

# THOUSANDS MEET IN GERMAN TOWNS TO CRY FOR PEACE

### DEMONSTRATIONS BEGUN IN ESSEN, COLOGNE AND MANY CITIES OF SAXONY.

## HUN PRESS GLOOMY OVER ALLIES' STAND

### Declares Teutons Will Not Give Up Colonies or Alsace Till Utterly Defeated.

Amsterdam, Sept. 19.—Peace demonstrations organized by social democrats were inaugurated today at Essen and Cologne and in a large number of towns in Saxony, according to a dispatch from Cologne to the Dutch newspapers.

Thousands of persons are said to have attended the meetings.

The German press generally regards the American answer to the Austrian peace note, taken in connection with the speech of Foreign Secretary Balfour, as final proof that the allies seek the destruction of the central powers, their peoples and the dismemberment of their territory.

The Berlin Vorwaerts (socialist) bitterly declares that the American answer and the utterances of Secretary Balfour compel the conclusion that the entente will not consider peace by agreement.

### Says "Victory or Destruction."

Vorwaerts says the great part of the German people are ready to discuss two parts of Mr. Balfour's speech. These are Belgium and the Trest-Litovak treaty. It says two other points, the German colonies and Alsace-Lorraine, will be opposed by every German. It says Germany will not part with these without being overwhelmingly defeated.

The Hamburg Preudenblatt is incensed because, it says, the United States refused even to consider the matter.

"Like mad men," it says, "they howl their force to the utmost, when other people exert themselves to find a way out of the slaughter of the world!"

The Lokal Anzeiger says President Wilson's answer makes it necessary to see what the entente allies will say.

The Deutsche Tages Zeitung, referring to the demands regarding the German colonies and Alsace-Lorraine, says:

"There is but one thing left for us—victory or destruction."

### No Truce, Says Hindenburg.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg has issued a proclamation to the German army in the field, according to the Zeitung Ammitag of Berlin, in which he alludes to the recent Austrian peace offer, saying that it does not involve an interruption in the war operations.

It is the army's duty, he said, to

continue the struggle while waiting to see whether the enemy is ready for peace negotiations.

Baron Burian, Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, in announcing to the German deputies that the Austrian and Hungarian delegations would assemble in the first fortnight of October, is quoted in a dispatch from Vienna as saying that his note to the belligerents had been considered for weeks and was in no wise influenced by recent events on the battle front.

## NEBRASKA FACTION IN FIGHT.

Evansville, Indiana, September 19.—Another faction has entered the fight for national dominance in the convention of war mothers now in session here. The newly arrived party is that of the next of kin, a Nebraska organization under the presidency of Miss May Pershing, sister of General Pershing.

As tomorrow is the last day of the convention the contest must come to a rapid close. As yet no organization has been formed.

## PRISONERS SOLD AS SLAVES

Paris, Sept. 19.—The Serbian government is in possession of documents proving beyond possible question that thousands of Serbian prisoners have been sold as slaves for a specified period to Turkey by Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary and Germany, according to a Balkan agency dispatch from Corfu.

The prisoners, it is said, were subjected to terrible treatment and that thousands have died from typhus, cholera and hunger.

## 100,000 GO TO WORK UNDER "WORK OR FIGHT" ORDER

Washington, D. C., Sept. 19.—One hundred thousand selective service registrants have changed from non-productive occupations since the promulgation of the work or fight regulations, Provost Marshal General Crowder today announced.

## RETURNS FROM THE HOSPITAL.

From Saturday's Daily. This morning C. L. Creamer and wife departed for Omaha, where they went and assisted their little son Robert on his return from the hospital at that place. Robert has been at the hospital for more than a month, and has been very sick a portion of the time, but is not returning to health, and his return home is a very pleasing feature. His many friends will rejoice to know of his marked improvement, and hope he will be entirely well soon.

## ALLIES OFFICIAL WAR REVIEW.

From Saturday's Daily. It is a selection of the best material from the official films of all the Allied Governments sent to this country, as well as including the best of ours. Every patriotic citizen should be interested in it because the review tells of our activities, gives close ups of our boys that are continually recognized by patrons of the theatres.

All these scenes are taken over there right on the battle lines. The Official War Review is shown at the Gem every Monday.

# Mollie's German Spy

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The light in Billy May's eyes deepened as he looked at his sister, hovering over her flowers. In Billy's vernacular, Mollie was "his only excuse for living."

Long years before when the little orphaned sister had piteously held out her arms to him, Billy had pledged her his life's devotion, and she had repaid. It had been no easy task to lay aside the coveted career and to take up as a necessity to her advancement the first opportunity offered in a country village. Being rural mail carrier had made it possible for "Angel" to have her education and the usual accomplishments befitting a modern young woman. That is what Billy had named the girl when her starry eyes spoke their gratitude from beneath a aureole of golden hair, and "Angel" she had remained.

College life had not spoiled Mollie for the village; she had returned with new enthusiasms and plans for his home making. He came to her now across the garden, his hand held wearily against his throbbing temples.

"Angel," he said, unsteadily, "something's wrong. The heat, I guess, yesterday. It was hard riding so long in the sun. The whole place seems to be swimming around and Angel—"

"Why, Billy," she cried in quick concern, "you must lie down this minute and not stir again today."

There was nothing for it but to obey; passively he allowed himself to be led back across the lawn, gratefully his eyelids closed as Mollie drew the blinds of his room. Then suddenly his eyes again opened.

"The mail route," he fretted. "Delivery at nine o'clock has to be made, Mollie; no one else to do it."

Painfully Billy endeavored to rise, but Mollie forestalled him.

"Well," she answered, cheerfully, "if the trip has to be made, it will be. I'll go myself."

"The road," he grumbled, "is new to you, Angel, just cut through in some places, lonely as—"

"Billy!" she cried, exasperated, "as if I'm not riding alone around the country all the time. Well, see here, if you are bound to be afraid, let me take your revolver. Surely, if I don't slow down I can hold your spy at bay 'in the offing' and speed away."

Billy was laughing with her now, but nevertheless he inspected his weapon of protection and handed it over with a glance of admiration to the little sister.

In the outer room Mollie lifted the gun gingerly, and removed its loadings.

"There," she sighed in relief, "it is safe now. It could still frighten 'hands off' and I'd never pass another peaceful night if I were to shoot even a German spy."

Up and down the broad, winding road sped the small red car. The new mail deliverer was prompt and efficient, not a moment did she lose and the task was most exhilarating. In the wind-blown cheeks the color deepened, about the blue bandana the fair curls twisted merrily, then all at once Mollie bent desperately to her levers.

A figure appeared before the car in the center of the road, and to avoid running the figure down seemed impossible. She must be quick or— Mollie closed her eyes in sick apprehension even as she sought the brakes. When she opened them again the car was panting and throbbing from its sudden check, and the man saved from danger stood near enough to touch her with his hands. He was leaning heavily upon a stout stick, evidently some fallen branch, and his steely eyes looking straight into hers, awakening her to a quick remembrance of past fear. Might this not be a high-handed way of holding up a car—a car and Uncle Sam's mail? The man was certainly foreign in appearance.

The face seemed all at once stamped upon Mollie's memory and while she sat stupidly regarding him, the man spoke brusquely, with a decided German accent.

"If you please," he said, "I must ask to be carried in your car. I have injured my ankle and passing conveyances are rare."

Without awaiting her reply, his hand reached boldly for the knob of the car door; then Mollie came back to reason.

"One moment," she said, sweetly, "the opening is difficult, and bent over as if to assist him. But in that moment her hand found the revolver in her skirt pocket and its shining barrel was on a level with the man's astonished face.

"If you move, or try to enter the car," said Mollie, still in that slow, sweet tone, "I will shoot."

An instant more and the car flew down the road, leaving the intruder staring at something shining at his feet.

"Jove!" he muttered, dazedly, and stooped to pick up the revolver. Evidently this most unusual girl had dropped the instrument of protection in her flight.

"Jove!" the man muttered again; this time in amused perplexity, for the revolver was unneeded; with this harmless toy she had held him for a moment in breathless terror.

And Mollie speeding down the broad highway, determined to tell Billy nothing about it all. When he was

better perhaps anxiety might not so trouble him.

He looked up refreshed from sleep as she entered.

"Gee!" he greeted her, "I am glad that trip is over. I am better. You must leave me this evening and go over to Warwick's, as you had planned."

"If it were not such an unusual opportunity to meet a notable," Mollie said, "I would not think of leaving you, Billy. But fancy the privilege of seeing with one's own eyes a great sought-after artist. It is pure luck Anna Warwick happening to be his favorite cousin and thus persuading the personage not only to meet her village friends but to talk to them upon 'Art Across the Seas.'"

"He has refused all invitations heretofore and the flattering hospitality of New York. So if you are sure you will not mind my going, Billy—"

And Billy was very sure that he did not mind. Mollie almost forgot the disagreeable incident of the morning as she arrayed herself in her new and modern white gown. She must show that artist from abroad that they were not behind the times in Waycross, even though the grass grew tall upon each side of Main street. But when she entered the Warwick's brightly lighted reception room, disappointment was evident among the assembled guests, for the great artist had not arrived.

"He left the house early this morning," Anna Warwick confided, "promising to return for luncheon. And such a perfect luncheon as I had prepared, my dear. But he did not return. Dinner was also served without him; no excuse for his delayed absence, not even a telephone message. Temperament, I suppose. Wandered all the way to Brayton, no doubt, looking for light and color, and then probably calmly sat down and ate his meal in the hotel, forgetting all about us. Franz is quite equal to do a thing like that, but by this time you'd think he might have a glimmering of returning consciousness. Well, I will show the people some of his sketches and his picture."

"Here, Mollie, dear, is his photograph. Striking likeness. Distinguished looking, don't you think?"

Mollie, the large photograph clutched in her hand, suddenly subsided upon a deeply soft couch. Where had she seen that small upturned mustache, those steely clear eyes, that crisply curling fair hair—even the studious frown beneath the fine brows?

There was no need to think. The face had been indelibly stamped upon her memory as its owner had stood that morning on hand reaching for the knob of her auto door. The barrel of Billy's empty revolver had been levelled at that same distinguished countenance. And he, the man had said, he had injured his ankle and could not walk. He, the great adored artist, while she, Mollie, the heartless, the suspicious, had actually threatened his life and ridden away! Oh! it was horrible! Perhaps now even as the eager throng awaited his coming, the suffering man lay alone!

"Anna," she said, with a little quick catch in her voice, "I must go home; now, at once."

"Well, dear," her friend agreed, "if it's Billy you are worrying about, of course we will excuse you."

Mollie did not wait to see Billy. Her remorseful heart burned to atone. In the garage she found the little red car and turned on its lights. A moment she lingered to sweep into a box the contents of two plates left from the evening meal, then out into the night silently swung the car.

On past the last twinkling house light, noisily over the wooden bridge, heavily through the newly cut roads into the deeper darkness. The headlights showed him at last, a long figure stretched motionless beside the road, his face upraised to the stars.

In a moment Mollie was bounding over him. "Oh!" she breathed in relief as his unbelieving eyes looked up into hers. "I feared that you had fainted."

A grim smile slowly spread itself over the artist's whitened face. "The surprising young woman!" he murmured. "Have you returned to carry out your threat of shooting me down? If so, I am completely at your mercy. He pointed to his crudely bandaged ankle. "Couldn't get away if I tried."

"Oh, please," Mollie entreated, her eyes soft with pity and almost incoherent in her repentant haste she told him the day's story.

"And so," he said at last, "you were defending Uncle Sam's mail; you were plucky enough to take the place of an invalid brother, and tonight," his eyes held hers in strange fascination, "you came back alone over the rough ways, through the darkness, to rescue me, a stranger?"

Mollie nodded, and the clasp of his hand was so fervent, so pleasantly disconcerting, that she turned in laughing embarrassment to the emergency lunch she had brought him. And after that, his grateful glance still upon her, she led him heavily leaning upon her shoulder to the waiting car.

At the Warwick's entrance, when she turned to leave, the artist put forth his hand. "The atonement," he said, and the slight accent had now a caressing sound, "is not yet complete. I must exact until the time of my recovery two hours' reading each afternoon."

"As you will," answered Mollie, deprecatingly.

"And at least one hour's conversation each morning."

"That, too," agreed Mollie. So, in a city art gallery is exhibited a wonderful picture, a girl whose wide eyes are as blue as the band on her hair. Against the artist's name in the catalog is written, "Portrait of Mollie, his wife." But to Billy May the picture is that of "The Angel."

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# ALLENBY'S TROOPS SMASH OTTOMAN PALESTINE FRONT

Holy Land is aflame under the impetus of a mighty stroke by the British, French and friendly Arab forces, and the Turks from the Jordan river westward to the Mediterranean seemingly are in rout.

Added to their already heavy losses in ground, men killed, wounded or made prisoners and stores captured in Belgium, France, Italy and the Balkans, the Teutonic allies judging from the first reports of the hostilities begun against the Ottoman in Palestine, are in for further extremely hard usage.

## Strike On Sixteen-Mile Front.

In less than a day General Allenby's British forces aided by French troops and natives under the flag of the king of the Hedjas, struck the Turkish line over a front of 16 miles and penetrated it to a depth of 19 miles, taking more than 3,000 Turks prisoner and overturning the entire hostile defensive system.

Railway and highway junction points were captured and strong forces of cavalry at last accounts were well in advance of the attacking troops, threatening to carry out a turning movement against the fleeing Turks which might prove disastrous to them. Meanwhile along the shores of the Mediterranean naval units were clearing the coastal roads of the enemy by their gun fire.

## In Bad Predicament.

In addition to the large number of prisoners taken great quantities of war materials had fallen into the hands of the allied troops, and the pressure against the enemy was going on unabated.

The predicament of the Turks is heightened by the operations of the Hedjas tribesmen on the east side of the Jordan which will prevent them from taking refuge across the stream in the Jordan valley and compel them to fight their way out of their trouble west of the river as best they may.

El Mujedr, west of the Jordan, has been captured by the British. It is the junction of several roads and its capture will prevent the Turks from escaping eastward. There are 18,000 Turks on the west and 6,000 on the east. General Allenby now is behind the main Turkish force west of the Jordan, which will have difficulty in extricating itself, especially as the Arabs have cut the Hedjas railway east of Lake Tiberias.

## NOTICE OF MEETING A. F. & A. M.

The members of the Plattsmouth Lodge No. 6 A. F. & A. M. are called to meet in their lodge room on Sunday, September 21st at one o'clock in the afternoon, to attend the funeral of their late brother James A. Walker, which occurs tomorrow afternoon at Murray.

## NEW PEACE MOVE IS EXPECTED

The Hague, Sept. 19.—Altho no official reports are to hand, correspondents learn on excellent authority that Chancellor von Hertling spoke today stating that an armistice is very possible in the near fu-

## ELECT THEIR OFFICERS.

From Saturday's Daily.

Last evening at a meeting of the Sophomore class which was well attended and a very enthusiastic gathering they elected the officers for the coming year, and transacted other matters of business, in the way of laying plans for their year's work. The selections for the officers the choice fell on the following:

- President—Mason Westcott.
- Vice President—Della Tritsch.
- Secretary—Margaret Schlater.
- Treasurer—Dean Douglas.
- Class Advisor—Miss Claire Dovey.

## HOLDING EXAMINATION TODAY.

From Saturday's Daily.

The Local Board are holding examinations today for about twenty-one young men who have been transferred from the deferred classes of the first registration, and when completed will about furnish enough men for the quota, which is called for early in October. Just how many there will be is not yet definitely known but it will be far from enough to fill the quota, perhaps a few more or a few less.

## WILL MAKE SOME STEEL CARS.

From Saturday's Daily.

Yesterday Master Mechanic, J. Dietrich of the Burlington at Lincoln was in the city, consulting with Master Mechanic Wm. Baird, and looking over the steel car department of the shops here, with the end in view of putting a small shop at Lincoln for the same work. He was accompanied by William and Frank Pillard who are steel car workmen, who were also looking over the plant.

Journal Want-Ads Pay!

Read the Journal Ads—It Pays.

# Becoming Models In New Fall Suits

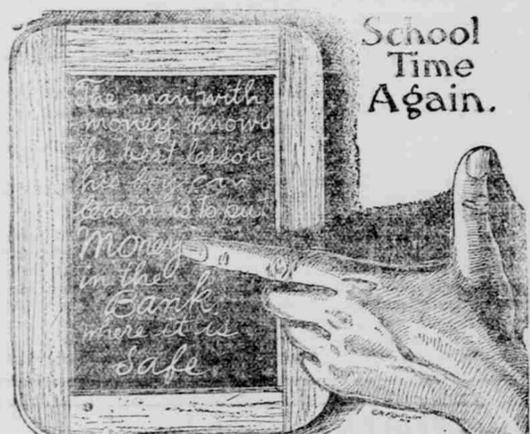
You can hardly imagine the charm and grace that is given to these garments by the long coat and the slenderness of the skirt. Many are relieved with exquisite trimmings of fur.

Present display brings forth such favored fabrics as velours, silvertones, serges and suedes, shown in a striking range of color tones. Among the most popular are blues, browns and soft grays. The prices reflect our early preparedness.

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