

# German "Flu"

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1918.

### Dream On, Razz Old Dazz, Dream On! Even Laughs Will Help Win the War!

"How much for a dozen eggs?" asked the country shopper.

"Twenty cents," answered the storekeeper.

"Twenty cents!" Business of raising the eyebrows and gasping. "Why we ain't been paying but 18 cents."

"That's the yesterday price; they're 20 cents today." Supercilious sneer.

"Well, I'll take a dozen, just because I ain't got time to look around and get them cheaper. What's butter today?"

"Twenty-four cents." Bored look.

"Twenty-ty-ty — four-r-r cents!" Mouth wide open; eyes dilated in horror. "That's a raise of 4 cents."

"Costing more to make butter now." Flecking off speck of dust from the sleeve.

"Gimme half a pound."

"Can't break a pound any more. The retail grocers' association has made a rule against it. We've been losing money by that practice."

"No doubt. I'll take the full pound. Let me see it weighed, please." Compressing of lips into tight line.

"You may also send up 100 pounds of sugar; what is today's price?"

"Five cents the pound; you ought to take 200 pounds, because it's going up a quarter cent soon, I hear."

"What you hear and what I know are two different things." Elevation of eyebrows and bold stare.

"Is that all for today?" Polite posing of pencil over pad. "Charge, of course."

"Yes, charge; pay first of year as usual. Let me see." Mental scuffling of the old thought dome. "I think we've got room in the cellar for 1,000 pounds of flour. How much is it?"

"One dollar and 40 cents a hundred." Apologetic cringe.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear; the high cost of living is a literal fright; well, send it up. Delivered free, with trading stamps, of course."

"Yes, indeed. Glad to have your trade. Just a moment, I'll have the boy take you home in the car."

Following which the storekeeper turned to his copy of the Omaha Bee of October 13, 1918, and resumed his reading of an article entitled, "What we paid for things during the great war and how the downfall of the kaiser's ruined the grocery trade."

### Forgets His Patriotism

Tom Brown, clerk for local draft board No. 3, is a trap-drummer of considerable local fame, and, as such is a regular member in good standing of the Omaha Musicians' union.

One day Thomas was chatting with a number of musician friends when one of them casually inquired his reason for toiling for the draft board as well as playing in an orchestra at night.

"O, just patriotism," drawled Thomas, loftily, and then he switched the conversation into other channels.

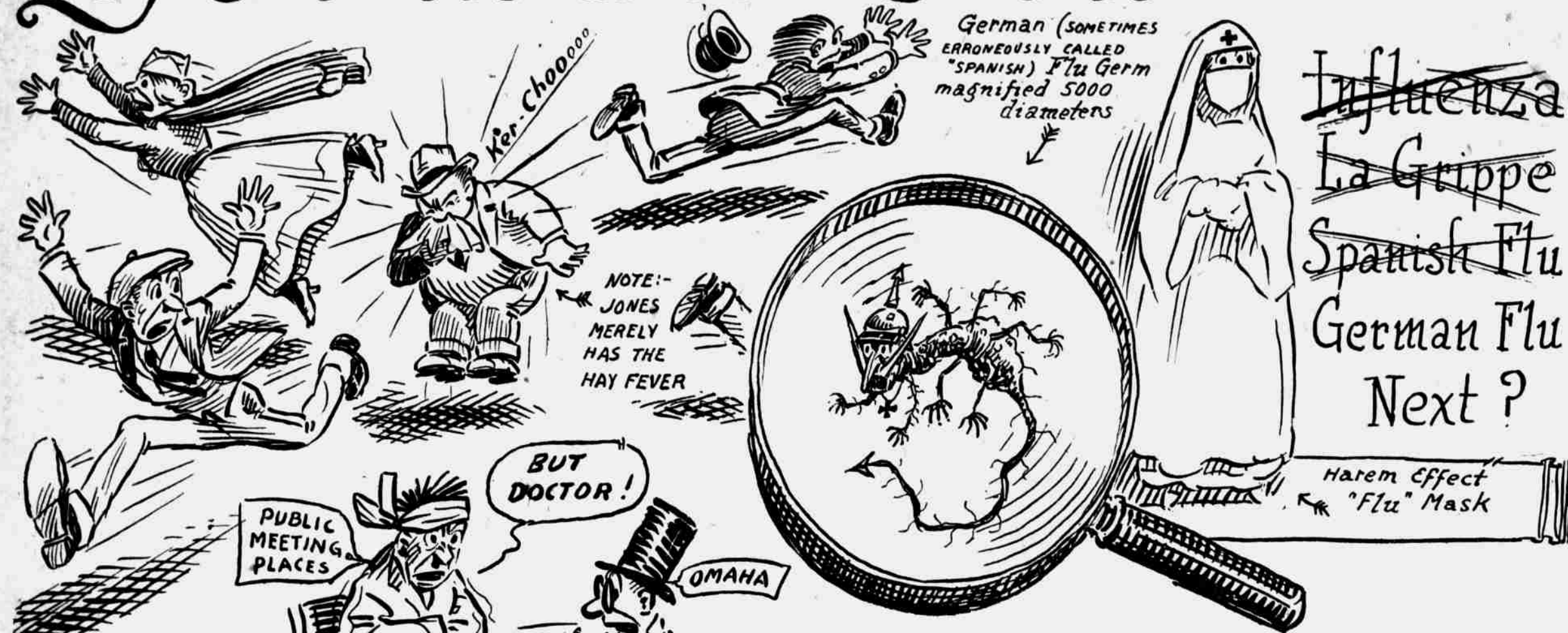
Some days later, Tom in his haste to arrive at the office promptly on time, left the room rather hurriedly, neglecting as he did so to take his monthly check for services which a few moments before he had laid on a bureau.

"Oh, Tom!" shouted Kenneth E. Nash, a brother musician and Tom's room-mate, as he held out the neglected check, "You forgot your patriotism!"

At least this is the way Henry F. Meyers tells the story and as Henry is Tom's boss, he can't deny it.

### Appropriate Army Pets

For trench-diggers: moles.  
For engineers: cranes.  
For quartermasters: seals.  
For aviators: eagles.  
For submarine sailors: sharks.  
For men at listening posts: few rats.  
For General Pershing; the kaiser's goat.—Cartoons Magazine.



By JOHN H. KEARNES.

"Safety first" is the motto of Charley Franke, main squeeze of the Municipal auditorium.

When he first heard of the Spanish flu he developed an abnormal appetite for information on the subject, and, as a layman, absorbed sufficient knowledge to print a volume on the subject.

After interviewing a dozen or more leading physicians of Omaha, getting advice free gratis, for which they had paid many hard earned dollars, he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do to become immune was to take a few shots of the preventive serum prescribed as a "safety first" measure.

After becoming a host for the vitiated germs, or bacilli of the "flu" he went among his friends, bragging of his up-to-dateness and impressing on the multitude he was one of the few Omaha citizens to beat the real old fashioned "flu" to it.

But alas for Charley. He may have acquired peace of mind and may have worked himself into a state of mind where he could bid the disease defiance, but he is only immune for a short time, and to keep himself in that condition he must take shot after shot of the serum, in two weeks periods for the next three months in order to land in the zone of safety.

Serum that is used for prevention is produced in a horse and only gives protection for a couple of weeks, or even less—a temporary immunity at best.

Offensively Teutonic.

Spanish "flu" is a misnomer. It should be called the German "flu", for, when it engages in an offensive, it is peculiarly Teutonic. It treacherously and insidiously strikes its foe without warning. It ignores all the symptomatic prognostications of conventional and well-behaved diseases such as small pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and the mumps and from the first attack progresses along the lines of frightfulness and shriekletheit.

Its German deceitfulness is evidenced by the fact that after a three-day barrage it will declare an armistice and leave the victim in a normal condition for 48 hours, and then, with true German ferocity mass the hordes of pneumonia and meningitis and make a renewed assault on the weakened forces of the surprised and trusting victim.

Germ Baffles the Doctors.

Just as the statesmen of the world are taking apart the Teutonic mind and analyzing it to find what species of madness has impelled a whole race to run amuck in its effort to murder, with the forces of hellish malvolence, the civilization of the earth, so are the doctors trying to take apart, analyze and isolate the "flu" germ and find what element it possesses a malignant virulence.

Years ago a Hun scientist, Pfeifer by name, and who must have possessed a sympathetic love for so atrocious a germ, was able to isolate it so it could be recognized. He found this subtle, sneaking, treacherous, venomous germ mixed in with a lot of respectable streptococci pneumococci and other bacilli and recognizing a spirit kindred to the German character, he assumed so parental an attitude toward it that he named it after himself.

Spanish "flu" is an age-old disease. It is recurrent, breaking out at intervals in certain places and makes a cycle of the world while in a virulent stage. It is a pandemic disease, and like the present day Hun, is the scourge of the world.

Zack Knew It as "Shake Bone."

When the Mexican war was going on in this country it made a cycle of the nation, killing its thousands and leaving in its wake a memory of terror. It was known in the days of Zachary Taylor as fengue, or "shake bone" fever.

Treatment, in those days, was heroic, if not effective. Great bolus pills, salts and senna, "composition" tea, to start a sweat and heighten the fever were used, together with strong potations of whisky, brandy, or Medford rum to build a fire on top of a fire. The constitution that could stand the disease and the treatment was a strong one—but, happily for the country, constitutions of that day, physical and political, were strong enough to stand the strain.

We had a gripe in the late 80s and early 90s with spasmodic outbreaks ever since, and would have recognized the present pandemic as our ancient enemy had not the first victims and thus given it a new identity.

Omaha paid but passing attention to the disease until the Board of Health gave its order closing schools, churches, theaters, moving



picture shows and all places of indoor public gatherings.

Many People Are Hit.

Since then it has been much in the limelight, brought gloom and pain to at least a thousand homes.

Many persons in the city have experienced the horrors of the disease, which is heralded by sneezing or coughing, then a headache and a backache, and then an aching of every bone, muscle and joint of the body.

It may be preceded by a chill followed by a fever as high as 103 and which will persist for three days and then disappear, leaving the person afflicted apparently normal. But there is the danger period. Where the disease is virulent, after two days the victim complains of feeling chilly, has a rise in temperature, coughing, has pains in the chest and a tightening of that region. It is pneumonia, one of the most dreaded of diseases. If it is fatal it finds its culmination on the seventh day.

It is best for the victim, when he has the first symptom, to go to bed and stay there, stay there during the two days he has a normal temperature following the first three days of attack.

Omaha's health board took the advice of the national Galenists and told the people to avoid crowds and 200,000 of us have obeyed these directions as best we can despite our gregariousness. Yet they don't tell us why so many soldiers and sailors, young men of full vitality with the best of habits, surrounded by sanitary safeguards and living so much out of doors, seem to be subject and yield so easily to this disease.

Days of Forefathers.

The closing order, which brought Omaha to a realization, in the past week, of how our forefathers lived when there was a poverty of amusements—no theaters, no moving pictures, no cabarets, no dance halls and no artificial indoor allurements.

It recalls the ancient days when there was no "white way," no bright lights to seduce the populace to the main city streets for amusement and sometimes blasé boredom. This unique condition has brought about a recrudescence of the sweet, old-fashioned, wholesome home life. There are more Omahans gathering in the living room of the home now and getting acquainted with the various members of the family than there has been in many years.

Children are finding out what fine persons mother and daddy are and what splendid company they can be on a quiet evening. Family

## Little Journeys to Nearby Towns

By Edward Black

### PLATTSMOUTH

Plattsmouth. Not at all. He should "percolate around a little," as the man from Missouri said, to obtain the full benefits of this busy seat of Cass county.

To view these magnificent distances the visitor should ascend the hill upon which has been erected a splendid new high school as a tribute to education; also traverse the hills and bluffs near the Burlington shops and enjoy a birdseye view of the Missouri river in its sinuous mood, with the distant hills looming on the Iowa side.

Everybody Busy as Beavers.

Plattsmouth, however, is not conducting excursions at this time on account of its too busy these days to give much heed to scenery. Everybody seems to be as busy as a beaver, and if the war had not placed a quietus upon industrial improvements, some substantial activities would have been realized this year.

This town began to move and have its being as a civilized community about 60 years ago. It was one of the steamboat towns and before the advent of the bridge across the river, cars were transported across on ferries at a point near the location of the present Burlington bridge. Today it has a population of 5,000 and the county has 25,000.

We will take a little make-believe journey this morning to the seat of Cass county and see what we shall see. Proceeding along Main street, we observe a sign over a store, which reads: "George E. Dovey, reminding us that once upon a time the Dovey sisters were luminaries of the stage, well known in Omaha and in many cities. Mr. Dovey tells us that Ethel and Alice are married, one living on the west coast and the other in the east. Alice made her big hit in "The Pink Lady." Mr. Dovey settled in Plattsmouth in 1863 and is still behind a counter, attending customers with his usual gracious manner. On the same street appears the sign, "C. E. Westcott's Sons." This establishment observed its 35th anniversary in 1914 and is one of the institutions of the town.

Up-to-Date, Old-Time Family.

An inscription on the cannon in the court house yard informs the wayfarer that this piece of ancient artillery was obtained for Plattsmouth through the efforts of Henry C. McMaken and Joseph W. Thomas; that the cannon was used at Fort Mifflin, Pa., from 1861 to 1866. Henry C. McMaken was a civil war veteran with the Second Nebraska and was a frontiersman and freighter of wide experience. His son, J. N. McMaken, and the latter's son, Henry C., last March opened the O. K. garage, on the main highway out toward the Masonic home, at a cost of \$75,000. It is said to be the finest garage in Cass county.

J. R. McMaken, native of Plattsmouth, has the most interesting collection of scrap books in the county. One of these tomes of olden days is

## Bumble Bee Buzzings

POEMS OF IBID ARE ATTRACTING WIDEST ATTENTION OF FOLKS

Two More of the Works of the Nearly Forgotten Bard Disccovered by A. Stinger and Quoted to Readers.

Doubtless our publication to the world of a poem by Ibid last Sunday occasioned a great deal of interest among the literary people who read The Bumble Bee.

Some of them, no doubt, are preparing to write to us and tell us of the service we have performed in the cause of literature by bringing to light the works of this poet whose name even is unfamiliar to most people and whose biography is unknown to the encyclopedias.

In fact, even with further search, we have not been able to find a single word about where and when this poet was born, who were his parents, what occupied his early and later years, where he lived or when he died!

We know not whether he was a simple poet of the people or a lord like Lord Byron.

The editor of The Bumble Bee discovered some of his works, quoted in a rare book, "Gems for the Fireside," which he was perusing one night in his big library, as is his custom, being a man who loves the works of poets and other great writers, besides himself.

Today we treat our readers to two more quotations from the poet, Ibid. The first is a soliloquy about immortality, intimating that the poet probably is so or, rather, must be true, that man is immortal. Listen to the majestic words of Ibid:

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well! Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire— This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and starts at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us, 'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter And intimates eternity to man.—IBID.

The second we have selected because of the majestic picture which Ibid draws here of the soul of man. Again our great bard sings as follows:

The stars shall fade, the sun himself Grows dim with age, and Nature sink in years; But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth Unhurt amid the war of elements, The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.—IBID.

Metz and Metz.

Harry Hayward telephoned to Louis Metz last week. "I see Pershing is working for you."

"Whaddya mean, Pershing is working for me?" queried Mr. Metz.

"Why, it's in the paper," replied Hayward. "Headline says, 'PERSHING DRIVING FOR METZ.'"

SOUNDS PROMISING.

Dear Mister Stinger: Your opportunity to become extinguished is knocking at your door.

This is the idea—er: Why don't you muster the bum poets of this here town into a sort of hot-air squadron and fly over—saw with 'em and bombard Metz with 'em. The kind of mustard gas would be a new one on the Hun.

Think such a bombardment would guarantee a speedy evacuation of Metz. Don't you? A grand riter must see. The sun is milder than the word." I forget that riter's name now but seems to me it was Dave Ritchie. But we all know some of the lines penned by our local poet far surpass the Hindenburg line, as far as length and strength are concerned. Hoping that you will act upon this timely hint.

Yours to command.

A. VOLUNTEER.

P. S.—This is the chant for which I've long been slain.

To cross the line and nab the kaiser bacon. A. V. P.

AIN'T IT GRAND?

Have you that glorious feeling which comes from subscribing to Liberty bonds all the money you have or expect to have in the next six months above bare living expenses?

A KINDLY WORD.

The war correspondents lack originality. Last week Hindenburg resigned again "after a stormy interview with the kaiser." Three months ago they reported he had resigned "after a stormy interview with the kaiser." We suggest that the "stormy interview" preceding the next resignation be with the crown quince.

"And Still the Wonder Grew."

No, Jabez, conducting a column like this isn't so very hard—provided one has a GI-GANTIC BRAIN. Looking at the grand aggregation of clever ideas one might think that a single brain couldn't possibly give birth to them all. Of course, as stated before, it is no work of ordinary mortals. Yes, you may send in contributions and, if they are up to standard, we will print them.

These military "experts," who write in the newspapers didn't foresee that there was even any danger of Bulgaria falling down.

One can't help wondering how people found life worth living before the movies, railroads, trolleys, talking machines and automobiles were invented.

WED' LIKE TO SEE THIS.

"Every morning I take a run followed by a shower bath," says a writer, telling of his physical training.

Tourists.

We were out driving in the Chandler and turned off to a road half a mile south for a short distance, returning then to the main road. "We just made a detour," said our companion, giving the real high-brow pronunciation, "day-tour." Right away we replied, "Yes, we are making a day tour now but after dark it'll be a night tour." Buy Liberty bonds.

Imagination.

First National Bank building always reminds us of a tall man without any hat on. It's the lack of a cornice that does it.

Think.

It's a good thing to have lots of "pep." However, some people are full of pep but don't direct it in an advantageous direction. And, like the peppery revolving door, they never "get anywhere."

Confusing.

When the war is over and the boys come home and get into civilian clothes again it's going to be mighty hard to remember whether to greet 'em as "Lieutenant" or "Cap." or "Major" or "Ensign" or "Sergeant" or just plain "Bill."

PROGRESS.

Private dispatches over our leased cable from our Swedish correspondent state that a movement is on foot to put inflammable wood into Swedish safety matches.

CHECK UP ON THIS.

Have you noticed the name of the register of the treasury on your Liberty bonds? Houston B. Teehee. And yet, the Liberty loan is not a laughing matter.

Envy.

Can this be envy, this strange desire to give a swift kick to beautiful Francis X. Bushman when we see him in all his beauty in the movies?

CHINK.

How would you like to be a Nebraska and an Omaha. Separating the words that way makes it look a lot different, doesn't it?

PARDON.

We really had to laugh when we saw a man at Sixteenth and Howard t'other day, drop a bag of potatoes and they rolled all over the sidewalk.

Repatriate.

Don't give a mock salute when you see your friend for the first time in uniform. That is considered second-rate humor nowadays. It is better to ask him if he is working for a commission in the kitchen police or inquire whether he belongs to the horse marines

their contributions with J. C. Wood-yatt and company."

Popular Indoor Sports.

Other items indicate that the national game was honored by teams known as "Coyotes" and "Antelopes." The cantata, "Esther," was presented in Fitzgerald's hall, reserved seats for yster suppers were among the popular indoor sports of 50 years ago; also playing "postoffice," and "spin the plate."

On June 30, 1871, Plattsmouth was visited by the most destructive hail storm of its history. "Our worthy P. M. went to Fremont" was another entry, to which a village wag appended, "Bully for him." "Whortleberries for sale at the Star store."

Business was suspended for the day when the folks read this item in that old book nearly half a century ago: "Received news from Boston that the B. & M. R. R. will bridge the Missouri river. Also telegram from Mayor White that James F. Jay intends construction of trunk line via Plattsmouth immediately."

"Joe Nesbit of Ashland is in town."

The book also shows that in those bygone days, before Nebraska voted dry, there was an organization of white ribboners in Plattsmouth, known as the Independent Order of Good Templars, which met frequently, according to the good book.

"Found a pocketbook James O'Keene, watchman of the steamboat Gallatin."

The name of D. H. Wheeler was inscribed as president of the Young Men's Christian association. Chief Justice Mason and Hon. G. W. Frost were announced to discuss the constitution in the court house.

"The entire republican ticket elected," was another important announcement. Also; "Mass meeting in Fitzgerald's hall to aid the Chicago fire sufferers."

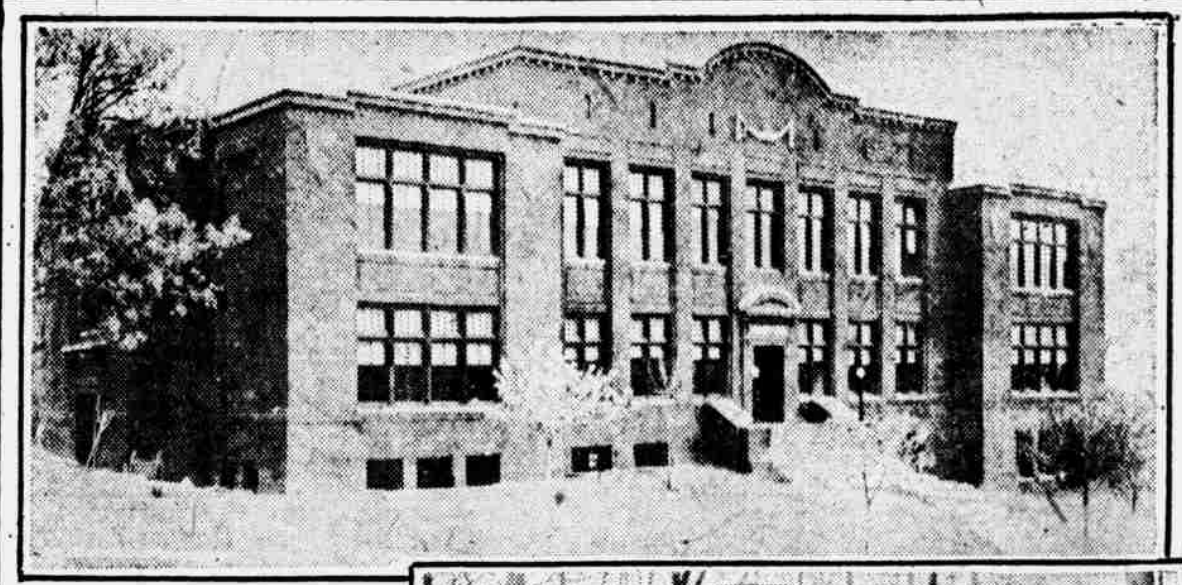
Leap Year Parties Popular.

Other items referred to Bishop Clarkson holding a special service in St. Luke's Episcopal church and addresses by J. I. Kedick and A. I. Cropper. Frank White received 22 invitations to a Leap Year party.

The railroad fare to Omaha was \$1.10. An item of interest at this time, in view of the price of hogs, states that C. H. King of Eight-mile Grove brought in a load of hogs which he sold to E. J. Dovey for \$3.75 per hundredweight. J. A. Connor was captain of the old fire department.

And one more: "Dr. McCluskey will be at Dr. Livingston's office tomorrow. Any needing work on their teeth will please give him a call."

Plattsmouth has the most modest mayor in Nebraska. His name is Henry Schneider and he is so unassuming that he will not permit his photograph to appear in public places or print. He is a republican, which is said to explain his bashful



Plattsmouth High School Opened this Fall

a book which was kept at the Platts-mouth postoffice nearly 50 years ago by J. A. Marshall, postmaster. It was a medium of general public information and in which everybody was privileged to indite public or private notices. It contains many items of historic information as well as scribbles by the village cutups. An entry of the date of June 14, 1871, reads: "All persons wishing to contribute anything toward clearing Plattsmouth of deadbeats, will please call at 10 o'clock tomorrow and leave

disposition. The mayor is also cashier of the State bank.

Schools in Charge of Woman.

A woman superintends 93 schools, 190 teachers and 3,400 boys and girls in the county school system. Her name is Alpha Peterson. The annual expenditures for all county schools is nearly \$250,000 and the property is valued at \$500,000. The county has 12 high schools, including the new building in Plattsmouth. A patriotic spirit pervades the schools of the town and the county. Patriotic posters appear in every school and the importance of speaking, reading and writing the English language is being emphasized.

George DeWolf is superintendent of Plattsmouth schools. A new public high school at the top of Main street has just been occupied. It is an imposing structure, erected at a cost of \$85,000 and stands as a monument to the progressiveness of this county seat. The Plattsmouth public schools have an enrollment of 1,200 pupils and a staff of 32 teachers.

Matt Gering's Prayer Rug.

One of the show places of Platts-mouth is the law offices of Matthew Gering, across from the court house. The Orator of the Platte" is said to have the finest suite of offices in the county. The walls are covered with valuable works of art which include an autographed ink drawing of Haldane, former British chancellor. He has a copper portrait of himself in relief and pictures of Voltaire, Tom Moore, Paganini, Burke and other notables. He also has in his office a valuable Persian prayer rug.

Mr. Gering is the man to whom the chairman of public occasions refers to when he says, "We have with us today," or "We have with us today." Whenever there is any unusual occasion or demonstration in the county, Mr. Gering fashions word pictures for the delectation of his fellow citizens.

Plattsmouth has several important industries. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy shops, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the state, employs upwards of 700 men and represents an estimated investment of \$2,000,000. William Baird is master mechanic and R. C. Hayes is superintendent. The Olson Photo company has developed an industry which covers many states and keeps

25 people busy. A branch of the M. E. Smith company of Omaha maintains a payroll of 40 to 50 employees. L. L. Wiles has gained wide reputation as a breeder of Red Pole cattle, which have won many prizes at fairs.

Water and Gas Rates.

L. C. Minor is president of the Plattsmouth Commercial club and head of the water and light company. He claims that the Plattsmouth water rate of 30 cents per thousand gallons is cheaper than the Omaha rate, considering operating and overhead expenses. The water plant has a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons and an average daily pumpage of 350,000 gallons. There are nearly 15 miles of water mains and 800 patrons are served. The city council recently granted the gas company a rate increase of 20 per cent, from \$1.75 to \$2.10 per thousand feet.

Four banks in Plattsmouth reflect the financial strength of the county. C. C. Parmele, H. N. Dovey, Tom Patterson and J. M. Roberts are the presidents of these monetary institutions. Realtors of the town regard it as there is not a vacant desirable house at the time. There are 109 substantial homes, more than 100 brick business structures. Important improvements during the last 12 months include: Garages, \$75,000 and \$25,000; high school, \$85,000; paving, \$75,000.

Nebraska Masonic Home.

Another important institution is the Nebraska Masonic home, which is supervised by William A. Asquith, former Omahan. This home has 55 residents and an adjoining building accommodates 12 orphan children.

It is an interesting persons at the Masonic home is J. D. Fatch, pioneer resident of St. Joseph, Mo., at which latter place he gained prominence as an artist and art instructor. In his room at the home is a prize painting by himself, of Joseph Robideaux, founder of St. Joseph. The famous racer, "Dan Patch," was owned by a relative of this venerable artist.

Michael Archer, police judge, has broken all Nebraska records for continuous service of more than 30 years in the elective position which he now holds. The favorite pastime of Sheriff Carl Quinlan is impeding the progress of bootleggers as they blithely motor along, Omaha-bound, with cargoes of contraband elixirs. The sheriff is collecting a string of confiscated "hoose cars." Another officeholder in whom the public seem to have considerable confidence is James Robertson, who has been clerk of the district court for a score of years. Fred Patterson has been county surveyor "ever since Heck was a pup," as one of the old settlers expressed it.

Doctor With Two Night Call Jobs.

Dr. A. Sandin has the honor of being the captain of the volunteer fire department and it is said of him that he responds to an alarm of fire as quickly as he does to the bedside of a patient. George R. Sayles is city clerk and the councilmen are: Ray Patterson, Michael Mauzy, Frank F. Buttery, William Weber, L. G. Larson, John Vondron, George Leuschinsky, C. A. Johnson, Robert Harris and John Beeson.

Among other features of Platts-mouth to which the Commercial club points with pride are: Ten church edifices, Catholic academy, three hotels, flour mills, broom factory, 30 fraternal societies, two loan and building associations, local insurance company, daily newspaper, brass band, real estate exchange, two concrete and cement plants, machine and foundry plant, 800-acre rifle range, steam laundry, bath park, new county jail, Elks' home, Carnegie library, artificial ice plant, sewer system, \$40,000 apartment house and the magnificent

Old Settler's House, Fifty Years Ago