

What will the paramount issue be this year?

What has become of the Nebraska Government Ownership Club?

Taft continues to get the delegates. He will probably be nominated by acclamation.

Alabama will not be unanimous for Bryan at the Denver convention. One of the Johnson delegates was elected at the primaries.

It is more creditable to Mr. Bryan to have lost in Pennsylvania with the Guffy crowd against him, than to have won with its support.

Mae Woods, Senator Platt's alleged wife, got what was coming to her. She has been arrested for perjury in New York and is now in jail awaiting trial.

Johnson polled 40 per cent of the vote at the primary election in Alabama. This is just 30 per cent more than the Bryan managers said he would get.

Henry Reiber and John Young, two Pittsburg bank looters, intimate friends of Senator Penrose and Colonel Guffy, have been sentenced to serve terms in the penitentiary.

Senator Rayner, in a recent speech, alluded to President Roosevelt as a "tyrant." This is not the first instance of a Southern Fire Eater insulting a President. Lincoln was branded as an ape, a clohopper, a tyrant and a dictator, and then shot to death by a hot head of the Rayner brand of agitators.

One of the surprises in the returns from the primary election in Alabama, was the number of votes cast for Governor Johnson. The Minnesota man carried Mobile, Montgomery and Birmingham. Although Bryan carried the state, yet the fact has been clearly established that he was not the unanimous choice and that there is a growing tendency in the South to desert the Lincoln agitator.

The Republicans of the Eighteenth Senatorial district, composed of the counties of Nance, Polk and Merrick, will have two candidates to be voted for at the primary election in September if E. L. King of Osceola, concludes to enter the field for re-election. J. H. Kemp, of Fullerton, has already announced his candidacy, and his friends will make a strong fight to have him endorsed as the candidate.

Nebraska Democrats should not worry if the Denver convention fails to adopt a plank favoring government ownership of railways. Bryan will accept the nomination—if he can get it—and run on any kind of a platform the convention rams down his throat. He supported Parker and a gold standard platform in 1904, a free silver platform in 1896 and a wild cat currency platform a few years previous. It makes no difference to Bryan what the platform contains if he is the candidate.

The Democratic party is always appealing to the workmen for votes and sympathy on the oft-repeated assertion that it is the "poor man's party." Poor men cannot afford to purchase \$2500 automobiles or pay \$50 for the privilege of riding and sleeping in a palace car. The press dispatches state that the Lincoln crowd to the Denver convention will make the trip in a hundred motor cars, and that the Jacksonian Democrats of Omaha will travel on a special train made up of palace cars. Times have changed since the day when politicians traveled with a buck board, a jug of whisky and male. In that almost forgotten day the Democratic party was represented by a different class of men from the Guffys, Sullivans, Taggers, Crookers, Dahlmans, Stones and Davises.

DEMOCRATIC INCONSISTENCY.

Since the present session of congress convened, the minority party, under the leadership of Representative Williams, has been hostile to the business interests of the country. Legislation has been hampered and needed measures delayed. The Democratic members have been loud in insisting that the Republicans were hostile to certain measures advocated by the President, Secretary Taft and other members of Roosevelt's official family. Among the bills the Democratic members claimed the Republicans were opposed to was the campaign contribution publicity bill. The Democratic leader of the minority twitted Republicans with being afraid to bring forward the measure for discussion. Now note the insincerity of the Democrats. Last Friday the publicity bill was brought forward by the republicans and every Democrat in the house voted against it. Williams and his followers didn't want the public to know who contributed money to assist in running a Democratic campaign. They were opposed to the measure. They know that publicity given to campaign contributions would show to the world that the importers of New York City and the representatives of Paris, London and Berlin houses, and the sugar and other trusts would withhold contributions from the campaign fund of the Democratic party—a source from which the Democrats have always secured money in presidential campaigns.

The fact of the matter is the campaign managers of the Democratic party in presidential and congressional campaigns has never lacked for funds. Two years ago in this congressional district, the Democrats had two dollars to spend where the republicans had one, and by the free use of money came very near defeating Judge Boyd. When a Democrat lifts up his hands in righteous indignation at the bare suggestion that his party uses money in campaigns contributed by the representatives of special interests, put him down as a rank hypocrite. The fact that a man is a Democrat does not mean that his political morals are superior to a man claiming allegiance to any other party. The most corrupt political organization with which the country was ever cursed is Tammany Hall—a Democratic organization—whose first chief was Aaron Burr—a man distrusted by Washington, Hamilton, Adams and Jefferson—and whose present chief is regarded as a common scoundrel.

BERGE THINKS HE'S "IT."

George W. Berge is going to make trouble for the Democrats of Nebraska if he is not endorsed as a candidate for Governor at the primaries. Mr. Berge is laboring under the hallucination that he has not been fairly treated by his party. Four years ago, when he was a candidate against Mickey, he ran ahead of his ticket. It was not so much Berge's popularity that was responsible for the vote he received as it was Mickey's weakness. But Berge is too conceited to understand the reason why so many Republican votes were cast for him in that campaign. He still imagines that he is entitled to something, basing his claim on his state-wide popularity among the voters, and not only asks but demands the nomination on the democratic ticket for Governor this year. Opposed to Berge is Banker Shallenbarger, who was a candidate two years ago against Governor Sheldon. Shallenbarger is a man of ability who stands well in his own party and has the respect of those who do not agree with him politically. He made a spectacular campaign and caused the Republicans not a little uneasiness early in the fight, but his ability as an orator and his aggressive manner of campaigning failed to win votes from the opposition. Although he was not what people generally style an orator, yet the earnest appeals made by George L. Sheldon for support, made more of an impression on the voters than the oratory of Shallenbarger, and the latter was defeated. Now Shallenbarger is a candidate for re-nomination. Berge is not likely to cut much of a figure in the contest. Shallenbarger has the support of nearly every leading democrat in the state, and it is stated that his nomination would be pleasing to Mr. Bryan, who doubtless regards Shallenbarger an able man than Berge. The latter has never been regarded as a "good Indian" by the leaders of the party, although he is popular with that element in the Democratic party that formerly voted the Populist ticket. This element, so it is alleged, Berge controls and can use at his dictation, and as he is a conservative and conciliatory individual, who overestimates his importance, popularity and influence, he is not likely to submit gracefully to defeat at the primaries. However, it does not make the slightest difference to Republicans which one of the aspirants is endorsed at the primaries. Governor Sheldon will be re-nominated and elected.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

How John C. Calhoun Was Interrupted While Writing a Plan For the Dissolution of The American Union.

[The following article, taken from George Lippard's paper, The Quaker City, published in Philadelphia, was written by the Washington correspondent of that paper fifty-eight years ago.]

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, 1850.—The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a hurried manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing. Only a dream, which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to my servant, that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room, and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke—

"What are you writing, Senator

IMMORAL GODLINESS.

Prof. Charles Zueblin, in an article recently printed, says that this is a "godly but immoral age," and cites the outcry against the removal of "In God we Trust" from certain coins. The senate restored the motto, and Dewey, Aldrich, Platte and equally as other tough senators voted in favor of the measure. "In the House of Representatives in the new capital at Harrisburg," writes Professor Zueblin, "as one looks beyond the great candleabra—purchased by the pound at extravagant figures—to the sumptuously embossed gallery—contracted for by the yard and equally extravagant—one sees in raised letters—'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' Before burning a tobacco warehouse a few evenings ago, a Kentucky mob of night raiders opened their lawless act with prayer. Immoral Godliness not only exists at the present day but has existed in past ages. In the name of God men have been put to death and their property confiscated; nations have fought and armies have killed and destroyed. Immoral Godliness has left a trail of blood along the avenues of time, which, thanks to true

BLAINE'S GREAT THOUGHT.

When James G. Blaine sent his great delegations of South American delegates over the United States in 1889 he was not much applauded. The Blaine panamerican idea seemed a bit visionary, and the great junket that the delegates from the southern republic had was called expensive and hardly of real necessity. Times have changed. We now

know that the James G. Blaine idea was a good one, well worth all of the time and attention that was given to its beginnings. Recently, in Washington, there was laid the cornerstone of a building that is to be the home of the Bureau of American Republics. The giver of the money needed to erect the building is Andrew Carnegie.

That the permanent home of the international bureau in Washington is no surprise, but the fact of its being so may be taken as obviously significant. It is the first step in the direction of an understanding that will not only mean closer trade relations on this side of the Atlantic, but a political entente that will establish the Monroe pronouncement beyond question as something more than a mere doctrine.

MEDICAL APPRENTICESHIP.

The public has been long-suffering and gullible in the matter of quacks and quackery. This seems a little strange in view of the value of life, and the fact that a reputable physician charges no more, often not as much, as the doctor who has gained license to practice by buying a diploma from some of the worthless institutions which sell sheepskin by the yard. The plumber who hasn't faithfully served his required apprenticeship at the trade, is sure to find himself out of a job, and there is no demand for the carpenter who cannot build a house. The lawyer who knows no law must resort to politics or other doubtful means of self-support, as his advice is not valued by parties engaged in legal disputes. But in the practice of medicine, the most important profession, it has been possible for doctors who have gained their knowledge of surgery and medicine from a butcher shop and a dye-works, to grow rich in their chosen calling. This has been expensive to the public in life, health and money, there is coming a gradual awakening. The quack has also been a drawback to the skilled and legitimate of the medical profession, and they are likely to be the ones most potential in relegating the quack to history.

At a recent meeting of the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Society in Chicago, the matter was discussed at length, and more rigid theoretical examinations, as well as additional practical tests were urged as a means of barring the ignorant and incompetent. An investigation of so called medical schools which grant diplomas to short term students was also recommended. One doctor told of a "dipolma mill" in New Jersey which guaranteed to fit students to pass the state examinations in six months. It developed afterward that one of these students, during the state examination, declared the average dose of tincture of opium to be from one-half to two ounces, and also wrote that when examining for the detection of poison: "I luk in bees mouth and I smel his breath."

Of course these recommendations on the part of the doctors are made from selfish motives, but putting the quack out of business means more to the public than to the doctors; money is something, but health is a more important consideration. Here is a useful opportunity to the legislators who are always in search of something to reform.—Acheson Globe.

Empress Taking the "Cure."

Under the name of Princess Stretch-noff, the empress of Russia is staying in a hotel at Rapallo trying to regain her health, which has been shattered by many anxieties, not to mention the attempt to reduce her avoirdupois. The omnipresent press correspondent does not seem to have discovered the poor lady's whereabouts, or, with uncommon consideration, has refrained from calling attention to this scene of her "cure." But, though traveling incognito, and an invalid at that, with a numerous suite, it has been impossible for Rapallo to keep the secret. Probably since it has become known that the lovely Czarina is on Italian soil a sympathetic, if not inquisitive, throng will be hovering on the hotel where she is in retreat. At least, Rapallo is now quite fashionable, and there are great days in store for the Modern hotel when her majesty departs.

Irish Girls Exited.

The Irish debutantes this year are having a hard time, as King Edward has decided that no Irish girl shall be presented at court unless she has first attended the balls at Dublin castle. As the earl of Aberdeen is very unpopular in Ireland and the Irish aristocracy are boycotting the balls, the young girls are to suffer if they cannot persuade their parents to be friendly just for their sakes to the lord lieutenant.

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SOME ROYAL EXILES

KINGS AND QUEENS WHO ARE WITHOUT THRONES.

Probably Most Picturesque of Them All is Dom Carlos, Who Asserts His Right to Rule in Spain.

France has a goodly crop of royal exiles and pretenders to the throne. At Farnborough lives the ex-Empress Eugenie, a pathetic figure, reminding one very forcibly of the "tragedy of kings." First, in 1870, came the overthrow of her husband, Napoleon III, and her flight to England. Worse followed in the death of her husband and son, and to-day this unhappy royal exile, one of the loneliest and most touching in all Europe, quietly awaits the great call.

Without a couple of hours' railway journey of Farnborough, viz., at Evesham, in Worcestershire, lives another French royal exile, the Duc d'Orleans, chief claimant to the throne of France, whose sister, Princess Louise of France, was recently married to Prince Charles of Bourbon, whose sister escaped miraculously with her life at Lisbon. The duke's great-grandfather was King Louis Philippe, the last of the line to reign in France, who signed an act of abdication in favor of his grandson, the Comte de Paris, father of the present Duc d'Orleans.

How the revolution changed France from a monarchy to a republic every schoolboy knows, and not only is the duke thus prevented from wearing a crown, but by the expulsion act of 1886 he is made liable to arrest and punishment if he sets his foot in France. This act forbids the soil of that country to the direct heirs of families which have reigned.

For this reason Prince Victor Napoleon, who claims the Bonapartist succession and is styled Napoleon IV, by his followers, resides in Brussels. Prince Victor's father was cousin to Napoleon III, husband of the ex-Empress Eugenie. Napoleon III died in 1873; his only son, the prince imperial, was killed in the Zulu campaign of 1879, and thus Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, father of Prince Victor, held the position of head of the house of Bonaparte, and his son became heir of the Bonapartist hopes. But the act of 1886 exiled them both as pretenders to the throne. Prince Victor, however—his father died in 1891—still hopes to reign in the country of his birth, and reminds his partisans at intervals of his ambition by sending them signed photographs of himself.

And then there is the most picturesque of all claimants to the throne of France—Dom Carlos, duke of Madrid, who considers that by strict right of heredity he should also be king of Spain. He claims to be Carlos VII, the rightful king of Spain and the Indies, by virtue of his descent from Dom Carlos, brother of King Ferdinand VII of Spain (who died in 1833), and also claims to be King Carlos XI of France and Navarre, since the death of the Comte de Chambord in 1883, when the elder line of the house of Bourbon became extinct. On account of the latter claim he has been expelled from France, and of late years has not pursued his claim to the throne of Spain quite so actively as he did in the 70's, when, after the strenuous campaign, the government managed to dislodge his adherents from their strongholds in the north of the country. Like the Duc d'Orleans, Dom Carlos is very rich, and it is said that he hopes, through his son, Dom Jaime, who is an officer in the Russian army, to yet gain those royal rights which are said to belong to his family.

In Paris lives Queen Natalie of Serbia, mother of the murdered King Alexander, who, after her divorce from King Milan, took up her residence in the French capital; while near by lives Prince Guy de Lusignan, who claims to be king of Armenia, Cyprus and Jerusalem. He traces his descent from the famous knight, Guy de Lusignan, who became king of Jerusalem in 1186. There is little likelihood of the prince "coming into his own," but in the meantime he has designed two attractive decorations, the Order of Mount Sinai and

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the Order of St. Melusine, which he confers with much solemnity upon persons of whose merit he approves. The Princess Eugenie Cristoforo is another claimant to a throne with a particularly long pedigree. She traces it back to the Emperor Constantine, and her father, Prince Theodore, was a candidate for the throne of Greece in 1865, when the powers selected Prince George of Denmark. Portugal, too, has its pretenders in Dom Miguel II., whose father fought unavailingly for the crown early in the last century. The crown is also claimed by Prince Pedro d'Alcantara, who considers that he is also the rightful emperor of Brazil.

Maple Sugar Shortcake. Make a rich shortcake dough of one pint flour, one cup of sour cream, pinch of salt, one-half teaspoon of soda, rolling it out to half the thickness of ordinary biscuits. Cut with biscuit cutter, butter every other one and sprinkle with bits of maple sugar. Moisten the other biscuits with a little sweet cream or milk and press down on top of sugared biscuits. Lay close together in pan, brush over the top with melted butter and bake in quick oven. Place on a platter and pour over the shortcakes a cup of hot maple sirup. Serve with cream.



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