

# The Plattsmouth Journal

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## THE HAND OF GOD.

### THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

To educate the heart, one must be willing to go out of himself and to come into loving contact with others.—James Freeman Clarke.

First a man becomes a loafer; then an anarchist.

If you stretch it, truth can be made to go a long ways.

No rain Wednesday or Thursday—two solid days of sunshine.

"Let us have peace" and proceed with our public improvements.

A man may also be known by the way he blows his own auto horn.

Truth is stronger than fiction because there is less of it on the market.

A war baby was born in Otoe county recently, the birth following a shotgun wedding.

Paving is a thing that talks loud for a town. Then why not keep on with the good work in Plattsmouth.

There was a time when a girl would not allow a young man to accompany her home from church if he didn't take her there. But where is that girl now?

The sun rises nowadays not far from four o'clock, but it would be impossible for most Plattsmouth people to verify that fact other than by looking at the almanac.

Just as we supposed there would be—there is quite a lot of knocking on the action of the city council Monday night. But did you ever know the council to act on any matter that there wasn't knocking and kicking on what they done?

They know that Charles Becker did not kill Rosenthal, but it is not positively known that Frank did not kill the little girl. Yet Frank gets a life sentence and Becker has to die for being accessory to the crime. Is there any justice in that sort of business?

It is tommyrot to hear newspapers and statesmen inquiring where the war will end, and in the next instant urging the nation to go ahead and prepare for war. That's a great deal like a merchant who advertises at his front door that he is selling out to quit business and is piling in new goods at the back door.

If the mayor and city council will simply take the reigns of government in their own hands and proceed with the matters of the city as their own good, sound business judgment would suggest, we believe they would give more genuine satisfaction to the greatest majority of the people of Plattsmouth than to be handicapped by the dictations of those who have their own selfish interests to gratify.

A traveling man who makes all the big towns in Nebraska, told us yesterday that Plattsmouth had improved more and was still improving more than any city of its size in the state. Then don't let us oppose improvements that are really necessary and will add greatly to the appearance of our pretty city. Give us electroliers, and let's keep up with other cities in this respect, also.

God has been accused of a good many things since man first learned to sit on a fence and talk, but here is a minister accusing Him of the worst thing that ever happened, in these words: "We are too close to present events to see the result which the hand of God planned in the European war." Of course the minister was doing the best he could for God, and is evidently optimistic enough to believe that something good will come out of the present struggle. But to use such words in connection with the works of Diety is a reckless use of language. To imagine that a Creator of suns and moons and stars and of the earth could have anything to do with so fiendish a crime as the present struggle is repulsive. There isn't anything in nature—and the only way we have of estimating God is through nature—so cruel or uncalled for as this war. In nature we find the various species struggling for life. We find varieties and kinds and individuals of varieties and kinds seeking with all their might to perpetuate themselves and their offspring. But nowhere in nature is there such a useless struggle as this, or such a wasteful one. All of us can believe that good will come out of the war. That is, we shall probably be able to learn something from it, if nothing else the ridiculousness of fighting. That will be good if we learn the lesson and then prevent other wars. But we ought to have learned that without a war like this struggle. The truth is, man arrogates to himself entirely too much importance in the realm of the universe. He seems to think it was all created for him, and that he, of all the objects in this universe, is the special creature of a Great Father who guides him with a fatherly hand. He does not seem to realize—this thing called man—that he is quite insignificant when a billion planets such as the one he inhabits, are to be looked after, and a billion suns and moons and stars are to be kept revolving in their orbits. We have all been placed here for something. There can be no question about that. But it is pretty hard to imagine that we were put here to cut each other's throats, or to make orphans out of each other's children, or widows out of each other's wives. All of our actions are in accord with natural laws; the war followed a certain chain of events; it was inevitable from the time man got into the rut that leads to selfishness or vanity. But to believe that this war resulted from the careful planning "by the hand of God," that would be to try to make infidels of nine-tenths of the human race. For nine-tenths of the race would refuse to follow or to honor a God who would have anything to do with such a damnable thing as this war has proven to be.—Dayton (Ohio) News.

Piscatorial is another word reporters are shy about using, even after they know the meaning of it.

In some communities the farmers are praying for rain, but nowhere in eastern Nebraska, thank you.

Making prison life an Arcadian existence—the plan in some places—is moving forward; but the important question to ask is: Is crime decreasing? That, of course, is the primary object of prison life.

It is suggested as a safety measure that shrubs and other objects obstructing the view at railroad crossings be removed. Motorists like to feel sure that there is an even chance of getting out alive before crossing ahead of a train.

The submarines do not even lay off Sundays.

No man goes out hunting for trouble; he is always hunting for "fun."

The oil indications continue splendid. The best prospects are near town.

And still we get some rain—enough to keep the roads good and muddy.

Looting is lessening in Mexico; there is a rift in the loot; in fact, it is all gone.

Every city needs a slogan, and Plattsmouth's is: "Get together for electroliers!"

When the dispatches tell of the German's striking, it does not mean they have quit.

If you must play poker, play it with your wife. Then, if you don't have the money she does.

The next trip of the Liberty Bell should be around the world. The benighted nations need it.

A boost in express rates by permission of the interstate commerce commission is next in order.

Diplomacy consists in knowing exactly what you are going to say before opening your mouth.

The hardest worker is not employed in the harvest field, or as first assistant supply agent to a hungry threshing machine; the hardest worker is a fat man at a dance in the good old summer time.

## A RULE OF SUCCESS.

The Chicago street railway arbitration brought to light that Leonard A. Busby, president of the surface lines, with a salary of \$60,000 a year, began as an investigator at a salary of \$2,500 a year, and in a few years worked to the top. This led the Chicago Herald to begin an investigation of the life work of most of the best paid executives in Chicago, and the query revealed that practically all of them began at the bottom and worked to the top. The president of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank, John J. Mitchell, began as a messenger boy in that institution, with a wage of \$2.50 a week. He now gets \$75,000 a year. James B. Forgan started as an office boy in a Scotch bank, and is now president of the Chicago First National with a salary of \$75,000 a year. George M. Reynolds, an Iowa farm boy with a high school education, began work as a clerk in an Iowa bank and is now president of three Chicago financial institutions, at a salary of \$80,000. Charles H. Markham began about as far back as possible, as one judges both wages and opportunities. He bag his working career as a section hand, but now is president of the Illinois Central railroad, at a salary of \$50,000 a year.

The list is much longer, and all equally remarkable, but these will suffice, and should be considered by every young man who thinks he has no chance. The rule which led these men to success is also short, simple and important. They merely made it a point to be the best man on the job, and to work. You may do your best without attaining such success and distinction as came to these men; indeed, without becoming the best man on the job. But your efforts will be appreciated, and it is probably the best single rule for success developed by the ages. And to do one's best, one must keep in health, which is also worth striving for; even more so than wealth. One can't do his best today if he batted around a large portion of last night, nor if his nerves are shattered with booze, nor if he eats too much. The simple rule of success permits, of course, of some amplification; politeness, initiative and natural ability are factors, but to him who does his best these things come in some measure, and so, if success is not made certain, its probabilities are greatly increased.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S DELAY.

Nearly four months ago our Department of State made a protest against the British orders in council on the ground that they were "a practical assertion of unlimited belligerent rights over neutral commerce within the whole European area, and an almost qualified denial of the sovereign rights of the nations now at peace." The note of March 29 conceded the "right to establish and maintain a blockade of an enemy's ports and coasts and to capture and condemn any vessel taken in trying to break the blockade," but it insisted that "free ships make free goods," and that no neutral nation could countenance a blockade of "every port of possible access to enemy territory" when this included neutral ports of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The note was fortified with a citation of a decision of our own supreme court, subsequently affirmed by a board of arbitration to which Great Britain had appealed.

Great Britain has taken plenty of time to consider the matter. There was nothing novel about it. The principles have been long established. Not only did it wait nearly three months, all the time enforcing its illegal orders, but it detained large shipments of cotton against which there was no pretense of formal embargo. Finally a note, of whose contents we are ignorant, was sent and received. Before it could be published a cablegram to Secretary Lansing asked that it be withheld from publication until another note could be sent. We have the secretary's assurance that the note already received does not even suggest destroying the noncontraband character of cotton.

But the English press has clamored for such action, and Premier Asquith hinted at the possibility of this in a recent speech in the house of commons. It is possible that Sir Edward Grey's cablegram means that the government has yielded, greatly as the cotton mills of England may suffer from the precedent in some subsequent war. Placing cotton on the list of contraband would be a severe financial loss to this country. Our only ground of complaint then would be against the regularity of the blockade. The proposal that England buy all our cotton and dole it out to European neutrals under its own regulations could not be entertained for a minute. We cannot compromise or sell our rights under international law. We have all along, in dealing with all belligerents, stood for fixed principles, which cannot be made the subject of barter or special arrangements amending them.

## When we consider how often "facts remain," is it any wonder that the truth is not overtaken oftener?

Who will have the last word—the United States or Germany? As talk is cheap, it will be hard to tell.

Russia may be deficient in other ways, but she seems to have established a record in masterly retreats.

Railroads have decided that it doesn't pay to run trains sixty miles an hour. This wisdom may gradually filter down to some motorists.

Tuesday people sat under the big tent of Barnum & Bailey holding umbrellas over them to witness the circus performance. At night they would not show on account of the rain.

After a toilsome trip to some glorious spot where there is a grand view of the wonders of nature, most people spend their time in the notion store buying six post cards for 10 cents.

Becker has paid the penalty. He may have been a bad man, but a life sentence would have been a sufficient punishment for one who did not do the killing. The fellows who really did the killing paid the penalty long ago; then why should Becker pay the life penalty? Rosenthal was a great deal worse man than Becker, to say the least.

Keep your umbrella in good repair, but don't lean it.

Germany can hardly evade the issue as presented in the last note.

The Missouri Pacific is asking for higher rates in the federal courts.

Charles Becker was put to death protesting his innocence to the last minute.

Get elected to a high and lucrative office and all your yinfolk will come out in the open.

Nashville, Tenn., is now to be run as a business proposition, and politicians down there will get a much-needed rest.

There are 8,934,256 unmarried women of marriageable age in the United States—nearly 9,000,000. Could any bachelor tax overcome such a vast state of spinsterhood?

Only a few states have elections this fall and the political orators who usually save the country for \$10 a night will have to remain regretably at home minding their own business.

This government maintains the rights of its citizens to travel as they please on peaceful missions, but this government isn't exactly a guaranteed life preserver, you should remember.

Tommy Allen's commission as United States district attorney has arrived and he will take the office next week. Then it will be a great big office with a little man in it.

Considering the hasty manner in which many men perform their ablutions, it is probably just as well that the low neck style has never spread to the masculine sex.

Uncle Johnny Wannamaker wants the people of this country to buy Belgium from Germany and give it back to the Belgians. John is plenty able to do this himself if he wants to, and not bother other people. So go to it, Johnny. See if you can't be as good as Carnegie in this charity business.

Our rural friends must not forget that Yankee Robinson's big shows will be here on Monday, August 9. This is not as large a show as Barnum & Bailey or Ringling Brothers, but is a good show, just the same. It was here two years ago last May, and, if you will remember, it pleased our people greatly. We seldom recommend a circus in the editorial column, but we feel no hesitancy in recommending the Yankee Robinson show, because we know it will please all comers.

A piece of refuse in the street, or yard or elsewhere, is just one piece and is easily picked up. But when it is allowed to remain from day to day and is joined by other and still others it soon becomes an unsightly, dirty and filthy collection of rubbish, a detriment to the good name of the town and a menace to the health of our people. Who's for picking them up this summer? Who's for improvement and progress, and more sanitary measures? If left for one or two persons to do, it will never be done. If everybody does it, there will soon be nothing left to be done.

The gathering of the great inventors and scientists of the country together and the formation of a board to co-operate with the navy department at Washington causes one to stop and ponder the "why" of this sudden activity on the part of the secretary of the navy. Is the country in danger of invasion by a foreign foe? Is the government in possession of secret information which impels this sudden gathering of the brains of the nation in the aid of national defense? It is a question which we cannot answer and which of course the government will not answer, yet one cannot suppress the thought that beneath the surface calm a volcano lies ready to burst.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

## In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Constantinople is reported on its last legs. Perhaps suffering from the hardening of the arteries.

State assessors report a ten million dollar increase in taxable property holdings in Nebraska.

It seems strange that the Boy Scouts have not yet succeeded in putting down that great European war.

Public opinion and the court should stand firm for a sufficient expiation to discourage future Eastland slaughters.

Efforts are being made to stimulate aerobatics in America. Our "high-flyers" are apparently all the wrong kind.

Speaking of strange company, there are the wolf and the stork. Some people can't keep either of them from the door.

A man may play some squeaking instrument for hours at a time for his own benefit, at the same time causing misery to his neighbors.

The illustrious Teddy Roosevelt wants every man in the United States to be a soldier, and enlistment to be modeled after the Swiss plan. The idea has no terrors for us, if adopted, as we served time in the civil war and are somewhat aged to serve at this time. Teddy evidently uses an up-to-date dictionary to secure the names of sufficient objection to express his contempt for those opposing his ideas.

The State Journal has become the official state Bryan organ. Talk about politics and strange bedfellows, will you?

No, we are not going on a summer-vacation. It's not very much of a vacation, when you return home more tired than when you went. We've tried it. More people go simply to kill time, but we have no time to kill.

Someone asks what has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to spend all her spare time cultivating flowers? Apparently just now she is telephoning over to the florists for two dozen of those long-stemmed cut roses.

The question is asked what has become of the woman who used to spend several weeks at this time of year canning fruits and vegetables? Well, probably she is telephoning down to the grocer's to put a winter supply of preserves on the bill.

The old hypocrite who claims to control the editorial column of the Nebraska City News finds fault with the Journal for printing something in which he is in no way concerned. He is eternally going out of his way to attend to somebody else's business. He is noted for this. But we would suggest in the future that he keep his nose out of our business. Fifty-two years in the newspaper business has learned us that an editor makes money by attending to his own business; and we would advise the editor of the News to turn over a new leaf and try it awhile.

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