

The Plattsmouth - Journal

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That landslide November 7 seems to have slid both ways.

The massacre of Hankow spells the unalterable doom of imperial government in China.

Judge Hamer, the lowest man on the republican ticket for supreme judge, will have 2,500 majority.

Forty-seven hunters have been killed so far this year, although public sentiment still forbids the use of human flesh for food.

Wa Ting Fang was in America long enough to realize the advantages of hopping into the band wagon as it goes speeding past.

Massachusetts has a democratic governor again and the scared codfish refuses to be comforted, even by a baked bean supper.

Mr. Taft took lots of trouble to vote, although we are not informed that he is a candidate for any position in the Cincinnati civil service.

A Missouri citizen, who died a few days ago, was the father of twenty-eight children, and he was only 60 years old. What ailed him—race suicide?

Senator Cummins of Iowa says Taft cannot be renominated, even if alone being re-elected. The senator also declares himself entirely out of the race.

Chicago hotel managers blame the public for the tipping practice. It is also due to the desire of the public to have luncheon served in time for dinner.

A number of reform mayors were defeated in the late election. It takes a skillful politician to prepare a sugar-coating for the bitter pill of good government.

Ah, how true the saying: "There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

Regardless of who it was who struck a certain historic and mysterious blow, there is no doubt that Senator Lorimer is the one who is knocking the late Robert Patterson.

We are somewhat afraid that there are too many democrats who want to be president, for the good of the party. The only mistake the party is liable to make is in the selection of a candidate.

But one thing separates Beattie, the murderer of his young wife, from the death chair, and that is the governor of Virginia. The state supreme court refuses to interfere, and if the governor does the same it is all up with Beattie and he will die November 25 in the electric chair.

Yesterday China lay asleep with the sleep of the centuries. For 300 years the Manchu dynasty ruled it with an iron rod. Its sleep was too profound for there to be thought of resistance. Today China is wide-awake—nay, more, fiercely militant in the cause of liberty and real justice between man and man. The revolutionists, winning victory after victory, have determined upon the establishment of a republic.

Frank Hitchcock is trying to save money by having the post-office department sell its old packing boxes for kindling wood, forgetting all about the needs of the small boy for July 4th bonfire material.

In Gentry, Ark., a mob tried to lynch the cashier of a collapsed bank. However, Arkansas has more fiscal enlightenment than China, where it is customary, when a bank fails, to chop off the heads of all the officials.

It is stated that the democrats of Lancaster county will meet shortly for the purpose of giving expression as to their choice for president. That may be all right, but we doubt the wisdom of such a move at this time. Suppose every county done the same, we would have a dozen candidates endorsed in no time.

Senator Stone of Missouri is championing Champ Clark for the presidential nomination. We have known Speaker Clark for at least thirty years, and believe he is making a serious mistake in his candidacy for president. He is one of the best men in the world, but we do not believe he is the proper man for a presidential candidate, although we could support him, if nominated, with all the vim within us.

Hon. John A. Maguire, while in the city yesterday, talked rifle range to a number of our citizens. He will return to Washington early next month and will urge the location of the range near Plattsmouth. Congressman Maguire, who is always alert to the interests of his constituents, came here for the purpose of ascertaining what he could do for our people, not only as to the rifle range, but other matters of interest to them.

The democrats of Nebraska should get a move on themselves and begin to organize for the campaign next year. Why not have a genuine old-fashioned love feast at Omaha or Lincoln some time during the early part of January, and have every section of the state represented by good, live democrats, and talk over matters pertaining to the great battle next year? Nebraska can be carried next year if the proper man is nominated for president.

Speaking of newspaper scraps, the editor of the Hiawatha (Kansas) World, who has had 'em by the dozens, gives the following competent testimony: "I admit that there is nothing more senseless than a newspaper war. One editor gets funny over another editor. There is a comeback, then a reply and then both say mean, spiteful, personal things of one another. After they believe very little of what they say. It is boy fighting. I've had so many fights that I think I never will fight again, but I get in and cut my way out, or in deeper, all the time knowing the folly of fighting."

Mark Sullivan, in Collier's Weekly, says: "The cities which are candidates for the republican convention are St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Buffalo. For the democratic convention the most aggressive candidate is Baltimore. Progressive democrats ought to oppose this. Maryland is the home of that sort of sordid democracy which is typified by the late Senator Gorman, the man who, for the pocketbooks of him-

self and his friends, betrayed and destroyed the democratic party the last time it had a national success. Kansas City or Denver would be a much better city and have a more progressive atmosphere."

Democracy is now singing with renewed zest, "My Old Kentucky Home."

Six weeks till Christmas. Now is the time to begin thinking about your holiday advertising.

With this year's election out of the way it would be well now to think about your Christmas shopping.

If Plattsmouth is not greatly benefited by the building of the Platte river bridge we miss our guess, and badly, too.

As a million women will vote in the next presidential election the candidates must take more care to have their trousers properly creased.

New Mexico is a new state and a new recruit in the Democratic ranks. The result of the election held there Tuesday was indeed welcome news.

"Lorimer probe learns nothing worth while." But the nation has long ago learned by heart the fact that Lorimer is not a fit person to occupy a seat in the United States senate.

The Atchison Champion quotes one statesman as saying: "Every dollar I ever had in the world I got out of the republican party." "And," says the Champion, "there are others."

A man at New York has been held on a charge of smuggling glass eyes into this country. But he succeeded for years in keeping on the blind side of the customs officials.

A New York judge has refused to incorporate an athletic organization because it wanted to be called the "Reno club." Towns should indeed be careful what they let make them famous.

The government is now stalking the wheat and bread trust. We can view with feelings of equanimity at least the cornering of oil, steel and tobacco, but when our bread is held up, we resent it.

Teddy makes fun of Taft's proposed peace treaties. Teddy has plenty of leisure now to get round to almost everything. The people, however, do not chuckle over Teddy's fun like they used to.

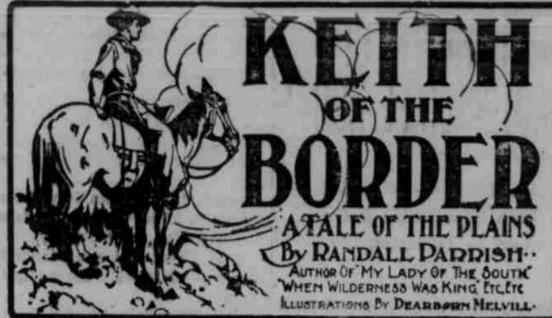
The weather for the past few days makes some of the boys think of how they spent last summer's wages, instead of laying up a few dollars to buy their winter's outfit.

Fifty thousand lives have been the record of the Chinese rebellion so far. The world has not outgrown the time when human life and suffering constitute the price of liberty and advancement.

Republican reactionaries in New Mexico started to run things with a high hand and lost the state at the first election. This should be a lesson to the reactionaries—if they ever learn lessons.

"I am pleased to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as the best thing I know of and safest remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial trouble," writes Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver, Colo. "We have used it repeatedly and it has never failed to give relief." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Miss Teresa Hempel went to Omaha this afternoon to see some of the superior officers of the Degree of Honor. Tomorrow she expects to go to Lincoln to look after business for the order.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Stage Door of the Trocadero. Hope discovered very little difficulty in duplicating the outer garments Keith reported Miss Maclaire as wearing. The colors, indeed, were not exactly the same, yet this difference was not sufficient to be noticeable at night by the eyes of a man who had no reason to suspect deceit. The girl was in a flutter of nervous excitement as she hastened about the room, donning her few requirements of masquerade, yet Keith noted with appreciation that she became perceptibly cooler as the moment of departure approached. With cheeks aflame and eyes sparkling, yet speaking with a voice revealing no falter, she pressed his arm and declared herself prepared for the ordeal. The face under the shadow of the mantilla was so arch and piquant, Keith could not disguise his admiration.

"Am I Christie Maclaire?" she asked laughingly. "Sufficiently so to fool your friend," he returned, "but I am ready to swear that lady never looked so charming."

"A compliment, and spoken as though you really meant it." "Have I not been honest enough with you in the past to be credited with honesty now?" he protested, a little hurt by the bantering tone.

"Of course you have; I merely talk lightly to keep my courage up. You can have no idea how afraid I am."

"Then you are truly an actress, for you appear the picture of enjoyment. But we must go, or Hawley will be there before us, and thus spoil all our plans."

They passed out through the office together, seeing no one familiar to either. Hope keeping her face partially concealed. The east side of the street was less frequented than the other, having fewer saloons along its way, and they chose its darkness. As they advanced, the long habit of frontier life caused Keith to glance back and he was thus made aware that they were being followed. Conversing lightly, and without a word to alarm the girl, he managed to observe every movement of the dimly outlined figure which advanced with them, timing every motion to theirs. Long before they crossed the street to the Trocadero he was convinced there was no mistake—the fellow, whoever he might be, was trailing them. Keith smiled grimly to himself, resolving that as soon as he had left the lady he would teach the spy a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

They barely entered the outer circle of the Trocadero lights, noting a group of men thronging about the doors, and hearing the sound of the band within, and then turned swiftly down the narrow dark alleyway leading toward the stage entrance. Keith, having been there before, advanced confidently, but Hope, her heart beating wildly, clung to his arm, scarcely uttering a word in reply to his whispered assurances. Fortunately they encountered no one, and Keith, feeling cautiously in the dark, easily succeeded in locating the opening to the vestibule. Listening intently he became convinced that no one occupied the little shed. He had intended to remain with the girl until the time came for her to emerge, but the remembrance of that figure dogging them all the way from the hotel now caused a change of plan. He held her hand closely clasped in his.

"Now, Hope, I am going to leave you," he whispered, "and your own wit will have to carry you through. I know you will play your part all right, and it will be mine to wait for Christie, and give her some explanation of why Hawley failed to meet her as he promised. It will never do for her to suspect, until you have time to learn all possible. You are not afraid?"

"Yes, I am," clinging to him, "but—but I am going through it just the same."

"The truest kind of courage, my girl. Now slip inside, but hold the door ajar. Hawley will certainly be here within ten minutes, and you must join him at once, or else the other might appear. You can judge as to its being him even in this darkness. Good-bye."

The longing to clasp her in his arms, to speak the language of his heart, was almost overwhelming, yet the memory of that figure slinking along behind them, and the brief time before Hawley's probable appearance, for he would leave the theater at the conclusion of Miss Maclaire's act, restrained all demonstration. This was a moment for action, not for words of love; no delay should hazard the success of her undertaking. He heard the slight creak of the door as the girl slipped within the concealment of the vestibule, and then he glided away through the darkness with the stealthy silence of an Indian. There was no one in the alley-way, which was narrow and easily explored, but the glow from the front windows plainly revealed the shadow of a man near the entrance, and Keith slipped



"Yes, You Can Get Up. I Reckon You're Beginning to See Clearer, Ain't You?"

up toward him, hugging the side of the building for concealment, prepared to resort to harsh measures. As he reached out, gripping the astonished letterer by the collar, they stared at one another in surprise, and the gripping hand was instantly released. "You, Fairbairn! What the devil does this mean? What are you spying on us for?"

Clearly taken aback, yet not greatly disturbed, his eyes showing pupation and his jaw set, the doctor rubbed his throat where Keith's knuckles had left a red welt.

"Damn you, I think I'm the one to ask for an explanation," he growled. "She said she was not going with you, and now you are around here together at this hour. I had a right to know whether I was being played with like that."

"But, man, that was not Miss Maclaire I was with; it was Hope Waite. Come back here under the tent flap while I explain."

Fearful of the coming of Hawley he fairly dragged the portly figure of the bewildered doctor with him, striving, by quickly spoken words, to make him comprehend the situation. Knowing previously something of the issues involved, it was not difficult to make Fairbairn grasp the meaning of this present movement, yet his sympathies were at once enlisted upon the side of Miss Christie. He'd be damned if he would have any part in such a scheme—if she had a right to the money he'd help her get it—it was a cowardly trick, and he'd fight if necessary, to keep her from becoming a victim. His voice rose, his arms brandishing violently, his sentences snapping like rifle shots. Keith angered, and fearful of a discovery which would leave Hope exposed, realized the futility of discussion and turned to physical force. Grasping the gesticulating man with both hands, he flung him backward and dragged him into the empty tent, kneeling on him as he throttled him to the earth.

"Now, Doctor, you listen to me," he said sternly, "I'm through arguing. I hate to treat you like this, for you are my friend, but I'll not stand for interference here. Do you get that, you old fool? Lie still until I get through! I respect your feelings toward Miss Maclaire. She is a good girl, and I hope to heaven you get her if you want her. But you never will if you permit this affair to go on. Yes, I know what I'm talking about. In all this time and I do we are serving you and Christie—our only fight is with 'Black Bart' Hawley. Stop being a bullet-headed old fool, Fairbairn, and understand this thing. Lie still, I tell you, and hear me out! Hawley is a liar, a thief, and a swindler. There is a swindle in this thing somewhere, and he hopes to pull out a big sum of money from it. He is merely using Christie to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire. She is innocent; we realize that, but this fellow is going to ruin the girl unless we succeed in exposing him. He's not only involving her in his criminal conspiracy, but he's making love to her; he's teaching her to love him. That's part of his scheme, no doubt, for then she will be so much easier handled. I tell you, Fairbairn, your only chance to ever win the interest of Christie Maclaire is to help us down this fellow Hawley. Yes, you can sit up; I reckon you're beginning to see clearer, ain't you?"

Keith drew aside the flap of the tent to glance without, the light falling on Fairbairn's face as he struggled to a sitting posture. He had had a new thought driven into him, yet failed to entirely grasp its significance.

"But, Jack," he asked, still half angry, "how about the girl? Hasn't she any right to this money?"

"I don't know," honestly, "we don't any of us know, but whatever she has the right to she is going to get. You

can bet on that, old man. We're bucking Hawley, not Christie Maclaire—get that into your head. He hasn't any right, that's certain, for he murdered and stole to get the papers—be quiet! Here the fellow comes now!"

They peered out together through the convenient tent flap, Fairbairn scarcely less interested than the other, already dimly comprehending that his truly dangerous rival was the gambler, and that he could best serve the lady by helping to prove to her the real character of that individual. He was still blindly groping in the haze, yet out of Keith's sharp, stinging words there had come to him a guiding light. The latter gripped his arm in restraint.

"Easy, old man, easy—let him pass."

Hawley turned into the alley whistling, evidently well pleased with the situation and anticipating other delights awaiting his coming. The glow of the Trocadero's lights served, an instant, to reveal his face, shaded by the broad brim of his hat, and then he vanished into the dark, Keith leaning far out, yet keeping well within the shadows, heard the faint creak of the vestibule door and the soft murmur of distant voices. Then he drew back suddenly, his hand again grasping Fairbairn. Two figures—those of a man and woman—emerged into the dim light, and as quickly disappeared. Apparently her hand was upon his arm, and he was bending down so as to gain a glimpse of the face partially concealed by the folds of the mantilla. Only a word or two reached them, a little laugh, and the woman's voice:

"Why, of course I hurried! you said you had something of such importance to tell me."

"Fairbairn," spoke Keith, his lips almost at the ear of the other. "That was Hope, all right, and she has got him going already. Now, man, will you help us out?"

"If How?"

"Go back there, and meet Miss Maclaire. I don't care where you take her—lunch, anywhere; only keep her from the hotel as long as possible. You can do it far better than I, for she will not suspect you of any interest in this affair. Tell her any lie you can think up on account of Hawley's absence. Good Lord, old man, can't you see this is your chance; go in and win."

Fairbairn struggled to his feet, sun-bit dazed and uncertain, yet tempted by the opportunity.

"You're perfectly sure, Keith, this isn't anything that will hurt the girl?"

"Sure! Of course I am. It's just Hawley I'm gunning after. For God's sake, haven't you got that clear yet?"

"I—I reckon I'm an old fool, Jack," admitted the doctor regretfully, "and when an old fool is in love he hasn't got any sense left. Anyhow I'll do what you want me to now. Where are you going?"

"To watch those others. There is no knowing what play Hawley might try to pull off, and I want to keep within gun-shot of him. Hurry up, man; that vestibule door creaked just then."

He shoved him down the dark alley and dodged back himself across the front of the tent out into the street. There was a crowd of men in front of the Trocadero, but the couple he sought were nowhere in sight.

(To Be Continued.)

N. G. Halmes and wife and family came over from their home at Weeping Water in an auto this morning and motored out to the new bridge, returning to Plattsmouth and participating in the good roads meeting this afternoon.

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