

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

Sham optimism is really a more heartless doctrine to preach than even an exaggerated pessimism—the latter leaves one at least on the safe side.—Thomas Hardy.

"Is it hot enough for you?" Don't shoot.

A little rain on the side would be a god-send to the farmers of this section.

Money makes a noise—so the hen has plenty of reason for cackling when she lays an egg.

A friend of the Journal, upon being asked last Saturday which party he belonged to, replied: "I don't know; the jury is still out."

The democrats have no right to call Roosevelt a dictator so long as they submit to dictations on one-man power in their own party.

Paul Clark has become awful good toward the common people since he became a candidate for congress, but just wait till the campaign opens in earnest and his past record becomes public property. His bolting Taft is nothing compared to it.

The postmaster general has kindly granted permission for mail carriers to deliver in automobiles. Now, if he will take one more step and provide the automobiles with a chauffeur, the rural route carriers in Cass county will be supremely happy.

George W. Norris, republican nominee for United States senator, has declared himself for Roosevelt. Now, what do you suppose the Taftites will do with him? He would have been up against it, anyway, with ex-Governor Shallenberger on his trail, but now bolting Taft's nomination, he might just as well quit the race.

There will be no paper issued from this office July 4—next Thursday. The Semi-Weekly will be printed Wednesday night. If there are any special notices you desire printed or special advertising you want in either daily or weekly you must have it in the office by Wednesday noon. Please remember this and govern yourself accordingly.

Governor Aldrich came out of the political woods Saturday afternoon, just a week following the adjournment of the Chicago convention, with a statement that he favors the policies advocated by Theodore Roosevelt and concluding with the declaration, "I am for him still." Then Aldrich is a bolter from the regular republican convention.

The editor of the Grand Island Independent, in last Monday's issue, said: "Speaking only for ourselves, the Independent is a republican paper and will not knowingly join the secessionists at any stage of the game, especially since it has become more firmly convinced than ever, in view of ex-President Roosevelt's violent temper of the past few weeks, that the unwritten law against a third term is about as good a law just now as any that has been written."

Paul Clark is a bolter of the first water. Taft was nominated in the regular republican convention, and when the Roosevelt forces pulled out of that convention and organized another, they bolted the regular convention, of course. Paul Clark thinks the Taft followers will support him. But just wait and see how beautifully the great ex-corporation laborer will "get it in the neck" next November.

We ask for information. Why was the two-thirds rule ever adopted in making nominations in the democratic national convention? One of the cardinal principles of the democratic party has been ever since we can remember, "Let the majority rule." Champ Clark had a majority over all opposing candidates in the Baltimore convention for several ballots, and according to the principles of democracy is by rights the democratic nominee for president.

Governor Aldrich is the most distressed republican in Nebraska today. He sees the handwriting on the wall, "Defeat!" The Taftites know that he is one of the seven governors who are to blame for the disruption of the republican party. If he had remained at home, attending to his duties as the chief executive of Nebraska, instead of going to Oyster Bay with a few other governors and insisting on Roosevelt coming out for president, matters might have been better in the republican ranks. But the governor was after saving his own bacon with Roosevelt as the republican candidate for president.

President Taft is a "yellow dog," according to the great and lofty governor of Nebraska. He will find that many republicans disagree with him by the time election day rolls around. Aldrich may be the "yellow dog" by that time.

It is rumored that the telephone company expects to advance the rate on 'phones. In other towns people have protested against the raise, and the people of Plattsmouth should do the same. There is no use "hogging" people because they simply can.

The Lincoln News says ex-Governor Shallenberger is a side-stepper. Now, this is something like the "kettle calling the pot black." There never was a more complete side-stepper in Nebraska than the fellow who writes the editorials for the News.

In answer to Mr. Bryan's charges that Speaker Clark was in league with unhealthy political interests congress Monday unanimously voted full confidence in Mr. Clark, "regardless of political affiliations." The resolution was adopted with a great burst of applause on both sides of the house. This shows how Champ Clark stands with the true representatives of the people.

In a public meeting held on the state house grounds in Lincoln Sunday evening, by all the churches, Governor Aldrich was one of the speakers and alluded to President Taft as a "yellow dog." This utterance created quite a sensation, but not so much of a sensation as will be created on the morning after the election, when the little governor will find that he has been "snowed under" by about 20,000 majority.

President Taft was denounced in the United States senate Monday by Senator Works of California, because he was nominated at Chicago. The contract between Taft and Roosevelt, he said, was an "unexampled spectacle." Senator Works does not favor a new party, but says he will not support Taft. But what is he going to do? It is either Taft, Roosevelt or the nominee of the Baltimore convention.

publican, or any other newspaper, no matter what its politics, to put its editorial finger upon one line or word in the senate record to show that John H. Morehead opposed the initiative and referendum. We defy it, or all of them, to show by the printed record that Morehead offered a single amendment to the bill. We defy them to successfully deny that Morehead favored the bill, voted for it and stood by it from start to finish.—Will Maupin's Weekly.

A bolter is one who refuses to support the regular nominee of his party. Then what are Aldrich and Paul Clark?

Those young ladies who failed to become June brides are doubtless convinced that another month will do just as well.

A Texas editor says he has read the Congressional Record constantly for more than two years. If he keeps it up a year or two longer he may attract the attention of the Carnegie hero commission.

Don't get sore because you fail to get your choice at Baltimore. He will be the choice of the convention and a reliable democrat. He will be elected, and in this manner we will be able to examine the books at Washington.

The council done the best night's work they ever did when they purchased a street sweeper. The Journal has been howling for a machine of this kind for over five years and at last our labors have been rewarded.

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Harmony is a splendid watchword when properly used in politics. The nominees of the Baltimore convention should receive the united support of every democrat in the state of Nebraska. There should be no soreness among democrats. We can't have our way all the time. The standard-bearer will be a man all can support, and all should unite with one whool and hurrah, pull off our coats and wade in for victory in November. Harmony within the ranks of the democratic party is half the battle, and this of all years harmony should reign supreme.

Many Lincoln republicans censure Aldrich for his reference to President Taft as a "yellow dog," Sunday evening. One man was heard to say: "I intended to vote for Governor Aldrich, but when he, as the governor of a great state, has no more respect for the president than to allude to him as a yellow dog he can't have my vote." Another man said: "I do not like Taft and do not expect to vote for him, but I think no man in the position of the governor has any right to speak of him in the way he did. It is utterly out of place at this meeting, and out of place anyhow." "I wonder if Aldrich expects that such remarks will get him votes," remarked another man.

The Wahoo Democrat jumps all over those newspaper publishers who do not agree with the fellows who want to spend \$50,000 state funds to advertise Nebraska. Why not blame the editorial booster, who is always shouting for an appropriation? Advertising is a legitimate subject of resolution and discussion by the editorial association of course, but a state appropriation is not an advertising proposition. We hope Bro. Ludi will be patient with us brethren who are not always able to attend association meetings to defend ourselves and the state treasury.—Hastings Democrat. The same down here. Those who attended the meeting may have voted intelligently on the proposed appropriation, but there are some who might have voted in the negative.—Nebraska City News. There are a few fellows in the press association who want to be the "whole cheese" in shaping matters, and among them are several who have had nothing to do with the newspaper business for years, but are simply members to get their clutches on some soft job, and the easier the job the better pleased they will be. Deadbeats of that character should not be allowed in the association. They don't have any right to mingle in a body of regular newspaper men.

Mrs. Fred Egenberger and children, John, Charles and Helen, departed for Denver and Colorado Springs, where they will spend two months. Mr. Egenberger accompanied his family as far as Omaha on their journey.

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The Schemers

A Case Where the Little God Cupid Takes a Hand

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The piazza of the summer hotel was flecked with white and colored gowns relieved here and there by the more somber hues of men's garments. At Seaburst there was a proportion of one male guest to every seventeen of the opposite sex. Polly Skinner had figured it out on the back of a picture postcard she had just received from Dick Westford who should have been there if he had not loved the Maine woods better.

"Think of his impudence!" complained Polly to a group of her friends in a corner of the piazza. "I wrote to him that it was lovely down here on Mizzen Island, and he merely sends this kodak postal showing himself sitting around a camp fire with half a dozen perfectly stunning looking men, all wearing flannel shirts and looking contented and happy, without a single girl in sight." She passed the card around for inspection.

"I suppose everything is very messy there," remarked Bell Sears after a casual glance at the pictured group. Ella Frond balanced her slender form on the piazza railing and looked pettishly over toward a group of married women, whose husbands sat in tamed submission near by reading the morning papers.

Polly was figuring rapidly on the postal card Dick Westford had sent, and it was then that she announced her statistical figures. "Just fancy, girls: there's just one man to every seventeen women in this hotel!"

"Did you count in Billy Pinckney?" "Of course I did," laughed Polly.

"Well, he hardly counts, he is so girly," complained Lily Deane. "He actually asked me to show him how to embroider, said he'd always wanted to try it, it looked so fascinating."

"What did you say?" "I promised to give him a lesson this morning. And here he comes now, the bore!"

Lily looked up and smiled in sweet contradiction as Billy Pinckney drew near.

He was a soft looking youth with pale hair, a long nose and kittenish manners. His clothes were remarkable for their color harmonies and their variety. Now he was wearing a suit of pale blue flannel with shirt to match and a ring on one white hand with a turquoise sunk deep in the gold.

He was a dream in blue. "Ah, Miss Lily," he murmured gently, with a significant glance around the group of maidens, "we have an engagement to sit on the bench. I believe?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pinckney. Excuse me, girls." And Lily dropped her embroidery in her silken bag, slung the ribbons over her arm and departed toward the sandy beach.

The five remaining girls watched the couple out of sight, and then they exchanged glances. "We have come to this pass," said Polly solemnly, "when even the attentions of Billy Pinckney are looked on with envy. Nay, don't expostulate, girls. I feel that way myself. I'd rather go walking with Billy and listen to his inanities and shudder at his lavender and pale blue flannels than to sit here and gossip with you! There, don't you all feel the same way? All in favor say aye."

"Aye!" they shrieked in chorus. "We are desperate. Some fine day Billy Pinckney will propose to one of us, as is his habit, and through sheer ennui one of us will accept him."

"Ugh!" shuddered Bell, with a glance over her shoulder at a talkative group of elderly women. "Imagine having Mrs. Pinckney for a mother-in-law!" "Don't worry," laughed Amy Wrenn from the hammock. "Mrs. Pinckney would never permit it to go as far as that."

"How could she stop it?" asked Bell. "Trust her cleverness. She wouldn't make a big fuss and bother over the engagement—oh, no! She'd be perfectly sweet and lovely and all that, but she would invite a whole lot of men down here to cut Billy out. She knows he wouldn't stand a chance beside any other man," declared Amy contemptuously.

"Why not do it?" asked Polly coolly. "Do what?" "One of us become engaged to Billy, or, at least, all of us pay him so much attention that Mrs. Pinckney will become alarmed and send for help of some sort. I wonder what she would really do?" Polly's cheeks were pink with mischievous excitement.

and bring all of his friends to put us to rout."

"Oh, joy!" murmured Ella Frond, and the other girls echoed her words. Only Polly Skinner was quite silent. She didn't object to the scheme, for she knew that Billy Pinckney was innumerate from real sentiment, for he was the son of his mother, and Mrs. Pinckney was as cold and unsympathetic as a block of marble.

And Polly did want Dick Westford to come, only somehow she'd rather he came because he wanted to be there with her and not because Mrs. Pinckney sent for him.

Still, it was taking a long chance on Mrs. Pinckney sending for Dick Westford, but the plan was worth trying, for Seaburst was deadly dull without any men around.

For a week there was plenty of excitement at the Seaburst hotel. To begin with, our five girls completely monopolized Billy Pinckney and showered so much undivided attention upon the pale youth that his head was quite turned.

"I'm the whole cheese here," he grinned to his adoring mother one evening, and that horrified lady put up her lorgnette and stared at him.

"William, my son," she gasped, "never, never use such language in my presence again. As for receiving attention from the girls in this house, you mustn't take it seriously, for remember you are the only man here at present."

Billy was silent. His mother's insinuation stung him to the quick. He would prove to her that it was himself and not his sex that attracted. He would pick out one girl, and that girl would be the prettiest and the wittiest and the one he liked best. It would be Polly Skinner.

Thereafter the group of schemers found their plans taken out of their hands by no less a person than Billy himself. He would have none of them except Polly, and Polly was sacrificed upon the altar for their general good.

"I heard Mrs. Pinckney say last night that there was safety in numbers," remarked Belle Sears. "Somebody had spoken of Billy's sudden popularity boom."

"So I'm to be the burnt offering?" demanded Polly indignantly. "Why, I like him less than any of you do."

"You're a sun burnt offering, and you look like a dear. Run along, honey; there's your Billy waiting for you. All he needs is a pink parasol to become a pink dream!" laughed Ella, giving Polly a push toward the waiting cavalier.

Polly went. The next day Billy Pinckney shocked his mother by announcing that he wanted to marry Polly Skinner and if he couldn't he would just as soon die as not.

"Have you asked her, dear?" faltered Mrs. Pinckney.

"Not yet, mother, but I'm going to tonight," he declared, thankful that she had not objected more strenuously.

"Promise me one thing, William," she said solemnly. "Wait just one week before you ask Polly Skinner to marry you."

"Why?" he demanded impatiently. "Because I ask it of you."

"All right, I promise, but I shan't change my mind," he threatened as he left the room.

Mrs. Pinckney smiled, because she had lived with Billy for many years and knew him to be impressionable. Almost any other of the girls would have done for Billy, and she might have reluctantly submitted, for all were well to do save Polly Skinner. Billy must have a rich wife.

She drew a sheet of note paper before her and wrote to Dick Westford. She mentioned Polly Skinner's name. She marked the envelope "Please forward," and she attached a special delivery stamp. She mailed it immediately and sat down to wait for Dick's coming. There was a whole week before Billy's promise would become null and void.

Three days afterward the five conspirators were sitting in their accustomed corner of the hotel piazza.

"Where has Billy been today?" asked Ella Frond, stifling a yawn. "I haven't seen him tagging after you, Polly. Have you sent him away?"

"Not I," declared Polly, watching the approaching hotel bus with wistful eyes. "I went for a solitary walk this morning and surprised him walking with the pretty chambermaid from our floor. He was helping her carry a basket of linen to the hand laundry across the field."

"Billy Pinckney!" shrieked her companions in chorus.

Polly nodded. "After all our time and trouble," she sighed.

The hotel bus was loaded with passengers from the 6 o'clock train. The married women buzzed forward to greet their husbands; the unmarried women looked wistfully at the mass of blue serge and gray tweed elbows that projected from the crowded vehicle.

The men streamed out from the bus. There were many—more than usual. The girls grew interested. Polly Skinner's eyes widened and looked like stars. The biggest and tallest of the invading army was Dick Westford.

The other girls recognized him at the same moment. "Our scheme has worked," whispered Ella Frond.

"He has brought all the campers," squealed Amy Wrenn.

"Oh, joy!" murmured Bell Sears. "Ah," breathed Lily Deane, "one apiece!"

Just before dinner Dick Westford came to Polly and caught her in a dim corner of the piazza. He took both her hands in his and looked into her eyes. "I love you, Polly," he said simply and truthfully.

"I'm glad, Dick," said Polly softly. And they never gave a thought to Billy Pinckney, who at that very moment was eeping with the pretty chambermaid.