

The Plattsmouth Journal.

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DEATH OF DR. H. R. ROOT

Represented Cass County in the State Legislature in 1881-2.

DEATH OCCURS AT PHILLIPS, NEBRASKA

Interment Was Made at His Former Home in Weeping Water Monday.

The following account of the death of Dr. Henry R. Root, who was formerly a well known citizen of Cass county, was taken from the Lincoln Journal of Tuesday morning:

"Dr. Henry R. Root was born in Ohio November 15, 1843, and died at Phillips, Neb., January 6, 1905, being therefore in his sixty-third year.

"He was a graduate of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and after due preparation made the practice of medicine his profession, which he followed for nearly twenty-five years. Dr. Root entered the service of his country during the civil war, as a volunteer in a Michigan regiment in which he faithfully served until honorably discharged. He was married June 29, 1869, and came to Nebraska, settling first in his profession at Greenwood, Cass county, in 1875; and some five years later removed to this city where he has continued to reside until a few months ago, when he went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Blanche Root, at Phillips. During many years of his residence here he was engaged in the drug business on South Eleventh street.

"Dr. Root was elected a member of the legislature to represent Cass county, and served on some very important committees in that body during the session of 1881-2.

"Soon thereafter he was appointed government land receiver for the Lincoln district and served as such for the full term of four years.

"Dr. Root, and his wife, who died some four years ago, were two of the charter members of the Free Baptist church, which was organized here in 1886, and both remained faithful and consecrated members until their death.

"The life of this noble man has ever been as an open book in which is recorded his honesty, his upright Christian character, and his integrity both as a private citizen and a public servant. His loyalty to his country, when assailed by its enemies, his pure home life, and his faithful discharge of every known duty, whether to his God, or to his fellowmen have been marked characteristics of his life.

"His funeral services were held at the Free Baptist church on Sunday at 3:30 p. m. and they were largely attended by his comrades of the G. A. R. also by his many friends, and were conducted by his pastor, Rev. E. A. Willisford, assisted by Rev. E. S. Branch. The burial services were held on Monday at the family lot in the cemetery at Weeping Water.

Injured in Rabbit Hunt.

Last Thursday afternoon two of our good friends, Mike Swartzfischer and John Urish, living out in the Eight Mile Grove locality joined a party of rabbit hunters, probably thinking that they had an opportunity to kill all the cottontails in the precinct. The days outing had hardly begun when Mr. Urish scared up one of the fleeing little animals and in his anxiety to get an early shot the gun was discharged in pretty close range of Mr. Swartzfischer, and one of the little bullets struck Mr. Swartzfischer in the leg, and will probably lay him up for a few days. Dr. Gilmore of Murray was called and the wound looked after. It is an old saying that boys will be boys, and they should be very careful of "shooting irons." Mike's friends will miss his smiling face in Plattsmouth today.

A Heartless Wretch.

T. J. Runyon, the painter, skipped the town last Thursday for parts unknown and pastures green. In hiking he was no respecter of persons and left many books in such a shape that the merchants say there is a vacuum, that makes a hole in the profit side of the ledger. He beat everybody he had dealings with that would trust him. The saddest part was disposing of his wife's household goods and shipping her back to her parents penniless. Her protests were in vain, and so the poor woman, who had made many warm friends here, was sent adrift. No one will miss him—he has forfeited all friendship, and with less than a dozen dogs and a couple of old guns he is safe from the righteous wrath of the good citizens of Nehawka.—Register.

HUNTERS SHOOT RECKLESS

Hunters in and Near Plattsmouth Are Shooting and Injuring a Great Deal of Stock.

Many complaints have reached the Journal office during the past few days of many cattle and hogs that are being shot and crippled for our farmers near town, either accidentally or intentionally, on the part of reckless hunters. The latest of which is a fine cow for our good jovial friend, C. E. Cook, immediately south of town, that was shot a few days ago, and may die from the effects of same.

Mr. Cook tells us he has signs that read "No Hunting Permitted" but they enter his premises at most any time they wish, and in some instances they have taken the liberty of shooting his signs down, and in every particular ignored them. Now that he has or may lose one of his finest milk cows he is pretty well angered and will now resort to most any measure to stop this trespassing. He intends to exert every effort to locate the parties, and if they are found he will prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law.

Only last season L. L. Leiner, living immediately west of town, lost a number of his valued animals, and had others crippled, and we understand he has had a small dose of the same experience this year.

This is certainly carrying things too far; the farmers do not mind the hunting, or the small amount of wild game that is killed by the smart aleck or dampfoot, which ever he may be termed, could get a sufficient dose of his own shot to put a stop to his acts of cruelty to animals of far more sense and value to their owner and the community.

A word to the wise is usually sufficient, but to these individuals it will take a good stiff fine or imprisonment to rid our farmers of this, the greatest of all pests.

THE FOOTBALL QUESTION

Many Deaths Occur by Reason of the Gladiatorial "Sport" of the Colleges and High Schools.

The subject of football and its tendencies came up before the Iowa State Teachers' association at Des Moines last week and Supt. S. K. Stevenson of the Iowa City schools spoke strongly against the game as now played and claimed that the game should be barred from the high schools, at least, as the greater number of casualties were among the high school boys who were not mature enough to stand the roughness of the game as now played. He said, in part, that football is dangerous and brutal. Let the record speak for itself. The following is the record for the season just closed:

Killed.....20
Injured.....200
Classified as follows:

KILLED
High school boys.....12
College men.....3
Others.....5

INJURED
Legs broken.....26
Collar bone broken.....25
Head injured.....18
Arm broken.....9
Spine injured.....6
Concussion of the brain.....5
Jaw broken.....4
Water on knee.....3
Skull fractured.....3

In the ever memorable battle of New Orleans with 15,000 picked men engaged, General Jackson lost six killed and seven wounded. In the football warfare of 1905 in the schools and colleges there are three times as many killed and thirty times as many wounded. Yes, football is dangerous and from the list of wounds reported including broken heads, twisted knees, fractured skulls and dislocated shoulders it certainly is brutal. Nothing more need be said on this point. Only to call attention to the fact that three-fifths of those killed were high school boys. Thus emphasizing the fact that public school men must awake to the fact that they have a vital interest in protecting the physical welfare of the high school boy. Football as now carried on in the colleges and in many high schools is purely professional.

New Ice Firm.

F. G. Egenberger has decided to enter the ice business, having made arrangements for the Poisal ice houses. Just as soon as the season is ripe he will plunge deep into the harvest and load the houses to their fullest capacity.

AN OLD VETERAN LAID AWAY

The Last Sad Rites Paid to Capt. J. T. A. Hoover, a Pioneer of Cass County.

HE WAS THE FOUNDER OF LOUISVILLE.

Represented Cass County in 1867 and Was Postmaster at Louisville for Ten Years.

The funeral of Captain J. T. A. Hoover, who died at his home one-half mile south of Louisville on New Year's day, occurred from the Christian church in that village on Thursday, the services being conducted by his old friend, Elder G. W. Mayfield. The following biographical sketch of the deceased was taken from the Lincoln Journal, which was furnished that paper by a special correspondent from Louisville:

"Captain Hoover was the founder of Louisville, and one of its best and most highly respected citizens, having lived here since 1863. Through his instrumentality and push the town of Louisville is what it is today. He was born in the city of Nagold, Wurtemberg, Germany, September 13, 1826.

"He was the youngest of a family of twelve, seven of whom lived to mature years. The senior Hoover emigrated to America with his family, landing in New York city. From there they went to Darke county, Ohio, where Father Hoover died in 1857. John T. A. Hoover, at the age of five was placed in school, and followed his studies closely until sixteen years of age. He then entered an establishment for the manufacture of essences, where he also learned the compounding of medicines, and devoted himself to the study of chemistry.

"Upon the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in Company D, Fifty-eighth Ohio infantry, which was assigned to the Army of the Tennessee, under command of General Smith. He met the enemy in some of the most important battles which followed, being in the fights at Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Corinth, and various other minor engagements and skirmishes. In appreciation of his worth as a soldier he was made first lieutenant and was a short time later promoted to captain, receiving his commission from Governor Denison of Ohio. He was thus actively engaged about two years, and then, on account of failing health was obliged to resign his commission in March 1863.

"Capt. Hoover then returned to his home in Ohio and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Later he disposed of his interests in the Buckeye state and came to Nebraska territory. Coming to this county, he purchased land in section 23, Louisville precinct, securing 320 acres upon which there were no improvements with the exception of a small log house. Under many disadvantages he commenced the opening up a farm, and six years later, in 1869, he built a stone dwelling. The stone was quarried on farm, and the building is constructed to stand for generations.

"After signaling himself in a most decided manner as a man fitted for positions of trust and responsibility, Captain Hoover was in 1867 elected to represent Cass county in the Nebraska legislature on the republican ticket, endorsed by the democrats. He served his term with credit, and in 1870 was appointed by President Grant to be postmaster of Louisville, which office he held for ten years. He was one of the charter members of the G. A. R. post No. 175 of Louisville.

"Captain Hoover used his good offices in securing the Burlington railway to build through this part of the county, and gave \$500 cash towards its erection. He built the first house in Louisville.

"The deceased leaves a wife and ten children to mourn their loss."

Cashier Gets Married.

A special to the Lincoln Journal from Elmwood says: "Mr. Leslie G. Stark, assistant cashier of the American Exchange bank of this place, was married at All Saint's church, Omaha, on Wednesday, January 3, to Miss Beatrice Howell of New Milford, Pa., the rector, the Rev. Thomas J. Mackay, officiating. Miss Howell came from her home in the east and was met in Omaha by the groom and his brother, John Gerry Stark, and wife. The wedding was a quiet affair, Mr. and Mrs. Stark being the only witnesses. The ring ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal church, of which the bride is a member, was used. Mr. and Mrs. Stark are at home to their friends in the residence recently vacated by J. W. Gamble."

DON'T WANT PARCELS POST

Merchants of Nebraska Protest to Congress Against Proposed Measure.

A special from Washington, under date of January 4, says: "Nebraska country merchants are apprehensive of a law providing for a parcels post. They are petitioning the members and senators to do their utmost to prevent any such legislation. They are organizing for a campaign against a movement in the interest of a parcels post which they allege to be fostered by the great mail order houses of the big cities.

"The country merchants of Nebraska are in an open warfare with the mail order houses. Schuyler merchants are favorable to a federal statute compelling mail order houses to pay a tax upon goods at point of delivery—presumably an occupation tax for the right to sell goods in a community whose local merchants are heavily taxed and who must pay high rentals.

"Merchants in Fremont are remonstrating against the parcels post contending that such a law would deprive them of much trade which would go to the mail order houses in case the government would agree to carry in the mails 11-pound packages for 25 cents.

"It is contended that such a provision would cost the government a hundred million a year and would result in the concentration of the mercantile business in the big cities to the detriment of local merchants everywhere.

"There is not much likelihood of parcels post legislation during the present session of congress."

Such a service would undoubtedly be the ruin of the local merchants, and for fear that congress might take up the matter at the close of this session, merchants in every hamlet in Cass county should send in remonstrances against the proposition. There is no doubt about a desperate effort now being made for the enactment of such a law.

THE KNOCKER STILL KNOCKS

An Incident Wherein He Gets in His Work Good and Hard.

WHY DO THESE MORTALS BREATHE?

To Terrify the Business Interests of the Community, We Presume.

The Journal learns of an incident which recently transpired in this city that for gall and downright hard knocking beats anything we have heard of for so these many years.

One of our prominent real estate men had, what he thought, about completed a trade, by which one of the most valuable pieces of property in town was to have changed hands. The bargain had been completed, and all but the papers transferring the same completed, when the "backout" came, through the influence of the knocker. The property is worth and cost \$20,000 more than the real estate man was to receive for the property, and the knocker knew this as well as the owner, but his delight in knocking was brought to the front successfully. This is not the first trade he has spoiled, by knocking in the town in which he makes his home. The good people dread him, and is the soul of detestation in the eyes of all good citizens.

Such men, who will knock against the interests of their own town, are a disgrace to themselves, their town and their families, and their room is decidedly much better than their company. They should be shunned, ridiculed, and if these have no effect upon him, he should, some bright morning, when the weather gets a little warmer, be invited to take a leap into the raging Missouri, and his carcass removed to some other clime where his "knocks" will only effect himself.

The Funeral of Claus Breckenfeld.

The funeral of Claus Breckenfeld, who died so suddenly at his home in Elmwood on Tuesday, January 2, occurred Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The services were conducted from the Christian church, and the business houses were all closed from one to four in honor of the deceased, in whom they had so much confidence and respect. The funeral was very largely attended.

Floral tributes were sent from this city, by those who were unable to attend in person the funeral of their deceased friend.

TIME WORKS WONDERS

Plattsmouth as a Shipping Point Several Years Since.

AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THIS DAY.

What Can We Do to Bring Back the Same Old Scenes Again?

An old resident of this city, while sitting in the Journal office the other day remarked: "What a big difference in the shipments of products out and in to what they were, even ten years ago. Even wood is being shipped to this market now, and ten years ago it was being shipped out by the car load, some days a dozen cars going out on one train." Of course that was before our time in Plattsmouth, and we know nothing about it, only we notice that some of our fuel dealers are having wood shipped to them from Bartlett, Iowa. And then, again, we do not know as to the condition of the timber in Cass county. We notice nearly every day load after load of wood dry wood upon the streets, waiting for a buyers at reasonable figures. According to the reports of some of the wood men in this vicinity they say there is plenty of timber yet, but there seems to be no buyers in large quantities, to pay a person for employing a large number of choppers, like it was ten years ago. According to all reports, it certainly looks as if it would pay to ship in it would also pay to ship it out. The markets in the large cities are always open for good wood, the same as it is for products of the farm.

But it seems in this day and age there is not the hustle on the part of the people of this burg that there was some years ago. The markets for articles like wood, potatoes and other things, not necessary to mention, are not bought in as large quantities as they used to be, and consequently, these are taken to other towns when they ought to be bought in Plattsmouth, where a ready market should be found for shipment.

We are told that ten years ago there was plenty of demand here for everything that farmers had to sell in the produce line. We have no local buyer for poultry even. A foreign buyer comes in here once a month to buy chickens, but this does not satisfy the farmers. They want an open market, where they can take their produce when they have it to sell, and not wait till the foreign buyer gets ready to take it.

Plattsmouth should have an exclusive poultry market and also a regular wood market. In fact the city should furnish a market, and a good market too, for everything that the farmer has for sale. When we can have these then we can look for the same scenes that were of everyday occurrence upon the streets of our city fifteen years ago.

Deputy Assessors.

County Assessor Teegarden came in from Weeping Water Tuesday and, together with other business transacted he submitted to the county commissioners the following list of deputy assessors:

Tipton Precinct.....Fred Muenchan.
Greenwood Precinct.....J. A. Stotler.
Salt Creek Precinct.....H. E. Coleman.
Stove Creek Precinct.....
.....William Minford.
Elmwood Precinct.....Geo. Pickwell.
South Bend Precinct.....L. F. Ferguson.
Weeping Water Precinct.....
.....R. B. Jameson.
Center Precinct.....A. Jenkins.
Louisville Precinct.....August Panska.
Avoca Precinct.....R. O. Hutchens.
Mt. Pleasant Precinct.....Wilson Gilmore.
Eight Mile Grove Precinct.....
.....John Albert.
Nehawka Precinct.....H. F. Kroop.
Liberty Precinct.....G. N. LaRue.
Rock Bluffs Precinct.....Lloyd Gopen.
Plattsmouth Precinct.....B. F. Horning.
Weeping Water City.....
.....J. W. Teegarden.
Plattsmouth City.....T. L. Murphy.

Arthur Young Promoted.

Arthur Young, familiarly known among the Burlington engineers as "Art," has been promoted to the position of traveling engineer, with headquarters at Denver. He left for the west on Friday evening to take up his new work. Mr. Young has been with the road for seventeen years. When he was notified of his advancement he was told that he had nobody to thank but himself for the promotion, as he had earned it by his conduct and record.—Lincoln Journal.

DEATH OF ANOTHER PIONEER

Noah Clements Dies Very Suddenly at His Home Near Murray.

The Journal received the news of the death of Noah Clements too late for last evening's issue. Our Murray correspondent was called away early in the morning and did not return till after four o'clock in the evening, consequently we failed to get the word until after he returned home. Mr. Clements was a pioneer citizen of Cass county, and was well known in the section of the county where he has so long resided. The deceased was taken ill about 12 o'clock Thursday night, and a physician was immediately sent for. When the physician arrived Mr. Clements was found dead, having apparently fallen upon the bed and expired. Heart trouble is said to have been the cause of his sudden demise.

The deceased was in the neighborhood of 93 years of age, and was eccentric in many ways. He and his wife separated many years ago, since which time he has mostly lived to himself. He was comfortably well fixed and owns a farm of about 200 acres. The deceased was considered a good citizen and very progressive in many ways. For several years he was a sufferer from slight attacks of heart trouble. Outside of these spells he was in apparently good health—so considered for one of his age.

The funeral occurred today, but just at what hour we have been unable to learn.

What Constitutes Friendship?

What is it that constitutes real friendship? Is it the empty words that fall idly from the lips in professions that are intended to convey the impression of good will? Is it certain physical acts whose outward appearance would indicate a warmth of feeling toward some one whose good will it might be desirable to have and to hold for personal reasons? Is it the social effort that is sometimes put forth to capture the plaudits of those whose kindly offices might prove advantageous? No, indeed; true friendship is not built on such shallow foundations and out of such flimsy material. True friendship is wide as the world, high as the heavens and deep as the earth. It is the alpha and omega—the omney of man and marks his course as he follows the sinuous paths of life. Professed friendship has ruined many a sweet life. Half-hearted friendship has put fear and doubt into many a kind heart. Lack of friendship has caused many buoyant spirits to give up the struggle and sink into the grave. Why is it that so many people give so sparingly of friendship when the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has been so lavish in bestowing it upon the human family? There is enough and to spare to make the whole world happy. Why not bestow it? The friendship that bound Damon to Pythias is of the highest and most sublime type and should challenge the admiration of every human being who acknowledges the superiority of man over the living world. True friendship consists of doing things, not for outward show or merely for the sake of doing them, but because it is right. The friendship that causes its votaries to die if need be to save a friend is so grand, so heroic, so self-sacrificing that it must be born of deity. The other day we read of a little boy who was drowned in an effort to save his pet dog. Here was exemplified in the highest degree the principle, first, of attachment; second, of love; third, of friendship. Of these three elements, friendship is the most unselfish because it comes from the intellect and not from passion. This little boy died in exemplifying a principle, but his example will live to inspire others to be true to their professions of friendship toward their fellowmen. True friendship comes from the heart through the brain, and not from the lips.

Ebinger Hardware Stock is Sold.

As the Journal stated in Saturday's paper the deal whereby the Ebinger Hardware Co. changes hands was completed Monday, H. L. Asemissen and Mr. Lauchs, of Lake Park, Iowa, will be the new owners, and the invoicing will commence at once and the new proprietors will assume control immediately after.

Fred W. Ebinger, who expected to depart for a couple of weeks and assist in the invoicing. The new owners of this old established hardware firm come to our town most highly recommended as business men, and as gentlemen of the highest degree, and will conduct the business in the same channel as heretofore. The Journal joins in extending the right hand of welcome.