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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.

The country is waiting patiently for Mr. Bryan to explain how it happened.

There's something in a name after all. Ed Leeder was the high man on the ticket in Douglas county.

The boys behind the guns on the battleship Nebraska have made good. They hold the championship of the world for target hitting.

The paramount issue among the Democrats of Nebraska is who will receive the appointments under the new state administration.

Through Representative Pouton of Ohio, President-elect Taft has notified the extreme protectionists that the next congress must fulfill the pledge made in the Chicago platform and revise the tariff.

The November blizzard was too much for Mr. Bryan and he has gone to Mexico to seek a "much needed rest." He passed right through Oklahoma without stopping over to call on his friend, the late Honorable Haskell.

J. H. Edmisten, at one time leader of the Populist party in this state, has been fined \$1,000 and sentenced to four months in jail for the illegal fencing of government land. Porter, another populist, who never "put it back," is still at large.

Another miscarriage of justice is reported—this time from Omaha. A poor corn hunker was fined \$5 in the police court of that city for stealing a copy of the World-Herald. He should have been sent to the insane asylum.—Bridgport News-Blade.

Put sugar on the free list. Of course some of the southern Democrats would object to this, but Democrats usually object to anything and everything advocated by Republicans. That has been the history of the party of opposition for the past fifty years.

The Republican National Committee collected and disbursed \$1,500,000 during the campaign. Of this amount one-half million dollars was collected in the western states. The largest individual contribution was made by Charles P. Taft, brother of the President-elect. He donated \$140,000.

Anticipating that the Democratic Governor and State Legislature will make good and pass a law guaranteeing bank deposits, James Fox, former county clerk of Greeley county, in company with other parties, has made arrangements to open a state bank in Albion, with a capital of \$20,000.

What will Shallenberger do for the country's optionists? Surely they are entitled to something. The Journal suggests the name of Editor Douglas of the Osceola Record, as suitable timber for deputy state oil inspector. Then there is the Rev. Dr. Carnes to be taken care of. Chaplain of the Senate would be just about his size.

The free delivery of rural mail is expensive; so are battleships and a standing army, but no one desires to see our navy disappear from the sea or the army disbanded. Rural delivery has come to stay. But there is no necessity for the adoption of the European system of parcel post in America. Its adoption would be a costly experiment.

The Lincoln papers state that Governor-elect Shallenberger will go to Oklahoma to "study" the bank guarantee law. The voters were led to believe during the campaign that the Oklahoma law had been already "studied" and a plank adopted by the Democratic state convention endorsing it. Now there appears to be a hesitancy on the part of the Governor-elect about recommending such a law in his message. Hence this trip to Oklahoma to "study" the measure.

### GIVE THE TERRITORIES HOME RULE.

A half dozen lines in an Associated Press dispatch relating to the death of a man who assisted in "counting in" the Hayes electors in Louisiana in 1876, recalls the carpet-bag days of that state. The election of Hayes ended the rule of the carpet bagger in the south, and ushered in the reign of the carpet bagger in the western territories, and it was not until the election of Benjamin Harrison that the territories obtained relief from the absolute reign of a carpet-bag government.

After the election of Hayes, many of the corrupt men who had robbed the southern states were appointed to official positions in the territories of the west. Nearly every territory had its carpet-bag Governor, Secretary, Auditor and Treasurer; carpetbaggers occupied places on the bench; U. S. marshals were chosen from the ranks of ward heelers and sent to the territories. The executive and judicial branches of the territories were turned over to rascals who had been discredited at home and sent west to "get them out of the way." The courts were corrupted by the robbers who were stealing the government domain and millions of dollars squandered in the sham attempt to convict law-breakers.

About the only men found guilty of breaking the law was the horse thief, and the homesteader who cut timber on government land to keep his family warm in winter.

When the Harrison administration went out of power and the second administration of Grover Cleveland commenced, the carpet-bag system of government for territories was revived, and has been followed by every administration up to the present time, although the carpet-bag area has been growing less by the admission of new states.

It is hoped that when Mr. Taft takes his seat on the 4th of next March that he will revive the Harrison idea of home rule in the territories of Alaska, Arizona and New Mexico. The territories should not be made a dumping ground for the discredited lawyer who has become a nuisance to this or that party in the states.

Such men usually make tyrannical and corrupt judges if elevated to the bench. That has been the history of the carpet-bagger of the south and west. The territories contain resident lawyers capable of filling places on the bench with honor and credit without importing the "has beans" in order to "get them out of the way" and relieve the community in which they reside from a political ulcer.

Give the territories home rule. There is at least one paper in the world which is not printed for monetary gain and that one is Our Dumb Animals, which has been published at Boston for the past forty years by George T. Angell who is known the world over as the great humane educator. Mr. Angell has devoted his life in speaking for those that cannot speak for themselves, and with his age in the eighties he retains all his faculties and continues the good work with the vigor of a youth.

He sends his paper to every newspaper and magazine in the country and considers his greatest work that of talking through his paper to the thousands of editors of the country who in turn talk to their thousands of readers in the same way. The following announcement in the current issue adds to the above comment: "Ever since beginning our present humane work, forty years ago, we have made it a rule of life to avoid everything and everybody that might interfere with our independence of thought and action, and so have invariably refused to take any advertisements at any price for this paper, the first of its kind in the world."—Troy Weekly Call, Oct. 10.

Mr. Chafin has solved a problem which has been bothering Mr. Bryan since November 3d. He knows now why it happened, and explains it thus: "President-elect Taft is the incarnation of the liquor traffic. Joseph G. Cannon will reign over the house of representatives for two years more. The Littlefield bill will not be passed. This local option non-partisan farce received its death blow November 3. Practically the entire strength of the liquor traffic has gone into the republican party, and it will be known from now on as the 'grand old whiskey party.'" Undoubtedly Mr. Chafin is not thoroughly posted as to how it happened in Nebraska. Local option votes slaughtered the "grand old whiskey party" in Nebraska and elected a Democratic governor.

Tom Allen and the bunch that hang on to his coat tail seem inclined to resent the criticism of Chris Greenther as to their management of the state campaign. The fact that it was the smooth management of Chris Greenther that was responsible for the election of Shallenberger and a Democratic legislature is sufficient grounds for

belief that Allen and his bunch were incompetent and made a very poor showing even with a campaign fund of \$35,000 at their disposal. The entire credit for the Democratic victory in Nebraska should be given to Mr. Greenther and the men who worked with him, and not to Tom Allen and his incompetent and discredited assistants.

Fred Pratt, editor of the Humphrey Democrat, has received a well earned reward for his splendid work for Democracy. Governor-elect Shallenberger has announced that he will appoint the Humphrey editor deputy state oil inspector for the Third Congressional District. It was a wise move Pratt made when he sold his newspaper plant in Sioux county, Iowa, and came to a country where his efforts in behalf of his party are appreciated and rewarded. The Journal congratulates Mr. Pratt.

Governor-elect Shallenberger is more successful in riding two platforms of opposite meaning than he is in riding a camel. While taking a trip across the desert in the Shriner's degree at Lincoln last Thursday night the camel on which the new Governor was making the journey humped himself and threw the rider with such violence as to injure him. Until the bones in the Governor's leg knits he will not be able to start for Oklahoma to "study" Haskell's law guaranteeing bank deposits.

In an interview with an American newspaper writer, Emperor William of Germany, predicted that within ten months the United States and Japan would be at war. The American people sincerely hope that Emperor William will prove as unreliable a prophet as a certain prominent William in this country, whose prophecies have proven false for the past eighteen years.

There are so many different versions as to how it happened that one is apt to become mentally demoralized in the attempt to keep them all in mind, but the writer agrees with Champ Clark who attributes the defeat of Bryan to an "unusual consternation of unfortunate circumstances, which, on the doctrine of probabilities, will not be duplicated in forty years."

### A MEMORY OF PICKETT'S BRIGADE.

It was years after the war, and some veterans of both sides were exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the Board of Trade of New York. It was presided over by the first president, Colonel J. J. Phillips, colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, Pickett's division.

"There is nothing else so terrifying as a night attack," said Colonel Phillips. "The imagination works with intense activity in the darkness, and even in peaceful times adds infinitely to the fear of perils, real or fancied. How much more are the horrors of warfare increased when the opposing forces are hidden from sight, when the first announcement of hostile intention is the thunder of guns, the crack of rifles, the flash through darkness—for it is the darkest possible night that is always selected."

"One of these night attacks in particular—on the Bermuda Hundred lines in 1864—I shall never forget; not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar and sacred circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders, and obeying, as it were, of a higher than earthly command."

"The point of attack had been carefully selected, the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order. There was that dread, indescribable stillness—that weird, ominous silence that always settles over everything just before a fight. It was so thick you could cut it with a knife; so heavy it weighed you down as if world's were piled upon you; so all-pervasive that it filled creation for you. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion."

"Suddenly that awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.  
"Ready—aim—fire to the left, boys, I said.  
The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was covered with the shadow of His wing."  
A Federal veteran who had been

listening looked up suddenly and, clasping the colonel's hand, said:

"I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."  
There was a second of silence; then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.—La Salle Corbell Pickett.

### THE AMERICAN CHILDREN.

What an army of school children there are in this country! And it is an army which means more for the nation's welfare than any group of men in blue or khaki, and this with all respect to the fighting man. There are approximately 12,000,000 school children in actual daily attendance during the American school year. This is two-thirds of the total enrollment, and a little less than one-half the total number of American children and youths between the ages of 5 and 18 years. Forty years ago 30 per cent of our population was in the 5 to 18 years group, while now there are but 28 per cent similarly classified, an indication that race suicide is not altogether a dream. Forty years ago, 50 per cent of the members of that group were on the school lists, as compared with 70 per cent at the present time. The average daily attendance forty years ago was 33 per cent of the total number in that group, as compared with 48 per cent at the present time. Forty years ago, 60 per cent of the total school enrollment was in attendance, as compared with 70 per cent at the present time. It seems we are improving in this matter of educating our children, and that, perhaps, the evil of child labor has been exaggerated, although there is still room for improvement. In 1870 the average number of days of school attendance for each pupil was only 78. It has now reached 106. In 1880 the average pupil got four years of schooling. That period has now been lengthened to five and a half, which is all short. In this middle western division of states, the average student receives the longest schooling of any in the country, the average being about seven years. The Southern states are the lowest in this matter, with about three and one-half years. About 260,000 school houses are used by this child army, and the value of all school property is about \$800,000,000. The teachers number about 475,000, and about one-fourth of these are males, and three-fourths females. The average salary of the male teachers is \$57 a month, and of the women teacher \$44, which means that some of them are underpaid, considering the importance of the work in hand. But for all that, the yearly school expenses of the country make a staggering total, about \$400,000,000. The cost per capita for education has more than doubled in the past forty years; it is important to those who foot the bills to see that the money is well spent. Our school system costs 75 per cent more to maintain than our army, our navy and our fortifications, and the difference in importance is fully as great. The school system has come in for some criticism of late, all or part of which may be warranted, but, even if it isn't, it is an indication of a wholesome interest in the most important institution of a free country.—Acheson Globe.

### A NOBLE SUGGESTION.

The progress of thought made among men since the time, little more than half a century ago, when our pious and well-meaning fathers frowned upon all drama and theatre-going as an innovation from the lower regions, was never better illustrated than by the fact that Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, the actress, is in consultation with President Angell of the American Humane Education Society, with regard to developing a drama founded on the noble figure of the Christ, made of molten cannon, which stands on the crest of the Andes mountains, overlooking Chili and the Argentine republic, known as "The Christ of the Andes," and symbolizing the guaranty of eternal peace between the two countries.

Standing twenty-six feet high, at an altitude of 14,450 feet above the sea level, is this famous statue, cast from cannon taken from an ancient Spanish fortress when Argentina declared her independence of the since decadent, but erstwhile powerful nation, which once held Cuba in her thrall. In the left hand of this colossal figure is the cross, lifted five feet above the head, and the right hand is extended in blessing. On the base is inscribed: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the people of Argentina and of Chili break the peace which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.  
It would be interesting to know the detail of the erection of this noble monument; but it is there, perhaps the grandest endorsement of the doc-

trines of the "Princes of Peace" ever raised by human hands. Its very existence is known only to the comparatively few people who read much; but we venture to say that if the muted plian of the actress and Mr. Angell come to fruition, the drama which shall commemorate it will be one of the most forceful in its application, as in the statue in conception, of all the world's agencies in enforcing its aspirations for "peace on earth" and "good will to men."—Newburyport, Mass., News, Sept. 26, 1908.

### HOMER BETTER THAN "CAREER."

So Declares Woman Who Has Made Big Success in Business.

The distinction of being the highest salaried woman in New York, in the opinion of Miss Anna Louise Amendt, who draws something near \$20,000 a year, does not compensate for the sacrifice of domestic ties which such a success exacts.  
This is what Miss Amendt, who is the most valuable employe of the biggest real estate concern in New York, told a writer who visited her beautifully appointed office:  
"I suppose many women envy me, but, to my mind, to be a good mother and wife is the grandest of all successes. Home is the natural sphere for every woman, and no matter in what direction her lines may be cast she cannot entirely shake off that desire to reign as its queen some time."  
"It is just this one ruling element in her life that prevents her from attaining equal success with men. The average girl lives in hope that some day a husband will come along and shoulder her burden. It is only when she rides herself of this thought that definite success in business comes, for concentration is one of the keynotes to success."  
"Another thing: Women are doubtful of their ability to accomplish vast results, and it is impossible to do a thing as long as a doubt rests in your mind."  
"When I started out to earn my living I began as a stenographer with a salary of \$16 a week. It was not such a great while until my check was increased to \$50. That did not look so big to me, but it would have satisfied the average woman."  
"My checks continued to increase until they ran into the thousands. Of course, my usefulness had increased, for I was not satisfied with being a stenographer. I had learned every phase of the business and could put a big deal through with as much ability as could any man in the office. I prepared all of the literature. In fact, there is no part of the business with which I am not familiar."  
"But with all my success I would not advise the young girl to seek a career. For in my belief, the girl who gets married is on the right road to happiness. Success in all lines is hard."

### Went Willingly to Crocodile.

It has been said that the Australian blacks never commit suicide; that self-destruction does not come within their philosophy. The author of "Confessions of a Beachcomber" mentions a case of recent date which he thinks might be regarded as in conflict with that view: "A member of the Clump Point tribe, painfully afflicted with a vexatious skin disease, was fishing at the mouth of a creek when his hook fouled. To a companion he said he would dive to get it clear. His friend endeavored to dissuade him, reminding him of the crocodile which they had seen but a short time before. But the boy, worn with pain and weary with never-ending irritation, said if he was taken, 'No matter. Good job, me finished then.' He dived and there was a commotion in the water. The boy appeared on the surface, making frantic appeals for help while the crocodile worried him. He escaped for a moment and his friend clutched his hand and drew him to the bank, only to have him torn from his grasp."

### Forehanded.

Little Katherine had been boarding on a farm this summer and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.  
"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderfully well; he's so forehanded."  
That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately sidled up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.  
"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B., don't you?"  
"Why," replied the child, her little forehead wrinkling in perplexity. "I did want to see his two ever hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"—New York Times.

### Iceberg Gardens.

"We passed many icebergs coming home from Europe," said a tourist, "and on one of them a garden bloomed."  
"It was a beautiful sight. The great berg shone like an enormous emerald in the sun, and in one level recessed in by pale green peaks, a yellow garden gleamed. The captain said that iceberg gardens are not uncommon. Most, it seems, is brought on to the bergs by animals' feet. The moss grows, it decays, it forms a soil for the pollen of buttercups and dandelions that is blown through the air during the brief arctic summer. Soon the incredible spectacle presents itself of a great, cold berg drifting in the salt sea with yellow flowers springing from the hard, cold ice."

### An Easy Way.

"Why do you call that lawyer friend of yours such an authority? I can't find any book in the legal library of which he is the author."  
"Of course not. He's an authority on the unwritten law."

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**The Dog, the Cat and the Lady.**  
Yesterday evening, shortly after seven o'clock, a daintily attired young lady was passing our galleries in Regent street, where is now on exhibition a collection of old sporting prints. The galleries had just been closed and the staff gone, and the housekeeper's cat was enjoying the cool of the evening outside, when the lady's companion—a ferocious bulldog—flew at the cat and both dashed through the window, doing damage to the extent of many pounds. The cat was almost instantly killed, and as the usual crowd quickly gathered, mildly discreetly hailed a taxicab and, followed by her sporting companion, who seemed none the worse for his dash through a half-inch plate-glass window, drove quickly from the scene.—London Telegraph.  
**Diplomatic Relations.**  
"Just had a visit from my diplomatic relations," said Farmer Fodderfield.  
"Your diplomatic relations?"  
"Yes, my brother's folks from the city. They're so diplomatic that they only visit us when apples, peaches, melons, grapes and sweet taters is ripe."  
**Mechanical.**  
Mrs. Haymow—Wall, dew tell of this here electric business ain't agittin' t' beat th' band.  
St Haymow—Somepe'n new in th' paper?  
Mrs. Haymow—Well, I sh'd say! They've had motor wagons an' motor boats and neawer they're agittin' motor policemen.  
St Haymow—Well, by gum!

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY should be photographed at regular intervals. The photographs are a pictorial history of their progress and growth.  
**HAVE YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHED**  
here and you will secure the best portraits it is possible to produce. Do it now while they are all with you. The dearest possession is some home-kept in a picture taken of some loved one who has gone away or beyond.  
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