

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Endurance is the crowning quality.
And patience all the passion of great hearts. —Lowell.

Be good and maybe you'll be happy.

A homely truth is better than a foolish lie.

The appetite for political plums is nonpartisan.

Wheat has advanced as a result of foreign buying.

Now is the time to inaugurate the good roads movement.

An old "safety first" idea—"Think twice before you speak!"

Roosevelt still insists the Columbia claim is pure and simple blackmail.

If you are anxious to learn something, just try to learn an old dog new tricks.

Business has not been very brisk in the city for some time on account of the bad roads.

The European war may go on until some debating society settles it one way or another.

Congress is almost sure to have a great amount of work unfinished when it adjourns next week.

Old Sol can do wonders with the roads if he will let his countenance smile upon us for a few days.

One day it appears that the groundhog actually did see his shadow, and then a week hence it appears a cinch that he didn't.

A British force, it is said, has captured the Garden of Eden. If so, it is not the first time the spot has been the scene of serious trouble.

In the early spring, as soon as the roads dry sufficiently, is the proper time to get out that road drag, and keep it moving every spare moment you have.

There are several appointments due to Nebraska that should be made and confirmed before this congress adjourns, for the good of the democratic party of the state. But will this be done?

This European war which began six months ago has already lasted longer than any war on the continent in more than a century. It has cost millions of lives and billions of dollars. Hundreds of cities have been laid in ruins; hundreds of thousands of homes have been destroyed and priceless art treasures that have been an inspiration to the world for centuries have been obliterated. And no man can prophesy when the end will come.

Senator Hitchcock's bill to place an embargo on arms and ammunition has been defeated. The question of neutrality itself, however, will not be settled until there is neutrality or an end to the war. No man, with one spark of patriotism, should want to see his country involved on the one side or the other. There are differences of opinion as to how best to keep out of it, and a discussion may prove wholesome, but there is no occasion for any "gag" business.

Entertaining Angels Unawares.

Over forty years ago, it was our duty to provide entertainment for a bunch of preachers. The congregation was small, but other folks kindly offered to help us entertain, and among them came a nice old widow lady of the old school, who lived with a daughter, also a widow. She told us that she would like to entertain one of our preachers, but she was somewhat particular. She didn't want an elder; she didn't want a married man, but a nice, good-looking and well dressed, polite and pleasant bachelor or widower! We were fortunately able to comply with the requirements. A day or two later, the younger widow came to us and said she had read in the Good Book about entertaining angels unawares, but that they had entertained an angel and knew it! It grieves us to have to state that no wedding cards followed.

In thinking over this old incident, we are reminded of that early time when the latchstring was always out, when visitors, if not exactly angels, were channels through which information new and strange poured into the young mind. Do our younger readers know what the latchstring was? The primitive door in the old log house was rudely made, homemade. It was fastened on the inside with a large wooden latch, which dropped down into a catch, and which could not easily be broken through. Just above the latch there was a hole bored through the door. A string was attached to the latch, and when this was put through the hole and hung on the outside, it said to all comers and goers: Just pull the string, and this house is yours.

Farmers in those days were greatly in the majority. There were no tramps or thieves prowling about. There was little in the house worth stealing, and the stranger was welcome to come in at his own sweet will, warm himself and help himself to whatever was in the cupboard. This was in the generation before our day. Even in our own early life, there were no magazines, and few daily papers. Our instruction came from the weekly, Horace Greeley's Tribune, and the county paper. The minds of the young people were not sated then, as they are now. Education was very simple, and our minds were not lumber houses of information, but little of which is usable or will ever be used. Hence a visit from a stranger meant a red-letter day on our calendar, and they were always welcome.

The preachers came, but we youngsters were a little afraid of preachers, and stood in awe of them. Most of them were very severe and stern, were strong on rebuke, and had little understanding of child nature. Once in a while there came one with a charm that won us all. He could talk to the little girls about their dolls. The older girls thought they were young ladies in his presence, and received all the deference, respect and kind and gentle affections which was the due of the girl just coming into womanhood. He talked to us boys about our games, and what we expected to do and be in life; and when he went away, he carried our hearts with him. We were his friends forevermore.

Then came the turn of the teacher to board at our house; and that was a great week. He knew all our dispositions and failings. He could open up to us a whole wonderland of knowledge, for he was not under the restraints of the schoolroom.

Then came the peddler with his wagon, who was the delight of the whole countryside. We remember one of them. His name was Best, and we called him "the best ever." He had all kinds of things that delight a woman's eyes; new fashions, dress

goods, trimmings and buttons. For the boys he had knives and hair oil, and the latest cut of collar, and the newest things in neckties. He knew everything that was to be known, particularly about the doings and goings of the whole neighborhood and the neighborhoods around. He knew who were ailing, who were courting and what success they were making at it, and when the wedding was likely to occur.

Our most vivid recollection, however, is that of a German soldier in the army of General Blucher, who was in the battle of Waterloo. When father asked him to tell about that battle, the old man's eyes flashed, he arose from his seat, and grasped the poker as an improvised sword. He hurled out German words that we could not understand, until we fairly saw the blaze out of Blucher's cannon, and imagined that sword was flaming, that it was red with blood, and that we could hear the thunder of the cannon, the charge of the artillery, the shouts of the victors, and the groans of the wounded and dying.

These times have long passed. Children are now sated with books and with stories, most of which are not worth telling or reading, and never were. But we believe that if a person could travel over the countryside, while he might not be received as an "angels unawares," he would probably find "angels unawares" in unexpected places. He might find where he least expected it some old farmer with a truly scientific spirit, who has spent his life in observation, and who could correct scientists in their statements.

He would find in many a country home, with furnace and hot and cold water, and every comfort, old people who, if they could be persuaded to talk about the past, could tell of hardships and privations in securing this home, such as our young folks have never dreamed of, and which, let us hope, they will never be called on to endure. There we find a strength and beauty of character developed from their life and circumstances, which we will seek in vain elsewhere.

Here and there he will find some old lady whose lover was killed in the war, and who has perhaps in her holiest place a faded flower, or a button from his uniform, or perhaps his last letter, or maybe a letter from a friend telling of his death on the battlefield, or giving his last message as he lay in the hospital. They may be surprised to find that this old lady is sweet and wholesome and content, because she has been engaged through all these years in helping other people. It is hard to tell what lovely things one might find by traveling from farm to farm and house to house, if possessed of that rare faculty of drawing out of people their inmost experiences, their heart histories.

He would find men who had had hard struggles, who had often been cast down, but never discouraged, who had met adversity with a brave and courageous spirit, and had grown, as we all must grow, by overcoming difficulties and enduring adversity.

He might find some of the other sort, who cannot forget their past afflictions, who take comfort in dwelling on them, who are soured and seem to resent the success of others, and wonder why it is that fortune has not favored them also. We will not dwell on these, because the impression we want to leave on our young folks is one of the brighter and happier and better things of life. Anyone who will keep his eyes open, and who is in sympathetic touch with the best that is in humanity, will often find that he has "entertained angels unawares."—Wallace's Farmer.

Geologists declare the earth is one hundred million years old, and yet it looks bright and new every sunshiny morning.

Talking about small calibre men, says the Beatrice Express, the man who tendered the minister \$1 for uniting him with the girl of his dreams, deserves the persimmon. There was a time when this service was considered to be worth at least \$125.

The early maid catches the bridal train.

Gossip is one kind of gas that is always fatal to friendship.

"Keep out of the war" should be the slogan of the United States.

Some young people attend the big university simply for a social whirl.

The only Indian raids at all alarming are those made on the federal treasury.

Ex-President Taft says that President Wilson should be upheld on his neutrality policy.

French soldiers are to be allowed to marry by proxy, although the dispatches fail to state the reason.

Two American ships already destroyed from mines in supposedly open seas is the beginning of something serious for somebody.

Perhaps if the speculators could run up the price of grain and flour some distance further they might be able to contribute something to the hungry.

Dean C. E. Bessey of the State University died Thursday morning at his home in Lincoln. His death was quite sudden, and from heart trouble.

Oh, don't worry. The song of the lawn mower will soon be heard in your neighbor's yard, when you ought to be up in the early morning doing the same thing.

What we desire to find out, what became of that Holy War the Hon. Sultan of Turkey requested Islam to start when the sublime porte edged into the fray?

Every speaker described a Washington of his own in commemorating the life work of the Father of Our Country, but none sought to discredit his character or ability.

Someone is always worrying about the "perpetuity of our institutions," but in spite of that the country has been rolling along toward progress ever since George Washington took the reigns of government.

Now an extra session of congress seems probable, but there are other expenses you will feel more, so don't let that cause insomnia; let the congressmen stew, as some of them are apt to in one way and another.

Neutrality, let us point out again, lest you forget, is limited to acts of war, and doesn't include talk, which is cheap. Which will help you to understand that this is still a neutral country, you might not infer from the conversation when it turns to warlike topics.

Bread is now bringing fifty cents a loaf in Mexico, which is sufficient reason for not being a Mexican. But a continuation of shipping foodstuffs out on the broad sea to have them blown up and wasted, instead of giving to our own hungry people, it will not be long till Americans will be paying fifty cents a loaf, and the poor of the land doing without.

It seems that the Hindoos invented flap-doodle. At least they have a legend that God made woman of the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the velvety softness of the flowers, the tears of the clouds, the timidity of the hare, the heat of the fire, the chill of the snow, the vanity of the peacock, the cackling of the parrot, the cooing of the turtle dove, the cruelty of the tiger, the gentle gaze of the doe, the lightness of the feather, the hardness of the diamond, the inconstancy of the wind, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, and the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow. Some more mush, please!

TO KEEP OUT OF THE WAR.

Though America's latest note to the British and German governments has been treated as an abysmal secret in all three capitals, newspaper dispatches from London, Berlin and Washington agree as to its nature. They say that the United States has suggested that the British government accept the offer of Germany, to discontinue its submarine attacks on merchantmen if England will on her part allow foodstuffs designed exclusively for civilians to pass undisturbed into German ports.

It is a rational suggestion on the face of it. Both governments are making of international law only "a scrap of paper" by their maritime policies. If Germany's offense in Belgium was great, England likewise offended when, as long ago as last October, she declared, by an order in council, that foodstuffs bound for a neutral port consigned "to order," or consigned "to territory belonging to or occupied by an enemy," would be subject to seizure. Germany's retaliatory policy, carried on by submarine attacks and by mines that are not only imperilling but destroying neutral vessels and taking the lives of citizens of neutral countries, is yet another offense.

It is not so important, from the viewpoint of the neutral governments, who "started it" as how and when it is going to be stopped.

Germany, in its reply to the American note of protest, pointed the way out. To speak in plain English, Germany promised to be good if England would be good. If England would abandon the attempt to starve German women, children and non-combatants generally, Germany would no longer imperil neutral merchant vessels engaged in the orderly pursuit of their lawful business. There was a bit of impertinence in this suggestion, it must be admitted, made as it was, not to England directly, but to the United States. The United States is in no wise responsible for England's actions. The rights of the United States cannot be made to depend on England's observance, or any other country's observance, of international law.

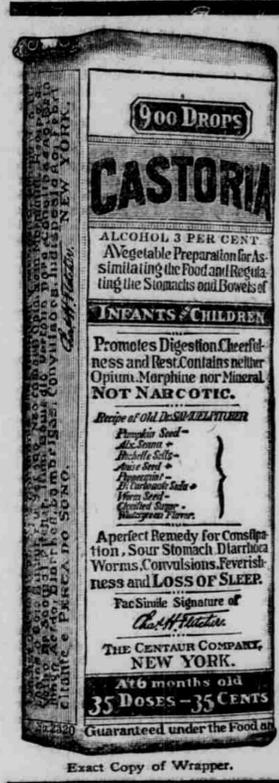
But here, again, it is results that are important. When madmen are engaged in crazy conflict, impervious to reason and blind to neutral rights, it is no time for the neutral to stand on strict formality. It appears that the government at Washington has very wisely taken this view, and so has transmitted the German proposal to London.

It is possible that the plan will work—that the British government will consent to it. If it does, the problem will have been most satisfactorily solved, so far as the United States is concerned. We will then be free to carry on our proper and lawful commerce with both England and Germany, undisturbed by the war vessels of either power except to stop the transit of contraband.

But the impression seems to prevail that the proposal will not be accepted. In that event, more than one gloomy forecaster is prophesying that the United States will be drawn into the war. But the rumor comes persistently from Washington that President Wilson has another card up his sleeve.

It is Embargo. If neither Germany nor England will permit us to carry on our commerce with Europe except in deadly peril of becoming involved in war, why not say: "Very well, then. Rather than go crazy ourselves, and join with other crazy nations in wrecking civilization, we will stop trading with both and all of you. We will keep our foodstuffs and other necessities for our own people, preserve the peace, and when you have had enough of fighting we will be ready to do business with you again."

It is only a rumor, of course. President Wilson may not be considering that course at all. It may not be proper. It may not be statesmanship. It may be against precedent—though it represents what Thomas Jefferson did more than a hundred years ago. But there are, out this way, a good many corn-fed and crudely amateur diplomats who believe



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that such a course, drastic as it might seem, would be a great deal more nearly proper and statesmanlike than for Uncle Sam to paint his face black, emit a war whoop, and jump into the fight.—World-Herald.

Where a chaperon is wanted is where she is needed.

Administration officials declare that it will be years after the war closes before commerce with foreign nations will assume its normal condition. The administration has an opportunity that no other administration has ever held to put the merchant marine of this country upon its feet, but it has so far failed to meet the emergency. Its attempts have been defeated by its own party members in congress, and it should remember that lost opportunities, like Banquo's ghost, will rise up in the future as a spectre of these self-same lost golden opportunities.

The United States government can very quietly settle all trouble between this country on the one hand and Germany and Great Britain on two other hands. Uncle Sam can put an embargo on all shipments of all kinds either to Great Britain or Germany and let it go at that. Sell everything that is being shipped away to our home people and keep our war munitions at home to use against the other fellows if they make any trouble for us. Things couldn't be much worse in America if we cut off our shipments to Europe, and maybe home folks could buy necessities of life at reasonable prices. What's the use of getting into trouble trying to sell goods to both sides when it means trouble?

So far as records show, no farmer was ever listed with the unemployed.

The first day's attendance at the San Francisco exposition does not indicate that world fairs have played out, after all.

Some men's idea of promoting the resumption of business is to sit around the office discussing when the war is likely to end.

Yes, the legislature is gridding away without creating any particular excitement or the old-time interest in the making or defeating of proposed laws.

The banks apparently need no statutory help in keeping down overdrafts. The mystery is how any legislator got the idea that such help was necessary.

It is strange how differently you estimate your probable income, when your wife wants her new spring suit and when you are figuring on buying a 1915 automobile.

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