926,000,000. Farming is the most important line of activity on the earth. No other occupation offers so many opportunities for individual enterprise. And yet with a commerce running up into the billions every year, this, the greatest business in the country, is not a business at all—it is a personal occupation. The want of direct competition, the absence of fighting for position, has kept farming largely an activity of muscle.

The rivalry in business that forces men to find ways of getting results with the head as well as the hands; the rivalry that induces men to keep books, to plan, to organize, to go out and institute a microscopic search for truth; to be open to conviction and to act on conviction—that rivalry unfortunately was denied the agricultural side of human effort.

What would happen if farming were made a business proposition? Let's see.

A business man named B. F. Harris decided to run a farm as he would operate a store. Details of his experience are given in the Breeders' Gazette. In 1905 he bought 320 acres in Champaign county, Illinois. He applied business methods and business enterprise throughout. He spent money where it was needed, but adopted no frills. He made an intelligent study of the requirements of the farm, and combined elements designed to return high dividends.

Last year his receipts were \$13,154.96. His clean profits above expense was \$6,500.70. Kept books? Sure. No, he did not follow the plow himself. He hired a superintendent. He directed his farm business partly over the telephone from his house in town. He expects to increase his returns more than \$3,000 this year.

The farm has good buildings, every one of them planned to serve well defined needs. Every acre under cultivation is tile drained at a cost of \$1,200 for 200 acres. Best grade woven wire fences sub-divide the entire place. Hogs, cattle and sheep made the money for the farm last year. No scrubs were tolerated. The live stock was raised for market purposes. It brought no fancy breeder's prices. Nearly all the crops are fed on the place. Indeed, last year Harris spent for feed more than five times what he got for crops sold. The live stock leaves much manure in the fields. All other manure is hauled to the fields before it loses any of its fertilizing value. More than 300 loads a year are spread on the soil. That is not all. Last year more than 150 tons of ground rock phosphate, bought at \$8 a ton, were used on the soil.

There are five fields on the farm. Crops on every one of them are rotated. Harris knows today what will be grown in each field seven years hence. The land is getting richer, is making more money every year.

Now, nobody would think that Harris, a business man, had a license to go out and teach anything to the farmers. Still, this farm, before he took it, was much like the other farms. It paid fairly well; the owner drifted along and made a comfortable thing out of it. In time the farm would have gone down in usefulness; it probably was slowly doing that when Harris bought it. But now it is a splendid business proposition, conducted on well defined lines; and it is growing as any healthy institution should grow.

That is real farming—the farming of the future.—Kansas City Star.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kopp and daughters, Beena and Marie, were passengers to the metropolis on the morning train today, where they witnessed the auto races.