

The Plattsmouth Journal.

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TART CURB-STONE JOSHINGS

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

One fact my love for me a little cool;
Another fact, though, dearly make me love them.
The first fact is, that men are mostly fools.
The second is, I am one of them.

A small man is sometimes a big nuisance.

Many a patent leather shoe covers a cloven hoof.

Never judge the weight of a young widow by her sighs.

No man or woman is ever good just for the fun of the thing.

Perpetual motion and the north pole refuse to be discovered.

There are no more chips of the old block, they are splinters.

A grass widow is seldom as verdant as her title would indicate.

Cinders and pretty girls are hard to remove from a man's eyes.

It's easy to win a smile from a woman if she has pretty teeth.

In the affairs of men the tide may be united by a divorce judge.

Friends are almost as scarce as umbrellas when they are needed.

But the man who has plenty of push can worry along without a pull.

A man measures his own greatness by the littleness of his neighbors.

If a patient has lots of money any doctor can relieve him—of his coin.

A politician's idea of a fool is a man who affiliates with the other party.

To the wise an ounce of hint is better than a pound of subsequent advice.

When it comes to making a swift touch the glad hand is very much in evidence.

The good die young. Probably that is the reason that so many people fear to be good.

"Down with the weeds; up with the pain," is the recipe for making a pretty town.

If a Plattsmouth girl smiles at every thing you say as if it was clever, that's the time she thinks you are a fool.

When a man asks you for advice they merely want to find out if you have sense enough to endorse their own views.

It is not sufficient to have the kind of goods that the people want, but you must let people know that you have them.

Wonder if the newspapers will let the bones of John Paul Jones rest, after they are finally placed in the grave again?

One of the largest blackberry crops in many years is being harvested at present. The berries are unusually nice this season.

Should you contemplate drowning yourself make the attempt in shallow water, so that you can wade out when you change your mind.

A girl can dance seventeen miles in a night with high heeled slippers on, and it would kill her to walk two blocks to a prayer meeting.

Some people in this town pay but little attention to the ordinances. They may do better after they are "shown" how to respect the law.

A crafty old farmer named Glenn. Of harvest hands named 'bout ten. He got from the city, A cook who was pretty, He easily hired men then.

Says an exchange: "What can be done to bring men into church? Well, you've tried the oyster stew; now try the free lunch; that generally brings them."

A Plattsmouth man whose wife is out of town "straightened up" the house the other day by piling on the dining room table everything for which he could not find a place for them.

Now that the seventeen-year locusts failed to put in an appearance, newspapers announce that "white ants" are coming from the south in countless numbers and we might as well prepare for them.

It is the easiest thing in the world to get "too many irons in the fire." One is inclined to think "just one more will not hurt," and it may be that one that will cause others to "burn."

Last Saturday the streets were crowded with farmers, many of them were here from 15 and 20 miles distant. But few among the number from the other side of the river, where such a "desperate effort" was made to secure trade from that section.

If there is an ordinance prohibiting the riding of bicycles on the sidewalks it should be enforced. Some of the "kids," in defiance of law, brazenly ride up and down Main street. A few hours in the "cooler," would learn them something. The police should look out for them about dusk each evening.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

I. R. Andrews, Prominent Omaha Attorney Missing.

LAST SEEN AT SAND PIT

Was Leaving Cedar Creek Camp with Rifle.

No Trace of Missing Man Since He Left the Cedar Creek Gravel Pit Friday Evening—His Partner and Foreman, Mr. Hedges, First Misses Him—Had But Little Money With Him.

Where is I. R. Andrews? Is he alive or dead? If dead, was he murdered, killed by accident, or did he kill himself?

These are the questions paramount in the thoughts of the family and the host of friends of I. R. Andrews, the prominent Omaha attorney.

Mr. Andrews is half owner of the gravel pit near Cedar Creek. Friday evening he came down from Omaha on one of his frequent trips to look after his interests there. Mr. Hedges, his partner in the enterprise, lives with his wife at the gravel pit and acts as foreman. Mr. Andrews went to Mr. Hedges' house and changed his clothes, donning a blue flannel shirt and an old pair of trousers as was his custom when at the pit. Shortly thereafter he took a small rifle and started out in an easterly direction with the purpose of shooting some squirrels. Since that time he has not been seen.

Saturday morning his partner Hedges went to Omaha and appeared at the home of the missing man and told his wife of his disappearance. Mrs. Andrews returned with him at once. The Louisville bloodhounds were sent for and put on the trail. But this led to nothing. The rumor spread in the vicinity and a large number of people gathered. Hundreds of acres are overgrown with brush and a man or the body of a man hidden there might easily escape discovery except after a most careful search.

I. R. Andrews has disappeared from view as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

Mrs. Andrews, wife of the missing man, called at the Journal office Sunday. She was almost prostrated by her misfortune and anxiety. Strange to say the authorities had not yet been notified. She telephoned to Sheriff McBride but he was not at home. She then called up County Attorney Rawls to whom she made her statement.

She said Mr. Andrews had very little money with him when he disappeared—not over \$8. He always paid off his men by check. It is further stated that he had loaned money in that vicinity and that one of the debtors whom he had been compelled to sell out, had sworn vengeance.

The prevailing opinion is that I. R. Andrews was murdered and the body thrown into Platte river.

One strange feature of the case is that the sheriff was not notified. This ought naturally to have been the first move. Hedges went to Omaha Saturday but the county authorities did not hear of the matter until Sunday evening when Mrs. Andrews appeared in Plattsmouth.

Hedges stated at first that he thought when Mr. Andrews did not return Friday night that he had spent the night at the home of a neighbor. Later he stated that he thought he had taken the train for Fremont where he had business.

But a lawyer would hardly go to a city to transact business dressed in blue flannel shirt and old trousers.

The missing man is one of the most prominent lawyers of the state. Judge Chapman is well acquainted with him. He pronounces him an eloquent speaker and a most able lawyer. He is attorney for several big corporations, has his office in the New York Life building, and was formerly a partner of Harry Brome, who studied law and is well known in this city.

Will Begin Suit.

George Polsal, accompanied by his attorney, Matthew Gering, went to Glenwood Monday to commence suit in the district court of Mills county against the C. B. & Q. railroad company to recover money due him for grading work done on the new track of the company several months ago. Mr. Polsal claims there is about \$1,200 due him and that he has been unable to get a settlement from the company, and he thinks he has waited about long enough for his money.

BOY BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE

Billy Steel, of South Bend, Monkeys With Dynamite and Loses Fingers.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., July 31.—(Special to The Journal.)—Sunday afternoon Billy Steel, the 10-year-old son of Dan Steel, residing here, met with a painfully serious accident which resulted in the loss of several fingers of his right hand, a badly lacerated face and other injuries not of a serious nature. His escape from death was miraculous. The little fellow lighted a dynamite blasting cartridge and a powerful explosion followed with the above effect.

Billy had been out to his Grandma Jones' home several miles in the country. There he ran across a dozen or more of the cartridges like which had been in his pocket and carried them home. He knew they would "go off" but did not know the danger of setting them off. In order to discover this, he took them to the barn and proceeded to celebrate. He laid one of the caps on a wagon seat, touched it off—and remains to tell the tale only by the grace of the god of luck which sometimes protects small boys.

The explosion blew off the thumb and two fingers from his right hand, lacerated his face and filled it with powder and injured his left leg above the knee. Dr. Jones of Murdock was called and dressed his wounds, and believes that aside from the lost fingers no serious results need follow and that there is little danger of blood-poison or lock jaw.

The power of the explosion is shown by the fact that a large hole was blown through the heavy wagon seat, and it is remarkable that the injured lad was not literally blown to pieces.

Obituary.

Mrs. Marry Ripple was buried beside her husband in the Catholic cemetery Saturday. The funeral was largely attended, deceased being well known by the people of Plattsmouth.

Rev. Houlgate delivered a very appropriate sermon and the choir of the Methodist church sang.

Those from abroad who attended the funeral were Ed. Ripple and wife of Nebraska City, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson from near Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Berger from Elmwood and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bauer from Wabash. These were all relatives of the deceased.

The pall bearers were J. W. Johnson, Fred Stadelman, George Shoeman, Herman Herold, Mr. Atwood and Mr. Ferth, all old time settlers and friends.

Sells More Red Polled Cattle.

Frank Davis, whom the Journal mentioned a few days ago as being here to look over Mr. W. H. Heil's heard of Red Polled cattle with a view of purchasing, was here again this week. After visiting other sections of the country in Iowa and Nebraska to look at fine cattle, he finally and wisely concluded that he could find none that answered his purpose as well as the celebrated Red Polled. Consequently he purchased three yearling heifers of W. H. and two bulls of Wendell Heil. Mr. Davis is an enthusiast in favor of the Red Polled cattle, and says he is satisfied they are the coming cattle for this country. Being an experienced stock raiser he has had every opportunity for finding this out. Mr. Davis resides near Holbrook, Nebraska, and we expect to hear of the Heil brothers receiving good returns from this sale.

Denies the Report.

There was a report last week in the Omaha News that a new bank would be organized and opened for business in Omaha, and that John A. Donelan, associated with others in different places, would conduct the same. Mr. Donelan states that there is no truth in the report, and seems to be at a loss to explain how such a rumor could have started.—Weeping Water Herald.

Julius Wachter, aged eighty-four years, died Saturday at his home in Eagle. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

NEW BANK WILL BE OPENED

So Says The Omaha Bee Which Ought to and Does Know.

"The bank will be established and it will be established before very long."

This statement was made by one of Nebraska's prominent and active financiers who is backing the project for a new state bank in Omaha, whose establishment he forecasted in The Bee some weeks ago, provided certain conditions could be met. He says these conditions have been met and the bank is a go.

"I am not ready yet to give out my name to the public in this connection," said he, "owing to the fact that I have another business project which I wish to pull off in Omaha this fall or winter and I might prejudice those interests if I announced my connection with the proposed bank at this time."

John Donelan of Weeping Water, banker there, is the organizer of the new Omaha bank who interested the financier quoted in the scheme. He will be the active head of the institution. Mr. Donelan is one of the strong business men of Weeping Water and his bank is doing a big business.

The date of the opening of the Omaha bank is a matter of uncertainty just now, but it is learned that an option has been secured on the first floor of the Barker block, Fifteenth and Farnam streets at a monthly rental of \$200. This is regarded as an excellent location for a bank.

"It is the plan to make this distinctly a state bank," said the banker. "We have—that is Mr. Donelan has—secured the co-operation of some of the strongest bankers in Nebraska and they will become directors. In addition to this eastern capital has been secured and our arrangements generally are in good shape."

"Since the consolidation of the Union, Commercial and United States National banks there is ample room in Omaha for another bank. This will bring the number up to six, whereas it was seven before the consolidation."

Limited to Attorneys.

Owing to the abuses growing out of persons not familiar with the law preparing and filing papers in estates and other county court matters, our last legislature was induced to pass a stringent law prohibiting such abuses as follows:

Section 1. (Practice Limited to Attorneys—Penalty)—No person shall be admitted to practice as an attorney or counsellor-at-law, or commence, conduct or defend any action or proceeding to which he is not a party, by using or subscribing his own name, or the name of any other person, or by drawing pleadings, or any papers to be signed and filed by a party, in any court of record of this state, unless he has been previously admitted to the bar by order of the Supreme Court of this state. And no such paper shall be received or filed in any action or proceeding unless the same bears the endorsement of some admitted attorney, or is drawn, signed and presented by a party to the action or proceeding. It is hereby made the duty of the judges of such courts to force this prohibition. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding thirty days, in the discretion of the court; but this section shall not apply to persons admitted to the bar under pre-existing laws.

Another section of the Statutes, Sec. 11, Chap. 7, provides "that a county judge shall not be permitted to practice as attorney on any matter brought before himself * * * nor shall any county judge draw any paper or written instrument to be filed in his own court, except such papers as he is required by law to draw himself, and any violation of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and subject any such officer to fine not less than five and more than twenty-five dollars."

Looking Backward.

The shirt-waist man and the net waist girl now go hand in hand. People year after year go on throwing their clothes away. The coat and vest are laid to rest and where is the fleecy shawl? And clothes get fewer and thinner—what will be the end of it all? Oh! what will the shirt-waist man take next from the things he has to wear. And what will the net waist girl throw off her shoulders now half bare? The shirt-waist man, the net waist girl go rollicking down the way. Have we started a trend that's going to end in the old fig leaf some day?

LOOKING BACKWARD TWENTY-FOUR YEARS

Jim Morrison and Pat Murphy Hold One Man While Another Escapes Danger.

INCIDENT DURING C. W. SHERMAN'S TIME

Founder of the Plattsmouth Daily Journal Twenty-Four Years Ago.

AN HISTORIC INCIDENT AT PLATTSMOUTH

Many readers of the Journal will recall the prohibition question which so agitated and stirred the people of Nebraska, some twenty-four years ago.

A noted leader of prohibition at that time was one John B. Finch. He was prominent as a national leader in the fight then made against the liquor traffic. Another noted leader was Governor John P. St. John of Kansas. Mr. Finch had, a number of times, expounded his views upon the liquor traffic before Plattsmouth audiences and was a most eloquent speaker. Charles W. Sherman, then proprietor and editor of this paper, had, editorially criticised some of Finch's statements. Sherman, as everybody knew, was a practical prohibitionist, consequently, in practical sentiment, fully in accord with Finch. But for some reason, Finch had taken umbrage at Sherman's criticisms in the Journal.

At that time, James E. Morrison, then a leading member of the Cass County Bar, and P. B. Murphy, then of Plattsmouth, were two of the principal supporters of an organization called, the "Plattsmouth Temple of Honor."

On the night of December 15, 1881, at Fitzgerald's hall, Governor St. John delivered an address in the interest of temperance reform. From Judge Ramsey's historic "scrap book," a Journal reporter is permitted to copy the following report of that meeting, taken from the Lincoln State Democrat of date, December 21, 1881, entitled:

THE FINCH FRACAS.

A correspondent on the spot gives the full particulars:

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., December 17.—On the night of the 15th, Plattsmouth had a real live governor as a lecturer on temperance. Gov. St. John of Kansas drew a crowded house at Fitzgerald hall, and for nearly two hours delivered one of the best temperance lectures to which your correspondent has ever listened. Facts, figures and fun were happily commingled, and no lecturer was ever more applauded while on the rostrum before a Plattsmouth audience.

"The governor said that this was the first temperance meeting at which he ever lectured, where an admittance fee was charged at the door. This remark was appreciated by many as an unconscious thrust at

JOHN B. FINCH,

who occupied a conspicuous place on the stage.

John B. Finch has frequently lectured on temperance before Plattsmouth audiences, and heretofore has had many warm and admiring friends among Plattsmouth people. But on the morning after the governor's lecture, John B. Finch committed an act in the city of Plattsmouth on one of her best estimable citizens that has called forth deep denunciation from all classes of citizens, against the great apostle (?) of law (?) and order (?). The facts as your correspondent has gathered them are as follows:

"In the issue of the Plattsmouth Daily Journal of the 15th, a paper recently started by Mr. C. W. Sherman, a short editorial appeared warning Finch not to appear on the stage as his presence might detract from the interest of Gov. St. John's lecture. The editorial was based on an article in the Omaha Telegram in reference to charges preferred against Finch in an article in the Junata Herald, as well as upon a sentiment expressed by a number of the members of the Plattsmouth Temple of Honor. After the lecture was concluded, Mr. Finch arose before the audience and made some very uncomplimentary remarks indirectly, against the Journal and its editor.

"On the morning after the lecture, Mr. Finch, in company with James E. Morrison, P. B. Murphy and some others went into the Journal office for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Sherman and likewise giving him a few hints as to the editorial management of his paper in reference to the aforesaid Finch.

"The latter gentleman, as it appears,

drew heavily from his stock of Billingsgate and fired volley after volley of the bitterest invective against the stalwart editor of the Journal. But Sherman was not the man to recant—no not even in the presence of such fine physiques as those of Finch, Morrison and Murphy and their intimidating gesticulations.

"Failing to convince the editor of the Journal that the editorial in question was wrong, by threats and intimidation, Finch changed his tactics and struck out from the shoulder at the immovable and imperturbable editor; but as usual, Sherman still didn't recant, but returned the fire with a complimentary from his shoulder at Finch's parotid gland. It then became a question of safety for Finch; he suddenly found himself in the wrong house and hold of a genuine tartar; he had never met Sherman before but this time he did.

"Messrs. Morrison and Murphy, who, presumably, had gone into the editor's sanctum with Finch to see him eat up an editor, now saw that Finch was in danger of being locked up in the 'forms' by the muscular and gallant Journal chieftain. It became necessary, for Finch's safety, for Morrison and Murphy to hold Sherman while the former could retreat from his mistaken position.

"It took about four hundred and forty-seven pounds of manhood to hold one hundred and forty-two pounds of editor while one hundred and seventy-five pounds of Temperance Reform got down two flights of stairs and out into the streets of Plattsmouth. The next place we find brother Finch after his retreat from the Journal sanctum is in the police court of the city of Plattsmouth. A ten dollar fine and costs against John B. Finch for a wanton, wicked and wholly unwarranted assault upon the person of C. W. Sherman, a resident of Plattsmouth for several months, starting the daily Journal about a month ago.

"The attack upon him by Finch is condemned by all the citizens who love fairness, good order and good government. With the greatest charity for Finch, it must be said that this act was a very unfortunate one for him. A sincere reformer in anything, necessarily carries the idea of dignity and forbearance."

AN INTERESTING LAW SUIT

A Man Who Bought Tax Suit Certificate Has Sued Douglas County to Recover \$3,000.

A very interesting case came up before Judge Redick of the Douglas county district court at Omaha today, which will be watched with considerable interest, as it is one of the most peculiar suits of its kind ever tried in this state, or probably, any other. The plaintiff is Joseph W. Brewster, who in November, 1898, bought a tax title on the present Young Men's Christian association headquarters. The tax title was bought at public sale, without protest, everybody evidently having overlooked the fact that the property was exempt under the laws of Nebraska.

On a suit brought in the United States court Judge Munger of the federal court declared the tax levy of 1897 void so far as it applied to the Young Men's Christian association property, or that part of the same used for religious and educational purposes. Now Mr. Brewster sues the county of Douglas to get back \$3,000, approximately, the amount paid for the title when he bought.

Many very nice points of law are raised in this case and it promises to establish a precedent. County Attorney Slaubaugh is resisting the plaintiff's claim on the broad ground of caveat emptor—"let the purchaser beware"—in other words, that every man has knowledge of the law. Judge Slaubaugh holds that Brewster made a voluntary payment, purely for his own purposes, and must accept the consequences thereof, which in this case means the loss of the money paid.

An Interesting Feature.

One of the features of the old settlers' reunion here August 18 and 19, will be a discussion of the "Revision of Our Jury System," in which Judge H. D. Travis and County Attorney C. A. Rawls will be the disputants. This discussion will no doubt be very interesting, and will take place on the speakers' platform at 1:30 p. m. Friday, August 18, the first day of the reunion.—Union Ledger.

Cottonwood Lumber for Sale.

Those desiring cottonwood dimension lumber can be provided with what they want by calling on
CHARLES L. MARTIN,
Four miles south of Plattsmouth.