

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

By the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.—Cervantes.

Now is a splendid time to drag the roads. They are drying up in fine shape.

Grand Old Omaha! She is coming out from under the tornado bigger than ever.

If you check up all your own, you won't have time to point to the mistakes of others.

A good many patriots have deserted the groundhog and gone over to the old Irl R. Hicks' camp.

Plattsmouth is growing bigger and better, and it will continue to do so in the future. Every citizen should be a booster.

Another thing to contend with is the laws passed by this legislature; they are not sure laws till the courts get through with them.

Everyone is now ready to offer some suggestions on tariff reduction. And most people don't know any more about tariff than anything else.

It may help to console the late J. Pierpont Morgan's friends to reflect that he died just in time to avoid the payment of an immense income tax.

The income tax of the Rockefeller's will be \$2,000,000. But that can easily be made up by the advance in oil, which the consumers will have to pay. It was ever thus.

Nebraska City is to have a new armory. The legislature has appropriated \$20,000 for the building. We extend congratulations to the good people of our sister city.

The Louisville Courier takes its defeat on the jail proposition good-humoredly. It ought to. Lee started the opposition in the first place. Well, here's wishing you well, Bro. Mayfield, the same as ever.

During the last few days of her incarceration, Miss Emerson, the American suffragette, in London, "seemed dazed and sang 'John Brown's Body' constantly." Her release must have been a vast relief to the jailor.

Huerta, the provisional president of Mexico, denies that he has resigned. A few of his predecessors did the same and it looks like wisdom on his part if he would take the rumor as a mighty good one and get out while the gettin' good.

Friends of the workmen's compensation act are hopeful that the measure will yet become a law. It passed the republican senate with but five votes against it, and is now in the hands of the sifting committee. Its friends claim that there are now enough favorable votes in the house to pass it, and thus carry out the pledge of the democrats in their last platform. Not only would it do that, but it would provide a workmen's compensation law that has been sturdily endorsed by both the employing manufacturers of the state through their association, and by the representatives of organized labor. The responsibility now rests with the sifting committee.—Lincoln Star.

A large number of farmers were in the city Saturday, and those whom we conversed with seem well pleased with the outlook for a good crop this season.

Complaint is already made that the bottoms of strawberry boxes are like the price of beef—away up. We believe it. Sometimes we believe the wrong side is filled.

Japan is again protesting against anti-Asiatic legislation in California. It sometimes seems as though the president had to put in about half his time conveying renewed assurances of profound respect and friendship to Japan. Some day the president may grow tired of this kind of business.

A woman has just secured a divorce on the ground that she has never been able to get her husband to change shirts on Sunday. No editor will ever be bereft of his better half on a complaint of this kind. The wife of the average editor would have a fearful time convincing a court that it was possible for her husband to change shirts.

Lincoln will vote on the saloon question on the 6th day of May. Lincoln seems to have gotten along pretty well the past year with her saloons. But there are people in every community who love to make people happy by creating a discord in their midst. In every community people exist who do not know how to "let well enough alone."

A great many young men, who the doctors advise to take long walks and exercise with dumbbells to reduce their avoirdupois, will stand around the house with their hands in their pockets while the little wife removes the tacks from the carpet, and then complain if she requests of her lord to pull it out from under the stove while she lifts the stove. O, man, thou art certainly a humbug.

Someone who takes a rosy view in life, says an exchange, gets off the following: "There are men who argue that living is high, but they might try dying. A live man gets shaved for 15 cents, but a dead one pays \$5, and never kicks. An overcoat costs \$25, but a wooden one costs \$100. A grave digger will plant potatoes for 20 cents an hour, but for planting you he gets four times as much. A carriage to the theater costs \$2, but one to the cemetery costs \$5. A saloon keeper will fill your hide to bursting for 50 cents, but an embalmer gets \$7.50 for the job. Come to think of it, there are a lot of things left to live for in this old world, despite the high prices and the contrary weather."

We have not been able to thrash out this idea of woman suffrage in our own mind. Do the women, that is the better class of women, really want to vote. If they do, we see no good reason why they should be denied the privilege. But if the better class of women do not want to vote, would take no interest in it, and two-thirds of them not go to the polls on election day, then we believe woman suffrage would be a farce. To give the women a chance to vote, and then have only a few of them do it, and those the undesirable ones, might be a mistake. The undesirable women of the city, as well as the ignorant man who now has an opportunity to vote, might not be the best for our national and state government.

Now that the groundhog has been placed on the retired list, it is hoped he won't run for anything before next year.

The young man of the Weeping Water Republican feels greatly disappointed in the result of the jail election. No doubt.

When a man wants wisdom there is but one way of acquiring it, but when he wants to make a fool of himself there are a thousand different ways for him to take his pick.

It is pretty generally agreed that ex-President Taft will make a better professor than president, but all his friends, as well as his foes, have to admit that Professor Taft is very much of a gentleman.

The price of hogs and cattle has never gone down any yet. Still we have a democratic president. The fact is they never will get cheaper so long as the demand is greater than the supply, no matter who is president.

Charley Graves of the Union Ledger, in this week's issue of his paper, tells the young manipulator of the reins that is intended to steer the destinies of the Weeping Water Republican, some things that if taken to heart seriously may aid him in his new avocation.

The present legislature has done another good thing. They have passed the act creating the fiscal agency of the state at the office of the state treasurer, instead of some banking firm in New York. The divorcing of the state from Wall street will save a neat sum in commissions. The law is all right.

The Weeping Water Republican shouldn't take on so over the jail election. Of course disappointments seem more bitter to the young. After you have seared in the printing business until your hair is gray and your head is bald you will have passed through many worse disappointments than the one you have just experienced. Cheer up, son.

That there will be several amendments to the constitution to be voted on at the next general election is now a foregone conclusion, as a number of joint resolutions have been passed and several more are pending. Among those already passed is one providing for direct election of United States senators; one authorizing the levying of an income tax, and another providing that five-sixths of a petit jury may render a verdict.

When are we to have a "Clean-Up Day?" And when we do have it will it be observed? When the proper time arrives Mayor Sattler should issue a ukase to the effect that it must be observed in the interest of health. An inventory of the back alleys should be taken, and then orders given in such a manner that it means strictly compulsory on the part of the resident. Let's have a perfectly clean city this summer.

Mr. Frank P. Sheldon, the merchant prince of Nebawka, came up last evening, remaining over night to look after some important business. While here he was a pleasant caller at the Journal office and talked of matters concerning affairs in the vicinity of his home. Mr. Sheldon was a very heavy loser in the recent cyclone, but like the sensible man that he is, he takes his losses philosophically, and went right to work to repair the damages. Frank Sheldon is one of God's noblemen, and if there are any truer or better men in Cass county, the Journal does not know in which direction to locate them. We are always glad to meet Mr. Sheldon and he will ever find the Journal latestring dangling on the outside.

Everybody in Plattsmouth wears a pleasant smile. Some because the jail fight is settled; others because Old Sol is drying the streets and the foliage coming on; others because there is a good show for the democrats to reduce the high cost of living; and everybody because they live in one of the best and most prosperous cities in Nebraska. Hurrah for Plattsmouth!

This truly promises to be a banner year for Plattsmouth. If the planned improvements go through, and there is no reason why they should not, those who live away from the town and come here to spend the holidays won't hardly know the place. The jail election is over and the start we have in booming things will glide right along. We mean business that is business from now on.

The greatest grafter the farmer has to contend with is the cheap agricultural paper. These papers are as numberless as the sands of the seashore, and about as reliable as the March winds. There are numerous reliable farmer papers printed in Nebraska and Iowa that are printed directly in the interests of the farmers, and they are of such a character in which the farmers can depend.

An eccentric old man in New Jersey recently deeded his real estate to God and Jesus Christ and left it with a real estate man to deliver. What is bothering the real estate man is to find some way to deliver the papers. Let him send his papers to Weeping Water. They have real estate men over there who will enter into a contract to deliver the papers and get a receipt for the same. You simply can't put anything over on a Weeping Water real estate man, unless it be a new county jail.

The work of the legislature is about ended and while the majority of both house and senate has done little more than draw their pay, there are a few in both branches who have made good. Senator Barling of Otoe and Cass, is one to be remembered with those who have made good. He has proved an incessant worker and it is due to his untiring efforts that several very important measures to the people besides getting through both branches several of his own measures. Senator Barling was right in the front rank among the best of them and they found very readily that he was onto his job.

A farm advisor is the next thing on the docket, and is creating agitation in Nebraska counties. A farm advisor might be a good thing; it will give some of the young graduates from our agricultural colleges steady jobs at good salaries. They might be able to tell some of our farmers some of the short cuts to early riches. It seems to us the success of the farm advisor, first would be to get a competent man who could advise, then to get farmers who would be convinced that he knew what he was talking about. Unless this could be done, the farm advisor would be a farce and a useless expense.

Yes, it's spring all right, all right, and the wonderful something which makes the birds sing sweeter and the grass green, and the whole world take on more enthusiasm than at any other time, is thrilling the hearts of every one of us. So don't try to be eretohety. Let the lambs gambol, let the colts frisk about, let the children be jubilant, let the young man go a-wooing and let the poets poetize without harsh criticism. For it is their time of all times to be glad and it is inhuman for you not to want them to be merry and make merry with them. For ourself, we count it one of our greatest blessings that our heart grows green again with each returning spring.

No, Hortense, the tariff reductions are not expected to extend the waist line.

While travel is a great educator, the gent hunting for trouble can usually find it without going to Mexico.

Remember that next Tuesday is Arbor day. Do a little tree planting, if possible. That's the way to observe the day.

Did you ever stop to figure out how many miles of road could be paved with the money that it takes to build one battleship?

You can always recognize the man who has no business of his own to look after. He is always looking after that which belongs to other people.

It will soon be time to swat the fly. In a few more days these pests will renew their campaign of spreading disease germs. Do your swatting early.

Lee J. Mayfield was in the city yesterday for a few hours and gave the Journal a pleasant call, and incidentally talked over the result of the jail election. Lee worked manfully against the proposition but does not take his defeat so nearly to heart as did the young man of the Weeping Water Republican.

They are already nominating candidates for state officials for 1914—that is members of the legislature and clerks of the senate and house are doing the nominating. When these self-nominating boosters hear from the people they won't be in it for a moment. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it.

It seems strange that some people should complain of certain conditions and insist that they must be changed. Then when an effort is made to correct the evil complained of these very same people turn around and support it. There are some very queer people in this world.

No faithful recorder of courts as they eventuate will fail to note that the suffragettes were badly snowed under in the election in Michigan last Tuesday. That foul parade in Washington had about as much to do with the result as anything else. The majority was overwhelming this time.

Cass county voted on a proposition Tuesday for a new jail at Plattsmouth and the proposition carried by a good majority. The west end voted against it pretty strong, while the east and south sides were strongly for it. The county certainly needs a new bastille if she proposes to continue restraining her bad people.—Lincoln Herald.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, president of the National Association opposed to woman suffrage, has inaugurated a nation-wide campaign of publicity, and she is right in the fight to stem the tide in the direction of suffrage. She is a pretty smart looking old lady and is determined to show the head-strong suffragettes where to get off.

William Rockefeller is really an object of pity. With all the wealth at his command he is in the grip of sickness that allows him little rest. His wealth has become a burden to him. He cannot eat a meal without having a dozen servants boring his back with their gimlet eyes. He knows little about the actual conduct of his vast interests and yet he is followed by investigators to remote corners and questioned. Uneasy rests the head that wears the Rockefeller crown. How gladly would he give a chest of glittering gold if once more he could know the delight of being a little ragged coated boy coasting down the hill on a home-made sled and yelling "track" at the top of his lungs.

There will be "A Hot Time in the Old Town" when they vote on the saloon question in Lincoln May 6th. It will be just as well to shut up the saloons. The members of the legislature will all have returned home by that time.

The legislature has fixed upon today (Wednesday) for shutting up shop, but it is certain that the session will run over into Thursday or Friday, and possibly Saturday. Most of the members are staying until the final fall of the gavel, and in this respect are doing much better than usual.

A year or so ago the California legislature passed an act providing for imprisonment of wife beaters and further providing that while at work in prison they be credited with a dollar and a half a day to be paid to their families. Now the Associated Press reports that so many cases of wife beating are before the courts that the dockets are being overcrowded. It would be strange indeed if this were true. The law has made it possible for any unemployed man in California to get a job at a dollar and a half a day. All that seems necessary is for the wife to bring the charge of beating and for the man to plead guilty, regardless of the facts in the case. Land monopoly in California has made opportunities for workers so scarce that a chance to get a dollar and a half a day job in jail is too tempting to resist. If other states imitate California the same result would doubtless be shown.

Of course there are some democrats who are already displeased with the policies of President Wilson. They shouldn't be. If they had posted themselves during the campaign last fall they would have known in advance what was coming. He told the people very plainly, time and time again, what he would do if elected, and he is doing it just as rapidly as he can. The American people have gotten so used to presidential candidates making promises that they never expect to carry out, but Woodrow Wilson is not one of that kind, and the more we see of him the more we are impressed with him as a man who lives up to what he says. It may be that in doing his duty by the great masses of the people we will have to declare our love for him for the enemies he has made. For he is surely hewing to the line in carrying out the pledges of the democratic platform. The common people, both republican and democrats, are heels over head in love with him.

There is all the irony of fate in the published statement that J. Pierpont Morgan starved himself to death, and there is a lesson in it, too. This great financier, with riches that Croesus never dreamed of, with the easy means of supplying himself of anything the earth or air or sea affords for human food, died the death that the poorest beggar can avoid. This man, whose great intellect made him a master of men and a genius of finance, at whose bidding great locomotives would go racing across the continent and gigantic modern ships of a million horse-power speed from continent to continent—this man could not use that mind to control his own muscles and compel them to swallow food for his nourishment. Nor could he, with all his wealth, find anyone sufficiently skilled in healing to cure him of his ailment. How like men are; how very like. How helpless when disease assails them and death stops at their door. No power of mind or store of gold can aid them and they die the same death. After that, who knows? Not every wealthy man is condemned nor every beggar pardoned, but it was Lazarus who rested on Abraham's bosom and the rich man who begged for a drop of water.