

The Plattsmouth Journal

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.
Entered at Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class mail matter.

R. A. BATES, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE "I'LL TRY" SPIRIT.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

"Cold and reserved natures should remember that though not infrequently flowers may be found beneath the snow, it is chill work to dig for them, and few care to take the trouble."

Be ready to write it 1916.

There were a few "Good Fellows" in Plattsmouth.

You'll soon be writing it 1916—unless you forget.

Christmas is one thing, and getting over it is another.

The glad day is over—and now for another next Fourth of July.

The days are growing longer and the old man's time is growing shorter.

The walls will be stripped of the old calendars, and those of 1916 adorn the old place.

The Old Year is nearly gone, and the New Year is turning the corner on the home stretch.

When a man is willing to go without his dinner to do you a favor, place his name at the top of your list of friends.

Look at the difference between conditions abroad and at home. Who wouldn't rather live under ministrations of Cupid than of Mars?

Mayor Thompson of Chicago has also declined the republican nomination. Occasionally there is a wise man who knows it when he isn't built for running.

This has been a fine season for weddings. Those who are now happy in wedlock will have something else to occupy the mind one year from this Christmas.

There seems to be little doubt that our army and navy are to be strengthened, which won't keep us out of trouble, but would be some help if trouble should come.

King George has been taking a little stimulant daily on the advice of his family physician. That's the kind of doctor we like—one who will let you reason with him.

There are sixty persons in the United States who have a \$1,000,000 income annually, and probably some of them lie awake nights thinking about that 6 per cent tax they have to pay.

From the number of automobiles sold in the rural districts the farmer's wife is evidently no longer satisfied with such recreation as sitting at the front window and counting the number of machines that pass in a day.

Skirts that will clear the ground from six to twelve inches will predominate in the spring styles of 1916. For heaven's sake, what are we coming to, anyway? And, then, what is the big-footed woman going to do, if they undertake to keep up with styles?

Plattsmouth merchants enjoyed a very good Christmas trade, notwithstanding the many who went to Omaha to get their Christmas presents and pay out the cash. In about two months or less these same people will be around to the merchants they have treated so shamefully, asking for credit.

Henry Ford, returning sick from Europe, an object of obsequation and derision, reproached for having "made the United States look foolish," is suffering the usual fate of the man who dares run counter to the prejudices of his time. For it is prejudice, it might as well be admitted, that made Ford's audacious mission unpopular from its inception. Eliminating the bias which war prejudice gives to the popular view, Ford's effort to end the war would still have been thought vain and foolish, just as was John Brown's effort to put down slavery. But had there been a genuine and universal prayer for peace on the lips of American citizens—if it were not felt that peace would make to the advantage of Germany and to the disadvantage of the allies—the Henry Ford crusade to Europe would nevertheless have been popular where now it is unpopular.

All of which, of course, has exactly nothing to do with the question whether Mr. Ford, earnestly desiring peace, possessed of great means, should be criticised or commended for having put his wealth and energy freely into a campaign to promote peace by advertising it; by setting out to Europe to preach it to the rulers of the war-swept nations. As to this, a bit of really inspiring comment is made, in a letter to the Springfield Republican, by Carl Laemmle of New York, head of the well known film syndicate that bears his name. It is a letter that strikes so close to the keynote of success in life that it is worth reproducing. Here it is:

"Henry Ford has been called a jackass and a clown because he hired a ship and sailed across the sea to stop the most frightful slaughter in the history of the world.

"Maybe he can't stop the war. Few expect that he will succeed. Nimble-witted critics are having piles of fun with him because they don't believe he can deliver the goods.

"But to me, the big thing in his action is not the question of whether he will stop the war, but the fact that he is willing to try? It was by trying that he got where he is. But still he keeps on trying.

"In the face of overwhelming odds, in spite of a world-wide criticism, he is willing to undertake the greatest job that ever fell to the lot of a human being in the world's history. He brushes aside the thousands of columns of newspaper criticism, he ignores the public utterances of so-called statesmen, he sets his face toward the most glorious goal that any man ever hoped to achieve—and goes on his way, trying.

"They say he is trying to advertise his automobiles. But still he goes on trying. They say his riches have turned his head. But still he tries. They say he never did anything but promote a good automobile engine and they ask what right he has to undertake the work of diplomats! The present war is the result of a most gigantic failure of diplomacy, and the fact that Henry Ford is willing to try a thing in which the great diplomats of the world have failed only adds to the bigness of his trying.

"So far as I know, he is the only person who has taken a definite step toward ending the war. True, it may not be the right step, but how are we ever going to get the right step until we try? The men who sit in swivel chairs and sneer and make funny jokes about that man Ford are not taking steps of any kind to end the war. The job looks too big and too hopeless to them.

"It looks big to Ford, and maybe it looks hopeless to him. But he's got the nerve to try and spend his own money at it.

"Ye gods! what a nation this would be if each industry could be headed by a Ford who was willing to try! What chance would any other nation under the sun have in competition with us? What if more of us were willing to try and less of us were slaves of convention and creatures of habit?

"In my business career I have met hundreds of men who could tell me what I could not do. But I have met only a few who were anxious to try. I have let the former class out as

quickly, but as gently, as possible. But I have hung on to the other class with all my might. I want the man who can or the man who will try; but the man who can't or the man who thinks 'it is useless to try' can't have any of my time.

"If any young man happens to read this, I wish he'd let this one piece of advice sink into his brain of brains. There's a word in the dictionary called 'can't.' Leave it there! Never use it! Instead, say 'I'll try,' or better still, 'I'll hennyford!'"

It doesn't make any difference what we think of Ford's crusade against the war. The lesson that all men, especially young men, should study, is that the qualities which sent Henry Ford to Europe on his amazing mission were the same qualities that, applied in the business world, made him one of the most successful men of his generation.—World-Herald.

There is a lot of peace talk lately. Maybe, after all, a little Ford shall lead them.

With 1916 knocking at your door what plans are maturing to fit the key-hole? Anyway, it would be well to secure a seat in the city band wagon, if you can unseat some of the leeches.

The gentleman who owns Lady Eglantine, the champion hen, and values her at \$100,000, has a very insufficient knowledge of the value of money and a very exaggerated notion of the value of chickens.

The young people who used to get together and decorate the church for Christmas are now grown up, and find it easier to send a check to the florist than to round up any free dates in the engagement book of youth.

There should be more co-operation among the business men of Plattsmouth in 1916 than there was in 1915. Co-operation works like a charm in other towns, and why not in our own city? Get ready for business in 1916.

A fine resolution for some people to adopt, commencing with the New Year, is: "Hereafter I will buy at home, and not spend my money in Omaha, where it don't do the least good for Plattsmouth." This is a splendid resolution, and should meet the approval of all who believe in building up Plattsmouth.

No, no, my dear girl. Don't you think you are an old maid when you reach the age of 30. Girls are not fit to marry until they reach this age. Don't even think you have reached the limit. Get a move on you during the coming leap year and see how you will come out.

There is liable to be a genuine cleaning out of officials at the state house in the next election. A new set of candidates, out and out, is talked of, as the people of Nebraska are getting awful tired of these state house hangers-on. They do not belong altogether in one party, but they join hands in the work of getting in and staying.

Fire the whole caboodle—make a genuine cleaning out. The people can do it, and they are about in the notion of doing it, too.

Benjamin F. Bush is president of the Missouri Pacific railroad. He is of the opinion that railroads have too many bosses; that government ownership would be a calamity and all railroads should be ruled by the interstate commerce commission alone. This would do away with state railroad commissions, and the political party that controlled the national administration would control the railroads, acting through the interstate commerce commission.

We can't see any reason for pushing anyone to the front for governor that does not want the honor. Dr. Hall offers several reasons why he won't run, and those who are so insistent upon his running should let it go at that. Dr. Hall would make a good governor, is a fine man, and we are as ready to support him as any newspaper in the state, but he understands his own business better than those who are pushing him into a position he don't want.

EMOTIONAL INCORRIGIBLES.

Those of us who staid at home and are now glad of it, have much trouble in understanding the inharmonymony that has made an international spectacle out of the Ford peace crusade. Either the newspapers at home and abroad are doing some monumentally lying, or else that Ford peace party is constantly quarreling over questions of precedence and policy.

These reports from abroad seem to carry confirmation of some of the reports of the sailing of the Oscar II from New York and the scenes that were witnessed at the wharf. The average reader undoubtedly accepted with a grain of allowance the pictures that were drawn of the orgie of excitement on the pier, when men and women danced and sang and indulged in weird incantation.

It was told how one old man with a carpet-bag ran up and down the beach as the ship parted its cable, wailing because he had been left behind and insisting that no peace could be secured without him. Perhaps he was right about it.

A noted sculptor threw his arms around the neck of Henry Ford and kissed him. An old lady sought to embrace Mr. Bryan, but only succeeded in kissing his hand. Another enthusiast, as the ship left the pier, jumped into the water and swam after it until fished out, when he explained that his purpose in following was to keep the submarines away from the vessel.

Over all, amid the din, the tumult and the ecstasy, stood Mr. Bryan with his hand raised aloft in majesty, sending his blessing across the waters after the departing crusaders, and invoking for them the blessing and aid of divinity.

Leadership of that party seems to have proven even too much for the patience and enthusiasm of Henry Ford. The dispatches seem to indicate that when he could stand it no longer he wrote his check for a large sum to cover its further operations and then slipped away to start back home or go into retirement elsewhere. Tidings from his home on Christmas day told of the suffering and anxiety of his family because it had heard nothing directly from him for a week, although it had sought in vain to get into communication with him.

If the reports now coming across the water are true, the American people are put in a sorry light among the people of the old world by this aggregation of eccentrics, their quarreling and their sensationalism. Thus far the crusade has failed to confirm the fears of those who thought its meddlingness might complicate relations between this country and Europe, but it has given the people with whom it has come in contact a woeful conception of American character and temperament.—Lincoln Star.

Begin the New Year right and all will be well.

Bills unsettled take half the pleasure out of the sense of money in the pocket.

It might seem that the question of living 100 years is not so much "how?" as "why?"

One liar who is going to get to heaven is the fellow who is always telling people how fine they are looking.

Villa does not expect any help from the democratic administration, but will bum around in the hopes that the republicans will come into power in 1917.

In many states the supreme judges are selected because of their eminent worth. In Nebraska because of their politics. And as long as this continues we will have an inferior court.

Maybe if Mr. Bryan had accompanied the Ford peace expedition there would have been no trouble among the outfit. Bryan would have been the "whole cheese" himself and those who have been trying to boss the job would have had to do just as they were told by him to do, or get out of the way entirely.

Onward, right onward, into the New Year we are sailing.

There are a few women in the world who won't listen to flattery. But they are all stone deaf.

Everything looks bright for 1916. Let us all be ready at the very beginning to pull, boost and boom for Plattsmouth.

It would be difficult to find anybody in the United States who would contend, in theory, that preparedness is a party question.

A man may be able to do two things at once. But he can't drive an auto and rubber at the concentrated skirts on the sidewalk and get away with it.

Forty-three officers and electricians from the United States navy yards are being taught at West Orange, New Jersey, how to operate Thomas A. Edison's new submarine storage batteries.

Leap year is almost here, girls. If you don't take advantage of it, it's your own fault. Of course, this does not refer to those old maids who have been hanging on for twenty-five or more years.

Senator George W. Norris is not going to let his Nebraska friends run him for president, and he asks the secretary of state to keep his name off the primary ticket. George is another very wise man.

Fifteen hundred men, building the government Alaskan railroad, are ice-locked in Anchorage, America's newest frontier town, waiting to resume work with the first appearance of the northern spring.

It was very wise on the part of Senator Norris in declining to become a candidate for president on the republican ticket. He has had all he is entitled to, and more, too.

It is said that gasoline will go up to 30 cents a gallon before spring. Shouldn't be surprised. But then the joy-riders have to pay the freight—so what's the difference?

Billy Benfer, an old Plattsmouth printer boy, who has been publishing the News-Advocate at Price, Utah, for several years, has for some cause or other stepped down and out of the management of the paper. We have not learned the trouble.

It looked like war in earnest for a few days last week when the report was flashed to this government that one of the Standard Oil company's oil ships had been torpedoed and sunk. These warring nations had better be a little careful about running up against the Standard Oil company. Its property is one of the sacred and untouchable things which we possess.

If the rural newspapers of Nebraska only knew that the Lincoln letter they are receiving each week for their papers was instigated by a gang of office-holders around the state house, who want to be re-elected, they would not be so eager to print their mutterings. They send these letters out to receive a little cheap advertising for themselves. Some newspapers term them "Cheap Skates!" And that's about it.

WORKED IN THE HAY FIELD.

Arthur Jones, Allen, Kas., writes: "I have been troubled with bladder and kidney troubles for a good many years. If it were not for Foley Kidney Pills I would never be able to work in the hay field." Men and women past middle age find these pills a splendid remedy for weak, overworked or diseased kidneys. Sold everywhere.

Masquerade at K. S. Hall.

There will be a mask ball given at the K. S. Hall on Saturday evening, January 8th. A good time is in store for everyone and cash prizes will be offered for costumes.

Ezema spreads rapidly; itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50c at all stores.

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IN A HOSPITAL.
Mr. Mike, Sutko, 4624 Marshfield ave., Chicago, was confined to a hospital for eleven months. He writes us as follows: "Please accept my best wishes for a Merry Christmas. I was very sick with a stomach disease and could not eat anything. For eleven months I was in the Wesley Memorial Hospital, on 25th and Dearborn sts., Chicago. I was there told by the physician to use Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine, four times a day. I followed this advice and am now perfectly well again. Everyone suffering from a stomach illness should use this remedy.—Mike Sutko," Disease of the stomach, complicated with constipation, nervousness and weakness should be treated with Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine. Price \$1.00. At drug stores. Jos. Triner, Manufacturer, 1333-1339 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

NOTICE TO PAY UP.
Having just sold my building, all should be convinced at this time that the Fanger Department Store's days are limited in Plattsmouth. We must give possession of the building by February 1st. We also wish to notify all our patrons indebted to us that all accounts must be paid by January 1st. I would rather collect my accounts from my friends than to place them in the hands of my attorney. This means all parties knowing themselves indebted to this store. Your early attention to this matter will be greatly appreciated.
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