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HIS FIST MISSES ITS MARK AND BREAKS A PLATE-GLASS WINDOW

Disturbance in Front of Falter & Thierolf's Clothing Store Causes a Loss to the Firm of \$30.

Saturday night Charles Zitka and Charles Taylor thought they were fitted by nature to engage in royal combat and they were aided and abetted in their purpose by one John Barleycorn, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in spurring people on to evil deeds when the weather was bad. The two Charlies in company with John met up together in front of Falter & Thierolf's store where men's clothing is sold, and they started something at once. First Charles Taylor whose habitation is the wide, wide world, made a pass at Charles Zitka and missed him. George H. Falter of the firm was on the inside looking out, and incidentally, trying to fit a customer to a suit of clothing. He saw Taylor make the warlike moves and he kinda heaved to the front of the store surmising that presently somebody would do strange things to someone.

Presently Charles Zitka unloosed himself and launched a blow at Charles Taylor which the latter smoothly sidestepped and the force of which carried Charles Zitka's fist through the plate glass window of Messrs. Falter & Thierolf, inflicting a loss on that enterprising firm of some thirty dollars in real money. Then and there did Mr. Falter advance and took charge of the situation. He found Mr. Charles Zitka suffering from deep cuts in the wrist and likely to lose his life unless aid came to him quickly. Meantime Charles Taylor who had incited the riot had fled while John Barleycorn was not getatable. Taking Mr. Zitka

in tow, Mr. Falter found Chief Amick and wanted to loose his prisoner into his hands for medical treatment. Chief Amick declined to take charge of his according to Mr. Falter as he wanted to get the cause of the disturbance. Eventually, Zitka found a surgeon who took some fourteen stitches in his wrist where he had punctured it in striking at Taylor and also dressed several cuts and bruises which the young man sustained in the melee. In the meantime Chief Amick gathered in Charles Taylor, who had started the busy doings and this morning had him before County Attorney Ramsey, who heard the story of the strange proceedings and who ever bears in mind the welfare of the people who pay the bills, and after deliberation he decided to give Herr Taylor another chance and permitted him to go at large in the world, providing he made his exit from the city inside of ten minutes. Chief Amick was more considerate and gave the young man thirty minutes by the town clock to make a large gap between himself and the rest of civilization scattered hereabouts. Thirty minutes elapsed and Mr. Taylor was seen to be hitting the high spots in the neighborhood of Orepolis, headed to Omaha. Mr. Falter states that he will not prosecute Mr. Zitka for the loss of the window as he saw the entire affair and he does not think Falter & Thierolf would benefit by any prosecution. The cost of the new window he figures will be thirty dollars, while Zitka will spend more in repairing his busted mitt.

JUDGE ARCHER INJURED BY FALL

He Sustains Injuries That Will Lay Him Up for a Few Days

Judge M. Archer is lying at home in bed owing to injuries received last Saturday night when he came up town to look after his mail. Judge Archer, who is getting along in years, came up Saturday afternoon from his office intending to go to the postoffice after his mail and when he crossed the street at the corner of E. A. Wurl's store and J. W. Crall's he slipped and fell heavily catching the upper part of his face upon the curb stone and badly cutting himself about the nose and eyes. In addition, he sustained severe injuries to his body, being badly bruised and hurt by the severity of the fall which he had. He rose from the street, and although dazed by the fall, he went on to the postoffice, falling again when he was in front of the Riley hotel building. He was helped up and finally made his trip to the office, where friends aided him to take care of his injuries and a cab was summoned to take him to his home. He is resting well today and the Journal states that the report that he was assaulted is entirely erroneous, as the accident happened in the ordinary course of events. Judge Archer has no personal enemies and his friends are legion. It is to be hoped he will be out and about in a few days.

Getting Along Nicely.
Mrs. Ed. Donat, who is at Immanuel hospital, Omaha, is reported today as getting along nicely and doing as well as the attending physicians could hope for. Today for the first time, she was permitted to see visitors and a large number of her friends from this city took advantage of the occasion to call upon her. Mrs. Donat will be able to return home within a few weeks if her favorable condition continues which is something her many friends hope for. Yesterday a large number of her friends were in Omaha and called upon her, remaining a few moments and cheering her up by their presence.

Patons' paint at Gering's.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS LONG AGO

In Hog Killin' Times When You and I Were Boys Together.

One day, among the greatest days of the year of thirty years ago, has vanished. "Butcherin' time" is any old time in this model period. Often as not there is no butcherin' day at all; the up-to-date farmer is likely to haul the hogs in to the butcher, pay him the price of slaughter and haul out the prepared products of the butcher. When the work is done at home there is little of preparation or expectation. They simply haul a hog out of the herd, kill and dress him and "eat him fresh." Two hogs at a time is "big butcherin'."

But away back—then hog killing time meant much. It brought the neighbors together on killin' day changing work and getting the job over between sun and sun, or rather between daylight and midnight. Among those old time Rooseveltian families, to butcher nine or ten hogs and a "beef" at one time was common.

It began before daylight. The big iron kettle had been set in place the night before. It was filled and the fire started. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight and the wash boiler, the kettles and even the tea kettles were pressed into the hot water service. It was invariably a cold day. The proper temperature for a perfect hog killing day was such that would freeze the contents of a "washdish" of water tossed into the air and render it back to earth in hail. The knives of the neighborhood were made sharp, and there were famous butcher knives made from files by the local blacksmith that were known and noted even outside of the locality. No boy or girl went to school that day. They stayed at home, ran errands, carried water and were ordered out of the way.

One by one the porkers were dragged out to die the death. One by one they were soured into the scalding barrel with its hotwater tempered wisely with wood ashes, drawn out to cool lest the hair "set," and soured in again for the final loosening of bristles. Woe to the butcher who failed to get a "good scald." He fell at once to the level of the errand boys.

Out of the barrel he came and the iron candlesticks, welded by a half dozen hands were swift in denuding him of his covering. Some hurrying boys brought the "gambrel tick." Up went the porker with much straining and grunting on the part of his slayers. The "dressing" was completed, the last painful of cold water carefully removed from his skin by "scraping up" and he hung in the crisp air and bright sunshine of the keen December day, white and clean, a promise against famine. Side by side with him hung his slaughtered mates, a row ghastly but full of promise to the boy whose appetite looked beyond "butcherin' day" to "buckwheat cakes with ham gravy on 'em."

Then the "coolin' out of the animal heat" and the cutting up. Such piles of round ham, such strips of fat side meat, such mountains of "chines." Hour after hour the "sausage meat" was fed into the grinder and sent home into the carefully prepared "cases" through the "worst horn" as the old German butcher called it, to the huge amusement of the younger ones. When all was finished there were wash-tubs full of the coiled links of the finest home-made sausage you ever saw, stacks of hams and shoulders and barrels of pickled pork and corned beef. And along in the spring you might have searched in vain for a meat rind. Down in the cellar these barrels stood, close by the fragrant apple bins and near the barrels of cider.

No, we have no hog killin' time any more. The packers are doing our hog killing and the corned beef barrel is only a memory. But a few of us remember when we didn't live from hand to mouth, buy buckwheat flour in cartons and sausage by the dime's worth, and it is worth remembering, too.

Mrs. H. D. Travis is spending today in Omaha, having been a passenger for that city this morning on the early train.

Miss Hatt Entertains.

Miss Ina Hatt entertained a number of her friends in a charming manner Saturday afternoon. As this occasion was to be in the nature of a masquerade, the young ladies came en masque.

The first of the afternoon entertainment was an animal show. This consisted of representations in boxes with strings for bars.

Swastikas fastened to strings had been hung about the room. Each guest was requested to take one and perform the duty which was written on the swastika. When the hostess began playing the piano each was to perform her stunt. The guests entered into this amusement with enthusiasm and occasioned considerable merriment.

During the afternoon Miss Mattie Larson was awarded the prize for best masque, she being dressed as a Red Cross nurse.

One of the pleasant surprises of the afternoon was the return of Miss Bertha Jackson, a former member of the "Grigg" club, of which most of these young ladies are members.

About five a delicious two course luncheon was served and later the guests dispersed indebted to the hostess for the delightful afternoon spent.

Those present were Misses Bertha Jackson, Jennie Batten, Cecil Hawkberry, Angie McCarroll, Edna Morrison, Mattie Larson, Elizabeth Kerr, Hazel Tuet, Lelia Penarch, Ina and Verna Hatt.

A Little Scare.
John Bauer, Jr., yesterday evening made a trip to his home, as is usual with this worthy citizen, and en route he discovered the chimney of John W. Kinser's residence blazing high into the heavens. At once Mr. Bauer notified Mr. Kinser, and the two, in company with another worthy man, put forth every effort to stay the raging element. Mr. Kinser mounting the slippery roof and thrusting dipper after dipper of water into the yawning mouth of the monster. Eventually the flames were conquered and the fire demon retired badly whipped. As Mr. Kinser is a mason of no mean ability, the chimney was a good one, and the fire did no damage outside of the disturbance to John's heart when he was told the flames threatened to engulf him. He had him some palpitation of the heart at that time.

Hadn't Seen Her For Forty Years.
Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler, Mrs. Anna Kessler and Mrs. Catherine Kunts all of Pekin, Ill., who have been visiting in this city and vicinity for several weeks with relatives and friends, departed this morning for their home. Mrs. Kunts has been visiting principally with William Hassler and family, being an aunt of Mr. Hassler, and one whom he had not seen in forty years. It is needless to say he was delighted to meet her once again and that he made her visit as pleasant as possible. She was equally delighted to find her nephew so good a man as Mr. Hassler and one with so fine a family. Mrs. Kunts in common with the remainder of the party departed for their homes with regret as their visit to this city and vicinity was very pleasant and very enjoyed.

Wants a Public Hall.
A petition is being circulated among the taxpayers of Louisville to call a special election at which it is proposed to vote bonds to the extent of \$5,000 for the erection of a public building to serve as an auditorium and opera house. A previous petition secured the required number of signers, but was ineffective because wrongly worded. Citizens are about unanimously agreed that a public hall is desirable, and the only cleavage of opinion is as to whom it should belong, some favoring private ownership as opposed to municipal control. We people of Louisville get everything they go after, and a public hall will be no exception to the rule.

Howard Graves of Murray, came up this morning on the early train to look after some business matters at the court house, and gave the Journal a call. Howard recently purchased the harness business of John Cook, and is doing well, which the Journal is pleased to learn. Howard is a nice gentleman, a splendid workman and everybody likes him.

Frank McElroy is a business visitor in Omaha, having gone to that city this morning on the early train.

WHY SO MANY PEOPLE GO TO OMAHA IN ORDER TO SEE PLAYS

The Closing of the Parmele to First-class Theatrical Companies

The morning and afternoon trains to Omaha are well patronized. It makes no difference whether the weather is good or bad—they go. The most of them go in the morning to do shopping, while others go for pleasure. On the afternoon train they go for the same and also to remain over until the midnight M. P. train to go to one of the theaters.

The closing of the Parmele to first-class plays is one cause for the latter, and demonstrates that if the amusement-loving citizens cannot be accommodated at home, we cannot blame them for going elsewhere to seek such amusements. Yet at the same time we cannot blame the Parmele manager in his action on the matter. Last season the Parmele was a losing proposition, and some of the best plays on the road were booked here. Plattsmouth, with a population of 6,000, and one of the finest opera houses in the land, should not feel proud of this showing, but the facts will out. Go to Omaha any night in the week and

you will find from twenty-five up attending the different theaters in that city, and some of them failed to attend the Parmele one night during the entire season, but spend their money at the theaters in Omaha and perhaps see the same plays there they could see here for the same price. Such things also occur in a business way—in buying goods, etc. We have known people to go to the metropolis and buy goods that could be bought right here at home for less money—but what they purchased came from Omaha, that was all. And thus it goes. As long as Plattsmouth people patronize Omaha stores, they can't blame farmers for doing likewise. And if the town retards in growth and business we have only our own selves to blame for it. We have no doubt that Manager Dunbar would gladly open the Parmele to first-class companies, if he could be assured of a fair profit, but we cannot blame him for the course he has pursued under the circumstances.

DISTRICT COURT NOTES.

Attorney H. G. Wellensieg of Avoca is in the city today in attendance upon district court. Mr. Wellensieg is one of the brightest young men at the Cass county bar, and has built up a good practice in his community.

Judge L. M. Pemberton of Beatrice is in the city, coming in to hold court in place of Judge Travis, who is looking after Judge Pemberton's docket at Beatrice.

In district court yesterday Carl Holmberg, a native of Sweden George Picwell, a native of England, John Alfred Johnson, a native of Sweden and Carl Schultius, a native of Gerany were granted naturalization papers. The examination was conducted by Assistant United States Attorney Brodie of Denver, Col., and employes around the court house say it was the most severe of applications for papers ever passed through. The examination went into every detail of the men's lives and they were given to understand that the privilege of American citizenship carried with it some dignity and rights which they must observe. J. A. Stohr was refused his second papers as one of his witnesses had had his papers granted him before he was five years in the country. The examination was something out of the ordinary and has aroused much curiosity in this community. It is said the examination given the applicants was something which a high school student could not pass.

In district court today Judge L. M. Pemberton of Beatrice, in company with a jury is trying the case of Carroll vs. Jeary, a case which goes to that court on appeal from justice court. The case is one where in H. H. Carroll sues Edwin Jeary for commissions alleged due him on the sale of land near Elmwood. The case was tried before Judge M. Archer and he instructed the jury to find for the defendant, however, the jury found for Carroll in spite of the court. The case is presented by A. N. Sullivan for the plaintiff and Byron Clark for the defendant.

The divorce case of Rayles vs. Rayles which has been on hearing for several days in district court, came to a conclusion yesterday afternoon and Judge Travis took the matter under advisement. The hearing was an exciting one and very interesting and considerable legal argument was indulged in by counsel on both sides. It will not be decided until Judge Travis returns from Beatrice, where he is engaged in trying the Chamberlain case.

Dr. G. H. Gilmore of Murray, came in on the noon train en route home from Omaha, where he had been looking after some patients in the hospital. While here the Dr. let the smile of his genial countenance beam in upon the Journal force, while waiting for team to convey him home.

Road Dragging.

Whether the farmers in any community of dirt roads will go to town bumpy bump during a good deal of this winter, to their own discomfort, the practical imprisonment of their wives and children on the farm during the bad weather, and the wear and tear on teams and wagons, or whether they will go to town over smooth roads with comfort to their families and profit to themselves, depends very largely on the way in which they drag the roads this fall.

There should be co-operation among the farmers, because no one farmer by himself can make smooth road the whole way. There must be an understanding on this matter of road dragging. Further than that, there must be a good deal of co-operation practiced.

The point is to have the roads dragged smooth before they freeze up. This may involve quite a number of draggings; for no man can tell just when the roads will freeze up in any part of the northern section of the United States. We certainly know that they will, however, and in the latitude of Nebraska freezing may be expected to come anywhere from the 15th to the 25th of November. Sometimes it will not occur till in December. Occasionally, if it does not rain, they will not freeze up at all; for there will not be enough moisture to freeze. Taking it one year with another, however, our observation is that roads freeze up to stay around the 20th of November in the latitude of Nebraska.

If every farmer along a given road understands that his neighbors expect him to get out and drag his road, pay or no pay, when they are muddy during these few days in the fall, then there will be smooth hauling to town until the frost goes out in the spring. If when the frost begins to go out, say in the latitude above mentioned about the middle of February, they will again drag them, they will do very much to shorten up the period of muddy roads in the spring.

Serving on Jury.

The members of the jury are in the city and have been busy with a case in district court. They are all here except John Chalfant, William Dunn, Geo. K. Gramlich and George Oliver who were excused. Those attending are Fred Black, W. A. Brown, Geo. Brunhoeber, Ed. Casey, John Coleman, Frank Cox, Wm. Poltz, Carl Fricke, Chas. Frolch, G. M. Minford, Dan McNeely, Frank Newman, Wm. Peters, W. H. Rohrdanz, Herman Schmidt, W. A. Taylor, A. E. Todd, G. W. Towle, J. W. Wiseman, G. F. Ziegler.

Miss Pauline Oldham came up from Murray last evening, expecting to return on the midnight train, but the weather being so disagreeable she remained over night, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Dora Moore, and went home on the morning train.

The Mayor of Kenosha.

Lig Brown was in the city today and paid his customary visit to the Journal office. Lig is a socialist of good standing in the community. He was recently defeated for election in his home precinct of Rock Bluffs by Jim Fitch, a rattling good man and one whom Lig would rather be beaten by than any other. He says that he is mayor of Kenosha yet and if "Bud" ever ventures into his bailiwick there will be something doing in the mayor's court. Anyway, Lig knows where he is welcome and that is in the Journal office. We like Jim Fitch but oh! you Lig Brown.

For Age He Is Some Corn Husker.

Plattsmouth was favored with a visit today from Bennie Marlow whom we will stack up against anyone in this section as some corn husker. Mr. Marlow, who is ninety years old shucked eighty bushels of corn yesterday which is going some when it comes to corn husking. Mr. Marlow lives at Mynard and he is some corn husker. For a man ninety years of age Mr. Marlow is entitled to almost the world's prize. We are for Marlow.

Departed for Beatrice.

Judge Travis departed this afternoon for Beatrice, Nebraska, where he will hold court for Judge Pemberton, who will take the Judge's place here. The case of the State vs. Chamberlain, which has been in the various courts for several years past, is again up for trial, and Judge Pemberton seems to think that an outside judge can come near meting out justice than he could. Chamberlain is the defaulting banker of Tecumseh, of whom the people have read so much about. After the defaultation he fled the country, and was gone for some time before he was apprehended. The case is one of much interest, and the calling of Judge Travis to try it, reflects great credit upon the legal ability of our eminent jurist.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to our friends and neighbors for their deeds of kindness and their words of sympathy during the sickness and death of our beloved husband and father and also for their many kind floral offerings.

MRS. ELIZA A. SCHULTZ AND FAMILY.

Conklin pens at Gering's.