

# The Plattsmouth Journal

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## THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

Sympathy is the heart of life; it is the mainspring of human service and the source of all inspiration.—Maker.

The leaves are beginning to fall.

No more summer weather this year.

The careless handling of firearms causes many deaths.

The melancholy days are here, the saddest of the year.

The picnic season is over, and what will the young people do now?

They are trying to revive the tango, but the young people will have to be shown that it is wicked.

There is ever so much fussing about "obey" in the marriage ceremony; also there is ever so much divorce.

Mr. Bryan and some who don't like him are at last agreed on one point; they're against the billion-dollar loan.

It is getting so that a really conservative citizen ought to look under his bed every night for foreign spies.

It seems that the German-Americans who defended the sinking of the Arabic got a little bit ahead of the kaiser's government.

There ought to be a lot of money in Nebraska this winter. A big wheat crop is in the stack and a fine corn crop is on the stalk.

Proposals that China establish a "hereditary presidency" recalls that in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the heathen Chinese is peculiar.

"The devil made the kitchen," says a man who is walking from New York to San Francisco. Does this opinion come from applications at the kitchen doors for hand-outs?

The tragic death of young Maurer Sunday should be a warning to those in the reckless handling of guns while out hunting. No one can be too careful in handling firearms.

Our troops down on the Rio Grande are warned not to fire too hastily at grey bushes waving in the wind, as it might merely be General Carranza behind his luxurious whiskers.

The republican papers of the state do not seem to speak words of encouragement to ex-Governor Aldrich in his candidacy for United States senator. Poor Aldrich, his political race has been run.

It will only be a few months now till the democratic national convention, and if Omaha wants the convention, it is time the workers were donning their hustling clothes and putting on the roller skates.

With their coats and feet upon the desk, Secretary Lansing and Count von Bernstorff may come nearer to an agreement than when the governments were firing proclamations at each other across the ocean.

North Carolina and South Carolina are both dry now, and what can the governor of one of these great commonwealths say to the other now by way of keeping the conversation from lagging? You know what it used to be: "It's a long time between drinks!"

## BOTH IN GOOD FAVOR.

In a perusal of the country press during the past two or three weeks, one could not help being struck by the stress laid by some of the editors upon the fact that a picture of Senator Hitchcock recently appeared in Fatherland, a pro-German publication that has been somewhat discredited by disclosures that it was subsidized by the German government. Most of the references to this fact, and to the further fact that this pro-German publication had declared our Nebraska senator to be a friend of the German people, carried a reproach that was implied when not directly expressed.

Of course it is true that Senator Hitchcock won the applause and friendship of the German people by his advocacy of a measure to prevent the manufacture of arms and munitions of war in this country for sale to the belligerents. Some of the very editors who have rather spitefully directed attention to the Hitchcock picture in the Fatherland have at the same time denounced the sale of arms and war munitions.

In this connection it must not be overlooked that the senator is not the only eminent Nebraskan who has been winning German applause. When Mr. Bryan resigned from the cabinet because he did not wish to participate in the sending of a note to Germany that might be deemed so severe as to occasion hostility, he elicited much applause from practically all pro-German sources. If he did not get his picture in Fatherland, he at least was publicly blessed by a man whose name was significant.

When Mr. Bryan insisted, as he has often done, that American citizens have no right to imperil the peace of their country by venturing upon the seas in the ships of belligerents which were liable to be attacked by submarines, he won the applause of German people, both here and in Germany.

But he could not agree with the proposal of Senator Hitchcock in regard to the sale of arms. It is probable also that Senator Hitchcock cannot agree with him in regard to the right of Americans to travel on ships of belligerents.

And so, as far as enjoying the favor of Germany is concerned, the two eminent Nebraskans appear to be engaged in a neck and neck race, and neither of them should monopolize criticism from those who do not like that sort of thing. A fair division is no robbery.—Lincoln Star.

Brown derbies are timidly in the window again. Don't you admire their perseverance? They will probably win yet as the fancy vests did.

With the organization of the Cedar Creek bank there are now twenty-one of these financial institutions in Cass county. Certainly enough for all practical purposes.

S. R. McKelvie is again a candidate for governor on the republican ticket. Mr. McKelvie may be all right for lieutenant governor, but when it comes to chief executive of Nebraska, he is too light in the upper story. He could see two years ago when he ran for the nomination that the republicans thought he was too small for governor.

Fred Shepherd has been appointed temporary postmaster of Lincoln, while Mr. Bryan has recommended S. G. Hudson for permanent postmaster. Senator Hitchcock will no doubt recommend and support John Cutright or A. V. Johnson. The latter was recommended by Congressman Maguire before F. W. Brown was appointed. So here goes for another squabble.

Try, try again; perhaps you can do better next time.

See that flues are all right before putting up stoves.

Is it fair to mix a good moving picture show with excruciating vaudeville?

There is a domestic curfew law, made and enforced by the lady of the house.

Lid laws have some telling arguments, but alleged statistics are their poorest.

Hardly anything could put a skyscraper out of fashion except shells from 16-inch guns.

There's something in the news now to boost the sale of Mr. Beverage's old book, "The Russian Advance."

Old Winter seems to be approaching very rapidly and will be here in full force before we know it.

Any man can shave himself quicker than a barber, though it may take three days for his face to heal up.

What is a farmer's favorite expletive? Evidence has been offered that he never heard of "By heck."

Sugar is moving upward in the scale of products that improve the health and prosperity of 100,000,000 Americans.

The atmosphere is repining toward country sausage, and the oyster has evidently come to stay for six months at least.

Shades of the Trojan warriors should be interested in this war, near the scene of their exploits thousands of years after.

The Journal editor feels greatly rejoiced to know that Rev. Druiliner will be with us another year as pastor of the Methodist church.

England's way has its merits and is in essence perfectly English. No conscription, and the idea will have six months to soak in. You must never do anything with the English people suddenly.

## THE COUNTRY EDITORIAL.

Many editors of small papers refuse to give their readers editorials on the ground that editorials are for the large city papers and the public does not care for the views of the country editor. As a matter of fact, says the Slatington (Pa.) News, the views of the rural population are really reflected by the editorials of the large city papers, which glean them from the country papers which run editorials. The sound thought of the country is to be found in the rural districts. Here, in the more or less quiet of the country, men and women read and study and gather data which results in conclusions founded on a solid basis. Sometimes this thought may be biased by the enthusiasm aroused by the impractical reformer or selfish politician who runs off at a tangent with some new fad or "ism," but generally such fads are short lived and the sensible thinker of the country districts returns to the sane and solid and conservative attitude which has always distinguished him. The editor of the country paper, therefore, has a duty to perform in crystallizing this thought and sending it out to the world as the contribution of his section of the country in the agitation of the day. The country editor usually is a comparatively poor man, but he has sand and independence and a pride of work rarely found in other professions. Moreover he is brought into closer personal contact with his constituency than the editor of the big city paper. It is safe to say that never before in the history of journalism have editorials been more widely or more carefully read, not perhaps as in the old days, to base an opinion on the views of the editors, but for the purpose of getting all sides of every question.

## THE CACKLE OF A HEN.

Listen for the cackle of your hen. It has a money value to you. The winter season is approaching, when the price of eggs will advance and the cackle will become of even greater significance to you. Plan for the cackle, feed the hens in accordance with the demands of nature as propounded by the experts who have spent their life in the work. If the cackle is not heard with sufficient frequency, ask yourself why. Dig down and study the subject, for the more you study the oftener the hen will cackle, and cackling means more eggs and a bigger bank account. It is the law of nature that a hen should lay, and cackle. She should lay often and do much cackling, for that, too, is nature's law. But she will not lay unless she receives proper food and care, and therein lies the wisdom of the man who thinks before he acts. Get hold of some good literature, read up on the subject of egg production, apply the knowledge you thus obtain, and in the end you will learn to experience a keen delight in every cackle of your hens. Your hens want to cackle—they will cackle, if you give them a chance. And there is money in the cackle of a hen.

According to a man's idea of feminine preparedness is a shelf full of freshly baked pies and two baked chickens in the pantry.

Jane Addams of Chicago has a scheme by which she proposes to end the European war. Jane is quite a Joan of Arc on the fight business, and occasionally gets her temper all fussed up.

It is said there are at least 2,500,000 golf players in this country; which ought to withhold enough tillable land from cultivation to raise the price of rural real estate. Thus does golf help the farmer.

As the next session of congress draws near the people in the southwest and the western sections of the country generally are freely discussing the prospects of rural credit legislation in the coming session.

Presses must still be running, printing the Ulster County Gazette, containing an account of the death of George Washington. Every once in a while some fellow comes to this office with a copy of this paper, thinking it one of the original copies. We'll bet there are a hundred copies of this reprint in Cass county.

The boom for ex-Congressman Pollard for governor is working very nicely, and it is generally believed that he is the man to capture the republican nomination. Being one of the most successful fruit growers in the state, he is very popular among the farmers. Mr. Pollard would make a good governor, as all who know him are ready to testify.

Have you ever taken the trouble to analyze your troubles—or, more properly, perhaps—the cause of them? As a rule, people don't. They come to regard trouble and themselves as a good deal like Daniel Webster's idea of liberty and union—one and inseparable. And they go through life accordingly. There is everything to justify the belief that Nature intends a certain amount of struggle and disappointment for everyone. The common-place experiences of life prove that neither wealth nor rank accord immunity. But the notion that there can be no divorce from trouble is wrong, 99 times out of the 100. Usually the worst of one's troubles are of one's own making—or, at any rate, of one's own permitting. The man who defies the laws of nature or common sense, or both, pays the penalty. Or he sits supinely while adversity ties him up, with the exception of his tongue; this he works overtime, telling of his misfortunes. The overruling Power is beneficent. Man is meant to be healthy, prosperous, happy. But in the sweat of his brow he must make not only his living, but his life.

## THE WHIP OF THE LAW.

"A middle-aged, respectable man of family," relates a writer in the Chicago Tribune, "who made a hard living by peddling from door to door, failed to come home on a terribly cold night last winter." His alarmed and distressed family found him, the next afternoon, in jail. His crime had been the buttoning of his overcoat tightly across his chest in zero weather. He had broken the law that required his peddler's badge should be prominently exposed.

This is one little instance. The big fact is that a larger percentage of people are "locked up" annually in the United States than in any other civilized land, and that it is easier to arrest a citizen and imprison him here than in any other country. At least so the writer, Henry M. Hyde, charges.

More than a half million people are annually arrested in the United States, tens of thousands of them for new "crimes" and misdemeanors. In Chicago 125,000 people were arrested in 1914, more than half of them charged with crimes that had no existence twenty years ago. In Kansas City, with an approximate population of 300,000, 55,000 people were arrested in a single year. In seven years in Chicago the number of arrested almost doubled.

The great bulk of these arrests are for petty offenses—to enforce a great mass of criminal and quasi-criminal legislation that represents "nothing more than the widespread desire to control all the activities of life by the upraised whip of the law."

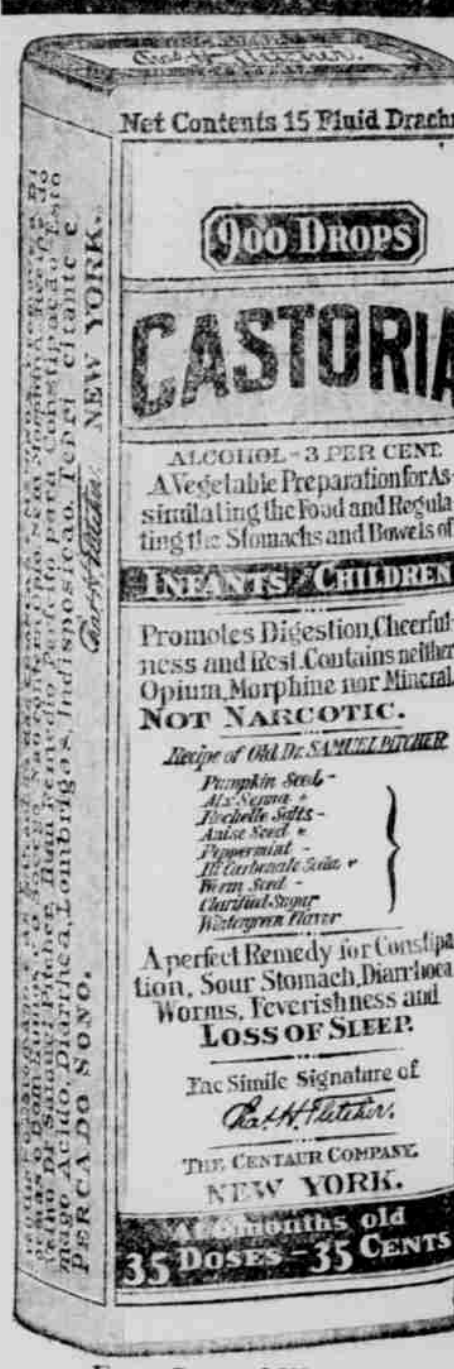
One of the alarming results is a widespread increase in the number of citizens whose self-respect is broken down by the humiliation of arrest, search and imprisonment. Another is the breeding of disrespect and contempt for the law and for the law-enforcing authorities. The courts are clogged and the administration of law is made slow, expensive, and full of injustice and cruelty. And the law, instead of preventing crime, is manufacturing criminals by the wholesale, thanks to the effect of jail and the jail surroundings on men and women who have consciously committed no offense.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a letter written recently to the New York Sun by a New Jersey Anti-Saloon league worker. He hailed the anti-liquor crusade as merely the beginning of a larger movement, and said:

"If I had my way I would not only close up the saloons and the race track. I would close up all tobacco shops, confectionery stores, delicatessen shops and other places where gastronomic devilities are purveyed—all low theaters and bathing beaches. I would forbid the selling of gambling devices, such as playing cards, dice, checkers and chess sets; I would forbid the holding of socialist, anarchistic and atheistic meetings; I would abolish dancing; I would abolish the sale of tea and coffee, and I would forbid the making or sale of pastry, pie, cake and such like trash."

Though this sounds like "the mere raving of wild fanaticism" the Sun recalls all but one or two of these items have been included in prohibitory bills introduced in one or more states already. And it adds to the list prohibitions that have been proposed peek-a-boo shirt waists, abbreviated bathing dresses, novels, chewing gum, hat pins, flowers at funerals, flowers at weddings, kissing, soda water and the presence of women on the streets unaccompanied by men after sundown in summer and 8 p. m. in winter. The Sun, contemplating the list, grows both alarmed and indignant and expresses itself after this fashion:

"Quite certainly when or if the liquor crusade be won a large party will be formed to back up Dr. Pease and the virtuous Annette Hazelton in warring on tobacco. After the Demon Alcohol, the Siren Nicotine. The movement is almost here, and war on theaters, cards and dancing may not be far off. It is nearly time for temperate men to take account of the prohibition situation. Whether are we drifting in the matter of state despotism over individual conduct? Are the people of the future to be human beings with souls of their own or puppets of moralistic specialists who shall brood over the country with a black-



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ness of artificial propriety, smothering every spark of humanity, every gleam of joy from lives narrowed down to the worship of money and the dread of hell?"

It won't be quite so awful as that, we fancy. If for argument's sake we concede the coming of a time when there are so many "thou shalt not" laws that we shall all be lawbreakers, willy-nilly, then among a nation of lawbreakers the laws will fall into disrepute and we shall start all over again. These waves are like the tide of the ocean, they ebb as well as flow. The love of freedom is quite as strong in the American people as is the love of power and the determination to change the other fellow to conform to one's own notions. Once power is over-much abused the love of freedom will provide the antidote.—World-Herald.

The amusement-loving people of Plattsmouth and vicinity are making a great mistake in not attending the Empress vaudeville at the Parmelee theater every Friday night. It is one of the greatest shows that ever struck this city, and at the low admission price of 25 and 15 cents.

When a man wants a new hat he goes into a store for two minutes and comes out with an up-to-date lid on his dome. When a woman wants a new hat she goes into a store for an hour and comes out with some up-to-date ideas to use in making over the old lid she wore last winter.

When legislators don't know what to do, they can always get out of the difficulty by having a commission appointed to investigate, which will report in favor of having still another commission to look into the matter.

The fact that a girl is very active passing wafers at a 5 o'clock tea does not prove that she will take hold and wash the dishes when she goes camping off in the woods.

Apparently the best thing that can happen to some United States submarines is to sink right to the bottom of the sea and stay there before any more sailors get caught in them.

Overcoats are very comfortable these days.

The diffidence of Jack Frost meets our approval.

Only twelve more week till Christmas. How's the turkey crop coming on?

If we are now in the midst of the equinoctial storm, we sincerely hope it will soon be over.

Apples are getting ripe, but the nut crop still gives the younger generation the desired indigestion.

The Ak-Sar-Ben is on now to draw the people to Omaha. Omaha is never out of something to draw people.

Billy Sunday says Julius Caesar was a little sawed-off man and freckled, but a go-gitter. 'Rah for old Jules.

The Prince of Wales has made a vow never to wed a German princess, although we didn't know that any of them have asked him.

In some towns people think that the main purpose of the leading business streets is to serve as a field for parking automobiles. And Plattsmouth is no exception.

Fred Shepherd should be defeated for postmaster at Lincoln simply because Railway Commissioner Hall, a republican, is laboring so hard for his appointment.

The state banks of Nebraska have doubled in the last fifteen years and the deposits have more than quadrupled, according to Secretary Royce of the state banking board.

There are a few candidates springing up in Lincoln for state offices. Of course every state official will endeavor to get there again, but you can't put a finger upon one even that can be re-elected, unless it would be Governor Morehead, and it is not probable that he will be a candidate for governor again.

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