

The Plattsmouth Journal

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—BY—
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FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1901.

A New York clown died this week from softening of the brain, due to the use of face paint. No one ever heard of a woman suffering from softening of the brain as a result of using cosmetics. With the fair sex that affliction usually comes before and not after taking.

When you run across a man in business who don't advertise in the newspapers of his town it is safe to make up your mind that he is not worthy of your patronage. He either is lacking in education to make a wise merchant or is too selfish to deserve your support, having no common interest in the welfare of the town in general, from which he derives his livelihood.

The Blizzard can hardly understand why such brilliant and able newspaper men as Rush O and Whittier should be seeking public office! But nature cuts strange capers sometimes. And then another report comes that Rush O is going to establish a democratic paper. That's a good lick—a democratic paper and a republican office! Col. Sellers is a back number.—Nebraska Blizzard.

Editor George L. Farley is among the several republicans mentioned for county superintendent to make the race against W. C. Smith, the probable democratic nominee. Mr. Farley is probably as good a man as any of the others of his party slated for the place, but he has already given out the impression that he would not accept the nomination even though it should be tendered him freely.

A trip through the county at this time of year offers an experience which affords pleasant recollections for many a day. With all vegetation flowering in full luxuriance, the fields rich with early summer's promise of abundant crops, the air sweet with the perfume of clover and ripening orchards, the fertile acres, the well kept door yards, the heading winter wheat, the prosperous looking farm buildings, the farmers industriously working in their fields, and the evidences of contentment in the homes, all combine to form a general impression of Cass county, favorable as it is lasting.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that some of the lamented passenger victims of the land slide at Child's point some time ago, received salve through the road for injuries incurred. Asher Clark, who was one of the passengers who turned such active somersaults in the coach next the engine when it went skating off its trucks and out upon the bank of clay, received one dollar as the estimated value of his injuries. Whether the payment was intended to cover necessary expenses of wagon hire to Fort Crook and the cost of a ticket home, the affiant saith not.

The Plattsmouth Journal man, evidently full of Missouri river water and rhetorical "effulgence" thus jars loose in his last issue. Parenthetically the Blizzard wishes to inform an anxious public that not one person was injured from his "blaze of light." "Last night in a blaze of light, in the full refulgence of oratorical declamation and the splendor of eloquent periods, numerically the largest, in point of efficiency and merit one of the strongest graduating classes ever sent forth from the Plattsmouth high school, appeared on the stage of the Parmele theatre before a house packed from pit to gallery with an audience of friends and relatives, delivered its commencement program, received its justly deserved ovation, took its diplomas and went forth to those who crowded about to congratulate them as full fledged graduates." Oh, Lord!—Blizzard.

"The course of the administration in this whole Philippine affair, as well as in its treatment of the Cubans," said an old veteran of the civil war to the writer, recently, "reminds me of a story: When I was a boy, learning my trade in an Iowa town, 'Elder' (and afterwards Senator) Harlan, then the state school superintendent, came to the place and delivered a lecture on education, to which I listened with much interest, and his opening sentence, uttered in deep, measured tones, so fastened itself on my mind that I have never forgotten it. He said, 'MAN LOVES TO CONTEMPLATE UPON THE EXHIBITION OF POWER.' And in my judgment that weakness of human nature has found a splendid illustration in the insatiate greed that rules the hour in the officialdom of our

country today. Nothing but the love of power could have induced the president and his advisors to overthrow the time-honored principles established by the bloody battles of the revolution, and re-enunciated by Lincoln and his hosts in the war for preservation of the union. History, if not our country, will condemn this war of conquest, as Grant condemned the war of 1846-7 with Mexico. If the love of liberty and the equality of man should ever be restored to our people it must come by the overthrow of McKinleyism and the greed for riches as the ruling element in our national life. It may cost rivers of blood to bring us back to first principles."

COUNTY WILL APPEAL.

Tuesday last Judge Ben S. Baker reversed the decision of the supreme court of Nebraska and handed down an authoritative dictum of Judge Ben S. Baker in the case which, in effect, is a suit of this county against Sarpy county to collect payment for necessary repairs made by our commissioners upon the north half of the bridge over the Platte at Louisville.

The bridge was badly in need of repairs. People on both sides of the river clamored for its improvement. Our commissioners repaired their half of the structure with promptitude, and finally despairing to move the authorities on the Sarpy side to take action, repaired that half as well, and then in accordance with the statutes of the state presented their bill for the repair of that part of the bridge. But the Sarpy county commissioners refused to recognize the claim.

When suit to recover was brought before Judge Baker he, ignoring the express provision of the statute on the joint liability of counties for the maintenance of connecting bridges used in common, decided that, inasmuch as the bridge was not built under joint contract Sarpy county is not liable for the repairs of that half of the bridge for which the statutes declare the connecting county shall be held accountable.

As to the responsibility of Sarpy county, and as to their acceptance of that responsibility in allowing the bridge to be built into Sarpy county, and in the action of its road supervisors in building and keeping in repair the approaches to the structure, the supreme court has shown itself fully satisfied in its action three years ago in handing down a decision that Cass county is responsible for its half alone, and that Sarpy county must bear the expense of maintaining the north half of the bridge.

Judge Baker's queer decision will result in the case being carried to the supreme court for a re-hearing.

Contempt of Court.

Denver ministers, through expressing too freely their opinions of District Judge Palmer, have gotten themselves into the toils of the law. The judge has cited them to appear for contempt of court, language denunciatory of the judge uttered from pulpit and through the press offering the basis of the charges against the three divines.

Whatever justification there may have been for the use of the language or the filing of the charge, the fact stands out with glaring significance that never before in the history of this country have the courts been held in a light bordering so closely on popular contempt. It is a startling truth that the people as a whole are learning to fight shy of the courts on their own account; that they view the deliberations of the judiciary with suspicion or derision more or less open, that for the decisions of the highest tribunals of the land they care not a whit, regarding all courts high and low as auction stalls where decisions and decrees may be knocked down to the highest bidder or the strongest puller, or doled out, like plunder of power, to the dominant political party.

If the the court findeth the court held in contempt where lies the fault? The people have before them as recent examples from the highest judicial body in the land the Porto Rican decision and the Income Tax cases. The old notion of the immortality and infallibility of the king is dead, and it would seem that the once generally accepted conception of the integrity of judges and the impartial justice of our courts is passing also.

The Greenwood News-Record was wiped out by fire one night last winter. The cause of the disastrous conflagration has always been more or less of a mystery until W. C. Bouk innocently explains it all in the last issue of the Greenwood News, when he says: "I subscribed for the News-Record but received only a few copies of it when I read an account of the misfortune of the management through having the plant destroyed by fire in an Omaha daily."—Another evidence of the highly combustible properties of the Omaha papers.

The Big Muddy has been encroaching on the bottom land in front of Plattsmouth to some extent, during the past week, and the indications are favorable to high water very soon as the streams of the Dakotas and North Nebraska have been flooded for a week. It is feared that the man

who has fenced up the river bottom in front of town for a cow pasture will lose some money for a time on his venture—and Benfer will be short on his potato crop.

Lay On, MacDuff.

That there is bound to be a lively time in the republican county convention this fall, and that the session will be filled as full of bitter warring among factions as was ever seen even in the days of the Chapman-Polk struggle for supremacy, is already apparent from the way in which the numerous would-be candidates are whetting their knives and shaping their plans of campaign.

Those who are now on the outside are exhibiting not unreasonable signs of soreness over the attitude and apparent determination of those inside the court house to hold fast to everything in the shape of office that comes along. "We are going to see one of the worst splits the republican party in this county has ever known if this thing of third and fourth terms is not properly sat upon," said one of the "outside" republican aspirants in conversation the other day.

But what else can our discontented brothers expect at the hands of a party whose successful candidates, once in power, manifest an overweening hankering for life tenure of office? So on with the fight and lay on, MacDuff.

A NEBRASKA MOSES.

One of the most interesting stories told by Andy Taylor has to do with certain well known peculiarities of the Platte, knowledge of which on the part of the guide of the party was the means of saving five men and 500 head of cattle from a certain death by thirst.

Taylor and several companions, in the middle of a particularly dry August some twenty years ago, were driving a herd of 500 cattle from O'Neil across the arid plains toward a point south of the Platte. The party was under the guidance of a cow boy, who was thoroughly familiar with that part of the country. Water began to grow scarce and scarcer as they proceeded, until finally it was possible to drive the cattle only at night. When the party and the herd had gone almost two days without a drop of water, it was decided to make a forced drive in the hope of reaching the Platte before the stock should be exhausted, although grave fears were entertained that they would find it dry as the sand hills.

"Our only chance will then be to find a low place and dig for water," announced the guide. The other men in the party, at the thought of digging a well to water 500 cattle, half-crazed from thirst, thought the guide was little less than a lunatic.

When they reached the river, sure enough its bed was dry—nothing more tempting than an endless expanse stretching away in a winding ribbon of sun-baked sand in the distance, met the anxious view of the parched and famishing party. Pushing and hurrying the cattle on still more rapidly, the little party, under the direction of its cow boy leader, drove the fagged animals down the bank until the lowest place was found, and there the herd was rounded up and by "milling" them round and round, in a few minutes the sand began to show moisture under their feet, and in a little while plenty of water came up through the sand as if in streams. Cattle and men fell to drinking, and before they had finished a broad stream of water was flowing down the river bed.

To the astonished and delighted members of the party the feat seemed a veritable miracle, like that recorded in Holy Writ when Moses "struck the rock and water burst forth," saving from death by thirst the wandering children of Israel in the desert of Arabia.

To California in July.

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Amusements.

Appropos of the Re-Opening of the Parmele Theatre Season.

Under the direction of Jules Murry, Lewis Morrison's Faust, which will play here March 4, equipped with entirely new scenery and with the addition of a novel effect used as a prologue, will take the road in September. The cast of the play will be augmented by vocalists who will render some newly written choral music designed as an accompaniment to the new first scene of the play. Armbruster of Columbus and W. L. Seavey of New York have provided a gauze and cloud effect, which, painted on seventeen separate drops, is gradually dispersed, and to this is added a skillful arrangement of electrical effects which merge into one pure white ray, resting on the final picture which represents the arch angel, surrounded by his host, listening to Satan's plea, with an allegorical representation of Paradise beyond. The scene lasts about eight minutes, and is merely a prelude to Mephisto's appearance on earth. Every device and effect for the new prologue has been protected by patent and copyright.

Speaking of Jules Murry, recalls to mind his pleasantly facetious telegram to the scantily-attired guests of the recently burned Baden Springs summer resort hotel. The million dollar hotel had one of the finest ballrooms in the country, among its 800 rooms, not one of which was preserved, the entire structure being gutted. Curiously enough one room survives. It is the ballroom, which is stored in New York, with its massive ballustrade, and overhanging musicians' gallery, where the country orchestra made music while the guests tripped the light fantastic. Its preservation is due to its being a stage ball room used in the second act of Lost River, Joseph Arthur's pastoral melodrama. The ballroom episodes are the most humorous of the entire play and its massive character would justify the telegram credited to Jules Murry, on reading the report that wealthy guests were shivering in the rain, with no attire saving their night clothes during the destruction of their summer resting place. The wire read: "Sincere condolences. Have got your ball room here. Shall I send it? Water tight and in good condition."

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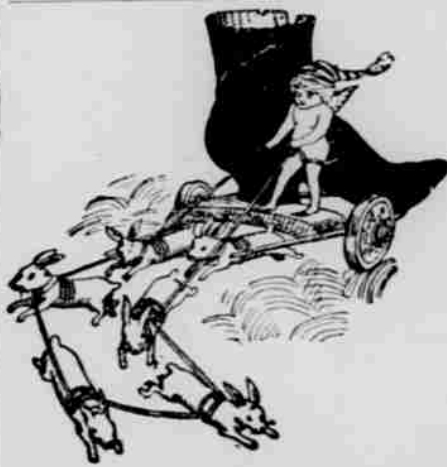
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