WE HAVE ARRANGED MANY UNUSUAL BARGAINS THROUGHOUT OUR STORE FOR

Bargain Wednesday!

Every department in the store will have specials that will appeal to everybody in the community and save them money. Here are published only a few of them.

DRY GOODS!

Ladies aprons, all sizes, light and fancy patterns, first qualities, values to $2..89c
Outing flannel, best quality, our entire stock, special, per yd.....16c
Ladies boudoir slippers, pleasing colors and styles, for this day only at....$1.15
Cotton batts, excellent quality, new cotton, special for Wednesday, each.....9c
Table oil cloth, plain white and fancy patterns, best grade, per yd.....39c
Unbleached toweling, good weight, special, 3 yds. for.....25c
All our high grade worsted dress goods at.....Very Unusual Reductions
Ladies strap rubbers, a limited number to sell; special price, per pair.....65c

MEN'S and BOY'S WEAR!

Men's ribbed unionsuits, special for this day only at.....98c
Men's heavy 220 denim overalls, $2.00 values, special price.....$1.49
Men's high grade flannel shirts, khaki and chocolate colors, at each.....$1.95
Men's dress sox, black and brown, per pair only.....15c
Men's brown jersey gloves, 25c value at, per pair.....15c
Men's cotton flannel gloves at per pair.....10c
Men's work shoes, guaranteed all leather; price per pair.....$2.49 Up
Men's dress overcoats, shower proof, special at.....$9.95
Men's mackinaws, sheep and leather lined vests and coats at...Very Low Prices
Boys' suits, all new merchandise, some with extra pair of pants...Special Prices
Boys' school shoes—shoes that will give you real service at.....$2.49 Up
Boys' knee pants, large variety of colors and patterns to choose from....75c Up
Boys' slip-over style sweaters, assorted colors; special at.....$1.95

GROCERIES!

10 lbs. pure granulated sugar for.....67c
Butter Nut coffee for Wednesday only, special, per lb.....40c
Dutch Cleanser, Wednesday only, per can.....12c
Horse Shoe, Star and Climax chewing tobacco, per lb.....79c
Prince Albert, Tuxedo and Velvet smoking tobacco, per can.....14c
Cocoa in the bulk, quality guaranteed, special price, 2 lbs. for.....25c
Hand picked navy beans, special per lb.....7c
No. 1 lamp chimneys, for Wednesday only, each.....10c

ROGERS' 25-YEAR SILVERWARE GIVEN AWAY FREE
Ask for Your Coupons!

Fanger's Department Store

FRANK I. FANGER, Proprietor

Plattsmouth, Nebraska -:- -:- -:- -:- Phone No. 206

NEWSIES PAY HONOR TO MEMORY OF STADELMAN

From Saturday's Daily.

A rough, unpainted old chair stood empty on the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Douglas streets yesterday. Upon it hung a funeral wreath and upon the wreath a strip of cardboard on which was neatly pasted a clipping from The Bee of Friday morning, telling how an unidentified motorist, at Seventeenth and Cuming streets, Thursday evening, ran down and fatally injured Paul Stadelman, 28, crippled newsboy.

Thousands of people paused to look at the chair and the wreath and clipping yesterday. Paul was a familiar figure to most of them. He had called his papers in all kinds of weather from that corner for a number of years since coming here from his former home at Plattsmouth.

Newsboys "hustled" on the other three corners of Sixteenth and Douglas streets, but in life they never had trespassed on the "territory," which by unwritten law among all "newsies" of Omaha, had been ceded to Paul, and even though Paul was not there in person, the newsboys true to their years of friendship to their unfortunate brother, kept faith with the dead.—Omaha Bee.

"Tanlac has made me feel younger." "It put me back on the payroll." "I can eat whatever I want now." "I no longer suffer from indigestion." "I gained weight rapidly." These and many more expressions are now heard daily as people tell of their experience with Tanlac. F. G. Fricke & Co.

READY!

for any emergency—for every opportunity; ready for good times or hard times - for work or for play; ready whenever you want it—is ready money.

The certificates of deposit issued by this bank possess the advantages of ready money and at the same time pay 4% interest. Join our Ready Money Club. Purchase certificates.

Deposits Protected by State Guarantee Fund.

The Bank of Cass County

Established 1881

T. H. POLLOCK, President — G. M. McCLERKIN, Vice-President — R. F. PATTERSON, Cashier

DEATH OF FORMER RESIDENT HERE

Mrs. Elizabeth Pirie, Widow of the Late A. B. Pirie, Veteran Burlington Employe, Dies.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pirie, widow of the late A. P. Pirie, for years one of the well known employes of the Burlington on the lines west, passed away on Thursday evening at her home, 1707 C. street, Lincoln, after a short illness.

The deceased lady was sixty-two years of age and was a member of one of the old families of this city, where she made her home some thirty-five years ago, the Calder family being well known to the older residents here and later on her marriage to Mr. Pirie they removed to Wymore where he was employed as master mechanic of the Wymore division of the Burlington for many years. During her residence here Mrs. Pirie was a very active member of the St. Luke's church and has since removing to Wymore been a visitor at the homes of the old friends who learn of her death with much regret.

The funeral services will be held at Lincoln and the body, accompanied by the sister of the deceased, Mrs. Jessie Byers, will arrive here at 1:15 Sunday afternoon and be taken to the Oak Hill cemetery for burial beside that of the husband and child, who have preceded Mrs. Pirie in death.

Besides the sister, Mrs. Byers, there is one brother, George Calder, of Prescott, Arizona, to mourn her passing.

For a Disordered Stomach

When the stomach fails to perform its functions the bowels become deranged, the liver and kidneys congested. The important thing is to restore the stomach and liver to a healthy condition and for this purpose Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent. Give them a trial. They only cost a quarter.

Mrs. William Ossenkop of Louisville, who has been here visiting at the home of Frank E. Schlater, returned yesterday afternoon to her home.

C. A. Trumble, J. B. Petersen and Oscar Trumble of Eagle were in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business.

LAID TO REST AMIDST HONORS OF HOMELAND

FITTING HONORS PAID TO AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT ARLINGTON.

AN EPOCH-MAKING CEREMONY

Brings With it the Resolve That Armed Warfare must Cease For All Time to Come.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Under the starry skies of his own homeland, America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the wars. Alone he sleeps in the narrow cell of limestone that guards his body, but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America. Wherever liberty is held in men's hearts, the honor and the glory and the pledge of high endeavor poured out over this nameless one of fame, will be told and sung by Americans for all time.

Scrolled across the marble arch of the memoral raised to American soldier and sailor dead, everywhere, which stands like a monument behind his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The words were spoken by martyred Lincoln, over the dead at Gettysburg. And today, with voice strong, with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another president echoed that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Harding Reiterates Lincoln's Words

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the man who stands at the head of the American people. Tomorrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; of the curbing of the havoc of war. They will speak of the war in France that robbed this soldier of life and name and brought death to comrades of all nations by the hundreds of thousands. And, in their ears, when they meet must ring President Harding's declaration today beside that flag-drapped, honor-laden bier: "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Far across the seas, other unknown dead, hallowed in memory by their countrymen, as this American soldier is enshrined in the heart of America, sleep their last. He, in whose veins ran the blood of British forebearers, lies beneath a great stone in ancient Westminster Abbey; he of France, beneath the Arc de Triomphe and he of Italy, under the altar of the Fatherland in Rome. And it seemed today that they, too, must be here among the Potomac hills to greet an American comrade come to join their glorious company, to testify their approval of the high words of hope, spoken by America's president.

Whole Nation Pays Tribute

All day long, the nation poured out its heart in pride and glory for the nameless American. Before the first crash of the minute-guns roared its knell for the dead, from the shadow of Washington monument, the people who claim him as their own were trooping out to do him honor. They lined the hillside, where he sleeps tonight; they flowed like a tide over the slopes about his burial place; they choked the bridges that lead across the river to the fields of the brave, in which he is the latest comer.

As he was carried past thru the banks of humanity that lined Pennsylvania avenue, a solemn hush held the living walls. Yet, there was not so much of sorrow as of high pride in it all, a pride beyond the reach of shouting and the clamor that marks less sacred moments in life.

Out there in the avenue was a simple soldier, dead for honor of the flag. He was nameless. No man knew what part in the great life of the nation he had filled when last he passed over his home soil. But in France he had died as Americans always have been ready to die, for the flag and what it means. They read the message of the pageant clear; these silent thousands along the way. They stood in almost holy awe to take their own part in what was theirs, the glory of the American people honored here in the honors showered on America's nameless son from France.

President In Procession

Soldiers, sailors and marines all played their part in the spectacle as the cortege rolled along. And just behind the casket, with its faded French flowers on the draped flag, walked the president, the chosen leader of a hundred million in whose name he was chief mourner at this bier. Beside him, strode the man under whom the fallen hero had lived and died in France, General Pershing, wearing only the single medal of victory that every American soldier might wear as his only decoration.

Then, row on row came the men who lead the nation today, or have guided its destinies before. They were all there, walking proudly with age and frailties of the flesh forgotten. Judges, senators, representatives, highest officers of every military arm of government and a trudging little group of the nation's most valorous sons, the medal of honor men. Some were gray, and bent, and drooping with old wounds; some trim and erect as the day they won their way to fame. All walked gladly in this nameless comrade's last parade.

Behind these came the carriage in which rode Woodrow Wilson, also stricken down by infirmities as he served in the highest place of the nation, just as the humble private riding in such state ahead, had gone down before shell or bullet. For that dead man's sake, the former president had put aside his dread of seeming to parade his physical weakness and risked health, perhaps life, to appear among the mourners for the fallen.

There was handclapping and a cheer here and there for the man in the carriage, a tribute to the spirit that brought him to honor the nation's nameless hero, whose commander-in-chief he had been.

The March to Arlington

After President Harding and most of the high dignitaries of the government had turned aside at the white house, the procession headed by its blocks of soldiery, and the battalions of sailor comrades, moved on with Pershing, now flanked by Secretaries Weeks and Denby, for the long road to the tomb. It marched on, always between the human borders of the way of victory the nation had made for itself of the great avenue; on over the old bridge that spans the Potomac on up the long hill to Fort Myer and at last, to the gate of the great cemetery beyond where soldier and sailor folk sleep by the thousands. There, the lumbering guns of the artillery swung aside, the cavalry drew their horses out of the long line and left to the foot soldiers and sailors and marines, the last stage of the journey.

amphitheatre gleamed thru the trees, amphitheatre bleamed thru the trees. It stands crowing the slow slope of the hills that sweep upward from the river and just across was Washington, its clustered buildings and monuments to greet dead who have gone before, a moving picture in the autumn haze.

People in thousands were moving about the great circle of the amphitheatre. The great ones to whom places had been given in the sacred enclosure and the plain folk who trudged the long way just to glimpse the pageant from afar, were finding their places. Everywhere, within the pillared enclosure bright uniforms of foreign soldiers appeared. They were laden with the jeweled orders of rank and merit worn to honor an American private soldier, greater than any there in the majesty of his sacrifices; in the tribute his honors were paid to all Americans who died.

Down below the platform, placed for the casket, in a stone vault, lay wreaths and garlands brought from England's king and guarded by British soldiers. To them came the British ambassador in the full uniform of his rank, to bid them keep these tributes from overseas safe against that hour.

Many Foreign Dignitaries

Above the platform gathered men whose names ring thru history. Briand, Foch, Beatty, Balfour, Jacques, Diaz, and others in a brilliant array of place and power. They were followed by others, Baron Kato from Japan, the Italian statemen and officers, by the notables from all countries gathered here for tomorrow's conference and by some of the older figures in American life too old to walk beside the approaching funeral train.

Down around the circling pillars, the marble boxes filled with distinguished men and women, with a cluster of shattered men from army hospitals, accompanied by uniformed nurses, A surpliced choir took its place to await the dead.

Faint and distant, the silvery strains of a military band stole into the big white bowl of the amphitheatre. The slow cadences and mourning notes of a funeral march grew clearer and the roll and mutter of the muffled drums.

At the arch where the choir waited, the hero comrades of the dead, lifted his casket down and, followed by the generals and the admirals, who had walked beside him from the capitol, he was carried to the place of honor. Ahead, moved the white robed singers, chanting solemnly. Carefully, the casket was placed above the banked flowers and the marine band played sacred melodies until the moment the president and Mrs. Harding stepped to their places behind the casket; then the crashing triumphant chords of the Star Spangled Banner swept the gathering to its feet again.

Two Minute Pause at Noon

A prayer, carried out over the crowd by amplifiers so that no word was missed, took a moment or two, then the sharp, clear call of the bugle rang "attention" and for two minutes, the nation stood at pause for the dead, just at high noon. No sound broke the quiet as all stood with bowed heads. It was much as tho a mighty hand had checked the word of America, from the hosts within and without.

President Harding stepped forward beside the coffin to say for America the thing that today was nearest to the nation's heart, that sacrifices such as this nameless man, fallen in battle, might perhaps be made unnecessary down thru coming years. Every word that President Harding spoke reached every person thru the amplifiers and reached other thousands upon thousands in New York and San Francisco.

Mr. Harding showed strong emotion as his lips formed the last words of the address. He paused, then with raised hand and head bowed, went on in the measured, rolling period of the Lord's prayer. The response that came back from the other thousands out over the slopes beyond, perhaps from still other thousands away near the Pacific or close packed in the heart of the nation's greatest city, rose like a chant. The marble arches hummed with the solemn sound.

Burial Ritual Spoken

The simple words of the burial ritual were said by Bishop Brent, flowers from war mothers of America and England were laid in place. For the Indians of America Chief Plenty Coos came to call upon the great spirit of the red men, with gesture and chant and tribal tongue that the dead should not have died in vain, that war might end, peace be purchased by such blood as this. Upon the casket he laid the coup stick of his tribal office and the feathered war bonnet from his own head. Then the casket, with its weight of honors, was lowered into the crypt.

A rocking blast of gunfire rang from the woods. The glittering circle of bayonets stiffened to a salute to the dead. Again, the guns shouted their message of honor and farewell, again they boomed out; a loyal comrade was being laid to his last, long rest.

High and clear and true in the echoes of the guns, a bugle lifted the old, old notes of taps, the lullaby for the living soldier, in death his requiem.

Long ago some forgotten poet caught its meaning clear and set it down that soldiers everywhere might know its message as they sink to rest:

"Fades the light;
And afar, goeth day, cometh night,
And a star, leadeth all, speedeth all,
To their rest."

The guns roared out again in the national salute. He was home, the unknown, to sleep forever among his own.

If It Is a Bilious Attack

Take three of Chamberlain's Tablets and a quick recovery is certain.

JOHN BEESON POORLY

For the past few days John Beeson has been quite sick at his home south of the city suffering from an attack of what seems to be the grippe, but is now reported as being somewhat batter. John seems to be on the mend and this will be pleasing news to his many friends over the city.

Lose anything? Find anything? Try a Journal want-ad.

BARGAINS IN USED FORDS

1916 Touring Winter Top.....$225
1916 Cab and Truck body.....95
1917 Touring.....165
1917 Touring, Extras.....200
1917 Touring, Storage Battery for lights.....210
1918 Touring.....210
1918 Touring, Winter Top.....200
1919 Touring with Starter.....325
1920 Coupe, Wire Wheels.....525
1919 Roadster, Starter Block.....225

7 H. P. Hercules gasoline engine, almost new and guaranteed like new.....$100
5-passenger Oakland.....150

We will sell any of these cars on part cash and time payments on balance. Liberal discount for cash on any of above prices.

For further particulars call at—

FORD GARAGE
Plattsmouth -:- Nebraska

Lost anything — found anything, try a Journal ad. "They satisfy."

"Do Rats Talk to Each Other?" Asks Mr. M. Batty, R. I.

"I got five cakes of Rat-Snap and threw pieces around feed store. Got about half a dozen dead rats a day for two solid weeks. Suddenly, they got fewer. Now we haven't any. Who told them about Rat-Snap." Rats dry up and leave no smell. Three sizes: 35c, 65c, $1.25.

Sold and guaranteed by
Bestor & Swatek — Weyrich & Hadraba — F. G. Fricke & Co.

FRIENDS ASSIST IN BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Mrs. John Hobscheidt Victim of Conspiracy on 67th Anniversary—Given Attractive Gifts.

From Saturday's Daily.

Yesterday afternoon the neighbors and friends of Mrs. John Hobscheidt, one of the highly esteemed residents of this city, entered into a conspiracy that had as its object the surprising of this worthy lady on her sixty-seventh birthday anniversary and accordingly, while the "victim" was wholly unaware, the members of the party proceeded to enter the home and announce their intention of spending a few hours with their friend in honor of her natal day.

Each of the party had brought with them some of the dainties of a fine luncheon and these served to provide a most dainty repast for the members of the party. The time was spent in visiting and social conversation for several hours and during this time Mrs. Hobscheidt was presented with a number of very beautiful and attractive gifts to remind her of the passing of another milestone on life's highway.

Those to attend the event were Mr. and Mrs. John Hobscheidt, Jr., and family; Emil, John, George and Frank Hobscheidt; Mrs. Fred Egenberger, Jr.; Mrs. Margaret Wehrbein; Mrs. John Hiber; Mrs. Henry Horn and daughter, Miss Helen; Mrs. J. W. Tritsch; Mrs. John Hallstrom and the guest of honor.

FUNERAL OF HENRY MILLER

The funeral services of the late Henry M. Miller were held on Friday afternoon at 2:30 from the St. Luke's church of which the deceased had long been a very devout member and was attended by a large number of the old friends and neighbors. The burial service of the church was conducted by Rev. Father Leete and during the progress of the service a number of th efavorite hymns of the deceased were given by the choir of the church.

At the conclusion of the service the body was borne to Oak Hill cemetery where it was laid to rest, the pall bearers being selected from among the old friends, being Chas. McGuire, Con Gillispie, Lou Taylor, R. W. Clement, C. G. Fricke, John F. Weber.

Tanlac now has the largest sale of any medicine in the world. There is a reason. F. G. Fricke & Co.

WOMEN

Can You Use Some EXTRA MONEY

If you want to earn some extra money in your SPARE TIME, show your friends and neighbors a new and handy household article, wanted in every home. NO MONEY REQUIRED. I must have a representative in each town and community. Write me TODAY, NOW—before you forget it. A post card will do.

MISS M. K. OLSON,
Plattsmouth -:- Nebraska

You know the feeling—going to the big dinner—to church, football game, or the dance. and clothes looking a bit "tacky." You kind'a have the breaks on, slide in the wrong groove as it were.

Our stock of overcoats and suits is complete. You'll need them later, and why not have the use of them now?

For your Thanksgiving and then some—
OVERCOATS,
SUITS,
HATS,
SHIRTS,
KNIT TIES,
WOOL HOSE.

Philip Thierolf
VALUE GIVING CLOTHIER