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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.

Plans are being projected for a dollar dinner at Kearney. Wonder who will respond to the toast, "The Aldrich Democrats."

Evidently Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, is something of a mixer, as he has announced his intention to take part in the factional fight among the democrats of Nebraska.

The Payne-Aldrich tariff bill as it now stands is a sham. As a tariff reduction measure—the kind of measure promised by both parties—it is worse than a sham; it is nothing less than a fraud. And what is more, the leaders who are responsible for this bill, and have been telling the President, who is not a tariff expert, that new schedules represented downward revision on the necessities of life, now know that the President knows that this representation is false.—Kansas City Times.

Every section has its famous story. A famous story that is being re-told in Oregon is about a very rich banker who got his start by doing work for the government. His bill was \$5,000 and it had to be submitted to congress. Congress has a habit of cutting its bills in two. To make allowance for this, he jumped his bill to \$10,000. He sent the bill to the governor for his approval. The governor, having also heard that congress generally appropriated only half as much as was asked, jumped it to \$20,000. The bill was then sent to one of the congressmen. Being friendly to the contractor, he jumped it to \$40,000, and sent it to another Oregon congressman for his approval. The second congressman jumped it to \$80,000. Congress allowed the whole \$80,000, although the contractor was entitled to only \$5,000. This is told as a fact in Oregon. The man who got the \$80,000 got his start on it, and is now a millionaire.—Atchison Globe.

ADOPT A SANE PLATFORM. When the republican state convention assembled to adopt a platform, any attempt to drag the saloon question before the convention should be voted down. The state election this year will be of a non-partisan character, and care should be taken not to commit the party to county option or state wide prohibition. The action of the republican members of the senate and house from Nebraska who have been fighting for tariff reform against the Aldrich republicans and the Aldrich democrats, should be endorsed, and the record made by the democratic legislature in creating pie counters for the benefit of place hunters, thus increasing the taxes paid by property owners, should be condemned.

If the convention attempts to endorse any of the radical views now entertained by the extremists of the party, there will be danger of defeat next year when a full set of state officers and a legislature that will name a successor to Senator Burkett are to be elected.

THE ALDRICH DEMOCRATS. Early in the days of the present session of congress, when the Payne tariff bill was under discussion in the house, the statement that a number of democratic senators would vote as Aldrich dictated, was hoisted at by the democratic press. But recent events have verified the prediction made. There are twenty-one Aldrich democrats in the senate who have voted to uphold and sustain the high tariff idea and repudiate the platform adopted at the Denver convention last summer.

There are thirty-two democrats in the senate representing eighteen states, which leaves only eleven democrats in the senate who have had the loyalty to remain loyal to their platform.

The democrats who have deserted their party and gone over to the Aldrich forces are: Rankhead and Johnson of Alabama, Talianferro of Florida,

Bacon and Clay of Georgia. Paynter of Kentucky. McEnery and Foster of Louisiana. Smith of Maryland. Money of Mississippi. Stone of Missouri. Simmons and Overman of North Carolina.

Chamberlain of Oregon. Tillman of South Carolina. Frazier of Tennessee. Bailey of Texas. Daniel and Martin of Virginia.

These Aldrich democrats represent fourteen states, all of which, with the exception of Missouri, Oregon and Maryland cast their solid electoral vote for the democratic candidate for president. In Maryland the electoral vote was divided between Taft and Bryan. This leaves Arkansas and Oklahoma the only democratic states in the Union that have not repudiated the tariff plank in the platform adopted by the last national convention of the democratic party.

What does it mean? It means that for forty-eight years the democratic party has been deceiving the people; it means that the leaders of that party have gone before the people and pleaded for a reform they never intended to enact into law; it means that the Aldrich idea of robbing the consumer has been adopted by the solid south with the exception of Arkansas and Oklahoma; it means that the hold-up policy of New England and the middle states has enlarged its sphere of influence; it means a victory for special interests and defeat for the consumers.

The corn and wheat producing states of the middle west and Arkansas and Oklahoma stand alone in the fight for genuine tariff reform. The senators who are making a losing fight to make good the platform pledge of the republican party represent only eight states of the Union—Idaho, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. It is from these states that the so-called "insurgents" come.

Yet, through the gloom of dialyaly to party trust a glimmering light appears. If the recent speech of Secretary McVeigh is correctly interpreted, it means that the man in the White House will block the game of New England and the Aldrich democrats by vetoing any sham reform tariff measure passed by congress. If the president's secretary of the treasury correctly represented the sentiment of his chief on the tariff question, there is yet some prospect that the demand of the consumer will receive consideration.

WHITE BADGE OF CRUELTY. The "strong minded" women of England have for several years been conducting a campaign for equal suffrage. Lately, they have invaded the parliament building and insisted that a law be enacted granting them the right of franchise. In the name of justice they have gathered on the streets of London, held meetings and paraded without obtaining permission from the authorities. In America the campaign for female suffrage has been conducted in a less strenuous manner. Without any apparent effort on the part of the women, the right to go to the polls and "vote like a man" has been granted to the weaker sex in Colorado and Wyoming. What has been gained in the states named by granting female suffrage? Nothing! It is a notorious fact that Colorado is one of the worst graft ridden states in the Union, and there is no place in the country where human life is held so cheap as in Wyoming. The Journal does not mean to intimate that the women are to blame, for only a small per cent of the female population take advantage of the law and exercise the right of franchise. The reforms which were to have been inaugurated when equal suffrage was granted have not been realized.

It is a lamentable fact that while women have organizations and societies which aim to reform men and make them better, very little effort has been made to inaugurate reforms among women. If the leaders of the movement to secure the ballot for the gentler sex in order to use it for the reformation of the men, would only turn their attention to the reformation of their own sex they might accomplish something. There is a growing demand for reform among the ranks of the women of America.

Frank M. Chapman, in "Our Dumb Animals," calls the attention of the short-haired agitators who are constantly "reforming" the men to the White Badge of Cruelty adorning the hats of the agitators. Mr. Chapman writes:

No form of feather adornment has been and is more harmful in its effects than the wearing of "aigrette" or heron's plumes. These dainty, graceful feathers, unlike the distorted skin of some poor humming bird or warbler, carry with them no suggestion of death, and many a woman on whose bonnet they are placed is wholly ignorant of the unspeakable cruelty the taking of these feathers entails. If each plume could tell its own sad history, every humane

woman in the land would raise her voice in protest against a fashion which threatens with extinction one of the most beautiful of animate creatures. Aigrette plumes constitute the wedding dress of the several species of white herons or egrets, and are worn only during the nesting season. The birds are exceedingly sociable in disposition, and, when breeding, gather in colonies or rookeries, often containing hundreds of pairs.

The plume hunter, armed, preferably with a small rifle, shoots the parent birds as they return with food for their young. The bird falls, the slight report of the rifle does not alarm others that soon follow, and within a few days most of the parents have been killed while the nestlings, lacking their care, die of starvation.

The method is simple—any boy with a gun can become a plume hunter—but so effective that at the present rate of destruction the herons will soon succumb to it. A Florida plume hunter once told the writer that with two or three assistants he had killed 300 egrets in one afternoon; another boasted that he and his party had killed 130,000 birds, mostly plume birds, during one season.

Having practically exterminated the egret in Florida, plume hunters have turned their attention to other parts of the birds' range, advertising in the local papers, offering large prices to native hunters, and organizing expeditions to explore the coasts and inland marshes, from our southern boundaries to the Argentine Republic.

To prevent the killing of birds throughout this great region is obviously impossible, and laws which alone prohibit their destruction are valueless. Until, therefore, laws are passed forbidding the wearing of aigrettes, the salvation of the herons rests solely in woman's hands.

Can any humane woman; knowing these facts, wear in her bonnet this White Badge of Cruelty—undeniable evidence of her approval of merciless slaughter and indescribable sufferings?

TOLSTOI AND THE NEW LIFE.

Writer and Humanitarian Describes How He Sought for and Found Happiness.

At the time when I had lost all interest in my personal, individual life but had not yet acquired a religious interest (an inspiration to the general good of humanity), I was horrified by my position. But I found peace the moment I had found a religious sentiment impelling me to think of the good of humanity. In this thought at the same time, I found full satisfaction of my desire for personal happiness. The same thing is going on now, although my former passionate desire to make mankind happier has weakened. I am overcome sometimes by a certain terror as if I stood before an immense abyss. But the aspiration to, and the preparation for, a new life replace the former conditions which were born out of; and in them there is happiness both for the individual and for all humanity. Preparing for the new life, I attain at the same time my former aim, the good of humanity, more surely than when this was my only aim. Aspiring to attain God, aspiring to a purity of divine being in myself and in my new life, I find more assuredly both happiness for humanity and for myself.—Tolstoy, in Collier's Weekly.

Nyanza's "Altogether" Men. The people inhabiting the settlements around Victoria Nyanza will be probably for a year or so, still a source of amusement to the excursionists whom the Uganda railway will bring from the east coast of Africa to the Victoria Nyanza; for they will see before them coal black, handsomely formed negroes and negroes without a shred of clothing, though with many adornments in the way of hippopotamus teeth, bead necklaces, earrings and leglets of brass. They are very picturesque as they strut about the streets in their immodest nudity, decked with barbaric ornaments.

The men wear not one earring, but 15! Holes are pierced all round the outer edge of the ear, and in these are inserted brass fillets, like melon seeds in shape, to which are attached coarse blue beads of large size and dull appearance. As the figures thus exhibited are usually models for a sculptor, this nudity is blameless, and not to be discouraged; moreover, it characterizes the most moral people in the Uganda protectorate.—National Geographic Magazine.

The Kinder View. An American was strolling about Paris with a French friend. They entered a shop, made some small purchase, and while waiting for the change, the American said in a low voice:

"Will you just look at the diamonds that pretty little salesgirl is wearing? They must be worth \$2,000."

"They are not real," the Frenchman said, with a shrug.

"But they are—I know real stones when I see them—that is my business!" the American declared.

Again the Frenchman shrugged.

"But, my friend, be charitable," he protested, gently. "Figure to yourself and consider that the diamonds are imitation. For if the stones are good the little maid isn't."—Harper's Weekly.

Licensed Bachelors. There is the further objection to the taxation of bachelors for purposes of revenue only that many of them would come to regard themselves as licensed by the state, and might even go so far as to ask for protection against designing widows, etc., considering their condition; in fact, as a sort of property or emolument which they had a right to enjoy as against the rest of the world. This, of course, it would be impossible to provide for.

Inadvertent Truth. He—What on earth makes you women have your hair piled up and around your heads look like inverted soup plates? She—Oh rats!

THE MANNER OF MAN A BORDERER IS.

From "The Sons of the Border," by James M. Steele.

The Borderer is a man not born, but unconsciously to himself, made by his surroundings and necessities. He may have been born on the Chesapeake or the banks of the Juniata; he may hail from Lincolnshire or Cork; Far Western life will clothe him with a new individuality, make him forget the tastes and habits of early life, and transform him into one of that restless horde of cosmopolitans who form the crest of the slow wave of humanity which year by year creeps toward the setting sun.

The life of the Borderer is a transitory one, and fast passing away. The peculiarities that belong to life and men there, when gone in fast advancing civilization, will leave no record of themselves, even as the backwoodsman has left none. The frontier has a language, a religion and a social status of its own. It has a habit of thought and action unique, vigorous and not wanting in the elements which everywhere express religion, honor and patriotism. The people whose tastes or whose fates lead them here have a world to themselves alone. A world of loneliness and lost comforts, where cities, banks, railroads, theaters, churches and scandal have not yet come; a world where births and weddings are few, funeral ceremonies are short and tears are nearly unknown. It is a land where there is so close an affinity between Nature and man that Nature is an hourly teacher; a land that is solemn as the sea and where, as upon the sea, the far blue mists of the horizon bound the world. The days, unchanged by the ceremonies and observances of civilization, are all alike, each one as melancholy as a Puritan Sabbath. Nature is herself, and spreads her feasts and acts her caprices for her own pleasure. Acres of flowers, leagues of beauty, bloom and fade and come again, unseen by man. Solitary birds fly lazily by. The animals stare at the new animal—the passing man—almost unscared, and silence is a power.

The ideal Borderer, the type of his class from Western Kansas to the Rio Grande, you will find clad in calfskin boots, with broad brimmed hat worn askew, and his nether limbs encased in fancy cassimeres. There are rings upon his fingers and blazing jewels upon his breast. He is loud and defiant in dress, manners and general deportment. He clings with the tenacity of second nature to the language of the dance house and the brothel. The happy thought of Colonel Colt, which has filled more unmarked graves than the plague and eternally settled more disputes than all juries, is his constant and valued companion, and he wears his rakish hat away upon his oily locks with the air of the king of all the loafers.

But he is not a loafer. He is quarrelsome, jealous in honor and still very much of a man and a friend to those who understand him. He makes no reservation of actual impressions and thoughts, but in this he is only unnecessarily sincere and independent. He will take a stranger's last dollar at a game which he does not understand, but he will likewise lend and share to the last cent and the last morsel. He hates "airs," cannot abide to be patronized, and is ugly to all who chance to disagree with him. His great fault is that he is intolerant, but he is brave, sincere and faithful when once enlisted in any cause.

The Borderer is a field for the gathering together of all kinds and races. Here is the patient, plodding, phlegmatic German, fast forgetting every tradition of his fatherland in the absorbing wildness which makes all men alike. Here is the Irishman, with the rich brogue of Tipperary still upon his tongue, but changed in all else which speaks of the green isle of peat, potatoes and barley. And here is the downcast Yankee, forgetful of all ideas of the land of Puritans and hard cider, turning all his native cunning and shrewdness into account at poker and California-Jack. Here is the broad shouldered son of the South, still speaking the mincing dialect which is borrowed in the name of gentility from the thick tongue of the negro, but for a wonder forgetting to insert "Sir" at the beginning, middle and end of every sentence. But all are changed, at least in name. The German has become "Dutch Bill," or "Sam" or "Jake"; the Irishman is "Pat" or "Pad-

dy," adding any further pseudonym which may designate that particular Irishman. The New Englander glories in the name of "Yank," and the Southerner answers with great alacrity to the name of "Tennessee" or "Kaintuck," and sometimes to "Pike" or "Cracker." Thus is rampant democracy made manifest. The real names of individuals are utterly unknown to companions who have known them for years. Any peculiarity of person or history produces its apt cognomen or recognition. The man who squints is "Cockeye" for all time. The lame man is "Limpy," and the tall man "Slim Dick." The surprising feature of this frontier fashion is that these names are accepted and gloried in. Indeed, those which are born of some peculiarity of history are proudly borne. To be "Buffalo Bill" or "Fighting Bob" is to be famous. "Mister" is the designation of a stranger, but if a Borderer calls an individual "mister" after he has known him a week, he means some fine morning to kill him unless he changes his opinion of his merits.

Men become accustomed to all surroundings except prison walls, and to solitude easiest of all. The frontiersman would smile if you told him his life was a monotonous one. But wanting even the newspaper, he is even more gregarious than other men, and a companion of some kind, brute in the want of something human, is necessary to existence. The dog, dear as he is to many men everywhere, is doubly a friend in the wilderness. His lonesome master sleeps and eats and talks with him. He may be the mangiest cur that ever barked. No matter; it is not a country in which to be particular. There is another animal, which commonly leads a persecuted life and dies a violent death among Christian people, which here would find long life and due appreciation. What would not the frontiersman give for a cat? The most comical comforter of loneliness I ever knew was a donkey—a small specimen that could be carried in one's arms. As this long eared, solemn countenanced little ass stalked about the shanty, investigated the cookery, and even climbed upon the bed, its jolly master would sit and hold his sides with mirth. But the opportunity for companionship with his own kind, never passes unused. There are nightly gatherings at every ranch, and the resource for amusement is usually the art which is as old as Babel; the art of story telling. Each man tells of his own adventures, palming them off for very truth, and, as every listener knows, making them as he goes out of whole cloth. Some of the most outrageous travesties upon truth ever said or sung have beguiled the dull hours of the frontier cabin. The next resource is the card table, and in mingling districts the sums which change hands in a night would startle the habitués of Saratoga or Baden-Baden. With nearly all frontiersmen gambling is a passion, and some of them are the most thoroughly accomplished members of the card dealing fraternity.

The man who shall transfer to canvas some one of the scenes which each midnight brings to the inner room of the trader's store in a New Mexican mining camp, and shall do it well, will preserve for all time the most striking feature of American frontier life. We shall see the dead silence and rapt attention as the guttering candles flare upon each sun-browned and grizzled face, the hard hands and hairy arms, and the look of covert exultation as the winner draws towards him the coin and bag of yellow dust. We shall read the quick glance which suspects a cheat, and the deep curse which records a mistake and standing there, almost as intent as the players, are they who watch the fascinating passion in its varying record of gain and loss. But permeating all—the essence of the picture—will be that ghastly suggestion of folly and ruin which mere words cannot paint; that look in faces which tells of the sacrifice and homelessness and toil of years gone in a night, and also of that bewitching hope which waits ever upon the devotees of the god of chance, the end of which is despair, broken hearts and death.

They Live Up to the Hair. We know a certain number of young men who study music—piano, organ, harmony, and counterpoint—for the sole purpose of honoring their opulent heads of hair. They are musical snobs!—G.H. Blas.

Going to Law. The man who goes to law for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction generally gets so many other things that he forgets all about the satisfaction if there is any in it for him.

Another Car Load R. W. SALEY'S Factory Sale is now on We give you the best terms, the best instruments for the money, free music lessons, and in buying from us you patronize a home institution. We are here to stay. Come in, and then be your own judge.

HOW ARTIFICIAL ICE IS MADE. A new process of ice-making was tried in Germany last winter with such success that it has been suggested for those sections of the United States where, on account of lack of lakes or rivers, the price of ice is high. Consul General Guenther of Frankfurt describes the process as follows:

A large wooden framework two stories, each ten feet high, is put up. Each story has a cover of 18 parallel beams. Through the center a pipe incased to prevent freezing runs up to the upper cover. This pipe is connected with the water supply.

At the top the water escapes over a rotating disk so that it is distributed evenly in the form of drizzling rain over the beams of the cover of both stories. The water drops continually from the beams and is changed into icicles by the cold winter temperature. These icicles grow until they reach from the top beams to the beams below, and finally to the ground floor.

At a sufficiently low temperature 700 cubic feet of ice can be produced in a single night from such a framework. The icicle assumes and keeps the form of thick, separate columns, which can be broken without difficulty.

Lived with Broken Liver. With his liver broken in half, David Martin, a negro, lived for a period that leading doctors are sure covered from 15 to 20 years. He died in the Metropolitan hospital, New York, a short time ago, and the amazing fact that a usually mortal injury had not sufficed to kill him was made known when Dr. O'Hanlon performed an autopsy in the morgue. The autopsy disclosed that Martin died from a hemorrhage of the brain. In pursuing the autopsy Dr. O'Hanlon found that the negro's liver was divided, the two sections being joined by a great growth of connective tissue running directly across the middle of the liver. This tissue was one and a half inches thick and was the result of an injury, it was determined, received 15 or 20 years ago. Another striking circumstance was that the capsule incasing the liver was not fractured.

The God of Chance. The wife of a coachman in Falkirk, Scotland, is rejoicing in the possession of a quarter of a million sterling, secured by hearing one of her children reading. Her little girl had been spelling out her lessons from a newspaper when she came to a small advertisement inserted by an Edinburgh lawyer. He desired to trace relatives of a farmer in America, who had left a large fortune to his nearest kin. The lucky woman, intent on adding the child in her studies, looked at the advertisement and recognized that the farmer was her uncle, who emigrated 40 years ago.

She established her claim as next of kin, and is now a wealthy woman.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF PLATTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA. In the matter of the estate of Peter P. Riede, deceased. Order to show cause. This cause came on to be heard on the petition of Emma A. Riede, administratrix of the estate of Peter P. Riede, deceased, praying for license to sell: Lot number three (3) and the undivided one-half of lot number eleven (11), all undivided one-half of lot number eleven (11), all undivided one-half of lot number eleven (11), in block number twelve (12) in the village of Lindsay, in Platte county, Nebraska, for the purpose of paying the debts and claims allowed against the estate of Peter P. Riede, deceased, and also the costs and expenses of administering his estate, there not being sufficient personal property to pay said debts and expenses.

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in the above described real estate, do appear at the court house in Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of July, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administratrix to sell said real estate.

It is further ordered, that this order be published for three successive weeks in The Columbus Journal prior to the said day of hearing. G.W. H. THOMAS, Judge. Dated May 27th, 1909.

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