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When a man loses respect for the courts he loses respect for himself.

No wonder Judge Sullivan hesitated about accepting. The World-Herald is supporting him.

Evidently the Lincoln Star prefers a lawyer with a Burlington tag as Senator Burkett's successor.

Before the republicans have nominated candidates for supreme court judges, the World-Herald already has them defeated.

Charlie Bryan has publicly declared himself in favor of a county option law. Charlie Taft has not been heard from on the question.

According to the Oiler theory the democratic party has outlived its usefulness and should be chloroformed—what there is left of it.

Evidently the old cry of "railway candidate" is to be galvanized into life and pushed to the front as the campaign stunt of the democratic organs.

A headliner in a Lincoln paper says "a policeman took a big load of beer." Lincoln policemen, like Omaha policemen, should be compelled to remain on the water wagon or retire from the force.

And now everybody knows where Charlie Bryan stands on the county option question. It is of little consequence what stand Charlie takes.

The general public is more interested in knowing where Charlie's "Fearless" Brother William stands on the question.

The World-Herald has discovered that Judge Barnes is the candidate of the Northwestern railway. The organ of the Omaha branch of the Nebraska democracy has the habit of making discoveries early in campaigns.

As early as last July it "discovered" Mr. Bryan in the White House.

Since Commissioner Cowgill was compelled to pay extra for the privilege of riding in a Pullman car he has had his hammer out and knocking at the rate demanded by the Pullman company in Nebraska.

The railway commission has finally taken up the matter and will try to enforce a reduction in the rate for berths within the boundaries of Nebraska.

The writer does not know very much about what is termed the "commission" form of government for cities, but if it saved Des Moines \$224,000 the first year, employed more policemen, firemen and street workers and made more improvements than in one year under the old form, besides reducing water and light rates twenty per cent, it would not be a bad idea for Lincoln and Omaha to adopt the commission plan.

Anyway it would be an improvement over the graft form now in force.

The men who have banded together for the purpose of enforcing the law against houses of prostitution in Columbus should receive the moral support of every citizen. The fact that these houses have been allowed to exist and thrive for years is not wholly the fault of the city government.

The demand for the suppression of the resorts has come mostly from individuals, without the moral and financial backing of the community. The people, by their inactivity and apparent indifference have allowed a state of affairs to exist which has discredited the city, and now a determined effort will be made to enforce the law and banish objectionable characters from the city.

The evil which good citizens have united to fight is a problem that has confronted society for centuries, but in cities the size of Columbus the open house of prostitution can be wiped out if a determined effort is made.

Judge Sullivan, late of Columbus, but now a citizen of Omaha, has decided to enter the primary contest for supreme court judge on the democratic ticket. The fact that Judge Sullivan has never been a strong partisan, coupled with his acknowledged ability and the splendid record he made while a member of the supreme court, will make him a strong candidate at the polls.

Notwithstanding the decision of the courts declaring the non-partisan judiciary law unconstitutional, a large number of voters in both parties do not consider the election of judges a partisan question and will not consider themselves bound to support a candidate for the reason that he has "democrat" or "republican" after his name on the official ballot.

Judge Sullivan has friends in the republican party the same as Judge Barnes has in the democratic party, and it is quite likely that many of Judge Sullivan's republican friends will vote for him at the polls in November.

Both parties are fortunate in having clean and able men to choose from. But this fact will not deter the intense and unreliable partisan organs of both the democratic and republican parties from raising the annual howl of "railway candidate."

The World-Herald and some of the other bourbon sheets that always sneeze when the double-headed organ of the Hitchcock wing of the democratic party takes snuff have already become afflicted with the "railroad candidate" virus and are attempting to connect Judge Barnes with the Northwestern railway.

Four years ago the opposition loaded their mud guns with the same ammunition they are using now, and the result was the election of Judge Barnes by a substantial majority.

The state auditor of Kansas has recently given publicity to something he has unearthed after weeks of investigation. The auditor claims that the vacation taken every year by officials and employees of the state costs the taxpayers \$100,000 annually.

The state employs 1,800 persons, and the annual payroll amounts to 1,500,000. Every one of these 1,800 persons takes from two weeks to thirty days vacation, and some of them a much longer period.

During the summer months the district and supreme court judges do not do a lick of work; but loaf around summer resorts and fish. And yet Kansas wanted twenty-five thousand harvest hands three weeks ago to help save the crop.

While about half the men drawing wages from the state were spending their time in idleness, the same state of affairs exist in Nebraska but not to the extent that it does in Kansas, for the reason that this state has not "advanced" as far in "reform" legislation as her sister state on the south.

But wait! It's coming in Nebraska, so the Lincoln reformers say.

The "locker" system has been declared legal in Kansas. The "locker" plan of avoiding the prohibition law is very simple. Half a dozen or more congenial spirits get together, organize a club, give it a name, rent a room, provide lockers for jugs and drink their fill.

Very simple. "Locker" clubs are quite popular in Kansas and nearly every town has one or more. One club in Topeka has three hundred members with as many lockers and jugs.

Enrolled among the members appears the name of Frank Jackson, the prohibition attorney general, who has made a big reputation prosecuting niggers for bootlegging.

And Jackson is not the only prohibition politician who has a jug in one of the club's "lockers."

Tariff reform, municipal reform and the various other reforms suggested and all the reform laws enacted during the past few years of reform agitation have not reduced the price of coal, flour, clothing, shoes and taxes.

And yet more reforms are demanded and other reforms are coming down the pike for inspection and discussion. The ordinary individual who has a family to support on a small salary has become extremely weary of reform and the reformers. There's nothing in it for him.

Reform has not cheapened the cost of living or increased wages. Let the reformers give the people a rest.

No Pirate Gold. Johnny McDermott, the 14-year-old son of a Long Island farmer, had been hearing of Capt. Kidd's buried gold ever since he could remember.

In digging a woodchuck out of his hole a few days ago he came across an iron-bound box. He thought he had found a golden treasure for sure, but after lugging it home and breaking it open the contents turned out to be rusty knives, forks and spoons that some robber had buried. All were too badly eaten with rust to be of any good.

Practically Noiseless. Gladys—Does that noisy Archie Featherbottom still come to see you? Maybelle—Yes, he still comes; but he hasn't made a noise like a proposal yet.

A MILLIONAIRE FARMER

Millionaire farmers, says the Atchison Globe are not numerous, but those who made their millions from the farm are still more rare. Such a man is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., and the story of his life is intensely interesting, both as narrating the progress of one farmer, and of all American agriculture.

He is now worth \$3,500,000. On his broad acres 250 men are employed. He raises 19,000 acres of corn a year, yielding about 1,000,000 bushels. One thousand horses and mules are required to do the work of this vast farm, and he buys 250 car loads of feeding cattle at a time.

In one field he has 6,000 acres of corn, the largest corn field in the world. He has given \$200,000 to Tarkio college, and regards it as one of the best investments he has made.

In speaking of this, he dwells on the importance of an education; says he needs more than he has himself, and wishes to make it easy for boys and girls of the present time to acquire learning.

This millionaire farmer raises more corn each year than the nine states of Utah, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Rhode Island, Wyoming and Nevada combined.

Yet this man who has amassed millions from the soil, began in 1846 with nothing. Mr. Rankin was born on a Sullivan county, Indiana, farm in 1825.

And in farming since he was big enough, first for his father and later for himself, he is familiar with the great changes that have come in the agricultural methods, and the manner of rural life in three quarters of a century.

To old people, who have grown up with the Middle West, he draws many familiar pictures. His first home was a log cabin sixteen feet square.

In that home the cooking was done in an open fireplace, most of the simple fare being cooked in a kettle, set on the logs, which had to be watched less it tip over. The bread was cooked in a Dutch oven, with coals over it and coals under it.

When young David was nine years old, the family moved from Indiana to Illinois, locating in Warren county. As showing that transportation methods have progressed with agriculture, it may be mentioned that the family was a month making the move, traveling every day.

In those days there were no matches and fires were started with a flint rock. Mr. Rankin also recalls seeing his father start a fire with a grain sickle, by putting power on a Dutch oven lid, and striking the lid with a sickle, using tools to catch fire from the powder.

The only schools they had in those days were little subscription schools, held in log houses, with windows of greased paper. The principal studies were reading, writing and arithmetic, and the embryo millionaire had little opportunity to acquire these.

At the age of eleven years, he quit school and went to work. A good education was not looked upon as so essential then as now, and the boy was needed to help support the family. Money was so scarce that the common people could little more than afford shoes for cold weather.

Mr. Rankin recalls that he went barfooted every summer until he was 28 years old. But it was the simple, and, if it had many disadvantages, Mr. Rankin believes it gave people stronger constitutions than the strenuous life of today.

Certainly it had that effect on him, for he is hearty and active at eighty-five. Prosperous young farmers of to-day whose greatest worry is that the bank may fail, will note by the prices prevalent in Mr. Rankin's boyhood that there were other causes of worry then.

In 1840, to pay a store debt for his father, he hauled dressed hogs to the town of Oquawka, Ill., on the Mississippi river, and sold the meat for \$1 to \$1.25 a hundred. (Live hogs are now worth \$8 per hundred pounds.) And it was harder to raise hogs in those days. The corn they were fattened on was cultivated with a single shovel plow, and the ground plowed with a wooden mouldboard plow.

This wooden mouldboard had to be cleaned with a paddle about every twenty rods, and an acre a day was good work for a man and yoke of oxen. Good plowing is one of the essentials of farming, and the plowing with the old-fashioned wooden plow wasn't very good, the wonder is that they raised as much as they did.

There was also a good deal of hoeing of crops in those days, and one of the old-fashioned hoes, weighed as much as four or five of the modern steel hoes. The steel plow, which now seems so common, has been one of great advantages which have made our agricultural progress possible.

Mr. Rankin is a believer in the protective tariff, for he recalls that in 1836-'37, when there was a free trade or something like it, men worked for \$10 to \$12 a month in his father's saw mill and boarded themselves. And prices didn't seem to go down in proportion

to the drop of wages. Young Rankin bought an axe for his father, manufactured in Sheffield, England, paying \$2.50 for it. As good an axe can be had to-day for sixty-five cents.

Wheat was harvested and threshed by the same methods that obtained in the time of Moses, cutting it with a sickle, and threshing it with a flail, but it sold for twenty-five cents a bushel, and one-fourth of the price was paid in cash, and the balance in trade.

And the balance of trade wasn't in the interest of the farmers. Calico sold at forty cents a yard, while the merchant bought home-made linen from the farmer's wife at ten cents a yard.

In those days, coal oil was regarded as a reliable cure for rheumatism, and the way of collecting it was to take the bed blankets and soak them in the streams where oil had run over the surface of the water, then wringing out the blankets and obtaining the oil.

To get their flour, the Rankin family sent their wheat to a mill operated by horses, hitched to a sweep, and each patron had to furnish the power to grind his grain. At one time young Rankin made seven trips to the mill, a week apart, before his grist could be attended to, going fourteen miles each trip with a yoke of oxen.

In the meantime the family lived on potatoes and bread made from wheat ground in a coffee mill, or corn pounded out in a mortar.

In those days, the mail was forwarded without postage, but the one getting the letter had to pay twenty-five cents to get it out of the postoffice. That meant it cost a farmer four bushels of wheat to get a letter out of the postoffice, since only one-fourth of the price of wheat was paid in cash.

As the price of farm products was cheap at that time, it is not strange that farm land was low. Mr. Rankin's father traded a cow and a filley, worth about \$50, for a quarter section of land. Another farmer did even better, obtaining as good a quarter as as there was in the country for \$30, and he traded a yoke of oxen for the land, as he had no money.

It was along about 1856 that the farmers got the cradle as successor to the sickle, and this was a great improvement in wheat culture. Wheat also advanced to 50 cents a bushel, but the price was paid in Mexican silver.

In 1846, having attained his majority, David Rankin started out for himself. He admits he chose farming because he was unable to get a job as a clerk. No one, he says, seemed to think he was smart enough to make a good clerk. It is hardly necessary to say he has never regretted his choice, even if it was forced upon him.

Mr. Rankin began his career with one bull as assets. He purchased another to complete the yoke, paying \$8 for the animal in work. A new plow point cost \$6, and he had to go in debt for that, and couldn't get it until he found a friend to go his security.

However, Mr. Rankin never begrudges the money invested in farm implements. In 1847, Mr. Rankin drove a bunch of cattle to Chicago, driving them across the prairie, so they could feed as they traveled. There were no regular packing houses in those days, except in the winter. They were all closed in the summer, as there was no such thing as cold storage and refrigerating plants in those days.

In 1848, Mr. Rankin, ever on the alert for improved machinery, bought one of the earliest types of reapers. It wasn't to be compared with the modern self-binder, but it was a great improvement over the cradle. It cost \$125, and cut a five-foot swath. Three men were required to operate it.

One of the advantages of the new machine was that it enabled Mr. Rankin to carry on his harvest without whisky, for the first time. Whisky had always been considered as a stimulant to the harvesters, but Mr. Rankin with his new machine, proved it wasn't necessary.

Mr. Rankin was married in 1850, and he paid his last \$4 to the preacher. But he had eighty acres of land at that time, and a few head of cattle. They had to trade for everything to eat and wear, and, as first-class flour couldn't be procured without cash, they had to take second-class.

Along in the '50's, Mr. Rankin was engaged in buying and selling hogs, and he had no stock scales. The hogs were lifted clear of the ground by a sort of sawing, or breeching, and weighed on a pair of old-fashioned "steel-yards."

It was in 1865 that Mr. Rankin first began to make big money. He bought cattle in Chicago at \$1.25 a hundred, took them to Paxton, fed them corn, fattened them, and sold them in New York at \$6.50 per hundred. Then he embarked in the broom corn business, having purchased a large area of land, and he cleaned up \$200,000 in this venture, which people

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GAVE TRAMP THE DELICACY.

Wayfarer Had Asked for Starter for Breakfast, and What Could Housewife Do?

It was Sunday morning and the Wayfarer was hungry. He walked slowly down the street, scrutinizing such houses as might give promise of a breakfast, or, at least, a starter on one. Finally he selected one that showed signs of life on the interior.

He sauntered slowly toward the back door and knocked. A woman answered the rap. "Good morning, lady," he said, with a smile, at the same time holding his travel-worn hat, "I just dropped into see if you would give a fellow a little starter on a breakfast. Not a whole breakfast, I pray of you. Only a starter, and then I will go on to another neighbor, thus not exacting too great sacrifice from your Sabbath menu."

The woman of the house stood stupefied. She had never heard such a speech from a tramp before. "Well—well, well, what could I give you?" she finally sputtered.

He split two halves of a grapefruit on the table. They had been sweetened the night before and the sugar gave them a highly luscious tone. Little patches of unabsorbed sugar still rested on the crests. The wayfarer looked at them longingly.

"I only ask for a starter on a breakfast, madam," he said, quietly. "Only a starter. I will go on for the rest."

"But I hardly know what—" "Yes, it is hard to solve," he interrupted. "But, don't you know, I am abnormally foolish about grapefruit."

And what else was there for her to do but to give that which stood as a visible supply.

A Family Name.

A new boy had made his appearance in the schoolroom, and Miss Adair, the teacher, summoned him to her desk. "Do you expect to come to school here regularly?" she asked him.

"Yes'm." "Where do you live? Are you in this district?" "I guess so. I live down this street 'bout four blocks."

"What is your name?" "Martin Luther Hicks." "Martin Luther?" said the teacher. "I presume, Martin, you know for whom you were named?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy, brightening up. "I was named after my uncle, on my mother's side. He keeps a lively stable."—Youth's Companion.

Misfortune of Dullness.

Dullness means a lack of imagination, and without imagination life and happiness are both impossible. Religion and art, from one point of view, share the same mission. They bring to man the sense of amazement. They teach us that the world is a wonderful fairy palace, the place of hourly miracles. Then we discover that we ourselves are most amazing creatures.

The dull man is not interested in himself, has no self-love. I am certain that no man can love his neighbor unless he has learned to love himself. From ourselves we discover humanity—Exchange.

Two Harassed Nations.

Bay Mackerel—Thanksgiving and Christmas may be seasons for the dismemberment of Turkey, but I know a nation in even a worse case. Shed Rose—What is that? Bay Mackerel—Lent, when occurs the baiting of fin-land.

Following the Fashion.

Many women, and men as well, are disturbed if they feel that the clothes they wear are in the slightest particular obsolete. They cannot buy a pocket handkerchief without the noxious inquiry whether it is what everybody else is wearing, or purchase a shoestring without critical scrutiny and comparison. Not merely in clothes is the fashion followed, but in social diversions. One game gives place to another, one popular ballad with a whistleable refrain ousts its forerunner completely; no sooner is a tune learned than it is gone like the snows of yesterday.

Books suffer the same incessant vicissitudes of the favor of "Fortune in men's eyes." In most things it does not matter if there is a continual cycle of changes. It is only when it comes to our beliefs and our opinions that it is not well to try to keep pace with the vagaries and eccentricities of fashion.

Words Would Fall Even Then.

There are 2,754 languages. A man who has been knocked down by an auto or had a street car transfer refused to him would need to use all of them to express his feelings.—New York Press.

Soldier True to Training.

During the period of the "second empire" in France the "Cent Gardes" were one of its sights at the Tuilleries. It was hard to distinguish them from statues. Their commander, Col. Verly, once declared to Empress Eugenie that "nothing" could make one of his men move when on duty.

The empress laid a wager that she would make one of the giants stir; so, with her characteristic impetuosity she went up to one of the guards and boxed his ears. Not a muscle moved. The empress then acknowledged that Col. Verly had won the bet, and sent a salutation to the soldier, who, however, proudly refused it, saying that he had been sufficiently compensated by the honor of having had his sovereign lady's hand laid on his cheek.

The Foolish Painter.

An interesting anecdote is told on the highest authority, in connection with the little Matthew, Maris picture of "The Four Mills," which realized 3,300 guineas recently. The late M. Goupil of Paris, paid the artist 100 francs for the picture, and at the same time gave him a lecture on the foolishness of painting such unsalable stuff!

Money in Violets.

If there is one branch of commercial horticulture in which ladies have a chance of succeeding, and which does not involve them in the coarsening results of the general work, it is the growing of violets on a commercial scale.—Fruitgrower and Florist.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF PLATTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of Henry H. Becker, John Lester Becker and Katherine Becker, minors.

This case came on for hearing on the petition of Susan Becker, guardian of Henry H. Becker, John Lester Becker and Katherine Becker, minors, praying for license to sell an undivided third of three-eighths (3/8) interest in all that portion of lot number seven (7), in section number thirty-three (33) in township seventeen (17) north of range one (1) east of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska, lying west of a line beginning at a point six (6) chains east of the north-south line (16-7) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, and running thence north and south across said lot

Also an undivided three-fourths (3/4) interest in all that part of lots numbered five (5) and six (6) in section thirty-three (33) township seventeen (17) north of range one (1) east of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska, lying within the following boundaries: Beginning at a point on the north side of said lot six (6) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, thence south to the south side of said lot six (6) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, thence east along the south boundary of said lots six (6) and five (5) to a point forty-seven (47) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, thence north across said lot five (5) to the north boundary thereof, thence west along the north boundary of said lots five (5) and six (6) and fifty-nine (59) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, thence west to the point of beginning.

Also an undivided three-twelfths (3/12) interest in the southwest quarter (S. W. 1/4) of the southeast quarter (S. E. 1/4) of section twenty-seven (27) in township seventeen (17) north of range two (2) west of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska.

Also an undivided three-fourths (3/4) interest in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section number one hundred and eleven (111) and lot number five (5) in block number one hundred and forty six (146), in the city of Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska.

On consideration whereof, it is ordered that the next of kin of the said Henry H. Becker, John Lester Becker and Katherine Becker, and all persons interested in the estate herein described, appear before me at the court house in the city of Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, on the 14th day of August, 1908, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., there to show cause why a license should not be granted to said Susan Becker, guardian of said minors, to sell the above described 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, and that GEO. H. THOMAS, Judge.

Dated July 15, 1908.

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