

The Plattsmouth Journal

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
Entered at Postoffice, Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class mail matter

R. A. BATES, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

How can the I. W. W. man
Have peace, or even hope,
When threatened almost every day
With water, towels and soap?

When we old married men go
down town on an evening we know
that we are only out on parole.

Mary Garden, she with the beautiful
back, tipped a porter by kissing
him. Wanted, job as porter.

If Adam and Eve had not gone
into that apple speculation none of
us would have to work hard this
way at all.

When a man is concerned only
about a place to sit down and spit
he is not creating much of a stir
in the world.

A contemporary wants to know if
lawyers can get into heaven. Not
unless there is a loose paling in
the fence somewhere.

Why is it any worse or different
for a state or nation to own and
operate a road that has rails on it
than one with only ruts in it?

When you feel called upon to
come in here and disseminate wis-
dom to the editor, please do not dis-
seminate garlic at the same time.

Ambition is often but a prismatic-
hued bubble, bursting on the crest
of a receding wave; but without it
we sink to the level of the brute.

The woman will love each other,
as they do the men some day, but
it will be after the Panama Canal
has been moved up north of Green-
lago.

We notice that the ladies whose
bathing suits are about the size of
a handkerchief or postage stamp
are those whom nature had been
kind to.

The dispatches state that feet-
washing as a ceremony has been
revived by Bavaria. Good scheme.
A bath all over is advisable occa-
sionally, also.

George Bernard Shaw still insists
that Christianity has been a failure.
There are a few million people,
however, who differ, in that they
hold that it is George Bernard
Shaw who is the failure.

The Sultan of Something-or-oth-
er, over in the old country some-
where, has just married his 127th
wife. We sometimes think we have
troubles to contend with, but now
we know better.

TOO MUCH BACK TO THE SOIL.

A California paper tells a story
about a beautiful young woman
down along the middle state sea-
coast somewhere who has forsaken
society and is living the life of a
hermit, wearing overalls and going
barefoot, with her yellow hair hang-
ing down her back. This does not
stir up the tear ducts or the secret
recesses of our immortal soul as
much as maybe it would if we did
not stop to think that a woman
who goes around in overalls and
bare feet is not romantic. A woman
in overalls looks like a sack of meal
with a string tied around the middle
of it, and if her hair is hanging down
her back as she treads the mighty
forest it is full of dead leaves, and
maybe other things; her Grecian
nose is peeled like an onion with
sunburn and her face is as freckled
as a politician's past record, while
her dear little pink toes are hard
and horny and dirty. The dear and
lovable woman who wears
clothes and is not a stranger to the
bathtub is good enough.

THE COST OF FRIVOLITY.

In a letter to a metropolitan
newspaper, a disgusted citizen in-
sists that a great deal of the al-
leged high cost of living is due to
the "high cost of frivolity." He
makes out an impressive case for
New York, at least.

"All the theaters before the
strike," he says, "were nightly pack-
ed to the doors. The burlesque
shows, the hundreds of movie houses,
are filled to overflowing day and
night by crowds that are evidently
never at home.

"Short hours bring them all to
the streets and shops, where they
squander all they get on clothes and
jewelry. The "shop ladies" dress
like duchesses in silks, laces and
pearls, and go to "business" in filmy
garments suitable for a ball room.

"Then at evening they fill all the
restaurants. All the table d'hotes
are crowded, and in many cases
parties of young girls without es-
corts fill the tables, feasting and
guzzling.

"After this come the shows and
then the cabarets, to say nothing
of Coney Island and the show inns.
This they do nightly, and then sleep
in the morning on the way to work.
It is nothing for them to spend in
a night \$10, which would keep the
family in food for several days.

"How can they get on with this
mad way of living? If people in
more comfortable circumstances
wasted their money the way these
people do, in proportion, they would

soon be ruined. It is no wonder
food is high, the way money is
squandered on it and other things
by the very people who are howl-
ing because they can't spend more."

This is probably an over-drawn
picture of New York life, and it
would certainly not fit the average
American city. Yet there is enough
truth in it to call for serious
thought. There has been much talk
about the extravagance of the rich,
causing high prices. It is time
something was said about the ex-
travagance of the poor. Certain it
is that many a once humble work-
man, or workman's wife or son or
daughter, has lost all sane perspec-
tive as a result of war-time wages,
and is indulging in a scale of ex-
penditure not merely ruinous to the
individual or family concerned, but
encouraging dealers of every sort to
charge "all the traffic will bear."

Profiteering is only one side of
the story. There is the other side
of reckless spending. Both must be
checked. If we are to have a re-
turn to honest, old-fashioned profits
we must also return to honest, old-
fashioned thrift.

WHEN WE BECOME BOLSHEVIST.

We are in receipt of an offer from
a New York editorial syndicate, to
furnish a series of articles on why
all of us should embrace Bolshevism.
The letter states that the league of
nations is all wrong; that the
world's statesmanship is defunct,
and that Bolshevism is the only
remedy offered to distracted peoples.
The articles are to be signed "Cos-
mocrat," and we are to have them
for the modern price of \$25.

We will publish this rot and em-
brace the crazy doctrine of Bolshev-
ism just as soon as the devil reigns
in heaven and the graves yawn and
give up the hundreds of thousands
of dead men, women and children
murdered by ignorant and demented
advocates of that worse than
hallucination.

When the blood-stained soil of
Europe, and especially Russia, is
purged of the crimson flood by the
tears of the impoverished and be-
reaved widows and orphans, hus-
bands and wives, made so by this
crime devised by Satan and executed
by Trotzky, Lenine, Karl Marx and
Hun Kultur, then, maybe, we'll think
about it.

When the charred and blackened
bodies of dynamite outrages all over
the world, and even here in our own
bloved America, are again made
whole and given life, possibly we
might listen, out of curiosity, to such
dope dreams.

When the martyred Garfield and
McKinley are back in the presiden-
tial chair, when the crushed corpses
of the Los Angeles Times workers
are again given the breath of life—
when the bomb-throwers of Austria
make whole and well the millions of
dead and maimed they caused by
bringing on a world war at behest
of a Kaiser as crazy as all the rest
of the Bolshevist fanatics—we
might buy some such delirium-tre-
men nightmare atricles for publica-

tion in this law-abiding, God-re-
specting, halfway decent and re-
spectable family newspaper—but
certainly not until then.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION

From Monday's Daily.
Yesterday afternoon J. W. Holmes
had a close call from losing his
Chevrolet touring car by fire and
but for the prompt action of mem-
bers of the J. H. Short family the
car would certainly have been de-
stroyed by fire. Mr. Holmes had used
the car to drive down to the Bur-
lington station to meet the 1:15
train and on his return had left the
car parked in the rear of the apart-
ment house. It was just a few min-
utes later that Mr. Holmes who re-
sides in one of the upper floors of
the apartment house was aroused by
the neighbors with the announce-
ment that his car was burning. He
rushed out and found that the auto
was afire in three places and but for
the prompt work of one of the Short
boys the car would have been en-
tirely destroyed as the fire was
burning briskly and the shutting off
of the gasoline supply by Mr. Short
served to prevent the fire from
spreading. The fire was caused from
a short circuit beneath the floor of
the car. The running board, the
wiring of the car and part of the
floor was destroyed by the blaze.
The use of dirt and water served to
put out the fire. The car fortunatel-
y was insured so the loss will not
be so heavy to the owner.

FORDSON TRUCKS MUCH IN DEMAND OVER COUNTY

From Monday's Daily.
The T. H. Pollock Auto Co., Satur-
day received a car of the famous
Fordson auto trucks which have
proven so popular with the farmers
and they had hardly gotten the
trucks off of the car before they
were all sold and ready for delivery.
This morning the last of the seven
trucks was turned over to Charles
Ward and Cyrus Livingston of near
Weeping Water, who will drive the
truck to Weeping Water where it
has been sold. Mr. Ward was one
of the first men in the county to
purchase one of the trucks and his
success with it has led to the sale of
a large number of trucks in that
portion of the county. Mr. Pollock
tomorrow will receive a car of Ford
cars which have been sold and will
at once be turned over to the pur-
chasers and add to the number of
Cass county people who are auto
owners. Four new Fords will be
brought down from Omaha today
for delivery to the trade. The chief
difficulty experienced by Mr. Pol-
lock is not in selling the cars but in
getting enough to supply the de-
mand as there is always a large
waiting list for the machines.

CASS COUNTY MEN MAKE GOOD SCORE

The Glenwood Gun Club gave its
annual registered shooting tourna-
ment at Glenwood and among the
artists were a squad from Cass coun-
ty who made a very favorable show-
ing. There were some 50 shooters
from western Iowa and eastern Ne-
braska entered and a 150 bird race
was shot.
One of Cass county number John
Gauer from Cedar Creek was the
leader of the squad and also leader
of the entire program carrying away
the honors of the day with 146
breaks out of a possible 150.
The boys from Cass county were
royally entertained and had a fine
day of sport. The squads score in

each event follows:
Thorpe 15, 15, 19, 15, 14, 20, 14,
13, 18. Total 143.
Noyes 13, 14, 19, 9, 14, 17, 15,
12, 16. Total 129.
Gauer 15, 14, 20, 15, 14, 19, 14,
15, 20. Total 146.
Timghan 8, 14, 19, 15, 15, 19, 13,
12, 17. Total 132.
Wolff 14, 15, 20, 15, 13, 16, 13,
14, 17. Total 137.
This makes an average for the
squad of 91 per cent. In the special
25 bird race the squad also made a
good score:
Thorpe, 23; Noyes, 22; Gauer, 21;

Timghan, 24; Wolff, 24.
Thorpe from Eagle and Timghan,
Murdock, participated in the Chica-
go tournament recently and made a
fine showing. Timghan making a
100 straight one day taking 1st
prize. Gauer is the main stay of
the local shooters and can always
be relied upon to stand the test. He
is president of the Louisville Gun
Club and is bringing up a fine squad
of young shooters under his able
management. Noyes is also a mem-
ber of the Louisville club and Hard-
ware dealer of that place.
This is a fine sport and should be

taken up here at home by the local
shooters.
The Cass county boys pulled down
around \$200.00 in cash from the
Mills county tournament.

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass, Picture
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W. A. ROBERTSON,
Lawyer.
East of Riley Hotel,
Coates Block,
Second Floor.

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