

JOHNSON LIKES THE LIMELIGHT.

Champion Will Not Begin Hard Training Until June.

HAS HIS OWN METHODS.

Says He Does Not Need More Than Three or Four Weeks to Fit Him For Coming Battle—Will Weigh About 198 Pounds When He Tackles Jeff.

Until recently the all absorbing question was, Will Jeffries be able to get into condition? Now they are asking if Jack Johnson will be able to do himself justice July 4. Some people are worrying because the negro is having a good time at his Seal Rock quarters, near San Francisco, and has not settled down to the real hard training. There is no need for any worry. Johnson knows how to get into shape for a battle. The negro champion needs only the fraction of the time Jeffries is using for the preparation, as he has been fighting often and can get into shape very quickly.

Just at present he is getting all there is to be had out of the sensation of being a prominent figure in the public eye. He seems to feel that the hard grind of the training season will be on whenever he makes up his mind to forsake pleasure and meet it face to face.

While training for his fight with Tommy Burns in Australia some of the well meaning visitors did not like Johnson's style of preparing for a world's championship fight, and they made suggestions. Johnson heard them and was quick to resent. From these training camp experiences developed the feeling of dissatisfaction which resulted in Johnson turning Sam Fitzpatrick, a valuable, conscientious manager and advertiser, adrift.

Johnson has some sound logic of an epigrammatic nature in his comments on training. He says:

"A fighter when in the ring may wish he had some of the strength he wasted on a wood pile.

"No heavyweight fighter needs to starve in order to be fast enough to enter the ring.

"It is tax enough on any one's strength to fight, so it is better to save all your power by refusing to worry."

Johnson says he will begin real hard training about the first week in June. Then he will get busy with the weight machines, the medicine ball and the four round tilts with the human punch-



Photo by American Press Association.

LATEST PICTURE OF JACK JOHNSON. ing bags to be in fit fettle to meet Jeffries. He can reach the prime condition notch in three weeks.

If he started sooner he might find himself stale. He knows what's good for him and doesn't have to monkey around to find out how long he should train or what kind of work suits him. Johnson has his mind set on being at concert pitch by July 1 and then he is able to hold himself in trim from then until he faces Jeffries in the ring.

When Johnson arrived at the training camp he tipped the scales at 226 pounds. After a few twelve mile runs on the road he weighed 210. In talking about his weight recently Johnson said:

"It never worries me how much or how little I weigh. My training is all based on how I feel and perform. If I could hit as hard, be as fast and feel as well I would not care whether I weighed a ton or 150 pounds. But common sense tells me that 198 or 200 pounds is enough for me to weigh and be at my best. I do not expect to weigh an ounce more than 198 when I meet Mr. Jeffries. It is not necessary for me to tip over buildings or wrestle with bears. All I need is some outdoor work, a little boxing to retain speed, and I will be there without an excuse prepared."

Manager Little has taken every precaution to safeguard Johnson against any tampering with his food. The negro has a special cook and waiter, and every care is being taken to see that raw as well as cooked food is free from anything that will harm the heavyweight.

So that the new cook may not find the time hanging heavy on her hands Little has had special chicken yards installed at Seal Rock House and is also pigeonholing the roof cuts so as to increase the squab outfit.

"Jeffries may be able to outbox this fellow, but Jack can give him cards and spades eating chickens," said Manager Little recently. "He only gets away with six squabs at a meal."

A baseball diamond has been arranged in the rear of the hotel, and as J. Arthur is a crack first baseman he proposes to have a team of his own and play all comers, excepting, however the Jeffries nine.

RESERVE POWER.

Value of a Surplus of Energy in the Battle of Life.

In every department of life physical, mental and moral reserves are of incalculable value. Many people work so hard that they exhaust their physical energies each day. They make it a matter of conscience to wade through just as much work as possible every day, no matter how painfully it is done, not realizing the tremendous value of keeping oneself vigorous, buoyant.

No life can be vigorous if it is not kept fresh, responsive, by great physical and mental reserves. As hibernating animals, like the bear, in cold climates sustain life through the winter wholly upon the reserve fat and nutrient stored up in the tissues, so patients who have splendid physical reserves and resisting power are carried through severe sickness and sustained through severe illnesses by this reserve surplus, stored up vital power, while those who lack it, those who have dissipated it in abnormal living and excesses, often lose their lives even in much less severe illnesses.

Great business men accomplish marvels with their reserves. Many of them work but a few hours a day, but they have such tremendous physical reserves and so much stored up mental energy that they are able to accomplish wonders in a short time because of their ability to work with great intensity and powerful concentration.

People who keep their physical and mental surplus drawn down very low by working a great many hours and almost never taking vacations, who do not fill their reserve reservoir by frequent vacations and by a lot of recreation and play, do not work with anything like the freshness and mental vigor of those who work fewer hours and constantly accumulate great reserve power.

There comes into every life worth while a time when success will turn upon the reserve power. It is then a question of how long your stored up energy will enable you to hold out. There will often arise emergencies when your success will depend upon how much fight there is in you.—Success Magazine.

The Tree Moved.

M. Thour during his explorations in South Africa had occasion to apprehend an attack from hostile natives. He kept his men on the watch for six days, though they were worn out with fatigue.

"Once a sentinel slept leaning on his gun," he wrote. "I woke him and warned him that one of the least dangers of such a sleep was that a Toba spy would fall on him and kill him with his own gun. While we talked I observed that a little tree which I had noticed earlier now occupied a different position. I fixed my attention on it and saw that it moved almost imperceptibly. I had seen such a phenomenon before. The sentinel and I pretended to sleep. The tree continued to approach. Suddenly I raised my gun and fired. We rushed forward. There lay a Toba wounded in the leg and grasping the branch with which he had disguised himself as a tree."

Time to Quit.

"How's farming, old man?" asked the windmill salesman on the station platform at Gosenneck Junction.

"Gone to the dogs," sighed the big freckled chap with the yellow valise. "I just plumb give up and am going to town. Had a cabbage farm and thought I was going to make a fortune until Jed Hale started a snail farm, and the blamed critters ate all my cabbage."

"That was tough."

"Yes, but I tried to get even. I started a frog farm, and the frogs swallowed all of his snails."

"Well, you got satisfaction anyway, old man."

"Only for awhile. Jed got so all fired hot under the collar, blamed if he didn't start a snake farm, and in two days they had swallowed every frog in sight. Yasn, stranger, I reckon I am out of the farming business for good and all."—Chicago News.

A Beef Ham.

Sir Walter Scott wrote little about meat and drink, but his description in "Waverley" of a Scotch breakfast is memorable, says the London Chronicle. "He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour oatmeal and barley meal in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham and beef ditto, smoked salmon and many other delicacies." "And," as Samuel Weller would have observed, "a werry good idea of a breakfast too." But has any reader ever seen a beef ham? Fortunately the sideboards in Scott's time were of substantial build.

SUTH BEND.

George Seiver was a visitor to Louisville Monday morning on the Schuyler.

B. F. Dill was a county seat visitor Friday returning home by way of Omaha.

Mrs. Chas. Campbell and wife were Ashland visitors last week.

The M. W. A. People are to have a social time of their own Saturday evening at their hall. Refreshments of ice cream and cake will be served to the members of their families.

The Rock Island has a gang of men at work on their bridge at this point, having come the latter part of the week.

Carl Razzman and the Clemme brothers from Murdock came down to try their luck at fishing Tuesday. We failed to see the gentlemen return with the usual numbers.

Willard Dill is now home after being with the Beatty bridge gang in Kansas.

Mesdames Hansen, Williams and Hannah Duncan Abbot were guests of the Kanef home Sunday.

The Royal Neighbors had an extra spread Monday night in honor of the Misses Smith and Hamilton, who were active and earnest workers in the lodge and who leave for their summer vacation in the very near future.

The South Bend school closes Friday, May 27, and for the occasion a special program has been prepared to be given Thursday evening at the M. W. A. hall.

Gus and Julius Rizzman and Jas. Lish departed on the Rock Island Monday noon, stating they were enroute for their future home in Montana.

A number of the enthusiastic members of the Woodman lodge are planning going to Omaha to see some special work put on at the Auditorium by way of initiatory work according to the new rituals just installed in all the Camps.

Received Death Message.

Word was received today of the death of J. M. Jackson of Burlington, Ia., a brother in law of D. W. Hawksworth and uncle of Mrs. E. W. Cook of this city. Mr. L. Jackson was an old employee of the Burlington, having been stationed at Burlington for many years. His death occurred very suddenly last evening from an attack of heart failure with which he was seized last Monday. The deceased leaves a wife and three children. Mr. and Mrs. Hawksworth and Mrs. Cook left this evening to attend the funeral which will be held from the Jackson residence tomorrow afternoon.

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WHO IS BEST THIRD SACKER?

How the Last Stationers In Big Leagues Size Up.

DO HONORS BELONG TO LORD?

Boston Americans' Star on All Around Value Said to Outrank His Competitors—Devlin of New York Second Choice.

"Who is the best third baseman in the big leagues?" is a question that is being much debated at present, and the debate in fact has been one of extreme keenness ever since those past masters Jim Collins and Lave Cross passed out of the fast company. Bill Bradley of Cleveland, who would have been a strong candidate, has fallen away of late, especially in batting, and Tommy Leach of Pittsburg, another corker on the farther sack, is now playing in the outfield. The best man in the third base game today is hard to choose, and every candidate has partisans who back him strongly; but, taking all things into consideration, Harry Lord of the Boston Americans classes as the top liner of the present day.

Arthur Devlin is counted by many fans, especially New Yorkers, as the leader. He has been a wonder in his day and is still a star, but Lord is the stronger player as a batsman and a base runner, while there is little if anything to choose between them in fielding the position. Lord therefore outranks Devlin in net value to a team, and where outside of Devlin has he a fit competitor?

Sweeney and Herzog of the Boston Nationals cannot class anywhere near Lord. He won't get any opposition in his own town, Brooklyn, with Lennox, shows a remarkably strong player, who may take the topnotch laurels in a year or two. Lennox is a strong batsman and plays third in a style that is as perfect mechanically as any one can display.

Steinfeldt of the Chicago Cubs comes just a little short of Devlin in batting, base running and territory covered. Steiny is aging, but is still a wholly competent man and far from the has been division.

Lober of the Reds when in proper form is a good, husky third baseman. Eddie Grant of the Quakers is steadily gaining in all departments. The champion Pirates now use Bobby Byrne on third, a midget who does his best, but is not to be considered a topnotcher. St. Louis has Barbeau and Mowrey. Of these Barbeau is even smaller than Byrne and hardly as efficient. Mowrey is an unfortunate player who is growing old in big league uniforms, yet without having a really fair chance to show whether he is a winner or a dub.

Devlin therefore may be rated as the star of the National league, with Grant a faint shade below him.

In the American league Baker of the Athletics is a tearing, murdering batsman, almost as frequent a hitter as Lord and more on the long range, clean up pattern. He is not as fast on the bases and has a good deal to learn about the fine work in fielding the position.

Tannehill of the Chicago White Sox is still a beautiful player when it comes to fielding the base—the equal of any one—but has always been a weak hitter and is growing no younger. Purtell, who bids fair to cop the job from Tanny, is a good hitter and fast fielder, but quite a way below the Lord or Devlin standard.

Bradley of Cleveland, once a wonder on the base and with the stick, is a weak batsman now. He can still field most brilliantly, but is outclassed in the batting line. Perring, his alternate, is a good second rate player, not a star.

Moriarity of the Tigers is an improving player, a good batsman, a fast runner—a man who will be up near the top within another year's gain in skill. Austin of New York is a fairly good young performer, but certainly cannot be rated as a leading star, either as a batter or a fielder.

Wallace of St. Louis is growing old and slowing up, hence can hardly be counted as a competitor. Conroy of Washington is a veteran, a fair class performer, but no longer among the headliners.

It looks like Lord for the leading honors, all right, and he is quite likely to hold them through the season.

Home Run Made on Ball in Locomotive Smokestack.

Ball games have been won now and then by "hitting it out of the lot," but seldom if ever by batting the ball down the smokestack of a moving locomotive. The game was played recently on a lot near the Lackawanna station in Harrison, N. J. The railroad track ran through the left field. The batsman raised a Texas leaguer behind third base above the railroad embankment just as the train due at Hoboken at 4:55 p. m. was pulling out. The ball dropped on the locomotive. Four runs were scored on the play. The umpire doctored the ball went down the smokestack on fair grounds, and the runs counted.

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