

The Plattsmouth Journal.

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TART CURB-STONE JOSHINGS

Culled, Clipped, Penciled and Prepared for the Readers of the Journal.

The apple tree that stands beside
The yonder orchard gate,
Is bending low beneath a yield
Of fruit that's simply great;
And as I gaze upon the sight,
I think of when—and sadder—
The women folks will want a load
To make some apple butter.

The hens are again on a strike—eggs are going up.

Soon the coal man will be getting in his work to a fare-you-well.

Some men in this town carry their courage around in a pint flask.

It's all right to greet misfortune with a "smile" if you have the price.

Hear that school bell, boy? Run on, now, and don't stop on the way!

"Are we to have an early fall?" is the common every-day inquiry now.

The nearer the time for cold weather, the larger the cake of ice left at your door.

Some old maids in this town are up to date in everything except their birthdays.

The year 1904 is proving a horror; but what could one expect of a leap year anyhow?

Duty and pleasure are no more closely related than a wheelbarrow and an automobile.

The hen-pecked husband is always held up as a model by the women of the neighborhood.

There may be such a thing as love at first sight, but love at several sights is apt to be rare.

Too many people keep on singing "I want to be an angel," when they ought to be doing the fall plowing.

A man gets a lot of things he doesn't want in this world as a woman wants a lot of things she doesn't get.

Nebraska City has passed an ordinance regulating the sale of cocaine, morphine, opium and chloral.

Some one has said that wealth does not beget contentment—and we are positive that poverty doesn't.

It is difficult for a man to climb to the top of the ladder, but it is dead easy for him to slide down again.

You can't win a crown of glory by giving away your old straw hat after it gets too cold to wear it yourself.

Substantial brick sidewalks have been laid on the south side of Main, between Third and Fourth streets.

The small boy who furnishes the motive power for a grindstone isn't easily convinced that turn about is fair play.

We should all have a warm spot in our hearts for the ice man. Then why not a cold spot in the same place for the coal man?

Men are being taken in every day at the shops. Matters are looking brighter with those who have been out for so many weeks.

Love may be blind, yet the lovelorn youth is quick to detect his best girl in the act of making "googoo eyes" at the other fellow.

Girls don't worry about when they will be old and have lost their beauty because they think they will be married then. But how about old maids?

There's never a day that does not wear
The reflection of a brighter tomorrow,
And never a trial that does not bear
A blessing as well as a sorrow.

A new brick walk is being laid in front of Fricke's drug store. But one gap will then remain to complete a good walk the entire length of the block.

We have known men who would labor for years preaching the doctrine of elevating the world who will sit in the shade and let their poor wives carry in the wood and water to get them a bite to eat.

Did you ever notice that the man who is the slowest in paying his own debts is always on hand to the dot to get what is coming to him. He is not a believer in the kind of reciprocity that takes what is due him to pay what is due from him to the other fellow.

The other evening while standing on the corner of Main and Fifth street talking to a young gentleman, a young lady handsomely attired and putting on such airs as to make a stranger believe she was a millionaire's daughter. The young man, calling our attention to her maneuvers, said: "There goes one of the slouchiest girls around her home in this town—from her present appearance you wouldn't believe it, would you?" But he convinced us. The good Lord deliver a young man from marrying a young lady who goes slouchy about her own home—she will make a slouchy wife. But the contrast from home attire to street attire—why so great? Is it to deceive? Girls, keep yourselves tidy around home.

Rules for Rural Mail Boxes.

By a recent ruling of the postoffice department, more than one family may now use the same mail box on a rural delivery route. All rural route boxes must be equipped with signals to indicate whether or not there is mail in them. Heretofore only one family could use a rural route box, and it was not necessary to place signals on the boxes.

A VERY SERIOUS ACCIDENT

The Family of F. M. Massie Thrown From Wagon and Two Seriously Injured

About half past seven o'clock last Sunday evening F. M. Massie, wife and children started from home to attend meeting at Otterbein church. The roads seemed to be a little rough in places, and they proceeded to within a half mile of the church, when one side of the vehicle went down into a deep rut, throwing out Mrs. Massie, their little daughter, Georgia, and the little boy.

The accident occurred within a half mile of the church, and parties went to the aid of the mother and little daughter when it was discovered that they were badly injured. Dr. Gilmore, of Murray, was immediately summoned and upon examination it was discovered that Mrs. Massie's collar bone was broken and one of little Georgia's lower limb's fractured. While the accident of course is deeply regretted by the friends of the family, it is very fortunate that it was no worse.

At last account Mrs. Massie and Georgia were getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Under the efficient care of Dr. Gilmore the Journal hopes that Mrs. Massie and her little daughter will hastily recover.

The Opening of the Schools

The schools of Cass county are all now in operation again. Previous to the opening day, Superintendent Wortman communicated with both teachers and directors, calling attention to several minor matters connected with the successful running of schools. He laid before the teachers the plan of the Reading Circle work all are expected to do. This was also communicated to the directors, with the assertion that it was as necessary for a teacher to do these things and aim to be progressive, as it was for a lawyer, minister or doctor to attend meetings of his profession.

The superintendent takes the stand that a dictionary and globe should be in every school house. He intimates that the idea that these things cost money should have no weight, by stating that those districts which are trying to economize should have them at any cost, even if so to do would necessitate the cutting short by a few weeks or a month the length of the term. A teacher without these essential tools with which to do work is handicapped to the extent that more progress can come with them even with less school. He writes: "By all means I recommend that you have them even if to do so means one-half month less school." Incidentally he states that there are seventeen schools in the county without any kind of a dictionary.

Mr. Wortman suggests that school board members attend the local teachers' meetings whenever they can, and extends a standing invitation for them to do so.

Speaking on the point of teachers doing Reading Circle work, Superintendent Wortman concludes in his letter to the boards: "Every teacher in the county should attend these associations. Lawyers have their meetings, physicians have their meetings, and so on. Ten times more important than any of these is it that those who labor in the school room with the child mind also have their meetings. So impressed am I with the necessity of this work for teachers that I uniformly refuse to endorse any grades of a teacher's last certificate if she has not put forth an effort the previous year to perform this useful duty. On the other hand, it is my custom to endorse good certificates in their entirety when the holders thereof have made commendable efforts in this work."

It is announced that there will be four sectional meetings and two general or county meetings during the school year.

Injured at South Omaha.

William Mendenhall of Plattsmouth while at work on a bridge at South Omaha last Monday, had the misfortune to fall a distance of forty feet, inflicting a painful fracture of one of the ankle bones. One hip was also quite seriously injured. He was brought to his home the same day.

LABOR DAY'S CELEBRATION

The Principal Feature of the Day Was the Address of A. H. Floaten of Colorado.

Labor Day was most appropriately observed by the laboring men of this city. While the exercises were not so extensive as last year, yet quite a goodly number of the people from the city and surrounding country attended. The celebration was held in Mapes' grove, where the day was well spent—many taking their dinner on the ground. The B. & M. band furnished the music for the occasion.

In the afternoon Mr. A. H. Floaten, of Colorado, delivered the principal address. In a very neat little speech, Chas. Martin, of this city introduced the orator of the day. The introduction was so appropriately and effectively done as to receive the plaudits of the assembly. Mr. Floaten is a very pleasing speaker, and after some explanation as to the principles of socialism, the speaker told of the trouble existing in Colorado, and the hardships he and others went through when deported from their homes. Mr. Floaten was manager of the Peoples' Supply Company, which was the depository of the funds and stores of the Western Federation of Miners. Among the many things he told was the following:

"I was dragged from my home about 11 o'clock. I was dragged away from my family, half clothed, and was compelled to spend the night in the Bull Pen thinly clad. The mob broke down my door and rushed to my bed room and drove my wife out of bed and then came down stairs to find me.

"I asked the mob to let me put on my shoes, and the only answer I got was a blow with a revolver butt, which felled me to the floor.

"They dragged me out. My wife came with my shoes and I asked again to put them on. I was told that I would soon be in a place where shoes would go up in smoke. The mob herded sixty-four of us in front of the city hall until we were put on a special train. A special agent of the railroad had charge of the train.

"We were put off at Ridgeway, where there is only a water tank, and had to walk twelve miles across the country to Ouray. I walked in my bare feet."

Mr. Floaten told a most pitiable story, and from what has been allowed to appear in the papers, no one seems to think that he enlarged upon the subject. He told of the various deeds of violence inflicted upon the miners, which was enough to curdle the blood in a man's veins who had a spark of feeling for humanity. Deportation in free America! Shades of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!

Mr. Floaten's address was well received by all who heard it.

The day was all that could be desired for an occasion of this kind. In the afternoon most of the business houses were closed and their clerks given an opportunity to attend the celebration.

Three games of base ball were played during the day. The first game which was called about 11 o'clock was between what is termed the Originals of this city, and the Cedar Creek team, which resulted in a score of 15 to 12 in favor of Cedar Creek. The second contest was between the Omaha and Plattsmouth cigar makers, the latter coming out victors by a score of 11 to 2. The last game was played by the Originals and the High school team, the latter winning out by a score of 11 to 6.

Thus passed Labor Day 1904, in Plattsmouth.

A New Swindle.

Look out for this graft. It's a new one and is being worked in various sections of the country. A stranger approaches a farmer and offers to sell him a water tank which he guarantees will prevent water from freezing in zero weather. Failing to make a sale he induces the farmer to act as salesman and has him sign a contract for one to be used as a sample, as Mr. Stranger is very desirous to place one tank in each precinct. A few weeks later, a couple of accomplices come along with the contract transformed into a note and demand payment. Get all strangers the marble hand and trade with the home merchants.

Captured Two Premiums.

Mrs. J. D. McBride of this city is known as an excellent hand in fancy work, but when she sent a couple of articles to the state fair she didn't do so with the expectation of capturing a prize among so many articles of like character that would be on exhibition. But she was awarded first prize on both handkerchief and lunch cloth. Of course Mrs. McBride feels somewhat rewarded for her trouble as well as a little pride in the fact that she captured both first premiums.

Harmer Monument Cost \$1750.

One of the largest monuments ever gotten out by a firm in Western Iowa was shipped this week by the Moore Monumental Co. It will be set up in the Tabor cemetery and is in memory of Barton Harmer, a wealthy bachelor who recently died near Plattsmouth and who was a brother of A. J. Harmer living south of Glenwood. It is of Barre granite, beautifully polished and artistic in design. It is 104 feet high above the base and weighs nearly 20,000 pounds. It cost the good round sum of \$1750.—Glenwood (Iowa) Opinion.

SOMETHING STARTLING

Daring Deeds Most Deftly Done in the Big Barnum & Bailey Shows.

A large number of excursion parties have already been arranged for the purpose of visiting the famous Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth when it exhibits in Omaha, Monday, Sept. 12th. All transportation lines give cheap excursion rates to the big show and thousands of people in this vicinity will take advantage of the opportunity to see this colossal modern exhibition. The Barnum & Bailey Show was not only the original combined circus, menagerie and hippodrome, but it has kept so far ahead of all other shows on these distinct lines that it is beyond the range of all rivalry or comparison. In New York City, where the great show opened a five weeks' season in March, and where it played to record-breaking business, press and public in praising the performance. Bishop Potter voiced the sentiment of the public of the first performance by declaring: "It is the best circus I ever saw." That this praise was sincere and just is proved by the novel and unique character of the exhibition. From the time the doors open and Carl Clair's splendid military band begins its grand preliminary concert, until the final thrilling chariot race in the hippodrome contests, there is something interesting to see—something to wonder at and to carry away as a pleasant memory to discuss for days and days afterward. First there is the splendid zoological collection of rare and valuable wild animals, which forms a vestibule into the main exhibition tent. Thirty elephants, a herd of four almost priceless giraffes, twenty camels and dromedaries, and over fifty cages of other wild beasts form a display both interesting and of a distinct educational value. In the hippodrome pavilion, where seats are provided for nearly 15,000 spectators, there is a triple-ring circus performance so new, so novel, so sensationally attractive in its varied features as to dwarf anything in the arena line ever before offered the American public. The program opens with a gorgeous reproduction of the great Dunbar at Delhi, presented upon a most unprecedented scale of magnitude and grandeur. Following this scene of Oriental life and color 300 aerialists, acrobats and other specialists introduce scores of sensational feats of skill and daring. This part of the program is brought to a fitting climax by the almost incredible feats of Volo, the Voltant, who loops the aerial arch on a bicycle, and of Ancillotti, who performs the latest and greatest of all bicycle acts by turning a somersault on a wheel in a great loop with an open gap. A series of exhilarating hippodrome races concludes the performance. The gorgeous free parade which inaugurates circus day will take place on the morning of the opening exhibition.

"He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The above headline is the caption to a song that is very popular now and generally continues so from the time the campaigns open until they close, when it is consigned to the junk-pile with a lot of frayed out politicians. Just now most editors are "Jolly Good Fellows" and the candidates sing him to sleep at night and sing him awake in the early morning with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." But they omit the refrain, which is something like this: "To rake our chestnuts out of the fire." Our personal experience along this line is no doubt the experience of country editors everywhere. We have raked political chestnuts out of the fire by the bushel and the first men to tramp on our toes were the fellows who got most of the roasted chestnuts. The trees will soon again be loaded down with chestnuts and without doubt we'll be expected to go out with a long pole and knock the nuts off and put them in the pockets of the candidates. That means nuts for the candidates and the marble heart for the editor. We are not complaining—merely reciting a little comedy.

ANOTHER OREGON LETTER

C. W. Sherman Writes Another Interesting Letter to His Old Friend, Conrad Schlater.

HOMESTEAD, DEPT DAIRY, 1
Ore., Aug. 30, 1904.

MY DEAR FRIEND SCHLATER:—It has been a number of months since I last wrote you, and in the meantime I have to acknowledge the receipt of numerous newspapers at your hands—all of which were highly appreciated.

Several things have occurred since then—notably the democratic convention at St. Louis, the nomination of Parker for president and the elimination of the silver issue from politics. And another thing of much import took place: While his opponents thought by wiping out the silver question to wipe his name off the political blackboard, the result was that Wm. J. Bryan came out of the contest a larger figure and more distinctly a leader than he was before. Beside him the other prominent men in that convention were pigmies. Who, save him, can be pointed to as having accomplished anything worthy of mention? Daniel, of Virginia, and John Sharp Williams, mayhap won a trifle of distinction by abusing Bryan, but they were the only men whose names appear above the horizon. Hill's influence was absolutely nil; and Bailey, whom the press had set down to answer and crush Bryan, was not heard from. In the face of an overwhelming majority, Mr. Bryan practically made the platform. While others could not be heard, he alone could sway the vast throng as with a magic wand. And why? Because he spoke from the heart; he knew what to say and how to say it, because he spoke from the impulse of righteous thinking. His words had power because he spoke the truth. In the largest sense his triumph was a realization of that old saying: "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just." A clear head and a true heart; these are the factors that have made Bryan great—and the world has not his equal today, either in statesmanship or oratory. And you and I, who have stood by him from his humble beginning, can glory in his triumph.

In this out-of-the-way region, where the smoke or whistle of a railway engine has never disturbed the atmosphere, the word politics is seldom uttered, and except when one reads a newspaper, the fact that a presidential election is pending, is never thought of. Republicans are content to say nothing, and democrats are indifferent for two reasons: If Parker and Davis are elected they will be happy at their party's success; while if Roosevelt should win, they confidently expect that a period of depression and hard times will come, and thus break down the illusion upon which that party banks—that a republican triumph always brings prosperity; and when that assertion is proven false, it will pave the way to permanent success for the democracy. Democrats remember that hard times were coming on in '92 when Cleveland won, and if Harrison had been elected the crash would have come just the same, but the republicans are able to make the country believe that it was democratic success which brought on the hard times—and they have been in power ever since. So you may say there is no campaign on in eastern Oregon.

Now as to affairs material: Harvest is nearly ended, and a most bountiful harvest it has been. Wheat, rye, barley, oats—all have turned out splendidly—far better than was expected, and farmers are happy. Here most of the rye is cut while the stalk is green and is used for hay, called grain hay. So there is an abundance of winter feed ahead. Wheat is turning out twenty to forty-five bushels to the acre, with plump, heavy grains. Oats will weigh 40 pounds to the bushel. The rye crop was the biggest and best ever raised here, so farmers say, and some will soon cut their second crop off the same field this summer. There is a peculiarity about the rye crop that I never heard of elsewhere, and that is that most of the rye raised was a volunteer crop from last year's seeding, and in nearly every case was a better crop than that raised a year ago. And that is not an unusual thing, either; but many men depend upon raising two or three crops from one sowing. Indeed, a most reliable farmer informed me that about the best crop he ever raised was the fourth crop from one sowing—"on that field out there," said he, pointing it out. I am told that several cases of this kind have occurred in this valley. My nephew, who owns a ranch two miles from here, harvested some 70 tons of rye hay from 60 acres, all volunteer

grain, and he sold it in the stack for \$7 a ton. Is it any wonder that men say "this is the easiest country to make a living in I ever saw?"

But the era of cheap lands here is evidently about at an end; for Uncle Sam has this summer sent his engineers into this region and plans have been made or are in progress for irrigating all the tillable land in all these valleys—including Langel valley, Poe valley, Alkali valley, Swan Lake valley, and Klamath valley and basin, and embracing, all told, some 320,000 acres. By damming Clear lake and Horsefly valley—the sources of Lost river—and using the waters thereof for irrigating the valleys above mentioned, they expect to dry up the waters of Falc lake and make the land thereof tillable. By deepening the channel of Klamath river at the head of the gorge, below Keno some twelve feet, they expect to dry up the waters of Lower Klamath lake (see map of Oregon) and make tillable the land it now covers. Part of the land embraced in this scheme is in California, so it is an interstate affair. Associations known as water users are now forming in the various localities, composed of land owners who are to become the beneficiaries of the irrigation projects, under the auspices of the government. I expect to become a member of this association, as all of my claim will be "under the ditch." The government makes one strange but beneficent regulation: Nobody can own and irrigate more than 100 acres. If he has more he must sell it. The purpose of this is to insure the benefits to as large a number of residents as possible. And if a man is too poor to pay for the irrigation of all his land, he can sell a part or borrow the money on it to do it with, or the government will wait on him for a term of years. These are some of the regulations. What the cost will be is as yet an unknown factor, but after three years the users are to pay annually for ten years, and will then have a perpetual water right.

I have no doubt that the irrigation system will make this region a garden spot, and with the pasturage of the adjacent mountain ranges for the summers this will become an ideal cattle raising country. Cattle on the range are now fat enough for beef, and soon their owners will be rounding them up and taking them to market. With alfalfa hay to winter them on a second lot could be turned off in the spring, or whenever suitable to sell at the best prices. So I think there is a fine future for this country.

Now farm lands can be had here for \$5 to \$10 an acre. The price will be more than double that next year. I shall hold my claim, and make a home here.

With kindest regards to all my old friends, not forgetting yourself, I remain your humble friend,

CHARLES W. SHERMAN, SR.

N. B.—I somehow missed getting the Journal containing my last letter, and I presume it is too late now. Tell Mr. Bates to send me the paper. I should think he could afford to do that at half price—as a tribute to its founder. Much obliged for the Miss Co. Tribune. I am a subscriber to the Commoner, so I see that weekly—a week after its publication. Hope that when this reaches you Frank Morgan will be convalescent. He is too good a man for the community to lose now.

Yours truly, C. W. S., SR.

[We ask your pardon, Bro. Sherman. It was simply an oversight on our part in not sending you the Journal regularly. We feel like the Immortal J. N. Free, in paying his hotel bill. The landlord invariably threw off one-half, while J. N. threw off the other half, making it even. Now you propose to pay only half rate for the Journal and we will throw off the other half, making the full rate paid for. So look out for it regularly.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Mortgage Record for August.

Following is the record of mortgages filed and released during the month of August:

FARM PROPERTY	
Filed	\$ 9,550
Released	1,122
CITY PROPERTY	
Filed	5,342
Released	231
Seven farm instruments and seventeen releases; eleven mortgages were filed and released.	

An Old Citizen Passes

P. E. Knapp died Sunday, Sept. 4, 1904, at his home south of this city, at the age of eighty years. The deceased had been suffering for some time with a trouble. The remains were taken to Macdonia, Iowa, Tuesday, for interment. He was a good citizen and an excellent neighbor.