

WHO ARE THE UNITED DOCTORS?

Some Information About the Specialists Who Will be in Plattsmouth on Tuesday, May 31st.

Since the announcement has been made in these columns that the Chief Consulting Physician of the United Doctors, who have their permanent Nebraska institute located on the second floor of the Neville Block, corner of 16th and Harney sts., Omaha, Nebr., would pay a visit to the Riley Hotel at Plattsmouth the question has been asked many times: Who are the United Doctors and what do they do? The answer is this:

The United Doctors, as the name implies, is an association of expert specialists who have united to organize a new school of medicine; a new and more scientific and positive system of curing human ailments. For centuries, the world has been full of different "cults" and "isms" of medicine. We had the old root herb doctor with his bitter potions; the Allopath with calomel and quinine in large doses; the Eclectic without his calomel; the Osteopath and the Christian Scientist. We were doctored by heat, by electricity, by baths at the Hot Springs, and by a multitude of men and methods. Some of the patients were cured, some died who should have been cured. It was impossible for the ordinary person to say which method of treating diseases was the best, and the physicians of the various schools were so biased that they could see good only in their own method; all others were necessarily bad.

Evidently there is good in all of them, for they all cure some cases. Also, there is bad in all, for they all failed at times and allowed misery to remain or death to come where a cure should have been effected.

A tremendous stride forward was made, when the association of the United Doctors was formed. The founders of this association consisted of eminent specialists from the various schools of practice. Eclectics, Homeopaths, Allopaths, Regulars and Irregulars met and agreed to drop their prejudices and agreed to form a new system of treatment, which would embrace all the good points of the old methods and leave out the bad. The result of the efforts of the world famous specialists of the various schools, was the wonderful treatment now being used by the United Doctors. All of this was not accomplished in a day or two, but has taken years of patient work by these specialists in their great institutions in the east; Homeopaths, Eclectics, Allopaths, all working side by side, each throwing away his old ideas when he was convinced there was something better, until at last out of the old chaos and confusion, came a new and perfect system, as it is now used by the United Doctors.

The cost of these specialists was great not only in the labor of forming the new system of treatment, but also in the effort it costs them to ignore their prejudice in favor of the various schools in which they were originally educated. But their record has been great in health and happiness restored to hundreds and thousands who were going to their grave in misery, pronounced incurable by old methods.

The wonderful new system of medicine has cured thousands of

cases of chronic diseases of the liver, kidneys, skin, heart, lungs, bowels and stomach, including rheumatism, neuralgia, appendicitis, gall stones, piles, goniter, rupture, disease of women and diseases of men, which has been pronounced incurable by other doctors.

Louis Schultz, a prominent farmer living on R. R. No. 2 Plattsmouth Nebraska, says that for twelve years he had been treating with his home doctors those in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the best ones in St. Paul, Minn.

He took the hot baths in Lincoln, Nebraska, and even went clear to Hot Springs, Ark., all of which gave no relief. In speaking of his case he says: "I went to the United Doctors. They told me more about myself and disease in ten minutes than all the other doctors put together in all the years before."

"Now, my stomach gives me no trouble I eat any thing and digest it perfectly; my kidneys are better and rheumatism improving so rapidly in this short time, that I am sure my recovery will be complete."

N. C. Carlson, of Wausa, Nebr., says, "I am now as well as I ever was in my life. When I commenced treatment with you, I was barely able to walk, such was the pain I had. Now, after taking your treatment five months, I enjoy perfect health."

Mrs. Alice Griswold, of 1619 Frederick St., Omaha, Nebraska says she had appendicitis in a very severe form. She did not believe she could be cured without a surgical operation but took the United Doctors treatment with little hope. After the first two or three doses she began to feel better and in less than a month was entirely cured, and has no return of the trouble since.

These people were cured in their own homes, without surgical operation and they are only a few out of three thousands who have been cured by the United Doctors at their various institutions throughout the United States. These specialists have hundreds and thousands of testimonies from cured patients on file in their office. Any one interested in any particular disease can secure the names of patients who were cured of that disease by writing to the United Doctors at their Omaha institute. These testimonials are from responsible people of Nebraska, and were given voluntarily out of the gratitude of their hearts, so you can believe implicitly what they tell you.

It is this wonderful all home treatment that the United Doctors are bringing to Plattsmouth on Wednesday, May, 31st and while here they will give consultation free, free examination and free treatment except for the cost of the medicines used.

If you are skeptical, write to the United Doctors or the names and addresses of patients whom they have cured and you will be furnished with as many as you may desire to investigate.

Remember the United Doctor will be here but one day and while here will receive patients at the Riley Hotel.

If you are sick and suffering and want to be made well and happy call on the doctor when he comes to Plattsmouth.

A Swimming Record.

Not long ago a tramp beat all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. The feat was not undertaken voluntarily. The hobo merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward through the open manhole into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached, at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep and he might have stood up. The conductor, equally unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the hobo replied that he had come not by rail, but by water.—Exchange.

Odd Use For a Piano Stool.

"We have requests for all kinds of odd pieces of furniture," said a dealer the other day, "but I was somewhat surprised when a customer asked for an odd piano stool

there was nothing particularly unusual in the request itself, but I was rather surprised to find that neither style, color nor kind of wood seemed to have much influence on the mind of the would be buyer.

"What is your piano like?" I finally asked curiously. "Oh, I haven't any piano!" was the reply. "You see, I have just joined a swimming class, and we all have to have a piano stool to practice the different motions on. There is nothing so good to learn on, our teacher says, unless one can actually go into the water itself every day."—New York Sun.

His Hard Luck.

His horse went dead, and his mule went lame, and he lost six cows in a poker game; then a hurricane came on a summer's day and blew the house where he lived away, and the earthquake came when that was gone and swallowed the land that the house was on; then the tax collector came around and charged him up with the hole in the ground.—Upson (Ga.) Parrot.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND.

Bill Dahlen of Brooklyn Tells of Managers' Hard Lot.

APPLAUDED WHILE WINNING.

When Club Strikes Losing Streak Fans Tender No Sympathy to the Pilot. Leader of Big League Team Has Thankless Task at All Times.

No. VI.

By BILL DAHLEN.

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Very few people, except those who possess inside knowledge, are familiar with the trials of a manager of a major league ball team and with what he has to contend. Let me tell you, a manager's path is not strewn with roses; but, on the contrary, it is a position beset with tribulations, of sleepless nights and of hopes often unfulfilled, particularly when conducting the affairs of a losing club. The fans will not stand for a persistent loser, and the team which is unable to make a fairly good showing in the pennant race soon loses support and is termed "lemons," "clucks," "dubs" and "has-beens," and the leader of such a club is set down in the same class.

In the present day baseball game the manager is the man who has to stand or fall. It's up to him as far as the public goes. And yet how many of the fans who go to ball games know or even care who the manager of a team is as long as it continues to win? But if it loses—wow! Then the manager gets it, and gets it good and plenty. The fans only blame the manager. They forget there is an owner behind the manager, who may be more to blame than he.

In order to be a successful manager in the major leagues today one must possess a large amount of gray matter, up to date ideas and knowledge of the intricate points of play. Not only must he have a full understanding of the game, but he must be able to instill the knowledge into the heads of the players comprising his team. The majority of the leaders in the big leagues today have knowledge of the game through practical experience and active participation as players. In following the game day in and day out all of its scientific features are presented to them. Almost every day the plays that are pulled off are the result of deep study and mature meditation.

One of the big woes of a manager is the daily advice of patrons who by word of mouth and numerous letters insist upon telling him how the team should be run. Of course this advice is thankfully received and immediately followed—nit. If these fans had their way changes in the team would be made every day and new players would be coming in by the train load.

The hardest part of a manager's work lies in the selection of his team, weeks and months being spent in scouring the country for promising material. If out of a half dozen selections one real diamond star is discovered the manager considers himself very lucky, for the ratio of young players making good in fast company is only one in six.

In the spring, when reporting time arrives, the manager awakens to the fact that his troubles are to commence. With twenty or thirty players from which to select a regular team his work is cut out for him, and he passes days of anxiety and suspense. After many trials his choice is made. Those who have not displayed the requisite speed are returned to the minors. The manager is filled with hope and fear. If his team starts in a rut and everything breaks badly he knows that he will pass a season of discontent and become the target of abuse. His hours will be full of unrest and devoid of pleasure.

Then the fans will submit hundreds of letters telling him of the players that he should get, many of whom could not be secured for love or money. When he is recognized on the streets he is met with sour looks and coldly greeted. Then perhaps some one will hurl the questions at him: "Why don't you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" "What do you mean by letting the team go to the dogs?" "Are you trying to kill the game?"

While the manager feels like soaking the interrogator he is forced to smile a sickly smile and work his thought tank in an endeavor to pacify the irate fan. While sitting on the players' bench he may have to listen to such expressions as these: "Bum team," "They're rotten," "Punk," "Rank aggregation" and "Get a new manager." After listening to these comforting words for a couple of hours each day the pilot of the team is thankful when darkness envelops the land and he can retire in restful slumber.

A manager's berth in the major leagues is no sinecure. It may continue for one or a dozen years, according to the measure of success attained, and the incumbent is always on easy street. In that capacity one may be worthy of a medal today, the tin can tomorrow. The fans are prone to applaud the successful and heap coils of fire on the heads of the unfortunate. A baseball manager is up today and down tomorrow.

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 nutriment 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 Gooseneck 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. Yaas, 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 d'itto, 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.

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