

The Plattsmouth Journal

Published Semi-Weekly at Plattsmouth, Neb.

R. A. BATES, Publisher

Entered at the Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska as second-class matter

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

It is a great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try instead to escape from other people's faults, which is impossible.—Marcus Aurelius.

A curious instance of the fact that the government is in a commercial business comes in the announcement from Postmaster General Burleson ordering the postmasters throughout the country not to accept orders for stamped envelopes, as the plant where they were printed in Dayton, Ohio, was destroyed by the flood.

Governor Morehead has approved the new law providing for the appointment of an election commissioner of Omaha, with supervising powers in all elections. It is hoped that such an appointment will eliminate the fraud and illegal voting that has troubled the metropolis the past few years. Governor Morehead will have the appointment of said commissioner.

No doubt some grave and pompous mossbacks will regard President Wilson as a dangerous man. In delivering his message to congress in person he has "set aside the precedents of more than a century." He is not the only president that has thrown aside usages of a hundred years ago. Besides, President Wilson believes in delivering outright what he has to say.

President Schneider of the Commercial club done valiant work for the jail. He was up and doing all the time and the success of the election is greatly due to his indomitable energy and hustling qualities. There are many others who deserve considerable credit, but President Schneider being the head center of the whole business, never let up in his line of work at any time. The people of Plattsmouth owe him a debt of gratitude.

James Keeley, editor and manager of the Chicago Tribune, in speaking to the students of journalism in the University of Wisconsin said recently: "Suppression of news is more of a wrong than the printing of a piece of news that might possibly better not have been written. It is high treason of journalism. No paper that permits the advertisers or the personal, social and financial friends of its editor to control or taint its news and editorial column, ever has become a big newspaper, successfully or respected by the people. The man in the street instinctively senses this sort of treason and he punishes it. There are free men and there are slaves in our business, as there are in all lines of work. The average of honesty in the newspaper business will compare favorably with that in any other trade or profession. The man who thinks he can betray his readers, let dollars supercede duty and private interest dictate his policy, and doing these things secretly imagine that he can pose as a leader of public opinion, an exponent of right and honesty—is fooling himself, not the public. The day of invisible government in the newspaper world as in the political world, is vanishing."

According to the vote polled Tuesday, Plattsmouth has a population of over 5,000. That is what the Journal has always claimed.

The state of Washington has a new congressional district situated in the northwest corner of the state, where they want a woman to represent them. A congresswoman would be a novelty; and would it not be pickings for the husband? All he would have to do would be to stay at home and take care of the bridge parties and have a genuine good time in general.

Plattsmouth people can certainly get together when they feel so inclined. The result of the election in this city last Tuesday fully demonstrated this fact. It can be done in many other matters of interest to all of us. Then let us continue closer together in all the good work that is destined to best benefit the city at large. Let us all continue shoulder to shoulder in all efforts for a still more prosperous Plattsmouth, and we will be happier in knowing what can be done for the old town when we want to do it.

For the past ten days excitement has been up to fever heat over the jail proposition, and now that the smoke of battle has entirely cleared away, we hope peace and happiness will reign supreme the entire length and breadth of Cass county. The matter is settled, the jail will be erected as soon as possible and thereafter the taxpayers can rest assured that they will have a prison that will prove a credit to one of the best counties in Nebraska, and attached to one of the most magnificent court houses in the state.

Mrs. Julia Heath, president of the Housewives' League of an eastern state, declares publicly that one cause of the high cost of living lies in the failure of American women to "buy right." She points to the breaking of the corner on eggs in recent months to the value of buying direct from the consumer and in co-operation as an instance of what can be done when there's a will. Careless buying is only another symptom, perhaps, of the lack of thrift and economy for which the nation is becoming distinguished.

A young woman, writing to one of the metropolitan papers, suggests that men be required to wear some sort of insignia to indicate whether they are married or single, so that girls could avoid being deceived by married men. We suggest that these young ladies get well enough acquainted with men to know these things before they get "mixed up" with them, or start to mix. Upon a violation of this rule the mother should carefully spank the girl and set her to washing dishes until she herself would wear the insignia of common sense.

Before an association of bankers recently held in Keokuk, Iowa, in a lengthy address one of the bankers said: "You know we used to hear that the farmer had his prejudices—particularly against the banker, so we bankers began to look into that and we exposed the farmer. He hasn't a word to say nowadays against the banker. The poor farmer! He owns 80 per cent of the stock and a large proportion of the deposits in all the banks in Iowa. He is richer than the bankers, manufacturers and merchants, all combined, while the products of his fields and field lots is bringing in a stream of wealth fabulously great. When we talk about nine-billion-dollar crops, railroad statistics, banking totals and manufacturing outputs don't look very large. Such a figure is too big to mean anything in totals, but when we say it amounts to about \$100 for every man, woman and child in this country, we commence to appreciate the value of farm products."

If you have made up your mind that Plattsmouth is good enough for you, then stand up for it. Do all you can to help along everything that is good for the town, and help every man who is engaged in legitimate business. The success of your fellow townsmen will be your success. No man liveth to himself and no man does business independent of his fellow business men. Then do not abuse your neighbor. The main difference between his faults and your own is that you look at his as a critic, through a magnifying glass. The knockers and the croakers can do more harm in a minute than two good citizens can repair in a month. No community has any use for such people, but they have to exist somewhere. And that is about all they do—exist.



HEZEKIAH

The Siege of the Seven Suitors

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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played with Hezekiah's confounding heart fresh in my memory, I felt a delicacy about telling her that it was to see Wiggins that I had visited the inn. But to my surprise she introduced the subject of Wiggins immediately and with laughter struggling for one of those fountain-like splashes that were so beguiling.

"Oh, Wiggy is staying there! Do you know Wiggy?"

"Know Wiggy, Hezekiah? I know no man better."

"Wiggy is no end of fun, isn't he? I've heard him speak of you. You are his friend the chimney man. He was the last man over the stile. Did you notice that he lingered a moment longer at the top than the others? From his being the ninth man I imagine that he was the last to leave the house, and he probably felt that this set him apart from the others. Wiggy is nothing if not shy and retiring."

A heartbroken, lovelorn girl did not speak here. She whistled softly to



Nine Gentlemen In Silk Hats Crossing a Stile,

herself as we descended. The air was cooling rapidly, and the west was hung in scarlet and purple and gold. The horse neighed in the road below, and I knew that I must be on my way to the manor.

"Hezekiah," I said when I had drawn her bicycle from its hiding place, "you'd better leave your wheel here and let me drive you home. It's late, and there's frost in the air. I imagine it's some distance to your house."

"Thank you, Mr. Chimney Man; it is much farther to Aunt Octavia's. But tell me this: What do you think of Wiggy's chances?"

"Of winning your sister? I should say from my knowledge of Wiggins that he is a man much given to staying in a game once the cards are shuffled."

"Then you think he knows the game?"

There seemed to be something beneath the surface meaning of her words, but I answered:

"Wiggy's affairs have been few, and, while he may not know the game in all its intricacies, he has a shrewd rather slow mind, and, besides, he has asked my help in the matter."

"One of these speak-for-yourself John situations, then? Well, I should say, Mr. Chimney Man, I should say—" She made ready for flight, looking ahead to be sure of a clear thoroughfare.

"I should say," she concluded, settling her skirts, "that that indicates considerable intelligence on Wiggy's part."

The tires rolled smoothly away, the gravel crunching, the pebbles popping. The white sweater clasp'd straight back; snugly; then suddenly, as the wheels gained momentum, she bent low for a spurt, and her rapidly receding figure became a gray blur in the purple dusk.

Miss Octavia was in the gayest spirits at dinner that night, and struck afiel at once with one of her amusing dicta.

"Human beings," she said, "may be divided into two groups—interesting and uninteresting, but idiots abound in both classes."

Cecilia and I discussed this with more or less gravity, until we had exhausted the possibilities, Miss Octavia following with apparent interest and setting us off at a new tangent when

our enthusiasm lagged. She referred in no way whatever to her chimney, nor did she ask me how I had spent the day. I felt the pleading of Cecilia's eyes that I should accept the situation as it stood, and having already agreed to Wiggins' suggestion that I abide in Miss Hollister's house as a spy—for this was the ignoble fact—I felt the threads of conspiracy binding me fast. So far as my hostess was concerned, I was now less a guest than a member of the household.

The variety of subjects that Miss Octavia suggested was amazing. From aeronautics to the negro question, from polar exploration to the political conditions in Bulgaria, she passed with the jauntiest innocence and apparently with a considerable fund of information to support her positions. She knew many people in all walks of life.

As we rose from the table Miss Octavia declared that she must show me the pie pantry. I was now so accustomed to her ways that I should not have been in the least surprised if she had proposed opening a steel vault filled with a mummified Egyptian dynasty.

"The gentleman who built this house," she explained, "had already grown rich in the manufacture of the famous ribbed umbrella before he acquired a second fortune from a nostrum warranted to cure dyspepsia. He was inordinately fond of pies, and in order that this form of pastry might never be absent from his home, he had a special pantry built to which he might adjourn at his pleasure without any fear of finding the cupboard bare."

She led the way through the butler's pantry and into a small cupboard room adjoining the table linen closet. At her command the butler threw open the doors and disclosed lines of shelves so arranged as to accommodate in the most compact and orderly form imaginable several dozens of pies. These pastries, in the pans as they had come from the oven, peeped out invitingly. Miss Octavia explained their presence in her usual impressive manner.

"It was one of the conditions of the sale of this house to me by the original owner's executors that the pie vault should be kept filled at all times, whether I am in residence here or not. He felt greatly indebted to pie for the success of the dyspepsia cure. It had widened and steadily increased the market, for the cure, and pie was to him a consecrated and sacred food. It was his habit to eat a pie every night before retiring, and on the nightmares thus inspired he had planned the strategy of all his campaigns against dyspepsia. The man had elements of greatness, and these shelves are a monument to his genius. In order to keep perfect my title to this property it is necessary for me to maintain a pastry cook, and as I do not myself care greatly for pie the total output is distributed among the people of the neighborhood every second day. The station agent at Bedford is a heavy consumer, and a retired physician at Mount Kisco has a standing order for a dozen a week. My niece Hezekiah, of whom you have heard me speak, is partial to a particular type of pie, and one only. It is the gooseberry that delights Hezekiah's palate, and under G in file 3, in the corner behind you, there is even now a gooseberry pie that I shall send to Hezekiah, who, for reasons I need not explain, does not now visit here."

"But the dyspepsia man—you speak of him as though he were dead."

"Your assumption is correct, Mr. Ames. The builder of Hopfield died only a few weeks after he had established himself in this house. Having entered upon the enjoyment of his well earned leisure and made it unnecessary that he should ever go pieless to bed, he gave himself up for a fortnight to a mad indulgence in meringues and died after great suffering, steadily refusing his own medicine to the end."

We still lingered in the pie crypt after this diverting recital, while Miss Octavia entertained me with her views on pies.

"The soul color of pies varies greatly, Mr. Ames. It has always seemed to me that apple pie stands for the homelier virtues of our civilization. It is substantial, nutritious and filling. The custard and lemon varieties are feminine and do not, perhaps, for that reason, appeal to me. Cherry pie at its best is the last and final expression of the pie genus, and where cooks have been careful in eliminating the seeds and the juice hasn't made sudden dough of the crust a cherry pie meets the soul's highest demands. Is the gooseberry I find a certain raciness or, if I may use the expression,

Better than Spanking!

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