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The State Journal has made some changes in the mechanical arrangement of the paper which improves it considerably, though the old way looked pretty good to us. Now if it will get a stand pat editor it will help things amazingly.

Senator J. E. Miller of Lincoln, Attorney George W. Berge of the same city and Banker Victor Wilson of Polk county, all stand with bowed heads ready to receive the crown of approval which Mr. Bryan will place upon their heads as the preferred candidate of the democratic party on the county option platform.

The World-Herald says that there was general applause three times at the democratic banquet at Lincoln. It was brought about each time by reference to the liquor question. And each time by men who had different ideas on the subject. Once by Mayor Dahlman who is in favor of wide open saloons, once by Governor Shellenberger who is for eight o'clock closing, and the other time by Dick Metcalf who is for prohibition. Wonder what kind of soap-suds was used as drink to cause such wide and varied endorsement.

The Omaha Bee makes the assertion that the banquet at Lincoln was packed by Governor Shellenberger with his appointees for the express purpose of putting Mayor Jim to the bad. That is a part of the political game, and while it may be considered by Omaha people as a very unkind and very unbrotherly act, it must be remembered that the Omaha people have not had a very brotherly feeling toward the governor, and he was only exemplifying the usual political brotherly feeling which has existed for years between Omaha politicians and the rest of the state. There'll come a time some day etc.

The banquet given by the Nehawka Commercial Club last Saturday evening was one of the most successful gatherings of its kind we ever attended. We like the way these Nehawka people go at the problem of boosting their town. They put up the money necessary to carry on the work of getting the roads in shape to get the people to come to the town and then ask the farmers along the line of roads to assist by doing the work. The get-together spirit which was manifested at that banquet, which was shown before the banquet and which has been prevalent since, means success to the movement. The business men furnish the money, the farmers around the town do the work, and the women, bless them all, pitch in and get up the feed that puts the feeling into a man that if he don't work he is a mighty undesirable citizen. Such methods will win every time and it would be a mighty good hunch for some other towns to pattern after the Nehawka Commercial Club. The farmers of the county surrounding Nehawka are showing the right kind of spirit, and with their hearty co-operation, the project will be a success.

It is surely an interesting situation in the democratic party in Nebraska at this time and is fable to be more so as the days go by and the warm weather brings back the birds from

the sunny southland. W. J. Bryan will be flying back with the birds too very soon now and when he arrives he will find that Jim and Ashton have been making political hay while the sun has been shining and the great man has been basking in the smiles of the dark skinned maids of the equatorial climes. He will find that his latest paramount issue is not meeting with approval by those of his faithful followers who have been used to taking theirs whenever they wanted it and in quantities sufficient to drive dull car away. He will find that the democratic party is split wide open from gizzard to gizzard, and all over the great question which they have always tried so hard to keep in the background, and which will no longer lie down. He will find his party as usual stealing from the republicans the glory which rightfully belongs to them and claiming the credit for the passage of a law which they tried to defeat. He will find he has got the job of his life to bring together the elements of discord which have been precipitated by his stand upon county option and further engendered by the late democratic banquet which sat down upon Mayor Dahlman and his wide open policy and accepted that of Governor Shellenberger and his republican eight o'clock closing law. In short Mr. Bryan will find his party in hard lines when he comes marching home again.

The action of President Taft in calling down the members of the senate and telling them that they had to get down to business and pass the laws which was expected that they would pass will make him friends all over the country. The late poll of the Chicago Tribune which showed a sentiment adversely to the president is a condition which might come at any term of office of any president placed in office under the conditions of the presidency. These unsettled conditions come and go. The history of the country has been full of similar conditions where people become dissatisfied with conditions and men take advantage of it to further their own interests and do all possible to make the conditions appear far greater than they really are. Coming into office following a man like Theodore Roosevelt, it was natural to suppose that the country would be filled with people who would take advantage of every movement tending to help their cause and use it to their own advantage. They have done so and they will continue to do so. No republican president ever went into office but that every move was criticized by the opposition and by those who had failed to get in at the pie counter. History is repeating itself, simply repeating itself now as it has time and again in the past and as it will time and again in the future.

HUFF GETTING THERE.

When we apologized Saturday for not getting out a very good paper we imagined we would have the new press up and running by Monday evening. We have it up alright and succeeded in finding the places for the flamdoodles and flippads, and the sockets for the ramrods and the abiding places for the other steen and forty-eleven thousand pieces, but the shafting has not yet been fixed up and we are working mighty hard to get it in place for the issue this eve-

ning. We have already knocked fourteen pounds of hide off our knuckles and pinched our fingers enough to make a preacher think bad thoughts. Oh, it's nice, this being a machinist.—Superior Journal.

VERY AMUSING.

The Plattsmouth Journal turns itself loose with the following gem:

"In the adoption of the eight o'clock closing law the democrats stand on record as doing more for temperance reform than has ever been done in the way of legislation in Nebraska. Then why not wait till the republican party does something in that direction?"

In claiming credit for the passage of the celebrated eight o'clock closing law the Journal is doing no more, or no less than it and its party has been doing for years, and that is claiming all there in is sight which has been beneficial to the country when the evidence in the case would never convict them of being even accessories before or after the act. Below is the vote on the passage of the bill:

House.	
Democrats voting yes	30
Democrats voting no	36
Absent	5
Republicans voting yes	21
Republicans voting no	2
Absent	6
Senate.	
Democrats voting yes	7
Democrats voting no	12
Absent	1
Republicans voting yes	12
Republicans voting no	1
Absent	0
Summary.	
Democrats voting yes	37
Democrats voting no	48
Absent	6
Republicans voting yes	33
Republicans voting no	3
Absent	6

That is the way that the democrats passed the eight o'clock closing law which they are now claiming to be responsible for as the only temperance legislation the people of the state ever had.



Hard Work.

The idle man does not know what it is to rest. Hard work tends not only to give us rest for the body, but, what is even more important, peace to the mind.—Sir John Lubbock.

Mercy and Fresh Eggs.

At a small post in Egypt Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, and an English officer lived practically on eggs and tinned meat, and as there was nothing else to be had, the eggs were a very important item of the dietary. Day after day the eggs, like those of the oft quoted curate, were "very good in parts," but one morning they were frankly bad. The officer, who had the power of life and death in those parts, determined that the eggs



A THIRD FOLLOWED THE OTHER TWO.

should be fresh in future, so the egg merchant was brought before him. "Open your mouth," said the officer, and the wretched man, standing between two sentries, obeyed tremblingly. Slowly and solemnly an evil smelling egg was poured in. Again the command was given, and again a potential rooster was gulped down. A third followed the other two, which must have been the worst of the lot, for the victim, with tears of agony streaming down his face, fell on his knees and, half choking, gasped for mercy. He got the mercy, and the officers got fresh eggs in future.

Thoroughly Enjoyed.

"I saw you at the musicale yesterday afternoon. I'm so sorry I couldn't get a chance to speak to you. Did you enjoy my daughter's singing?"
"Yes, very much."
"I thought her accompanist played awfully loud."
"She did. Back where I sat the sound of the piano was the only thing we could hear." — Chicago, Democrat-Herald.

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Popular Couple Wedded.

Last Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Meisinger occurred the marriage of their charming daughter, Miss Mayme M. to Mr. William E. Meisinger a popular young farmer.

The ceremony was performed by Elder G. W. Mayfield, of Louisville in the presence of a large number of relatives. In the evening at the wedding reception all the cousins and other relatives were invited.

In the evening dancing was indulged in by the younger members of the company, the music was furnished by George Theirolf and Henry Heil Jr.

The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Meisinger and is admired and respected by a large circle of friends in the community where she resides. The groom is the son of Peter Meisinger and wife, and is a young man of strong integrity and enterprise. They will start housekeeping near Papillion in a home already for their occupancy.

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LARKIN & CO

\$40,000 PAID FOR HORSE.

Sale of Fitz Herbert One of the Most Notable in Turf History.

The sale of Fitz Herbert, acknowledged to be the best race horse in America today, by S. C. Hildreth for \$40,000 is one of the most notable sales in turf history since the late W. C. Whitney bought Nasturtium from Tony Astor for \$50,000.

The purchase was made by Frank M. Taylor, acting, it is believed, for Charles Kohler, who recently bought Uncle from Hildreth. Taylor is a trainer and has handled in his time the Parboque stable and E. E. Smathers' string, including McClesney. Kohler is a piano manufacturer and one of the latest of many arrivals on the turf.

Fitz Herbert, the four-year-old son of Ethelbert—Morganatic and defeated but once in fifteen starts last season, is top weight in the Brooklyn, Suburban and Brighton handicaps for next spring.

Jockeys With New Owners.

Deals that will switch the colors on three of the country's greatest jockeys, Shilling, Dugan and Taplin, were recently completed. Dugan will ride the Bedwell horses for most of the balance of the season at Emeryville, Cal. Shilling signed a contract to ride for Sam Hildreth from April to November on the metropolitan tracks. Taplin's contract was sold by "Wizard" Bedwell to Rod McKenzie, the Canadian turfman.

Dugan will ride this summer for August Belmont. Sam Hildreth has second call on the boy's services. Hildreth will, therefore, have both Shilling and Dugan riding for him.

Shilling and Bedwell have gone to Juarez, Mexico, and will continue to ride for the "Wizard" until April.

A Public Confession.

The pastor of a country church, a middle aged widower, was credited with having courted every eligible woman in his flock. One Sunday morning the good parson, having occasion to admonish specially the feminine membership, was amazed at the very audible titter that ran through the congregation when, with an inclusive wave of his arm, he exclaimed, "Sisters, I have addressed you in public and in private!" — Judge's Library.

Carrigan Wants to Catch Every Game. Catcher Carrigan wants to work in every game the Boston Americans play next season.

Partial Forgiveness.

A farmer, believing himself to be dying, sent for a clergyman and somewhat shocked that good man by the offhand, easy way in which he announced his fitness to die. Pressed upon certain topics, particularly upon the question of forgiveness to his enemies, he said he forgave everybody who had injured him, "except Johnny Smith."

John had played him such a trick about the sale of a certain cow that the farmer declared nothing should make him forgive him. Impressed by the exhortations of the clergyman and moved by fear of the consequences of dying unforgiving and unforgiven, he turned to the minister and said, with an air of satisfaction at having hit off a solution of the difficulty: "All right. Jest as you say. If I die I forgive him, but if I live, by jiminy, he'd better look out!"

A Hard One.

Two ladies, one young and the other somewhat ancient, were rather uncomfortable in not being asked to dance at a party they were attending. The younger lady said spitefully, as she sat beside the other during a wait:

"I wonder, dear, if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to be your age?"

"You'll be lucky if you do," snapped the older lady.

Enlightened.

Victor Hugo had accepted an invitation to dine at the house of one of those ardent republicans who at the time were wittily termed "les preceuses radicales."

The dinner time came, and yet no butler appeared to pronounce the formula "Madame est servie."

Finally one of the intimates, M. —, vice president of the senate, approached the mistress of the house and said, laughing: "Pardon me, but have I made a mistake? I thought that you had asked us to dinner."

The lady whispered in reply: "Both erration! Yes. We were to have been fourteen, but M. Le Royer has excused himself at the last moment, and I've had to send for a substitute. There's one of our guests here who would never sit down if we were thirteen at table."

A moment later M. — was talking with Victor Hugo. "Can you imagine why we don't dine?" he asked the poet. "It's because there's some jackass here who is afraid of sitting down thirteen at table!"

And Hugo replied severely and solemnly, "I am that jackass."