

The Plattsmouth Journal

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.—Scrope Davies.

More snow. Better now than later.

Now for he who sees the first robin.

Those who flirt with the political, bee must expect to get stung.

The most completely deceived man in the world is he who deceives himself.

The world is big enough for both you and your enemy? Are you big enough?

Any fool can talk, but the fellow who acts is the one that counts in the community.

The world owes every man a living, but he must get out and rustle to collect the debt.

As a general thing men are as big gossips as women, but their gossip isn't fit to spread.

The Russians and French seem to be doing all the fighting, while the English do all the bragging.

There are a great many ways of making a fool of yourself, but some ways are worse than others.

A married orator declares that a bachelor is only half a man anyway—a bachelor doesn't fight with his other half.

Only about a month more of the present legislature. After that they work without pay and board themselves.

Spring is ambling along, and those of us who can't afford motor cars have the privilege of dodging them as we cross the street.

Senator Reed of Missouri, believes in making it "bone dry" in all the states which have voted for prohibition. There is nothing wrong about that.

Old Sol is getting nearer to us every day, and soon he will sweep down upon us in great force, and make us feel that we can't have everything to suit our own pleasure.

We believe the state fair association made a mistake in dispensing with the services of Secretary Mellor. After he has made the fair what it is, it is an outrage that he should be turned down.

You will not pass through this world but once. Any good thing that you can do or any kindness that you can show to any fellow being, do it now; do not defer or neglect it for you will not pass this way again. Remember that.

Yes, when Charley Pool is elected to congress against Mr. Kinkaid, the world will be destined to soon come to an end. Charley is getting too big for his breeches, as it is. Let Charley take a rest for awhile when his term of office expires, and not be a continual nurser of the public teat.

It is now proposed by congress that a law shall be passed enforcing the president to take over all the railroads, telegraph and telephone systems of the country. Go slow, gentlemen, in this matter. This may be placing too much power in the hands of the executive of a free government.

A THRIFTLESS NATION.

It is said that what were luxuries in one age of the world became necessities in another; but it is easy to deceive yourself on that subject. You should remember that you do not really need a thing the lack of which causes you no worse suffering than that of ungratified desire or unsatisfied pride.

The average wages, salaries and incomes are higher in this country than in any other, yet our savings banks do not make a creditable showing. Fourteen centuries greatly outrank ours in proportion of savings accounts to population. In Thrift, as indicated by the savings banks, we stand at the bottom of the list of the principal nations.

Of every hundredth of our citizens sixty-six leave at their death no estate at all. Only nine leave as much as \$5,000. The average estate left by the other twenty-five is less than \$1,300. Ninety-seven out of every hundred lose their earning power at the age of 65, and, as most of them have saved nothing, they become dependent upon relatives or on the public. It is estimated that there are 1,250,000 such destitute persons in this country, most of whom might have escaped that sad fate.

Let every young man who has to make his way unaided realize that to say, "I have money in the bank" is a certificate of character and ability.

There is no doubt that, barring accident, almost every family not dependent on more unskilled day labor could lay up some provision for the future by cutting off waste and steadily practicing unselfish self-denial. There must be a choice between passing desire and lasting well being. The day of small things must not be despised; all growth is from the seeds. Dimes are the germs of dollars.

A rational person can certainly get no real enjoyment from any outlay that leads to a hand-to-mouth existence; he has no safeguards against misfortune that are sure to come sooner or later to everyone.

Among all material pleasures there is none so great as that which springs from a store laid by for future wants, especially for the needs of those for whose well being you have become responsible. And when you have gathered that store by steadfastly refusing thriftless self-indulgence, you have a satisfaction that outweighs and outlasts all fleeting joys. I speak from my own experience, and I can call to witness thousands of others who have traveled the same road.—Judson Harmon in *The Youth's Companion*.

The check forger is abroad in the land again. Look out for him.

Soon it will be circus time, when the red lemonade vendor will get in his work.

Beans are also soaring high in price. This may be because the wind has not been taken out of them.

Our dear old American eagle isn't going much screaming yet, but he is blinking his eyes like the chickens.

If the high price of print paper remains and goes on soaring, it means the death of many more newspapers in the next year.

The price of cabbage is almost out of sight, but it is a household necessity. You can get a two-pound head for 35 cents. About the size of a 5-cent head two or three years ago.

The Kansas City Star admits with much regret that among the bad cases of pneumonia coming under its observation this winter none of them are girls who persist in exposing their necks to the weather.

THE SCARLET SIN.

The campaign which the great evangelist had been waging was drawing to a close. Hundreds had found their way down the glory trail, and in the closing days of his meetings the town was surcharged with religious excitement. It was the last meeting for men only, and the tabernacle was packed with a tense, almost fanatical mob of men.

Slowly the great evangelist rose, and in the true dignity of his calling discarded his coat, vest, collar and tie.

"Men," he began, his voice struggling with the great emotion within him, "when I lit the sawdust trail I never had taken a drink. Never had I used tobacco, and never, ah never, had a swear word passed my pure lips. I had been the town's model boy. I had been a regular attendant at Sunday school. I went to church as often as they held church, and I was the only person under sixty in town with the exception of the preacher who attended prayer meeting. Mothers pointed me out to their sons as a model. I was the nicest little boy in town. Never had I thrown a snowball through a window, and never had I played hockey to go skating.

"When I grew up I became a Sunday school teacher. I abhorred cards, and I gave out in a chastened manner my disapproval of dancing. 'Dancing was huggin set to music,' I said in sad superiority. I was the town's great I am it, and I admitted it. I was the prize prig of a whole religious and moral county fair of prigs. The only reason I didn't have a halo for every day wear was that the Good Lord never had figured on me and didn't have any over sizes in stock."

Here the great evangelist stopped. Then he poised himself on his toes, and with a sudden movement ripped off his shirt in long and fluttering streamers. "Then, men," he thundered, "I woke up. I realized that if hell was hot, the private Turkish bath was reserved for the prize prig, and that was I.

"And I realized that if hell was cold that the north side of the land of a million blizzards was exactly where I was going to hang my sign. I realized that there was hope for the drunkards, the keepers of houses of ill repute, of child murderers and sanctimonious deacons. I realized that in the lamb's book of life the gamblers, burglars, wife beaters and the general run of crooks were guilty of nothing but misdemeanors. I realized that I was the plugginess and the bell cow of a whole creation of cussedness.

"Men, I have been told that more yeggs, drunks, bums and general scum than was ever gathered in a religious meeting is here today. I made this kind of an effort purposely, because I knew that all of the prize prigs of the town would be on hand to show off their general piety.

"Men, there is nothing as contemptible, as dirty or mean as the prize prig. I am going to open this trail-hitting season with an invitation for the prize prigs to come forward. But don't walk, because that is another opportunity to show off your general priggishness. Crawl—and crawl so low that the worms of the dust will have to send for stepladders to get down to crawl over you. Forgiving as the Good Lord is, I don't see for the life of me how he can forgive a prize prig."

The evangelist paused. It seemed that the exhaustion of his nerve force had been complete. Wearily, he rested himself against his rough pulpit. With a soiled crushed handkerchief he mopped the perspiration from his face. The reaction of his great effort had set in. Then he began to talk, but it was in a panting, conversational tone. "When these prize prigs finish wallowing their way to the mercy seat, I want all of the drunkards, the wife-beaters, the short-card artists and the safe-crackers—all of you small fry sinners—who feel the need of grace, to come. I was the prize prig, and the Good Lord forgave me, and if he could do that it will be a little thing for Him to welcome all you little fellows home."—*Emporia Gazette*.

WHAT THE WORLD IS PAYING.

On Monday of this week Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the British exchequer, told the house of commons that Great Britain's daily expenditure for war had risen to \$28,950,000. That marks a new high level for all history in the rate of any single nation's war expenditure; it lifts the cost of Great Britain's share of the struggle from a \$25,000,000 daily average, maintained through the autumn and early winter of 1916, to an amount six times greater than that imposed upon the nation at the outbreak of hostilities.

From a daily average of less than \$50,000,000, the cost to all belligerent Europe of conducting the greatest war the world has ever known has increased to such a degree that today it is safe to calculate that the direct money cost to all the nations involved is close to \$120,000,000. It was inevitable from the start that the money cost of the war abroad should increase as its scope increased and as the cost of those commodities which enter into its prosecution increased. At the same time, it was hardly conceived at the outset that the daily cost of the war would run beyond the \$100,000,000 mark.

Of the greatest importance at this time, in view of the steadily rising cost of war, is the prospect of future financing of the struggle. Bonar Law stated on Monday that the United Kingdom's total expenditure since it began has amounted to \$21,000,000,000. Germany's war cost to date has risen above \$14,000,000,000 according to a Berlin telegram this week. All told, the nations engaged have expended upward of \$70,000,000,000, by responsible estimate, on prosecution of the present war. The American civil war cost \$8,000,000,000; the Napoleonic wars cost \$6,250,000,000, in direct money expenditures.—*New York Evening Post*.

"PLAIN DUTY."

There is no "enthusiasm for war" in this country. If we are forced into the conflict we shall enter it as the French did, for the same purpose and with something of the same spirit.

Ambassador Jusserand recently described with wonderful vividness and truth the rising of the French nation on the day when Germany declared war.

"I traveled far by motor through the prosperous fields and peaceful valleys of sunny France. There women and children had lived in peace, tilling the soil, raising their children and caring for their old folks. And suddenly, without a warning sign, in the countless villages where dwell the great mass of the French people, came the beating of drums and the loud alarm of bells. An unparalleled cataclysm threatened rich and poor alike—the learned and ignorant—threatened the whole nation.

"And what happened? Then I saw. By a common impulse, as if the fearful and prodigious event had always been expected, each one turned his steps to where duty called.

"There was not a hesitation, not a cry, not a threat against the enemy. Duty, plain duty, to be fulfilled as the normal and natural thing, for which one had been born and for which one had always been ready.

"And are those the light-hearted and laughing Frenchmen, as the world has known them and as they have portrayed themselves? Yes, truly the same. In those Frenchmen you have the rare spectacle of individualists who also are self-sacrificing. Place before them a task which is greater than their interests, greater than their persons, a task involving the nation, mankind, liberty, and their light-heartedness, and heedlessness vanish. In its place dauntless resolution, affectionate co-operation, patience in trials, faith in the outcome.

"What wonder," M. Jessorand added, "that with characteristics so similar, they should understand Americans?"

Our peril is not so great as that of France. We are not so well prepared. And it is vain, perhaps, to hope that in time of trial we should

prove so utterly heroic as the French have proved. But we must accept the high compliment implied in the French ambassador's words as our ideal, at least. If the test comes, we shall try to meet it as France did.

A LETTER FROM HON. JOHN MURTEY

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 19, 1917.—Editor of Plattsmouth Journal: There is a bill up this week relating to the duties of county assessor and a number of members tried to amend it to change the date of assessment from April 1st to January 1st. I succeeded in killing the amendment by appealing to the western members from farm and cattle districts, because it would have a tendency to keep farmers in the eastern part of the state from feeding cattle, for the more cattle there are fed in eastern Nebraska the more demand there will be for western Nebraska cattle. As our taxes are now getting very high, it is unreasonable for a feeder to pay taxes on cattle January first. As a general rule all feeders borrow the money to buy their feeding cattle. It would not pay them to use their own money for they only use it for about five months. Money used only four months at 7 per cent means only about 3 per cent, and it does not pay feeders to tie up their own money for a year to only use it four or five months. The results are that the farmers buy their cattle with borrowed money, and they really have no equity in them to begin with. By making the assessment as it now is, April first, our farmers and feeders have a chance to move their fat cattle before April first. We should, by all means, encourage the feeders of cattle and sheep in the river counties in the South Platte, Northern Nebraska is too cold in winter for cattle to do well, and western Nebraska, where they raise the cattle for feeders, is too high, about 3,000 feet above sea level, and cattle do not fat well in that climate in winter time. It is better and cheaper to have the cattle shipped to southeastern Nebraska, where corn is usually a good crop, than to ship the corn to the cattle country. Our farmers in Cass county should feed enough cattle, hogs and sheep to consume all the corn we raise, the same as they do in southern Iowa and northern Missouri, where, in fact, they feed up more than they raise. The results are they put on the land each year more than they take off. Where it can be done this is the only "common sense" system. Our lands in Cass county are too valuable to allow them to decline. Our taxes are gradually getting higher, and especially in the cities, and the city man is very quick to raise any point that will create new fields that will find more property for taxation. This is one of the reasons for them wanting to change the date of assessment to January first.

The prohibition bill will come up tomorrow (Tuesday), and the next bill of importance will be the good roads bill. The good roads bill, accepting government aid, is sure to pass. Farmers' societies are making a strong fight against accepting government aid. But the fact is that if we refuse, we will have to pay our share anyway, and if we refuse Nebraska will be paying for good roads in other states. Under these circumstances I think nearly all the members feel that it would be unwise not to accept the amount the government is offering us. I am sorry that the government made the proposition in this way, for I would rather we build our roads ourselves. I think the nearer home we raise our money and spend it the more economically it will be handled, but there is no way for us to change the government plans.

JOHN MURTEY.

DISPOSES OF RESIDENCE.

B. A. Rosencrans and wife, who have been making their home at "The Acres" in the south part of the city, have just disposed of the fine acre tract to Mr. Frank Ollenger of Tekamah, Neb., who with his family will move to Plattsmouth the first of March to make their future home, and who are very favorably impressed with the city and the general conditions here. Mr. and Mrs. Rosencrans will remove closer in to the business section of the city to make their home.

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J. F. FOREMAN, Cashier

Cedar Creek

Adam Meisinger spent Thursday in Omaha last week.

Miss Mable Meisinger came in from Omaha last Thursday.

Clyde Lyle and family Sundayed at William Schneider's home.

Henry Owens was an Omaha visitor on last Friday for a short time.

Remember the dance at Sayles' hall on Saturday night, February 24th.

Miss Grace Duff went to Louisville Friday evening for a short visit with friends.

G. P. Meisinger attended to business affairs in Plattsmouth Wednesday of last week.

John Thierolf went to La Platte on Friday to join his wife in a short visit at that place.

Ed Meisinger went to the city on Wednesday to look after some business matters.

George Lohnes was among the Omaha visitors from this locality on Thursday last.

Mrs. C. Whitaker went to Ashland Thursday evening to visit for a few days with home folks.

John Gauer, C. A. Gauer and G. P. Meisinger motored to Omaha on a business trip Monday.

Peter Core drove to Plattsmouth Friday evening to attend the Howe picture show at that place.

Carl Schneider of Plattsmouth came out Friday evening to visit over Sunday with relatives and friends.

Mrs. William Lohnes departed on Thursday for Omaha, where she visited for a few hours in that city.

William Keil and family were in Plattsmouth Friday, attending the performance at the Parmele theater.

Will Core of Louisville came down Thursday to enjoy a few days' visit at the William Keil home in this locality.

Several of the young folks from this vicinity attended the masquerade ball at Louisville on Wednesday night of last week.

Miss Gertrude Meisinger departed for Sarpy county last week to enjoy a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. William Meisinger at her home in that locality.

Mrs. John Thierolf departed Wednesday for La Platte, where she will spend a few days at the home of her

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dasher and family.

Farm Loans, Insurance and Real Estate. See J. F. Foreman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. C. Gregory and daughter, Fay, and son, Carl, were in Cedar Creek Tuesday for a few hours, leaving up from their home near Weeping Water.

The First Security bank wishes to announce to its customers that they have a supply of the new money just issued. Customers can receive same by calling at the bank.

William Lohnes and wife and son, Raymond, were in Omaha on Thursday to consult a specialist in regard to the health of Raymond, which has been poorly of late.

S. J. Reames is wiring the residence of E. A. Parkening, and also the barn at that place. Mr. Parkening will install a new Delco light plant in his house and barn and will have the house fixed up in strictly modern style.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Rhaden was the scene of a very pleasant gathering last week, on the occasion of the thirty-first birthday of Mr. Rhoden. There were some fifty or sixty guests present to enjoy the fine time afforded them.

For good, fresh Candy, Fruit and Nuts, see S. J. Reames.

Eczema spreads rapidly; itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50c at all stores.

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