

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

The mark of the man of the world is the absence of pretension. He does not make a speech. He takes a low business tone, avoids all brag, promises not at all, performs much. He calls his employment by its low-est names, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon.—Emer-son.

Let us get rid of the rubbish! Don't wait for somebody else to start the ball to rolling—start it yourself.

Still if a man's wife were an active suff she might have less time to issue ultimatums at her own fireside.

People are fairly sensible in most respects, but it is hard to wean them from the notion of expecting too much from politics.

Respect the governor's proclamation designating Saturday, May 17, as clean-up day. Another proclamation from Mayor Sattler would now be in order.

A great deal of money is spent on travel, but this would be greatly increased, and enable the railroads to pay larger dividends, if honeymoon trips were extended according to the original plans.

A dispatch from Japan says that three new dreadnaughts of 30,000 tons each will be authorized at once by the Japanese government. This does not scare the United States into doing something it does not want to do.

Pretty soon, under a new ruling of the state pure food commissioner, you will be getting your bread delivered to you wrapped in rice paper and carefully sealed. The intention is to keep germs, microbes, parasites and similar active and deleterious agencies out of it and off of it so it won't fill us with disease.

While you are watching the garden grow you might figure this out: A man went into a store and asked to have a five-dollar bill changed. The proprietor could not change the bill but gave the man a dollar. Later on the man returned, gave the merchant four dollars and took up the five. Was it a fair settlement and, if not, which man was out and how much?

Anyone setting up to be a prophet could ask no better opportunity than to define the future of Mexico.

The farmers on the west side of the county are looking daily for that long-promised new passenger train on the Missouri Pacific. It can be secured if the proper high official is approached on the matter. He has not been seen yet, and we will never get it until he says the word. To much time has been fooled away already, and the demand for the train is increasing.

There are some other methods of insuring against fire than paying premiums to insurance agents—for instance, getting rid of the causes of fire. Old boxes, rags, rubbish in back alleys have not only originated but communicated fire, and it's a question of percentages and averages. Proper disposal of these piles lessen the risk and will eventually, if not at once, bring down insurance rates. Go to it on next Saturday, or before.

The "schoolmaster" president, as some of our sarcastic republican newspapers choose to term President Wilson, is forging right to the front in the discharge of his duties as the chief executive of this great nation. The big men of the nation, with one accord almost, see in him one of the brainiest men that ever sat in the executive chair, and he will proceed with the business affairs of the country just as though there were no bench-leg dogs barking at his heels.

Good reports come from Warden Fenton of the Nebraska penitentiary, and we are glad of it, because we consider Mr. Fenton one of the best men in the state. It is announced that he contemplates adopting a merit system among prisoners to displace a more distinctly punitive system. The custom of throwing a prisoner in the hole and stringing him up by the arms or any other kind of cruel punishment is a thing of the past in the state prison. Under the proposed new system, for every month that a prisoner conforms to the rules as a whole he is to receive a merit mark. If he violates the rules he loses instead of gains. In the end merit marks hasten paroles or pardons. Of course it will be impossible to thus control to any extent the most desperate offenders by the rule of kindness. But Warden Fenton's ideas commend themselves strongly and matters cannot possibly be made worse by their adoption.

There never was a tariff that pleased everybody, and the new one is no exception. And there is no indication of hard times in consequence of its passage.

Now is the time to get out and drag the roads. The rainy season is probably over for a few weeks, and it is best to drag the roads soon after a rain than it is to wait one or two weeks afterwards.

Norfolk is still in darkness, while talking about that new lighting system. We are reminded of the blind fishes in the mammoth cave. Can it be that the old town needs light after all these years?

We have had no war with England for nearly a hundred years, but the fact that our capital was burned in the last suggests that there should be some preparedness in addition to fire departments.

The dandelion crop seems to have full sway in many lawns in this town. And every effort is made by some residents to keep them down. A man with a preparation to kill them out would soon become a millionaire.

There are still a few idlers about town who should be at work. At this busy season no well man should be idle. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

There are some walks in the city that need the direct attention of the city council, and they are not all on the back streets, either. There should be no distinction made with property owners. All sidewalks should be repaired when they need it.

The Eagle Beacon has improved wonderfully since falling into the hands of the present editor, Frank W. McManis. It is now remarkably well printed and the news matter gotten up in an up-to-date manner. The people of Eagle now have a paper of which they should feel proud.

It is indeed encouraging to hear traveling men speak of the many improvements already made in Plattsmouth this season. It used to be with them, "Plattsmouth is a dead town." Now it is, "Plattsmouth is coming right to the front in improvement!" Let us keep right onward in the good work.

The next important event is Decoration day. The day upon which all good and noble people pay tribute to those comrades who sleep in Oak Hill cemetery. It is a day that will be remembered and observed as long as the heart beats in the breast of everyone who helped to save the old flag, that the rising generation might live and enjoy life and liberty under its protecting wings. A glorious sentiment.

Don't forget, as you go along, that Plattsmouth is to celebrate the Fourth of July this year.

People object to being robbed by the railroads, but the number willing to rob the railroads remains about the same.

Fashion does not decree that flannels shall make their exit at any particular time, having this slight advantage over hats.

A Nebraska sheriff out west has adopted the plan of employing the county prisoners in exterminating dandelions on county property. Not a bad idea.

The people of Nebraska City are rejoicing over their new train service between that city and Lincoln. How soon may we rejoice likewise in that new train service on the Missouri Pacific?

Looking ahead a little, it would seem that California might postpone this Jap fuss till after 1915. It might not make so much difference who owns the land for some time after the exposition.

If the suffragettes keep on carelessly placing bombs in railway stations and postoffices and other frequented places, we predict that ultimately one will go off by accident and kill somebody.

Doctors will view the ethical announcement of a probable cancer cure with a good deal more approval. Any layman will confess that it does sound a good deal like a patent medicine advertisement.

After so long a time considering the matter, Governor Moorhead has left out all the democratic workers in Omaha and appointed Harley G. Moorhead commissioner of Douglas county. While Mr. Moorhead is no kin to the governor, the latter has displayed very little politics in this appointment.

There is no denying the fact that much concern is given by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan over the state of affairs in California. The Japanese protest against the passage of the bill in which they are so much interested may be more emphatic than we are inclined to believe. It appears to be the hope of the president and secretary that Governor Johnson can be induced to refer the bill back for an amendment or that he will veto it. This failing, there is evidently to be encouragement toward the holding up of the measure by applying the referendum—a cut by that sword probably not in the calculations when the referendum bill was passed. A delay of a couple of years would give both countries an opportunity to settle many questions that need adjustment by both countries. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan desire to see the question amicably settled, and they are laboring incessantly to this end.

The Anti-Saloon League are certainly out of something to do when they pick up the university removal matter to serve their purpose. Suppose the university was removed to the state farm, does anyone with a reasonable amount of sense think for a moment that would keep the students from going into Lincoln whenever the opportunity afforded?

A slight tightening up in financial matters would give the republican papers an opportunity to send up a great howl, "I told you so!" They would delight in some great disaster to the administration in order to "howl their heads off." Some of them are so constituted that a crop failure would be to their liking in order to blame it upon the administration.

The tramp nuisance would be largely abated, the railroads would not be annoyed by these idlers, and the people of villages, towns and cities would not suffer from the hobo problem if the authorities of these communities would put them to work when they appeared to beg for food or money, is the opinion of Chief Malone of the Burlington secret service, who has studied the situation from many angles. Reports say that the hobo steers clear of every city with a rock pile. Why not try it this summer in Plattsmouth?

Sam Patterson and Dr. P. L. Hall have just returned from Washington, where they have been to intercede with the department for the appointment of Mr. Patterson for auditor of the treasury, to succeed the present incumbent, W. E. Andrews, republican, who is also a Nebraskan. Dr. Hall, who is national committeeman from Nebraska, stands remarkably well with the administration at Washington, and this, in connection with the influence of Senator Hitchcock, Congressman Maguire, Stephens and Lobeck, ought to land Sam, and the Journal hopes it will. Mr. Patterson is a former Plattsmouth boy and well fitted for the position.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, painted and enameled, with all her society manners and fine dresses, whose white, jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear old-fashioned mother with a sweet voice, eyes into whose clear depth the love light shone, and brown hair just threading with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our steps in childhood, and smothered our cheek in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us like the beautiful perfume of some wood blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the enchanting memory of her will echo in our soul forever.

Now is the time to begin taking your physical culture lessons with the lawn mower. Your wife doesn't need the exercise.

President Bush of the Missouri Pacific "recognizes trusts as an asset in business and a lie as a liability," says one who is near to him, and further says that "truth was foreign to the old-time business man; but B. F. Bush does business right out in the sunlight. He recognizes that railroads can thrive only as people thrive who live along their lines. His motto is, 'Trust in the Lord and haul no empties.' Successful railroading means hauling passengers both ways; and only a happy, prosperous people travel in both directions. Believing in truth publicity as a new ethic in railroading, Bush has established a publicity bureau in connection with the Missouri Pacific and insists upon the truth concerning the railroad and its affairs. He wants the man in charge of the publicity bureau to give facts just as they occur, to the public."

Older than history has been the watching and waiting for the song of the dove and the cry of the whip-poor-will and from the breath of flowers exhaling the barren earth. In the earliest times the hearts of lovers beat more passionately with the climbing of the sun toward the zenith, the songs of praise rose with fresh exultation when violets bloomed and the blood of youth ran riot when the first warmth awoke the sleeping woods. We are as much and as truly parts of what we call Nature as the trees and flowers, and the tide of vitality ebbs and flows in us as it ebbs and flows in the world about us. The life within leaps up to the cry without as the heart of man responds to the heart of its fellow after long separation. Half the joy of spring is in the senses and half in the spirit; but the joy of the spirit is deeper and fuller of mystery, for it is to the spirit that the symbolism of the season is made clear. Of this title of life which keeps the world abloom the divinest form is love. In love, and in love alone, life fulfills and reveals itself. Whether love steals through the senses or storm through them with the impetuosity of passion, its supreme joy is always for the spirit, and that joy rises out of the sense of immortality. When love comes every hour is full of the intimations of the fathomless life, which rises into consciousness in the soul of man; every touch of beauty is a hint of a loveliness; every experience is a door through which the spirit passes on into fuller possession of a happiness that fills that air of the world with a sweetness whose roots are below the reach of time and change. No heart that knows love can look at death without looking beyond it. None can shut his eyes so tight as not to see in the spring-time smile of nature the deathlessness of life and the every-watchful love of God.

MR. HENRY PECK AND HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS

By Gross

