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FIGHT FOR PARTY CONTROL.

Progressive republican newspapers, such as the Des Moines Register and Leader and the Sioux City Tribune, have given a thorough airing to the organized movement of the conservative element of the party to capture the organization and nominate the candidates and write the platform in 1916. The recent Nebraska meeting held in Omaha, it appears, was part of that movement, which is to be pushed persistently but quietly and in a manner to create as little antagonism as possible. The central idea of the scheme is to seduce the progressives to contribute to their own funeral by associating themselves with a so-called republican revival campaign, but which is in fact a campaign for standard supremacy.

The headquarters of this movement are at Washington, and its name is the National Republican Publicity association. A recent dispatch from that city to the Des Moines Register and Leader says:

"An explosion in the republican camp is about due because of the activities of an organization with headquarters here known as the National Republican Publicity association. The fact that such an association was being formed was aired some time ago. Much mystery was existent when it was organized, but later it has become more and more plain that it is an organization backed by big business and standpat elements in the republican party and that it is working in the effort to bring about in 1916 the nomination not of a progressive republican but of a reactionary."

"Many progressive republican leaders are aroused over it and say that unless the National Republican Publicity association is blown out of the water or compelled to change its ways, and unless the movement of the reactionaries to capture the party is stopped, there will be a split in the 1916 convention of the republican party which will be even more serious for the party than the one of 1912."

The president of the association is former Senator Jonathan Bourne, a former progressive, who, the Register and Leader says, has gone over bag and baggage to the reactionaries. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is vice president. To quote further from the Register and Leader dispatch:

"Back of the movement and active in the work of raising funds have been Representative Martin B. Madden of Chicago, former Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts and former Senator 'Jim' Hemenway of Indiana. Huge contributions are said to have been gathered. Progressive republicans are talking about an investigation to determine where the money comes from. Senator Borah has so far refused to announce himself for president in order that he might be free to denounce the scheme, which he regards as a plan to put across a 'big business' candidate. Senator Cummins is not identified with the association, despite the fact his name was brought into the early organization of it, and it is expected he will make it plain when he gets back from Hawaii that he has nothing to do with it."

The essential portions of this story are corroborated by a Washington dispatch to the Sioux City Tribune, from which these excerpts are quoted:

"A breach equal to that which culminated in the terrible upheaval in the Chicago convention in June, 1912, resulting in the destruction of all chances of party success in the campaign of that year, again endangers the republican party."

"An explosion is due to occur any day, and when it comes the dividing line will be as clearly marked as that which separated the friends of Taft and Roosevelt in the pre-convention campaign of 1912. As viewed at this stage, however, the next campaign will not split on the personal issue, but instead will divide on the question of methods and purposes. In brief, it looks like a campaign of big business and old-fashioned republican standpatism against progressive thought and a square deal for all."

"The progressive leadership in the republican party has been stirred recently by the organization here in Washington of what is known as the National Republican Publicity association, founded ostensibly to promote republican thought throughout the country, but, which, the progressives of the party charge, was merely organized to shield big business contributors from the publicity that attaches to campaign donations through any of the regularly constituted party organizations. In other words, say the republican progressives, this new publicity organization is merely a machine designed to take charge of the republican party and to nominate and elect the candidate of big business by a campaign predicated on the old political theory that money talks and that 'what the people don't know won't hurt.'"

The meeting held in Omaha was dominated and controlled by republican leaders like John Lee Webster, Victor Rosewater, A. W. Jeffers and others whose standpat proclivities are notorious. Already a protest has gone up in this state, similar to that which these republican newspapers describe elsewhere. It is rumored that early steps are to be taken to quiet the progressive suspicion, if possible, by inducing well known progressive republicans to lend their name to the organization, the control of which, however, will not be allowed to pass out of the hands of the very shrewd and experienced politicians who are back of it.—World-Herald.

A declaration of war seems to be the current conception of a Roman holiday.

Many motorists have made the discovery that if they drive right along in the middle of the road at a high rate of speed everyone else will get out in the bushes.

If some newspapers are distributing unusual quantities of hot air at this juncture, it must be recalled that someone has to make up for congress not being in session.

If arbitration can put a stop to the inhuman sub-sea warfare it will have accomplished something of value to the world. Like the Zeperlins and the Taubes and the use of poisonous gasses, warfare conducted along such lines is on the same level as was practiced in the days of barbarism and should be relegated to the junk pile.

A man who had heard of several crooked deals pulled off recently in this city, came to the writer a few days ago, and wanted to know if there were any honest men in Plattsmouth. Yes, there are, and plenty of them. The trouble with our troubled friend is that he does not hear of the good done in this city by men who are above reproach. The good men of Plattsmouth do not advertise their deeds, but the people take the trouble to advertise the deeds of bad men, and probably it is well this is done, even though it sometimes leads people to believe that Plattsmouth has few good men and many bad ones. Humanity is the same the world over—every community has its good and bad citizens. Plattsmouth is no exception.

The best time to buy is on the quiet market, whether you are buying land or goods or labor. It may be many years before there comes again a period so favorable as the spring, summer and fall of 1915 to the making of improvements, public or private, necessary now or presently to become necessary. Probably a house can be built this season 20 per cent cheaper than next season. Or a swamp drained. Or a road improved. Or a water-supply system established or extended. Or sewers constructed. Or any other work accomplished for betterment of public property, business property, city residence property or farm property. Wherever money is available—and bank vaults are full of money—why not take that profit of 20 per cent? Why not do it now? Not merely as a philanthropic plan to help the neighbors needing work, but as a proposition of cold-blooded business. Why not now?

There are also occasions when endurance is mistaken for hospitality.

June is nearing; the month of sweet June brides and scared June bridegrooms.

Liberty bell will be at Omaha and Lincoln Friday, July 9. Omaha secures everything on tap.

Energy and perseverance light the path of life with electric rays. But laziness sticks to the tallow dip.

Billy Sunday may undertake Chicago, but New York, apparently, is to be left until there's nothing else to do.

As a girl grows older the month seems less important, so all the brides are not of the well known June variety.

It's a confounding problem; if they admit that Harry Thaw is sane, they admit the mistake they made in not sending him the way the law provides for all murderers.

DON'T BE A GROUCH.

He was a very practical philosopher who said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you can go to thunder, for all we care." And this same philosopher tells us that most of our troubles are only imaginary, not real; that we have sufficient courage to fight and to overcome our real troubles, while our imaginary troubles give us endless worry and anxiety; that most of our troubles are those that never come, but are just a little way ahead and we are expecting to bump into them at every turn of the road; that it is imaginary troubles that breed the blues and that paint frowns and scowls where there ought to be smiles and sunshine. And he then contrasts the man who frowns and scowls, with the man who always wears a smile. One counts the clouds and sorrows and the gloomy things; the other counts the stars and blessings and the bright things. One eats the worst apple in the sack and keeps the best ones, and thus always has the worst until the last apple is gone. The other eats the best one first, and so on until the sack is empty. The apples are the same, but one is always eating the worst, while the other is always eating the best. And this philosopher then reminds us that misery loves company, and that the man who wears frowns and scowls is always looking for others of his kind. He is looking for the joy-killer and the world-hater that he may mingle his tears with theirs and scold the Almighty for bringing him into such a rakish old world as this. And when a company of these discontented souls get together they look at their troubles all in a bunch, and the road in front of them seems entirely blocked. They can see no way around, and they have not the courage to cut their way through. The man who wears a smile looks at his troubles as he would look at a distant range of mountains. While at a distance the mountain range would seem impassable, he would know that there are hills and valleys between the mountains and that he would find a trail leading over to the other side. By exercising patience and picking his way step by step, he could find a way across. The man who wears a smile has faith in himself and in his God, and he is willing to wait until he reaches the mountain range before he attempts to climb it. And this philosopher counsels us to keep before us the fact that it is the stones in our paths, the problems and perplexities that threaten us that make us strong. The battle with difficulties is a gymnasium in which brain and muscle and patience are developed. It is the storms that strengthen the sinews of the oak. It is the hard blows of the mallet and the slow cutting of the chisel, that bring out the angel face from the block of granite. The man who has patience and courage and faith in himself, will find a way across the highest and steepest mountain range that the world, the flesh or the devil can throw across his way.

ARE VETERANS FORGOTTEN?

It has long been remarked that the exercises of the national Memorial Day, May 30, do not attract anything like the interest that used to be manifested in them. Twenty years ago prominent citizens all through the northern states used to attend these functions in large numbers. There was able oratory and the enthusiasm of a big crowd. It is a matter of keen regret to the remnant of veterans left today, that it is so difficult to get half as good a turnout today. Various expedients have been tried to make these observances more popular. They have been held Sundays and in the evenings, instead of on the holiday. Such changes may draw a crowd for once. But the American people are eager for a holiday. They flock to the ball grounds and the automobile road. The eloquence of patriotic speakers resounds in more or less empty halls. All of which leaves in the mind of the civil war veteran the feeling that he is merely a forgotten relic of a day that has gone by. While he has been trying to keep alive the memories of the heroisms of the war, the world current seems to have slipped by and left him stranded in a forgotten past. Of course it would be better if the American people would give a more respectful attention to serious observances. Still one must take them as they are. They may leave the veterans alone with their memories at the burial ground. But that the old soldiers are not forgotten is suggested by the fact that this country has always maintained a pension system of a generosity that has been unheard of in other lands. You can get out a hundred people to agitate for some future benefit, where you could not get ten to celebrate an event of history. This is our American temperament. It is irrelevant to the past. But it is a part of the restless energy of our land, always forging ahead, giving perhaps too little thought to the deeds and struggles of the past.

Wheat prices have taken an 8-cent tumble at Chicago.

Possibly Dante isn't read a great deal because most people get hell enough without resorting to it in book form.

It is the private opinion of a pessimistic crusader that there isn't much chance of exterminating whiskers and dandelions.

It is often noticed that the men find the demands of their business very exacting at the time the carpet beating season comes on.

Now that the girls are playing baseball so much this season, the notion that women are unfit for the higher education seems completely demolished.

Where are you going this summer? Don't know, but it seems as if it would be discretion to go where the steam heat can be turned on at a moment's notice.

Harvest hands by the thousand are wanted in Oklahoma, where they will be passed on to Kansas, then to Nebraska and on to South and North Dakota; two months' work. Better harvest handling than panhandling.

Farmers in the corn belt whistle merrily these days, as they follow their plows up and down their fields. Prosperity is in the air. It rises from the freshly turned soil. It bristles in the leafy branches of the trees. And it isn't psychological prosperity, either. It's the good, old genuine Nebraska sort. The kind that can be measured out by the bushel and sold for hard dollars. Reports from various sections of the state show that crop conditions are excellent. The wheat is growing, the oats are doing fine and the corn is being planted. With famine in China and Asia and war and pestilence in Europe, America will have to be the granary of the world this season. The indications are that it will rise to the occasion.

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Germany swears by everything holy that she will never sue for peace, and the allies swear a little harder and louder that they will never take the initiative in favor of suspension of hostilities and that the kaiser must crook his knee. And there you are.

At the present stage of the European war it is probably a good thing congress is not in session. There are always a good many hot-headed fellows in congress that the uniform coolness of President Wilson might not be able to cool off.

It has been several years since Senator Hitchcock visited Plattsmouth, and we are delighted to know that his visit was a most pleasant one. Those who heard him at the commencement exercises Wednesday night had the satisfaction of listening to one of the brainiest men that ever sat as a member of the United States senate. He is a gentleman of whom any state should feel proud. He possesses the courage of his convictions, and will always be found defending that which he thinks is right. We are proud of Senator Hitchcock. He is a Nebraskan born and bred, and we are pleased to know that his oration Wednesday night gave unanimous satisfaction.

Dance on June 5th.
The T. J. Sokol society will give a social dance at their hall on West Pearl street on Saturday evening, June 5th, to which the public is invited to be present, and a good time assured to all.

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Words Don't Describe Glacier National Park!

If your tour the Pacific Coast this summer, this is your chance to visit Glacier National Park, on the Great Northern Railway, and if you are planning a vacation in the Rocky Mountains you will never know their magnificence until you have spent two or three days in Glacier; this region is the indescribable climax of the grandeur of the Rockies. Here you penetrate into localities of mountain lakes and forests; you see actual sources of cascades and waterfalls from melting glaciers; you zig-zag over mountain shoulders along finely built government trails that yield to the beholder from viewpoints one or two miles high, such a scenic and bizarre prospectives, embracing canyons and mountain sides of multicolored walls, broad expanses of weird topography in countless hues, that word-painting or any kind of painting seems cheap and futile. This is indeed a perfectly delightful vacation region—with modern hotels and fascinating chalets, trout streams, horseback trails, a fifty mile government automobile road that takes you right into the very heart of this land of silent enchantment.

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