

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There are so many worthless men in the world that a man who behaves himself half of the time is tolerably sure to become distinguished.—E. W. Howe.

A wig is the only effective hair restorer.

Have you made up your mind where you will celebrate?

Hnerta is anxious to get back into Mexico to raise more h—l.

Now buckle down to it, everybody, for harvest days are upon us.

Sometimes we think the mush ladle should be our national emblem.

No man is as good as he ought to be—and few are as bad as they seem.

The number of questions you can't answer will surprise even your egotistical self.

Neither are many people fooled by the tactful party who resigned after he has been fired.

Don't talk hard times. Haven't you new potatoes and peas? What more could you ask for?

Jess Willard wants \$30,000 to fight, but you could get up a debate with almost any college president for \$500.

It's not merely a long way to Tipperary, but it's a long way until the burly-gurdy men stop playing Tipperary.

Harvest hands will be at a premium after next week. There will be plenty of work for those who can earn the money.

There are some people who seem to feel that the United States must declare war against a few powers in order to keep up with the 1915 fashions.

Some men in this old town are complaining bitterly because their wives are at the club reading papers on feminism when they should be at home spoiling the bread.

President Wilson comes nearer being a man who would "rather be right than be president" than any man that has occupied the executive chair in very many years. He is the president of the United States and his will is the law of the land.

Every American ought to be thankful that 3,000 miles of deep water separate us from warring Europe. The prospect is for an abundant harvest, with the assurance of plenty for our suffering people across the water.

The republicans are still in possession of the best offices in the gift of the national administration in Nebraska. It shows that these positions are held up simply because Mr. Bryan can't agree with Mr. Hitchcock. The democrats of Nebraska are getting tired of such money business.

Take time to read the constitution of the United States on the Fourth. Don't go away by yourself, either, to do it. Read in the presence of the whole family, and then learn the things it stands for. It is not going to hurt anyone to read it, and may impress upon you the importance of conforming to the principles there inculcated.

OUR PITIFUL WEAKNESS.

No one who knows anything about war will contend that the "embattled farmers" or other plain clothes patriots amount to much as a fighting force against seasoned troops. It was a handful of regulars which covered the retreat of the defeated Union army at Bull Run, and they might not have succeeded in saving Washington had not the confederates, for the most part, been about as green as the federals. An inferior force of British once took the capital of this country after a militia defense so weak it was a joke. Regulars did most of the business in whipping Spain, regardless of the advertising given the colonel and his Rough Riders. The power of military training is greater than the layman who wots not of war would imagine. Hence there is no denying that this nation of a hundred million people, and a mobile fighting force of fifty thousand would be picking for the foreign power which might head in this direction. True, our isolation, despite modern methods of navigation and transportation, is still a powerful defense. Backed by an adequate navy, such as Britain has, it might give us a sense of security, and time to prepare after the trouble really started. But we haven't an adequate navy; a third or fourth-rater, it is at best, and it is very good what there is of it. But our coast is long and our possessions scattered half across the world. The navy couldn't protect it all, and, comparatively speaking, we have no army.

We aren't among those who fool themselves with the notion that preparedness means permanent peace, but it does men protection which is important if a storm should gather. This is the richest country of the world, with the possible exception of the British empire, and the most populous of the western countries, except Russia, and its military weakness is inexcusable, except on the ground that there is to be no more war for us. And being too proud or too right to fight wouldn't save us from devastation, if some militaristic power should see a chance to strike. Expenses for striking are always available, even if they have to be manufactured for the occasion. All of which should give the pacifists cause and food for solemn thought. War is bad medicine, and we wish there would be no more, but war just now happens to be the principal occupation of the majority of the powers. It is hoping for a good deal to believe that they will call a permanent halt when the present difficulty is ended.

Having become a member of the bricklayers' union, President Wilson can now decline to lay cornerstones in return for a dinner.

They say Mexican money is the cheapest thing in that country. If it's any worse than the darned country itself it is worse than cheap.

An exchange prints a political editorial entitled, "Grave Danger in Declaration." Many people find that out when they fail to read the stenographer's copy before mailing.

The automobile races in Omaha next Monday are controlled entirely by outside parties, and the thousands of dollars they reap from the state of Nebraska is taken out of the state.

An authority on vital matters states that one-quarter of all the persons born die before they are 6, and one-half before they are 16, and only one in one hundred lives to the age of 65. If you are more than 80 you should thank your stars that you are still on earth.

To a boy all boys are "kids" and all men "guys."

On the other hand, Russia has so much room to roll back on!

Charity covers a multitude of sins, though most of them too thinly.

Define the "war zone." It's the first three pages in most any newspaper.

There are eighteen Waterloos in the United States; one is enough for Europe.

Secretary Lansing, just inducted into office, will hardly be hazed by the other secretaries.

But there is a cessation of submarine torpedoing, whatever the arguments may be.

Transmission of weather forecasts by wireless will not help much. Reliability is the essential thing.

Optimism, like everything else, can be overdone. Some men can see a doughnut when there is only a hole.

Hesitate in scolding about other people, and somebody else will save you the disagreeable performance of it.

It sometimes seems as if what all of us would rather do is to leave our automobile prints on the sands of time.

The new pope has such bad luck with interviewers that he will likely restrict his utterances to official communications hereafter.

The Indianapolis clerk who started out to see the world on \$20 of embezzled money did not realize what a whopper this planet is.

Some fellow away down east wants to start a subscription to have the Hague peace palace removed to Mr. Bryan's farm near Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan is coming to Nebraska, so the papers state. Nothing strange about that. Guess a fellow can go home when he has no other place to go.

Horace Greely was born on a rocky New Hampshire farm. He says that, in his boyhood, the work was one for oxen, and that, as he did not want to be an ox, he learned another trade. At that time he could find nowhere an agricultural paper. But he never ceased to love rural life or tilling the soil. He often wrote about farming and encouraged others to take up the subject. How delighted he would have been to have had the opportunity now open to young men in Nebraska and other western states, and improved by them.

Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal and a veteran of the civil war on the confederate side, uses a lot of editorial space lambasting the Germans for their militarism and the use of aeroplanes and submarines in war. He is also the big democrat who opposed the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, "the schoolmaster," but has changed his mind. Speaking of the great necessity of doing away with the vicious innovations of the present European war he believes it is up to the United States to revise the war code. "The time is at hand," he says, "when not without hope we may attempt this. The American chief magistrate seems one chosen of heaven to achieve it. Elsewise how came such a man to be drawn from the seclusion of learning, religion and philosophy and elected president of the United States? Since the crucifixion of Christ the world has faced no such moral crisis. As God raised up Washington to create the republic and Lincoln to save the union, may He not have raised up Woodrow Wilson to rescue our Christianity and our civilization from the jaws of death wideopen and ready to swallow them?"

TIRED OF WAR.

It is unofficially but semi-officially announced that the Berlin newspaper publishing the socialist appeal for peace overtures was shut down by the government because the government feared the hostile nations would misinterpret the appeal as indicating that the German people are tired of war.

Tired of war! There is a world of commentary in the reasonable supposition that the German government assigned the real reason for its action. It may well be that it was really afraid that Germany's enemies would construe this appeal as a sign of weakness, and that it believed that by punishing the newspaper it could remove that delusion from their minds.

"Look out upon the world, my son," said Oxenstierna, the Swedish chancellor, "and see with what little wisdom its nations are governed."

In the language of the day, "isn't it the truth?"

As if any government could make anybody believe, could make even itself believe, that there is any people engaged in this awful struggle and not heartily tired of it!

Nations are made up of flesh-and-blood human beings; men and women and children, with veins that bleed, and hearts that ache; with affections for family and home and kindred that are rooted in the depths of their souls. There are sons and mothers. There are husbands and wives. There are brothers and sisters. There are sweethearts. Is there a son on the firing line who isn't "tired of war" when he thinks of the anxious, tormented mother that bore him and reared him, waiting back home with an anguished heart for the bulletin that shall tell of his death? Is there a husband, anywhere in all the many enormous armies, who isn't "tired of war" because of his love for the wife whom his imagination holds ever before him; because of his love for the little children that in his mind's eye, he sees clustered about her knee as together they wait—and wait—and wait—? And those mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts and little children "back home"—they comprise a lot more than half of all the people. What government can hope to make them believe, or make anyone anywhere believe, they are not "tired of war"!

"Tired!" Of course they are tired; tired all of them, in Germany the same as in France, and in France the same as in Austria, and in Austria the same as in Russia; the same as in the British Isles and in all of the far-flung possessions of the British empire; the same as in Belgium and Serbia, where entire peoples are already in the death throes. They are all tired, desperately tired, and if there is a heart in any one of them that isn't praying for the war to end it is a most unnatural heart, scarcely human.

That doesn't mean they are not prepared to pay, if it must be paid, the last full measure of devotion to the lands in which their cradles stood. When the German socialists, proudly proclaiming that their country is the military victor, urge that the government propose peace, it doesn't mean that they love their country any the less, or that their confidence in its might and in the justice of its cause is any the less invincible. It means simply that they realize the uselessness and folly and fruitlessness of continuing the war until all those engaged in it are dead. It is because they love their country that they wish it to become a glorious messenger of peace. Paraphrasing the words of President Wilson, they believe it is so right that it can afford to ask that the harvest of death and tears be ended. And as they believe so do the people of the other countries believe they are patriots, but they are tired of war. The world is tired of it. God in His heaven is wearied of it. Not even the proud and imperious German government, though it had the assistance of all the other warring governments combined, could alter the fact or hide it. As long as hearts are tender and love is true there will be

And still it rains without any great effort.

weariness of war and prayers for peace, even on the part of those who deem their cause most holy.—World-Herald.

Are you looking for better times? You will be pretty apt to find them with your sleeves rolled up.

Weed-cutters should be able to secure a job in most any part of the city. It has been ready to harvest for several days.

Having yelled "Don't rock the boat," the pacifists have settled down to the bottom of it, snugly thinking the Lusitania will soon be forgotten.

Plattsmouth is holding its own manfully this summer. That's the secret of the citizens pulling together for that which is best for the town. Keep up the good work!

Don't fail to be in Plattsmouth Saturday. Two balloon ascensions—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. The band concert will occur in the afternoon.

When a fellow democrat, or one who thinks he is a democrat, and thinks that Hon. G. M. Hitchcock will not be in the race for United States senator next year, has another and bigger thing coming.

Mr. Bryan did not make his intended speech in Chicago. A committee met him at the train and told him the meeting had been called off because they did not want to hear the kind of speech he was to deliver, as it would do no good.

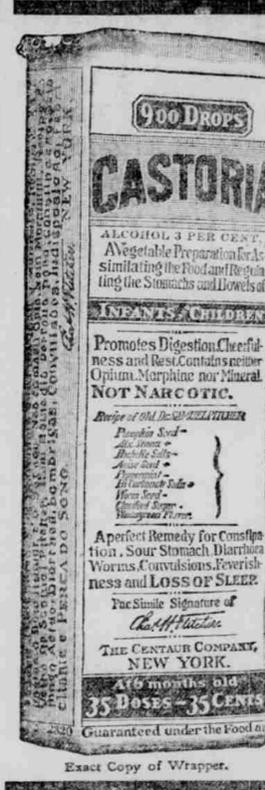
Says the Lincoln Star: Omaha jitney owners propose to fight the ordinance enacted to put them out of business, and under the law every man is entitled to a show for his white alley. One of the acknowledged principles of law is that nobody need submit to a prohibitive tax.

There is no use to "wax warm" over the location of the new library. According to law the library board has the authority to select the site, and what's the use of trying to take the matter out of their hands? We should not get in a wrangle over the location. There is no possible chance of losing the building entirely.

There is not a citizen in these United States that will dare dispute that Mr. Bryan is one of the greatest men that ever trod American soil. That is not why so many people have fallen out with him. The great trouble with Mr. Bryan is that he wants to rule the roost or will fly the coop. The people will stand for no dictatorship.

Three different attempts for street fairs to get in here have failed. No place to set upon is the cause. Well, the poor people of Plattsmouth don't need any amusement, anyway, and those who principally oppose home amusements have the money to go away from home to secure such amusement as they desire at the watering places and other points of interest.

Andrew Carmical is the managing editor of a newspaper in Okmulgee, Okla. He was alone in his office the other morning when a man entered the door quietly, closed, then locked it. "Are you the editor?" Carmical was asked. "No, but I represent him," the newspaper man replied. "Then I'm going to make you eat last night's issue of your paper," the visitor said. "All right, but before you do you'd better lock the door again. It has come open." Carmical replied. The man turned, but the door still was locked. When he faced Carmical again he looked into the muzzle of a revolver. The newspaper was not eaten, but the stranger was arrested. In jail he said that an article in the paper, which stated that men who beat their wives should in turn be beaten by a jury of twelve men, had been a direct slap at him.



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The little boy is preparing for a safe and sane Fourth by saving up money to buy firecrackers and other explosives.

By proclamation Governor Morehead has designated Sunday, July 18, as "Purity Sunday," in compliance with a request of the world's purity federation. To purify vice is the idea of the movement, and from all reports they would not have to go any farther than the state house to spread a little purification of the genuine stamp.

Plattsmouth needs a show lot worse than any city of its size in the state, and we ought to make an effort to provide some lots not so far out from the business section of the city. The router of one of the largest shows on the road was here a few days ago, and left in disgust because he could find no suitable grounds. Such amusements visit all the towns and the greater majority of the people of Plattsmouth would appreciate a visit from a first-class circus at least once each season.

At East St. Louis the other day the principal of the high school conceived a brilliant plan. He arranged for a debate on the subject: "Resolved, That Germany was Justified in Sinking the Lusitania." He even went further and asked a young Russian student, Abe Radman, to take the affirmative side of the debate. Abe proved to be a better American than is his tutor. He refused to participate on the ground that it would violate President Wilson's neutrality proclamation. The boy was expelled from the school, but was upheld by the president of the board of education and reinstated. The principal, whoever he may be, should be overlooked when the teachers are re-elected. It seems too absurd to be true that a person in the guise of an educator should choose such a subject at this time, much less seek to arouse unneutral racial hatred in the heart of a son of a naturalized American citizen.

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