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Omaha newspapers are making fun of Omaha as a result of President Taft's visit there last week. It was a very well elegant banquet, at \$20 a plate. But, as a full dress affair, it didn't make much of a hit.

LINDSAY STIRS DENVER.

Ben B. Lindsay, Denver's famous "juvenile court" judge, is writing a series of articles for Everybody's Magazine which has set the Rocky mountain metropolis by the ears.

Naturally, the men exposed do not take kindly to what the judge is saying about them. They are retorting fiercely, add the short and ugly word figures largely in their remarks.

Unfortunately for the men against whom Lindsay's shafts are aimed, circumstantial evidence is on his side. Colorado corporation politics have been a stench in the nostrils of the country for a good many years.

Moreover, Judge Lindsay's accusations are not general, but specific. He names places and dates, tells what this and that public servant received in the way of bribe money for prostituting his official position for the benefit of public service and other corporations.

WHY CREMATION ISN'T POPULAR.

Cemetery superintendents, holding a yearly convention just like less melancholy organizations, declared themselves in accord with the view that the time of compulsory cremation of the dead is not far distant.

This question of cremating the dead is not wholly an economic or sanitary one; in the main, it is sentimental.

body by casting it into a furnace.

In countless instances cremation is viewed as a sacrilege, and so, indeed, it must be treated until with the passing of years the horror of it is educated out of the general public's mind.

It is singular that incineration should appear to be so much more dreadful a thing than the burial of the dead in the moulding earth. To those who favor cremation it seems that every person ought really to appreciate the sanitary advantages of it, but inasmuch as they do not, the time when cremation becomes universal depends altogether upon the amount of enlightenment on the subject necessary to overcome a prejudice based upon a tender sentiment.—Philadelphia Times.

HARMONIZERS AND PARASITES

Discussing "The Lawyers' Function" a writer in the current Atlantic monthly takes as his text the inscription above the statue of law in the congressional library at Washington reading: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmonizer of the world."

In the realm of advice, we are told, a lawyer may choose between counseling his client how to uphold the rights secured to him by the justice of his cause, and how to obtain benefits from the application of technicalities and the use of the weaknesses of the particular statute of precedents under consideration.

In litigation the lawyer who endeavors by every means to present fully his client's case and point out the defects in his opponent's position is fully meeting his responsibility to give a conscientious judge all the information obtainable, and promote speedy, as well as just settlement.

It is in lawmaking that the lawyer can most easily choose his work. Most of our laws are made by lawyers, and those who devise schemes for personal or selfish purposes of clients as contrasted with the demands of the common good, "are remarkably plain examples of the parasitical class."

The only excuse offered for the parasites in the legal profession, is that they may have been unable to make a living from legitimate practice. The ultimate disappearance of the parasitical lawyer may be hoped for if the lawyers, who are harmonizers, cut themselves loose from those who are either willfully or involuntarily parasites, and so discredit the latter that their usefulness will be at an end, even according to their own standards.

Well, maybe, as a practical fact, it was not a message from Mars, that magnetic "explosion" of Saturday—so far as concerns any conscious effort of the inhabitants of Mars. But, in another sense, our very acceptance of its possibility did constitute a message from Mars, as Mars stands now, an object of our aspiring, unashamed thinking.—Kansas City Times.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Whenever an amateur novelist assails the very fortresses of the newspaper paragraphs he usually secretes himself in the shadow of anonymity.

An unknown novelist has pictured a new south. He has done more. He has effaced the traditional jokes of a generation. The southern colonel is no more. Take his novel as a handbook and even the julep jest must go.

The writer plunges bodily into a hitherto uncharted sea of fiction. Imagine a south without any misery and inaction after the civil war! Picture a south without grinding chaste, incipient race wars, smouldering class hatred and indolent shiftlessness. Instead, according to this unknown, workers are at colossal tasks and builders are transforming waste places into gardens of beauty.

sentimental and industrial hindrances and are laboring together for a south which even now far eclipses the faded grandeur of ante-bellum days.

If this writer is to be trusted, the young men of the south have come into their own. They are not dreaming or idling but are using the material at hand for the development of a virgin empire. Toil and labor are dignified and honorable. Trade is not a disgrace. The useful citizen is honored and the idle abased.

Thousands will greet this picture of the south with acclaim. In their heart they will hope that the canvas does not belie conditions as they are today. They will welcome the funeral of an outworn and misfit civilization and will cheer the dawn of the new era.

Not so the jokesmiths. They are dashing, impudent, shallow and ephemeral. Vain, carping, often enmeshed in plagiarism, they love precedent and resent innovation. They prefer to follow the products of yesterday with another crop; twisted, wrapped, bettered, seemingly new. These funny men love to perpetrate dry programs in convention assembled and they do hate to find themselves floundering in a strange atmosphere which calls for a new brand of humor.

Perhaps it is the revenge of the newspaper wits which the timid author fears.—Lincoln Star.

THE MESSAGE FROM MARS

Some where Mr. Percival Lowell, the astronomer, says something like this: "We are great doers but bashful thinkers." His reference, was to mankind and he was writing from Mars.

Manifestly we are losing some of our bashfulness of thinking. Hear the unemotional learned ones protest that it was not a Martain message and that, in imagining such a thing, the popular mind runs in faddists' grooves! All the same, it is a significant sign in our mental zodiac that we leap 35 million miles of space in our latter day reckonings of what is possible.

We have our scientists to tell us that a big enough blot on the Earth's surface could be noted from Mars, as a similar blot upon Mars could be observed by us. We already have astronomers, turned economists, who would demonstrate a world-wide democracy on Mars from what they assure us is a system of canals and fertile zones to husband and distribute an imperiled food supply.

A spirit of mental unrest, of greater reaching inquiry than any fostered by an historic renaissance, has been wonderfully stimulated, too by wireless telegraphy, by flying machines, by thought transference, if you please. Mankind is getting chummy with its astronomers, its philosophers and its pioneering thinkers. Its sentiment is taking wings, and, better still, it is taking rudders.

The Hospital's Place. Florence Goetz of Williamsburg, had swallowed carbolic acid, and it was imperative that she be taken to the hospital at once. Fourteen of her family fought her removal and the police reserves had to be called out.

In a contrasting case a girl of ten was taken in haste to a hospital with acute appendicitis. She went calmly into the ether sleep, for wise relatives assured her that "the doctors would do it right." Her convalescence was one long play spell in sunny rooms, smiled on by doctors and nurses whose skill had not lessened their sympathy.

George Lawes, a traveler, who was sentenced to three months' hard labor at a London (Eng.) police court recently for embezzlement, is in the fortunate position of being unable to drown himself. After his defalcations had been discovered Lawes made up his mind to take his life, and wrote a letter to his wife stating that he had gone to commit suicide.

FEAR TO GET RUSTY

WHY WORKERS REMAIN SO LONG IN THE HARNESS.

Mr. Quillkumtree's Belief is That Labor Keeps Us Young and We All Need to Remain on the Track.

"There is nothing like labor," said Mr. Quillkumtree, "to keep us young. I once asked a man I knew very well, a man who had worked hard all his life, but who was still going beautifully, fresh and strong, why under the canopy he didn't get out of the harness for a while, and he said the reason was that he was afraid if he got out he couldn't get back.

INSTANCES OF YANKEE LUCK

Uncle Sam Has Been Remarkably Fortunate in Acquiring Territory Rich in Minerals.

Now comes the report from Luzon, Philippine archipelago, that discoveries of gold bearing ore have been made that promise great richness, the Washington Post says. Press dispatches state that some of the assays run as high as \$20,000 to the ton.

The Caspian Sea. Two thousand years ago Herodotus said that the Caspian sea—across which Russia has been hurrying troops for Persia—was "a sea by itself, having no connection with any other."

Power Conferred by Gold. It is a somewhat curious fact that the English-speaking nations own nearly all the world's productive gold mines.

Drowns It Out. And sometimes when opportunity knocks at a man's door he is so busy using his little hammer on his neighbors that he doesn't hear it.

He Knew. Gen. Leonard Wood, at a dinner in Newport, praised a soufflé.

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Tribe Have Retrograded. It seems strange that though Hoburn was the seat of the earliest civilization in Palestine, today the inhabitants of the surrounding country are wild and fierce and spend their days roaming about with their flocks, camels and asses, traveling from valley to valley in search of food, pitching their tents, just as their ancestors did 1,000 years ago.

Providential Escape. The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she proudly declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—Manchester Guardian.

Her Grievance. "Never mind," said Socrates, "you may disapprove of me, but posterity will lead an attentive ear to my teachings." "That's what exasperates me!" replied Xantippe. "To think a man would go to such lengths in order to have the last word!"—Washington Star.

Prayer Quickly Answered. "That the fisherman's net might be filled to overflowing" was the prayer of an Edinburgh minister in an Eye-mouth church recently, and the following night such quantities of fish were caught that a boat load had to be thrown overboard.

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