

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

The trouble with efficiency is that it is seldom charitable. Its vision is so strong that it cannot help seeing the mote in its brother's eye.—Emilart.

March is holding her own pretty well.

As Villa money goes down, cigarette coupons go up.

It is estimated that only one person in three knows how to spell villain.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who was handy with the hatpin?

In the opinion of the best authorities, times after the war will be better or worse.

Take it all in all, we haven't had a bad March so far. But she may go out like a light.

The first thing that makes the retired farmer wish he had stayed in the country is the chicken ordinance.

We'd hate to have a presidential boom like Coleman du Pont's, that no one would dare to strike a match on.

It is believed that the Turks have thoughtfully left enough Armenians in the causers so that the hunting will be fairly good during the next open season.

Basket ball is considered a game developing great quickness of thought and has to be or you couldn't slug the other fellows while the referee isn't looking.

Villa may be as hard to catch as was Aguinaldo in the Philippines, but he was caught, just the same, and so will Villa, dead or alive.

It is hoped that too many doctors won't inhale short skirts as sanitary, for fear the perverse fashion makers may change the styles back like they were three years ago.

Lillian Russell says she never was married to a man who gave her money unless she asked for it. And Lillie speaks from a wide experience and wider understanding of the men folks.

There is liable to be a change in the democratic gubernatorial campaign a week before the primary, and it is not liable to be in favor of Charley Bryan. This is not confidential, by any means.

Who says the world is not getting better? Jess Willard refused to fight on Ash Wednesday. It is very kind of Jess to be so considerate of the church people. Knocking the head off of some one is not a crime on any other day.

If shee tops keep climbing upward, like the eccentric young man who, when the shades of night were falling fast right through an Alpine village passed, the skirts continue to keep out of their reach, very presently we shall cease writing about such subjects.

Some time ago the writers and producers of plays made up their minds that when they couldn't think of any other way to be funny, they could work in swear words, and that what the public principally wanted was indecency. Since then there has been a big falling off in theater attendance. The two things may not be wholly disconnected.

It is an awful cost, of course, but the European war has silenced the militant English suffragettes.

Congress is rushing preparedness plans, but a rush in congress is never so swift as it sounds unless it be a rush for pork.

Whether we capture Villa or not, the Mexican mess gives a fine demonstration of the national preparedness to fight.

The Nehawka News came to us last week enlarged to a seven column quarto. Rutledge is a hustler, and proposes to give his readers the very best that can be obtained. He is a young man of excellent character and ability. We are glad to see him prospering.

We believe that the more distinctly the voters understand the school bond proposition and the condition in which we are placed to care for our children's education, the more they are convinced that the need of a new school building is alarming. All who visit the school building and view the conditions as they truly are, come away with the determination of voting for the bonds.

We heard one of our progressive citizens say the other day that he would be willing to pay \$25.00 a year for a new school house until the bonds are paid for the privilege of knowing that our Plattsmouth children were comfortably cared for while in school. Now, mind you, this taxpayer has neither chick nor child. That's the kind of a progressive spirit that builds up our towns and cities.

George Berge has a terrible time getting in the spotlight. He first got in the gubernatorial race and withdrew. His friends then filed his name for attorney general and he withdrew and then finally concluded to accept, at the dictation of Attorney General Reed's enemies. That George has become a tool of the Charley Bryan faction, there can be no mistake. We feel sorry for George, but maybe he will be wiser after the primaries.

The writer served in the legislature with Victor E. Wilson, candidate for railroad commissioner, and while we were not intimate in any way, we considered him a very able member. He is well qualified for the position of railroad commissioner and should be nominated. We think more of him since he gave Mr. Bryan such a "dressing." He used to be Mr. Bryan's right hand man until he tried to force him into something that wasn't democratic, and Vic wouldn't stand for it.

The hen is becoming a very busy creature. This is the time of year when, after many discouraging weeks for the hen owner, the hen begins to pay for her keep. She is working overtime now, laying eggs and cutting down the high cost of living. Already she has depressed the price of eggs materially and is getting herself in shape to make Lenten fare not quite so expensive for those who follow a diet consisting chiefly of eggs during the forty days following Ash Wednesday. There are those who figure that there isn't any money made out of chickens by the chicken raiser, but right now the poultry fancier who gathers more than enough eggs every day to do his family, puts himself into the ranks of the real plutocrats. The hen is industrious right now, and is giving a reason for her existence.

Moving southward from the Mexican border, an invading American army would fight its way first across mesquite covered, sandy plains and then into barren red and yellow foothills. Villa, it is believed, will make his first stand, if attacked, in these ravines, the hiding place in recent years of bands of Mexican cattle raiders and desperadoes. In those foothills, where knowledge of the country would prove of the greatest advantage to the Villa bandits, the border raiders would be expected to carry on guerrilla combats with the American cavalry, avoiding a general engagement at all costs. Eventually Villa would be forced to fall back to the Sierra Madera range, one hundred miles to the southwest, in western Chihuahua, scattering his forces into small bands.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"Immediate peace" is in the air. Like Sergeant Pistol, in Shakespeare's play, the belligerent government abate something of their fury — in speech, at least. They talk of peace. Let us examine what an immediate peace would involve for those governments.

What would the English families, ruined by the war in body and estate, say to an immediate peace? What would the German people, robbed of their children, and beginning to go hungry, say to an immediate peace? What would the patient, heroic French people say to an immediate peace after all they have suffered and lost, and the nothing they have gained? What would the Russian people say to an immediate peace which restored the "situation as it was before the war" — after all their slaughter and hardship.

One and all the people would do the same thing — welcome peace — then turn fiercely on their governments and demand: "Why did you do this thing?" Empty-handed, the governments would be empty-tongued.

So the German government talks grandly about being willing to give up conquered territory which it knows it cannot hold.

And the English government talks magniloquently about being willing not to "crush" a Germany which it knows, and always has known, that it cannot crush.

For what has the war accomplished?

Germany has "punched the Russian pillow" with about as much result as Von Buelow said that performance would have. Germany has befouled her name by trampling into the mire a small nation once known as Belgium; has seized at a terrible cost a part of France which she holds at a cost more terrible still, and has crushed, as a boy crushes an ant on the path, a small nation called Serbia.

England has been late. She was late in Flanders, late in Antwerp, late at Gallipoli, late at Saloniki, late at Bagdad, late at Montenegro and late at Neuve Chapelle and Loos. She threw away 114,555 men in a futile attempt to open for Russia that passage through the Dardanelles which it has been, for nearly a century, the joint endeavor of British diplomacy, British bloodshed and British commerce to keep closed from Russia. And of those 114,555 men lost not so much through Turkish skill as through British muddling a huge proportion were Australians and New Zealanders, given, like the Canadians at Neuve Chapelle, "the post of honor," which is polite military slang for the dirty work.

For all this, what is there to show but desolate women and dead men?

If allied officialdom ever supposed that Germany could be "crushed" (which is doubtful) they have abandoned that illusion. They have even abandoned it publicly. They even concede that Germany should not be "completely humiliated." Then what becomes of those German and English official boasts about "fighting to the last man and the last drop of blood"? What becomes of that "national honor" which figures so prominently when nations are being maneuvered into war, and so obscurely when it comes time to maneuver them out of war? Must everybody eat crow? Apparently they must. The only problem is: How to cut the pie?

The terms of peace are not, nor will they be, a question of justice, or even of "national honor." They are and will be a question of how the various belligerent governments can save their own and one another's faces with the peoples they govern — the peoples, who have suffered all things, hoped all things, endured all things, in the belief that this war would settle something. It has settled nothing. Nor is it even likely that the peoples who fought the war will have so much as a voice in settling the war they fought.

Dupes they were when the war began. Dupes they will be when it ends. And the main, about the only problem of peace is how to end the war in such a way as to keep them duped.

The governments of Europe have plunged their peoples into the greatest crime and the greatest swindle of

all the ages. Come back from it empty-handed they dare not, any more than the prodigal son who gambled away his heritage. Peace is a question of what to swap, so that each government may come back with at least something to show for the blood and money spent. Billions in debts, millions of cripples, shattered homes and lives—and what to show for all the losses?

The great military state of antiquity was Sparta. In strict accord with military ethics, young Spartans were taught to steal. In equally strict accord with militarist, ethics they were also taught that the only crime was to be found out. Once a young Spartan stole a fox and hid it under his cloak. He was accused. Instead of confessing the theft, he held the fox under his cloak. And even as he denied his guilt the fox devoured his vitals.

That is Europe today. For the governments to conclude an immediate peace would be a confession of their guilt. The governments, one and all, deny their guilt and seek to defer their day of judgment. And the fox devours their vitals.—Boston Globe.

Oh, for another Diaz down in Mexico!

Some people manage to get there too late.

The Dutch may yet take Holland—out of the neutral column.

Spring is reconnoitering and presently will break through.

It seems that a man can disappear for ten years and not be dead.

Garden making will soon be in full blast, but don't let the wife do it all.

Maybe if Henry Ford were making heavy motor trucks he would think better of war.

In other words, the Russians have probably substituted iron guns for the wooden ones they began with.

Mr. Bryan's idea is simply to slide in his brother Charley into office on the prohibition wave. This, and nothing more.

A non-partisan tariff commission is the next thing in order. Then the tariff question will be out of politics—thank the Lord.

Talk about the expenses of a newspaper office—the Journal is compelled to pay \$400.00 more on a car of paper than it did six months ago. We just think it's awful.

A New York minister avers that he has made a photograph of the ghost of one of his ancestors. The minister is the Rev. Charles Tweedle, but it is not known whether the ghost was Dee or Dum.

We know some candidates that if they expect to be nominated, had better get a move on them or they will get left. And we know of some who, if nominated, will get it in the neck at the general election.

If we could obtain honest reports from Mexico we might know what to believe. As they come now you can't believe. One day they have Villa surrounded and the next day he has escaped. And so it goes from day to day.

Of course, the United States and Germany are going to adjust their differences and be friends, but, really, under any circumstances the United States should not go to war against Germany until England gets into the war.

The Sioux City Journal uses a tale to point a moral. The tale is that of the meeting of Colonel John G. Maher and W. J. Bryan at Lincoln and the passing of the lie by the colonel. Mr. Bryan was in a state of unpreparedness, and there was no war. This is cited as proof of the efficacy of the Bryan position.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For State Senator.
I will be a candidate for the democratic re-nomination for state senator from the district composed of Cass and Otoe counties, subject to the will of the voters, at the primaries on April 18th.
JOHN MATTES,
Nebraska City.

For County Sheriff.
We are authorized to announce the candidacy of John Wunderlich for re-nomination for the office of sheriff of Cass county, subject to the will of the voters at the primaries on April 18th.

For State Senator.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for state senator on the republican ticket from Cass and Otoe counties, subject to the will of the voters at the primary election.
ANDREW P. MORAN.

For County Sheriff.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff of Cass county on the democratic ticket, subject to the will of the voters at the primary April 18th.
G. H. MANNERS.

For County Attorney.
I wish to announce to the voters of Cass county that I have filed on the democratic ticket for the office of county attorney. I will appreciate your support and if elected will do my best to fill the office faithfully.
J. A. CAPWELL.

For State Senator.
I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for the office of state senator at the primaries held on April 18th, subject to the will of the republican voters of the district, composed of Cass and Otoe counties.
A. F. STURM,
Nehawka, Nebraska.

For State Representative.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of state representative subject to the will of the democratic voters at the general primary on April 18. Your support will be appreciated.
JOHN MURTEY,
Alvo, Nebraska.

For County Treasurer.
I hereby announce my candidacy for re-nomination to the office of county treasurer on the republican ticket, subject to the will of the voters at the primaries on April 18th. The support of the voters will be appreciated.
MAJOR A. HALL.

For County Treasurer.
I desire to announce my candidacy for the office of county treasurer on the republican ticket, subject to the wishes of the voters at the primaries April 18th. I will appreciate the votes of my friends.
ARTHUR L. BAKER.

For Float Representative.
I will be a candidate for the office of float representative from the district composed of Cass and Otoe counties, subject to the will of the democratic voters at the primary on April 18th. The support of the voters will be appreciated.
L. G. TODD,
Union, Nebraska.

For Float Representative.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of float representative for Cass and Otoe counties at the primaries on April 18th. Subject to the will of the democratic voters.
M. G. KIME, Nehawka.

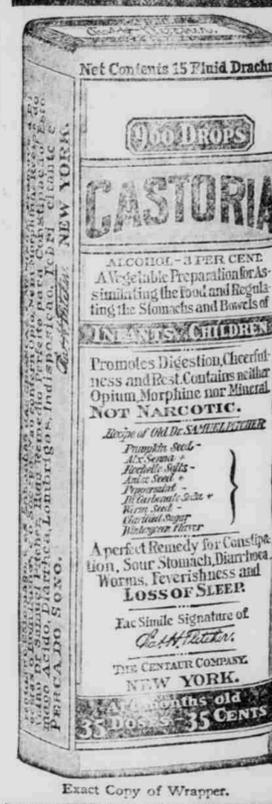
Float Representative.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of float representative from the district composed of Cass and Otoe counties, subject to the democratic voters at the primaries on April 18th.
A. E. PAHLING.

For District Clerk.
I hereby announce to the voters that I will be a candidate for the office of clerk of the district court at the April primaries, subject to the wishes of the republican voters.
JAMES ROBERTSON.

For Float Representative.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Float Representative, between Otoe and Cass counties, subject to the will of the democrats at the primaries on April 18th.
C. J. MULLIS.

For County Assessor.
I will be a candidate for the nomination for the office subject to the wishes of the democratic voters at the primary April 18th. The support of my friends will be appreciated.
P. E. RUFFNER.

For County Assessor.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of county assessor on the democratic ticket at the forthcoming primary election on April 18th. Your support will be appreciated.
Al. D. Despain.



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IT'S KEITH NEVILLE

SCENES OF ACTIVITY AT HIS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH PLATTE

LETTERS FROM OVER STATE

Favorite Candidate for Governor of the Democratic Side is Meeting the Voters, Making Speeches and is Becoming a Seasoned Campaigner.
North Platte, Neb., March 29.—There is not a busier place in Nebraska than the Neville Campaign Headquarters in North Platte. There is not a busier man than Keith Neville—speaking, writing, hand-shaking, meeting old friends and making new ones—there is no moment of rest for



DEMOCRACY'S FAVORITE.

him when home, and he strikes a strenuous gait when on his speaking trips. But, he takes to it all like a duck to water, and it is truly said that he has already become a seasoned campaigner. Like his distinguished father, the late Congressman Neville, he likes it. Not even the Mexican war excitement tends to divert the popular west Nebraska candidate from his determination to win the gubernatorial nomination April 18. He keeps right at it by word and by letter, saying to the constant string of callers—stockmen, farmers, business men, fellow democrats and friendly republicans—that he is making a frank, clear, honorable campaign, backed by no special interests and shackled to no faction. He has resolved if elected, to ENFORCE THE LAWS TO THE LETTER. Speaking engagements will prevent Mr. Neville from meeting his old friend, W. J. Bryan, who comes here to speak for his brother, Charley, on the eve of next Tuesday's election. Mr. Neville is being supported here by those having divergent views on the license question. The result of the contest will therefore have no bearing upon his campaign. It is plain that one quality of Keith Neville impresses everybody—frankness. He doesn't say one thing in the western part of the state and another thing in the eastern. He is firm, but not dictatorial, and is considerate of those who take issue with him. In the stream of letters which come pouring in from democrats over the state, most of them warmly commend Mr. Neville's position on the issues of the day. Many of them begin, "I admire your statement shows that you have the courage to be a governor." And still others, "I can use all the literature you will send me—because it rings true," and hundreds say, "Just waiting for a man like you." But most of his letters, from far and near, enthusiastically applaud his new famous declaration: "I am for WOODROW WILSON WITHOUT APOLOGY OR EXPLANATION."

For County Treasurer.
To the democratic voters of Cass county, I desire to state that I will be a candidate at the primaries on April 18th for the office of county treasurer and would appreciate their support.
W. R. BRYAN.

Only two more days of March and the weather fine.

City election next Tuesday, April 4. Who will be elected mayor?

When nations, like men, get thoroughly mad they run amuck.

Don't take them off yet. Plenty of cool weather in April, and even in May.

It is the sense of this meeting that we must have Villa's skin, with or without the owner in it.

The democrats have enough candidates for congress in this district to make it interesting in the primary.

Until it stoops far enough to capture the average man the income tax will always be reasonably popular.

Perhaps now is the time for Uncle Sam to keep some of his ammunition at home. He may need it in a certain climate to the south of us.



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Twenty-five years in Omaha, ten years in Bridgeport, western Nebraska, has made George J. Hunt a most desirable candidate for the State Supreme Court. Those who know him call him "A young man with a ripe legal experience."

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Omaha, Nebraska

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