

MRS. VANDERCOOK'S INTERESTING LETTER

Enjoying New Home in Florida as Well as Could Be Expected Under Circumstances.

From Saturday's Daily.
Stemper, Florida, Dec. 29.
Mrs. Phebus, Secretary W. C. T. U.

Dear Friend—I have delayed writing for two reasons; first, I have been very busy trying to get comfortable enough to write with comfort, viz, pen and ink and table to write on, and second, opportunity to look about sufficiently to write something about Florida worthy of interest, and today finds me seated "in my little cabin door," the gentle winds of this tropical climate fanning me and bringing the tones of the church bell calling the Sunday school together and later to preaching. I concluded it was my most religious duty and obligation to redeem my promise and write to my dear friends of the W. C. T. U., and when you have read it yourself and before the Union, if you will pass it on to the Journal office for publication it will save me the time to write about fifty letters to those requesting a letter telling all about Florida.

Well, that is a big subject. Its many acres, diversified scenery, its many lakes, bordered with cypress and pines, its live oaks, whose drooping noses dip almost to the water. I cannot hope to tell all about it in one letter. It might overtax the U. S. mail to deliver it, so I am going to write in turn to the different inquirers, and I shall, as they say in court, "tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and as there will be no lawyers present at each writing to beguile me into misstatements, in time my friends will know as much about Florida as I can myself.

Florida has been said to be a land of sunshine and flowers, and so it is (in places). When we traveled on the Atlantic coast railway from Jacksonville to Tampa, I said, "I am half way to Paradise already." The vivid green of the forest, the lotus flowers and hyacinths peeping up through the lily pads on the clear pools of water (no green malaria or musketeers), the golden fruit touching the ground from their overladen branches, the red poinsettia and other tropical flowers, and long stems of pampas, I was so elated that I pictured our future home and all Florida a vast "Garden of Eden," and when we reached Tampa I said this must be the most beautiful city in all the world!

We stayed a night and a day and took the morning train to Stemper. A few steps brought us to the sight of the land of our possessions, thirty-eight acres in all, a level stretch of palmeto shrubs and bunch grass, with now and then a mound of white sand protruding through the rank vegetation; a grove of pine and cypress trees bordering the lake, and in my dominion a solitary pine away up in the air, its branches at the far top clothed in live oak moss hanging half way to the ground. I could think of nothing but a monument of tears mourning for its dead companions, laid low by the greed of the lumberman's ax. The scene was most depressing to me, and as I looked at the chalk-colored soil, the shade trees all cut away, I said, I am sold again, and the other fellow has the money.

We made tracks up the railroad track to Lutz Junction, a mile to the north, a rival town, which since Mr. Moore bought our land in August had made a raid on Stemper and absconded with the postoffice, store, school house and church, and our little town no longer existed except the depot and a few negro huts. At Lutz Junction we found about a dozen houses, including the said post-office and store, and a large shell of lumber politely named hotel, which was so crowded with new people we could not find any accommodations until some of them left for their newly-built homes, made of rough pine boards. We remained there two days and then set up housekeeping. Mr. Moore's family in a room over the store, and I, dreading the long flight of stairs without any banisters, found a room in the garden of the "oldest inhabitant" (a year and two months). The room, my present abode, is 12x16 feet, painted in the inside with white-wash and strips over the cracks on the outside; it is furnished with

a lounge, spring cot, a small cook stove, some quilts for my cot and two small shelves for my cooking utensils, and my landlady of the De Lutz hotel kindly loaned me a folding table on which I am writing. But with all the gloomy prospects of the present, the outlook is good, as I can see from the condition of the more settled places that the cement-colored sand will produce good things to eat, and in plenty, as soon as the wild soil is cultivated.

The next neighbor to our place, who has been here two years, has strawberries nearly ripe, planted last October, and the largest sweet potatoes I ever ate, and on less than a quarter of an acre he sold 150 bushels for \$1 a bushel. I had for my dinner some of them, lettuce, celery, oranges, tangerines and pecan nuts, all raised within a few miles from here by those who came here last year.

This mushroom town of Lutz is the junction of two railroads, one going to Jacksonville and one destined to go from the gulf to the Atlantic ocean, and is destined to be a larger shipping point to Chicago, New York and coast line northern cities, as soon as the new arrivals have raised things to ship. But when I looked at the white sand (about the color of the stuff you make concrete pavement of), I said, surely this white sand can never produce anything good to eat, or support the hundred or more people whose houses are in sight of the town, besides the new arriving ones that each morning train brings in from the north, who have bought here and have come to "grow up with the country," which is as new as the people; nothing but a wilderness of palmetoes and pines, little villages along the track, saw-mills, where rough lumber is \$16 a 4,000. Nearer to Tampa the cultivated spots look very promising for future riches, but where we are, at first look, is anything but beautiful. The dozen or more houses, including the shell politely called hotel, gave us a most cordial welcome and the kindly landlady gave us the best she had—a cot upstairs, walled in from other lodgers with quilts brought from home (Michigan). We were exceedingly thankful for even this and thought of the condition of our Lord and Master, who had not whereon to lay his head, and after several hours of serious reflection upon conditions and things, we at last slept the sleep of the just—or unjust—as the case may be. We breakfasted on razor-backed pork and beans, hot biscuits, coffee and pie made from canned fruit, also brought from home. Supplies are hard to obtain from the one little store, which contains but few necessities and less business, but our energetic and kindly landlady served us the best she could in her crowded house, and many inconveniences; but the daughter has a fine piano and plays well.

The people here are mostly from northern states, and intelligent and enterprising, and their program by the children at the Christmas tree festivities was good. The one church in the place is made up of all of the different Protestant denominations, who work for the general good. There is a very small-sized Commercial club, a Wednesday visiting circle, who take their kensington in the weekly mending line, and the men of the village have offered us the use of a room over the new post-office as soon as it is completed, for a ladies' club; so you see, although we are newly arrived, we are a live people in the far-off wilderness of Florida.

Our house on the land is almost done. We have had four men at work on it. Have one acre cleared and plowed, the posts set for fencing, and we shall move out to it as soon as our car of furniture comes, which, though we shipped it a week before we left Platts-mouth, has not put in its appearance.

It is after 12 o'clock, the people are returning from church, and I am getting hungry for my dinner, which has been cooking while I write. Shall I give you the menu?—Baker sweet potatoes, celery soup, roast pork, hot biscuit, pumpkin pie (made out of sweet potatoes), oranges, tangerines, raisins, candy and pecan nuts left from Christmas. Is it not good enough for an old woman like me to eat all alone? I wish you could fly over here and help me eat it. Moore's folks sent for me to eat with them, but I decided that I wanted to stay at home and write this letter. I will say good-bye and clear my writing table and set it for my dinner. Please let me get a letter from you all soon and often. Sincerely and Fraternally Yours,

Mrs. J. E. Vandercok.

THE FISH COMMISSION GRAFT APPROPRIATION

The Legislature Should Go Slow in Appropriating Money to Such Grafting.

Murdock, Neb., Jan. 10.
To the Editor of the Journal:

If you will permit me space I would like to sound a timely warning to the present legislature regarding certain appropriations being asked, having noticed a report in your paper some few days ago of the chief game warden, stating the number and kind of fish distributed, also his report of licenses and fines and asking an appropriation of \$65,000 from the present legislature.

Now, I wish to say a word as to how I feel and what I think of this game and fish commission graft in our state. First, he claims there were over 18,000,000 wall-eyed pike distributed. I certainly doubt the correctness of this count; I do not believe there ever was, is now or ever will be that number of pike in this state. I presume they dip up a pail of small pike minnows and tally one, five or ten thousand and charge that number up to the taxpayers of the state and give their institution credit for same. Twenty million pike of eatable size in Nebraska waters! Shades of Ike Walton! no real pike waters in the state, either. It's enough to cause that good old patron saint of the rod to rise from his grave, rod in hand, and exclaim, "Heaven is no place for me while there are so many game fish in Nebraska!" and straightway hunt up Mr. Miller and congratulate him on being the guy that put the fish into the ocean.

Now, I have hunted and fished in this state for more than forty years and can remember the time when one could catch more fish in every old buffalo-wallow in Johnson county with a pin-hook and twine line than can be caught in any waters of the state now; but, alas, those wallows are all gone now; I presume because they were not protected by some idiotic game and fish laws like we have now. I do not believe that all the money the taxpayers have been grafted out of in the past twenty odd years for fish and game protection has ever done the state or anyone in it any good, except a gang of political hangers-on, who get fat salaries for doing nothing but drawing their pay.

It is a certain fact that wild game cannot thrive where civilization goes and that is why we have no quail or prairie chickens except in the uninhabited parts of the state, such as the sparsely settled sandhills, and the cultivation of the soil has so muddied up the streams that all game fish have forever disappeared from them, except in a few localities where there is not enough soil in the sand to make mud.

Now I think if this legislature does the wise thing they will do away with this game and fish commission graft, and put a stop to spending the taxpayers' hard-earned cash for the benefit of these grafters. I think it would be better for the people to let them have all they can get out of what little game there is yet (and it is not much), than to spend more money every year than it is all

There is no sensation to equal that of having

One Dollar Do the Work of Two

Our Clearance Sale does it. Don't spend your money till you investigate.

Men's Wool Underwear... 79c
Heavy Jersey Shirts... 50c
Lamb Lined Mittens... 50c
Heavy Sweaters... 56c
Jersey Sweaters... 39c

-OVERCOATS-

all wool, satin sleeve lining, combination collar—a real \$15 value... **\$7.95**

You can't beat it anywhere.

Boys' Overalls 29 and 39c
" Leather Mitts... 25c
" Winter Caps... 39c
" Knickerbocker Suits... \$1.89
Children's Overcoats... \$1 Up

New Norfolk Caps \$1.50

C. E. Wescott's Sons

Manhattan Shirts Now \$1.15

Always the Home of Satisfaction

worth put together, trying to protect it and then not succeeding. For the people who live where the game is will not obey the laws either by procuring a license or as to open and closed season.

H. V. McDonald.

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

One of the Most Popular Plays in Existence at the Parmele Next Friday Night, January 17.

One of the chief reasons why Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," has proved such a popular, as well as artistic success, is that the author has not hesitated to employ comedy in liberal quantities in the development of his beautiful story. Commenting on this fact, Harper's Weekly says: "The marvel, too, is that Mr. Kennedy is not solemn at all, except in aftermath. Laughter leaps in it, and the mind kindles to its delight. The author seems to have joined hands with humor, satire and irony and to have caught the flying glance of the comic spirit which George Meredith says is abiding overhead and looking upon us with a contemplation humanely malign. It is easy to picture the author of 'The Servant in the House' looking upon an audience at his own play—seeing it smile, or weep, or laugh in the wrong place, or pretend can't understand, in his own vision meanwhile, what Meredith calls the 'sunny malice of a fawn.' All this is different from the recent pessimistic reading of life, which Isher, for example, has made familiar. The master-builder dreamed of building homes with high towers on them, and the end was human fragments; Mary dreamed of finding a father who could be brave and beautiful and good, and the end was a human being in the likeness of his God. Perhaps we are beginning to have done with destruction. Nobody, least of all the author, pulled down the vicar's house to repair that drain. 'The Servant in the House' assumes the responsibility

for the assertion that if you only wish very, very hard and to help spin the fairy tale, everything comes true. Only a few may believe it, but a work like this has at least made belief easier." "A Servant in the House" will be at the Parmele theater Friday night, January 17.

Musical Thursday, January 16.
The musical to be given by St. Mary's Guild will be held at the home of Mrs. J. H. Donnelly on Thursday afternoon, January 16, instead of at the home of Mrs. Reese, as first announced. This event will be one of the best musical treats given in the city and should be attended by all lovers of good music.

FOR PLATTSMOUTH PEOPLE

Plattsmouth Citizen's Experiences Furnish Topic for Plattsmouth Discussion.

The following experience occurred in Plattsmouth. A Plattsmouth citizen relates it.

Similar experiences are occurring daily.

Plattsmouth people are being relieved.

Getting rid of distressing kidney ills.

Try Doan's Kidney Pills, the tested Quaker remedy.

Plattsmouth people testify, Plattsmouth people profit.

The evidence is home evidence—the proof convincing.

Plattsmouth testimony is gratefully given.

Plattsmouth sufferers should heed it.

J. L. McKinney, Lincoln Ave., Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy I ever used for disordered kidneys. Whenever I have had occasion to take them they have given the best results. In 1906 I publicly endorsed this preparation and I gladly confirm what I said then."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

GEORGE A. KAFFENBERGER BUYS ABBOTT RESIDENCE

A deal has just been closed whereby George A. Kaffenberger, the wealthy stockman, who resides on a farm west of this city, becomes the owner of the residence of N. C. Abbott on High School Hill. This is one of the most desirable residence properties in this city and Mr. Kaffenberger is very fortunate in securing it. He will not move to the city for some time yet, but we can take great pleasure in welcoming him and his charming family to our city, and are delighted that they have decided to make their residence in the best home town in the state, if not in the United States, and believe here they will find the social and educational facilities better than any town of its size. Mr. Kaffenberger has been one of the leading farmers of this section and will make a fine citizen for our city.

MRS. CARRIE WILSON SECURES POSITION IN SENATE

According to dispatches from Lincoln, Mrs. Carrie L. Wilson has been selected as one of the stenographers in the senate at the present session of the legislature. Mrs. Wilson was a former resident of this city, where her parents, Captain and Mrs. L. D. Bennett, resided for so many years, and her friends here will be pleased to learn of her securing the position for which she is so eminently fitted, having served for several years as stenographer for Commissioner Ames and Judge Root of the supreme court.

Petition to Quiet Title.
This morning in the office of the clerk of the district court a petition to quiet title was filed, entitled John R. Peckham vs. C. A. Mullany, and the unknown heirs and devisees of deceased, C. A. Mullany and Mrs. A. C. Mullany. Plaintiff is the owner of a lot in the village of Avoca and desires to have the title to the property cleared up.

A Want Ad in the Journal will bring what you want.

25% EASTWOOD'S 25%

Mid-Winter Sale

A GREAT REDUCTION ON ALL

Reed's Enameld Ware—the Best Ware Manufactured!

and at Prices that cannot be Duplicated from the Factory

25 PER CENT REDUCTION ON ALL THESE GOODS

30 Day Sale, Commencing Saturday, Jan. 11th

-G. P. EASTWOOD-

SUCCESSOR TO JOHN BAUER