

The Plattsmouth Journal.

VOL. XXXVI

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY, MAY 19, 1919.

No. 95.

HOW MR. WESCOTT FULFILLED HIS MISSION

LETTER FROM WAH-WAH-TAY-SEE CAMP FIRE GIRLS' FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

Jeanne Oly, for Whose Benefit the Movie at Parmele Tonight is Given—Attend It.

From Thursday's Daily.
Commercy, France, March 25.
Wahwattaysee Camp Fire Girls, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Dear Girls:
Greetings from France and your little French orphan Jeanne Oly. I have at last found her, talked to her, been in her home and delivered your presents to her, all of which made her very happy and proved to be a most interesting and delightful experience to me. You have a very charming little protegee, and if you had appointed a committee and sent them over here to search this poor saddened land of France for the nicest orphan they could find I don't believe they could have made a better selection.

Jeanne Oly is a very bright winsome little French girl of 10 years, slight in build, but plump and fair of face. She has black hair and bright sparkling brown eyes. I picked her up and would judge she weighs about 45 pounds. She is about as large as—well I can't think of any girl there her size but she is about as tall as Edgar Westcott but a little more slender. She is bright and intelligent and modest and neat, clean and withal a little girl that any of you would be proud to have in your home. She is far above the average French child that you find this close to the battle zone or "advance sector," as this territory around here is called.

Now you want to know how I found her and how I know she is bright and intelligent. Well I have been a long time getting at this job and it will take me a long time to tell you all about it—longer than I have time tonight—but when I get home I will give you all the details and I am sure you will enjoy it as I did.

She lives in the little town where you address her—Pagny sur Meuse. That means Pagny on the Meuse river. In France they have several towns by the same name—I suppose they run out of names because there are so many towns—so they designate them by adding something to it. If you will take a map of France and look at the north-eastern portion up near the border of Alsace-Lorraine you will see the Meuse river which has become quite historic in this great war, especially to us Americans as it was in the valleys and along the heights commanding this river that the Yanks did the most of their fighting and it is on these hillsides that many of our valiant dead are sleeping. Your map may not show Pagny sur Meuse but it probably will show Commercy and about 20 miles southeast you will find Toul. This Pagny is about half way between Commercy and Toul. It is a typical little French village nestled down in a valley next to the hillsides on the east. As you approach from the west you can see the red tiled roofs and the big church spire just over an arched stone bridge that crosses the Meuse.

As you drop down into the narrow French streets, unlike ours because there are no sidewalks, you pass many little narrow alleys or lanes which like the main street, wind and twist, which make you think of the crooked man that lived in a crooked city etc. It was one of these little alleys or crooked lanes that I found your Jeanne and her humble little home. Let me say right now before I forget it that one of the first things that greeted me in this dirty little French alley was a tiny American flag in the window of Jeanne's home. You can imagine how strange and yet how welcome and homelike it looked to me. That was the first indication to me that I had found the right place.

Jeanne was not at home when I arrived at her door but at one of

the neighbors a few doors away. The French boy who was directing me found her aunt first and she ushered me into a little low ceiling dark unpainted room, which nevertheless was as clean and neat as hands could make it. Presently Jeanne and her mother came in and as I reached out my hand to little Jeanne she greeted me with a smile, and without the least hesitation or backwardness—"Bonjour-Monsieur," with a confidence as though a long expected friend had arrived. I soon discovered why it was she was looking for me and no doubt wondering why I had been so long coming. Her mother brought out a small letter box and handed me first a letter from Clara Mae telling her about the Camp Fire Girls, who you were, and what you were trying to do. There in the list was my own daughter's name. I pointed to it and told them that was "Mois fille" my daughter. Then they gave me a letter or rather two letters from Virginia Beeson in one of which she told of my departure for France and of the package I had for their little adopted friend. That was written in November, and probably reached her about Xmas time and no doubt she has been looking for this American Santa Claus to appear ever since. After I had read the letters and was quite convinced that this was the very Jeanne Oly that I was looking for I began to unwrap the package and hand out the various articles before the wondering eyes of the now quite large group around the center table, because beside Jeanne and her mother, there was her aunt, her old merry faced grandmother, her brother whose picture I enclose, a neighbor woman, the French boy that piloted me and the American soldier boy who is one of our drivers, and nobody enjoyed it more than he did. He said on the way back that that was the happiest little episode he had witnessed in France.

Well, girls, I can't take time to tell you all the story tonight. Suffice to say, Jeanne's father was killed at the terrible battle of the Marne, on Sept. 14, 1914, in the very beginning of the war. She and her mother and brother and grandmother have been through all the horrors of the past four years. They have known the sickening fear of the near approach of the German beasts, they have fled into cellars and caves for safety from the deadly air raids and most of all, they long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is forever still." This brings us to a close up view of what France has suffered to keep back the Hun and rid the world of his fiendish designs. Jeanne said she had sent you her photo so I will not enclose the one she gave me. She wrote her name on the back of mine and "une petite Francoise" which I think means "a little French girl." That's why I say she is bright because her schooling has no doubt been limited the past 4 years, and yet she writes as readily as many of our American girls at her age.

I told her mother and grandmother that I was going to take her home with me to America but they said no they couldn't spare her. If it were not that the French government forbids it I think I should tease her away or borrow her for awhile so you girls could see her and have her in your homes for awhile. How would you like that? I promised to take her to Toul with me some day as we go through her town on the way there and in fact I stopped yesterday to get her but she was in school. Her aunt said that a week from "Jendi" or Thursday would be a holiday and if I can arrange it I will take her over with me then. I left a couple of bars of Y. M. C. A. chocolate for her yesterday and so I am looking after her the best I can although I confess I was quite late in getting on the job.

Now I trust this will do for my first report and hope it will make a little more personal and real to you the object of your tender hearted generosity and interest in a little French girl you have never seen or known. There are many others in this land equally needy. May we all learn to be unselfish in our thought and service to others. Sincerely,
Your foreign representative,
C. C. WESCOTT.

PLEADS GUILTY AS ACCESSORY TO ACT

JAMES SMELLEY CONFESSES TO BEING MIXED UP IN MURRAY BURGLARY.

GETS FROM ONE TO TEN YEARS

Had Been Headed Toward Penitentiary for Some Time—Laid Blame on Another

From Friday's Daily.
Putting up the same story he used on a former occasion when he was arrested here charged with robbing the Fricke fuel office and the Western Machine Works, James Smelley, in pleading guilty to complicity in the robbery of the Puls & Gansemeyer store at Murray a few nights ago, laid the actual commission of the crime on another, and unknown man, whom he chose to name as "George Who-do-you-call-him" and whom he said made his escape after the act was done.

In pleading guilty Smelley admitted that he carried the bar which was used to force the entrance into the store window, stood watch while his companion entered the place, and then carried the bar back to the livery stable where he is employed, but did not himself enter the building. He then declared inasmuch as his companion had gotten away, "I suppose I will have to stand for it."

After he had pleaded guilty in the county court before Judge Beeson, he was bound over to the district court. When the case came on for hearing before Judge Begley the same plea was entered, whereupon the judge in a very pointed lecture called the young man's attention to the gravity of the crime which he had committed and gave him an indeterminate sentence of not less than one year nor more than ten years at hard labor in the state penitentiary at Lincoln. He was placed in jail until such time as he can be taken to the state prison.

Although the amount of money taken from the store was not in excess of \$25, the fact that entry was forcibly made and that under cover of darkness makes the act constitute burglary, and the amount stolen does not make so much difference. Smelley has been mixed up in several previous escapades, but always managed to escape doing time in the penitentiary until the present instance.

JESSE TOWER COMES HOME FROM FRANCE

Where He Saw Active Service for More Than a Year—Glad to Get Back Again.

From Friday's Daily.
After having been in France for over a year, and not having seen his relatives and friends here for a much greater length of time, Jesse Tower stepped off the morning Burlington train from the west this morning, into the arms of happy relatives, and shouted his gladness at being home again until he was smothered with kisses and kindred greetings.

With the war over, he was more than pleased when the ship bringing him back had landed and much more pleased when he was able to jump off the train this morning into the arms of his father, sister and family. Jesse has been in France for about a year, and during most of that time has been in the medical corps, where there was plenty of work to do, and as long as he was needed, he was ever ready and willing to do his bit, but with the closing of the conflict he began to long for the day when he might again see his friends and loved ones—and that day has now come.

SADDLE LOST.

On the public highway somewhere between the Joe Wilson corner and the Eight Mile Creek, Finder please notify Wm. Rummel.

GOES TO OMAHA TO MEET SON.

From Friday's Daily.
This afternoon G. H. Tams, superintendent of the county farm, departed for Omaha, where he goes to meet his son, John Tams, who returned last night from the service, being discharged at Camp Dodge yesterday, after having arrived from overseas but a short time ago.

Mr. Tams rejoices at the safe return of his son and displayed a smile of genuine gladness as he boarded the train for Omaha and one could fairly see joy bubbling from the aged father's face as he talked of meeting his son again.

While he made his home in Omaha prior to entering the service, John Tams is really a Plattsmouth boy, having grown to manhood here, and he will accompany his father to this city this afternoon for a visit.

CHARGED WITH BEING INSANE

Newton Bronson, For Many Years A Resident of Louisville, is Ordered Arrested.

From Friday's Daily.
For some time the citizens of Louisville have been puzzling over what to do with a citizen who has made that thriving city his abiding place for "nigh onto forty years" but who is at the present time financially unable to care for himself and having no visible means of support. Many of the people at Louisville are endeavoring to have him make his home at the county farm which he is reluctant about doing. In order to get a hearing complaint has been filed charging him with possessing an unbalanced mind, and a warrant was issued today for his arrest. He will accordingly be taken into custody and given a hearing in the near future.

BERT SPIES ARRIVES HOME LAST NIGHT

A One-Time Journal Employee Back From Overseas Service—in Field Signal Service.

From Friday's Daily.
Bert Spies, well known here, arrived home on the midnight Missouri Pacific train last night, being very glad to see the old town of Plattsmouth again.

Bert enlisted about two years ago and was over seas for about seven months being engaged in Field Signal work. Prior to his departure for the battle area of Europe he was located at Camp Dix, N. J., for some little time.

On his return trip he came on the U. S. S. Siboney, sailing from Brest, France, on April 18th and arriving in America on April 27th. He was discharged at Camp Dodge Wednesday of this week, May 14th. Bert was for a long time an employee of the Journal office, going to New York to learn linotype operation and mechanism during the time he worked here. Later after severing his connection with the Journal he was employed at various places over the country, holding a position at Columbus at the time of his entry into the service.

We are sure pleased to see this estimable young man home safe and sound but none the more so than is he or are his folks at his presence here.

FROM THE "SHOW ME" STATE.

From Friday's Daily.
"Jack Wittenburg has a Tin Lizzie that has turned several flip-flops and made several tail-spins since he has owned her, but the climax came the other day when she climbed a tree," reports the Lexington, (Mo.) News. "Jack was delivering groceries and when opposite a retaining wall Lizzie suddenly and without warning veered her course and headed for the retaining wall, went over it and landed in the top of a convenient shade tree. Jack 'cooned' it down the tree and got to earth without a scratch. He then built a platform and had to back Lizzie down, and found her only damage a broken radius rod."

Subscribe for the Journal.

TWO MORE OF OUR BOYS RETURN HOME

CHAS. R. KUSHINSKY AND EARNEST MUTCHELLOTT DISCHARGED FRIDAY

HOME LOOKS GOOD TO THEM

And They Are Glad to Be Relieved of the Routine of Army Life After Long Months of It.

From Saturday's Daily.
Two more Plattsmouth boys arrived home this morning, they being Charles R. Kushinsky and Earnest Mutchelott.

Both of these young men were mighty glad to see the old town and home folks again. Each has seen considerable service overseas. Mr. Kushinsky enlisted at Alliance and sailed from Newport News, being in Europe for some seven months. In order to keep his people from knowing he changed his name around and made it read Robert C. Kushinsky. He arrived last night in Omaha from Camp Dodge and at that early hour in the morning (one o'clock) called his sister up telling her to come down to the Burlington station this morning to get a bird which he was sending her, but the bird proved to be himself and she was sure pleased that it was.

From of the same train stepped Earnest Mutchelott, looking like a giant, which he very nearly is, and without even awaiting for the nod of a friend, made tracks toward Winterstein hill and the home over there where his mother, whom he had not seen for months, was waiting patiently her boy's return. We could hardly stop him long enough to get a meagre amount of information in regard to his return, so anxious was he to reach home.

Both boys arrived in the United States on May third and were discharged at Camp Dodge yesterday. Both they and their friends and relatives here are glad they are home once more.

One by one the boys are coming back and soon the Plattsmouth circle of service men will be as complete as it will ever be possible to make it. Those who have paid the price in full by giving up their very lives, will be missed, honored and revered, while those who return will be welcomed with gladness and all should appreciate the service they have rendered in our behalf.

Chester Tudy, John Wickman and Mr. Kushinsky were all in the same camp at San Francisco, Mr. Wickman being discharged from the western camp, the other two going over. Mr. Tudy returned some time since and Mr. Kushinsky's coming today completes the circle of comrades who were together in the west.

GIANT SEA-PLANES MAKING PROGRESS

American Trans-Atlantic Flyers Are On Their Way—Elements Are Favorable.

The large American hydro-planes engaged in attempting a trans-Atlantic flight were in the air all night last night and a flash over the wires at the Burlington station this morning stated the Yank flyers had passed the eleventh boat in the line between America and the Azores just before day-break this morning, going at the rate of about 70 miles an hour. If the Atlantic can be crossed in an aeroplane surely none other than an American will be first to accomplish the feat.

FOR SALE—2 HERFORD BULLS

I have for sale, two young high bred registered Herford bulls, fourteen and fifteen months of age respectively. Inquire of Fred T. Ramage. Phones 102 and 532. Plattsmouth, Neb. 5-ftw

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass, Picture Framing. Frank Gobe'man.

ROBERT WELLS VERY SICK.

From Thursday's Daily.
Robert Wells of this city, is reported as being very sick at his home having been confined to his bed for the past two weeks or more, and not being able to get out of the house. The patient has been getting in a worse condition, and has for the past few days been considered very sick, so much so that word was sent for his children, Mrs. Orvil Stiles and his son Harvey Wells, who were living at St. Joe, Mo., to come home, they arriving yesterday morning. Geo. Bussard, a brother-in-law, and wife were also notified to come, and arrived last evening. It is hoped that he may show improvement in a short time.

RETURNS FROM SERVICE OVERSEAS

Marion Dickson Arrived Home Yesterday—Was in the Aviation Department Long Time

From Friday's Daily.
Marion Dickson, who early in the war volunteered his services to his country and left a lucrative position in civil life that he might aid in defeating the Hun hordes, arrived home yesterday morning, having received his discharge from the service but a short time ago. Marion enlisted in the Aviation department and went over at the same time Donald E. Arries did, being with him for a short time, but through the exigencies of the service, the two became separated after which the two only saw each other occasionally.

It was a pleasure for this young man to serve his country in an hour when his services were needed, but when the end came he felt that his place was at home where he could be doing something for his folks and consequently he was much pleased at being permitted to return home just now. Marion is an excellent young man and will make good here, as he did in the service and we are glad to have him back among us again.

SURPRISED HER MOTHER.

From Friday's Daily.

Wednesday being the birthday of Mrs. Fred Patterson, her daughter Miss Effa planned a little surprise and invited in a few of her friends. Miss Effa gave a reading, also a four minute talk on "Mother" while Miss Clara Wickman gave one on "Home," which were greatly enjoyed by all.

A delicious luncheon was served. Miss Effa was assisted by Miss Clara Wickman, Mrs. B. Kettelson and Mrs. T. O. Wilson. Those present were Mrs. J. S. Hall, Mrs. E. Kettelson, Mrs. M. Archer, Mrs. F. Leinhoff, Mrs. N. Brittain, Mrs. Wm. DeWolf, Mrs. F. Patterson, Mrs. T. O. Wilson, Miss Mable DeWolf, Miss Mable Brittain, Miss Clara Wickman and Miss Effa Patterson.

CONTRACT IS LET FOR THE ALFALFA MILL

TO BE CONSTRUCTED ON SITE AT CORNER OF THIRD AND PEARL STS.

WORK TO BEGIN AT EARLY DATE

And be Rushed Rapidly to Completion—Council Grants Part of Two Streets For It.

From Friday's Daily.
The much heralded alfalfa mill in Plattsmouth is to become a reality at a not far distant date.

The proposition of its construction was held up for some time until the matter of a site could be settled, this being taken care of at a meeting of the city council during the current week, when parts of two streets adjoining the proposed site at the corner of Third and Pearl streets, was decreed vacant by city ordinance, duly passed, and is deeded to Messrs. Sharp and Young, with the stipulation that they erect thereon a suitable building and operate an alfalfa mill therein.

Accordingly, with all the technical legal propositions settled, a contract was signed yesterday with Messrs. Peters & Parker, local contractors who will take right hold of the work and push it to early completion. During the past few days the firm of J. H. McMaken has been busily engaged in removing the old blacksmith shop which has occupied a part of this site, and placing it upon the opposite side of Pearl street, where it will be used as a tool house during the period of construction of the mill.

The new mill should prove a profitable industry in Plattsmouth and the Journal bespeaks for it success.

ATTENDED COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

From Friday's Daily.

Mrs. John McNurlin departed last evening for Louisville, where she attended the commencement exercises of the Louisville High School, which was held in that city, and in the graduating class of which Mrs. McNurlin had a niece, Miss Margaret Seybert who completed her high school course, and received her diploma last evening. Mrs. McNurlin went in order to be there at the closing exercise and found a very enjoyable occasion. The exercises being all that one could expect and the crowd filling the house to the utmost very appreciative of the good work which is being done by the schools which they support.



How Much for Clothes?

Yes, — and how much for food, for rent, for amusement, for charity?

Money is coming freely these days for most of you men; the spending of it of necessity is largely in the hands of the wife. Women do 80% of the family buying.

Fortunate is the housewife who is given an allowance, a bank account and a check book for her convenience. For she can always know just what goes out for the family expenses.

First National Bank, Plattsmouth, Nebraska

