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TO OUR FRIENDS.

With this issue of the Daily News we close the year 1908. There will be no issue of the paper tomorrow. We wish to thank our many friends who have loyally stood by the paper through all the conditions which have confronted us since the beginning of the publication of the News. At times it seemed that the fates have conspired against us and that when one problem was solved another came up which was just a little more exasperating than the last.

Few people outside the office realize the work and worry incident to the publication of a daily in a small city. The whole responsibility for the delivery of the paper at your door has been upon the editor. He has had to take charge of the dozen boys or more who have at different times attempted to carry the different routes. Some of the boys were all right and some were not. We had no way of telling whether the carriers were delivering the papers after they left the office or not. In some instances the telephone has told us the next morning that no paper had been received the night before. That was our only way of knowing if the carrier had been true to the trust placed in him. We have reason to believe that after the first of the new year that the changes which will take place in the office will enable us to better serve the public. Anyhow we wish to thank all for the many acts of appreciation shown to the representatives of the paper. To the business men who have shown us every courtesy since we came to Plattsmouth we wish to express our appreciation. In our personal contact with them as business manager we have found them as a general thing a live set of merchants, always looking out for the best interests of the city and confident of its future prosperity.

To all the friends of the News we wish to extend our wishes for a most happy and prosperous New Year.

P. A. Barrows, Editor.
A. E. Quinn, Manager.

President Taft has declared that the policy of the present administration will be to do something instead of talking about it. There is one thing sure and that is that before the administration of President Taft has closed up the fellows who have been getting cold feet will have a chance to warm up again. And those very fellows are the ones who will be claiming that they knew it all the time. President Taft is all right. Theodore Roosevelt knew what he was about when he urged the selection of Mr. Taft as his successor. He knew Mr. Taft better than any other man in public life, and it does not stand to reason that he would select any man to carry out the policies which he had started unless he had confidence in him to believe that he would continue the work. It is much easier for the average individual to stand off at a distance and knock than to wait.

Governor Shallenberger of Nebraska will meet Governor Haskell of Oklahoma for a conference on the bank guarantee matter. The governor of Nebraska may learn something from the Governor of Oklahoma about state guarantee which may enable the next legislature to have a bill drawn up without asking the taxpayers to pay something for doing what they by their action acknowledged there was not a member of the majority that could be trusted to draw the bill. The bill was drawn. The

people paid the price. The bill was passed. It was no good. Nobody won on the deal but the democratic lawyer who drew the bill and received the price. Later developments have shown that he didn't earn the money.

Zelaya is still dissatisfied. He thinks that he is considerable of a fellow yet. If he persists he may be sorry for his persistency. He got out of it with a whole skin and he ought to be thankful for that.

The State Bar association which just closed a several days session in Omaha was the only bar which was doing business after eight o'clock—openly.

MAKING A WINEGLASS.

It Takes Many Processes and the Work of Four Men.

The making of a wineglass is a fascinating sight to watch and a revelation to many. It requires the services of four men, and the processes are numerous. Inserting hollow iron blowpipe into the mouth of one of the pots or crucibles, the blower collects sufficient "metal" to form the bowl of a wineglass.

This metal is a lump of hot, soft material and is, of course, molten glass. It is made from white sand, red lead, refined ash and saltpeter mixed in certain proportions, and then it has been resolved into molten glass, technically known as metal. The lump of material on the end of the pipe is rolled to and fro on a polished table to obtain the desired smoothness and evenness of surface.

After swinging the hot glass rapidly through the air for some moments the worker then blows down the pipe until the lump of soft material has expanded to the required size and shape, when he gauges it with his callipers to see that the dimensions are correct. It is now passed to a second man, who casts on sufficient metal to form the stem, while on to this again is added material for the foot. The processes now follow one another rapidly, the glass being passed from workman to workman and back again as each fulfills his particular task.

Over and over again the partially completed object is inserted into the furnace where there is a heat of 2,000 degrees F., held there for a few moments and then quickly withdrawn to be further treated. With a precision that only comes of long training, one man trims the bowl of the glass to the required size by cutting the superfluous material away with a pair of shears. The bowl then has to be opened out to the desired dimensions and measured to see that it is perfectly correct in size, when it is finally lifted by a boy from the workman's holder on the end of a forked stick, a finished article, and placed in the oven to be annealed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

What a Bureau Really Is.

When parchment was used for writing and when bookbinding was in its infancy and a bound book was a costly luxury it was the custom to place the book on a piece of cloth or a strip of wool in order to prevent the binding from possible damage on the rough wood of the table. Those who had to deal with money also had a strip of cloth on the table or counter so that the coins should not roll. This strip was called "bureau." In course of time the custom changed, and the same word was applied to the writing table covered with green or other colored cloth and at length descended to the modern table with the center protected by leather. As an office contains one or more of these tables it is not difficult to understand that the name should in one country have been given to the room that contained the bureau.—London Standard.

TRULY A REMARKABLE BIRD

Wonderful Magpie Described by Oliver Goldsmith in Work on Natural History.

Brander Matthews, the brilliant critic, said at a dinner in Brooklyn of a dramatist:

"His success is due to his knowledge of melodrama, not to his knowledge of the human heart. His knowledge of the human heart, in fact, is no profounder than Oliver Goldsmith's knowledge of natural history was. Goldsmith's ignorance didn't prevent him writing a very popular natural history. In one part of it—a part will give you an idea of the whole—Goldsmith described an intelligent magpie belonging to a publican named Whiteingstall.

"One day while Whiteingstall's kitchen floor was being cleaned the magpie was considered in the way, and was ordered into his cage, which hung against the wall. He retired obediently.

"But he had no sooner been shut up than a cock from the neighboring farmyard entered the kitchen and strutted proudly about. This so angered the magpie that he vociferated:

"Let me out, Mr. Whiteingstall, let me out; I'll do for him presently!"

"Mr. Whiteingstall let him out and a combat immediately ensued. After a few goes the magpie was completely worsted. He lay helpless on his back, one leg broken. Then, cocking his eye at his master, he said, calmly: "Take me up, Mr. Whiteingstall, take me up, for he has broken my leg."

MUMMY THAT OF ROYAL COOK

Importation That Has Interested Egyptologists Evidently Was Wrongly Labeled.

It develops that the mummy, the importation of which has aroused public interest, is not that of Rameses II., but of his cook.

The discovery need not occasion disappointment. Cook or conqueror, they are now alike, and, indeed, the desiccated remains of the chef of the monarch who from all accounts was the Louis XIV. of Egypt are in many respects a more valuable antiquarian possession than the mummified body of Pharaoh. Antiquity has bequeathed us a surplus of memorials of kings, but only too few of cooks. We could well spare a bust of Caesar or exchange any amount of dry-as-dust chronology for an effigy of Lucullus' cook or of that Vatel of his day for whose supplies Apicius found \$400,000 too little.

The interest of the modern world in history is concerned less with the great conquerors than with the lesser lights, the artists and craftsmen who planned aqueducts and built cathedrals, even those who were charged with the preparation of Caesar's cutlets. The world is tired of kings, but what would it not give for a cuneiform tile containing the menu of Belshazzar's feast? Meantime a cook of the Rameses dynasty is something.

Praise for American Hubbies.

Princess Duleep Singh, at a dinner in New York, said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness.

"The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands."

She paused impressively. Then with a smile she ended:

"The saying is this: 'The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves.'"

A Virginia Casablanca.

"The boy who stood on the burning deck," often is found in different sections of the country, and the famous Casablanca is emulated by men who are told to do certain things and never vary their instructions. President Taft had that experience at Richmond, Va., on the last day of his trip, when the gate-keeper at the famous Hollywood cemetery refused to admit the president and his automobile party, though he was accompanied by Gov. Swanson of Virginia, by Mayor Richardson of Richmond, and the chief of police of the city. "It is against the rules," said this gate-keeper doggedly, and it was only after the truncheons had given him orders to admit the presidential party that he relented. Probably for the first and last time in his life he got a little notoriety by strictly obeying orders.—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Star.

The World's 50,000 Plays.

Er. Reginald Clarence, the well-known bibliographer of dramatic data, has been working for 20 years on a stage cyclopedia which will contain a bibliography of plays, of which it has been possible to find any record, from B. C. 500 to A. D. 1909. In order to bring his remarkable work to completion Mr. Clarence has delved among ancient records and musty manuscripts in the British museum, he has studied the numerous works in the Guildhall library until his book contains particulars of nearly fifty thousand plays, covering the whole range of stage productions—drama, comedy, farce, opera and comic opera.—London News.

ANCIENT VESSELS.

The Eye, the Figurehead and Other Devices on Their Bows.

On the boats of the ancient Egyptians the sacred ibis, the lotus and the phoenix were favorite designs for figureheads, sometimes placed on the raised up prow itself and at others rather behind it. A huge eye painted on the bow just below the figure illustrated the general feeling that a ship was endowed with a personality of its own. In one form or another the eye has maintained its position on the bows century after century up to the present day, in which it is often seen on the bows of Maltese "dyosos" and other gaudily painted European craft, to say nothing of its almost universal use in China. "If no have eye how can see?" asks the Chinese sailor, and the expression "Right in the eyes of her" is still usual afloat among seamen, meaning as far forward in the ship as possible. The ships of the Greeks and Romans preserved the eye on their bows and carried a distinguishing emblem or figurehead at the bow, while their tutelary deities were generally given a billet at the stern. All these vessels had their distinguishing devices and figureheads, in addition to which those named after mountains and rivers had a lion or crocodile respectively painted or carved in relief on either bow. Numbers of representations of these may be seen on old coins.

A special class of Phoenician vessels had a figurehead representing a horse and were therefore known as "hippi," the idea of riding over the sea as on horseback being evidently the origin of the adornment. In the year 112 B. C. one of the figureheads was found thrown up on the east coast of Africa and taken to Egypt, strong circumstantial evidence that some early Phoenician mariners had already doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Ramming being the most usual form of attack among the ancients in their sea engagements, the bow decoration often took the form of the head of a ram or of a wild boar, the well known butting tactics of these animals rendering the figure very appropriate.

When Rome in the days of her decadence lost the command of the sea the most formidable navies were those of the Scandinavian sea robbers, the vikings. Their vessels—the famous long ships—were adorned with figureheads. But the vikings' conception of this form of ship ornamentation started from a standpoint quite different from that of the ancients. It was not so much a distinctive design as a religious emblem. Its intention was to strike terror into an enemy.

The figurehead of a warship, according to S. Baring-Gould, was designed in like manner to strike terror into the opponents and scare away their guardian spirits. An Icelandic law forbade a vessel coming within sight of the island without first removing its figurehead, lest it should frighten away the guardian spirits of the land.—Chicago News.

How Animals Learn.

Dr. T. Zell, an eminent German naturalist, has collected many instances to prove that animals learn by experience and thus become wiser than their un instructed parents. Game animals of all kinds, he avers, have learned the range of modern rifles. Greyhounds quickly learn to let rabbits alone, and foxhounds pay no attention to either rabbits or hares. Killer whales and gulls follow whaling vessels, just as vultures follow an army. Cross-begins to accompany the chamois-hunter as soon as they have seen the result of his first successful shot, and rough-legged buzzards follow the sportsmen after winged game. The number of birds that kill or injure themselves by flying against telegraph wires is much smaller than it used to be. Dr. Zell also refers to the fact that birds and quadrupeds have learned to disregard passing railway trains, as horses quickly cease to be frightened by motorcars.

A Million Ancestors.

It may be a little surprising and of interest to learn that a person may have had more than a million ancestors within comparatively recent years, and that without taking into account uncles and aunts. Starting with one's parents, each person, of course, has two, a father and a mother. The father had his two parents, and the mother had hers. Thus each person has four grandparents. One step farther, and we have eight great-grandparents. A simple calculation gives the astonishing result that our lineal ancestors during twenty generations number no fewer than 1,048,576, or sufficient people, if all living, to populate the whole of Wales.—Dundee Advertiser.

ROSEBERY'S TIPS.

The Traveler Wouldn't Take It and Voted Himself a Chump.

"When Lord Rosebery was a young man," said a London-sporting man, "he was on a journey to a race meeting at Ayr and for his companion in the railway carriage had a remarkable pushing species of commercial traveler, who attempted to force a speaking acquaintance. Seeing his lordship perusing the 'racing calendar,' he 'broke earth' with the remark: 'Racing is a great institution. Suppose you're going to the Ayr meeting?'"

"I am going as far as Ayr," replied his lordship.

"Pity young swells get fleeced by blacklegs. Some noblemen, I hear, drop fortunes on the turf."

"Indeed!"

"Do a bit myself sometimes—a tenner or a pony's about my cut. Know anything good for today worth my while touching?"

"I am not a tipster."

"Beg pardon. Saw you reading the racing calendar. Thought you might know."

"Well," replied his lordship, "if I give you the straight tip will it be of service to you?"

"Depends if I fancy it."

"Put your tenner or pony on Lord Rosebery's Chevernel for the Welter cup."

"Not for Joseph! I never back Lord Rosebery's horses. They say he's a regular chumpkin."

"Indeed! Perhaps they're right. However, you asked me. I can only add that I heard Lord Rosebery himself tell what you term a chumpkin to back his horse."

"Depend upon it, if it was all right he would not let you overhear his conversation. Mum would then be his game. Why, there's a lot in that race. I'll bet you a pony Lord Rosebery don't win it."

"Really! I am not accustomed to bet in railway carriages with strangers."

"There's my card. Fact is you ain't game to bet."

"I think you'll lose your money. But, as you challenge me, let it be a bet. You'll see me in the stewards' enclosure at the course. I have no cards with me."

"Agreed! It's a bet. I bet you an even pony against Chevernel for the Welter cup. But what's your name, young fellow?"

"Primrose. Sometimes I'm otherwise addressed."

"All right, young Primrose. Pay and receive after the race."

"The companions separated at the station. Chevernel won in a canter, and the commercial traveler received the following morning a short note by a messenger from the stewards' stand: 'Mr. Primrose (Lord Rosebery) would feel obliged by Mr. ——— landing to his servant £25, which his lordship will have much pleasure in forwarding as a donation to the Commercial Travelers' Orphan asylum.'

"The 'bagman' paid his money, looking very crestfallen, and was heard to ejaculate: 'Done! Who on earth would have dreamed that the good looking, affable young fellow, whom I imagined was a chumpkin, was in fact none other than the Earl of Rosebery, giving me a good, honest tip about his own horse, by which I was fool enough to lose £25? Anyway, he's a regular trump, and he's right. I'm the chumpkin after all!'"—Pearson's Weekly.

Warlike Sitka Indians.

"Did you know that the most warlike tribe of savages in this country in the old days was the Sitka Indians in Alaska?" asked a citizen of Vancouver, B. C. "In comparison with them the Sioux and Apaches of our American Indians were as peaceable as cows. The Sitka men were of the real fighting stock and valued life no more than last year's blubber."

"Their religion was one of many gods, and everything about them had its own particular ruling spirit. The relics of their worship still stand—their totem poles, with their inscriptions and strangely carved figures. The Eskimos we know are a far different sort, given to the pursuit of their existence by simple and peaceable means."—Washington Herald.

A Realist.

"I am a great believer in realism," remarked the poet.

"Yes?" we queried, with a rising inflection, thereby giving him the desired opening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of realism to a ridiculous extreme," continued the poet.

"Indeed!" we exclaimed inanely, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his witticism.

"Yes," continued the poet; "the other day I wrote a sonnet to the gas company and purposely made the meter defective."

At this point we fainted.—Washington Post.

OPENING FOR A BRIGHT MAN

Proffer of "Advancement" Which It Is Doubtful If Mr. Boldt Seriously Considered.

William McAdoo, former police commissioner of New York, and once assistant secretary of the navy, was in a small town in North Scotia, stopping at the hotel.

"You from New York?" asked the hotel owner.

"I am."

"Know anybody down there who kin run a hotel?"

"Several people."

"Well, I wish you would tell me the name of a good man I can get to come up here and run this hotel for me. I ain't got time to attend to it, and I want an honest, sober, respectable man to take hold of it for me."

"How much will you pay?" asked McAdoo.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, or, if he's especially good, I might go 30."

McAdoo promised to think it over, and that night he told the hotel owner a good man to write to. Whereupon Mr. George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, was highly astonished a few days later to receive an offer of \$25 a month and board to go up to Nova Scotia to run a hotel, with the promise of a raise to \$30 if he made good, but no more.—Saturday Evening Post.

IF THEY HAD ONLY KNOWN

People of Ancient Times Missed Many Amusements and Luxuries Now Common.

How few of us are sufficiently grateful for the times in which we live! exclaims a writer in the Strand Magazine. Think of all the material and mechanical advantages we enjoy over the ancients, who, with all their boasted civilization, their arts, and sciences, went from their cradle to their grave utterly ignorant of clocks, pocket handkerchiefs, trousers and bonnets, or even those demi-ancients, our great-grandfathers, who would have regarded a barometer as an instrument of Beelzebub!

How differently history might have been written if Julius Caesar had snatched a couple of Colt's double-barreled revolvers from his tunic and shot Casca and his fellow conspirators dead on the spot! What a tremendous advantage it would have given Xenophon and the retreating ten thousand to have seized a line of railway from Persia to the Hellespont, with fast steamers to Attica and Laconia! The people of Pericles' day were not wholly destitute of ingenious appliances for use and amusement, but for some reason or other which posterity cannot exactly explain, the Athenian populace knew not the delectable joys of the flip-flap, and the charms of the scenic railway were to them a closed book. Yet we can picture the scene which would have astonished Aeschylus and Sophocles, the vast Athenian multitude deserting the fields and groves to flock about the latest sensation, a mighty engine of balance brought into Hellas by the western magician, Imreus Kiralfos. What an excellent subject for satire this adventure of the Athenians would furnish later to Aristophanes, and how rude delineations of the apparatus would delight modern scholars and invite comparisons with the screw of Archimedes!

Absent-Minded Geniuses.

That great geniuses are often absent-minded has been known for centuries and has become proverbial. Inventors and other men accredited with genius are also known to possess other peculiarities and weaknesses which seem to compensate for their abnormal gifts in another direction. But the promoter and alleged inventor of a new airship, which nobody has ever seen, not even the men who have invested their hard earned money in the stock of the company, launched by the "inventor," displayed a lack of memory the other day which was astounding even in a great genius. He had sued a newspaper reporter who had written up the inventor's career, for libel, and the case was tried in a New York court. The complainant, who claimed to be a graduate of several universities in Great Britain, when cross-examined could not remember from which university he had received his degree. Heretofore even the greatest geniuses used to remember such rather important details, provided, of course, they actually occurred in the career of the individual in question.

Clubwomen Help Backward Students.

The clubwomen of St. Paul and this district are much interested in some of the recent recommendations of Superintendent Heeter, and the one which they propose to work for is to establish ungraded rooms for backward children in the schools. This is a step toward individualism in educational work, which is the ideal toward which all the best educators are tending. It is hoped ultimately to establish these rooms in all the public schools of this city, where a child who is backward and slow of comprehension may be placed, and the teacher may give him individual help. Not only would this be an excellent thing for the child, but a real assistance to those other children now associated with him who are not backward and yet are naturally held back by his slowness. The clubwomen of this city are much interested in educational work, and as most of them are mothers they feel that they can do more real good in this way than by efforts on civic lines.