

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

To love one soul for its beauty and grace and truth is to open the way to appreciate all beautiful and true and gracious souls, and to recognize spiritual beauty wherever it is seen.
—H. Black.

NEW MEXICAN POLICY.

The new policy of the administration regarding Mexico as announced by the president himself before the houses of congress jointly assembled, retains the feature of forbearance and deliberation. This will be disappointing to those who believe that long ago it was high time to interfere radically with Mexican hostilities.

The policy is new in but one respect—the enforcement of strict neutrality as to both the contending parties in Mexico. This is in a sense a recognition of the belligerency of the constitutionalists or rebels. It is a recognition that is without direct advantage to them, but with this profit that it is of positive disadvantage to the provisional government of Huertta. For the Huertta faction can not henceforth secure war munitions from dealers in the United States or across the American border. It closes the ring, so far as the United States is concerned and bids the combatants fight it out.

Citizens of the United States are to receive government assistance in getting out of Mexico. Those who cannot leave are to be protected. In affording this protection the danger is that the dispatch of expeditionary forces into Mexico will be necessary and that would be attended by the peril of resistance, which would create the necessity of direct armed intervention.

Pursuance of the policy announced will be attended by another serious risk. President Wilson says that in the recent negotiations with Lind he has had the moral support of several other nations. We wish it were certain that they would be as well satisfied with the determination of this country to continue keeping hands off. In case of violence to the persons or property of citizens of European nationality we would be at once put under pressure to interfere in their behalf.

The whole Mexican situation is full of peril to peace between our southern neighbor and ourselves. The gravest contingencies may arise in an hour. We do not believe that thus far there has been in the killing of Americans or the looting or destruction of their property, such outrage as cannot be reckoned for on the basis of claims and indemnities, and we believe a continuation of the policy of non-intervention is approved by public sentiment. But no one can shut his eyes to the fact that the chance is great that at any time there may be such wanton and general attacks on Americans in Mexico as to make direct intervention imperative under the obligations of a government to its citizens.

The address of the president is in an admirable spirit. No bluster, jingoism or bullheadedness. It is an expression of the better school of statesmanship which the president leads. It is a fine voice to be heard above the confusion of which it speaks. It will not satisfy the "war lobby" if one exists. It will arouse new clamor from

some jingoes who have already made themselves heard, but pity it will be if this statement of lofty ideals of international relations and of patriotic purpose is not heeded at last, south as well as north of the Rio Grande.—World-Herald.

WAGES RULE HIGH.

According to figures compiled by the state labor commissioner manufacturers in Nebraska reported fewer employes in 1912 than 1911 by over 2,000, \$32,000,000 less capital invested and about \$15,000,000 less in value of products. Two important items, however, show substantial increases, wages and the cost of materials to the manufacturers. The latter amounted to over \$18,000,000 more in 1912 than in 1911, while the wage bill in 1912 for 20,761 employes was nearly \$700,000 more than in 1911 for 22,886 employes.

The high cost of living, therefore, seems to be felt by the employer as well as the employe. It will be admitted that as a rule the wage earner has to watch the corners closely in these days of ever-increasing prices, but if these statistics are at all typical, he is faring tolerably well in Nebraska. The shrinkages noted in number of employes and capital invested are due in some measure, according to official reports, to conditions at the big packing plants, whose output naturally feels the effect of the high prices restricting sales. But nothing in any of these reports indicates an actual falling off, for business, investments and number of employes were all unusually large in 1911. And the decrease in number of wage earners does not mean any dearth of employment, for work has been plentiful at good pay for all desiring it.

EXPERIMENT WORTH TRYING.

When service takes the place of selfish profit in a business, two classes of persons receive superior consideration—the workers and the consumers.

The workers, by getting living pay, good working conditions and every chance which the business can provide to live a useful and a satisfying life.

The consumers, by getting their money's worth in quantity and quality; by being recognized as the keystone of the business arch.

Our trusts began by undertaking to gouge all they could get out of the necessities of both workers and consumers. They did this for the benefit of a much smaller class, who may be called promoters, investors and exploiters.

In order that a very small percentage of the people should have wealth quickly, the trusts deliberately got out to despoil the great masses who work and consume.

This naturally aroused antagonism. The despoiled tried as best they could, often betrayed by weak leaders, to fight back. So now the trusts are changing a little their original ruthlessness. Some are making concessions to their workers, to keep them quiet. But very few have shown either compassion or concession for consumers.

The consumer is the goose who lays the exploiter's golden eggs. The consumer is expected to stand all that the traffic will bear.

We, in the United States, like the older nations, are coming right up against the question whether it is good public policy to let the few go on gaining great riches at the expense of the many

—riches which debase and enslave them quite as much as they oppress and depress the poor. By doing nothing we see the problem grow steadily worse; we see an increase in strikes, rioting and human turmoil. We must do something or confess impotency to govern ourselves. What can we do?

Well, it seems to us that the Poindexter Alaskan bill offers an experiment worth trying.

If it will work, it very clearly will undo what has made the work of the trusts so obnoxious, for it will give no profits to an exploiting few, but will divide all the profits equally between the workers and the consumers.

Notice we say "if it will work." We don't see how it could work worse for the most of us than the private trust scheme of business development is working, and the way to find out is to try.

But Poindexter has another string to his bow. He proposes to let private capital go into Alaska's coal fields, too, and try its hand at competing with Uncle Sam, on fair terms. So, if the public ownership part of the plan should prove deceptive, private ownership would be next door, snatching its lips for the chance to take the entire task over.

Here, then, is a sporting proposition, a sort of wholesale challenge to a footrace. Isn't it queer that the private monopolists down at Washington are trying to bury Poindexter's proposal? Do you suppose they really do fear public ownership under fair competition, after all they've been telling us about how much superior private exploitation is?—Omaha News.

OUT AMONG OUR FRIENDS.

On Monday, August 25, the writer took the notion that it was about time for a Journal representative to get out and visit the patrons of this paper in the different towns of the county. So we packed our grip with a change of shirts and socks, a collar or two, and hied to the Missouri Pacific depot and boarded the 12:15 train for Union, where we made our first stop.

The first place we visited at Union was the Ledger, shook hands with Charley Graves, left our grip in his care, while we went the rounds to "seek whom we might devour." We found our old friend, D. R. Frans, in the enjoyment of fair health and as jovial as ever. Mr. Frans is truly the merchant prince of Union, and enjoys a splendid business. His friends are legion wherever known, and we always enjoy a visit with him. We next called on L. R. Epton, whom we found at home, as well as his good-natured assistant, Gabe Austin, who is always as happy as a lark, and his wit always extended to meet his friends. Mr. Epton has one of the finest establishments in Cass county, and being an up-to-date business man, always enjoys a good business. One thing is certain, he keeps the goods and his prices are right.

We stepped into the bank of Union for a few moments to see how our young friend, Jack Patterson, was getting along. We found Jack pretty busy, and everything around the bank as neat and as bright as a new pin. The bank is doing a fine business, but we cannot see how it could do otherwise, with such an efficient young man as Jack Patterson in charge. He is an expert at the business and very popular with all his patrons.

Our time was very much limited in Union and we did not get an interview with all who we desired. We met our former friend, Fred Clark, and chatted with him a few moments. We also met our young friend, V. T. Arn, the butcher, who reported business good. He is right up to snuff as a business man and supplies his customers with the best the market affords. Some thief entered his market a few weeks ago by cutting the screen of the back door, and robbed the till of \$40,

but he says they will never get an opportunity to do it again. We couldn't leave Union without calling on our friend, Reuben Foster, and notwithstanding his old age, we found him as busy as ever. The writer knew Mr. Foster years ago back in the Buckeye state, when he was a bit of a boy and Uncle Reuben was a young man, but we didn't have time on this trip to talk of bygone days, and put it off until our next trip to Union. It had been nearly two years since we last visited the thriving village and we noted many improvements, among which is the fine school building, prominently situated, which catches the eye of strangers passing through on the train. It is built of brick and modern in every respect, and would prove most creditable to any town three times the size of Union. Union citizens can certainly point with pride to their elegant new school building, as well as to several other brick structures recently erected. Leaving Union we took the evening train for Weeping Water, where we changed cars for Avoca.

Avoca a Prosperous Little City.

We arrived at Avoca just in time for supper, which we muchly relished, as we were very tired and hungry. Here we was most cordially greeted by our friends, as it had been nearly two years since we had visited the pretty and bustling village. We always did like to visit Avoca, simply because the inhabitants thereof always greet you with outstretched hands. We called upon many of our friends in the evening, but not all of them by any means, as the Journal readers in and around Avoca are quite numerous. There have been numerous improvements in the town since our last visit, the most important of which is a new town hall, and we desire to inform our readers that it is one of the finest little opera houses in the state of Nebraska. We call it an opera house because that is just what it is, and we very much doubt if there is a house of its kind in any town five times the size of Avoca, no matter in what direction you go in any state in the union. The stage is large, the settings artistic in every way and the decorations demonstrate the master-hand of an artist. It has a gallery in the back and regular entrance and a tastily arranged ticket office in front, and we were surprised when our friend, Mr. Orlando Telf, who showed us the interior, told us that the decorations was the work of home talent, and our reply was that "he is a dandy." He is a preacher and has charge of the local Congregational church. The walls are of concrete blocks, the floorings are of hard pine and the house upstairs and down are seated with regular opera chairs. Avoca is holding its own and more, too, and while there we had the pleasure of meeting Joe Zimmerman, the banker; John Schmidt, the jolly butcher; George Masemann, of the firm of Masemann & Tiedie, dealers in general merchandise, who is one of the popular young men in Cass county, and the firm is a strong one and doing a splendid business. We also met Guss Mohr, one of the best fellows in the world, his brother, Ben, who is also a fine fellow; Fred W. Rughe, one of our old stand-bys; Henry Masemann, August Tiedie, Henry Wulf, B. C. Marquardt, T. H. Straud, and last, but not by any means the least, Dr. Will Brendel, who is always the same whenever you meet him, and very popular with all comers and goers. We were sorry to learn of the serious illness of our good friend, Uncle Billy Betts, who is confined to his home, where we called and spent a few moments. Notwithstanding his illness he appeared quite perky for an elderly man. Here we met Billy Betts, Jr., one of the substantial farmers of Cass county and one of the best fellows in the world. It was impossible to see

all our patrons, as we had to leave by auto at half-past three in the afternoon for Weeping Water to catch the Lincoln train for Elmwood.

While in Weeping Water we visited the Republican office and had a social chat with the Messrs. Hunter, father and son, and Billy Stizman, a former Plattsmouth boy, who is foreman of the shop. We found the Hunters nice, sociable gentlemen and good business men, as the Republican denotes. They are printing a most excellent paper, and the business men and citizens in general are very proud of the paper. We called on Postmaster George H. Olive, who was the former editor of the Republican, and we can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that he has one of the finest arranged postoffices it has ever been our pleasure to visit in a town the size of Weeping Water. He has matters pretty thoroughly systematized and everything is kept "in apple pie order," as the saying goes. The building was erected especially for the postoffice, and is very neat in appearance, both inside and out.

Elmwood.

We arrived at Elmwood about 5 o'clock, and of course registered at the Elmwood House, where we were most cordially greeted by the landlord, Charley Hart, who is assisted by his excellent wife in managing one of the best hotels in the state of Nebraska. Mr. and Mrs. Hart are natural hotel people, and while Charley looks after the office and business, Mrs. Hart sees that the rooms are kept clean and neat and the table provided with the best the market affords and prepared to suit the taste of the most particular. The Elmwood House is a very popular stopping place for traveling men and many try to make it for night stops because of the excellent treatment they receive.

The following morning we started to make the rounds of the city, and first landed at the American Exchange bank, where we were greeted cordially by both Mr. Cobb and Mr. Aldrich, the president and cashier. They reported business good, and from reports, thought the farmers of that section of Cass county were in about as good shape, as regards crops, as any in Cass county. And they are in pretty fair shape to know. We called at L. A. Tyson's drug store and at Langhoest's store, and found the kids in charge of both stores, while the bosses were away over in Iowa somewhere enjoying themselves at some pleasure resort. In both places they seemed to be getting along just as well as though the old folks were present. We also visited the First National bank and found Floyd Woleott, vice president, and Ted Jerry, cashier, up to their eyes in business. But they took time to josh with us for a few moments and were glad to see us. Both are married and happy as larks and work all day with the thought of going home in the evening to meet their wives and babies and the happy hours they bring them. May Floyd and Ted live to enjoy such pleasant moments forever and ever, and then some. Elmwood is one of the best business towns in Cass county, and everybody residing in the pretty town seems to be happy with their lot.

A Few Hours at Eagle.

We went to Eagle about 10:30 the next morning and put in several hours visiting our friends. We found J. H. Latram, the hardware man, in a pleasing mood and gave us a cordial greeting, as he always does. Jim Latram is one of the best fellows in the world, and, like myself, thinks Woodrow Wilson is one of the greatest presidents this country ever produced. Our old friend, T. R. Crabtree, is one of the Journal's standbys at Eagle, and it is always a pleasure to meet him. He is now engaged in the pro-

duce, flour and feed business and is doing well. We stopped in the Eagle bank and conversed with the president, George Reiter, a few moments. He reports business good and the bank in its usual flourishing condition. This is among the strong banks of Cass county. Our jovial and good-natured friend, C. G. Price, continues to do business at the old stand. Charley is one of the best fellows living and is still engaged in the produce and flour and feed business, and is holding his own remarkably well. Charley Trimble has opened the second saloon in Eagle, keeps a fine place and is doing well. We called at the Beacon office and found Mr. and Mrs. McMann busy at work. The Beacon is a splendid paper for a town the size of Eagle, and should receive the united support of the business interests of Eagle.

A Few Hours at Alvo.

Thursday evening and Friday morning we spent in the pretty little burg of Alvo. This is considered one of the prettiest little towns in Nebraska and we believe it is. Our first stop was at the drug store of J. A. Shaffer, and after a few moments' chat with Jake we started out to interview other friends of the Journal. We met Mr. C. S. Boyles and his son, Dale, at the bank and the greeting was very cordial. The father and son now own the entire bank, having purchased the entire interests of the former stockholders, and will henceforth "go it alone," and are plenty able to do so, as both are practical bankers and business men and have done the business of the institution for some years. This bank is one of the safest in Cass county and has an excellent business to back it up. Mr. John Murty has purchased the lumber yard and business since our last visit to Alvo, and also the elevator. Mr. Murty owned the business about twenty years ago and has evidently returned to his first love. He is a nice, sociable gentleman, and what pleases us more than anything else, his democracy is dyed-in-the-wool, after our own heart.

We called on the new firm of Evans & Co., a firm that has recently embarked in business in Alvo. We found one of the neatest country stores in the state, and Mr. Evans being a very affable gentleman and good business man, he is bound to succeed. R. A. Stone has recently purchased the Dreamer building and removed his general stock thereto, and everything thereabouts is "as neat as a pin." Everything is arranged in "apple-pie" order and he carries such goods as please the people. Among other patrons we met in Alvo were our old friend, Alex Skiles, who is one of the strong men of that section; Harry Parsell, E. B. Appelman, Street Commissioner Bucknell, E. M. Stone, and that fine old lady, Mrs. Sabina Kiesel, one of the noblest ladies extant, all of whom are patrons of this great religious and moral weekly. We cannot close this article without a good word for Mr. Bucknell, who has proved most efficient in building sidewalks, and under his supervision the walks in Alvo will compare very favorably with many towns three times the size of Alvo. Our friend, Jake Shaffer, is just as "fat and sassy" as ever, and assisted greatly in making our visit a pleasant one, and we are under many obligations to him for his untiring efforts.

Murdock.

We spent several hours Friday in the little city of Murdock, and we candidly believe there has been more improvements in that village than any town we have visited on this trip. The Neitzel hardware store is a fine structure. The room is a large and commodious one and filled with a large stock of up-to-date goods. They boast of the largest garage in Cass county, built of cement blocks, and we believe it is the most complete and up-to-date building of its character that we have seen in this section of the country. We called on H. V. McDonald and enjoyed a few moments' social conversation. He is the same old Harry, and seems to be well satisfied with his lot on this mundane sphere. We dropped into the bank and visited with Henry Gutman and Harry Toole. They are both fine business boys, and the Bank of Murdock is prospering remarkably well under their management. They are both popular with the people, which adds greatly to their success. Mr. Toole is also a member of the firm of Martin & Toole, general merchandise, and this firm also enjoys the confidence of the people and their business is remarkably good. We also dropped in to see Oscar McDonald, who runs the only pool hall in the town. Oscar contemplates remodeling his room this fall, and proposes to have one of the finest pool halls in the state for a town the size of Murdock. Gabe Williamson, the saloon man, was just as fat and sassy as ever, and seemed the same old Gabe. He keeps an up-to-date saloon and we owe to the man who attempts to run his business. A good man, but he will stand no monkey-shines in his place. And that fact is pretty generally understood by all who visit his place. Murdock is one of the best trading points in Cass county, and the people in general seem to be prosperous and well pleased with conditions. It is a pretty town, and surrounded by a fine class of farmers, which adds greatly to the success of any town.

The progressive or bull moose party of New Jersey is quite badly split over the nomination of a candidate for the nomination for governor. There are two candidates for this nomination—the Messrs. Colby and Osborne. Colby stands with the bull moose in the matter of trust regulation and Osborne with the smaller moose—Pinchot. Neither side can tolerate the views of the other. In view of the fact, however, that such intolerance is one of the main birthrights, or, in other words, the main hereditary qualification of the party, the lack of cohesiveness in New Jersey is not at all surprising.

"A safe and sane president," is the way the people generally speak of President Wilson.

Get busy and boost for the fall festival and base ball tournament. Do it now, don't wait until next year.

German Day in Plattsmouth October 18th and 19th. The management are planning for two big days.

In choosing orange juice for a temporary drink, the Kaiser has shown a preference for the good, old, familiar, amber color.

The fashion authorities promise us the new slit skirts for the Ak-Sar-Ben ball this year. The attendance at the ball is expected to be the largest in years.

For the past few years Mexico has been enjoying several varieties of war. As an offset the country is now negotiating for several kinds of peace.

A Chattanooga man, according to the papers, got religion by telephone. It is distressing to think what might have happened to that man if the line had been busy?

The Journal is not given to bragging about what it has done or what it will do, but our special edition will prove worthy of the support of every business man and merchant in Plattsmouth.