

Columbus Journal.

Columbus, Nebr.
Consolidated with the Columbus Times April 1, 1924; with the Plains Courier August 1, 1924.
Published at the Postoffice, Columbus, Nebr., as second-class mail matter.
* CHANGES OF SUBSCRIPTIONS
One year, by mail, postage prepaid.....\$1.50
Six months......75
Three months......40
* PUBLISHED WEEKLY
* WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1924.
STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

We are told every cloud has its silver lining; as never so gloomy a day forward—the sun will yet shine for you; at least you can help make the world more pleasant by not placing clouds in the horizon of your fellow-workers' sky. Cultivate a smile, practice cheerfulness, shine forth in a simple, kindly good nature, that is due one good to look upon your face. I'd laugh today—today is brief; I would not wait for anything; I use today that cannot last, Be glad today and sing.
—By Alice S. Johnson.

THE COOK VERDICT.

Having examined Dr. Cook's evidence of his discovery of the north pole, the committee of the university of Copenhagen throws its aside as worthless. The committee does not say he did not reach the pole, only that proof is wanting. It is yet possible that Cook reached the pole. It is remotely possible that he should prove as much to the general satisfaction. But either chance is small. If he was not a knave, deliberately delaying his exposure till he should harvest a fortune from American publishers and American audiences, then he was a simpleton to expect such evidence as he presented, to pass scientific scrutiny. If a knave, his claims are fraudulent; if a fool, valueless. How should a mental wreck, however honest, know that he had been at the pole?

Such are the probable justifiable assumptions at this stage of the case. It is a pitiful spectacle of Cook, a humiliating one to the Danes, and a rather absurd one to the American people. If Cook did reach the pole, being yet too ignorant to prove the fact, it is one kind of tragedy to him. If he is a convicted confidence man, his case is yet tragic, though less regrettable. Which is his case we may judge, perhaps, from his final disposition of the fortune he is said to have reaped from his claims.

The manifest interest of the Danes in approving Cook's claims makes their decision the more crushing. They had dined and doctored and decorated him, and their own decision is made in the face of the fact that it involves their own deep humiliation. The Americans who paid absurd prices to hear Dr. Cook lecture were the undiscriminating crowd. In Denmark royalty and scholarship had combined to credit Cook. They will be less trustful again. One of the tragedies of the business is the trail of cynicism, of impaired confidence in human integrity, which is left behind it.

The matter is not yet at a satisfactory conclusion. Perhaps that cannot be reached except by analysis of the mind of Dr. Cook; and the human mind, unfortunately, is in deeper twilight, a harder region to explore than even the poles. But we should like to hear from Dr. Cook. We should like to see him submit to an examination by alienists, psychologists, and logicians, that such crude chart of his mental geography as is possible might be drawn. Then with Cook finally disposed of it behooves us to turn to his rival, and if his data prove convincing where Cook's did not, hail Peary with due honor as the discoverer of the pole.—State Journal.

LEE'S STATUE.
Statues are nothing to the fame of a man as great as Robert E. Lee, or George Washington, or William Shakespeare.
Lee's fame will take care of itself, and the Virginia delegation in congress is right to risk no unseemly wrangle over the statue. General Lee would not wish it.
History will give Virginia and Virginia's great sons their full due in the fullness of time. Let the narrow and ignorant few pass in peace rather than have an opportunity to insult the memory of the nobles exemplar of nineteenth century manhood.
Leave the niche vacant where the statue was to have stood. At the funeral of Junia, the sister of Brutus, the effigies of many other great Romans were displayed; but Tacitus records in an immortal passage of his wonderful Latin that the effigy of Brutus was seen the more because of the very fact of its absence.—Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.

NORTH AND SOUTH.
The interests of north and south are identical. Commercially, intellectually, morally their people have the same aims, the same tastes, the same ideals. It would be a blessing if the historians would drop the civil war for a while, and the disputes between New England and Virginia or the Carolinas over the exact meaning of phrases that have lost their meaning could cease. A southern newspaper has lately been repeating the use of the phrase, "a war for the perpetuation of bondage," and a New England newspaper has been proclaiming its accuracy. Let it pass. There is no more bondage, and north and south are working in unison for the same cause, the good of the whole country.—New York Times.

THE NEXT CENSUS

One hundred million of inhabitants! Such is the advance estimate made by the Census Bureau of the population of the United States in 1930, according to an article by Rene Bach in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To count them and reckon up their manifold activities—giving, as a properly taken census must, a complete picture of the people and their doings—will be an enormous task. There will be 380 supervisors, appointed by the President to look after as many geographical districts and in Washington alone at least 8,000 additional clerks will be employed.

These clerks, three fourths of them women, will be appointed through the Civil Service Commission, which will hold examinations for the purpose before long in every state and territory. Any person male or female, who is not afflicted with tuberculosis, will be considered eligible. As a matter of course, there will be a tremendous scramble for the jobs, which pay from \$600 to \$1,000 per annum.

When the first census of this country was taken, in 1790, the work was done by 650 employes. To gather and put together the data of the census of 1910 will require the services of an army of nearly 70,000 men and women—a number much greater than the entire population of New York and Boston combined at the time of the taking of the first census.

A baby is born every twelve seconds, and, thanks to this fact, about 2,500,000 fresh citizens will be added to our population in the census year 1910. The passing bell will toll every twenty-three seconds, ushering 1,350,000 Americans out of the world during the twelve months. Every twenty-four seconds a marriage will occur, giving expectation of filled cradles, and five of these latter will be supplied with occupants every minute during the year.

So huge has the population grown that the taking of the census of 1910 would be a job nothing short of appalling, were it not for the recent introduction of machinery into the business. It is reckoned that the mere tabulation of the sex, age, nativity and occupations of the people, if made by hand, would consume, for these four items alone, the entire time of 100 clerks for eight years. But most of the work is now done by machines which may almost be said to think, and which, when the facts are once gathered by the enumerators, attend to the task of putting them together.

The Census Bureau is buying a large number of machines of entirely new patterns, which are a great improvement on any apparatus of the kind hitherto known. They are run by electricity, and so perfect is their operation that if the clerk makes a mistake, the contrivance stops automatically. The tabulating machine

will handle as many as 415 cards a minute; but the average speed in actual work is about 300. This is an average of 80,000 or 90,000 cards in a working day of seven hours, including stoppages for reading dials, etc.

As the census returns come in from the enumerators all over the country, in the shape of filled in blanks, the facts they contain will be transferred to cards—each card representing one person. The facts in question are copied on the cards by punching holes, and the position of each hole indicates its significance, so that no writing is required. Thus for example, a few holes will tell that the individual represented by a card is white, of male sex, 45 years old, married, a teacher by profession, able to read, write and speak English—with the additional information that he was born in England, that he has been in the United States ten years, that he is a naturalized citizen, and where he resides.

Some of the new tabulators have adding machines attached to them to prepare statistics of agriculture and certain other arrangements of figures informational. Another novel device is an automatic sorter, which separates the cards into classes, electro-magnets controlling their passage through a series of chutes. Indeed, all of the mechanism from beginning to end depends upon electricity, the current being made and broken by little metal rods which pass through the holes in the cards.

The enumerators employed to gather the facts for the census of 1910 from all parts of the country will number 65,000, and all of them will be men—save perhaps a few, who, for some special and particular reason, will be of the gentler sex. Some women did this kind of work for the last census very efficiently, but ordinarily it is too rough, not infrequently involving quite a little hardship of one kind or another. The business of putting the facts together, however, after they have been collected, will be entrusted mainly to women.

The Census Bureau is now a permanent establishment in Washington. It is kept running, with a comparatively small force of clerks, all the time—whereas it used to go out of existence after each enumeration of the population was accomplished, springing up anew and suddenly every ten years, like a gigantic mushroom. As things are at present arranged, however, the plant is always in existence on a small scale. There is a skeleton organization, so to speak, and this is readily expanded, when the occasion arises, into a huge and effective machine for the gathering of facts. Such an expansion is now beginning to take place, and within a short time the machine will be in full operation for the taking of the thirteenth census of the United States.—The Union.

CHRISTMAS TREES AND CONSCIENCE.

A few years ago there was a terrible outcry against the Christmas tree as an assault upon the natural resources of the country. Today when we know more about forestry than we formerly did, we have the assuring information that Christmas trees are not at all the drain upon the forests of the country they have been pictured. In fact, it is estimated that all the Christmas trees used in American could be grown on a farm of 1,600 acres. With this reassurance we shall probably trim our Christmas trees and light the tapers with an easy consciousness that we are doing nothing to make posterity regret our precedents in the matter of time.

The Christmas tree is more generally used in Germany, a land where practical forestry has made great strides, than in any other Christian land. We may feel assured that if the Germans use Christmas trees, it is because the forests can afford them. But let us not overlook the fact that Germany has Christmas trees in plenty, because German plants trees. She has better and cheaper Christmas trees than we have, because she raises trees for the purpose.—Minneapolis Journal.

As touching Mayor Dahlman and his side, this is about the situation. Neither he nor they have willfully, maliciously and feloniously neglected to enforce the law touching the adjacentment of the lid in the big town by the river. Omaha covers a large territory, and contains many places licensed to deal in firewater under the statutes and ordinances regulating the same. If something stimulating has been served here and there a minute or two after the going sounded, it has been against the orders of the board of fire and police, of which the mayor is a member ex-officio, and not through their connivance or in conformity to their desires, and they are all agreed as to that. The governor therefore

did right not to bring ouster proceedings, under the Sackett law, for the tendency of such a proceeding would have been to make the lawless more prone to evil than ever. The fact is Jim Dahlman is better qualified to grasp the lid in Omaha and hold it down than any man in Douglas county, because he is a particular friend of the wide-open element, and they will resort to almost any subterfuge to thwart the efforts of those on the other side. Moreover, the mayor said when he visited the governor, that he had witnessed no violations of the eight o'clock closing law, from which we charitably conclude that he doesn't violate the proprieties by looking straight ahead when it is just as easy to fix his gaze on the ceiling, or peer through the window at the surging throng on the sidewalk below.—Bixby.

The Chief's Error.
Goron was chief of the Paris police when the following incident took place: Lombroso had written a book in 1895 on criminality among women, so runs the story, and when it was finished wrote to Goron to send him "forthwith" some portraits of Parisian women criminals. Anxious to please the writer, the package was made up and started on its tour to Italy. When the book came out Lombroso sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Goron, who saw his gift acknowledged on the first page. "It was a scholarly book," said the chief, "and would have had a large sale but for an error on my part. The pictures came out of the wrong drawer of my desk. They were not criminals at all, but women who had applied for back-street licenses, and a new edition had to be printed to make good a police mistake."

An Exchange of Courtesy.
A couple of men got into a warm argument and finally came to blows. After the fracas a spectator remarked: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, and vice versa. We should all keep polite tongues in our heads. Only last night I heard a very fat man say with a loud laugh to a bowlegged friend: 'Jim, old man, you look as if you'd been riding a barrel.' 'And you,' snipped Jim sourly, 'look as if you'd swallowed one.'"



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A Sacred Bath.

The number of queer things the various peoples do in the name of religion are legion, but no sight is more odd than that which may be witnessed on Badrinath, a peak of the Himalayan range in northwestern India. The peak looms 22,901 feet above the sea, and at an altitude of 10,400 feet there is built a shrine of Vishnu overhanging a great tank fed by water from the sacred thermal spring. Annually about 15,000 pilgrims climb the weary path to the shrine, and every twelfth year, when the Kumbh Mela is celebrated, the number increases to at least 50,000. Arriving at the shrine, the pilgrims adore the great idol, liberally fee the Brahman priests and bathe in the sacred tank. This latter performance is slightly startling, as men and women, absolutely nude, plunge into the water with cries of joy until the entire tank is a seething mass of humanity, resembling very much the familiar "wiggettals" of an infrequently emptied rain barrel.—New York Times.

Why He Hadn't Tried It.

A party was encamped on the Bear river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried: "How far to Salt Lake?" "Three hundred miles." "Bumph!" "Traveled far?" "About 200 miles." "Get your jaw hurt?" "No; it's just an infernal toothache, and I'm a-riding five hundred miles to get it pulled." We invited him down, and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as quick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about I queried: "Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?" "Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."

A King's Old Clothes.

The posthumous sale of the wardrobe of King George IV. of England realized \$75,000. Greville, who attended the sale, says that the king "hardly ever gave anything away except his linen, which was distributed every year. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 200 white, cases without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting coats and breeches. His profusion in these articles was unbounded because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by."

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