

TRIPS AROUND THE WORLD REDUCED FROM YEARS TO

TOTAL OF 42 DAYS

Paris Newspaper Man Trying to Break All Previous Records.

Feat of Magellan and Nellie Bly's Fast Voyage Are Recalled.

EVERY little while Mother Earth reduces her waist measure. The distance around gets smaller every few years now. If engineers keep faith with their time tables and pilots steer their ships clear of rocks and shoals a traveler from Paris will carry a belt around the world in forty-two days. He is on the way—due in Paris again on Aug. 26.

That beats the time of Nellie Bly, the famous newspaper woman. She went around in seventy-two days and a quarter. On her way she stopped off some hours at Amiens, in France, to tell Jules Verne that she was hustling to beat the time which he made his imaginary hero, Phileas Fog, take to accomplish the circuit of the earth, which was eighty days almost to the second.

What would some of the old timers say to such feats? Think of Magellan, first man in all the world to go around the globe. He started on Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1519, with this roster of instruments: Twenty-three parchment charts, six pairs of compasses, twenty-one wooden quadrants, seven astrolabes, thirty-five compass needles and eighteen hourglasses. A meager equipment, indeed, would be the verdict of the most dazed skipper of the cradled tramp steamer that ever entered an American harbor. Yet Magellan butted his way through the terrible strait that now bears his name, with a half subdued mutiny in his rear. He found the Philippine Islands, and there he was murdered, and one of his subordinates, Sebastian del Cano, completed the voyage in one of his ships, reaching Seville, Spain, in twelve days less than three years from the day they had started from that port.

Drake's Voyage.

Think of Drake, England's naval hero, first to carry the English flag around the world. Without charts he steered his solitary voyage for weeks through seas utterly unknown. He left Plymouth in the middle of December, 1577, and returned to that port after a cruise of two years, ten months and some days, which he and his men had spent "in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discerning so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many difficulties in this our encompassing of this nether globe and passing around about the world."

And there was Captain Robert Gray, first to carry the American flag around the earth. Leaving Boston in 1792, he returned in his good ship, the Columbia, in fifty days less than three years, having given a name to the great river of the northwest, crossed the Pacific to Canton and rounded the Cape of Good Hope with tea for the port of the Puritans.

For centuries the time around the globe had to be counted in years. Then came the railroad and the steamship, and the itinerary could be figured in months. The tunneling of the Alps and the bridging of India by rail gave the French novelist his story. Then the American girl took advantage of the bettering of the time of steamboat lines and railroad systems, and going east and returning west to the starting point became a matter of fewer days still. Now it is the Transiberian railroad that makes the forty-two day jaunt a possibility.

Always the first trip and the last will be the most romantic, the story of the man who dared what men had never dared before and the tale of the last adventurer to grab a bag of money and a couple of brushes and try what close connections can do in shaving a day or an hour off the best time to date.

Three Great Discoveries.

Fernao de Magalhães in his lifetime saw the three most distinguished deeds of geographical discovery: the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz, the voyage to India by Da Gama and the finding of America by Columbus. Prince Henry of Portugal, the navigator, had given himself heart and soul to adding new lands to his crown by the daring of his seamen. Magellan, to use the name by which he is commonly called, was a man of steel, despising difficulties. Portugal would not equip him for his enterprises, and he publicly denaturalized himself and entered the service of Charles V. of Spain. He would undertake a voyage by way of America to the Moluccas. The way across the isthmus of Panama and the passage to the north of the western continent had alike proved impenetrable. He would go by the south, seeking a passage from the Atlantic to the south sea, and for the discovery of that passage he was prepared to push as far southward as 70 degrees.

In March, 1518, the Spanish king granted a capitulation settling the terms under which the explorer was to sail. A year and a half later on a September day a favorable breeze sprang up, and the ships cleared the river and commenced their memorable

voyage. The ships were old and small and in bad condition. The commander's pennant flew from the masthead of the Trinidad, the most seaworthy of the five. For armament there were 1,000 lances, 200 pikes, 10 dozen javelins, 360 dozen arrows and 5,600 pounds of powder. There were also a very large number of articles for barter.

On Their Way.

The Trinidad led the way. The other boats were to follow her flag by day and her lantern by night. On Sept. 26 they were at Tenerife, on Nov. 29 near Pernambuco, and Dec. 13 to 26 was spent in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. They went forward slowly, groping their way, spending some days exploring the La Plata, uncertain often what course to pursue. At last more than a year after leaving Spain, on Oct. 21, 1520, they entered the strait of Magellan. The land to the south they named Tierra del Fuego, the land of the fires, from the constant fires which were seen. On Nov. 28 they passed Cape Desado, "the longed for cape," and sailed out into the hitherto unknown south Pacific.

Facing northward and then north-westward, they sailed for ninety-eight days an utterly unknown sea. On March 6, 1521, they found the Ladrões, Guam, now owned by the United States. Ten days later they saw the southernmost of the Philippines. Among these islands the fleet was to spend considerable time, and in a miserable skirmish with the natives Magellan lost his life, April 27, 1521.

It was Del Cano who completed the voyage. The ships went to Borneo and the Moluccas, where they had a warm welcome and got a valuable cargo. Almost at the end of 1521 they started for home. On May 8, 1522, they sighted South Africa. When the Victory, commanded immediately by Del Cano, had but eighteen Europeans and four natives left on board, scarcely enough to work the ship, they sighted Cape St. Vincent, and on Sept. 3, 1522, they anchored at Seville. A voyage "without parallel in the history of determination and suffering of disaster and success" had ended. Next day all who were able to walk went in procession, barefooted and carrying tapers, to the shrines of the city to offer their thanks.

And then they faced a new puzzle. When they discovered that they had missed a day in their reckoning, somehow, the fact, now familiar, dawned upon them that in going around the world one loses or gains a day, according to the direction of his journeying.

Nellie Bly's Wonderful Time.

Elizabeth Cochran, to use Nellie Bly's real name as it was then—she is now Mrs. Elizabeth Seaman—made her record breaking trip in 1889-90. The exact time was 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds. She sailed at 9:40 a. m., Nov. 14, from Hoboken. Here is her itinerary:

Southampton, Nov. 22, 2 a. m., by the postoffice special to London, reaching the city shortly after 5. Instead of waiting for the India mail at 8 p. m. she started twelve hours earlier by the Tidal train via Folkestone and made a detour to Amiens to call on Jules Verne. She then intercepted the India mail at Calais, reaching Brindisi on time. Sailed from Brindisi at 2 a. m., Nov. 25. Passed through the Suez canal and reached Ismailia Nov. 28, a day behind her schedule. Crossed the Red sea and sailed for Aden Dec. 2. Reached Colombo, Ceylon, Dec. 8, two days ahead of her schedule. The steamer from Calcutta was a day late. But she reached Singapore exactly on time, Dec. 18. On Christmas eve she was in Hongkong, where she spent four days. Next came Yokohama, where there was a wait for the mails for the United States. On Jan. 7 she sailed for Golden Gate, and she arrived in the harbor of San Francisco on the morning of Jan. 21. Then came the rush across the continent by the Southern Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and so on to Chicago and Philadelphia and New York.

She said she first heard the popular song about Mr. McGinty at Albuquerque. At Philadelphia her mother and other friends met her. She alighted at the Jersey City depot of the Pennsylvania road on Jan. 25, 1890, carrying the same little hand bag and wearing the same navy blue dress with which she had started. It was exactly 3:51 p. m. when both of her boots touched the platform. An American girl has been around the world in what has long been regarded as one of the most remarkable trips of modern times.

Circling Globe in 42 Days.

And now it is Andre Jagerschmidt, a Paris reporter on the staff of the Excelsior. He means to make it in forty-two days. Nellie Bly had to go around Asia by way of Italy, the Suez canal, the Red sea and the Indian ocean. The latest of the girdlers saved time and distance by crossing the continent from Moscow to Vladivostok by the Siberian railway. He left Paris on July 16 and plans to reach there again on Aug. 29.

JUDGE W. J. POLLARD.

American Delegate to Anti-Rum Congress at The Hague Next Month.



"DRYS" OF WORLD TO MEET

International Congress Will Be Held at The Hague Next Month.

The Hague, Aug. 21.—Arrangements are nearing completion for the twelfth international congress against alcoholism, which will be held here Sept. 11-16.

The program has been divided into two parts, discussion on the relation of society to alcoholism and of the state to the liquor traffic. There will be four sessions in each section and two special evening meetings.

Judge Jefferson Pollard of St. Louis, Mo., will speak on conditional condemnation under the heading "The Judge and the Alcohol Patient."

BARES BREAST; GETS BULLET

Fremont Man Dares Wife's Affinity to Shoot and Lather Fires.

Fremont, Neb., Aug. 21.—Baring his breast to his wife's affinity, Herman Wasmer shouted, "Here's my heart, shoot if you dare," and fell with a bullet in his side. Fred Mathelsson, a well known business man, known as the "affinity" of Mrs. Wasmer, held an automatic revolver in his hand and when Wasmer made his melodramatic challenge he pulled the trigger. Wasmer, who is a signal supervisor for the Union Pacific, resented his attentions to his wife and went with her to the store to protest to Mathelsson. The men quarreled immediately and Wasmer got the better of a physical argument, which Mrs. Wasmer witnessed. Mathelsson drew the revolver from a drawer and shot Wasmer down as he stood. Then he turned to a bystander and remarked, "I wish I had killed him."

Both Mrs. Wasmer and Mathelsson are in the county jail and a charge of shooting with intent to kill will be filed against the man. The sympathy of Mrs. Wasmer seems to be entirely with her lover, and the husband, who will recover from his wound, is forgotten.

Suit for Ten Thousand Beer Bottles.

Mason City, Ia., Aug. 21.—Joe Goss is the rightful owner of 10,000 empty beer bottles. The Ham Brewing company claimed them and caused a replevin to be issued. Goss bought the bottles over the county, as he is a junk dealer, and the Ham Brewing company claimed that he had no right to them. The judge held that inasmuch as they are charged to the consignee upon shipment, he has a right to sell them to whom he pleases.

New Strike at Muscatine.

Muscatine, Ia., Aug. 21.—Following the failure of an attempt to secure arbitration of the difficulties between the McKee & Bliven button factory and its union employees, a strike of the 200 operatives employed at that plant was called.

The Thing to Get At.

Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble. Associate Counsel—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune. Chief Counsel—Exactly, and we must get at it.—New York Tribune.

Woman's Method.

"Mr. Floorwalker, I wish you would give me a clerk who can show me what I want!" "And what do you want, madam?" "How do I know until I have looked?"—Houston Post.

A Sure Way.

Ethel—Their parents made the match, I believe. Arthur—I thought they opposed it? Ethel—Yes; that's how they made it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No, Indeed.

Just because a man wants but little here below is no sign that he has anything coming to him on high.—Galveston News.

"What the world is waiting for," said a man whose garments glistened, "is some sort of a simple, easily applied and inexpensive preparation that would give a dull finish to shiny coats."—New York Sun.

THE SHIP CAPTAIN

His Life Pays the Penalty if His Vessel Be Wrecked.

SAD TRAGEDIES OF THE SEA.

Brave and Skillful Mariners Who Went to Death With Heroic Calmness When Disaster Overwhelmed the Craft Committed to Their Care.

For this is the law without excuse For all of the lords of the sea— That each must hold his ship from harm. Whatever the odds may be.

There are many tragedies of the sea that the world knows very little about, or, knowing, very soon forgets. These are the tragedies of the men whose lives have been spent in the hard and exacting service which the sea demands, whose long years of toil and zeal and skill have brought the high responsibilities of command and whose careers have been cut short by the fault of an hour—yes, even by the error of a minute.

The old rubric that those who never make mistakes have had few opportunities for making them does not apply here. There is never a voyage that does not have its possibility of error, and in many of them arise the sudden emergencies which bring the acid test of presence of mind, cool judgment, expert seamanship and skill. Let these qualities fall the master mariner in his time of need, and no matter what might have been the stress of body or brain, or of both, his professional career is at an end. If the lapse involves disaster to his ship.

There is that veteran mariner Captain Frederick Watkins. He it was who commanded the City of Paris when the old Italian liner came staggering to port with the Atlantic waves swashing about her hold and surging against her bulkheads, the result of a fog shrouded impact with an iceberg. The liner was thronged with passengers. The unforeseen danger came near to sending her and her thousand souls to the bottom, but the energy, resourcefulness and skill of her commander brought her safe to port—a deed to be long remembered.

It was remembered also to a few years ago, when a slight miscalculation on the part of Captain Watkins sent his vessel upon the Manacle rocks, on the Cornish coast. Now you may search all of the obscure places of the earth and you may not locate him.

There was the Princess Victoria Luise of the Hamburg-American line, which drove hard upon the coral beach at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica. The vessel was thronged with tourists, making a jaunt to the West Indies. Fortunately the sea was calm, and there was no difficulty in getting passengers ashore. When the last had been safely landed the captain went to his stateroom and put a bullet through his brain.

The pitiable part of it all was that he had no need to. It was not the brain he shattered that was at fault, but the Kingston earthquake, which had destroyed the lighthouse.

Captain Griffith of the Mohegan stood on the bridge of his fast sinking ship until the waters engulfed him. Deloncle of the French liner Bourgoigne, sunk in mid-Atlantic by a collision with the British steamship Cromartyshire, was last seen on the bridge, with hand on whistle cord, as his vessel took the long dive. Von Gousselt of the Elbe went down with his ship, standing with folded arms upon the bridge as the vessel slowly sank.

One of the saddest tragedies of the sea was the wreck of the British steamship Waiakapa, which went ashore on Great Barrier island while on a voyage from Sydney to New Zealand. As the vessel neared the entrance to the harbor of Auckland a thick fog shut in. Captain McIntosh, who commanded her, had been many years in the service of the line and was reputed to be very careful and capable, but while the steamer was groping her way through the mist it was noted that he was exceedingly nervous and depressed.

When night came the fog was so thick that the lookouts could not see half a ship's length ahead. A few minutes past midnight there was a sudden crash, which laid the steamship almost on her beam ends, disabling all of the boats on the careered side. Captain McIntosh was on the bridge at the time. A great wound which had been torn in the vessel's side showed the extent of the disaster. As soon as he realized that his ship must become a total loss the captain strode to the end of the bridge and, exclaiming "This is the last watch!" plunged overboard to his death.—Walter Scott Meriwether in Munsey's Magazine.

Those Buried Treasures.

"My speech was rather lengthy, I am afraid," said the young statesman, "but I assure you that it contains numerous gems of thought." "Perhaps," replied Mr. Growcher, "but I have never allowed myself to take the slightest interest in these stories of buried treasures."—Washington Star.

Question For Question.

Gibbs—What an aggravating habit Jones has of answering a question by asking another. Dibbs—Yes; I've noticed that. Last night I asked him if he'd lend me \$5, and he replied by asking me if I took him for a darned fool.—Boston Transcript.

He is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.—Cochran's.

OBLIGING CRABS.

Present Their Claws to Fishers Who Shake Hands With Them.

Visitors in Seville see women carrying baskets full of crabs' claws. The claws are cooked, and people nibble at them more for fun than sustenance, just as Russians nibble sunflower seeds. What becomes of the rest of this crustacean, especially if he is a crawfish, of his tail?

As a matter of fact the crawfish has no part in the business. The claws are taken from a salt water crab which lives along the shores of Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each little crab, with its one little mate, has a cave for a home, and, adopting the eastern estimate of the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut inside the cave, meanwhile staying about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws.

When the tide runs out the crab fishers prow along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour and thus showing whether he has fine claws or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of the householder. In one case the fisherman cuts off his retreat by blocking his front door with mud; in the other case he digs him out. Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers and sets him at liberty to grow some more.

Right here appears the quaintest feature of the whole affair, for the pincers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead he presents them to the fisherman, perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact easily demonstrable that the crab can detach his claw by muscular effort, thus making no hemorrhage, but leaving the stump in such condition that a new claw is soon grown. The fishermen simply take the crab by the hand, whereupon it lets go, leaves the claw with them and romps off home without it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRESSURE OF WATER.

Its Effect Upon a Corked Bottle Lowered into Ocean Depths.

A bottle partly filled with fresh water and tightly corked can be lowered into ocean depths, and on being raised to the surface it will be discovered on opening it that the fresh water has been replaced by salt.

This really extraordinary phenomenon is explained in the following way: The pressure of water increases as the distance from the surface increases. Thus at the distance of a foot beneath the surface the pressure of the water a square inch will be about half a pound; at a distance of, say, 200 feet it will be 125 pounds to the square inch. At ocean level the pressure of the atmosphere is a little over fourteen pounds. Thus if a bottle containing air were lowered thirty feet beneath the surface the pressure of water should be sufficient to drive the cork within the bottle, but the cork is tightly wedged in position. To squeeze it within the bottle it, too, must first be compressed, and also there is friction to be overcome.

The distance varying, then, according to these conditions, at some point beneath the surface the weight of water will force the cork into the bottle, compressing the air before it. The salt water of the ocean mingles with the fresh water within the bottle. As the bottle again approaches the surface the air that remains within is subjected to less and less pressure till finally, now having itself a pressure greater than that of the water, it drives the cork back into position.—St. Louis Republic.

Counterfeit Detectors.

"Few men carry a bigger roll than the professional detector of counterfeit bills," said a receiving teller of one of the big banks recently. Each of these counterfeit detectors has a special license from the treasury department at Washington which permits him to carry about 150 samples of counterfeit money. It is a felony to have counterfeit money in your possession without proper authority. For each bogus bill the counterfeit detector carries a genuine note of the same kind and denomination for the purposes of comparison. The total value of this good money that is carried side by side with the bad is between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The bills run from a dollar up to \$1,000 in denomination.—New York Sun.

The Solar Plexus.

The Scriptural expression "bowels of compassion" is justified by the discoveries of modern science. Whenever anything affects our nerves we feel it more or less in our "innards." It is the solar plexus which is concerned in such emotionalism. Of course in itself it cannot feel, but it sends messages to the brain, which interprets them as coming from there. The solar plexus is a mass of nerves and nerve structures in the abdomen at the back of the stomach.—New York Tribune.

Her Great Love.

"Could you love me, darling?" he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only the one coat to my back?" "I could," she replied softly as she nestled in his great strong arms. "If I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."—London Mail.

Different From Wall Street.

Wise Guy—Speculating in stocks is nothing but "fisherman's trick." Shorn Lamb—Hardly that. I've sometimes gone fishing and succeeded in saving my bait.—Chicago News.

LOCAL NEWS

From Monday's Daily.

Tom Parmele spent the day in Omaha.

C. C. Parmele was a visitor in Omaha today.

W. S. Boring went to Ashland this afternoon.

James Robertson was a visitor at Elmwood today.

C. D. Quinton went to Elmwood today on business.

H. McKay returned from Omaha this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Pribble went to Louisville Saturday afternoon.

Marie, Opal and Willie Fitzgerald returned this morning from Louisville.

Miss Nellie Lowe returned to Tekamah this afternoon, after visiting here with Mrs. A. A. Dotson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Lewis and daughter, from near Murray, were in the city today, driving up from their home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Karnes returned to South Omaha today, after visiting the former's sister, Miss Myrtle Godhnour.

Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead of Carroll, Neb., who were here to attend the funeral of Mrs. L. H. Young, returned to their home this morning.

Mrs. Frank Wilcox returned to Omaha today, after visiting her sister, Mrs. Tom Patterson. She was accompanied by a son and two grand-children.

Misses Helen Chapman and Ruth Johnson were passengers to Mediapolis, Iowa, Saturday evening, where they will spend a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. Boutell and family.

Mrs. Fred Patterson and daughter, Effie, went to St. Joseph this morning to visit Mrs. George Beam and other friends there. Mr. Patterson went as far as Pacific Junction with them.

Mrs. W. E. Crabill and children, of Waukeeny, Kas., who have been visiting here for a couple of months at the home of J. W. Crabill, returned home today, accompanied by Mrs. W. F. Crabill.

Tom Salmon came in yesterday morning to spend Sunday with his wife and boy, who have been here for a week. They are moving from Burlington, Iowa, to Galesburg, Illinois, where they will reside.

Senator Banning passed through the city last Sunday morning en route to his home in Union, coming in over the Burlington. Mr. Banning went out to Colorado with a party of sight-seers in charge of W. E. Rosenkrans, and was returning over the Burlington.

C. L. Graves of the Union Ledger came up this morning to look after some business matters and was a caller at the Journal headquarters. Charley reports a splendid rain in that vicinity, the first genuine good downpour they have had since Decoration day.

Robert Rehal, the genial clerk in the drug store of Weyrich & Hadroba, departed this morning via Omaha for Iowa City, Iowa, where he will spend his week's vacation with relatives and friends. Iowa City was James Rehal's home prior to moving to Plattsmouth.

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