

# The Plattsmouth Journal

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**THOUGHT FOR TODAY**  
 Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.—Maurice Maeterlinck.  
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“Home Coming” over.  
 Did you enjoy yourself?  
 Pretty strenuous time all around.  
 The world is now waiting to hear from Greece and Maine.

Of course, the man in the other political party is always wrong.

The common people are all for President Wilson. They know he is their friend.

Mexico reports the death of three bandit chiefs. Real deaths, or Villa deaths?

A Plattsmouth old maid says she loves cats because they are just as treacherous as men.

The man who rails at matrimony in public usually deserves the sort of a wife he gets.

Old-fashioned folks used to believe that lieutenant governors should be seen and not heard.

“America first and America efficient” fell flat as the campaign slogan of the party which attempted to purloin it.

It is advertised, however, that the chestnut blight hasn't struck the humor department of the Congressional Record.

The real reason that Mr. Hughes has not told what he would have done had he been in Wilson's place, is, that he doesn't know.

President Wilson's letter, like all his utterances, has the true ring. He generally speaks the right sentiment at the right time.

When the “wise” fellow tells you that Plattsmouth can't “put over” any good thing, just look about and see where the object of his grouch is located.

Maine has always been a republican state, and there will have to be a great political change for the democrats to stand any show of carrying the state.

The nicest large crowd that ever assembled in Plattsmouth. No disturbances to amount to anything, which is due the alertness of Chief Barclay, who was on the job all the time.

Senator Reed of Missouri made the statement in the senate the other day that should a change in the administration be made at this time, it would mean war in this country. This is no time for a change.

Keep it before the voters of Cass county—that John Murtey is just the kind of man to represent our people in the legislature. Mr. Murtey is able and will always be found at his post in the discharge of his duties.

When you read one of Hughes' speeches you read them all. He pays more attention to President Wilson than anyone else or anything else. It takes a man of great ability to attract so much attention, and that's the reason Hughes makes such a weak attempt to abuse the president.

### AS A VOTER SEES IT?

He is a Sioux Cityan and a republican who has never cast any other kind of a ballot.

“But I am going to execute a right about face this time,” he said; “I am going to vote for Woodrow Wilson.”

“I rather hate the idea of doing it, too. I have voted the republican ticket for so many years that it has grown to be second nature, and no doubt I shall feel queer for a few minutes in the polling booth.”

“The reason? Well, I believe in voting for principles; and, to save my life, I am unable to grasp Mr. Hughes' platform—I don't understand what it is he is contending for. I have been conscientiously wading through the text of his campaign speeches thus far, and I don't like them. Beyond abusing the democratic administration, they don't tell anything at all. Mr. Hughes is neglecting to specify definitely wherein Mr. Wilson has erred, and to tell what his own actions would have been in each instance if he had been president. I can't bring myself to vote for the republican candidate merely because he wants to displace the incumbent—that isn't worth a fig as an issue. I think Wilson has done well. If I am wrong, that's what I want to be shown.”

“And I am compelled to observe that some of the leading newspapers of my own party, the Springfield Republican, for instance, which I read regularly, are growing more impatient with the Hughes tactics, and are reminding him that he can't expect to win with a campaign of simple abuse.”

“That is one reason why Mr. Wilson will get my vote. Another is that my best judgment tells me his has been a constructive administration.”

“I am not going to do any active work for the democratic ticket. I am not a politician; but I have a right to my individual viewpoint as a private citizen, and to vote in accordance with those views. I find that many of my closest republican friends feel the same way about it, and, for the once at least, are going to shed their party loyalty.”

This is not an imaginary incident. The gentleman who thus interviewed himself is a flesh and blood resident who knows his own attitude and took occasion to voluntarily express it.—Sioux City Tribune.

Now and then a man's conscience pesters him considerably, but as a rule it is his stomach or the lives that he is concerned enough about to spend money on.

The trial marriage of a girl of 17 years of age was annulled by an eastern court. If ever one of these trial marriages stick, we may take more stock in them.

Print paper has been boosted from \$40 to \$90 per ton in the past few months. Many members of the senate and house propose to investigate into this outrage. The paper mills are the cause of the high price of papers.

They evidently have placed a muzzle on the republican candidate for governor. Sutton spoke here at the banquet Monday night and, if you will believe it, he never said one word in reference to the temperance issue. The voters do not believe in deception and hypocrisy. Maybe he has just found that out.

Since the infantile paralysis plague has threatened to close all the eastern Sunday schools, perhaps a few million parents should brush up on their lessons. It should be very humiliating to have the children point out to you that it was not David who was swallowed by the big fish, and that Daniel's famous affair was with the lions, not with Goliath.

Only nine weeks till the election.

Keep your eye on John Wunderlich for Sheriff.

We ought to feel good. We have had a good time.

The Balkans seem to have a keen appetite for Turkey.

The time to do right is when temptation is the strongest.

Greece's neutrality has been in a bad state of repair ever since the war began.

Only a little now and again we will have to save the country. And, gosh, how we dread it!

Hughes is coming to Nebraska, and will speak at Lincoln and Omaha on September 22 and 23.

It may be a twisted view, but all these harrangues against divorce appear to be traceable to the marriage evil.

They call it Wilson luck. He has worked harder for his luck than almost any man who ever became prominent in public life.

A Cincinnati man who had \$800,000 when he started out, has been married six times and has \$20,000 left. Form line to the left. Don't crowd.

Municipal elections in Northern Mexico resulted in the return of all the Carranza candidates. They still have expert counters down in that country.

Keith Neville, the democratic candidate for governor, done a remarkably wise thing when he got rid of his primary campaign manager. We did not learn of his “kick-out” until a few days ago. He is now folding documents for the liquor element.

The likeliest story of the girl who flagged the train with a red-flannel petticoat came from away down south, where they may wear them, and they may not. Anyhow, they don't up north. But they almost stop trains by not wearing them.

### THE BEST STUMP SPEAKERS.

“Spellbinding is to be a feature of the campaign this year, according to the leaders of both parties,” remarked John O. Miller of New York, at the New Willard. “We may therefore expect to hear a lot of good speeches by the younger members of the two organizations. This reminds me that I once heard Champ Clark say that the three best stump speakers of his experience were the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, former Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, and Third Assistant Postmaster General A. M. Dockery of Missouri. Mr. Clark said he had never heard Mark Hanna speak, but he had been told that after he had entered the senate the Ohioan had become one of the readiest and most forceful debaters in that body and was a wonder on the stump.”

“The remarkable thing about these three men was that all learned to make political speeches after they had passed the youthful period of their lives. Senator Hanna was more than 50 when he entered actively into politics, and he was close to 60 before he attempted to make political speeches. Leslie Shaw, who was secretary of the treasury in Roosevelt's cabinet, was a lawyer in Iowa, who enjoyed a good practice, and I am informed he never attempted to make a political address. Former Governor Dockery was a doctor before he became a banker in Missouri, and was approaching middle age before he got into the game. All these men developed into the most forceful stump speakers. Speaker Clark told me he regarded Mr. Shaw as one of the most sensible men in the republican party and one who could make the best speech of anybody in the organization. Mr. Dockery was a wonder on the stump. This all shows that one does not have to be born an orator or speaker and that he can learn to talk after he has reached middle life.—Washington Post.

### SPEAKING FOR THE FARMER.

The arrogance, blundering methods and favoritism toward the railroads of the Interstate Commerce commission is one of the strongest arguments against abolishing the state commissions and giving complete control over railroad rates into the hands of the national body.

Above is a paragraph from an editorial in the most recent issue of the Nebraska Farmer, published in this city. It undoubtedly expresses not only the sentiment of its editor and publisher, but also the prevalent sentiment among the farmers whom it serves.

Sam R. McKelvie is publisher of this outspoken opponent of that plank of the republican state and national platform which declares for exclusive federal control, so much desired by Captain Rosewater, Colonels Smoot, Penrose, et al., and Commander-in-Chief Hughes. Mr. McKelvie is a republican of some prominence. He knows what the farmers think about the sort of a surrender of their privileges which the republican party is asking them to make.

Nor does the Nebraska Farmer agree with the republican party, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Rosewater when they insist that the complications arising from the dual efforts of state commissions and the national commission are so repugnant that the state commissions should be destroyed. Here is the farmer view of it:

“So long as we have a dual system of rate regulation, conflicts are bound to arise in making rates that affect towns near state lines. But that conflict would be serious if the proper degree of co-operation existed between the Interstate Commerce commission and the various state commissions. It is serious, however, when the Interstate Commerce commission ignores the state commissions, and without careful investigation insists, as it has been doing, that whenever a low state rate conflicts with a high interstate rate the state rate must be increased.”

Ordinarily it requires some heroism for a paper published by a republican who has an ambition to be governor to so lay bare the perniciousness of a plank in his party platform, and thus invite the attention of his farmer readers to the peril that menaces them, but in the present instance the heroism required is negligible. For there is nobody outside of the party manipulators this year who favor this audacious program of the republican machine. The voters are against it.—Lincoln Star.

It pays to keep close to your base of supplies.

The Burlington shop boys are all right. And they know how to celebrate successfully.

Rumania seems to be quite up to date in military matters—it dispatched its army across the border and then declared war.

When he proclaimed that he was “too proud to fight” and afterwards wanted the biggest navy in the world,” he must have been competing with Bill Taft at Winona.

A scientist has computed that scandal travels 1,000 yards per second, while truth goes but two and a half. But, if so, truth is the tortoise, and wins the race at last.

No nation ever was beset with bad luck as is Germany. The big Zeppelin which was struck by a British gun in the London raid did not fall flaming to the Bank of England—it fell onto a vacant lot.

W. J. Bryan will speak for the entire democratic ticket in Nebraska. He will spend the last week or ten days laboring in the interests of the party. This is made authoritatively by Chairman Langhorst of the democratic state committee.

Mr. Hughes says: “We have known any “known right” that he could or I am not to fight to maintain known rights.” But did Mr. Hughes ever see would fight for, not on your life, unless he was a candidate before the people. As a soldier, he is a nonentity.

## FINE TRIBUTE TO HOME COMING

The Way One Feels After Being Absent From the Old Town Many Years

Among those who attended the “Home Coming” festivities in this city is one whom, while he has grown out of the recollection of a great many of the younger generation, still has in his heart a warm spot for his old home and the place where he first saw the light of day. This is Attorney H. H. Claiborne of Omaha, who was here last Friday to take in the special “Home Coming” exercises. Mr. Claiborne is a son of Richard Claiborne, for a number of years interested in the newspaper business in Glenwood, Plattsmouth and also at Louisville. H. H. Claiborne was born in this city and his visit here was one much enjoyed. He was for a number of years engaged in newspaper work in Kansas, and later, moved to Omaha, where he engaged in the practice of law. Mr. Claiborne is a nephew of John D. Tutt of this city, and while here met a great many of his boyhood friends, and under the inspiration of the thoughts of the old home he has penned the following poem of the old town and old times:

I have your invitation  
 And have an inclination  
 To join “the boys” at Plattsmouth for a treat.  
 Tho' we may wander far,  
 As driven by “our star,”  
 There is always “home” to which we would retreat.  
 When tired of life's fight  
 And hating to the flight,  
 Of years which come to all upon this earth;  
 We feel a heartstring tighter  
 And carry burdens lighter  
 When our thoughts incline upon our place of birth.  
 Where the sun o'er western hills,  
 Shone back from many rills  
 Before the “march of progress” filled the land  
 Where the trees sent down their store,  
 And the bending hazels bore  
 A harvest to the active, childish hand  
 Where the Indian wigwam stood  
 Near the roadway through the wood  
 As you pass the cemetery's quiet grounds,  
 (How we children shook with dread  
 When they moved the early dead,  
 While the living pressed upon their hallowed bounds.  
 Oh, the beauty of the scene,  
 When the sprigs of tender green  
 Gave color to the banks along the streams;  
 And youthful fancy's flight  
 Made us sturdy men of might—  
 But shattered now are many early dreams—  
 But the ruthless march of time  
 Cannot shake one thought sublime  
 Until the day shall come when we shall rest—  
 As we love the state which bore us,  
 And the sky which now bends o'er us,  
 So we hope to gently sleep upon her breast.  
 As that day is coming nearer,  
 Old ties are growing dearer,  
 Thus affection for old comrades fills the heart.  
 Let us gather for a day  
 To renew our youth in play,  
 For we know that still “the best of friends must part.”  
 Sincerely yours,  
 H. H. CLAIBORNE.

### Could Not Do Her Cooking.

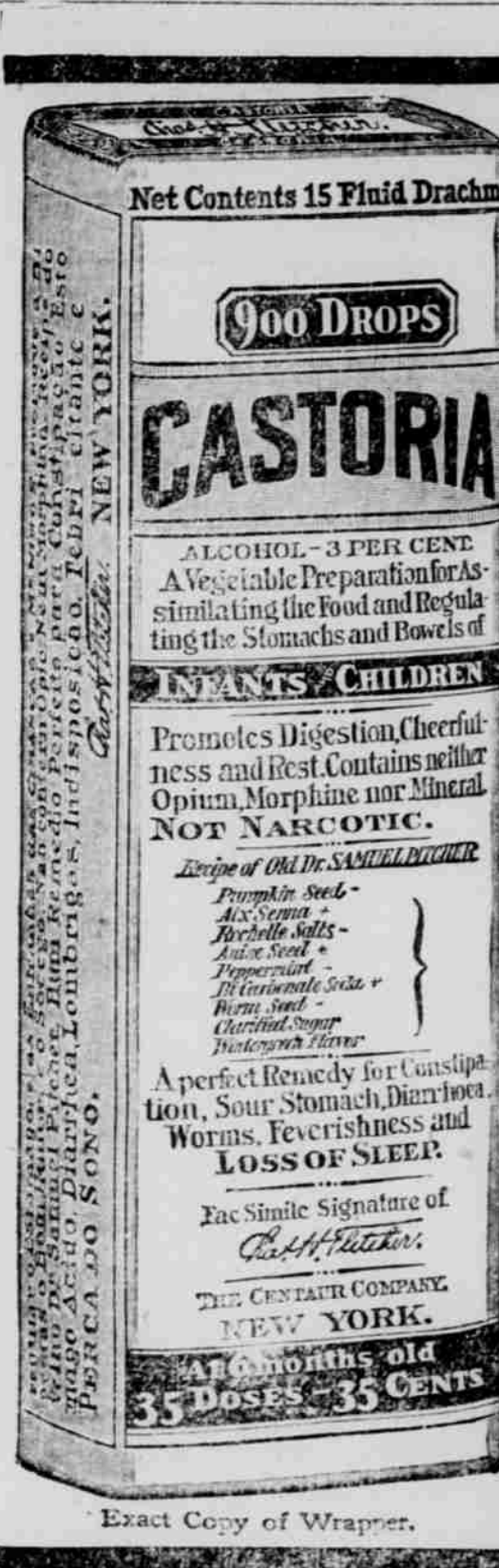
Mrs. F. E. Hartmeiter, Tea, Mo., writes: “I was affected with kidney trouble for two years. I got so bad this summer I could hardly do my cooking. I got Foley Kidney Pills and I feel like a new person. Too many women neglect symptoms of kidney derangement, weak back, swollen ankles and joints, aches, pains and rheumatism. Sold everywhere.”

J. R. C. Gregory, one of the leading farmers of Mt. Pleasant precinct, was in the city for a short time today.

W. G. Meisinger came in this morning from his farm home to spend a few hours here attending to some trading with the merchants.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, the great household remedy for toothache, earache, sore throat, cuts, bruises, scalds, sold at all drug stores. 25c and 50c.

Lafe Nelson and Henry Kaufmann, two of the leading farmers from south of the city, came in this morning and departed on the early Burlington train for Lincoln to spend the day at the fair.



**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**  
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TO PLATTSMOUTH.

O, little home town, dear little home town  
 Which nestles among the hills,  
 Like a jewel set in the vine-clad crown  
 Of a queen, who traileth her emerald gown,  
 Where the wild bird chants and trills,  
 And two mighty rivers are mingled in one  
 Where it murmurs and splashes and spills.  
 Ah! little home town, dear little home town  
 What visions come back to me—  
 What soft calling voices of loved ones drift down,  
 Through vistas of silence, like faint perfumes blown  
 O'er the waves of a wind-swept sea—  
 From the far away shores of a country unknown—  
 The dim land of memory.

Yea! fond recollections of thee, little town  
 Weave a wondrously mystic sheen  
 O'er my heart, as I think of the years that are flown,  
 The dear happy days of the past that are gone,  
 When life went by like a dream;  
 And childhood reflected the glory of dawn,  
 In morning's first rosyate gleam.

In all the whole world, thou hast not many peers  
 Oh! little home town of mine  
 For out of the woof of thy hopes and thy fears,  
 Thy joys and thy sorrows, thy smiles and thy tears,  
 Thou hast woven a spell that's divine—  
 A bridge that spans over the chasm of years  
 With a faith and devotion sublime.

So fair would I be with thee, little home town  
 Where true loving friends still dwell

The no great achievement, nor tale of renown  
 Thy pages of history tell,  
 But ah what enchantment my soul doth enthral,  
 When falls on mine ears thy welcoming call  
 Like the sound of a vesper bell.  
 —Letitia E. Burton,  
 Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1, 1914.

Our Jitney Offer—This and 5c.  
 Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Sold everywhere.

Itching, torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment is praised for its good work. 50c at all drug stores.

Wash A. Young came in this morning from his farm home and departed for Lincoln to attend the state fair and enjoy the sights of the capital city.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters is recommended for strengthening stomach, bowels and liver and purifying the blood.

Mike Hoffert and wife and children, who have been here visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Wurl and family, departed this morning for their home near Omard, Neb. August Nolting accompanied Mr. and Hoffert home and will enjoy a visit in that portion of the state for a time.

If you have anything for sale advertise in the Journal.

**Social Dance!**  
 TO BE GIVEN AT THE  
**T. J. Sokol Hall**  
**Saturday Night, Sept. 9**  
**A Grand Good Time Assured**  
**EVERYBODY INVITED**  
 Music Furnished by Holly's Orchestra  
**Gents 50c Ladies Free**