

The Plattsmouth Journal

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LONG ARM OF UNCLE SAM.

Every American citizen, whether he be alien born and naturalized, or whether he be native born, must feel a thrill of pride at the part in the world events his country is being called upon to play. And as one who stands upon a lofty height and views conditions from afar there rises in his heart the fervent hope that the United States will become the world's greatest arbiter. Though not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, he can see through the dense and murky gloom that now envelops all we once held of civilization as in a perilous pail, away out on the horizon—dimly defined between earth and sky, a tiny gleam of the star of hope. And that star of hope rises upon the United States and throws a radiant influence o'er all the world.

The dispatches of yesterday and today affirm the splendid position which the United States has been called upon to assume in the world's politics. With one mighty hand she has grasped imperious Britain by the throat and with the other she holds a check on Germany. She is given a fraternal greeting from Sweden, but that is only an incident. In the administration of her affairs, as they are intermingled with the politics of Europe, she has reached out a velvet hand, and it does not cover nor conceal a band of mail. It is a friendly hand, but it has a sinewy grasp. It is reached out as the expression of manly justice and with a magnificent and original interest. It is extended unashamed of fear or favor, flattery or frown—but it has a grip, and if emergencies arise that grip will be felt. It is the great, strong arm and hand of the western hemisphere, representing the might and majesty of the United States—youngest of the world's nations, but her sturdiest and best.

Today it is raised as a warning, if not as a menace. It is the expression of a voice which says to Britain: "Thus far shall thou go, but no farther." And it says to Germany: "In your emerald rush be merciful, for we of the United States are citizens of the world, and we have eyes, and ears, and sympathetic hearts to which every anguished cry appeals." And to the rest of the world the hands of the United States are raised as benediction.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide," says the poet, and sometimes it comes oftener.

The republican papers are working awful hard for the nomination of Charley Bryan on the democratic ticket. There is a cause for this, which every democrat can see—the weak spot.

A veil is probably the most interesting thing in the world. No man is ever too prepossessed to stop and wonder whether the veil is there to conceal something that is there, or to make you think something is there that isn't.

The Ford Permanent Peace Tribunal held its first regular session in Stockholm last Friday, according to a cable dispatch to the American Press associations from the Ford publicity department, with the mayor of that city presiding.

Disposition of the British liner Appam, brought into Hampton Roads by a German prize crew, has been decided upon by the United States and will be announced soon. Although there is no official confirmation, the indications are that the ship will be permitted to remain in American waters as a prize of the Germans indefinitely, under the terms of the Prussian-American treaty.

Come on, boys, if you want in the race.

Next Tuesday is Washington's birthday.

A healthy stomach has everything except judgment.

Dentists usually are not as painful as they are painted.

Love your neighbor as yourself, but if you can't, move to some other part of town.

Father Time sees a great many incidents, but, fortunately, he has to see everything.

Perhaps the British bachelors hang back from the firing line in order to console the British war widows.

That was a scorcher that Dick Metcalfe paid to the Bryan political ring in last week's Omaha Nebraskan, and every word was the truth. Mr. Metcalfe knows the Bryan outfit and he is onto their dirty political tricks.

The demand in certain quarters of Great Britain for reprisals on Germany on account of the Zeppelin raids lends the Manchester Guardian to say editorially: "Leaving out of account all moral considerations, we can see no real argument of expediency which would excuse us in stooping to the baseness which Germans have already reached." The Guardian recognizes that the demand is due to hot indignation, but its advocates, it says, after calmer reflection, will give up the idea that anything is to be gained by haphazard murder of German civilians, although a few may persist in believing that reprisals will yield an advantage. The latter class argue as an analogy that the "lies were forced to adopt the use of poisonous gas in warfare, but, says the Guardian, "we reluctantly followed the German example because gas was a weapon of definite military advantage which since it was employed by them we could not afford to forego. But Zeppelin raids in England have no military importance as everyone knows, nor would ours have any in Germany."

A TEST WHETHER ADVERTISING PAYS.

In talking recently with a man who has made a large success as an advertising salesman in another place, this question was asked him: "When a merchant says it does not pay to advertise, what do you tell him?" "I just ask him this," was the reply: "What proportion of the population of this town has been inside your store during the past two months?" Very few merchants ever claim they have had 10 per cent of the population. Most of the non-advertisers would be glad to get 1 per cent. A lot of them probably get only a small fraction of 1 per cent with any regularity. Then I say how are the rest of the people going to know about your goods? How can they tell whether it would be for their advantage to patronize you or not? If you have good values, or special bargains, how do they know about it? A great many of them rarely or never pass your store. The great majority that pass give you only a glance. You are not getting their business, having done nothing to interest them. "Then I go on," he continued, "to say there are just three ways to get some of this trade now slipping past them. They can send around solicitors from door to door, distribute circulars or hand bills, or advertise in newspapers. The newspaper notice is read carefully where a solicitor is summarily turned down, and besides the advertising is twenty times cheaper than canvassing. And hand bills are chucked into waste baskets, while newspapers are read. If you don't care to use any of these methods, I tell them, most of the people in this town will continue to pass you by, without knowing anything about your goods." These remarks fit here as well as in the town where they were made. A merchant must tell the public about his goods in order to get trade.

WHAT IS NEWS?

A St. Louis man has been criticizing the St. Louis papers severely because they do not come up to his standards in the publication of news. He seems to think that more attention should be paid to publishing news from distant points and confesses he must buy New York papers to get the kind of news he would read. This raises the question of, what is news? After long experience, it has been demonstrated that most value is attached in every community to news that pertains to people and institutions of that community. Newspapers with an eye to winning success, will give the greatest amount of space and attention to doings of the people in their own neighborhood. It is well to have something about big events at a distance, but what concerns all of us most is what is going on around us. The New York papers which the St. Louis man says he must buy to get the real thing in the news line are more provincial in some respects than the rural weeklies. The New York editors see little that happens more than a few hundred miles west of the Atlantic coast, and one reading those papers would hardly realize that there was anything but unexplored wastes after the Alleghany mountains have been crossed. There is no one so ignorant of what is going on in the world as the reader of a New York newspaper. The more a newspaper considers the doing of the people in its territory, the more interested in promoting the welfare of the community it serves. One editor in Massachusetts is credited with printing the name of every person in his territory at least twice a year. The man whose mind is so on the doings of the people across the water that he can not have patience to know what his near neighbor is doing, is like unto the snob in society whose eye is always lifted to the one above him on the social scale. After all, the real stories of human interest, the items that make for a smile or sigh, come from people at home, and it is to these that will make his paper sell, and give in the reputation of being newsy. One interested in a greater field of news gathering so that he cannot take an interest in the doings of his neighbors, is in a sad, sad way. It is a safe bet that the critic of the St. Louis newspapers doesn't know the people who live in the next house, and wouldn't be interested no matter what happened there.

Are you one of those unfortunate cusses who can't express an honest opinion without knocking?

Cass county democrats started the campaign ball to rolling. Now let other counties fall into line.

Spring, beautiful spring, brings the robins and roses and everything—including bluejays and dandelions.

Judge Sutton, republican, who wants to be governor, and who was elected to the district bench three times by the whisky, beer, rough-neck vote of Omaha, as he himself terms the Omaha vote, is now such a radical prohibitionist that he is going up and down the state seeking whom he can devour somebody in joint debate on the temperance question. Mr. Sutton seems to be about as adept at fakery as Windy J. Bryan. He thinks prohibition a popular wave on which to ride into the governor's office. But he will find that the people are not so easily fooled as he thinks.—Lincoln Herald.

John Wunderlich is one of the best men in Cass county. Numerous democratic farmers have visited this office since John has filed for the re-nomination for sheriff on the democratic ticket, and each and every one of them declared that they were much pleased to know that Mr. Wunderlich had again filed for the nomination. They said that Mr. Wunderlich did not have a fair show two years ago, but that the democrats are determined to see that he receives fair treatment this time. There should not be the slightest opposition to his re-nomination, and with harmony prevailing in the democratic ranks, he can easily be elected this year.

Don't worry, Bryan is not going to debate with Metcalfe. He knows better.

Nebraska clothiers don't intend to introduce fancy clothing this year. Hard on dudes.

Accounts of the terrible ravages of the gripple should be taken with a grain of quinine.

Farm implement dealers are preparing for an early spring trade by getting in seeds of goods already.

Society may be "hollow," but some of the people in it are solid clear through. That's the kind to cultivate.

The democrats of Nebraska can get together, but it will not be by the acceptance of Charley Bryan for governor.

John Wunderlich will be accepted almost unanimously as the democratic candidate for sheriff. There is no discount on that.

Medical inspection may go so far at the public schools that a boy will know more about his liver than compound interest.

Vice President Marshall is willing to run for re-election, and ought to be re-nominated. He has made good in every walk of life, and is a splendid man.

It is very easy for some leaders of a party to disabuse the confidence the people had placed in them. But the "big-head" will ruin these fellows every time. Watch and see them fall by the wayside in the coming campaign on their "rule or ruin" policies.

The United States, it was stated on highest official authority, cannot protect the announced sea policy of the central powers to sink armed merchantmen without warning. That this government, believing the Teutonic nations to be within their rights in this respect, shortly will issue a warning to all its nationals not to travel on belligerent ships that carry guns of any kind, seemed certain.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

Politics aligns men in many strange ways, which seemed almost impossible a little while ago. The colonel's boom may never get him anywhere, except on the first page, and then again it may. Certainly, his dearest foes must concede that it is making some progress. Senator Smoot has come out in favor of the pride of Oyster Bay; Senator Smoot who stuck to Taft so firmly that the fat professor carried Utah in an election where he couldn't carry much of anything else. Senator Penrose also seems to view the colonel in a hopeful light; this stalwart standpatter could easily reconcile himself to a third cup of coffee for the great feunal naturalist under existing circumstances, and if politics ever makes stranger bedfellows than that, it will have to go some and then some. But this is not the limit of the unusual line-up confronting the country at the beginning of a presidential campaign. Bryan, who more than any other was responsible for the nomination of Wilson, is now off the reservation, camping on the trail of his former chief, armed with a one-term plank, peace-at-any-price, and great gobs of grape juice. There is even talk that the peerless one may line up with his old foe, Champ Clark, if such a course seems likely to beat Wilson out of the nomination. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note, Mr. Taft seems to be very much himself, and hasn't been changed by the winds of circumstances. He wants a real republican to head his party's ticket, and the world knows that Roosevelt isn't anything like that. And the woods are full of dark horses and favorite sons and receptive candidates until you can't rest, if politics excites you greatly, as it shouldn't. There is going to be much of it in the land the coming season, but good weather for crops will continue to be of more vital interest to the nation.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

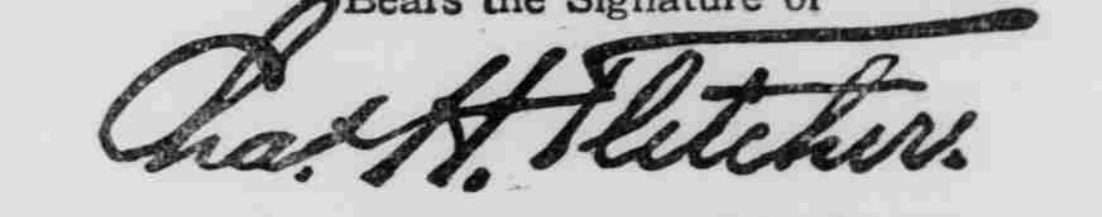


The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS



In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PUBLIC AUCTION

I have decided to quit farming, and will therefore offer all my personal property for sale at Public Auction. Sale will be held on the Peter Halmes farm, 6 miles northwest of Plattsmouth, and 9 miles northeast of Louisville, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23,

commencing at 10 o'clock, at which time I will offer the following property to the highest bidder:

- One team bay mares, seven years old, weight 2,400.
- One team brown mares, full sisters, coming two and three years old.
- One gray colt, three years old.
- Four good milk cows, with calf.
- Two two-year-old heifers, calves at side.
- One two-year-old stock heifer.
- Thirteen head of Barco-ersy brood sows, all bred to registered boar.
- Two Poland China gilts, bred to registered boar, pedigrees furnished.
- One Grand Detour wagon.
- One One truck wagon.
- One VanBrunt carriage.
- One Keyes Bros. top buggy.
- One Keyes Bros. spring wagon.
- One hay rack.
- One Plano binder.
- One Sucker State press drill.
- One 16-foot harrow.
- Two Jenny Lind cultivators.
- One Badger riding cultivator.
- One Rock Island gang plow.
- One Emerson hay rake.
- One John Deere lister.
- One Hoosier one-horse drill.
- One hob sled.
- One disc.
- One good pump jack.
- One one-hole corn sheller.
- One new buzz-saw frame.
- One 22-inch buzz-saw blade.
- One 8-barrel galvanized tank.
- One Hoosier broadcast seeder with grass seed attachment.
- One John Deere corn planter with 160 rods wire.
- One good Victor feed grinder run with belt.
- Three sets work harness.
- One set buggy harness.
- One saddle.
- One set buggy fly nets.
- One pair buggy shafts.
- One buggy tongue.

Lunch Will Be Served at Noon.

TERMS OF SALE:
All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand. On sums over \$10 a credit of six months will be given from date, purchaser giving good bankable paper. All property must be settled for before being removed from the premises.

A. C. SMITH,
W. R. Young, Auctioneer,
R. F. Patterson, Clerk.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

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