

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

Gluttony and drunkenness have two evils attendant upon them; they make the carcass smart as well as the pocket.—Antonius.

What has become of the Omaha Add club, that done so much for the metropolis?

If the drought continues much longer people will have to live on kafir corn, which is said to be fire-proof.

Don't worry about the hot weather. It's only eighteen weeks till Christmas. Remember and do your shopping early.

The Bohemian tournament was a grand success in every particular. Nearly three thousand were present Sunday afternoon.

The people of Lancaster county are determined to have an independent telephone system, and many counties will await the result in Lancaster county before they attempt anything of the kind.

The shoe of progressivism pinches wherever it is put on. There now comes a howl from California that the advent of woman suffrage has brought wild and senseless extravagance that is ruining the state.—The Searchlight.

Two things will operate materially to minimize the loss to Nebraska from the partial failure of its corn crop. One of them is the eleven million bushels surplus wheat. The other is the higher price guaranteed by the universal shortage of corn.

J. H. Sweet, editor of the Nebraska City Press, accompanied by his father, an attorney at Syracuse, were in the city Sunday, and called at the Journal office to inspect our new Goss perfecting press. Mr. Sweet is one of the brightest young newspaper men in Nebraska and the Press is always filled with interesting local matter, as well as the latest telegraphic news.

Hop onto Sulzer! It appears to be popular. Here was a man at tempting to clip the power of Wall street's stock market fleecers, and it has been found, it appears, that he himself violated the law through his wife. What is more important now? To get Sulzer's scalp, so the fleecers can keep off scolding the people. If they succeed in their scheme they may attempt to get President Wilson's goat. But then, Woodrow fears them less than the New York governor.

They say that is some papers do, that Governor Morehead is no orator. Well, it may be very true that he is not an orator of the Bryan type, but he is a good, sound, sensible talker, and is in great demand at all gatherings where the farmers generally congregate. They go away well pleased with his address in all instances, whether an orator or not. He is making a most excellent governor and the demand for his appearance at so many gatherings is proof conclusive that the people of Nebraska are well pleased with his administration.

At the funeral of the late president of Haiti the casket was perforated by a number of bullets fired by his political antagonists. Haiti is evidently so militant it is reassuring to know that the United States minister who has just been appointed to that country is a Missourian. A fighting man is needed for the job.

The press informs us that President Wilson works, even though the day is hot. This will be good news to many thousands of other Americans, who will realize that the president has nothing on them, and will take off their wilted collar with the zest on hearing that the chief executive of the country is probably doing likewise.

Reports from the sections of the state in which the National guards are in camp and making practice maneuvers indicate that, with reference to the farmers' orchards and hen coops, the boys have been foraging on their friends and supporters, rather than on the enemy, and the people up in that section have vigorously protested. What can you expect from the soldier boys, anyway? Foraging is one of the principal features in a soldier's life, and it is to be expected.

Senator H. H. Bartling of Nebraska City was in the city a short time Monday morning, en route for Omaha with a party of tourists from that city. The senator found time to make a brief visit at Journal headquarters, and we were pleased to meet him. Henry says he is not aspiring to the governorship, but that one of his friends seem determined that he shall be. Well, if we have to say it is the republicans might go farther and fare a great deal worse.

All of us perhaps would hold our hands in horror if accused of being a slanderer, yet how much of the so-called innocent gossip adulated in in most communities is nothing less than downright slander? How often do we see bright young life crushed and sometimes blighted by the slanderous tale that probably started from some thoughtless remark or even a significant look that has grown and strengthened until, like a mighty serpent, it coils itself around its innocent victim, hoking all the joy and brightness out of life.

Mexican crises are so numerous that we no longer devote much time to viewing with alarm the intense situations developed in that actus country where the coyote howls and the peevish poen unctures the populace promiscuously. Yet we are somewhat interested in the senatorial statement that there is a war lobby working overtime in this country to involve us in war with Mexico that certain interests may get a better strangle hold on the natural resources of that sanguinary section. Probably there is no such lobby, or, if there is, it probably isn't going to get anywhere in its ambition to involve us in hostilities. But it is a timely reminder that to such selfish system most wars are due, and most of the profits are collected by them rather than by those who go forth to shed their blood in the interests of a Noble Cause. War is foolishness in frenzied form, and particularly so for those who go forth to foreign lands to do the fighting, and come home in wooden overcoats.

How'd you like to be the lee man?

Soon the coal man will have his inning.

Will we or will we not have a fall festival? That's the question.

The Missouri peach crop is said to equal Nebraska's apple crop. Well, that is very good for both states.

The Balkan nations have reached the aftermath. One has just ordered 3,000 artificial legs from this country.

"If I had the privilege of being born over," said a Plattsmouth man yesterday, "I would prefer to be a snow plow."

If the price of brokers' seats in Wall street continues to fall they will be classed as republican souvenirs instead of assets.

Yes, the democrats will be to blame for this exceptionally hot weather and the drought. Such things never occurred under republican rule. Oh, no!

Huerta demands recognition by the United States. That's about all the good it will do him. No bluffing goes with Uncle Sam. The Mexicans found that out years ago.

The Commercial club meets Thursday night. Then the members should decide as to the fall festival. If they do not desire to assume the responsibility, give some other parties a chance.

Reports say that the United States exported \$10,000,000 worth of automobiles during the last fiscal year, and it is a safe bet that Rockefeller exported most of the gasoline with which to run them.

There is no use booming anything as long as this hot weather continues. Nothing can materialize during this continuous hot spell—not even energy.

A western town relates how a refreshing shower sent the temperature down to 102 in the shade. One way to keep cool is to be thankful for small favors.

There will be some opposition to free sugar and free wool in the senate when the final test comes. The people are anxious for congress to get through with the bill and adjourn.

Those who have made a study of the weather in past years say this has been the longest and hottest season in sixty-eight years. Well, we hope it will not repeat itself in the next sixty-eight years.

Speaking of "tempering the winds to the shorn lambs," and other patient sufferers, one may say that this has been a hard year, but it might have been worse with a political campaign in progress.

The Japanese of California have engaged a press agent to manage a campaign of education in this country and Japan. That is a better way to gain international knowledge than to listen to the vaporing of jingoes.

Evidently the congressmen and senators at Washington are earning their salaries this year if they never did before. Maybe they will learn by the time they get back home what it is to work for a living. Poor fellows!

Boss Murphy cannot be impeached, and it's a pity. He is at liberty to speculate to any extent, as he pretends to hold up the state of New York by the tail, but he got fooled when he attempted to hold up the Baltimore convention.

A Cleveland young lady has asked the police to prevent a French count from making love to her. But this is a free country, and isn't a French nobleman to be allowed to make a living at his regular trade?

Editor Bushnell of the Lincoln Trade Review roasts the standard republicans for opposing President Wilson's tariff program, and also for their opposition to his Mexican policy. But their opposition will not embarrass the president nor will it deter him from doing his duty as he sees it.

President Wilson has made sure, says a Washington dispatch, that "for a time at least, no ill-considered speeches on Mexico will be delivered in the senate." This sense of personal responsibility for what is said in congress has never before been so strongly developed in the White house.

The judge presiding at the Diggs case in San Francisco, spying some young girls in the audience, asked if they were accompanied by chaperons. When told that they were he said that relieved him of all responsibility. But it did not. Such trials are no places for girls, and they should be excluded, regardless of foolish mothers or so-called chaperons.

The first issue of the Commoner under the new order of things has reached this office. Of course it does not reach the parlors as often as before, but it makes up for that in interest, as well as in an enlarged form of 3 pages. It is edited now solely by W. J. Bryan, and the readers can rest assured on getting lots of good, wholesome reading in every issue. In the makeup it is a great improvement over the weekly edition.

We cannot see wherein Governor Morehead has made any mistakes in his appointments. They are all making good. Especially, Warden Fenton, who is making the best warden the state ever had. He has suppressed the dog traffic and made great improvements in the discipline of that institution. And he may be able to reduce the cost of living per capita before the year is out. Governor Morehead evidently knew his man when he appointed Mr. Fenton.

The Lincoln News says that Nebraska's famous impeachment case against its first governor David Butler, is to be cited as precedent in the proceedings for the removal of Governor Sulzer of New York. A request has been made from the state librarian for full information of the successive steps taken in ousting Butler from the governorship. Some authorities seem to think that the cause of Butler's removal from office is almost identical with the charges brought against Governor Sulzer. If this proves to be the case, then the history of Governor Butler's removal from office breeds ill for Governor Sulzer.

New York state is one of the most corrupt commonwealths in all the world, and Tammany Hall is largely responsible for this condition. Sulzer may be a beneficiary of Tammany corruption, so far as we know. But the thing that gets us twisted is the cannibalism of Tammany and its hypocritical attitude as protector of the honor and good name of New York. If Sulzer had seen fit to obey Tammany Hall, there would have been no impeachment proceedings. But disobeying, discipline demands that Sulzer be sent to the block. Political cannibals kill when they cannot control. Haven't you noticed it?

A Battlefield Baby

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

Twenty years after the civil war I went south with a party to look over the battlegrounds of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A young man accompanied our party who told us that as a baby he had been in a battle. When he had grown old enough to be told anything about himself his supposed father informed him that he (the father) had been a Union soldier in the battle of Missionary Ridge and during the fight, hearing a cry in some bushes, had gone there and found a baby. He took the little chap out of the fight, and when ordered to march on the baby was adopted by the company and carried along. The father afterward took him home and brought him up. He was now on his way to visit the battlefield with a view to learning something of his parentage.

I remained for some time at Chattanooga, and the young man, Runyan, who was looking for his ancestors remained with me. I was engaged in certain work on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Runyan was engaged in his own search. There was an old negro in the hotel at which we stayed who did odd jobs, and I paid him to do things for me. He was a lugubrious old fellow, and I never but once saw a smile on his face. One day I asked him why he was so melancholy.

"Dat are a story by its own self," was his reply, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Well, uncle," I said to him, "you might as well tell me, for I'm so curious to know that I won't let you alone till you do."

He hemmed and hawed awhile and finally told the story: "I wor borned on a plantation on de redge, and my mars' wor one ob de best young men in de souf. I wor giben to him by his fadder when he wor married. Dat wor not long befo' de wah broke out. My young mars' he had a little plantation ob he own, and he wuk it with no mo' 'n a dozen niggers. I wor a house servant and, havin' belonged to de family fo' so long, had charge ob eberyting.

"Den de wah come on, and mars' he go jine de Confederate army. When he went away he say to me, 'Joe, I's gwine to leab my wife and my chile what isn't bawn yet in yo' car'—his voice trembled when he spoke ob de chile—and I spect yo' to gib up yo' own life befo' yo' let any trouble happen 'em."

"I tol' him dat it don't make no difference wether it no'then or souther'n pusson, I kill him if he touch a hair ob missie's head.

"While he wor away fightin' wold come to missie dat he got tooken sick. By dat time de baby wor born and about a year old. Missie say to me one day, says she: 'Joe, my husband am berry sick, and I got to go to him. Do yo' tink yo' kin take car' ob de baby till I come back?' I say, 'I sho' I kin.' So missie told me all about de baby's food and what to do when dis happen and dat happen till I don't know wedder I wor on my head or my heels. Den she went away.

"Missie hadn't been gone berry long befo' dere wor fightin' at Chickamauga creek, and I wheeled de baby out to de brow ob de redge where I could see de battle goin' on. De no'then folks wor driften purty high into dis place, and atter dat de fightin' stopped fo' a long time. Mr. Bragg's army wor down below de redge, and den he come up on top ob de redge. Meantime missie come back, and when de south'n army wor camped on de redge mars' he got tooken sick some mo', and she went away agin, leavin' me in charge ob de baby.

"One day I wor wheelin' de baby along de brow ob de redge, and I see de no'then folks down below all marchin' up and down 's if dey wor paradin'. Fus' ting I knowed a lot ob dem sojers jus' started to climb de hill. De men on top wor shootin' down at 'em, and dey wor de debble to pay. I wheeled de baby back towa'd de house as fas' as I kin, but I meet some souther'n sojers, and one ob de ossifers say to me: "Heah, yo' niggah, yo' put a shoul-der to de wheel ob de gun."

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