

The Plattsmouth Journal

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Buy the baby a bond.

Have you laid by your seed corn yet?

They all want them save the slacker.

When the Kaiser talks for peace he spells it "piece".

One hundred thousand citizens in St. Louis are expected to pay income tax.

People are for America or they are against the old flag. There is no middle ground.

Ask almost any modern girl about Joan of Arc, and she'll tell you it's a dandy fox trot.

The Austro-Germans find that Sunny Italy is living up to its warm climate reputation.

Congressmen will now perhaps expect free railroad passes on post-office franking privilege.

The cold wave cut short the spring-like weather for a few days. But we'll have to take it as it comes.

An eastern doctor has written a book, "How to Rest". None of us need any instructions on this matter. "Give us a rest" on that.

No one has addressed a letter to "the prettiest girl or lady in Plattsmouth." If so, the postoffice would be flooded with women as soon as it is known.

When a man reaches for his hip pocket now, you neither expect a gun, a flash light nor a plug of tobacco. What's the use of the hip pockets, anyway?

It is hoped much of that "powdered glass" found in candy received by the soldiers is nothing more harmful than sugar, which creates suspicion if found anywhere these days.

There is a saying to the effect that this war would be won by silver bullets. And it is up to the stay-at-homes to furnish these bullets. Let there be plenty of them.

If there remained any doubt as to our being unprepared for war, there is the testimony of Senator Stone and W. J. Bryan. Both of them are well satisfied with the situation.

"To have insurance when you need it, you must get it when you don't need it," says the insurance agents. And the same rule applies to an army, and most people have found that out.

The war is teaching us a lot of things. It is cutting out waste. It is increasing efficiency. It is drawing us closer together. Baby Bonds will teach us thrift. Buy your children baby bonds.

Apparently the American troops have been taking over more trench territory. Most of the soldiers have been writing from "Somewhere in France," but the other day a soldier's letter arrived, dated from "the gates of hell."

Another Chicago woman suggests leggings for women, since short skirts show no disposition to disappear from the scenery. Well, that sounds like as good a way to bring long skirts back as any.

In case Mr. Baker decides to carry out Mr. Wilson's war aims, he probably can get some valuable technical information about his department from Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, who seems to have been around quite a bit.

WILSON ACTS WHILE SOCIALISTS ARGUE!

There is something amusing about the present attitude of the socialists who but recently were wont to write books and make speeches about the necessity of the government taking over the railroads and other great public utilities. Possibly they meant by "government" the socialist administration soon to be elected.

It was the fashion to point out the fact that, in their efforts to pay dividends on the excessively watered stock, the railroad rajahs were charging enormous rates and continuously clamoring for increases; that in these fleecings the people of the United States were, within stated periods, buying the railroads but never insisting on their delivery. Just paying for the railroads and their equipments by excessive tolls but leaving them in the hands of the exploiters.

These statements were provable to a great degree. Then the socialists would point out the desirability of some day insisting on some basis or other of delivery of the roads to the people. Much paper, ink, labor and oratory were devoted to advocacy of purchase on some basis—and DELIVERY.

Despite disagreements as to the methods of acquiring all agreed that some step should be taken. The boldest advocated confiscation. Others urged purchase on any reasonable basis of valuation. All wanted some action.

"Let us not quibble about methods. Let us buy at any price, water and all if need be, but let us acquire and start operation. No matter what the first steps may be let us take them." This appeal was common and always met with approval.

Now comes Woodrow Wilson at a time most critical in the history of the nation, and as president of the United States, by authority vested in him by the people, through the congress, takes the "first step" and takes it in the only practical manner.

The fact that the president commandeered the roads as an act of war does not mean anything to these erstwhile advocates, now critics, with a pro-German accent, who pretend to see in the process another conspiracy of capitalism. They would criticize any act of the government at this hour—even the complete socialization of all industries. They would scoff at the fourteenth chapter and third verse of Karl Marx, Das Kapital, or denounce excerpts from the Eighteenth Brumaire if such utterances were ascribed to the president.

To sensible people no matter what the details of the transaction the fact of paramount importance to the workers of America is that the United States government has taken the first step towards the socialization of the means of distribution. This has been done by a president who, no matter what criticism may be directed at others at Washington, has been eminently fair to labor. Railway employees can rest assured of fair treatment as long as Woodrow Wilson has control of the administration.—Frank E. Wolfe of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy.

It would also appear that if the Hon. Bill Stone had been trying to select a time when his speech would be overshadowed by events of some importance he couldn't have picked a better week with horsepox.

The ice men will have plenty of coolness next summer, if they will take the finest crop of ice that has grown on the Missouri river in many years.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT.

Woodrow Wilson was elected by the people of the United States as president, and by the constitution of the United States, during the time of war, becomes the active commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States.

He is the supreme power of our country in the conflict of this war and it is treason in the army or in the navy to criticize the president's conduct of the war and would not be tolerated for an instant in the army or in the navy of the United States, but, unfortunately, it remains for the civilian and the politician and for the idle and irresponsible and for the pro-German to run riot throughout the country with criticisms and complaints that would be answered by a court-martial and a firing squad if made either in the army or in the navy.

Let the people remember that their country is at war; that the future of the entire human race depends upon the success or failure of this war; that the freedom of the world is involved; that the liberties of all mankind are threatened and that the only way this war will be won is through the universal loyalty and patriotism and support of the American people.

All criticism, all suspicions, all doubts as to the conduct of this war or as to the efficiency and intelligence of those in power who are conducting the war might well be stamped with that most odious of all phrases "made in Germany," for it, beyond any question, is a part of the most subtle and dangerous German propaganda.

It is time right now to look this question squarely in the face and for each citizen to answer to himself "Are you taking any part in the dissemination, in the repetition or in the retailing of this 'made in Germany' criticism of the government in its conduct of the war?"

If you are, stop it at once for the sake of your country, and for the sake of yourself, because any serious division of the people on this question can have but one effect—either to prevent our winning the war or delaying our winning the war with a divided country. Make up your minds to that now.

Also remember that the present administration is the only administration we have; that it will remain in power at least three years longer, and that maybe—just maybe—Mr. Wilson and his cabinet are at least as patriotic, as honest and as efficient, and as intelligent as you are, and maybe they have vital secret information that they cannot give to the people and which you do not possess; and under these conditions maybe they know a heap more about what should be done and what should not be done than you.

Nothing could be more unfortunate at the present time than politics intruding its selfish and suspicious head into the conduct of this war. This is not the time for any political divisions in the country—it is a time for united patriotism; it is a time for every man to sustain his government, to back up President Wilson and his administration with every ounce of loyalty, with every dollar of money and to encourage every soldier and sailor in loyal service to the country.

It is a time for every man to remain sane and tranquil and determined. It is a time for every man to stand willing to sacrifice everything he possesses—even to his very life itself—to win this war. It is not a time to play politics. It is not a time to gossip and scandal. It is not a time for eliminations and re-eliminations; it is a time for unanimity.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.
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All Druggists,
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versal loyalty and universal service, even without asking one question.—Kansas City Post.

Tell the truth.

Don't believe all war reports.

Newspapers should tell the truth as well as others.

Do you shut doors after you in this weather or are you just an ordinary fool?

What has become of the sleigh and bells. They don't seem to be "in it" this winter.

War pessimists are beginning to worry about what they'll have to worry about when peace comes.

Adoration, at least, is founded on democratic principles. The girls love a private soldier as much as they do a lieutenant.

Supplementing the advice to avert a coal famine "next" winter by buying coal in the summer we insist also that you may avoid drowning by staying away from the river.

"Handle high explosives with care," advises an army officer. The only reason we can imagine for advice of this kind is that perhaps high explosives are very expensive this year.

"When the authorities tried to get a love letter from her a New York woman ate it," says an exchange. And she isn't the first woman who has swallowed a lot of fool stuff her sweetheart has written her.

Another cold wave is predicted, evidently on the theory that if old King Winter didn't cloud up and test the efficacy of the Fuel Administration during the recent warm days, somebody else would.

We are quick to blame politicians for dragging politics into the war, but we stop there. We should force them to devote all their time to politics and quit monkeying with the war, which is a scientific job.

About the only time we feel safe in believing Prussian statesmen is when they say they will not meet our peace terms, which we did not expect them to do; but they will be glad to do so before another year rolls round.

Until further developments, those rumors of an uprising in Austria will be laid alongside the reports of a mutiny in the German navy we received the other day—providing we can remember where we put the meeting reports.

What people are stranger than Americans? Mr. Hoover has made us go without meat and wheat and sugar and other things we liked better than anything in the world, and yet we have no quarrel with Hoover. But how we snarl at Doctor Garfield for thrusting upon part of us one holiday a week!

MR. BRYAN WRONG, OF COURSE.

Mr. Bryan does not appear to be in receipt of any advance information from the administration, in which respect he is in the same position that the rest of us occupy. Otherwise it is proper to assume he would not have selected the time he did to announce that the appointment of a director of munitions was unnecessary.

The appointment followed so quickly upon the announcement as almost to invite the belief that the one was the effect of the other. But probably this theory will have to be rejected as implying an influence with the administration which Mr. Bryan plainly does not enjoy. Granting that he did not know what the administration was going to do, he still ought to have taken no chances, but should have reflected that probably the Secretary of War didn't know either. Mr. Bryan, however, probably is not alone in his surprise and if he needs condolence very likely he can get it from Secretary Baker.—K. C. Star.

NEBRASKA AND FLIGHT OF TIME

Although it was admitted into the union in 1867, Nebraska is considered in this part of the country a new state. True, time does not stagnate there; things move; the wind blows; the corn grows and the farmer steps on the "gas" and whirls out on the road to town. It seems but the other day that William Jennings Bryan with flashing eye was the boy orator of the Platte. Yet Nebraska's claim to antiquity is more valid than some of the places where crumbling ruins in the ante-bellum days were stared at by trippers from Omaha under the kindly guidance of Mr. Cook, or where, across blowing sands, the Pyramids and the Sphinx rear themselves.

The Nebraska husbandmen of today driving his tractor plow at sun-up across his endless prairies followed the prairie schooner as the prairie schooner followed the Indian. A "new" country truly.

Well, the American Museum of Natural History has just exposed to the public the skeleton of one of Nebraska's earliest settlers, the moropus. This pioneer was a relative of the horse, the tapir, the giraffe, the camel and the rhinoceros, favoring the latter in size and gracefulness. His lineage is further complicated by the presence of prodigious claws. He is, in fact, a sort of gigantic platypus—unclassifiable.

So it is to be hoped that any careless thinking person who is disposed to dismiss Nebraska as a "new" will pause and consider the moropus. Tall Troy fell 1183 B. C., but in an age before, so dim that no man can know its beginning that strange, a moropulous Nebraskan gave his final grunt, bellow or whatever farewell a dying moropus made and sank back dead in his fossil bed while headless time began to count off more ages.—New York World.

KAISER AND BOLSHEVIKI.

The fact of autocratic government is one of the most amazing of the many amazing things in this world. The bit and bridle that the autocrat puts on the people, the harness with which he latches them to his chariot, are so very, very frail! By taking even a deep breath the people can snap them to pieces. And the strength of the people, by comparison with that of the autocrat and all his armed retinue, is as the strength of a hundred compared to that of one.

So long as the people are measurably content they may be tamely submissive. And so long as they are submissive the autocrat reigns in pomp and panoply. But when discontent arrives and is aggravated till it becomes bitter, then tame submission ceases. And if ever it is converted to a fury of resentment and rebellion, then the power of the autocrat to govern and control the masses is no greater than that of an insect to stop the great fly-wheel on which it rides.

We have seen, already, what happened to the Russian autocracy.

We are watching now, with an interest that grows constantly keener, to see what is to happen to the German and Austrian autocracies. The troops are beginning to murmur.

Labor, that mighty and invincible force that like Atlas bears on its back the burdens of a world, is growing restive. Its belly is empty. Its ears ache with the lies and vain promises that have been poured into them. Its heart and soul are hungry; hungry for peace and the vast blessing of a happy fireside; hungry for an untroubled mind, for the simple pleasures of life, for a chance to sleep at night.

Well may the Hertlings and the Czernins, well may even the Kaisers and Emperors, the Tirpitzes and Hindenburgs, be talking of peace. They cannot talk it too earnestly or bring it too rapidly to pass. With every new day the danger mounts—the danger that on the day peace dawns there will be left for them nothing to enjoy; the danger that it will be ushered in, not by generals on a victorious field, not by diplomats about the council table, but by the fury of



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the mob, the red rags of riot and rebellion!
The rising tide of bolshevism is running swift across international boundary lines and there is no power at Potsdam that can sweep it back.—World-Herald.

CAPTURES A DESERTER.

From Wednesday's Daily.
Carl Carhart, a private at Ft. Crook, who has been missing for the past two weeks, and for whom the officers have been searching, was discovered by Oliver Newton, also station at Ft. Crook and turned over to Sheriff Quinton yesterday who took him to Ft. Crook delivering him to the officers at the Fort.

THE SOUTH A LITTLE QUIET.

From Wednesday's Daily.
This morning C. E. Haynie and wife departed for Omaha, where they are spending the day, looking after some business and visiting with relatives. While at the Burlington station this morning waiting a train.

Mr. Haynie was telling of a trip to the south, from which he has just returned, in which he visited Galveston, Beaumont and Port Arthur, as well as Houston. He tells of the south being rather quiet, on account of the non shipment of cotton, but that the oil business at Port Arthur is brisk, with the pipe lines running from many points in many states to that place. The ship building is also progressing at Beaumont, where the government has a large force of men working.

Frank Mefford and son Elnait and C. C. Hurlburt were in the city today, the young men coming down to take their physical examination and were accompanied by Mr. Frank Mefford, they departed this afternoon for their home in the west end of the county.

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