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The festive house fly will soon be putting in an appearance and it stands the busy housewife in hand to get on her batting clothes and be ready with the swipe stick.

A woman tried to see President Taft when he was in Chicago St. Patrick's day and stopped the whole procession. Her name was Jennie Mull. That is not the first time that mud has interfered with a procession.

The Osceola Record is another paper which comes to our table showing signs of prosperity. Bro. Douglas has just put in a Junior linotype and feels as happy over it as a boy with a new pair of red top boots.

Oh, the thoughts of it. Thursday was St. Patrick's day, when every Irishman was supposed to be so imbued with the spirit of the great saint that he would be able to go out and do anything to any "haythen nagur" who happened to come along, but think of it. Out in Los Angeles, that un-Irish town, they had so little regard for the memory of the Irish saint that they dug up a prize fight between a son of the Emerald Isle and a nigger named Langford. And to make the matters worse the nigger knocked the Irishman forty ways for Sunday. Good enough. An Irishman who would so far forget his loyalty to St. Patrick as to fight with a nigger on that day ought to get licked.

William B. Price of Lincoln will be a candidate for the United States senate on a county option democratic platform. He ought to have it. Mr. Price has stepped one side time and again that some other member of the party might have a try at the loaves and fishes, and the last time he had the congressional bee buzzing around him he stepped one side and therefore lost a chance to be a congressman. We will always remember Mr. Price, having met him way back in the days when populism was running high. We were running a little paper up in St. Edward in Boone county and the populists advertised a meeting which, if we remember rightly, John M. Devine, now of Lincoln, but then residing in the third district, was a candidate for congress and was present to address the meeting. Mr. Price was sent up by the populist committee to represent the party at the meeting and while considerably of a green sort of a kid, made a pretty good speech. To tell the truth he was considerable swelled up over his success in winning the plaudets of the crowd and the next morning while waiting for his train, continued his argument on the street. That was the undoing of Little Willie, for he ran up against an old republican farmer who tied Mr. Pierce up so tight in the little joint debate they indulged in that he was glad to escape to the train. Since that time however Mr. Price has grown older and wiser and now indicates that he would like to enter the argument for the United States senate.

The editor of the Weeping Water Republican has not gotten over his trip to Plattsmouth yet. "Something should be done by his family and friend to keep him from slopping over either

on the trip or after it is over. He accuses us of not spending our own money over here. That may be true sad to state but until the government gives us a job at licking postage stamps at so much per lick we will be compelled to spend somebody's money in order to get the mud cleaned up so that the editor of the boo hoo paper can feel safe in coming to town. It may be that the little town with the sobbing name does have more corn and more hogs than we do, of the latter we will not enter denial, but the corn has been so poor that the editor of the paper over there has not been able to get enough of it but what he can use a post office box to sleep in and is so thin he can crawl in without knocking the varnish off of the sides. He says in his "About Things" that the mayor of he town has sold enough pop corn at the depot during the past year to travelling men who pass through the town that they will be able to make some improvements the coming summer. One of the most important of which is that a new board will be put on the step which leads into the building where the select men meet, the present one having been whittled up by members of the board at their meetings last summer held on the steps. The town will also take steps to appoint a committee to wait on the village blacksmith to see if he will not donate another horseshoe to the set that the village already owns, one of which was given to the winner of the last horse shoe pitching carnival which was held last summer to draw trade to the town.

The announcement by the paper this morning that Uncle Joe Cannon had received his bumps at the hands of his colleagues in congress is giving that old gentleman just about what he could expect if he continued his tactics. Joseph G. Cannon has been a grand man in public life. But when he takes a position which says "I am greater than my party," he has reached the part in his career where it is time for him to step one side and if he cannot get enough sense into his noodle to understand that his position is liable to bring political disaster to his party, a party that has honored him time and again he should be shown that his services are not needed.

The laymen's missionary movement which is receiving great attention at the present time by a series of meetings being held all over the country, is destined to revolutionize the missionary cause throughout the world. These meetings have been attended at every place where they have been held by large numbers of the men of the church, many of whom have never before taken much interest in the matter. It is having the effect of enthusing the former advocates and opening the eyes of the membership who have not hitherto taken any interest in the work. The interest taken in Nebraska is in return opening the eyes of those who are traveling over the country speaking at these meetings. About sixteen hundred at Kansas City, we believe was the highest number which have attended the opening banquets in any one city, but when it is taken into consideration that Nebraska has furnished two banquets within sixty miles of each other, one of fifteen hundred men and the other of fourteen hundred, it can be seen that there is nothing the matter with

Nebraska when it comes to an interest in the foreign missionary movement.

BURKETT'S SHOES

The Lincoln correspondent of the Omaha World Herald sends a column article to that paper in which he discusses the matter of ex-Governor Sheldon becoming a candidate against Senator Burkett. Of course the correspondent is in a position to know what Governor Sheldon will do. The World-Herald is such a reliable information bureau regarding Nebraska politics that it is only necessary to read its opinions and then guess the opposite.

Governor Sheldon will not be a candidate for the United States Senate against Senator Burkett unless conditions change very greatly between now and the time to make the campaign, the announcement of the World-Herald to the contrary notwithstanding. Governor Sheldon is a republican and the kind of a republican who has faith in the republican party and the principles it advocates. The assertion of the correspondent that the ex-governor and his friends are afraid that the candidacy of Congressman Hitchcock for the senate will mean the defeat of Senator Burkett is all bosh. Congressman Hitchcock is not a strong candidate outside of Douglas county and the correspondent knows it. The young man is built upon that high and lofty plane that is so far above the common people that nothing short of a balloon would enable them to reach up to his ideas which are nothing in common with the people which if elected to the senate he would be supposed to represent.

The democratic party cannot find in its ranks a man who will be able to defeat Senator Burkett for re-election, and knowing that, the World-Herald will leave no stone unturned to stir up a sentiment in the republican party against Senator Burkett. The World Herald in fact would not care to see Senator Burkett defeated by George Sheldon even, for there would be mighty little doing for Mr. Hitchcock in a race against the ex-governor for the United States Senate. All the World-Herald hopes to do is to stir up the republicans to such a feeling against Senator Burkett that if nominated there will be a probable chance for Mr. Hitchcock to slip through. It will be the business of Mr. Hitchcock's paper from now on to create dissension in the republican camp with the hope that the seed sown will bear fruit which will tend to elect him to the United States senate this fall. Every unfavorable comment on Senator Burkett published by republican papers will be copied by democratic papers and spread broadcast over the land in the future as in the past, and it should be the duty of every republican to stand by the guns and give his hearty support to Senator Burkett and not allow the democratic enemy to split the forces.

In union there is strength. If a democratic senator is sent to Washington this fall it will be because the democratic leaders have worked republicans into the belief that it is better to help the political enemy than to stand by the party which has a record for good government.

A DIFFERENT COLOR.



"How was the blonde when you saw her last night?"
"She wasn't."
"Wasn't what?"
"A blonde."

Foolish Man.
He's very apt
To hit the floor,
Who keeps on saying:
"Just one more."

HIS HEART BROKEN

TRAGIC ROMANCE AS RELATED BY REPTILE DEALER.

Kingsnake Had Seen His Affinity, Though Only in Imagination, and with Her Disappearance Went Desire for Life.

"Dead," said the red-eyed reptile dealer as he mournfully regarded the lifeless body of a kingsnake. "He died of a broken heart. And yet there are those who will tell you that snakes are cold-blooded creatures, devoid of romance, incapable of any lasting love."

"Died of a broken heart?" questioned the customer with surprise. "Why, that was the snake that wouldn't eat, wasn't it? I thought you said he was starving to death?"

"I see you remember," said the dealer, with a sad smile. "Yes, that was Ferdinand, the snake who wouldn't eat. And would that I had never tried to make him eat! Far better a thousand times starvation than death from an unrequited love."

"'Twas this way. He finally grew so weak from lack of nourishment that, in order to save his life, heroic measures were necessary. Food in itself would not suffice. He needed stimulant. I soaked his meat in whisky and forced it down his throat."

"Oh, the curse of strong drink! Unused to alcohol, the stuff went to his head. He became drunk. He saw snakes."

"Being a snake himself, these imaginary reptiles did not affect Ferdinand as they would have you or me. He merely acted bored, as though he were in the midst of a crowd that did not particularly interest him."

"But suddenly out of the writhing mass squirmed the most beautiful young lady snake imaginable. She was an exquisite Alice blue with pale pink lozenges and a straight front color of old ivory."

"It was all off with Ferdinand the minute he set eyes on her. Head erect, tongue a-quiver, he gracefully gilded toward her."

"H-h-hhh!" he hissed fervently.

"H-h-hhh!" she answered faintly, her pale pink lozenges blushing a deep crimson with maidenly embarrassment. It was love at first sight.

"For the next three hours Ferdinand was in snake heaven. But then the effects of the alcohol began to wear off and his loved one became fainter. He thought that she was tiring of him, and he redoubled his ardent appeals."

"More and more indistinct became his fair charmer. His grief sobered him. Finally she faded entirely away and—and—Ferdinand died of a broken heart."

"But how do you know?" demanded the customer sceptically. "If it was only the snake's hallucination—"

"I saw it all with my own eyes," the dealer gravely assured him. "'Twas some of my whisky I gave him."

Blooms Traveled Far. Sitting in his library in London, one day recently, Joseph Chamberlain was presented with a bouquet of strange but beautiful blooms. Picked over 11,000 miles away, they had traveled half round the globe before reaching the politician in his home. With Sir Gerald Strickland, governor of Western Australia, lies the credit of the charming idea of sending this bouquet from a far-off land. He and Mr. Chamberlain had exchanged letters. Sir Gerald had eulogized the brilliant colorings of the flowers of Western Australia. The result was the plan to send a collection of blooms to Mr. Chamberlain so that he might inspect them at his leisure and contrast their brilliance with the December gloom without. When shipped they were frozen into the heart of blocks of ice and packed in a special case, and deposited in the hold of the steamship Ophir.

A Desperate Performance. C. C. Richards, a performer in the Christmas carnival at Wilkesbarre, Pa., narrowly escaped with his life after a terrible struggle. Richards' act was to hang by his teeth to a pulley which carried him across the Susquehanna river on a wire. During one of the performances the pulley stuck in the middle.

The zero weather and heavy floating ice made it impossible for rescuers to reach him, and his hands froze to the wire when he finally succeeded in reaching it. Never losing his nerve, and in sight of the horror-stricken crowd of spectators, the resolute man worked his way along the wire, hand over hand, until he got to a point where the ice was thick and unbroken beneath him. Here he dropped from sheer exhaustion. He was badly bruised but may recover.

Filipinos Like New Shoes. Perhaps of all our possessions, either personal or commercial, the Filipinos like our shoes best. In their estimation it may be said the shoes come next after independence. Natives have been known to go hungry in order to sport a pair of oxfords with military heels, bulldog toes and big, low laces. The price was the only thing displeasing about our shapely footwear. The customs laws were indicted for the fault. Yet the price rarely interfered where physical endeavor would result in the ownership of a pair of attractive zapatos Americano. Still it was claimed that a long native could not raise five dollars (which looks much bigger when reduced to the equivalent in pesos) to adorn his little brown tootsy-tootsies.—Bookkeeper.

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BIG BATTLE AT WASHINGTON SUBSIDED JUST A LITTLE

Both Sides Seem to Have Let go For the Purpose of Getting a New Hold and New Wind.

INSURGENTS GET COLD FEET AND HELP OUT THE REGULARS

Among the Number Were Hinshaw and Kinkead of Nebraska Considered to be Strong Insurgents.

WASHINGTON, March 18 — At twelve minutes before 5 o'clock to-night the house of representatives adjourned until noon tomorrow, after one of the greatest parliamentary struggles in its history. The result is nothing more or less than a drawn battle.

When the final roll call came 164 republicans voted to postpone further action on the Norris amendment until tomorrow and 150 democrats and insurgent republicans voted to continue. With the regular republicans voted fourteen of the insurgent followers of Norris of Nebraska, who left him and sided with the majority for a postponement. The result, they said, conveyed no significance and meant anything else than that they had deserted the insurgent cause.

The lull in the long battle came with apparent welcome to both sides, although there was not a cheer of victory from either. When the speaker put the motion to adjourn a general chorus of ayes came from the republican side. The democrats made no protest and there was no answer to the call for no.

The house for the first time in the present session had almost its full membership on the floor. When the speaker gave the count the members rose wearily from their seats and hurried out through the littered aisles and in five minutes the scene of the record breaking endurance struggle was cleared of its 400 principals, the galleries were emptied of the hundreds of spectators who have occupied them constantly for nearly thirty hours, and only a score or so of janitors moved about cleaning up the evidence of the fray.

George Reiter is remodeling the upstairs of his residence property. J. G. Johnson is doing the work.

Julius Schiff is moving onto his farm near Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Philpot came up from Weeping Water in their automobile Wednesday.

Henry Rugha had the unpleasant experience of getting stuck in a mud hole with his automobile Wednesday afternoon and it was some time before he could get out.

Dorothy Wachter spent a few days at Weeping Water this week sewing for Mrs. Rugha.

Mrs. A. G. Greene came down from Havelock Monday and is making arrangements to sell the stock on the farm and is having the corn marketed.

G. C. Meierjurgan of Omaha was transacting business here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Many of the farmers in this vicinity may be seen in the cornfields shucking their crop, while others are getting ready for their spring work.

The public sale of Carl Sack and Dan McCurdy occurred Tuesday and the Louis Sack's sale was held on Monday.

Geo Swarts was an Omaha passen-

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