

THE NEWS-HERALD

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

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The election in Minnesota yesterday shows a small increase in the dry vote, though some towns which were wet went dry and some which were dry went wet. So far as heard from it is about a stand off.

A man in New York went crazy this week after working for many months on an air ship in which he proposed to cross the ocean in the morning, take luncheon in London and return to New York in time for the evening meal.

Some of the democratic papers of the state take great delight when in speaking of Senator Burkett they allude to him as "Slippery Elmer." If they were called upon to give some reason for the name they would probably use the small boy's "O just cause" as the only answer.

By a vote of fifty to twenty-three, the senate on March 3rd, passed the postal savings bill. This bill, if it becomes a law, requires each postmaster to receive money from depositors, be your banker and your postmaster, and it is even intimated that they may pass a bill making the post-office an employment agency. Watch him get busy.—Weeping Water Republican.

A man is certainly getting down to a beastly condition when he will tie another man so he cannot move and then proceed to hack him to pieces with a knife. If Jack Cudahy has that kind of a disposition we cannot blame his good looking wife for getting out and taking a ride with a better natured man. If you can't treat your wife right, don't blame her if she gets out once in a while with a decent fellow. Nine chances out of ten she is more true to her marriage vows than you are and can be trusted a great deal farther.

The farmers of Nebraska cannot be too careful in the selection of their seed corn. One kernel of poor seed means one less ear of corn. It is just as hard to cultivate a poor stand as a good one, and mighty discouraging besides. A day or so spent in the testing of seed now may mean hundreds of dollars next fall. Warnings are being sent out all over the country regarding the poor condition of the corn for seed this spring, yet there are going to be men who will not heed the warning and will go ahead and do the work of planting when there will be no results to be gained. It will pay to go careful and make a test. The Plattsmouth Commercial club has a good plan and it is also easy and sure. You cannot afford to take chances on your seed corn for it means dollars next fall.

The editor of the Weeping Water Republican visited Plattsmouth last week and went home and wrote up two columns of stuff which makes about the same kind of a noise as usually emanates from a man who lives in a dry town and get away from home where things are wet and none of the neighbors in sight. He said that the streets were swayed back and the sidewalks uneven, the general opinion of the fellow so far away from home and no strings on. "The streets were all mud." He probably discovered that when he got home and found the back of his coat the same way. There was only one name he could remember and that was the name of the proprietor of a wet emporium, and he couldn't even spell that right. He closes by saying that he wouldn't live in Plattsmouth three days without taking out an accident policy. The question would be, Mr. Editor, could you find a company that would take the risk under the above circumstances.

There was only one thing that he was sure of and that was that he visited the newspaper offices and was much pleased with what he saw. As far as this office is concerned Olive was all right when he was in here but we can't vouch for his condition after discovering the name of the man who sells liquid inspiration.

"NOBODY with any political foresight will any longer suspect Bryan of expecting the presidential nomination in 1912. His open declaration in favor of county option will divorce him from the friendship of the Eagles, and even in this state where he has always been stronger than his party he will be execrated in many households where his picture has adorned the walls since 1896. The Journal has no fault to find with Mr. Bryan for holding the opinions he does on this subject. This new issue which is likely intended as a suggestion for a "paramount" for 1912 is likely to work more confusion in the democratic camp than either silver or tariff. The democrats are by nature a little conservative and on this account they get left in a race where the pennant goes to the swift. Taft, it will be remembered, turned his glass down some months ago.—Fall City Journal.

The Journal of the Knights of Labor published at Washington, D.C. has this to say of Senator Burkett in the last issue. "The senate of the United States has among its members men who care but little for the condition of those who toil. This does not apply to the men of one party alone; for such men are found in both parties and are ready with their tongues and their influence, to lower and belittle the workers because such sentiments find favor with the money interests. When we find a man in this, the greatest legislative body in the world, who can stand up and be counted as a friend of the people, who will not be silenced on the demands of capital, nor crawl and cringe at the withering glances of corporation attorneys, we know that he can be relied upon as the friend of all the people. We have a man of this character in the person of Senator Burkett of Nebraska."

Some of the papers over the state are making considerable sport because the commercial club of this city requested the newspapers not to publish stuff which would go out over the country in a manner which would have a tendency to work a wrong impression regarding the town. Of course papers which are published in towns where there is so little doing that the returns of the first horse fly is heralded in black face, type and the first brood of chickens is given full sway over the city to do and scratch as they please, have reason to wonder how a paper can print the news and not be sensational. The only thing that the papers of Plattsmouth are requested to do, is to print the truth and tell it in such a manner that a wedding at the church on the corner will not look like an elopement, a bargain counter sale like a foot ball game or a birth like the escape of a convict from the penitentiary. There are different styles of journalism, but that of run-

ning a good reliable newspaper which prints the news so it will go as news instead of the opposite is the kind the commercial club desires and which we think they will get.

The Wahoo Wasp has started a cartoon service, the work of Mr. G. W. Anderson of Valparaiso, which if the following cartoons are to be as good as the first one, it will be a valuable help to the paper. The cartoon of this week showed the democratic donkey with Dahlman offering him wet food and Bryan on the other side with a box of dry food. It was a mighty good picture.

The World-Herald runs off at the mouth with a so called editorial headed "Too Much Ludden." It would like to make the people believe that Rev. Ludden is to blame for all the ills which Nebraska may be heir to, but there are a lot of people, notwithstanding the bark of the terriers who believe that it is a case of "Too Much World-Herald," which will put Nebraska on the brink if it ever comes to the brink of the brink.

A WEEPING WATER WAIL.

Some of the members of the Commercial Club of Plattsmouth have notified the evening papers there that henceforth a spade is not a spade but a club. If they have a cloud burst there the papers there the papers must make it appear that it is only a gentle rain there the papers must make it appear that it is only a gentle rain. Floods are to be reckoned as sprinkling the streets. If a fire destroys a brick block, it is some chimney burning out. If the B. & M. shops cut down wages or hours it is because the workmen are so prosperous they request it. If a drunk man lays out his family, it is only a little surprise party. The roads are never to be muddy, but dry and dusty. A cyclone is a gentle zephyr. In fact it must always be, stand up for Plattsmouth and "See Plattsmouth Succeed." News is going to be scarce now the censors are at work. Only pretty home weddings and pink tees.—Weeping Water Republican

The above cloud burst from the gentleman who edits the post office over in the town with the boo hoo name, should not be considered in the light of anything very serious. There are times, and sometime more times, when a man feels that he would like to live in a good town, and when he visits the city in which he would give his little all to live, and then returns to the humdrum life of a country village, where the coming into town of a load of corn causes the inhabitants to fly to the windows and doors to see it go by, or where the crowing of the cock causes the individual to roll over in bed and cuss, it is not to be wondered at that he gets out his little old stub pencil and lets his disappointment ooze out in language some thing like the above. We trust that the time may not be far distant when Weeping Water will weep no more and when the water will be turned into milk of human kindness and then the editor can return to his little village feeling that his trip to the big city was prolific of something besides envy because he did not live there and discontent with his lot in life.

THE SCENE SHIFTS.

Unless reports are untrue Governor Shallenberger's greatest trouble is not going to come from Mayor Jim and his followers, tho not long ago that was what seemed imminent. Political scenes some times shift quickly and unexpectedly. That is what they have done for the democrats in recent weeks. Not long since it was supposed that the contest within the party would be between those who would stand as advance member guards in favor of the 8 o'clock closing law, the party members gave a big majority against in the legislature and those who favor the wide-open policy for which Mayor Dahlman stands. But already the Dahlman policy has been practically passed up and now the contest within the party is between the governor and 8 o'clock closing and Bryan and county option. It is asserted upon "high authority" that the Bryan endorsement of county

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option is not perfunctory, but that he will return from South America with banners flying and his guns trained on the governor with the determination to force county option upon his party in the state. If this is true it will mean a battle royal. Mr. Bryan will have the short end of it but his exceptional ability and his remarkable hold upon the people will make it at least a doubtful question whether he cannot lead the party to a position that would have been utterly impossible but for his espousal of it. On the other hand, the governor is a good campaigner and he has the advantage in the esprit de corps of his soldiers and in "the lay of the land" for a battlefield.

Inasmuch as the municipal campaign in Lincoln this spring will have a powerful influence on the state campaign it will afford the three factions of the democratic party opportunity to prove their supremacy. Inasmuch as this campaign will rest squarely on the prohibition issue it will enable the Dahlmanites and governors following to unite to gain what advantage they can over Bryan. While he does not declare for prohibition, still as the issue will be presented the logical place for his friends will be on the side in favor of prohibition and for the friends of Shallenberger and Dahlman on the other side. Should prohibition be sustained again, after a year's trial, that fact will do much to advance the cause of county option in the state campaign. Should it fail it will be a black eye to anything more radical than we now have on the subject, at least for the present. If Mr. Bryan wishes to help draw first blood he will get into the campaign in his home town and aid in a skirmish before the real battle comes on.—Fremont Tribune.

ANOTHER ONE.

Certain papers published in Nebraska have been creating the impression that the trouble between Prof. Crabtree of the State Normal schools at Peru and the State Board of Normal schools, in which the latter asked for the resignation of the former on account of Prof. Crabtree not carrying out the wishes of the board and therefore causing friction and a few other things too numerous to mention, had caused the editor of the Daily News to believe that when Prof. Crabtree and the Board came together on the occasion of the next meeting of the board that the fur would fly and that there would be something doing at the meeting which would be worth going many miles to behold. Consequently when the day approached for the meeting we hid ourselves to the capital city with the expectation that we were going to see a scrap which would put the Johnson-Jefferies mill to the bad.

On arriving at the capital city we discovered by the evening papers that the probabilities were that our expectations would be realized and that a pretty good mill would be pulled off for the meeting we hid ourselves to the capital city with the expectation that we were going to see a scrap which would put the Johnson-Jefferies mill to the bad.

However we had not quite forgotten a much advertised scrap published by these papers a couple of months ago which was advertised as a red hot conflict in which the Oliver theatre was to be filled with a surging crowd of insurgents who were resolved to save the country, even at the price of gold, red, red blood, and such announcement had caused us to neglect the duties of the editorial staff and go to the city with the expectations of seeing Donbrook fair eclipsed and which proved to be a very ordinary meeting, and we were

just a little suspicious that possibly these papers might again be advertising a Ringling Brothers show with wagon road attractions.

But be that as it may, as the bull frog said to the tree toad, we went up to the state house at the appointed hour and stood on the outside waiting patiently for the appearance of Gen. Hartigan with a detachment of Nebraska National Guard who would surround the state house for the purpose of keeping order. But the glitter of polished swords and gleaming bayonets did not materialize, and so we slowly entered the building feeling that possibly the mill was being pulled off down at Antelope Park or out at Capital Beach, where there was plenty of room for the principles in the matter to make good time in opposite directions, and entered the office of State Treasurer Brian. Cautiously entering the council chamber we were somewhat surprised to see quietly sitting about a long table several gentlemen, some of them, who very politely invited us to take a seat near a lot of suspicious looking characters whom we at first took to be the principles in the scrap and their seconds, but which later developments showed were only newspaper reporters from the Lincoln city papers and the Police Gazette.

We were somewhat surprised when we discovered that the large, portly good looking gentlemen sitting at the end of the table, whom we had known slightly for several years as Mr. Ludden, was really the ferocious "Politician Preacher," who ate a man every morning for breakfast and drank a bucket of blood every night before retiring, according to the reports from some of the papers would lead one to believe. A very quiet ministerial looking gentleman not far from him we were told was Prof. Crabtree, who had according to those same reports stood up as Ajax defying the lightning, and had sworn to wipe the Peru Normal school off the face of the earth or bust his suspenders. Very close to him sat another member of the board the resident member from Peru, who was also supposed to have a big knife up each sleeve, but he did not look nearly as mean as the papers had advertised him. Then at the head of the table sat the President of the Board, who did not look at all worried over the terrible carnage which was expected to be pulled off any minute. There was also the state treasurer, Mr. Brian, whom the papers had advertised as the bull dog of the board, who at this meeting would be expected to grab a mouthful out of Crabtree and the rest of the fellows who were savagely opposing him. And too there was State Superintendent Bishop who was expected to get into the game to save the educational interests of the country, even at the sacrifice of every hair on the top of his head.

There was only one thing in that meeting which looked to us as if there would be trouble, and that was a small box reposing on the center of the table marked "razors." However it was not opened during the session and may not have contained anything more destructive than rubber stamps or something of that kind.

Candidly we believe that the trouble down at Peru would have been settled much more satisfactorily and without harm to the institution if the newspapers had been contented to keep out of the sensational business of carrying on the matter. There is one thing that we do not understand and that is why Prof. Crabtree should hand his resignation to the newspapers before he handed it to the board.

His resignation was accepted by the same vote of four for to three against which was shown when the matter of asking for his resignation was up before.

Next time we go to Lincoln to see a scrap advertised by the papers there as a red hot affair, when it is nothing but a common every day business meeting, we will try and get our information from a more reliable source. !!! ??? —!!!

Snared Himself.
Charles Mathews, the famous English actor, once indulged in his talent for mimicry to his own misfortune. Mr. Tattersall, the well known auctioneer, was conducting a sale of blooded stock. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko."

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded. "Well, what shall we begin with?"

"Well, what shall we begin with?" replied the echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall called out, "One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas?" echoed Mathews.

"Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang, "the filly is yours!"

Could He Help It?
A lady and a little boy entered the car, but the boy squirmed and fidgeted so much on his seat that at last one of the other passengers expostulated: "For goodness' sake, keep your child still, madam!"

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, "but the truth is until I get to the hospital I shan't be able to quiet him."

"Dear me! What's the matter with him?"

"He swallowed a teaspoon yesterday, and ever since he's been on the stir."

The Law and the Lady.
Pat Finnigan had been summoned to jury duty. Coming downstairs one morning dressed in his Sunday clothes, his wife looked at him and said:

"Where are you going, Pat?"

He replied, "I'm going to court."

"I'm!" said the wife, and Pat stalked out. Next morning Pat came downstairs all shaven and shorn, with the same suit of clothes on.

"And where are you going today?" said the wife.

"Sure, I'm going to court."

"Ye are, are ye?"

Pat went out and slammed the door. The third morning Pat came in and sat down to the breakfast table with the same suit of clothes on and greeted his wife, who said:

"And where are ye going this morning, Pat?"

"I'm going to court."

The wife laid her hands upon a rolling pin, stood before the door and said:

"Ye're going to court, are ye?"

"Yis," said Pat.

"No, ye're not. If there's any court-ing to be done it will be done right here. Go upstairs and take off them clothes."—Newark Star.



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of fine teas and coffees we carry and on which we have built up such a splendid trade. A large selection of honest goods at honest prices won us patronage of our best customers. Are you one of them? If not, why not? We please others. We can please you.

J. E. TUEY