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A YEAR OF THE WAR.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully and of thinking about life hopefully may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—S. Smiles.

Three weeks from Monday is Labor Day.

The best "wheels of fortune" is honest labor.

There is no use talking, you can't avoid old age without dying young.

The submarine may be eventually known as the equalizer of the seas.

What about a base ball tournament? Speak up. Don't be bashful.

Eve has been terribly maligned. It has been proven that Noah ate that apple.

War seems terrible to a country that now and then lynches an unruly nigger.

Occasionally a preacher fizzles out because he advertises goods he cannot deliver.

Every town man imagines that if he were a farmer he would be a very intense farmer.

The interstate commerce commission has rejected most of the freight advances asked by the railroads.

Germany is graciously willing to grant any demand that Germany thinks the United States ought to ask.

When a statesman is pushed back out of the spotlight he soon learns that the cold, cheerless world has a mighty short memory.

Now watch the scramble for the shoes of the late lamented Judge William Munger. They can't even wait until his body is laid to rest.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it will not, in all probability, bring peace to Mexico, which should be given both barrels.

Before Vic Murdock went to congress he was a delightful humorist. His predictions as chairman of the progressive national committee indicate that he is returning to his old form.

Judge John J. Sullivan would be a good man to fill Judge Munger's shoes as United States district judge. Since Judge Munger's death he is perhaps the ablest lawyer in the state for the position.

Now who for Judge Munger's place? For the Lord's sake don't give us another Tom Allen. Judge Munger was an able jurist and a gentleman of honor, and a gentleman of equal ability should be appointed.

The consumption of sugar per capita in the United States is estimated to be more than ten times what it was a hundred years ago. During the past five years the consumption has averaged about 83 pounds per capita. A hundred years ago the consumption of sugar varied widely. It was usually, however, between four and ten pounds a year. Great Britain consumed 92 pounds per capita more than the United States in 1911, but France and Germany used far less, the per capita consumption being 39 and 42 pounds, respectively.

While Austro-Hungary and Serbia started to fight four days before, the great war really began with the entrance of Germany and Russia a year ago. Details of battles and movements and reports of killed, wounded and captured have come only through censors whose chief zeal is not for the truth. But there are certain outstanding facts no censor could hide. One is the immensity of the conflict. More men have been killed and more treasure spent than in any other dozen wars of like duration. Human ingenuity has tried to outdo itself in devising methods of destruction. Every realm of knowledge has been drawn upon and every kind of skill engaged. There has been fighting on land, on sea, in the air, under the sea and in subterranean trenches. The war and its effects, felt to a greater or less degree by every human creature, have occupied the attention of commerce, industry, science, statecraft, philanthropy, religion and philosophy. Sages said such a war was impossible. When it began they predicted a speedy end. But after a year of terrific conflict, making all previous battles seem skirmishes, each belligerent declares it is fighting for its life and is professedly confident of victory. The allies are bound by solemn pledge not to conclude peace separately or to make demands for peace not previously agreed upon among themselves.

It may well be called the German war, for while it has allies, Germany is the great figure. Through German aid and direction, the mediaeval Turk has given the allies the most painful surprise of the war. A few months ago Austria-Hungary was suffering great reverses and was expected to become a suppliant for peace. But when leavened with German troops and commanded by German officers, the Austrian army became a mighty fighting machine. Although it made its greatest advances to the west and the south in September, Germany is still fighting on foreign soil. It holds Luxembourg, Belgium and the richest section of France and bids fair to hold Russian Poland, fighting successfully now where it fought disastrously last October. Only Alsace is occupied by an invader. Germany has lost its Asiatic and African possessions. Its commerce has been swept from the seven seas. It gets no supplies from outside, except from Scandinavia and from Holland and Rumania. Being unable to buy abroad, it has piled up no great foreign debt. But it seems to have everything it needs and is performing prodigies of valor and daring. With its submarine warfare it has forced up marine freight and insurance rates and threatened England with a fish famine. But the allies show no lack of confidence. Japan, finishing its allotted task in the Orient, has apparently become a spectator. Serbia has its territory intact and has improved the opportunity to seize long-coveted Durazzo. Italy has as yet accomplished little, but is sure to do much military and economic damage to Germany and its allies. Russia has fought unsuccessfully but with admirable perseverance and will continue to engage troops that cannot well be spared from the west. France, thought to be as unstable as water, has astonished the world by its calm courage and tenacity. Great Britain has financed the allies, swept German commerce from the seas, protected transports and contributed an army which Kitchener is said to be increasing rapidly. Resources of men, ships and wealth are on the side of the allies. They seem to feel that they can win and that they must win. They expect help from some of the Balkan states

"Can't afford it" puts money in the bank.

Jealousy is the manufacturer of meanness.

The latest puzzle: Who is president of Mexico?

Sometimes charity begins at home, and never gets away.

Don't consign your enemies to hades. Send them to Mexico.

The fall in Warsaw may be followed by an early frost in Mexico.

A married woman invariably feels flattered when told she does not look it. So do we.

It would seem that nearly everyone can enjoy a summer vacation except those around the newspaper office.

If a reporter were forbidden to find fault he would have an awful time trying to furnish three columns of copy a day.

Financing a new Mexican government may be as easy as Secretary McAdoo thinks, but wait until bills for indemnity begin to pour in.

It is astonishing how so much war news will sometimes make a dull paper. Variety, not importance, is often the desideratum, after all.

All those European nations with their whooping up of confidence in the future are whistling through a grave yard; and a grave yard it is.

on. All human probabilities are on their side. But who, in the light of what has been done, can put a limit on German capacity for almost miraculous achievements?

After ridiculing his wife's subserviency of styles, the modern American proceeds to put on a big starched collar for a hot day's work down town.

As a business proposition, buying twenty counties in the southwest and moving the Belgians there ought to appeal more strongly to a business man like Mr. Wannamaker.

Reports of the prevalence of "barber's itch" is the cause for new action of the health officers of Lincoln, and an ordinance will be passed by the commission which provides that instruments must be sterilized immediately after using in boiling water or alcohol. Clean towels must be provided for every customer, and powder puffs and sponges are prohibited. Barbers must also wash their hands after shaving each customer.

The Mexicans haven't enough trouble of their own, they are planning to stir up some trouble on this side of the Rio Grande, and try to capture some territory and make an independent government. It would not take much such talk to stir up the entire United States, and then it will be good-bye to Mexico. We have fooled long enough with that half-civilized country, anyhow.

Harry K. Thaw created quite a sensation in Omaha this week. There was no particular demand for it, only that he had killed a man who deserved to be killed before he was, being a libertine of the worst nature, and had ruined many innocent young girls. Thaw has been punished more than he ought to have been for the killing of such a man. In fact, he should have never been punished at all.

Perhaps, after all, the resignation of Mr. Bryan was not so much because of a disagreement on policies as the approach of the chautauqua season. It will be remembered that last year Mr. Bryan was criticised quite severely in some quarters because he drew a salary from the government and at the same time spent much of his time at the chautauquus. Like everybody else, he likes to be where the most money is coming in.

HARD ON HOWLERS.

Growlers and calamity howlers are having a hard time these days in holding their audiences. Whenever things are going along just about right, the calamity howler finds but few willing ears into which he may pour his tale of woe. Nobody likes to listen to other people's troubles and complaints unless there is a special reason for doing so. Most people have troubles enough of their own, and some to spare. And they are continually trying to get rid of those they have. They are not taking on new ones—not if they know it and can avoid it. So at this time when the people of this country have less cause for complaint than at any time in the entire past, the calamity howler gets about the same unresponsive hearing as does the dog baying at the moon. Calamity howlers generally have something the matter with their political appendix, and howl for political effect. These we have with us always. They howl because they are on the outside and want in, and not because there is anything wrong on the inside. Today we hear them howling about President Wilson's foreign policy, about his Mexican policy, about the tariff, about the falling off of imports from warring Europe, and about the defenceless condition in which the republicans left the country. The calamity howler doesn't tell how he would fix things if he had a chance. He simply howls because he wants to get Wilson out and wants to get one of his own kind in.

The people, however, are not taking very kindly to the political calamity howler right now. Most of them believe that President Wilson is the right man in the right place, and they feel that the country is secure and safe in his hands. They stand solidly behind him in his foreign policy. They know that he is a man of peace, yet would be strong in war. They believe that he will find some means of restoring law and order in Mexico. They believe that he will work out some plan of national defence that will render this country secure in the event of war. They believe that his new banking and currency law saved this country from a most disastrous financial panic on the breaking out of war in Europe. They know that the entire business interests of the country have the utmost faith and confidence in President Wilson, and that notwithstanding the chaotic state of Europe and of European business, our own people are more prosperous than ever before. We were officially told recently that this country now possesses more than two billion dollars of gold—more than any other country in the world ever possessed—more than any two countries in the world now possess. We are also officially told that the balance of trade in favor of this country during the past year was more than a billion dollars. And it is common knowledge that the biggest and most valuable crop ever produced in America is now assured.

Nobody but a confirmed calamity howler could howl about times like these. Nobody but a common political job-hunter would attack President Wilson at a time when every impulse of patriotism demands the most loyal support.

The store that never advertises is easily recognized by its stock of cobwebs.

A golf expert says that no one can talk and play a good game of golf, though there are some who regard a good game of talk as superior to any golf game.

In the World's Work is an article which tells of a machine that makes 1,800 pies an hour. However, the pie that requires half an hour to make and is not baked with more than two or three others is still preferable.

A noted writer is searching for a farmer who says "By Heck!" Not guilty in this neck 'o the woods, brother. Farmers around Plattsmouth are all loaded plutocrats, mad as to morals can give town people cards and spades and beat them to it.

The farmers are putting in their best licks.

Many are looking for a big drop in the wheat market.

The Turk retains a death grip on his remaining feather.

New sleeping porches will wait till next summer to be broken in.

George W. Perkins says the progressive party is going to grow, and it will be generally admitted that it has plenty of room.

When the war is over we may have to revise our immigration laws in order to check the inrush of marriageable maidens from far over the way.

A net waist with a goose pimple background isn't so danged entrancing, and the Girls who Show Through shouldn't do so in chilly weather.

The patrons of the Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph company are getting ready to battle against the high rates threatened by the company. Put your ears to the ground and soon you will hear a great rumbling in this direction.

Of course the Russians have lost Warsaw, but that is so small when compared to their entire territory that they will never mind it. The Germans will keep it if they can, but of course that is a question to be decided later on.

If Plattsmouth had a few more enterprising men like the firm of Peters & Richards, the scarcity of rental houses would soon be relieved. They are arranging to erect three up-to-date homes in the southwest part of the city. This kind of enterprise is what helps build up a town.

Charley Wooster never opens his mouth without saying something, and at times as grouchy as an old goose. He is now finding fault with President Wilson, but then he changes so often that his opinion don't amount to much, anyway. As one of our western exchanges remarks: "Charley loves to hear himself talk and get himself quoted in the newspapers. That's all there is to him."

THEY'RE COMING BACK.

Referring, in this instance, to the feminine fashion of making gowns to button down the back, or up the back, depending somewhat on the point of beginning. Either way it looks like a hard winter for the men, who are patient and long-suffering, particularly the married men, to whom the new burden will return. Of course the women may insist a married man should provide a maid to attend to such little chores, but the high cost of living won't permit it, and he might as well steel himself for the worst. The Fashion Art League of America has issued its decree concerning the fall fashions, and it is along the line or spinal column set forth above. And what fashion decrees, women adopts as a necessity or a blessed privilege, and mere man must aid and abet her if the occasion seems to demand it, as in the case of the gown with a rear entrance. And throughout the bracing fall and on through a hard winter, he shall play his part patiently and hear that his fingers are all thumbs, and that he is an impatient brute, and ought to be ashamed to use such language in the presence of the children, and other slings and arrows of an outraged wife, which shall be as salacious as salt to his wounded feelings. But the women won't worry about a little matter like that, and they needn't, for the men are rabbits, and whatever fashion decrees, man will pay the bills the best he may, and even act as milady's maid without resort to open rebellion. He may act the brute, and beef a bit, and hate the fashion dictators, but he wants the woman of his choice as fashionable as circumstances permit, lest he be led to regret that choice, and devote too much attention to the street parade, and other outside attractions.

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Some loaf all the time. Others are satisfied with a half loaf.

Wheat yield surprises farmers who thought rain had ruined crops.

The European war is a year old, and on the west end it ought soon to be able to walk.

It is officially denied that the kaiser said the war would end in October. It was too good to be true.

Cool nights are very much appreciated by the sleepers, but the corn growers would prefer them somewhat warmer.

Edison has invented a whistle that can be heard for twenty miles, and some man with a two-by-four foolish car will probably be the first to order one.

An automobile caught on the streets or byways without lights both in front and rear after dark, the driver should be arrested on the spot and fined. That is the only way you can learn some people.

Some people are rich and others are happy. But you seldom find a person who is both.

Chautauquus may be fine things for the community, but the seats are usually as hard as the word is to spell.

manner we will be in a fair way to double the wealth of our country.

If Germany can put millions of men in the war and still cultivate practically every acre of waste land, why is it we of the United States cannot more materially increase our yields when we have no war? When we answer this question in a practical

Despondency Due to Indigestion.

"About three months ago when I was suffering from indigestion which caused headache and dizzy spells and made me feel tired and despondent, I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. Geo. Hon. Macedon, N. Y. "This medicine proved to be the very thing I needed, as one day's treatment relieved me greatly. I used two bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and they rid me of this trouble." Obtainable everywhere.

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