

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

There is a dust that settles on the heart as well as that which rests upon the ledge. It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Sir John Lubbock.

Politics are warming up gently.

Another fable: The "Welcome" on the door mat.

Experience that you buy, if heeded, is worth all it costs.

Man tells but little here below, but he tells that little long.

Another issue which should not worry you is whether Mars is inhabited or not.

It frequently happens that the man who asks for advice is looking for sympathy.

He who starts out to meet trouble, whether between nations or individuals, hasn't far to travel.

The next drive of the allies will be at Chicago—the allies who are trying to head off the Roosevelt boom.

Human nature is peculiar for its prefers in many instances to take exercise instead of doing useful work.

The friends of President Wilson in Nebraska want to get busy if they desire a Wilson delegation at St. Louis.

President Wilson's welcome to the west shows that his party is with him, and that the people are with that party.

History spends one-half its time repeating itself. The other half is spent in reversing itself. And man is pretty much like history.

Oh, for another President Cleveland! Wouldn't he put a quietus on these federal officers taking part in politics? Well, I should say—yes!

Hughes forces come out victorious in the New York republican convention. Root's recent speech is also a big bid for the republican nomination for president.

Why has the price of gasoline gone up? Because Rockefeller lost several millions in a speculation that didn't pan out as expected, and the users of gasoline must make up the loss.

Europe after the war ought to be the ideal field for old maids intent on marriage as a piece of reformation to work upon. With all the latest improvements in mechanical arms and cork legs, she ought to reform in any shape she chooses.

If the democrats of Nebraska expect to get anywhere this year they will set about it by selecting their strongest candidates in open primary, where there is no disposition to resort to machine methods. This is the year when the "Welcome" sign should be hung up in a conspicuous place.

Human life is a marvel. We enter it naked, we know not from whence or why. We play, we dream, we plan, we do. And then we go out naked—stripped of all our gains—and we know not whither. It's a mysterious episode. It's a gleam, a flash of light between the darkness of the womb and the darkness of the grave—just a flash of activity between the silence of two great stillnesses.

Every now and then we read a story in the newspapers about some young girl slipping away from home in order that she may see the bright lights of the big city. Home life is too dull and monotonous and home folks are too old-fashioned and stupid to satisfy the hot blood and the unbridled imagination of inexperienced youth. She gets tired of commonplace things and common people, and she is drawn to the bright lights of the city as the moth is attracted to the candle flame. She wants the excitement and the turmoil of the city; she wants to hear the music and the hum of voices where the city folks are making merry; she wants to take a peep, just a little look into shadowy places, and to take just a step or two into the forbidden paths. And her vagrant curiosity lures her to the big city and away from the checks and the restraints of home. She intends only to look and listen, and she can see no wrong in that. She is quite sure that no harm can befall her, for is she not fully quite capable of taking care of herself even in the bright lights of the big city? She is different from all other girls who have gone alone to the big city to see the sights, so she argues.

The remainder of her history is as familiar as the story of the fall in the Garden of Eden. There has never been but one ending to such stories. Her history could have been written a thousand years in advance, and it would not have required a prophet to foretell her ending. She was the only human being in all the world who could not see the end. The experience of countless other girls was not a sufficient warning to hold her at home. The bright lights of the big city not only draw a young girl now and then, but they draw multitudes of them. Most of these girls disappear as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Shame sends them into hiding, and vice and crime soon calls in death to their relief. This tragedy is acted over and over every day and hour, and yet there are unnumbered hosts of new victims ready to take the places of those who sink out of sight in the mire. Those who escape with their lives and return to the old folks at home, carry with them a mark that is as indelible as was the brand that placed a curse on ancient Cain.

Whether it is right or no, the world has decreed it so. The girl whose wings have been scorched by the bright lights of the city, does not return as did the prodigal son to be restored to his old place among his friends. She never gets through paying the penalty that the world inflicts. And if the girl who has a longing to see the bright lights of the city should but look about her and consider the facts that are familiar to all the world, the home and home folks would have new value to her.

No doctrine is so darn foolish that it can't attract a few ardent admirers.

Six years ago when Jim Dahlman was a candidate for governor, W. J. Bryan and all his friends he could get, bolted him at the general election. Of course, Jim was badly treated, but now Jim is right in line with the Bryans—prohibition and all. Talk about politics making "strange bed-fellows!"

The Nebraska progressives are not all asleep, and they are to have a state convention soon to take matters into consideration, and arouse the rank and file to their duty. They will perhaps put a state ticket in the field and select delegates to the Chicago national progressive convention, which may raise merry h—l if they do not get a fair shake in the regular republican convention.

The more you talk, the more you have to pay for the privilege.

Of course, you know, it is not the cold you feel, it's the humidity.

A woman will keep silent if she is shown anything to keep silent about.

How easy it is to count the cost, the question, however, is—can you pay?

Better a few millions for preparedness than several billions for tribute.

The man who sits down and waits for success, saves nothing but shoe leather.

No, we do not care to run for office this year. Politics are too badly jumbled up. See!

There is no rose without the thorn, but there are a great many thorns without the rose.

Dr. P. L. Hall has filed for regent of the state university. All right, Doc, we're for you.

Charley Bryan for governor and Elgar Howard for lieutenant governor. A fine pair to draw to. Ain't it?

It will soon be time for candidates to urge the dragging of the roads. After the election is over somebody else will have to do the agitating.

Arthur Mullen of Omaha will file as a candidate for delegate-at-large to the democratic national convention. Arthur Mullen managed Champ Clark's campaign in Nebraska four years ago, and every democrat knows the result. Now he is just as warm in his support of President Wilson as he was for Champ Clark. He's a democrat of the first water, and will battle for the renomination and reelection of President Wilson.

The patriotism of the entire country will rally to the democratic party this year, democracy carries the flag. There is no possibility of democratic defeat, but in the success of those who are secretly and seditiously plotting to destroy the neutrality of the United States and thus plunge our country into that bloody bacchanal of foreign fury that is placing a continent in ashes and a world in mourning and tears. But there is still one banner upon which, thank God, there is no stain of human blood; one flag that stands for freedom, for justice and for peace; one sacred ensign that still dares to flaunt its holy principles in the face of a world in arms, flashing forth the American gospel of liberty and life against the old-world creed of despotism and death—the Star Spangled Banner, the flag of the free heart's hope and home—through one of the most perilous periods in the history of the republic, President Wilson has held aloft and preserved that banner unarmished and unscathed. It is a good time to stop and think what might have been—with another at the helm!

With the Bryans lined up against the president, Brother Charley's election would be a slap at the administration, at least it would be so interpreted, and would make it more difficult to carry out the policy of preparedness which at present is the main issue before the country. We could afford to disregard that consideration if Mr. Bryan were equipped with the ability and qualities which would be of valuable benefit to the state in that position. But he has no qualifications which especially equip him for the office. He has not demonstrated marked ability in any business way, and could not claim to be fitted to give the state a business administration. He has not shown himself an able executive in the position which he now holds, as mayor of Lincoln. If he had business or executive ability above that of other aspirants for the position, it might be pardonable to disregard the political consideration, but his connection with the chief opponent of the president is the only thing which makes his candidacy of any interest whatever.—Beatrice Sun.

SENATOR ROOT'S CHARGES.

Elihu Root is the wisest and craftiest of all the leaders whose efforts will be directed, this year, toward the overthrow of the administration of Woodrow Wilson. When he outlines the arguments that are to be relied on against Wilson and the democratic party, therefore, as he did in the New York convention, what he says is worthy the study of democrats and republicans alike.

Senator Root assails the administration chiefly on the foreign policy. He charges it with having failed to respect the independence of Mexico in the first place; it should have refrained from interference in Mexico's internal affairs. And secondly he charges it with having failed to protect the lives and property of citizens of the United States in Mexico.

Neither indictment will stick. It was the republican administration of Taft that was responsible for the failure of this country to perform its neutral duties toward Mexico. It was under Taft's administration that a Mexican revolution was organized, largely on American soil, with headquarters in El Paso, and financed with the funds of great New York corporations to which Senator Root is very close. It was under Taft that Mexican rebels were armed and equipped on American soil. Everything that followed has come as a natural consequence—anarchy, chaos, assassination, murder, pillage. With those consequences a democratic administration was left to contend. To hold it responsible is to hold the effect responsible for the cause.

American lives have been lost and American property destroyed in Mexico, it is true. Such things happen in the turmoil of wild and lawless revolution and factional warfare. There is just one way to stop their happening—a way bloody and costly beyond conception. We could declare war on Mexico. Is Senator Root in favor of it? If he is, why did he not, as a senator of the United States, introduce a resolution in congress declaring war? Is it because he was afraid to take the responsibility, and prefers merely to criticize those who are responsible? Or is it because he realizes that, after all, the policy pursued by Woodrow Wilson is preferable?

As to the European war, Senator Root indicts the democratic administration for lack of foresight in failing to "make timely provision" for backing American diplomacy by adequate military and naval force. And he gibes the democracy because, if adequate military protection is to be afforded this country, it will have to be done with the aid of republican votes in congress.

Does Senator Root forget all the years that the republican party was in undisputed control of the government? Does he forget the hundreds upon hundreds of millions of taxes collected by it to provide for the military and naval forces of this republic? Why did not his party, when it had the power and responsibility, "make timely provision" for the backing of our diplomacy by force? What did it do with all the money it expended? Why is it that, after long years of republican rule, during which the United States spent as much money for military and naval purposes as Germany or France, we are still in the condition of helplessness that Senator Root depicts?

He charges the administration with making threats and failing to make them good. The truth is the administration has obtained, without war, a settlement of the Lusitania issue. It has stood firmly protesting invasions of American rights on the sea by Great Britain and the allied governments. What would Senator Root have? Would he have a declaration of war against Germany? Against Great Britain? If so, why does he not urge a congressman of his party to introduce in the senate a resolution declaring war? The war-making power is in the hands of the congress, not in the hands of the president. If there has been—if there should be—any failure to enforce American demands, that failure would be directly

attributable to the military weakness of the government. The president has repeatedly called attention to the fact. When a government that has no force behind it makes demands, however just, there is danger of their being ignored. It is for that reason the president is urging on the country that reasonable degree of preparedness which should have been provided under republican administration but was not.

Senator Root declares this country has suffered a loss of moral prestige through its failure to protest the invasion of Belgium. If Senator Root had been president, if he had been secretary of state, if the republican party had controlled our government, would such a protest have been lodged? It is safer to judge by the record than by Senator Root's promises and assurances. We had a republican administration when Japan robbed Korea of its independence, in spite of a treaty between Korea and the United States pledging the Hermit Kingdom the friendly offices of this country in the event of any attack of its sovereignty. Korea asked the United States to fulfill the treaty, and the request was ignored. There was no protest then. When Great Britain assailed the Boer republics and robbed them of their independence the republican party was in power—but it made no protest. When Great Britain and Russia "divided up" Persia the republican party was in power, but it issued no protest. There was no protest, either, when Great Britain "gobbled up" Egypt. And the republican party itself was responsible for the crime of "taking Panama." It deliberately invaded the sovereignty and independence of Colombia to take away from it the Panama canal zone because, as Mr. Roosevelt callously put it, "we needed Panama." On the record Senator Root's charges against the Wilson administration rings false.

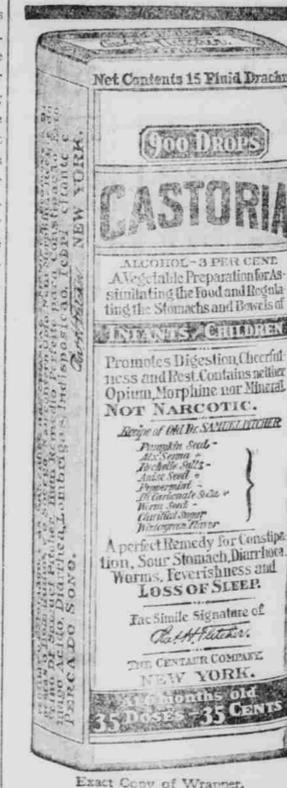
Finally, the distinguished senator indicts the democratic party for its alleged "incapacity either to originate wise policies or to follow them." Again on the record, the indictment is not sustained. After long years of republican rule, in which repeated promises of tariff reduction were made, it had to remain for a democratic administration to relieve the industry and the consumers of the country from the grip of the robber barons. After long years of republican rule, and the wasteful expenditure of hundreds of millions of taxes, it is to a democratic administration that the country must look for an adequate preparedness. After long years of republican rule, with our banking and currency system crying loud for reform, that reform was obliged to wait for a democratic administration before it could be carried into effect. So, too, it has remained for a democratic administration to rationalize the anti-trust laws and provide for regulated competition in this country rather than regulated monopoly. It is to the democratic administration that the country must look for a system of rural credits, for needed conservation legislation, for a non-partisan tariff board and for other wise reforms long promised by the republican party but never granted by republican administrations.

If the charges Senator Root brings are the gravest that can be launched against President Wilson and a democratic congress, the democracy of the nation may await with complacency the verdict of the people in November.—World-Herald.

And still the number of people who can sing "Dixie" is as limited as the number who can sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Do we ever dream songs "clear through?"

Dick Metcalfe is not as fine an orator as Bryan, and should they debate "Met's" side of the question would be explained in such a manner as to receive the plaudits of the audiences. "Met" is a good talker.

The country could get 2,000,000 recruits in thirty days, as Mr. Clark says, but it would require a little time to devise ways of feeding, clothing and arming them and to teach them the rudiments of modern soldiering.



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Base ball fans are getting anxious. Probably a "busy line" caused the war in Europe. A telephone company never expects to be loved very much. Would you be willing to be as wise as a Japanese statesman if you had to look like one? There is this about prohibition: One hears less about the old wormy chestnut, the water wagon. Let's all whoop it up for our base ball team this season. That's the way to have a good one. Nothing makes a splendid bridge player so mad as to refuse to sit into a game with him—or her. There are over one million Fordys in service today. No wonder Henry has money to throw at the birds. The trouble with eradicating a cold is that the stupid thing does not know when it has been eradicated. Wars and pestilences of course are very unfortunate affairs, but what can describe the boil on the dimpled chin? "Feeling like thirty cents" will mean something else again when gasoline reaches that figure and more. The war seems to already have demonstrated that going broke is no more of a calamity to a nation than it is to a man. No one will object to seeing the ice melted off the wheat fields. It is a pretty treacherous covering and the wheat is better off without it.

PUBLIC SALE

Having decided to quit farming, I will offer at Public Sale at the Thomas Sullivan farm, four and a half miles south of Plattsmouth, and three miles east and three miles north of Murray, my personal property, consisting of live stock, farming implements and household goods, on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, Sale to Commence at 10 O'Clock A. M. Sharp. One bay mare, 6 years old, weight about 1,300. One bay mare, 6 years old, weight about 1,250. One bay mare, 2 years old, weight about 1,000. One brown gelding, 2 years old, weight about 1,000. One bay gelding, 2 years old, weight about 900. One yearling colt, weight about 600. Exact weight will be given at the sale. Fifty Head of Hogs and Shoats. Farming Implement. One Sattley disc, 16-16. One 1-row cultivator. One John Deere mower. One 3-section harrow. Two wagons. One top buggy. One Dempster press drill. One galvanized water tank. One new Black Hawk corn planter. One 6-foot Deering binder. One Newell-Sanders disc gang plow. 160 rods woven wire fence. Some lumber. All household goods. And other articles too numerous to mention. 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. JOE C. WHEELER, Owner. W. R. Young, Auctioneer. G. O. Dovey, Clerk.

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