Memorial Services Yesterday.

The annual Memorial services of the Odd Fellows and the Degree of Honor were held Sunday, each taking place according to th zrogram previously announced. The committee of Odd Fellows appointed for the purpose, visiting the cemetery where they covered the final resting places of their departed members with ferns and flowers, donated by different individuals of the orders. Their return was made in time to be present at the impressive services carried on at their hall at 10 o'clock. The sOeakers of the day were Judge Beeson and Judge Ramsey, each paying a very fitting tribute to their silent brothers who have answeree the final summons of the naster.

The members of the A. O. U. W. and the Degree of Honor conduvted their services at thcectery marching to and from the grounds in company with the Plattsmouth cornet band. The memorial aress was given by S. A. MacKay who briefly but effectively spoke of the virtues of the orders' silent members and gave many touching remarks of tribute to the former workers in the grand order. The day was one most perfect for the occasion and the flowers appeared in abundance even though the backwardness of the season made them much more scarce than in former years.

Children's Day at Churches.

Children's Day exercises were observed Sunday at both the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, being heartily appreciated by the large audience in attendance at each. The services at the Presbyterian church was held in the morning, when the little children reigned supreme and the regular sermon was dispensed with. The well drilled little tots gave a fine program of songs and speech. In the evening the exercises were given at the Methodist church, the house being crowded to the doors. The corps of young folks were in charge of Mrs. Frank Gobelman and Miss Zelma Tuey, who deserve unusual credit for their work. The children entereed the church from different sides of the building, marching in order to their places on the platform, where they remained during the entire exercises, which consisted of a fine series of musical numbers and recitations. Both churches were prettily decorated with flowers and ferns, the principal decoration at the Methodist being a profusion of asparagus ferns.

Band Boys in Runaway.

A crowd of the Plattsmouth band boys figured in an exciting runaway shortly before noon Sunday and to say several of them are nursing bruises and scratches. After the big carryall had taken the members of the Degree of Honor back to their residences following the memorial services at the cemetery, a number of the young men climbed in the conveyance to proceed to their homes. Near the Adamson place, the pole of the wagon slipped to the ground and the team, a pair of McMaken's grays, set up the street at a furious gait with the musicians scrambling out of the wagon and dropping in heaps along the road. Before the runaways had proceeded a block, all had deserted with the exceprion of Guy McMaken and the driver William Heiner who staid with the horses until they were stopped. Near the Kunsman home, with the brakes set and the two men tugging at the ribbons, the animals were finally brought to a stand still in a ditch at the side of the road and the damaged harness was repaired sufficiently for them to proceed to the barn.

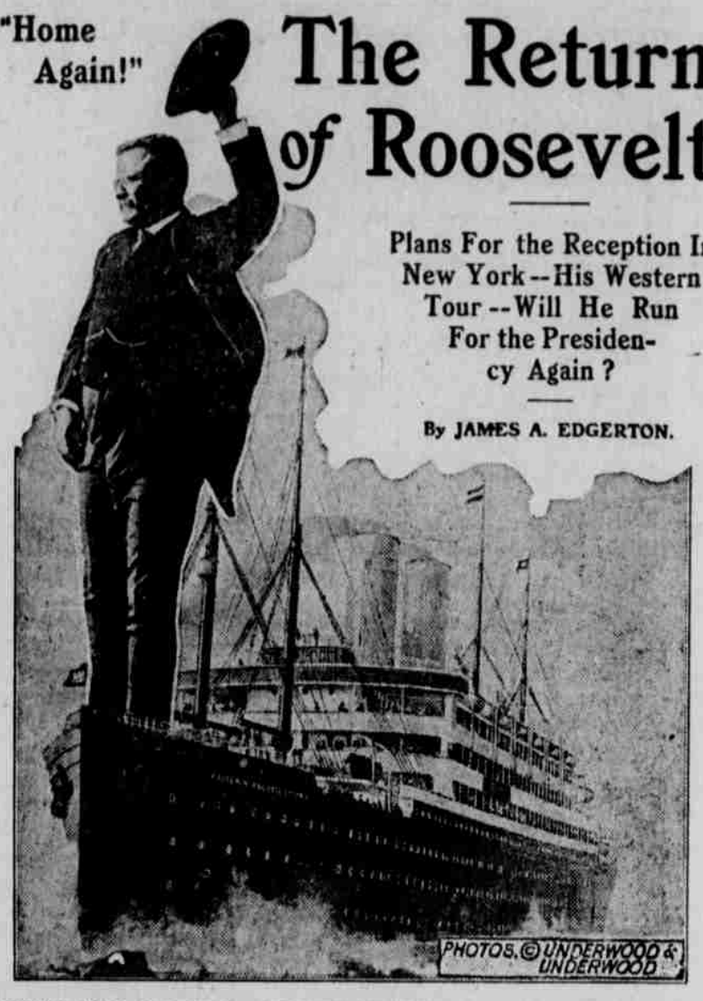
Sons of Herman Picnic.

The Sons of Herman got back to their old time form Sunday and had their first summer's picnic at the pleasant farm of Mrs. Vallery out on the Louisville road about three miles from town. The threatening clouds with a slight sprinkle at times, kept down the attendance to quite a large extent but those who did attend reported a fine time. The picnic was gotten up on rather short notice so the games and amusements often connected with the gathering were omitted and the time was spent enjoying the country air and surroundings. In a a tussle between Bantam Weight McDaniel and Stubby Goos, the former's shirt was given a rip about as long as a piece of string, but aside from that, there were no sensations at the affair.

Aged Lady Breaks Hip.

Mrs. Calvin Bradshaw, wife of the post master at Farnum, who has been a life long cripple, fell a day or two ago, breaking her left hip. She is a woman of 74 years and consequently the accident is a most serious one and on account of the pain the injury gives, it is necessary to keep her under the influence of chloroform most of the time. Mrs. Robert Troop, sister of the unfortunate lady, will leave for her bedside to help take care of her, as her condition is one that requires a great deal of attention.

"Home Again!"



WHEN THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA PASSES THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The Return of Roosevelt

Plans For the Reception In New York--His Western Tour--Will He Run For the Presidency Again?

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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WHEN Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, faunal naturalist, college lecturer and first citizen, steams up New York bay on June 18 he will be met by a reception committee of all the noises that ever have been and some others that are manufactured for the occasion. A faint suggestion of these acoustic disturbances would look something as follows:

Crack! Boom! Toot-toot! Hurray! Has anybody here seen Teddy? Three cheers! (Followed by three cheers and several more.) What's the matter with— Oh, you Teddy! Sisboom! T-o-o-o-o-t! Whoop! Wow! Roosevelt forever! He's coming! Y-e-e-e-h-o-o-o! Bing! Bang! Tump-e-tump-tump! Ow-ow-ow! Hurray for Teddy! Hoop-la! Hail to the chief! My country, tis— Toot! Boom! Crash!

Raise this to the nth power, then prolong it indefinitely, and you will have the beginning of a hint of what will happen on this noisiest of days.

It will be a wonder. Everybody will be in New York that day either in person or by proxy. And everybody that is at all vociferous will be making some kind of sounds. Most of these sounds will be loud—at least as loud as their authors can contrive. The din thereof will have New Year's night and the Fourth of July rolled into one and then have enough noise left over to supply a large and busy collection of boiler factories.

Twenty Thousand In Line.

The official program of the Roosevelt reception in New York catalogues the event somewhat as follows: The entire reception committee, headed by Chairman Vanderbilt, will steam down the bay to meet the Auguste Victoria on Saturday morning, June 18. It will take the colonel aboard and return to the Battery with all the craft following that can possibly get in line.

"THE WORLD IS MINE!"

Embarking at the Battery, Colonel Roosevelt will be officially welcomed by Mayor Gaynor. Then a land parade will take the place of the one on water, and the former president, former African hunter, former grand adviser and former and present big noise of three continents will ride up Broadway, preceded by the mounted police, mounted band and escort of rough riders and followed by everybody in the United States that has been able to get a place in the procession. It is estimated that there will be 20,000 men in line. Among these will be the Spanish war veterans, Syrians in fezzes, Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha with cowboys, Hungarians in national costume and every other nationality that goes to make up the composite product known as the American people.

It seems good, doesn't it? Just like the old days! After a dreary year of Payne-Aldrich tariff, Uncle Joe, the insurgents, Ballinger-Pinchot, Cook-Peary and forty-seven different kinds of investigations the sound of the voice that has been smothered so long in the African jungles will bring back a feeling of mother and home.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, CHAIRMAN OF ROOSEVELT RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Already there is a dental gleam across the Atlantic, and a fresh snap and vivacity are in the air. Teddy is coming home! Get the old bass drum down from the attic, pull the bunting from the closet under the stairway and take out your vocal apparatus and dust it off. The Teddy bear is once more in fashion, the big stick is waving in the breeze, and the spear that knows no brother is glistening in the sun. The trust busters' march need no longer be played with the soft pedal. Throw back the lid, stand on the loud one and come down on all the keys at once. Bang! There—that's better! What a relief it is to do it in the good old way!

Wall Street Not Celebrating.

What about the pessimists who predicted that the colonel was certain to get African fever or the sleeping sickness and those other Wall street prophets who hoped that every lion would do its duty? They are all talking small now. Did they imagine that anything in Africa could withstand the Roosevelt luck? What good are Wall street prophets anyway? Most of them cannot even predict the future movements of stocks and so have to depend on a sure thing game of working the lambs for commissions. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" was not spoken of the Wall street brand of soothsayer. He is without honor anywhere under the sun.

Wall street is not celebrating the return of the colonel. That is one reason why the rest of the country is celebrating. Possibly the bulls and bears fear that Roosevelt is coming back to start another hunt in the financial jungle. On the way to Khartum he dropped one significant remark to the effect that he had harder work ahead than that done in Africa. Just what is that harder work to be? Not writing, evidently, for he finished his African book before his return to civilization. Possibly the big trust game has reason for being apprehensive. High financiers are timid about everything except taking other people's money, and the mere shine of the Roosevelt eyeglasses and teeth gives them the shivers.

What will he do after his return? That is a question the answer of which is fraught with some moment to this country. Certain gentlemen of the press and of the conservation movement, popularly known as the "return from Elba" crowd, believe he will be a candidate for president in 1912. Certain other gentlemen of the press and of official station, known of all men as friends of the administration, are just as certain that he will get behind Taft. A man of the name of Herron—George D. Herron—expatriated as I recall because of certain matrimonial complications, thinks Roosevelt will become not only president, but virtual emperor, that he will end the republic and that he will be the beginning of "the new dark ages." Thus the thing is seen to be not without an element of the fantastic, especially when dealt with by a fantastic mind. It is perhaps as well to keep ourselves within the bounds of sanity when dealing with Roosevelt or with other things.

Will Go to Cheyenne.

As to whether he will or will not become a presidential candidate he alone can answer. Of only two things are we sure—that he will have the greatest reception ever given an American citizen on his homecoming and that he will go to Cheyenne in August and presumably will greet certain bevies and swarms of delighted citizens on the way and back. This much will come of the suggestion of a western editor that the colonel return by way of San Francisco and tear up the vocal apparatus of the country on his way east. That he could not do because it would bring him home too late for his son's wedding. But he yielded to the suggestion to the extent of taking a later round trip to Cheyenne. Beyond these meager details it is given out that he will lecture, write books and help to edit the Outlook. What else the future holds for him and for us the American people and Theodore Roosevelt himself alone can tell.

Certain it is that he will have plenty to do after he informs himself of what has taken place during his fifteen months' absence, and whatever he does it will keep the country on the jump. It is impossible that his perennial energies should be bottled. They will find an outlet, and a political outlet at that. Of late the advices have linked his name with an ambitious tour of twenty-four states, with an address at one big mass meeting in each. This tour is to be made in connection with the Cheyenne trip, and the fortunate commonwealths included are as follows:

New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey.

Walter Wellman, who has been with him on the European tour, intimates that if the country demands it Roosevelt will again run for president. By the way, Wellman in one of his letters has a touch that is too good to be lost. It recounts how a young Englishman came down to the wharf in Egypt to see the former president. He gazed long and earnestly at that picture of health. Then he turned and said:

And just to think that man is now returning from a year on the equator! They tell me he has been out day after day eight, ten, twelve hours in the scorching sun. He has waded marshes up to his neck. He has fought his way through papyrus and reeds and ooze and mud. He has never had a day of fever or met a touch of dysentery. Look at him and look at me, as I have been down here 700 miles from the equator only one year.

I have tried to take care of myself. I have been in no swamps, done no hunting, save of mosquitoes. I am a wreck—have had fever, have had dysentery, have taken barrels of medicine, have been in hospitals and am now going home. I am a shadow of my former self. That is the way with most of those who come down into this country, which is no place for a white man. We go bad. We waste away. But look at this Mr. Roosevelt. Isn't he a wonder?

RECENT SNAPSHOT OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

Here at home we who have known him all his life and who are of all shades of political opinion concerning him must echo that sentiment—isn't he a wonder?