

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.

Young man, let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement. You are too strong to be defeated, save by yourself.—W. D. Howard.

Where there is a will there is a way, and frequently a few attorneys.

Forty-seven democratic senators are pledged to vote for the tariff bill. Good!

It is too warm these days to get hot about it. But it is the making of the corn crop.

A man who fears congress will vote him out of his personal liberty should hesitate to get married.

We realize that life is a complex matter, and it is about time for chautauqua orators to quit repeating it.

Speaking about the golden harvest, the best wages are always over in the next county. Same way with fishing.

Down in southern Illinois they lately prayed for rain, and got it. But Doubtful Thomas suggests that Yuma, Arizona, can't do it.

An Arctic explorer says that 1,000,000 square miles in the region of the north pole have never been visited. There is no occasion yet for the Arctic Alexanders to weep.

Safer and saner celebrations appear to have been the general rule this year. Result: Reduction in the high cost of life and limb, as well as property loss by fire.

Our people, and especially the business class, should begin to think about the T. J. Sokol National Tournament here next month. This means a large number of strangers in Plattsmouth for several days.

There will be no band concert tonight. It has been postponed to Thursday night of next week. The people will be sadly disappointed. We would hate to tell why it was postponed. It would certainly disgust many more than it has disappointed.

Nearly all the wheat in Cass county is saved.

Tourists' rates aren't as cheap as they sound in the folder.

Judge Cornish of the Lancaster county district court has held the anti-gift law unconstitutional and it is invalid.

Some men ride down town in the morning on the water wagon and then try to walk home at night.

It would appear that everybody out in California is getting fussy! The postmaster at San Francisco has held office for eleven years and now refuses to give the office over to his successor. We know some postmasters who would do the same thing if there was any use in it.

They are still racketing over the Nebraska City armory, and a last grand effort will be made to secure the needed 7,000 on the referendum. It should prove a signal failure, and we hope it will. The activity of some contentious fellows should prove to the people of Nebraska that it is purely spite work and nothing less.

If some professed democrats thought more of the future success of the party than they do of holding office and being a democrat for selfish interests they might be considered pretty fair democrats. But men who are not loyal to the party only when it suits their selfish purposes cannot be relied upon, and are always looked upon with suspicion by all reliable democrats.

That "whirlwinner of souls," Billy Sunday, has just recently completed one of his spectacular campaigns in Indiana, which netted him the sum of \$40,500. The real religious work of the world is being done by the rank and file of the Christian ministry and those to whom they are worth \$1,500 a week, in contrast with example appeal, whom their sober counsels persuade, rather than by the fishy "revivalists" of the Sam Jones and Billy Sunday type. If the mountebanks and fakirs can accomplish real and lasting good, they are entitled to all the credit due them. But it is extremely doubtful if they are worth \$1,500 a week, in contrast with other ministers. And the sooner the people of any community begin to realize the fact that such "soul-savers" as Billy Sunday are simply out for the money there is in it, the better.

Some corn was blown down in the storm Sunday night.

The weather bureau hands out some hope for cooler weather the balance of the week. Thank the Lord!

The greatest objection some people have to summer mornings is that they get up too early for them.

It is growing popular now to include among the bride's presents a fly swatter and a package of bed-bug powder.

Funny old bird is the pelican; his bill can hold more than his belican. He can take in his beak enough food for a week, but we don't see how the pelican.

Some farmers have marketed their wheat, and most of it tests 62 pounds and averages from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre. There are a few fields that will run over 45 bushels to the acre.

Reports from Washington are to the effect that republican senators are preparing to fight the tariff. That is no surprise to anyone. Republican senators have to make some showing in congress, and just as well on the tariff as anything else.

The "book farmer" is a more common article now than he was a few years ago. The preservation of the soil in an old settled country is just as important as the raising of a big crop. To know the treatment soil must receive one must read and learn what others have demonstrated by experiment and scientific research. Time was when the old farmers made sport of the "book farmers," but the successful agriculturists are all coming to it.

The bull moose fellows are getting out of the sinking ship. Here is Medill McCormick, who announces that he has quit politics and is going into literature. Frank Munsey has thrown up his hand; George W. Perkins is trying to explain how he formed the International Harvester trust; Senators Cummins of Iowa and La Follette of Wisconsin are trying to round up their followers so as to keep their jobs; Roosevelt announces that he is going to take a two years' trip around the world; Taft is out of politics entirely, and thus it goes. It is just as well for democrats to understand right now that the republican party is not dead, nor even sleeping. While flushed with victory and with a fine prospect for a most successful national administration, it has always been a fault with democrats to become too confident at the wrong time. Next year the democrats will have the fight of their lives to retain control of congress, and it is just as well for them to get ready for it. The republicans are quietly reorganizing all over the land.

Be a booster, or keep your mouth closed. It's fly time.

The flies are on the increase. Are you doing your duty in swatting them?

Is the war on weeds still going on? It is in some parts of the city, we know. But how is it in other parts?

Neither is the automobile making as much headway putting the horses out of business as the prophets figured.

God bless the rain, the gentle rain; it makes a man feel young again. He feels like tossing up his hat and feeling happy as a democrat.

That Missouri man who worked on his wife's head with a hatchet was what the women call "too demonstrative." Do your Christmas shopping early.

What do farmers think of this? A Chicago paper says that there is such a big hay crop between the Missouri river and the mountains that hay will sell at \$2 per ton at the stack.

It is announced that in distributing its July semi-annual dividends, Wall street cut two hundred and sixty-two watermelons—the largest ever. And all under a democratic administration.

Saturday was about the dullest week-end shopping day that our merchants have experienced in many weeks. The busy season with the farmers had everything to do with the slack business.

It is hoped in the interest of those headed for heaven that a journeyman angel can play a harp without practicing. Which is suggested by a neighboring angel who pounds painful paroxysms from a feverish piano.

Col. Goethals says the Panama canal machinery will be too near worn out by the time the canal is completed to be useful in river improvement. But the knowledge gained is the main thing and will lead to other results on a like scale.

A beef steer, when cleaned up and ready for the butcher's block, will weigh about 375 pounds. Several men who are meat eaters, agree that they will consume about a pound of meat a day on an average, consequently they will eat a beef steer every year, and should every one of these men live to be 80 years old, he will have consumed eighty steers, four carloads. Just think of it; if this man should see eighty steers in a pasture could he realize that during his lifetime he had eaten such a tremendous amount of meat? Placing the value of each steer at \$60, he has used up \$4,800 of his earnings for meat, to which must be added what it has cost him for all other kinds of food.

Labor day comes next in line of holidays.

Strength to the arm of the apple growers of the southeastern part of the state. They are to wage a determined and thorough war against practice of Nebraska railroads and Nebraska jobbers knocking the Nebraska apple and giving the Idaho apple all the best of it. They are going to show, says a Lincoln correspondent, that a Lincoln wholesale firm sold Nebraska apples under the name of New York apples and sought to justify the high cost by asserting that the freight rate between here and the east was so excessive. Other "tricks of the trade" it is promised—tricks in shipping, rate juggling, etc.—will be exposed and the apple men expect to show one of the rankest cases of discrimination ever disclosed.

Some democrats may think that the republican party is as badly split up the back as they were a year ago. Close observation has convinced the writer that the two factions are getting closer together every day, and by the time the election rolls around in 1914 one will not know that there was ever any bitterness in the ranks of either faction. Watch the actions of the republicans in the house and senate. Even La Follette is ready to go back to the republican party for the sake of unity and victory. He would not do a thing to aid President Wilson to a successful termination of his administration? He don't want Woodrow Wilson to succeed, and it is the same way with every republican member of the house or senate, no matter whether bull mooser, standpatter or what not. They are all working to one end—the success of the republican party under its old name. Watch and you will see our predictions are correct.

This is the season of the year when the average man or woman's thoughts lightly turn to a vacation. Many well-to-do people can afford to take a trip, but there are many who take such trips that are not able to do so, but they go just the same, and suffer when they return for many things the money thus spent would provide for them. The editor is one who really needs a vacation trip, but never gets it, because the necessary essential to bring about such an event is not within reaching distance. It is those who simply go for a show, not for any special benefit to themselves, because they don't need the outing near as much as they will need the money with which to purchase their winter clothing next fall. In this respect those who remain at home certainly display more wisdom and feel just as much benefited by doing so as those who spend their savings for a whole year—just to be in "the swim" with those who could buy them if they were black.

GETTYSBURG IN 1863-1913.

Nearly every schoolboy knows by heart the immortal words of the speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln, July 4, 1864, on the Gettysburg battlefield. He was addressing an assemblage gathered to dedicate a part of the battlefield as a final resting place for the thousands who had met death there. "But, in a larger sense," he said, "we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or retreat. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the great task of remaining before us," said Lincoln, "that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of devotion that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It was on the first anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg that Lincoln uttered that perfect tribute, rightly considered one of the world's greatest examples of oratory. Half a century has passed over the heads of the men who survived Pickett's gallant charge, and a great army composed of heroes of the civil war is encamped on the blood-hallowed ground. The men of the blue and the gray who fought one another fifty years ago were there in a great demonstration of that fact that the hope which Lincoln so solemnly and feelingly voiced has been fulfilled—the union is one and undivided. Where sabers flashed, where bullets tore, where shells burst, where cheers and groans resounded, the men who tried to kill one another in 1863 clasped hands in comradeship in 1913, glad that they are brothers. "There is no north! There is no south! Brothers all!" Never again will Gettysburg hold as many old soldiers as were there last week, the Blue and Gray marching arm in arm. These heroes of the north and south are grateful for the opportunity to meet again before they die, but the whole country should be grateful for the spirit which was responsible for this great reunion and its object lesson.

There seems to be a few fellows who want an election this fall. They may probably have a little election all their own, but it will not get them any of the offices. Even the democratic county central committee of Lancaster county is clamoring for an election.

A Battle Creek, Mich., man is 72 years old and boasts that he has never lost a tooth. Probably keeps them in a bottle.

MR. HENRY PECK AND HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS

By Gross

