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What has become of the Tobey-Hayward congressional fight. If there is anything doing it is being kept very secret. Get into the limelight, gentlemen, and make a noise like real candidates.

The poor old democracy in this state is in a hopeless muddle. If it does not do the bidding of Insurgent Bryan it will be damned and if it does it will be damned just as hard. This insurgency business is getting to be something fierce and there is no knowing where it is all to end.

To see the big fightfest between Jefferies and Johnson you will have to go to San Francisco, for Ted Rickard, the referee, has so ordained. If that fight was held a mile up in the air there would be a big crowd at the ring side and Halley's comet would not travel fast enough to suit some of the sports who will go at the appointed time.

Bryan will probably come out as an avowed candidate for United States senator unless Governor Shallenberger calls an extra session of the state legislature for the purpose of submitting the initiative and referendum. Bryan has been running the democratic party in the state of Nebraska for so long that he has inbibed the idea that he is the party and the rank and file an appendage like unto the tail of Halley's comet. It is not good for any party to delegate to one man, no matter how great he may be (or think he is) the power to dictate policies of legislation.

A jolt was given this week to the band of black mailing Sicilians who have for years thrived upon their fellow countrymen. The conviction of Antonio Misani on a charge of attempting to extort \$15,000 from Enrique Caruso, the grand opera tenor it is expected will have the effect of checking this form of brigandage. Caruso has been a "sugar bowl" for the blackmailers for many years. Recently he concluded that the more he gave them the more it encouraged them in their garrulous calling. The convicted man may get 10 years. A companion is awaiting trial for participation in the same offense charged.

Fate seems to be playing unkindly with the family of former president Zelaya of Nicaragua. The investment of Bluefields with a formidable force of American marines, backed by a squadron of ominous looking warships last fall broke the hold of the dictator upon the government he had dominated for twelve years with an iron hand. With Castro, the deposed despot of Venezuela, he is now enjoying the enforced asylum of the capitol of Europe. This week, Zelaya's son, C. Alfonso Zelaya, is being featured as the principal attraction at a moving picture emporium on Broadway. He plays the piano in the place and seems to like the notice that his presence there excites.

That was a warm one a dying New York mother handed out to an ungrateful daughter, when she made her will the other day. She said: "I give and bequeath unto Edith Alice Ogilby Titmouse Druse the sum of \$5 with the advise that she purchase therewith some reliable authority on the sin and folly of ingratitude."

The clause contained in the will of Mrs. Louise A. Ogilby Warner, a popular society woman, caused something of a mild sensation among the friends of the family when filed in the Surrogate's Court yesterday. The residue of the estate left by the decedent was bequeathed to Clarence Maude Ogilby, another daughter. In explaining her disinheritation of Mrs. Druse, who by the way, now resides in the Champs Elysees, Paris, her mother says in the will: "I make this provision for reason well known to

Edith Alice Ogilby Titmouse Druse and myself, because of her lies, deceit and cruel behavior that broke my heart."

There are more kings now in England than are usually found in a pinochle deck.

And now it is said that the comet was only flirting with the earth and won't even permit its tail to touch the high spots. A has the comet.

What a Kilkenny cat time the democrats are having in the good old state of Nebraska. Talk about republican insurgency, why the democratic brand is in a class by itself with Bryan playing the part of Uncle Joe.

At a meeting of the world's association of Sunday Schools held yesterday at Washington, President Taft paid the mistress of the White House a neat compliment when he introduced her as the real president of the United States.

Tobey and Hayward must be running the political game with dark lanterns and in the witching hours of night. They weave not neither do they spin so far as the district wots of. Come out in the open gentlemen, and play the game that others may see your good works and judge your good deeds.

One hundred and sixty blue jackets were landed at Bluefields, Nicaragua from the gunboats Dubuque and Paducah to protect American interests and the commanders of the gunboats have served notice upon General Friess of the steamer Venus that he would not be permitted to bombard the city. At this writing William J. Bryan has not filed his objections to the pernicious activity of the American forces.

In spite of the testimony given in support of his friend, James F. D. Lanier by Cornelius Vanderbilt, a jury this week awarded Mrs. Hulda Friedlander \$1,300 and her husband \$575 for injuries received by the former, through being kpoeked down by Lanier's auto in June, 1907. Juries in a number of similar cases recently have shown a disposition to mulch millionaire auto owners in heavy punitive damages.

Mrs. George Gould spent \$1,000 at the Actors Fair Wednesday at New York City. One of her purchases was a cup and saucer belonging to Phidox, first Governor of North Carolina. Whether it was the vehicle employed to pass the stimulating libation of friendship between the Governors of the two Carolinas, about which tradition records so much, was not announced. Miss Vivian Gould, second oldest daughter of the George Goulds sold flowers at the fair during the week and helped a bunch of pretty chorus girls pelt President Taft with them on his visit to the fair Monday afternoon.

Is it possible that Billy Bryan is losing his grip upon the democracy of the states. It would seem so. He was invited to deliver a speech at a Beaver City banquet at which Governor Shallenberger was also to speak, instead of responding to the invitation in person he wrote his regrets and incidentally, wrote a speech of several pages of manuscript upon county option to be read at the meeting. Instead the man who received it threw it into a waste basket and no mention was made of it. There was a time when such an act would have

been considered in the light of les majeste and a holy old howl would have been sent up from the boss. How the mighty have fallen.

Mayor Gaynor's presentment against indecent plays and his summary withdrawal of the license of the New York Theatre on account of the production of "The Girl With the Whooping Cough" has met with general approval. The order of the mayor directing Police Commissioner Baker to have stenographers take down the objectionable lines of a number of other offensive plays indicates a disposition on the part of his Honor to establish a theatrical censorship for the city in line with that maintained in London. In defence of New York for countenancing productions of a lewd and prurient character some of the big daily papers hint that it is not the natives of the Metropolis who pander to shows of this kind but visitors from out of town, who come to the city with a desire to see the worst that the local theatres can offer in the way of amusements.

A DEMOCRATIC INSURGENT

This era of political irregularities now counts a new and most startling variation from conventional cow paths. One of the country's notably conspicuous and consistent democratic partisans for twenty years appears on the stage in the heart of the democratic country. He hires a hall to voice his views, and quails not though he does not find local democrats enough in sympathy with him to fill a chairmanship for the meeting. "The democratic party in Douglas county does not seem to stand for what I do," he remarks, and talks on as if that made no difference. With the frankness of an infant terrible he drops a remark like this: "Not a member of the Douglas county democracy raised his voice or offered to aid me in holding this meeting. To such a degree is the party in this city terrorized by the brewers."

Compared with this outburst the insurgency of La Folette, a Cummins or a Beveridge is lamblike gentleness. Besides, these are comparatively humble United States senators, whereas M. Bryan is the titular leader for the party now and thrice in the past its candidate for president. And such a change! This is a man, who true to the gods of party regularity, declared, "Great is Tammany and Croker its prophet." Even so in Denver, as Judge Lindsey observes, he spoke for a democratic ticket representing everything that is corrupt and predatory just because it was labeled democratic. And they do say that in the name of party regularity he helped elect the present senators from Douglas county.

This is the Bryan who rises in Omaha to protest against having the democratic party the "avowed representatives of the liquor interests" and is "willing to be counted as one who protests whether those who agree with him are few or many."

This sounds like the voice of a Paul whose eyes have been opened. It must be remembered, however, that the fire test of Mr. Bryan's insurgency is yet to come. When a democratic convention of Grover Cleveland postmasters was sitting upon the young Mr. Bryan some sixteen years ago he said something about serving his country "under another name." When machine methods were making Judge Parker the democratic nominee in 1904 Mr. Bryan did some tall convention insuring. Yet Mr. Bryan has never bolted a democratic candidate. The worst democrat has always bobbed up as better than the best republican. When the time comes to choose between a county option or initiative and referendum republican for legislator or governor and a democratic "representative of the liquor interests," then we shall know whether Mr. Bryan's insurgency is more than tongue deep.—State Journal.

FOR THE NEW POST OFFICE.

In this issue of the Plattsmouth Daily News will be found the publication of the notice of Sealed Proposals for the construction complete (including plumbing, gas piping, heating apparatus, and electric conduits and wiring) of the new United States Post Office at Plattsmouth in accordance with drawings and specifications copies of which may be had from the custodian at Plattsmouth or at the office of the supervising architect at Washington at his discretion. The notice was sent to the Daily News direct from Washington simply because it is known that the News is the best medium to use to attract the attention of the public. This notice will be published six times in the News and all bids must be at the Supervising Architect's office before 3 o'clock on June 28th. This is the most important move that has yet been made in the postoffice matter since the Hon. E. M. Pollard succeeded in the face of many obstacles in securing the appropriation, and by the way, it might be well to mention the disgraceful fact

that Mr. Pollard never received a word of thanks nor a sign of appreciation for his good work, from the citizens of Plattsmouth. The new building is an assured improvement for Plattsmouth but there are many things to be done before the work of construction will be permitted to commence and the things to be done must not be delayed in their consummation.

TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE.

It may be timely to remind the democrats, and other progressive citizens of Nebraska, that the main issue is still here, and unsolved. Plutocracy and privilege are still levying their frightful toll. The tide of poverty is rising. The dangers against which we revolted have grown greater. The burden of oppression is heavier.—World-Herald.

Terrible! Terrible! Terrible! Must the people swallow this sort of stuff first in order to put their stomachs in condition to receive the democratic dose. Why should the citizens of Nebraska be reminded more particularly? Have they not been enjoying the doubtful benefits of democratic rule under a democratic governor and a democratic legislature?

If life is so unbearable in Nebraska because of these grievances, why have they not been abated by our democratic law-makers who promised if given the power that they would make this a land of milk and honey? If things are growing worse in Nebraska instead of better, then may it not be because of democratic misrule in the state house, and may not the remedy be to turn out the democrats and restore the republicans? The only real progressive legislation we ever had here in Nebraska has come from republican law-makers, and not from democratic law-makers.

So cheer up! Life is still worth living, even in Nebraska, because there is hope that we may be relieved of the democratic yoke and soon again enjoy the balm of republican sunshine.—Bee.

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and finest quality



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Mrs. William Renner, Mm. Richardson of Mymard and Chas. Heger boarded an early train for Omaha this morning to attend some small business matters in the metropolis.

Short—I thought you were going to drown that cat?
Long—Well, they say a cat has nine lives, but this one has twenty. I think. Why, I actually put that cat into a tub of water and tied a brick round its neck, and what do you think?
Short—Goodness knows.
Long—Well, this morning when I went to look at the tub the cat had swallowed all the water and was sitting on the brick.—Tit-Bit.

Do You Know

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