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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

The time will come when the civilized man will feel that the rights of every living creature on the earth are as sacred as his own. Anything short of this cannot be perfect civilization.—David Sarr Jordan.

Isn't it strange that some people are the happiest when trying to attend to other people's business? But it's a fact.

Keep it prominently before the people: Every enterprising citizen in Plattsmouth should be a member of the Commercial club.

Cuba is in working shape and it is safe to say that better days are coming for Mexico and Central America if the United States can have their way.

Of course Governor Morehead may have disappointed some applicants for office, but that will wear off in time. The governor can't give every man an office that would like one.

Are you aware of the fact that the postal laws make it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to sell any stamp issued by the government for less than the face value? Well, it's so.

There are a number of democrats in congress who will not vote to let the navy run down, and we believe they are right. The situation in Mexico and Central America indicates that we are none too well prepared with battleships at the present time.

It is hard to understand what the women who will walk from New York to Washington can accomplish that will actually help their cause. To see a band of tired, tanned, disheveled women marching along the roads isn't apt to be an inspiring sight.

It is declared that Benjamin Franklin selected March 4th as inauguration day for our presidents because that day falls less frequently on Sunday than any other day of the month. Ben was a wise guy in his day, but now he wouldn't reach first base.

The Falls City News claims there is nothing in the report that the M. P. shops are to be removed from that city to Omaha. If there had been any reliance in rumors and reports the Plattsmouth Burlington shops have been removed once a year for the last twenty.

European countries are now showing symptoms of a desire, if not intention, to protest against our immigration legislation, as England has already done about our canal tolls. If this keeps on we may have to ask permission of all the powers before introducing a bill into congress.

There is no doubt as to Senator Hitchcock's ability to fill any diplomatic position that President Wilson may tender him, but he seems to prefer remaining where he is. There are few better posted men in the land on foreign affairs than Senator Hitchcock and few who could perform such duties in a more graceful manner and with greater credit to his country.

Senator Placek's pure cloth bill has passed the senate, and if it passes the house the women of Nebraska will soon be wearing dresses plainly marked "silk," "cotton" or "wool." The bill compels all retailers to sell only goods with the quality plainly marked upon them. This is another one of those freak measures you read about.

When the women take over the county offices the cuspidors will go out of the court houses. With a woman judge on the bench the lawyers will have to quit smoking. And with women councilmen we may expect ordinances making it a misdemeanor to wear a dirty shirt or come down town unshaven. There is considerable to this woman suffrage question beyond what appears on the surface.

This must certainly be a land of trusts. We have long been familiar with the steel trust, the lumber trust, the oil trust, the money trust and a score of others and now a suit has been brought to dissolve the moving picture trust. What, with all these, not to speak of the arson trust, the bandit trust and the white slave trust, will become of the country, anyway?

The matter of removing the university is at last before the legislature. The people of Lincoln offer to pay half the sum that it will cost for extending the ground limits if it remains where it is. That is liberal enough. It will cost \$2,500,000 to move it. The state will be money in pocket to let it stay right where it is. Action will be taken on the matter by the legislature February 27. So mote it be.

Governor Morehead has not yet selected the third member of the board of control and it is rumored that it is very doubtful if the senate confirms the two already appointed, on account of their deficiency in qualifications. Cass county has a man who is in every way fitted for the position, being one of the best business men in the state. That man is Mr. L. F. Longhorst, the leading merchant of Elmwood. No better man ever breathed the breath of life, and his friends all over Nebraska are legion.

The parcel post has already been used to bring baker's bread to the farm. Are we threatened with the disappearance of the huge "saltrisin" loaf which has always decorated the farm table and made the hungry worker think he was getting something to eat when he took a slice? If the farmer can shirk work in the garden by getting his vegetables at the grocery, why should not the over-worked farm wife let Uncle Sam bring bread for the harvest hands from the bakery?

Omaha should feel proud of the free advertising it is receiving in the papers in the west part of the state in regard to "white slavery" being carried on in that city. These papers may be justified in saying what they have, but we'll wager that there is a hundred cities in the United States that are worse in every respect, morally speaking, than Omaha, and why should these papers single out the metropolis of their own state as the most immoral in the universe? They are doing the state an injury and Omaha does not deserve the slanders heaped upon her by our own state papers.

The reappointment of Dr. B. F. Williams as superintendent of the Lincoln asylum for the insane by Governor Morehead is the proper thing. Everyone who is acquainted with the surroundings at the institute commends Dr. Williams in the highest terms as a gentleman eminently fitted for the position. He has been tried and found not wanting in his official duties.

We can hardly endorse the Fuller telephone bill, but we do think that there should be some way of preventing the Lincoln Telephone company raising the rate because it has a monopoly of the whole business. It would seem to a man up a tree that this company could better lower the rate than raise it—having the entire business. The people are not going to stand much monkey business. They may be pressed to build a line of their own in Cass county.

The story of the sunken boat loaded with whisky, consigned to Plattsmouth dealers and other dealers up the river, may be no joke story, but it sounds rather fishy. The boat is said to have sunk in the Missouri river thirty-five years ago, five miles below this city, and near Rock Bluffs. A company is to be organized in Omaha to dig down deep into the sand-bars for the coveted fortune, in drinkables, as soon as they can ascertain the spot where the boat went down. These stories of sunken boats laden with valuables, are very frequent, but we have failed to learn of their recovery. Maybe this will prove an exceptional case.

To "Tell the Truth About Nebraska" and give information to the outside world regarding the possibilities and resources of our great state is the object of house roll 423, which provides for the creation of the Nebraska Conservation and Public Welfare Commission and for an appropriation of \$25,000 to carry on the work of the commission. That there is need for such measures has been conceded by the many who are interested in the development of the resources of Nebraska, and the bill gives the commission power to devise ways and means that will aid in such development and to point out the facts relative to resources and industries of the state and the physical, economic and social conditions existing therein, and based on these conclusions through the medium of publicity, promote the development of the resources of the state and the welfare of its inhabitants.

The feverish restlessness that has prevailed in Mexico since last fall, when Felix Diaz began an unsuccessful attempt at revolution, has made a subsequent uprising not unexpected. The Mexican situation will likely be the first great serious matter that the incoming administration of the United States will have to contend with. Unless absolutely necessary to protect American lives and property the present administration for the two or three remaining weeks of its duration will not interfere in Mexican affairs, President Taft having announced that the settlement of the difficulty—so far as it becomes necessary for this country to settle it—will be left to President-elect Wilson and his advisors. The instability of the Mexican people as a self-ruling nation began to manifest itself almost three years ago, when the elder Diaz defeated Madero for the presidency. Conditions began to grow from bad to worse until a rebellion put an end to the reign of Diaz and resulted in the election of his rival, Madero, who has had a troublous incumbency of a year and a half. It now begins to look as if drastic foreign intervention may be necessary in order to quell decisively the rebellious factions of Mexico and protect the rights of the non-combatants.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY THOMAS DIXON



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CHAPTER XVII.

The Parting of the Ways.

THE two weeks which followed the Bivens ball were the happiest Harriet Woodman had known since Nan's shadow had fallen across her life. Every moment was crowded with the work of preparing for her trip, except the hours she could not refuse Stuart, who had suddenly waked to the fact that something beautiful was going out of his life.

Harriet watched him with keen joy and deep in her heart a secret hope began to grow slowly.

The day she sailed he refused to go with her to the pier.

"Why, Jim, you must come with me!" she protested.

"No, I can't, little pal. Goodbye."

He watched the cab roll down Fourth street toward the pier while a great wave of loneliness overwhelmed him.

At night the doctor was not at home. Stuart rapped on his door next morning and got no answer. The girl said he had spent the night out—she didn't know where.

As Stuart was about to leave for his office the doctor entered. His bloodshot eyes were sunken deep behind his brows, his face haggard and his shoulders drooped. Stuart knew he had tramped the streets all night in a stupor of hopeless misery.

Stuart took his outstretched hand and led him into the library. "I know why you tramped the streets; the old house is very lonely."

"I never knew what loneliness meant before!" The big hand fell in a gesture of despair.

Stuart pressed his hand.

"I understand, I'm younger than you, doctor, but I, too, have walked that way alone. You're all in; you must go to bed and sleep."

When Stuart returned early from his work in the afternoon he found a group of forlorn women and children standing beside the stoop. A pale, elfish looking boy of ten, whose face appeared to be five years older, sat on the lower step crying.

"What's the matter, kiddie?" he asked kindly.

"I wants de doctor—me mudder's sick. She'll croak before mornin' ef he don't come—day all wants him." He waved his dirty little hand toward the others. "He ain't come around no more for a week. The goll says we can't see him—he's asleep."

"I'll tell him you're here. The doctor's been ill himself."

He urged the doctor to go at once to see his patients. The work he loved would restore his spirits. He was dumfounded at the answer he received.

"No, no! I'm in no mood to work. I couldn't help them. I'd poison and kill them all, feeling as I do today. A physician can't heal the sick unless there's healing in his own soul. I'd bring death, not life, into their homes. Tell them to go away!"

Stuart emptied his pockets of all the money he had in a desperate effort to break their disappointment.

"The doctor's too ill to see you now," he explained. "He sent this money for you and hopes it will help you over the worst until he can come."

He divided the money among them and they looked at it with dull disappointment. They were glad to get it, but what they needed more than money was the hope and strength of their friend's presence.

"Doctor," Stuart began gently. "I've known you for about fifteen years. You're the only father I've had in this big town, and you've been a good one. You've been acting strangely for the past two weeks. You're in trouble."

"The greatest trouble that can come to any human soul," was the bitter answer. "But," he paused, and his eyes stared at the ceiling as he groaned. "I've got to bear it. What's the use to whine?"

Stuart stepped close and slipped his arm about the stalwart figure. His voice was tender.

"Come, doctor; you're not fooling me. I've known you too long. There's only one man on earth for whom I'd do as much as I would for you—my own gray haired father down south. Come now; tell me what's the trouble?"

Stuart could feel the big form sway and tremble under the stress of overwhelming emotion, and his arm pressed a little closer. And then the tension suddenly broke.

The doctor sank into a chair and looked up with a helpless stare.

"Yes, Jim, I will. I'll tell you." And he related his experiences in the Bivens mansion, ending with:

"I stole a—case of—jewels!"

Stuart sprang to his feet, with an ex-

clamation of horror.

"You—did—what?"

"Yes," the doctor went on hoarsely.

"I stole a case of his jewels and sent my girl abroad. I'm going to plead guilty now and go to prison. I shall never again lift my head in the haunts of men."

Stuart sobbed in anguish.

"You see, boy, I failed when put to the test. It doesn't make any difference about my reputation. Character only counts, and I'm a thief."

"Shut up!" Stuart cried fiercely, seizing his arm. "Don't say that again and don't talk so loudly. Whatever you did you were insane when you did it."

"Maybe it was a mistake. I don't know. I couldn't think then. I only know now that life is impossible any more, and I'm ready to go. You can send me to prison at once, Jim. I'm glad you are the district attorney."

"But I'm not. I resigned my office this morning to go into business for myself. I had only another month to serve. You're not going to prison if I can help it."

"But I don't want you to help it. It's the only place to go now—you see, boy. I can't live with myself any more! Besides I'm old and played out; the world don't need me any longer."

"Well, I need you," Stuart broke in, "and you're not going to give up this fight as long as I'm here."

"I'm a failure; it's no use."

"But you've forgotten some things," the younger man said tenderly.

"You've helped to make my life what it is—you haven't failed in that. You gave your blood to your country when she needed it—you didn't fail in that. You have forgotten the thousands you have helped, the hope and cheer and aspiration that passed into their lives through yours. We'll go to Bivens' house tonight. We'll tell him the truth. We'll return the value of his jewels. I'll get the money to make good what you owe him—His voice broke. "Oh, why, why, why didn't you let me know? I've influence with Bivens. He will drop the matter and no one on earth will know save we three."

"But you don't understand, Jim," the broken man protested, feebly. "I tell you I've given up. I can't take your money. I can't pay. I tell you I've given up. I can't take your money. I can't pay it back."

"You can pay it back, too, if you like. Harriet will be earning thousands of dollars in a few years. Her success is sure."

A faint smile lighted the father's face.

"Her success is sure, isn't it?" he asked with the eagerness of a child. And then the smile slowly faded.

"But I shall not be here to see it."

"Yes, you will. I'm running your affairs now, and you've got to do what I say. Get ready. We are going to see Bivens."

Bivens refused point blank at first to see Woodman and ordered his servant to put him out of the house and ask Stuart to remain for a conference.

Stuart drew from his case a card and wrote a message to Nan:

Impetuous that I see Cal at once in the presence of my friend on a matter of grave importance. Please send him down. He is stubborn.

Bivens came in a few minutes, shook hands cordially with Stuart and ignored Woodman.

"I want to see you alone with the doctor," the young lawyer began, "where we cannot possibly be overheard."

"I have nothing to say to this man, but for your sake all right. Come up to the library."

Once in the room and the door closed the doctor sank listlessly into a chair, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. His deep, sunken, bloodshot eyes were turned within. The outer world no longer made any impression.

Stuart began:

"Cal, you and I have been friends since boyhood. I'm going to ask my first favor of you tonight."

"For yourself, all right. You've got the answer before you ask it. If you've come to ask me to settle with old Woodman for my imaginary claim he has, you're wasting your breath. I won't bear it. So out it!"

"I'm not asking you to settle any old imaginary claim," the young lawyer went on rapidly, "but a new one that can only appeal to the best that's in you. Let it be enough to say that the fortune you inflicted on Woodman and the sights he saw in your house drove him insane. Hungry, wretched, in despair over his misfortunes and the promise he had given his daughter, whom he loved better than life, in a

moment of madness he took a case of your jewels."

"He took that case of jewels?" Bivens cried with excitement.

"Yes."

The little financier broke into a peal of laughter, walked over to the chair where the doctor sat, thrust his hands into his pockets and continued to laugh.

"So that's what you meant by laughing and sneering in my face as you left that night, you hypocrite!"

Stuart suddenly gripped Bivens and spun him around in his tracks.

"That will do now! The doctor is my friend. I won't stand for this." Stuart faced the little dark man with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

"Well, what did you come for? To ask me to give him a pension for robbing me of a case of jewels? I've accused every drunken servant in the house of the act."

"I only ask that you allow me to return the value of your jewels and drop the whole affair."

"Can the district attorney of the county of New York compound a felony?"

"I resigned my office this morning." Bivens tried to seize Stuart's hand, forgetting for a moment the jewels in the bigger announcement which meant the acceptance of his offer.

Stuart waved aside the extended hand with a gesture of annoyance.

"You'll drop this case, of course, at my request?"

Bivens looked at the bowed figure and replied quickly:

"I will not."

"I told you I'd make good the amount tomorrow morning."

"What the devil do you suppose I want with your money? Five thousand dollars is no more to me than 5 cents to the average man."

He paused, laughed and again stared at the bowed figure.

"I've waited a long time, old man, but I've got you now."

The doctor never lifted his head or moved a muscle.

"You are not going to prosecute him?" Stuart asked incredulously.

"As soon as I can telephone for an officer."

"Look here, Cal, you've just asked me to share your affairs."

"Not this one."

"Then to hell with you and all your affairs! I'll fight you to the last ditch!"

Bivens looked at him in amazement.

"What! For this old fool you'd reject my offer?"

"Yes."

"It's a joke! I see you doing it. Defend him if you like. I'll have good lawyers. I'll enjoy the little scrap. A fight between us in public just now will be all the better for my first big plans. I'll send him to Sing Sing if it costs me a million!"

Stuart lifted the doctor from his seat and faced Bivens with a look of defiance. "You needn't trouble for a warrant. He pleads guilty. Your lawyers can fix the day for his sentence and I want you to be there."

"I'll be there, don't you worry!"

(To Be Continued.)

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