

EULOGY TO NATION'S SOLDIER; IN MEMORIAM OF EDWARD C. RIPPLE

In Memory of Edward C. Ripple Jr., Platts-
mouth's First Brave Young Soldier to
Die Fighting In France

(Written and Read By Judge Begley Last Sunday)

Edward C. Ripple was born at Louisville, Nebr., on May 1, 1894, and died a brave soldier's death in France, July 28th, 1918, in defend- ing not only the liberties and prin- ciples of this great country, but the democracy of the entire world—be- ing one of the saviors of France. A telegram was received by his par- ents announcing the fact of his death, followed by a letter from the war department which I take the liberty to read:

He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Ripple, sr., of this city. He is also survived by a half brother, Frank Cheval, of Platts- mouth, and a half sister, Mrs. Mary Odell Lee, of Ford, Kansas. His par- ents moved to Oklahoma, when he was 12 years old, and he remained there working on a farm until about five years ago, when he moved to Plattsmouth and thereafter was em- ployed in the Burlington shops un- til the date of his enlistment.

Edward was honest and industri- ous, and a great lover of home. He was happy and cheerful. His pres- ence radiated sunshine. From a small boy he was imbued with the soldier spirit. In his earlier years he always expressed a desire to be a soldier, and in all his play and games this seemed to be the domi- nant force in his life.

As the great war came upon us, he became keenly alive to the situ- ation. His patriotism was aroused. He sensed the conflict, and with rare instinct he visualized the situation. Before the average person realized the magnitude of the issues involved, he desired to enlist, but his parents' counsel prevailed and he desisted for a time. But the great heart of this patriotic young freeman could not reconcile humanity and civilization with unwarranted invasion and des- poliation of Belgium; the bombing of Red Cross hospitals; the sinking of hospital ships; the firing on Scar- borough and other defenseless towns; the enslaving of noncombat- ants; the mistreating and carrying off of women and innocent girls; the maiming and mutilating of children; the torpedoing of passenger ships without warning; the killing of American citizens without just cause, and the countless other atrocities committed by the Huns in their at- tempt to spread "Kultur" over the face of the earth.

The sympathies, yea, the conscience of this young patriot was now aroused, and when our nation was finally forced to defend its rights and self-respect, the declaration of war found this young man eager to place his life at the disposal of his country. While the rest of us were still dazed by the suddenness of the situation, Edward Ripple heard old Glory call- ing him, and his duty stood out for him as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. A world of patriotism burned within his breast and when on that beautiful Easter Sunday, 1917, the bells chimed out "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," he knew that there could be no universal peace on earth until that autocratic power behind Ger- man Government was crushed, the government instituted by the con- sent of the governed were again es- tablished. On this day he obtained his parents approval to enlist in the U. S. service, and the next morning, three days after the declaration of war, he interested seven other boys of this city and they went to Glen- wood, Ia., and enlisted in the 3rd Iowa National Guard, and were af- terward transferred to the regular army as a part of the famous Rain- bow Division and sent to France with A. E. F. A promise given those boys by the officers was that they would be permitted to remain to- gether and this has been kept.

It was his happiest day of Edward's life when he enlisted and donned the Khaki. He called his mother on the phone from Glenwood and joy- ously exclaimed "I have gone and done it. I am going to be a soldier." He had done the thing he wanted to do and was proud to offer his life to his country as a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

After some camp training at Des Moines he was sent overseas. The first trip out his ship was torpedoed and forced to return, but undaunted they started again and on the second attempt reached France about Dec. 15, 1917. There with the Rain- bow Division he was engaged in the fiercest and most bloody fighting of the war. During those dark days the German hordes had overrun France and seemed on their way to Paris and the channel ports. The British were worn out, the French were bled white; it seemed a great disaster was about to befall the Al- lies. Then suddenly the American forces appeared upon the field, and

without halt or rest marched into the front line trenches, reinforcing and encouraging the hard pressed allies; there with a dash and valor unequalled in the history of the world the swiftly and decisively turned the tide of battle, and start- ed the Huns on the run toward the river Rhine, and Paris was saved as spectacularly as in the days of Joan of Arc. For the wonderful valor and courage displayed in the great battles of July 15 and 16, the Rain- bow Division has been specially com- mended by the war department. Edward Ripple was in this wonder- ful display of American grit and courage and did his full part. The American flag has never yet known retreat in France and with such magnificent patriots as Edward Rip- ple carrying our banner, she never will. The Germans shall not pass.

Edward Ripple has a record of six times going over the top, and for this he was decorated with a gold stripe. Army regulations provide for this decoration for every four times a man goes over the top. He also received a decoration for more than six months service overseas.

He was the first to enlist from our city and the first to receive a Hun bullet and be sacrificed upon the field of honor. Yesterday he was un- known, but today his name goes ringing down the ages as one of the nation's heroes. And while cut down in the flower of youth, when he stood upon an eminence and saw a beautiful future glowing before him, yet he has accomplished more in his brief period of existence than those who have lived their allotted time. His death was as he desired it. He knew the consequences, yet smilingly and bravely offered his life that you and I and future gen- erations might dwell together as brothers, in peace and harmony un- der a free government of our own choice and of our own making.

Rousseau, the French writer, once said: "The dead take to their graves in their clenched fingers, only that which they have given away." Ed- ward Ripple, perhaps poor in purse, died rich in the esteem of a grate- ful republic and in the blessings of a service well rendered to mankind. He gave up his hopes, his aspira- tions, his future and finally his life, as a sacrifice upon the altar of free- dom and humanity. To the sorrow- ing parents there must ever come the proud memory that they have offered up the most costly sacrifice to the country that it was possible for them to give.

Edward Ripple today sleeps be- neath the lilies and flowers of France. He has paid America's debt to LaFayette, to Rochambeau and to France. And the sympathetic heart of the impetuous French people will ever remember their deliverance and will keep his new made grave strewn with fragrant flowers; and his mem- ory will live in the hearts of his neighbors, his friends and his coun- trymen. He is beyond the reach of our praise, but what we do and say here today has meaning and benefit for those of us who are without the pale of army service upon the field. It is for us to dedicate ourselves to the principles for which he died, and to the task of carrying out the work that has been so nobly begun. We must stand firmly behind our armies until the war is fought to its final end. There must be no talk of peace until our full objects in this war

have been attained. There is one word that should not be spoken at this time and that is the word of peace. That word has no place in our vocabulary until our victorious army is marching the streets of Berlin. And when that event occurs we can truthfully say: Edward Ripple has not died in vain.

We all feel on this occasion how weak and insignificant have been our efforts and service in this war. Compared with the supreme sacri- fice of Edward Ripple, it is as a dol- lar to a life. We have grumbled when we have been asked to curtail our sugar, our meat and flour supply and to dispense with a few luxur- ies. We have hesitated when re- quested to give a proportionate share of our abundant financial store to maintain these splendid boys to fight our battles at the front. Let us here receive inspiration from the great sacrifice of Edward Ripple and high- ly resolve that we will comply with government regulations as promptly as he did, and that we will at least give our dollars for the cause as cheerfully as he gave his life.

The death of Edward Ripple dem- onstrates that our citizenship can rise to any test and that a democ- racy such as ours shall not perish from the earth, and we rejoice; but in our exultation at the triumph of democracy, let us not forget the sympathy and tenderness due his father with the sorrow bent should- ers of this mother with the tear stained face. To all mothers with boys in the service, and especially to this mother, should the gratitude of the nation be expressed. To this mother falls the heaviest burden of the war. They have given all and are left at home alone to worry and to wait. They spend anxious days and hours fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best. Reconciled to fate, with a smile through their tears, they religiously offer their sons as a sacrifice to the cause of right. The idea is so beautifully expressed in the little poem entit- led, "The Mother on the Sidewalk," by Edgar A. Guest, that I take the liberty of repeating it here as a con- clusion of these remarks:

The mother on the sidewalk as the troops were passing by
Is the mother of old Glory that is waving in the sky.
Men have fought to keep it splen- did; men have died to keep it bright;
But that flag was born of woman and her sufferings day and night.
'Tis her sacrifice has made it, and once more we ought pray
For the brave and loyal mother of the boy that goes away.

There are days of grief before her; there are hours that she will weep
There are nights of anxious waiting when her fear will banish sleep;
She has heard her country calling and has risen to the test,
And placed upon the altar of the nation's need, her best.
And no man shall ever suffer in the turmoil of the fray
The anguish of the mother of the boy who goes away.

You may boast men's deeds of glory, you may tell their courage great;
But to die is easier service than alone to sit and wait.
And I hail the little mother, with the tear-stained face and grave
Who has given the flag a soldier—
She's the bravest of the brave.
And that banner we are proud of, with its red and blue and white
Is a lasting tribute holy to all moth- ers' love of right.

LOSES A FINE HOG.

Bert Satchell, living out near My- nard, has a little son that has for the past few years been a great ad- mirer of fine hogs, and it has been his one ambition to engage in this line of stock growing. Bert desir- ing to encourage the lad in his work, permitted him to make a purchase a fine animal from the Kerns herd, at a sale a few days ago, that was hel dat Stanton. The lad picked an extra fine hog, and was bid in at \$500.00. The animal was shipped down from Stanton, and was taken to the farm home of Mr. Satchell, and only lived a few days. The lad has almost been broken hearted ever since. The loss is great enough for an old time feeder, but strikes dou- bly hard on the lad's first attempt at a fine herd.

A. M. Sanders who has been in the Burlington shops for a number of months past has resigned his position and engaged with Ralph J. Haynie northwest of the city on a farm, and will try farming again. Mr. Sanders is a good farmer hav- ing put in many years at that occu- pation.

Now is the time to join the War Stamp Limit Club. See Chas. C. Parmele for particulars.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEST

SEEN BY MONT ROBB, JUST FROM THE LAND OF THE SUN SET.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Mont Robb dropped into the city last evening on his way home at Union, where he went to visit the folks, and to be at home at election. Mont is the purchasing traveling man for the Haynes Grain Co., of Omaha, and makes all portions of the state as well as portions of the surrounding states. He has just re- turned from a trip to the west, which he describes as blooming like the rose, with an abundant crop of small grain. He dropped off at Brush, Colorado, the other day and there met Charles McNamee, former- ly of Union, who had gone west some years since and engaged in the farming game. Charles has 200 acres of land, 160 of which he can irrigate, and which is producing the best of crops. His alfalfa being very heavy, as well as other crops. Mr. McNamee took Mr. Robb home with him for dinner, and as Mont had been getting along on hotel eat- ing for some time, the treat was ex- ceptionally fine, for the tables of the McNamee's fairly groaned with the good things which was set be- fore Mr. Robb.

Coming on down to Ft. Morgan,

which is in the irrigated district he went on to Sterling, where he met A. W. Hunter, and at Grant, found James Marasek and stepping out in the street, he was surprised to see John Lloyd driving into the elevator with a load of wheat.

BIG WRESTLING CARNIVAL.

During the Old Settlers' Picnic at Union, Nebraska, August 23 and 24 at which time there will a couple of good matches each day in the after- noon. Jess Queen, of Union will go to a finish match with Jack Landon, of Shenandoah, Iowa, best 2 falls in 3, on Friday Aug 23 and on Satur- day Queen will go to a finish match with Kid Starkey, of Grand Island. There will be several other good matches on this occasion. Do not fail to see these matches as they will be firstclass.

GATHERING OF RELATIVES.

Mrs. A. F. Seybert prepared an excellent fried chicken dinner for a number of relatives and friends, at her home in Plattsouth last Sun- day. There were quite a number of relatives present, among whom were Mrs. J. P. Keil, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Keil and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keil and son Johnny, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Keil and son Carl, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keil and children, of Huron, South Dakota, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Seybert, of Louisville, and Miss Grace Smith, of Omaha. They were unanimous in voting Mrs. Seybert an expert when it comes to prepar- ing a chicken dinner.

WILL VISIT IN THE WEST.

From Tuesday's Daily.
Warren Wyley departed this af- ternoon for Grant, in Perkins coun- ty, where he goes to look over the country and should the circum- stances appeal to him out there he will endeavor to rent a farm out there for the coming year. He will also visit at Imperial and while there will be the guest of Peter Campbell.

JANETTE WINDHAM VERY SICK.

This morning R. B. Windham re- ceived a message telling of the ex- treme illness of his grand daughter little Janette Windham, daughter of Robert Windham Jr., and wife of Dunlap, Iowa, which was accom- panied by a call to come at once, as there was no hope for her recov- ery. Later another message came, saying there might be some hope of the little one living for a few days yet, although she was extreme- ly sick. Mr. Windham and daugh- ter Miss Hermia departed on the first train for the bedside of the little sufferer, and hoping against hope that they might find her im- proved.

A letter from A. W. Vallery who departed a few days since for the Great Lakes training station near Chicago, writes interestingly regard- ing the trip over to Chicago and the camp life, and says that he is liking the training and work fine.

Read the Journal Ads—It Pays



The Younger Men Have Moved Up!

—moved up to fill the positions left by those who have gone to the front.

Young men today around 16 to 21 are older than their years. They are filling men's shoes and they are wearing men's clothes.

We are prepared to cater to this class of youth with clothes worthy of their metal.

We especially mention Styleplus clothes \$25 and \$30, because they are the foremost clothes of the nation at this price. We have other makes from \$18 to \$45.

Ask to see the new skirt model with seam at the waist line—close fitting military effect. The latest and most clever style creation of the year.

Men's Sport Shirts, 75c
Boys' Waists, 3 for \$1.00
Wash Trousers, 3 to 6, 25c
Men's Blue Overalls, \$1.85

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Philip Thierolf
VALUE GIVING CLOTHIER

"A Tax on Shirts Costing Over \$1.50"

SPEAKING before the Ways and Means Committee in Washington recently, Dr. Sprague, Professor of Banking at Harvard, proposed the placing of a stiff "tax on luxuries, including shirts which cost over \$1.50.

This has not yet become a law. With work shirts selling at \$1.25, a \$1.50 shirt is far from being a luxury, and to exercise intelligent economy many men believe it necessary to spend more than \$1.50 for their shirts. If you haven't enough shirts for the winter, come in and buy some "essentials." All shades and grades—\$1.50 to \$6.50.

The hot weather has not yet ended, even though your athletic underwear has. A few suits at \$1.00 and VASSAR at \$1.25 will save you money.

