

The Plattsmouth Journal

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R. A. BATES, Publisher

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QUIPS GRAVE AND GAY.

The war has taught us to damn all diadems.

Politics and yachting are both matters of wind.

A good deal of economy is witnessed by necessity.

Lobsters are up in price. The human brand below par.

Do not use your friends or your credit overly much.

The big crops are handicapping the calamity howlers.

Speaking of minimum wage, that's what married women get.

The white man's burden seems to be borne by the mail carrier.

Married men agree the inventor of hooks and eyes should be executed.

People in high places shoot off more flapdoodle than common folks do.

JAZZ AS A STIMULANT.

A soap factory in Connecticut, having a shortage of help in the wrapping room, installed phonographs and dispensed jazz music during working hours in order to make the work more attractive. The immediate result was a rush of applicants. The girls certainly liked that jazz music.

Another result, exceeding anticipation, was that the girls did more work. The music "jazzed up" their spirits and bodies. They felt more like working, and they accomplished more than before, with less fatigue.

This need not have surprised anybody. It is a familiar phenomenon in the south, where from time immemorial it has been customary to start gangs of negroes to singing in order to cheer them up and get them to move faster. Lively music acts as a stimulant on nearly everybody, just as doleful music depresses. Look what a good marching tune does to a troop of soldiers or a crowd of civilians.

Thus jazz at last comes in for a good work. Instead of distracting minds, jangling nerves and destroying human energy, as some critics have maintained, it may be used to increase energy and efficiency.

Let us hope, however, that if jazz is made a general adjunct of industrial work, or any other kind of work, there will be music of a more soothing nature after the day's work is done. Surely no human being can stand jazz day and night.

BRITISH PROFITEERING.

Reports from London say the most flagrant profiteering is in shoes and clothing. Shoes costing \$5 a pair wholesale are said to be retailing at \$15, and a suit of clothing wholesale for \$30 retails for \$80.

There may be nothing quite so bad as that in the United States, but there is certainly a pronounced tendency along that line. The recent report of the federal trade commission declares that extortionate

profits are being made in shoes all along the line, from the packer who sells the hide down to the retail dealer.

Nobody has charged that the American shoe retailer makes the 200 per cent attributed to his British brethren, or that the American clothing retailer gets a correspondingly large profit. But there are certainly inexcusable profits being made somewhere in the shoe and clothing business, and the aggregate profit exacted from the consumer is certainly more than either industry as a whole has any right to.

Shoes and clothing are almost as vital as food. Profiteering in them is just as intolerable.

THE HOBO'S DEFENSE.

A hobo writes to a newspaper an interesting exposition of his point of view:

"I would like to ask what right any one has to pity a hobo! As I write I am lying under a big, shady tree. I am free—I worry about nothing. The birds singing above have nothing on me when it comes to liberty. Just a little ways off are the yards of a big railroad with its trains coming and going constantly. Any time it suits my fancy I can travel, and it matters not to me whether the railroads are returned to their owners or taken by the government. I will ride them anyway. Why should I envy the busy folks of the city 'wearing themselves out inside of skyscraper', living their conventional cut-and-dried lives, doing the same thing over and over again 365 times a year? I pity them.

"I work when I want a few dollars. When I get thirty or forty dollars—or a 'stake', I hand in my resignation and am strictly my own boss while it lasts. I consider myself a thousand times more fortunate and happier than many who are shut up in factories and offices and tied down to jobs. I have found my happiness on the road."

The letter justifies, to the hobo, his hobo existence. But he forgets a few important things. Without this civilization he scorns, the product of other men, he could not lead the happy hobo life. Without the labor of other men there would be no railroads. There would be no workshop or factory where he could earn his stake at need. There would be no cheap newspapers to tell him what the problems of other men about railroads or other matters, may be. There would be no shelter for his winters, no hospitals to care for what wound of illness he may acquire on the road. There would be no provision for his old age.

The hobo may be happy in his way—but it is a selfish way. He is a parasite upon the labor of the world. Other men pity him—not for his freedom nor his shady tree, but for the fact that by his parasitism he has lost the greatest happiness in the world—that of the self-respecting worker. And he has lost the happiness of home joys and children and the chance of a future when freedom and shady trees and sunny roadsides have been well-earned, and are therefore all the sweeter.

The hobo's joys are the child's joys—those of today, dependent upon wind and weather and other people. The joys of manhood are forever denied him.

William Randolph Hearst says he is disappointed in President Wilson. Considering that William Randolph is a millionaire who can have pie three times a day and most anything else he wants in this world, he has a whole lot of disappointments.

The fleas no doubt get hungry
But that does not make it right
For them to get in bed with us
And bit so hard at night.

Country debating societies are still chewing the rag as to which kills the most men, whisky or wars. Both are bad, but we believe that we would rather be full of booze than bullets.

"What is perfect sang froid," asks a curious exchange. Ah, that's where the soprano in the church choir stands up to sing and sticks her gum on the pipe organ instead of swallowing it.

The average woman believes that had she been in Eve's place Adam would still be in the Garden. The average man, however, knows very well that had he been in Adam's place he would have fallen.

If somebody gets your goat, as the saying goes, don't get mad and hot like the business end of a hornet, but just look around a while and get some other fellow's goat. There are no end of stray goats.

We have been reading several of Senator Johnson's speeches lately, and they read real nice. It must cost him something for sapollo and Dutch cleanser to keep that brass halo of his rubbed up so shiny and bright.

HE WOULD WALK FLOOR FOR HOURS

Had Smothering Spells And Could Hardly Breathe—Suffered 26 Years.

"I have been in poor health for twenty-six years, and have tried many different medicines and treatments, but my troubles were not overcome until I commenced taking Taniae," said C. D. Williamson, who is employed as engineer for the Twin City Pipe Covering Co., and who lives at 1060 Everett Court, St. Paul, Minn., the other day.

"I suffered from stomach trouble and indigestion during all these years," he continued, "and when I commenced taking Taniae, I had given up all hope of ever finding a medicine that would do me any good. During the past year I took six different treatments, but I didn't get any relief at all. Everything I ate soured on my stomach, and I would be bloated up with gas for hours at a time, and would have the worst sort of cramping spells. Very often this gas would get up into my chest and cause my heart to palpitate so bad that I could hardly get a good breath, and when these spells came on me at night I couldn't lie down, and just had to walk the floor for hours at a time trying to get a good breath. Sometimes my arms and legs would go to sleep and I would have to rub them for a long time before I could use them. I finally got so weak and run down that I had to lose a lot of time from my work."

"One day a friend of mine told me that he knew a man who had suffered exactly as I was, and that Taniae had brought him around all right. Well, I thought that if it had done that man so much good, it ought to help me, and I commenced taking Taniae right away. I am glad I took that view of the matter, for my twenty-six years of suffering is a thing of the past now, and I am in better health in every way than I have been for many years. I am completely rid of that stomach trouble and indigestion. I have a fine appetite, and eat just anything I want and I never suffer a particle afterwards. I never have those awful cramping spells now, and my legs and arms do not go to sleep on me like they did. In fact, I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life, and I go to sleep as soon as I hit the bed at night, and am dead to the world until time to get up every morning. I can do as much work as anybody now, but I never lose any time from the job. Yes, sir, Taniae was a godsend to me, and I say a good word for it every chance I have."

Taniae is sold in Plattsmouth by F. G. Fricke & Co., in Alvo by Alvo Drug Co., in Avoca by O. E. Copes, in South Bend by E. Sturzenegger, in Greenwood by E. F. Smith, in Weeping Water by Meier Drug Co., in Elmwood by L. A. Tyson, in Murdock by H. V. McDonald, in Louisville by Blake's Pharmacy, in Eagle by M. W. Bloomkamp, in Union by E. W. Keedy, in Nelawka by D. D. Adams and in Murray by Meier Drug Co."

CASS CO. SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

Annual Affair to be Held This Year at Avoca—October 23rd and 24th the Dates.

From Friday's Daily.

The annual convention of the Cass county Sunday schools will be held this year in the pleasant little city of Avoca, and the date selected is that of October 23 and 24. The convention this year is expected to be one of the most successful that has been held in the county and a large number of delegates from every one of the schools of the county is looked for.

The Sunday school convention will have a program of exceptional strength and one that will embrace a number of the leading Sunday school workers of this district. The good people of Avoca will provide entertainment and quarters for the convention in their usual hospitable manner. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian churches of this city will be represented at this meeting.

ORDER OF HEARING on Petition for Appointment of Administratrix.

The State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.

In the County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Eikenberry, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Alice Johnson, praying that administratrix of said estate may be granted to Alice Johnson, as Administratrix:

Ordered, That September 15 A. D. 1914 at ten o'clock a. m. be assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Plattsmouth Journal, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

Dated August 15, 1914.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
(Seal) 418-2w. County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Paulina Cummings, deceased.

To all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs at law:

You are hereby notified that Frank R. Gobelman has this 21st day of August, 1914, filed in this court alleging that Paulina Cummings, late a resident of Cass county, Nebraska, died intestate in said county on or about the ... day of ... 1899, leaving as her sole and only heirs at law her husband, N. Cummings, her daughter, Minnie Mortenson, and her son, Walter Cummings, all of legal age. That said decedent was the owner of Lots 9 and 10 in Block 85 in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, and that the petitioner is now the owner of said real estate and prays for a determination of the time of the death of said decedent, Paulina Cummings, and of her heirs at law and degree of kinship, and of the right of descent to the real property belonging to said decedent in the State of Nebraska. Said matter has been set for hearing on the 21st day of August, 1914, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition.

Dated this 21st day of August, 1914.

By the Court.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
(Seal) 425-2w. County Judge.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION of The Farmers Union Cooperative Association of Greenwood, Nebr.

The name of this corporation shall be the Farmers Union Cooperative Association, of Greenwood, Nebr.

The principal place of transacting the business of this corporation shall be at Greenwood, Cass county, Nebr.

The business of the corporation shall be the buying and selling for itself or in commission, as well as that of handling and shipping grain, farm produce, coal, live stock and farm supplies; to purchase hold, or lease real estate or other property for the use of the corporation in conducting its business; to direct, own, control, lease or operate grain elevators, warehouses, storehouses and other buildings and to acquire property in any terminal markets necessary in conducting said business; to purchase and to hold stock in other corporations; to borrow money; to make, execute and deliver conveyances and to secure the same; and to do, perform and carry on the aforesaid business in the State of Nebraska.

The amount of the capital stock of this corporation shall be \$25,000.00, which shall be divided into 250 shares of \$100.00 each. \$10,000.00 shall be fully paid in at the time of commencement of business.

This stock shall be non-assessable. The highest amount of indebtedness to which this corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the paid up capital stock.

The term of the existence of this corporation shall commence on the 15th day of June A. D. 1914, and the same shall continue for a term of fifty (50) years from said date, unless sooner dissolved by a majority of the stockholders or by operation of law.

The business of this corporation shall be conducted by the following board of seven (7) directors until the first annual meeting as provided by its laws:

John Dale, John Armstrong, Chas. Martin, Harry V. Erickson, E. Goodfellow, O. F. Peters and John W. Wiedman.

The officers of the corporation are O. F. Peters, president; John Dale, vice-president; Harry V. Erickson, secretary and John W. Wiedman, treasurer.

W. A. ROBERTSON,
Lawyer.

East of Riley Hotel.
Coates Block,
Second Floor.

Don't forget us when you want meat or groceries for harvest. We can take care of you, just phone No. 4, and we will have your order up.

HATT & SON.



15c

Not 16 cents or 17 cents—
But 15 cents

Velvet Always Hits a 3 Bagger: Sight! Smell!! Taste!!!

THEN it's easy to get to the home-plate, right where you snuggle down in an old coat and slippers to enjoy life.

To begin with, Velvet Tobacco, in its jolly red tin, has a wholesome generous look to it. Nothing namby-pamby about it. A red-blooded tin full of red-blooded tobacco, for red-blooded folks.

Open it up—and you get the fragrance that Nature stored in the tobacco during eight changing seasons, while it mellowed in great wooden hogsheads.

And say! It's great! That good, natural fragrance of Kentucky's wonder tobacco—Burley—King of Pipe-land. No camouflage about it. No dolling up.



Pack a pipeload. Light up and you'll get the fragrance of real tobacco—the incense to solid comfort.

And a mild, pleasant taste, that only our Nature-ageing method can impart. You will never taste a finer cigarette than the one you roll with Velvet.

Fifteen cents a tin—not a cent more.

Better up!

Leggett & Sons Tobacco Co.



A friendly pipeful makes even the umpire seem almost human.

Velvet Joe

-the friendly tobacco

HELL PROVEN BUT NOT LOCATED

Bob Ingersoll said he would be in hell when Missouri went republican. Missouri went republican after Bob had gone on his long journey where he might possibly find out something about this hell business, and Kansas elected a democratic United States senator, though once giving James G. Blaine 82,000 majority. If Ingersoll's theory politically is anywhere near correct, there must be half a dozen hells.

Lew Russell and sons were in Omaha today taking in the circus and enjoying an outing for a few hours.

FEEL ALL USED UP?

Lots of Plattsmouth People Do. Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Feel all used up—as if you could just go no farther? Why not look to your kidneys? Why not use Doan's Kidney Pills? Plattsmouth people have done so. They tell you the result.

Mrs. Hettie Cummings, Chicago Ave., Plattsmouth, says: "I suffered so severely from my back at times I could hardly get about. When I got down, I had to take hold of something before I could straighten. Sharp pains often caught me across my kidneys and for a minute I could not move, the pains were so severe."

I couldn't rest well, my back ached so badly. I tried different remedies but nothing did me any good until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes overcame that awful misery in my back and made me feel like a different person.

Price 60c. at all dealers. Do not simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the one that Mrs. Cummings had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Best Advertisement. The best advertisement any merchant can have is a satisfied customer. No greater recommendation can be given an article than the following by E. B. Milburn, Prop., Guide Drug Store, Guilin, Ark. "We have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for years and have always found that it gives perfect satisfaction."

INVESTMENTS

Public Service Corporation
Paying

7%

Can be had in amounts of \$100

PAUL FITZGERALD,
Investment Securities
First National Bank Bld'g,
Omaha, Neb.