

# THE NEWS-HERALD

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June 9, 1910.

There is a strong suspicion that the Weeping Water electric light plant that was to be, has fallen into the same grave occupied by the Plattsmouth interurban street railway.—Weeping Water Republican.

And Steve Orton's lantern we suppose is to furnish you light for the next decade.

Ex-Governor Folk's candidacy for the democratic presidential nomination in 1912 was launched at a love feast attended by 600 Missouri democratic politicians. No message was read, however, from the head boss at Fairview sojourning in London. If ex-Governor Folk has not secured his ticket-of-leave he had better apply at once before he gets in bad too far.—Bee.

Out at Grand Island, the efforts, by the aid of a pack of blood hounds, to trace thieves who entered two stores there during Saturday night, were abandoned yesterday. The robbers secured nothing, stole a company velocipede and made their getaway leaving the railroad vehicle on the outskirts of the city. The search for the burglars was abandoned because the dogs failed to find a scent. Some people expect too much, even from a dog, for how could they find anything when there was not a cent taken?

The grand old state of Missouri has lately totally eclipsed New York for demanding the attention of the country with its dops of sensationalism. New York is losing the game for lack of head work, in other words they do not lurch their hits as the show-me people. Cudahy opened the inning with a hit, cutting first, followed by Hyde's hypodermic bingle which nearly "cleared the bases" and Mrs. Doxey "wrapped the pill" (?) for a sacrifice and was declared safe by twelve umpires. Dr. Doxey is the next batter up and the chances are that he will be hit by a pitched ball.

Ernest Rottman, of Murdock is a frisky old guy of only 69 years, and became enamored of Mrs. Anna Burkholder in that vicinity, and wrote to her telling of his fondness. In the passionate epistle he slopped over with his avowed love to such an extent that the lady in question was highly insulted and slipped the obscene literature to the postal authorities. Now he is doing time in the Lancaster county jail by reason of his being unable to produce the \$50 fine attached to him at his trial. This is "Rott-man in E(a)rnest," but "there's no fool like an old fool."

President Taft, like other human beings, runs up against the game of embarrassment occasionally. Some time ago in Russia he was billed for a stunt among the royal set at one of their state functions and was in the act of departing for the big doin's via a taxicab, when a little wobble of the big man rent his pants asunder. The royal banquet was delayed until a tailor could make the necessary repairs and the embarrassed Mr. Taft was finally piloted to the formal court of St. Petersburg wearing his smile that won't come off, even if the incident was of the sort that ruffles most any man's disposition. On the eve of his address recently at Bryn Mawr, in which he was to give a talk to the young ladies, his cap and gown mysteriously disappeared and the hour for him to face the fair ones had arrived. Nothing could be found of the misplaced wardrobe and the speaker was compelled to go through the ordeal costumed in an ordinary business suit of Scotch tweed. While there is no particular reason for giving the big fellow the laugh, yet it does help a little to know that even the best of us sometimes get into a place that makes us feel foolish, and that for-

The great subscription contest of the News-Herald is attracting unusual attention and many will be in the field to win the automobile.

Italy is again experiencing sharp seismic disturbances and many people have recently lost their lives. Panic prevails and the government is doing all that is possible to render assistance and allay the fears of the populace in the quake districts.

"At the first shot fired against the American flag of an American vessel I will level the Bluff." This is the play made today by Commander Harold K. Hines, commanding the American gunboat Dubuque, to a threat made by General Rivas, of the Madrid forces holding Bluefields Bluff to stop by force any vessel of whatever nationality entering the harbor. It is not thought that General Rivas will have the temerity to fire upon the American flag, but if he does there will be a hot time in Bluefields.

## HUMOR THEY CALL IT.

The Evening Prevaricator up the street refers to its spasm of last Saturday as "an hummerous article" and cannot understand why any exceptions were taken to it. The brand of humor dished up by the Prevaricator is peculiarly its own and we must be pardoned if we were too dense to see the point of the joke. No, neighbor, you were not even attempting to emulate Mark Twain or other hummerous writers you were simply exuding the bile with which your whole system is steeped. Your jealousy and dog in the manger style of doing business is so well known that you are not fooling the people one little bit when you accuse yourself with having attempted the "hummerous role." When you attempt anything in the way of wit or humor you simply make yourself more ridiculous to the public and at the same time display the smallness and meanness of your mental makeup.

But talking of "humor" there was a real hummerous statement in the Prevaricator's last night when it was stated that "no merchant has been compelled to advertise in his paper to collect his bill." Now, that is mighty funny, in fact, a mighty good joke, and the merchants of Plattsmouth, more than all others, will appreciate the witty statement. Why, your poor blundering piece of simplicity, are you becoming doddering in your imbecility or do you think that the people do not know your system of doing business. And then again, that "sixteen to eighteen" hours work. Well, perhaps you do, but—oh, well that we presume, is another of your humorous sayings and we came pretty near taking you seriously again. In passing neighbors, let us give you a little friendly advice. Banish from your minds for a little while the halucination that the dear public is lost in admiration of your splendid gifts and is deeply interested in reading your alleged "hummerous" effusions, then strictly mind your own legitimate business if you have any and quit knocking.

## WHAT AILS ROYAL EUROPE

The recent death of one European monarch and the serious illness of three others prompts a solicitude of broader scope than just personal anxiety, says the Bee. The possibilities of so much physical ailment among the crowned heads are not pleasant to contemplate either in continental Europe or abroad, for talk as we will about the nominal power of the throne, it commands an influence and sustains a relation whose transfer to other hands produces inconvenient effects. It will be a long time before Great Britain will be able to set down anything like an accurate estimate of the result upon national affairs of the kings' death and even private business has not yet been able to relapse into normal condition since the sad event.

Today the crown prince of Sweden is conducting the affairs of the nation because King Gustavus is too sick to do so. Emperor William of Germany is known to be in very uncertain health and was obliged to delegate some of his official functions to his eldest son for a time, while the young Alfonso of Spain is reported to be alarmingly ill. Added to all this sickness of royalty is the news that President Fallieres of the republic of France contemplates resigning on account of his health, and that M. Briand, prime minister may succeed him.

The question must force itself on the public mind: What has gone wrong with the official heads of so many European nations. In case of the republican, Fallieres, we have his own reported statement that he wished simply to retire from public life, but in the case of the royalty it seems that some sort of contagion had struck the throne and given new significance to the old saying: "Uncasy rests the head that wears the crown."

## LITERARY DANDIES.

Lytton and Dickens Were Not Alone in Their Pride of Dress.

Stevenson's get-up is thus described by a fellow member of the Savile club: "He wore a black flannel shirt, with a curious knitted tie twisted in a knot; he had Wellington boots, rather tight dark trousers, a pea jacket and a white sombrero hat. But the most astonishing item of all in his costume was a lady's sealskin cap, which he wore about his shoulders, fastened at the neck by a fancy brooch, which also held together a bunch of half a dozen daffodils."

Lord Lytton and Dickens prided themselves on being literary dandies, but in the matter of clothes their light paled before that of Disraeli in the days when the novelist was paramount to the politician.

A black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat with elegant lace ruffles of such a length as to cover his hands and white gloves, the outside of which were decorated with a number of valuable rings, were, with the addition of a profusion of gold chains that meandered about his person, his not infrequent attire.

The dress of Gerard de Nerval, the French poet, was, on one occasion at least, in keeping with the lobster which he was wont to lead abroad on a gayly colored ribbon.

Trousers, coat and waistcoat were of green satin, each, however, of a different hue, to represent the varied colors of the sea under diverse conditions. His hat was adorned with long strands of seaweed, while around his neck he wore a string of coral beads.

The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were comprised of shells, while on his breast were pinned several pebble brooches. To complete his marine garb he carried in his right hand a Neptune's trident.

Dumas the elder was certainly "loud" in the matter of personal adornment. He was not infrequently seen abroad in a uniform plentifully besprinkled with decorations of his own design, while he once attended an ambassador's reception wearing a shirt covered with red demons careering about in little red flames.

Gautier was at times very gorgeous in the matter of his raiment, a dress of crimson and gold on one occasion adorning his sturdy person. Paul Bourget in his youth wore green trousers. "Monk" Lewis amused his friends by appearing in the streets in the guise of a Venetian bravo. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," presided at an entertainment at Fonthill in the costume of a Roman emperor.

Not a few writers have assumed singular garb while at work. Balzac used to don the dress of a Dominican monk ere he took pen in hand; Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Marlowe," could never write save in a laced coat and with a favorite diamond ring sparkling on his little finger; Rousseau's working costume was a court dress; Thomas Moore, the poet, penned his poems with kid gloved hands, and Buffon, the eminent French naturalist, dressed himself as a dandy previous to sitting down to his desk.—London Tit-Bits.

## Covering Books.

To cover paper bound books take two pieces of cardboard a tiny bit larger than book. Paste fly leaves at front and back to cardboard, which of course is outside. Then take a strip of strong cotton cloth; paste it down back of book; have it wide, so it will cover about one inch of each piece of cardboard, thereby joining the two pieces together. Now put a cover of brown paper over all, pasting securely, and your decorated cover goes over this. The books may be covered with decorated silk, pique or duck if you point or embroider, but the simplest way is to cover with tissue paper (not crumpled). Paste a pretty card on the front and after cutting title and author's name from old cover arrange them prettily on the new one.

## Information.

He was a kindly constable and had for long been answering the inquisitive old lady's questions to the best of his ability. But he was beginning to tire a little. "And what's that policeman for, policeman?" inquired the inquisitive dame.

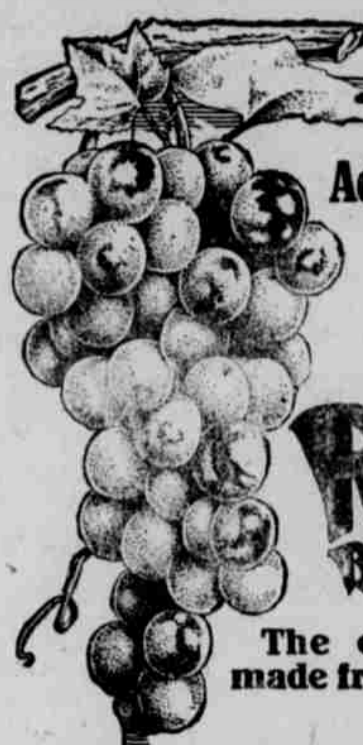
"Ketch a feller a cop over the nob if 'e gets violent," responded Bobby.

"And what are those number-fore?"

"Hidentificashun purposes, mum," said Bobby laconically, turning away.

"And what, policeman," said the old dame, catching him by the arm, "is that strap under your chin for?"

"Well, mum," snorted Bobby, "that's ter rest me jaws when I get tired ansverin' silly questions."



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## SWEDENBORG CONGRESS.

Famous Scientist's Works to Be Discussed at International Gathering.

Although 137 years have passed since the death of Emanuel Swedenborg, the works of the famous Swedish theologian still live, his contributions to science and psychology attracting more and more attention among students of the highest standing. But just now the author and his writings are particularly in the limelight owing to the coming observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the Swedenborg society. This will be held in London, July 5 to 8, inclusive, and will be an international gathering, delegates attending from all parts of the universe.

The holding of the world's Swedenborg congress this year is the more opportune falling, as it does, so soon after the international honors paid to Swedenborg's memory on the occasion of the transporting of his remains to state in a Swedish war frigate from England to his native soil in the year 1868, where they were received with



SWEDENBORG'S SUMMER HOUSE, STOCKHOLM.

impressive ceremonies and with patriotic, academic and religious honors were deposited in the cathedral at Upsala. There, in the Bjeika chapel, opposite to that in which is the monument to Linnaeus, the Swedish parliament is erecting a suitable sarcophagus to be dedicated with suitable ceremonies the coming autumn, the present year being the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Upsala Scientific society, in which Swedenborg was a prominent mover.

The meetings of the congress will be held in the handsome group of the crown rooms, Holborn.

## Walking.

The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.—New York Press.



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