

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1889.

NUMBER 209

CAUGHT ON THE TRIP.

What the Board of Trade were Shown for Kearney.

WATER POWER TAKES THE LEAD.

The City Made of Real Estate Prices, Location and Additions with Proposed Futures.

Some Fine Buildings and Enterprises Intermingled Therewith.

Committee Returns Encouraged.

All aboard for Kearney: We saw no ox teams or white covered wagons, heard no popping of whips or swearing of drivers. The rough, uncouth dress of pioneer life was absent, and each individual was not a battery. A quarter of a century has passed away since such scenes were familiar upon the streets of Plattsmouth and instead, four of the highest types of modern civilization, to wit: The mayor, Pres. board of trade, one county commissioner, who were well supplied with a coroner and commissary department, walked down to the depot and boarded a vestibule train on the great Burlington route, where they found themselves in charge of Conductor Carter.

They were a committee from the Plattsmouth board of trade, appointed to investigate Kearney water a place which has been noted as the last resting place of those who die with their boots on, and this accounts for the coroner being provided. But times have changed there, too. Instead of meeting death by the red Indian, as in the days when our commissioner and wagon frequented its haunts, they now lay down to pleasant eternal dreams by the water (?) electrical route.

It created no sensation when we steamed away, as the departure was taken in secret. We passed Omaha without attracting attention, except a few of the more curious citizens gazed in the sleeping car window where we were encased. When we pulled into Lincoln Conductor Carter remarked: "Sullivan and electricity have done their work, boys, you are found out." A band was playing on the square, flags were flying and crowds gathering; the mayor and Pres. of the board of trade each buttoned up their coats; the mayor mounted a corner stone of Fitz's new block, and the Pres. clambered upon a pile of B. & M. ties, each exclaiming, "that means me." But alas! for human ambition. The band was colored, and advertising a show that night to be at the People's theatre; the gentleman they supposed to be mayor Graham, was the drum major. Slowly and sally we turned to the sleeper and the only remarks made, and which were emphatic, were from the coroner. He spoke in a foreign tongue, hence they cannot be repeated. We lost our dinner by waiting to receive the band, and when we were again rushing through space on whirling wheels, the officials betook themselves to the dining car and whiled away three hours ten minutes and sixteen seconds, creating not only havoc, but consternation. I hope the board of trade will not allow the bill. I would suggest its allowance by the city council, were it not for a "Sherrin in the field of econ omy." (?)

We passed pretty towns and well tilled fields, all brought into existence by the

grinding monopolies, and, finally we glided into Hastings, now made attractive by our former esteemed citizen, Hartigan, but on account of the crowds the train was run through the city and we were transferred to the Kearney train one-half mile beyond.

Seven o'clock, p. m., and we were met at Kearney, the home of booms, by four carriages, each provided with a colored footman, which we supposed were specials from the Midway hotel, but learned afterwards they were the regular hacks. Midway, a name peculiar and suggestive, and can be explained only by a Kearney real estate man, who will tell you that the Midway is a hotel whose S. U. corner stone stands exactly 1,734 1-10 miles from San Francisco and New York. Its exterior is pretentious and the ground floor is occupied by real estate offices with flying show bills announcing that West Kearney is the only real estate slot in which to drop your money. On the walls of the office was the West Kearney depot of Swiss design.

They too, had remembered the centennial, as a real live cherry tree with the original hatchet decorated the wash room. The lobby was crowded, as we thought at first, with real estate dealers, but from their conversation we dotted them down as base ball men. The dining room was spacious and in charge of ushers in swallow tailed coats and the tables, twenty-two in number, waited upon by a dozen bonnie lassies, as the commissioner pronounced them.

Mayor Finch, who elegantly presides over the turbulent Kearney council, was quarantined at home by them on an alleged case of scarlet fever, but that was a trumped up charge, and only done to gain time in which to pass an ordinance to take the mayor's farm into the city limits, as he was getting the benefit of the city's police protection without paying taxes. (The farm was only six miles out and his lots were selling for one thousand dollars each.) We were thus compelled to forego the pleasure of seeing the mayors on parade. The breakfast gong awoke us to a full realization of "what fools we mortals be," to travel with umbrellas instead of our coats. The morning was cold and misty with a strong northwest wind. The Pres. and mayor visited a clothing store and while the one engaged the proprietor in a real estate deal the other robbed the dummy on the sidewalk.

At 10 a. m. Coroner Swift, of Buffalo county, with our coroner, waited at the sidewalk for the commissioner, while Dr. Marden, Pres. of Kearney chamber of commerce, behind a spanking team of sorrels, took charge of the mayor and Pres. (I will never understand why the coroners hovered so constantly around the commissioner.) We were driven to Kentwood, an addition attractive for its elegant residences, none costing less than \$2,500, and then reaching away up towards \$20,000. Residence lots only \$3,000, this being more than we, as a committee, were authorized to invest. We asked to see the suburban lots (Kentwood is only two miles from Midway west), and were then driven along to West Kearney to look upon the beautiful depot which I had before noticed—the picture hanging in the Midway.

The depot foundation was constructed to a height of 5 feet, this being the only

building in process of construction. This reminds me that the state railroad company should investigate the outrage of the Union Pacific at this point perpetrated, by refusing to furnish depot facilities, as this depot is being erected by the Geo. W. Funk Improvement Co., at a cost of \$4000, who own West Side. All that the railroad company would do, was promise to stop when the depot was put in. Of course no one is residing there now, but the future should be recognized. West Side has a park, beautiful in design flower beds, rare shrubbery, nicely graded streets, electric light, water works and sewerage, all of the latest and most approved plans, were everywhere found, all for the sole and exclusive use of the lot stakes, for there are no other occupants, except the prices of the lots which were numerous, ranging from \$500 to \$5,000 each, depending entirely upon the distance from San Francisco as it is so much nearer and hence effects the value material, although it is laid out as an addition to Kearney.

From West Side we were driven to the state reform school and had the pleasure of meeting the reformer superintendent. I have often heard of him before but now think from the exterior he would be able to cope successfully with the rankest immorality of our city. We were guided from one school to another and saw the working throughout. I would make one improvement at the dinner table. The present plan is for the two hundred and eighty inmates to be seated and at a sharp snap of the finger to ask a blessing and to eat with another. This is too mechanical for religious purposes. After spending an hour in this home for the evil minded and which was originally designed for Plattsmouth by Hon. R. B. Windham, when our representative, we visited the object of our visit—the canal. Here we found an excavation skirting the foot of the bluffs running in and out as the small stream and valleys were passed, always maintaining a designed level in which flowed a stream of water of an average width of 23 feet and from 2 to 2 1/2 feet in depth. It was of a fall to get a rapid flow, the rate I do not remember, in crossing the mouth of a small canon, dams were constructed which maintain the elevation of the canal, and is then conducted on to its mouth. Its source is about 20 miles up the Platte where it is conducted diagonally across the bottoms to the foot hills, about seven miles, to a point about 9 feet below its source, and thence follows the bluffs as above mentioned. Each dam forms a lake varying in depth from 5 to 35 feet; in extent from 10 to 100 acres; all of which are well supplied with fish.

The canal finally terminates in Lake Echo, a beautiful sheet of water supplied with a boat-house, bath-houses and a small starboat. Here the water is turned over the banks through a short flume and then falls a distance of 40 feet in 50, when it is steadier for a moment and then hurries over a bank 10 feet high, spilling down a steep incline returns to its Platte, 5 miles away. It is 80 feet above the Platte at its outlet and a water power of three-fourth million horse power, of which they are now utilizing 35 horse power to generate electricity. This is done by conducting the water from the canal through an iron tube 3 feet in diameter to a double

turbin wheel at a point 35 feet below, through which the water pours unseen, as they are encased. The main shaft is attached by belts to the dynamo by which the wizard Edison is moving the world. The workings here I am too much of a novice to explain. Sufficient to say that from this point electric wires extend to different parts of the city to furnish electric light, draw clay to the brick yard of the Pressed Brick Co., run the press, give light to the city hall, public and for private use, run the machinery of the Canning Co. and Pork Packing Co. The Kearney Enterprise is a newspaper which receives the associated press dispatches, employs 11 compositors, a president, two vice presidents, secretary, treasurer, manager and assistant and four city editors, and sustains a weekly loss of \$300.00. This is a material part of the boom and is owned and supported by J. D. Brown. Here we saw more of the active workings of electricity than elsewhere. By the turning of a key, wheels began silently to move, incandescent burners are lighted, the paper folder automatically reached out for the newsy page, and indeed weird like, it seemed with all this unseen and unfelt power acting in such close proximity. We here met J. H. King, formerly city editor of the Journal of this place. He seems to be recuperating rapidly and doing well and we all will ever appreciate his kindness and interest.

In the morning we boarded the train for home, a town where booms are unheard of and where houses do not appear on shifting sands.

At Echo lake the county commissioner and President each hired a boat and had a race, when they landed the coroner had empaneled a jury but there being no body to set on the coroner came home on another train and the remainder of the committee played some game on the road home, but the writer does not know the name of it. In conclusion Kearney's capacity is large but the practical advantages of our own city far supercede it.

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Given
Away

TOP
Buggy

TO BE
Given
Away.

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Men's Black Imported Cork Screw	\$20.00.	" " \$13.35.	Men's " " "	\$ 6.00.	" " \$ 4.00.	Childs' Suits	\$ 2.00.	" " \$ 1.32.
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