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RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on front page, or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid. This Jan 15 shows that payment has been received up to Jan. 1, 1908, Feb 15 to Feb. 1, 1908 and so on. When payment is made, the date, which answers as a receipt, will be changed accordingly.

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CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

That \$15,000 has not yet been returned. What is Mr. Bryan waiting for—more proof?

It was a Roosevelt convention from start to finish. The candidate was Roosevelt's first choice and the platform adopted is in harmony with the ideas of the President.

The "Taft Boosters" should organize in every town in Nebraska. With a united effort and an unbroken front, the republicans can give Taft 30,000 majority in Nebraska.

"Sherman"—a good Republican name. It commanded an army during the Rebellion, and for forty years was conspicuous in the halls of congress, and occupied a prominent place in the cabinets of two presidents.

The leaders of the Democrats in Nebraska have claimed to be in favor of what is known as "Roosevelt policies." Now watch them denounce the policies of the President and the man the Republicans have nominated to continue them.

And now the reports will commence to come in from Democratic sources throughout the state that "great dissatisfaction exists over the nomination of Taft," and that "blank county will give Bryan a majority this year." This is an old Democratic trick which has been given publicity in every presidential campaign.

Taft and Sherman.

When the Journal went to press last week the Republicans were holding their national convention in Chicago. It was conceded that William Howard Taft would be the nominee, and on Thursday he was nominated on the first ballot. Congressman Sherman of New York, was nominated for Vice President.

If there were factions in the Republican party before the convention assembled, they have disappeared. Cannon, LaFollette, Hughes, Knox and Fairbanks have all pledged their support to the ticket, and the party enters the campaign with all who claim allegiance to its principles, shoulder to shoulder, to battle for success at the polls. Those who had predicted that Senator LaFollette would bolt the nominee were mistaken in the Wisconsin Senator. He was one of the first to wire congratulations to Candidate Taft, pledging him loyal support.

That the Republican nominee will be successful is believed by the party managers, and all who desire to see the policies of President Roosevelt continued. The country is not ready to turn back the dial of prosperity to the black midnight of uncertainty, and vote into power a party of experimentalists.

When the count shall have been completed on the night of election, Nebraska will be found in line with the party represented by Taft and Sherman.

DIRTY DAN.

The man who will engage in a dirty deal to defeat a candidate in his own party at the primaries, will not hesitate to descend to the practice of a Tammany ward heeler to defeat at the polls, a candidate in the opposition party. Two years ago, when Judge Boyd was a candidate against Judge Graves, Dan V. Stephens, chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of the Third district, sent out circulars on the eve of election, claiming that A. E. Ward, chairman of the Republican committee, had been caught riding on a pass. The charge made by Stephens was promptly denounced as false by Judge Boyd and the Republican committee, and Stephens made no further effort to sustain his contention, but the false statement sent out by the Democratic chairman cost Judge Boyd a thousand votes throughout the district. Stephens is now engaged in the same kind of dirty work, backed by Jim Letta's "dough," in a desperate effort

to defeat at the primaries a candidate of his own party. The Journal believes in a square deal, and while not advocating the nomination of Judge Howard, or in any way attempting to butt in and take sides in the fight now being waged between Jim Letta's barrel as represented by Dan Stephens, and Judge Howard, editor of the Telegram, yet it is but natural that a fraternal feeling should cause newspaper men to sympathize with the latter in the fight that is being made against him by Banker Letta and the puppet who, it is alleged, has been hired to boost his candidacy. From what the writer has been able to learn, the Democrats of Platte county, with few exceptions, are friendly to the candidacy of Mr. Howard, and will not be influenced by the liberal distribution of dough from the barrel Dan V. has on tap.

THE DEMOCRATIC WAY.

Of course some of the Bryanites profess to be highly pleased over the nomination of Taft; not that they desire to see Taft elected, but for the reason that, in their opinion, he is the weakest man that could be nominated. Had any one of the other candidates received the nomination they would have said the same thing. It has always been the practice of the Democratic party to belittle the strength, popularity and ability of Republican presidential candidates. When Fremont was nominated the Democratic party alluded to his frontier manners and considered his nomination as a joke. Four years later, when Abraham Lincoln headed the national ticket, the old bourbon Democrats of the North called him an ignorant rail splitter, a buffoon and an abolitionist, and the fire eaters of the South spoke of him as an ape and the missing link. Grant was denounced as a drunkard. Every Republican candidate has run the gauntlet of Democratic abuse and misrepresentation, and the only Democrat elected President since James Buchanan has not been free from abuse heaped upon him by men claiming to be Democrats. The present generation knows how Grover Cleveland, even in private life, has been denounced for not endorsing everyism advocated by William Jennings Bryan and his followers. Taft will not escape. He will be placed before the country in a false light. He will be alluded to as the candidate of Wall street, the arrogant rich and the trust combinations. The Democratic party never fights fair. Its leaders have never sought to appeal to the reason of the voters, but attempted to win by appealing to the passions and prejudices of the people, and in every contest for the past fifty years have never been successful but twice.

HAS MADE POLITICS PAY.

The most successful politician in the country today is Colonel Bryan. Although not successful in inducing the American people to elect him to the office of President of the United States, as a profession or a business, he has made politics pay. Twenty years ago, he was a lawyer without clients. He entered politics, and from that day, down to the present, he has made his profession pay in dollars and cents by pursuing one course—opposition to everything advocated or adopted by the Republican party. The spirit exhibited by Colonel Bryan calls to mind a quotation from the writings of Thomas E. Green, who, in speaking of politicians of the Bryan stripe, said: "The most lamentable fact, in my thinking, as this century closes over our American life, is the easy sophistry by which men take the most vital problems, the most sacred responsibilities of our national life, and in the mad race for the spoils of office and the pomp of power, make them the artificial issues of partisan politics and build about them a propaganda of prejudice and a literature of distortion." This is exactly what Colonel Bryan has been doing or attempting to do, for twenty years. During the time he was a member of congress, he appeared as the chief representative of the silver trust and was a beneficiary of the mine owners in the presidential campaign of 1896 to the amount of \$288,000. Aside from his efforts to restore the sacred ratio, and two speeches in favor of a tariff measure that introduced to the country soup houses and 10 cent corn, he made no effort to introduce any of the alleged reforms he has talked so much about on the stump and in his Commoner.

A NEW STAR.

Within the past week a new star has been added to the galaxy of great commoners in America. The name of that star is LaFollette, and in recent days it has been shining with a brilliancy and effulgence to please every American citizen who is looking for a square deal in the halls of congress. It is true that LaFollette did not succeed in defeating the bill of the Standard Oil senator from Rhode Island to

enable the big New York bankers to manufacture money with national railroad bonds as a basis, but in an effort to defeat that shameful legislation he made a fight which won the admiration of lovers of the square deal in all the world. The American people never had a truer friend in the national senate than that great senator from Wisconsin. In the gloom of the defeat of his efforts in a righteous cause he rises to a grandeur which will carry him to a place in history close beside the four greatest champions of human rights in America—Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln and Bryan.—Edgar Howard.

LaFollette for Taft.

Madison, Wis., June 19, 1908.—Hon. W. H. Taft, Washington, D. C.: While the platform is disappointing in some fundamental provisions and omissions and I shall claim the right to say so, I congratulate you most sincerely and in the faith that you are more nearly in accord with the great body of republican voters than the platform, I shall do all in my power to insure your election.

FEDERAL AID.

The Journal desires to call the attention of the members of the Good Roads club, and all farmers who live on rural routes to an appropriation made at the last session of congress for improving public highways. Through the efforts of Senator Bankhead of Alabama, an appropriation of \$500,000 was made to assist in improving roads traveled by rural carriers. The terms of this appropriation impose the necessity of self-help on the community that is to profit by it. The state or county, or both, in which the road lies that is to be improved must furnish an amount of money equal to that donated by the government. If Platte county appropriated \$1,000 to improve roads traveled by rural carriers, the government would donate a like amount. The scheme is what is known as Federal aid for good roads. Although the appropriation is small, and will not go very far when distributed over a country as vast as the United States, yet it is the beginning of a system of work which will result in awakening interest in the good roads problem. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has long been an advocate of Federal aid for good roads, and it was through his influence, assisted by the efforts of Senator Bankhead, that the first appropriation was made to encourage the improvement of country highways.

FINAL RESTING PLACE READY.

Phineas G. Wright, Eccentric Bachelor, Now Calmly Waits for End.

Now that he has the whiskers on his monument brushed straight, his tomb well stocked with whisky and cigars and a proper inscription graven on the granite, Phineas Gardner Wright, Putnam's richest and oldest bachelor, says he can contemplate the end with calmness and satisfaction.

Mr. Wright is 79 years old, and worth something over \$300,000, according to a Waterbury (Conn.) dispatch. This man, he says, has accumulated by strict attention to details, not trying to know too much and consistently suspecting all women. Following out the program which has made him successful, Mr. Wright has superintended the erection of his own monument, and he has inscribed thereon: "Gone, but know not where." Under this the more definite information: "Never beat by man, but by woman." The Wright monument is the show piece of the Putnam cemetery. It is a solid granite block bearing on its top a bust of the man who is to lie under it. The bust is a faithful likeness, even to the stone whiskers now trimmed in goatish fashion. The sculptor who did the work was an irresponsible person with effeminate ideas. He parted Mr. Wright's whiskers at the middle in his original work. This made Mr. Wright angry, and he paid another sculptor \$600 to brush out the stone whiskers straight. This work brought the total price up to \$3,600, but Mr. Wright didn't care.

In the tomb near by Mr. Wright has placed ample supplies of whisky and cigars. "I don't want the boys who are burying me to feel too badly," he explained. "I want them to have a little something to keep them cheerful. Nobody can say I'm stingy." He has also engaged the Putnam Silver Cornet band to play at his funeral.

Mr. Wright's "Gone, but know not where," has stirred up a lot of trouble, particularly among theologians, some of whom have written him abusive letters. He is still hale and hearty.

Had Seen Her.

"There are great things in store for you," said the fortune teller to the young man; "but there will be many obstacles to overcome. There is a woman continually crossing your path; a large woman with dark hair and eyes. She will dog your footsteps untiringly."

"Yes; I know who that is."
"Ah, you have seen her?"
"Yes. She's my washerwoman."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Haughty One.

"So you have a new butler?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"Do you like his work?"
"I never thought of asking myself such a question. I would never dare assume a critical and patronizing attitude."—Exchange.

NEW YORK, THE GIANT CITY.

Wonderful Growth of the World's Metropolis in Population and Wealth.

REFERRING to a real estate transaction made by one Peter Minuit, way back in the year 1626, Bill Nye, in his history of the United States, declared:
"New York was afterward sold for \$24; the whole island. When I think of this I go into my family gallery, which I also use as a swear room, and tell those ancestors what I think of them. Where were they when New York sold for \$24?"

The humor of this strikes deeply when one stops to consider what has been the outcome of this original investment. Peter Minuit, with trinkets and a few bottles of rum, so delighted the native Indians that they gladly turned over to him the whole of Manhattan island, now the heart of Greater New York. While the original purchase price of \$24 at compound interest for 280 years amounts to several millions, the land value has exceeded it beyond comprehension, being nearly 7 billions of dollars, or 7,000 millions, which make a larger mouthful in the telling. This is more than the entire wealth of Spain.

Someone who is apt at figures has shown that New York city today is larger in population than sixteen different states and territories and, further, that within a radius of twenty miles are living over 10 million people. The improved methods of transportation, which are fast widening the limits of New York's business energy, will soon embrace a radius of fifty miles, within which are located 2,364 different towns and cities, whose total population, with that of Greater New York, is equal to fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

In 1808 a writer prophesied that New York, which then had a population of 75,000, would grow to be a city of 3 or 4 millions, and we of today realize the foresight he must have possessed in predicting so large a city. Railroads in that day were in their infancy, the first steamboat had just been built, and Robert Fulton was having his own troubles to make it run. It would be a bold man indeed who would attempt today to set the figures of New York's population 100 years hence, in the light of those modern inventions that have brought the Old World within a five days' journey of America and the farthest boundaries of our country within speaking distance.

The cost of New York's building operations in the course of a year exceeds that of all other cities in the United States combined. To erect a 20-story building on a city block is to increase its area twenty times. This accumulation of skyscrapers in the down-town section of New York has resulted in building not only one city but many cities, one lying flat upon the other as you would pile silver dollars, and it can be readily seen that with the transportation facilities only three layers deep (subway, surface and elevated) the "rush hour" congestion comes from trying to take care of the homebound traffic of those other cities whose population is poured into the street by the descending elevators. The proposed application of the principle of the gyroscope as a one-rail aerial railway, with its untold possibilities, may clear the way for a method of transportation for these sky cities, or the inventors may come to the relief with flying machines of a commercial and practical kind. Nine-tenths of the population of lower New York are up in the air, and the only way to get to their homes is to come down to earth again. There's the rub!

It is a trite and commonplace matter to refer to the great fortunes that have been built up through the possession of New York city real estate. The archives of the Hall of Records are full of interesting data that bears out the Aladdin-like story of these things, the most notable of which are the records of the Astor estate, which has grown from a meager \$25,000 in 1836 to an amount exceeding 451 millions at the present time. It is curious to note, also, that one of the largest land holders of New York city is Trinity church, which had a small plot of ground willed to it in the early history of New York, and which has so increased in value as to bring in a revenue of over 1 million dollars per year. This seems to be doing very well for a church fund. New York city itself heads the list with property valued at 2,000 millions of dollars, which is five times its bonded debt.

Another interesting story is told of how the reluctant giving of a promise not by a penniless New York lawyer brought a fortune into his pocket amounting to several millions. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, came to New York in 1830 from a backwoods district as a half-starved lawyer. To pay \$4 a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled on for a year or two, and was constantly seeking odd jobs outside of the law, to enable him to exist, when a friendly lawyer, in whose office he had desk room, called him aside one day.
"Here is a chance for you, Bixby," said the lawyer. "I have an estate to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at \$200. You can have it at that figure."
"I have not one dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby.
"You can give me your note, and I will renew it until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer.
The young man hesitated for some time. He was very nervous about placing himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Young Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm, until the opening of the Erie canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth, and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth 7 millions; to-day its market value is more than 13 millions—and all this through the simple making of a \$200 I O U seventy-five years ago.

This is one of hundreds of instances where the enhancement of real estate values has been remarkable, showing how many an "unearned increment" has had to do with the foundation of immense fortunes.

Fewer New Yorkers own their own homes than the residents of any other city in the world. The reason is a simple one; the land is so valuable that none but the very wealthy can afford its purchase. Of the 391,687 families living on Manhattan island only 16,316 hold title to the houses they occupy—and if you will bring that little pad and pencil into play again you will learn that ninety-four out of every one hundred families make monthly payments to a landlord. When these families move, as they are constantly doing, it seems only necessary to take the family photographs from off the mantel—so completely has their method of life been systematized. As for the landlords, they are mightier in wealth and tenants than any feudal lords of old—as forsooth the Astors, whose immense multitude of dwellings house a greater multitude of people than are contained in a city of the size of Hartford, Conn.; Seattle, Wash., or Nashville, Tenn.—Bennett Chappel in National Magazine.

\$150 for Best Article.
The Republican Congressional Committee offers \$150 for the best article not exceeding 1,000 words on the subject:—**WHY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SHOULD BE SUCCESSFUL NEXT NOVEMBER.**

The competition is open to all. In judging the merits of contributions consideration will be given not only to style, arguments and facts presented, but to the convincing power, and it should be borne in mind that members of Congress are to be elected as well as President and Vice-President. No manuscripts will be returned, but will be the property of the Committee. The best article will be widely used both in the newspapers of the country and in pamphlet form. The award will be made and check sent to the successful contestant about August 15th. Manuscripts must be mailed not later than July 15th to: LITERARY BUREAU, Republican Congressional Committee, Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

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Darkness, Temporal and Spiritual. A certain bishop, whose diocese is near New York, was calling recently upon a family in that city. This household is in possession of a treasure which has become extremely rare of late—a faithful old Irish servant, whose term of office dates back nearly a quarter of a century. From long association with the family, she is a privileged character, and her "old country" sayings furnish a never-ending source of fun. She now occupies the position of nurse to a little grandchild who lives with the family. On the evening of the bishop's call, he and the members of the household—including the youngest, Mary's charge—were sitting in the parlor after dinner in the deepening twilight. Bedtime for the little one arrived, and promptly on the hour came Mary in search of her. In the dim light the old woman did not notice a stranger in the room, and, speaking with her usual freedom, she exclaimed, peering about for the child:
"Well, sure, ye're in the dark, like the Protestant bishop!"
There was a roar of laughter, and the clergyman acknowledged that the joke was undoubtedly on him.



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GREISEN BROS.

SURELY WELL DONE

CRIPPLE'S SPLENDID USE OF HIS ONE TALENT.

From Bed of Suffering Message of Light and Hope Went Forth to Cheer the Weak and Unfortunate.

By the time this article is printed the man whose story it relates may have gone to his reward. Already he has added a few more painful months to those that had gone before. That he can live another year, or even half that time, seems now all but impossible; and almost any morning may witness for him the daybreak of the life of which it is written that there shall be no more pain.

When the terrible accident was over, and they uncovered his mangled body, so little was left in it that they thought him dead. And when the surgeons had finished their work there remained but the physical wreck of a man. Both legs were gone; the left arm was missing, and had taken with it the greater part of the collar bone. Of the right hand only a finger and the thumb remained. There was only enough left of the man that had been to suffer and remember.

But he still possessed a brilliant mind stored with the rich fruitage of a college training and enriched by travel in every part of the world! And it was all wasted, wasted, wasted! There was nothing he could do but to remain a helpless sufferer.

So he thought as he sat by the window in the Home for Incurables, and looked out on a world of which he had ceased to be a part. Before him lay his Bible and he read the parable of the talents, and reflected bitterly that he had now not one talent to bury; he himself was as good as buried, and his talents, which had been many, were buried already.

An old lady wheeled her chair beside his, and read a letter which had been sent her. It was from a stranger, but it did her good.

He was interested, and asked her about it, and learned that there was a kind of organization that furnished addresses of invalids and shut-in folks to persons who were willing to write them cheerful letters. She had sent her name as one who would be glad of an occasional letter, and this unknown correspondent wrote her regularly, and the letters comforted her.

A sudden thought came to him. To receive letters would be little comfort to him, but why should he not write them? But to whom? Could there be any persons so shut in as he who could be cheered by his letters? Possibly the men in prison were a trifle more to be pitied; yet even they had hope of release, and he had none. But it was worth trying.

So he wrote to the secretary of the organization for the names of some of the prisoners. He was informed that his letters could not be answered; the rules of the prison would not permit. But he undertook the one-sided correspondence.

Twice a week he wrote, and the letters taxed his strength to its limit.

But into those letters he put his whole soul, all his experience, all his faith, all his bright wit, all his Christian optimism.

It is hard to continue writing when writing costs labor and pain, and especially hard when there is no reply. There were times when he grew discouraged, and was tempted to give it up. But it was his one remaining talent, and he resolved to use it as long as it lasted.

At length he got a letter. It was very short, and written on the stationery of the prison by the officer whose duty it was to read the letters of the convicts. All it said was this:

"Please write on as good paper as you can afford, for your letters are passed from cell to cell till they literally drop to pieces."—Youth's Companion.

Human Affection.

What is the best thing in life? I queried recently. I have raised the same question aforesaid, and found the majority of responses leaned to "human affection." Surely there is nothing that comes to us by the grace of God so helpful as the "friend" who may be a husband, a wife, a sister or a brother, who knows the best of us and the worst of us, and who can love us still, ready to stand by us till the morning when our craft is grounded in the shallows or is helplessly stationary in maelstrom vortex, when we need all the strength our God can give, simply to live, my friend, simply to live. How rare friends are one soon realizes, and how priceless no words can duly say.—Home Chat.

He Was Resigned to It. "I see," said the old lady. "That's a lot of talk 'bout 'woman's rights' in the papers now. What does it all mean?"

"Hit means, Maria," said the old man, "that women air 'a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right whar I left it, an' when you sharpen the ax you kin sail into a dozen cords of wood; an' I'll have supper a-bilin' when you git home!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Santa Barbara.

That quaint old mission town, is one of the most lovely seaside resorts of California. Here, hundreds of years ago, Christianity was the first preached to the American Indians by the Spanish friars. The old missions are still there, and are visited every season by thousands of tourists who travel via the Union Pacific. Inquire about low rates to California. E. G. Brown agent.

LOW FARES EAST

via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Thirty-day round trip tickets on sale daily after June 10th to many points in eastern Canada, western New York and to New England points via Montreal; and on every Thursday beginning June 11th to New England points via Albany or Rotterdam Jct., via CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL Ry. Complete information about fares, train service, or other details from F. A. Nash, General Western Agent, 1524 Farnam Street, Omaha.

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