

The Plattsmouth Journal.

VOLUME XXV

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NUMBER 20

TART CURB-STONE JOSHINGS

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

The man who owns a bicycle
And skims all over town,
A-searing children half to death
And knocking people down,
Don't want disturbed his "sacred right"
To cut the wind in two.
He only asks that "you get out"
"Or I'll run over you!"

Many a man has wealth untold—to the assessor.

It is the little cur that is always trying to get even with the big dog.

Even a baby draws the line when it comes to be kissed by an old bachelor. Patches that decorate the trousers of a calamity howler are not on the knees.

In other towns idlers and loafers are arrested and fined, or given hours to leave town.

Just about the time when a man learns how to live the undertaker takes him for a ride.

If a young man stops running after a girl it's doughnuts to fudge she'll turn and run after him.

A cynic is a man who claims to be tired of the world. But in reality the world is tired of him.

While we think about, what has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to roast her own coffee?

Some people, by their actions, act as if they owned the earth. But they don't own enough to sit on as a usual thing.

Women seldom fall asleep at church because the sermon is ended before they finish sizing up what the other women have on.

All things may come
To those who wait,
But when they do
They're out of date.

The average reader may not know it but it is a fact that newspaper men hear tales of trouble that would stir an entire community.

A musical cigarette box is the latest thing out. Every time you open the box and take a cigarette out it plays "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

What about the market and sales-day proposition? Let some hustler put his shoulder to the wheel and shore it alone. There's money in it for Plattsmouth business men.

Lots of married men are club members because they dislike the idea of spending their evenings at home alone while some women are club women because they think it is just the thing to have away from home.

If we have an ordinance prohibiting the running of bicycles on the sidewalks why not enforce it? This thing of a pedestrian having to be eternally on the watch for some one approaching helter-skelter on one of these pests, is a nuisance.

It is reported that seven pretty young ladies of Plattsmouth have organized a "S. O. P. H." club, which letters properly interpreted means "Still on papa's hands." We have failed to learn of any young man butting in to break it up.

Some people love to "kick." They kicked because the telephone polls were not removed from Main street, and now they are kicking because they are removed. It's just as well to let them kick. It's a case of "you'll be damned if you do and you'll be damned if you don't," anyway.

An old bachelor of this city truthfully remarked the other day that "about the time a married woman gets the idea into her head that she has a mission to perform, her husband begins to worry along on pick-up dinners." Perhaps this is the reason there are so many bachelors.

The loud talk, cursing and other language, used the other night on Main street, was a disgrace to any well-regulated city, and all the participants should have been learned a lesson by arrest, and a good round fine assessed against them. Why they were not arrested we are unable to understand.

When you find a city where people are conscientious in assisting to build up a town, and not particularly one or two selfish interests, then you can look for some good to be accomplished. But when just a few start out to "feather their own nests," and use others for simply cat's paws, it won't work.

A town must be united in its efforts to secure new enterprises, and when you see two or three who grab the bull by the horns and think they are the "whole cheese," you can bet your bottom dollar but very little will be accomplished—if they are called upon to pay out any great amount of money. They want the honor, without paying anything therefore.

To be Congenial.

The farmer who sticks to his farm and pushes his crops, working through all kinds of weather is the man whom we need to help build up this country. We depend more upon the farmers than they depend upon us, but the farmers without the live, progressive town is not nearly so prosperous as with it. Our prosperity is the prosperity of the farmer and the abundance of his crops help to fill our pocket-books.

MARKET AND SALES DAYS.

Why Not Try to Inaugurate a Series of Sales in Plattsmouth?

Since the appearance of an article on this question, which was published in the Journal week before last we are in receipt of a letter from John (Jack) Pearce, well known to all our citizens, but who is now in business in Council Bluffs, Ia., who says: "Just at the time I was sending you a circular of our next market day, I noticed an article in your paper of last week regarding the same. To say that the last was a big success is only a mild term for it. It was a success in every particular. The arrangements for market days are left in the hands of the commercial club, and they solicit committees for taking subscriptions, looking after the advertising, etc. At the last market day, they sold nearly one hundred horses that averaged in price \$100 per head. We had an orchestra in the store this afternoon and evening, and we did a big business."

The about letter from our friend Jack, gives some idea of the advantages of the sales-days in Council Bluffs. They have held several there already this spring, and the business men have been so favorably impressed with the idea that they will hold another one on Friday and Saturday of this week. On these days opportunity is given for the purchase or sale of stock and products of all kinds, a big barn or open lot, if the weather is favorable being provided for the same. The following easy conditions must be observed: First, stock must be listed before noon on day of sale; second, a commission of \$1 for each sale of horses and cattle; third, if not sold, a fee of 50 cents will be charged for listing.

The sales of stock are placed in the hands of committee and will be in itself an attraction for farmers and stock buyers and for grocers and produce men. Where these big sales are held too days on the evening of the first day a special entertainment will be arranged for the entertainment of out-of-town guests.

The musicians of the city are best able to get up something of interest for the event. Prizes are offered to the various lodges having the greatest number in line and making the best appearance.

First, second and third prizes are given to farmers bringing a load of grain the greatest distance, the largest load of produce, or the farmer's wife bringing the largest number of eggs to any grocer. The stores and streets are decorated, and everything possible is done to make everybody feel at home.

These market and sales days are proving a big thing for the merchants of Council Bluffs and other smaller cities, and what proves good for other towns should certainly result favorable to Plattsmouth. By inaugurating a movement of this kind, no one merchant is any more benefitted than another, but all will share alike the business that is thus brought to town. The Journal believes a fair trial should be made of such an enterprise and we are confident that it will result beneficially to all who want to do something to make business more lively and give Plattsmouth a reputation as a splendid business point, a live set of business men and a most generous citizenship.

Joseph R. Carrigan Killed.

News reached Plattsmouth Saturday night conveying the sad intelligence to Mrs. James H. Hickson that her brother, Joseph R. Carrigan, had been killed by being run over by an engine, while employed at his work at Palmer, Neb., sometime during Saturday. The deceased was about sixty-seven years of age, and well known in Plattsmouth, where he lived for several years. He was an old soldier and has been a veteran in the employ of the Burlington road. As yet no particulars have been received as to just how he met his fate. While employed by the railroad in this city, he was very popular with the men under him, and while very stern with his men, they were all his friends.

Why send away for your wall paper when you can see what you buy at Gering & Co.'s.

LOOKING FOR HIS WIFE.

One Brother Runs Away With the Other Brother's Wife.

For several days a band of gypsies have camped near the water tower in the north part of town. They passed through the city Friday morning with the finest outfit we have ever gazed upon, owned by a band of this character. They are enroute north. The wagons are gaily decorated and flashed in the sunlight like band chariots in a circus parade. A Journal reporter visited their camp and had quite a talk with one of the chiefs.

During the conversation he told us, while camped a few miles south of Plattsmouth, of a man and woman deserting them. The woman, he said, was the wife of one of the band, and her companion in flight was a brother of the woman's husband, and they thought perhaps they had simply come to Plattsmouth in advance of the party. On arrival here, they, however, found no traces of the fleeing parties and that he had about arrived at the conclusion that they had flown many miles away by this time. The man, he said, appeared very much hurt over the affair, and would follow the eloping party to the end of the world if he only knew in which direction they went.

The outfit consists of ten or fifteen wagons, several very fine horses, and perhaps fifty men, women and children. We were shown the inside of one of the large, handsomely decorated wagons, and were surprised to see the same so handsomely furnished. It contained a handsome iron bedstead, with snow-white lace coverings and pillows, lace curtains of the finest quality adorned the sides and ends, and otherwise richly furnished. They have several gas lamps of the ordinary pressure order, and their sleeping apartments are tasty enough for a queen of any land.

They do not seem to be of the annoying order of gypsies, and are very clever to visitors. Several of the head men belong to sacred orders and seem to feel proud that they do. The gentleman with whom we conversed seems to be a very intelligent fellow and quite a conversationalist. He said several of the wagons cost \$500 each, and some of the horses are valued at nearly as much.

The only thing that seems to disturb the pleasure of the party is the sudden and unexpected departure of the fellow with his brother's wife.

Sunday afternoon numerous citizens visited the camp and highly enjoyed the scenes and maneuvers of the women in attending to their household affairs.

The Proper Way of Doing It.

In several Nebraska cities and town the first effective fight ever inaugurated against the mail order houses of Chicago is now in progress. Instead of scolding the big firms and demanding the abolition of the rural mail delivery and asking for restrictive legislation, a few local merchants are buying liberal spaces in their home papers for the purpose of showing the farmers and town people that goods can be purchased at home more cheaply and satisfactorily than in Chicago.

The campaign is conducted along definite and convincing lines. The Chicago prices are quoted with freight or express charges added. Then the merchant tells what he can do on the same goods with the privilege of examination before the are taken from the store. If all the Nebraska merchants would adopt this enlightened and effective policy they could reduce the Chicago mail order shipments into Nebraska by fifty per cent in less than five years.—Lincoln Journal.

Victim of the Oklahoma Cyclone.

George Fahnstien, formerly of this city, it reports be true, was one of the Snyder (Okla.) cyclone victims. He was killed by being crushed under a falling hotel building, where he was boarding. The unfortunate young man, was an expert bridge builder, and was sent here from Illinois at the time of the reconstruction of the Burlington bridge across the Missouri river here. He was about twenty-five years of age, and Dame Rumor has it, he was engaged to be married to a young lady of Plattsmouth.

Bestow Favors at Home.

We have a very pretty little city and in it are many modern conveniences and comforts which have all been put here and paid for by the home merchant and business man. The mail order house and foreign concerns have not added one cent toward the improvement of our city. Remember this when you have goods to buy or favors to bestow.

Death From Blood Poisoning.

Just as we were going to press yesterday afternoon, news was received of the death of Wm. Smith, from blood poisoning, caused from a barb wire, after an illness of several days. The funeral services will be held from the Catholic church at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. Mr. Smith was one of our best farmers and citizens, and he leaves a loving wife and several children to mourn his loss besides other relatives and many, many friends.—Elmwood Leader Echo.

THE G. O. P. AT LOUISVILLE

The Cider Farmer "Downs" the Ringsters in Grand Shape.

The cider farmer was too many for the machine! The Journal is compelled to report on behalf of its republican readers that the republican convention held at Louisville last week was a "corker."

The night before was dark and dismal, inter-larded with fitful thunder showers. Convention morning found Mother Earth wet and sodden; so that the fair weather delegates wilted and remained at home. A bare baker's dozen only of the Plattsmouth delegates materialized at the Burlington depot at the appointed hour, 7:30 a. m. The machine only was there with its handful of the "old guard" that never slips a cog or pays a railroad fare. They didn't invite the Journal, but our equivalent was waiting to report their proceedings, and the Journal only speaks the truth when it states that about one-fourth of the county remained steadfastly at home and was not represented in this very august body, but those who were there were brim full of light and good humor.

The resolution we mentioned was there also, and everybody must admit that the Old Reliable was up to date in its predictions. Judge Chapman, that old war horse of republicanism, was unanimously placed in the chair, and some of the delegates report that he was equal to Tom Reed as a parliamentarian. In a few words he reminded the delegates they were there for business as per previous arrangement.

Then came the resolution; it was a "daisy;" smooth and clever, typewritten, with sugar-frosting; reciting among other things, that the country was in peril, and that a republican congressman must be extracted from the first district to save it. The Honorable Martin Frederick, of Eight Mile Grove precinct, presented it, and the convention, notwithstanding a motion by a Pollard delegate to lay it under the table, adopted it. The vote was close, and then came the surprise of the convention. Mr. Pollard, in the meantime, had been doing something himself. His friends rallied from the first knockout, some of them demanded that those having candidates other than Mr. Pollard, trot them out where they could be seen. A vote on this proposition was declared lost by the chair. Then came a vote under the resolution, and Ernest Pollard won out over the field.

This was unexpected; the machine collapsed and Mr. Pollard was permitted to name his delegates, which the modest statesman proceeded to do with alacrity.

"The best laid plans of men and mice"—but what's the use? The Journal two weeks ago called the turn, and truthfully outlined the proceedings; and right here we desire to say, had the machine selected a candidate in the person of Byron Clark or Senator Sheldon, so that the people could have known in advance that these gentlemen were candidates, Mr. Pollard would not have been "in it" at Louisville. The Journal admires the machine, but it ought to have been an open candidate. The rank and file are always afraid of dark houses and political pitfalls. Now the machine managers can see how much better it would have been had they consulted the Journal.

We had to call attention to the program of this machine previous to the convention, simply from a sense of journalistic duty to the county delegates who were not consulted. Our friendship for the machine could not be permitted to smother duty. And now Mr. Pollard has a delegation in his pocket; it will go to Falls City, and the Journal has a big red apple to wager that the young man from Nehawka will not receive a vote in that convention except those cast by delegates from this county, and not those after not more than two ballots.

A full line machine oils, linseed oils, varnishes, mixed paints, brushes, white lead and window glass is carried by FRICKE & Co., Druggists and Paint Dealers.

If You Are a Plattsmouth Man

Buy everything you need at home. Eat only bread made by home bakers.

Smoke Plattsmouth manufactured cigars. Encourage all new comers, and don't begin to kick "as soon as they land in town."

Don't go away from home to buy your household furnishings, but patronize those who patronize you.

Remember if you have property here, the more business done in Plattsmouth the greater the value will be on that property.

Every time you go to Omaha to buy goods you give your city a "black eye." Assist in making Plattsmouth a more important town by giving her a "boost" and not a "kick."

Buy your necessities of life in Plattsmouth, and be sure to patronize those merchants who ask you to do so through the columns of the Journal.

Patronize home manufacturers and home mechanics.

If you want Plattsmouth to thrive and prosper patronize home institutions.

Take a firm stand in working for the best interests of your city.

If you want to boost Plattsmouth nothing will do it so effectively as to be sure you are loyal to and patronizing home enterprises and home institutions.

Every citizen can help his town by simply refraining from "knocking" even if he hasn't the energy to get out and "boost" for the place he has chosen for his home.

When you hear a man "knocking" against the town tell him to move out. Then if he gives you any "back talk," haul off and "knock him out."

Recovered From a Bull Fight.

A. J. Boedeker, of near Nehawka, was in the city Saturday for the first time in several months. While here Mr. Boedeker called at Journal headquarters for the purpose of renewing faith in the Old Reliable. Last February Mr. Boedeker had an experience with an enraged bull running in a pasture on his farm, and after battling for three hours, was released by the fortunate appearance of his dog, which occupied the attention of the maddened animal, when he escaped to the house, more dead than alive, where he was confined for many weeks. He says he does not want any more experiences of that character. Mr. Boedeker, we were pleased to note, is almost his former self again.

Plattsmouth 50 Years Old.

Plattsmouth was 50 years old April 28 and now the people there are talking of celebrating their semi-centennial. Glenwood is an older town by two years than Plattsmouth. Glenwood was platted June 28, 1853, and for a half dozen years before that the village was known as Coonville. The first mayor of Glenwood was Dr. J. A. Donelan, now deceased, and it is a noteworthy fact that his brother, Dr. E. A. Donelan, was an early-day mayor of Plattsmouth, namely, in 1853. The latter now resides at St. Joe, Mo.—Glenwood Tribune.

Take Notice.

Those who have recently buried friends in the Horning, or Pleasant View cemetery, must remove the surplus dirt left near the graves. This order must in the future be more strictly adhered to, or compulsory methods will have to be adopted.

W. J. COLE,
GEO. W. SNYDER,
WILL T. ADAMS,
Trustees.

Exchange Labor for Bonds.

Treasurer Carson received but one bid for the \$3600 Mills-Fremont drainage bonds which he advertised for sale. Egenberger & Poisal, the Plattsmouth men who secured the contract for constructing the ditch, offered to take the bonds at par and accrued interest at time of delivery and their bid was accepted.—Glenwood Opinion.

No Foul Play.

The coroner's jury at the inquest over the remains of J. S. Strickland at Eagle last week, returned a verdict that deceased came to his death as a result of falling into a cellarway on his premises. Mr. Strickland was a most highly respected farmer, and his untimely death is deplored by all who knew him.

Almost Another Flood.

Our people began to feel somewhat "squirmy" Saturday afternoon, when a rainstorm resembling that of a cloud burst visited this vicinity. The sewers were taxed to their fullest capacity, and it seems the shop buildings were considerably flooded, but no serious damage was done.

PURELY PERSONAL MATTERS

Pertaining to People Who Visit Plattsmouth and Plattsmouth People Who Visit Abroad.

Miss Emma Towle spent Sunday in South Bend.

Mrs. J. G. Richey is visiting friends in Kansas City.

Gus Hyers, the Havelock postmaster, spent Sunday in this city.

Chas. Matons of Havelock was a Sunday visitor in Plattsmouth.

Miss Ellen Wirts' mother of Council Bluffs visited her over Sunday.

Mrs. R. E. Sheehan is the guest of her parents, Postmaster Smith and wife.

Ernest Rosener and wife of Lincoln spent Sunday with Plattsmouth relatives.

Miss Katie McHugh spent Sunday with her mother and family at South Bend.

Judge Travis went to Lincoln Monday on business with the supreme court.

Walter Holmes of Havelock came down Saturday and visited over to Sunday.

Prof. Rouse made a business trip to Lincoln Friday evening, returning Saturday.

James Smith and William Messersmith of Havelock spent Sunday in this city.

Joseph Carrington and family of Havelock, spent Sunday with Plattsmouth friends.

Our young farmer friend, Ed Gansemer, was a caller Thursday to renew for another year.

O. M. ("Dick") Straight was down from Lincoln Saturday looking after some business matters.

Lee Mayfield was down from Louisville Saturday, and "dropped in" as usual for a few moments.

D. L. Amick, the Murray livery man, was a brief caller at Journal headquarters Thursday evening.

Wm. Floeger, an employee of the Union Pacific railroad at Omaha, spent Sunday in Plattsmouth.

A. S. Will, the big cattle man, departed for Akron, Colo., Saturday, to look after stock on his western ranch.

King Wise is now at home, having been discharged from the naval service, where he has been for four years.

Misses Josephine Baylon, Ruth Meyer and Ethel Shank of Bellevue college were Sunday guests of Miss Bernese Newell.

Misses Nellie Margrave, May Stewart and Bessie Linder of Bellevue college were guests of Miss Emma Rosener over Sunday.

Our young friends, Adam Schaffer and Will Puls, were callers Saturday. While here Mr. Schaffer renewed the subscription of his brother, George, at Monroe, Oregon.

Mrs. J. M. Roberts and children returned Monday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. W. W. Stewart and family, in Wymore, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Helps departed Saturday morning for Long Beach, California, where they expect to make their future home.

E. M. Clark, who has been barbering in Pacific Junction for nearly two years, has returned to Plattsmouth to continue the business.

M. M. Beal came down from Belle Fourche, S. D., last week to sell his property and arranged for removing his family to that place, where he will make his future home.

Our old Buckeye friend, B. Dill dropped in Monday and renewed for another year. Mr. Dill democratic to the core, and a great admirer of the Journal.

Mrs. James Hixson was called to Palmer Sunday night on account of the sudden death of her brother, Joseph, an account of whose death appears in another part of this paper.

F. W. Young, of near Union, was here Saturday morning to pay his taxes and gave the Journal a call. Mr. Young is so well pleased with the Old Reliable that he left another dollar to keep it coming to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shanz of Jennings, La., are visiting in the city with the former's parents. They were accompanied by Mrs. Henry Cooper, who has been there for some time visiting her son, Bert and family.

F. Stander of Wabash, accompanied by Chas. Lovell, of near Mynard, was in the city Saturday and, of course, called at Journal headquarters. While here Mr. Stander advanced his subscription to the Old Reliable another year. Mr. Stander and wife were visiting with Mr. Lovell and family.