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THE AMAZING COOK CASE.

It would be wrong to assume as the friends of Commander Peary are doing, that the case has been definitely closed and that Cook must stand branded as the greatest impostor of all history. Many things remain to be cleared up. If word should now come that he had killed himself, no one would longer question the fact of imposture, but there would be much to be explained. If, for example, he is a shameless impostor, why did he present so meager a case, when a very full and plausible one could have easily been trumped up? If, as so often has been urged against him, observations data could be manufactured by almost anyone from the almanacs sufficient to confuse if not deceive the scientists, why was this not done. Would an impostor, having gone so far, have failed to make such a provision?

Again Commander Peary's pettishness had left open a still surer way of escape for the deliberate impostor. He need not have sent any report to the University of Copenhagen at this time. He need only have started the impossibility of submitting his original records since for the most part they were among his effects entrusted to Whitney and kicked off the steamer Roosevelt by Peary. It would be necessary to wait until next summer before these effects could be recovered, and then his case would be made up and submitted along with the scientific instruments used on the journey. And by next summer the impostor would be better prepared to "fake" a case. Furthermore, Peary now says he had "complete and accurate information" of the falsity of Cook's claims, before leaving the far north. If that is so, why his spiteful action in having Cook's effects excluded from his steamer? Why did he not welcome their carriage southward as being calculated to give the impostor more rope to hang himself?

These and other troublesome questions are suggested. And finally there remains to be explained the most remarkable and troublesome fact of all to which we have before called attention. Many physical conditions obtaining at the pole were unknown and had been the subject of much divergent conjecture among scientists. An impostor might have guessed on all of them and guessed right once or twice. But by all the laws of chance no impostor could have guessed them all right, and this is what Cook did—measured by Peary's account. This fact alone is sufficient to keep the case open until further developments in satisfactory explanation of these strange features have appeared.—Springfield Republican.

A MINER'S LUCK.

The stories of mines and mining include many romances besides those fairy tales which appear in the glowing prospectus of the one which doesn't pan out. It is an industry, or a game, where men have been made millionaires in a day, and have gone down, one way and other, almost as rapidly as they arose to wealth. Hampton's Magazine tells an interesting one of these stories, which deals with the rise and fall of Silver Reef City, Utah. In the early days, an old Mormon farmer in that vicinity. Near his farm was a sandstone cliff, and he used parts of the stone to sharpen his implements. Then it occurred to him that he might market a crop of grindstones, along with his potatoes. He fashioned several, and took them with him on his next trip to the distant town of Pioche, which was a mining camp. One was purchased by a saloon keeper, and set outside his door for convenience of patrons. A fight occurred in the saloon, and one man was thrown through the door, upsetting and breaking the grindstone. Among the crowd which gathered was a prospector named Barbee, whose interest was in the broken stone, rather than in the

bruised fighters. He saw traces of silver in the stone. Others said he was crazy; that it was contrary to nature and geology for silver to be found in such a formation. But the prospector knew silver, if he didn't know geology. He learned where the grindstone came from, and set out across the desert. When he came to the Mormon farmer's range, he found traces of silver. He saw a bush which was blackened, and he prospected the bush, which was even more in violation to geology and nature than silver in a grindstone. The bush was petrified, and ran silver at the rate of 1,000 ounces to the ton; a ton of those bushes would have been worth about \$1,300 at the time. He staked his claim, went back to Pioche, and convinced the doubters with his samples. Pioche spread over the sandstone cliff in a night, and Silver Reef City sprang into being. Barbee's mill extracted \$12,000,000 worth of silver from the ore from Barbee's mines before the wonderful find began to peter out. Chinamen are now making modest wages digging silver from this former bonanza. And Barbee, the man of the lucky grindstone and many millions, died poor, as did the man who found the gold of Cripple Creek, and the man who first found diamonds in South Africa.—Acheson Globe.

WHY NOT SOMETHING WORTH WHILE?

The government has had just provocation for investigating the thieving methods of the sugar trust; it has had perhaps less justification, but still sufficient, for proving the Standard Oil octopus. It has taken a hand in railroad rate regulation, and in addition attempted a number of investigations that, when everything is said and done, means comparatively little to the vast majority of the American people who are supposed to be the government, but who in reality are the governed.

It seems to us that our law makers could probably devote a little time to good advantage by doing a little quiet investigating as to why putting leather on the free list has increased its value more than 25 per cent; why, with a corn crop the largest in the history of the country, corn brings 75 cents a bushel and over; why one man can fool the people on the question of wheat; why, when a condition bordering on a panic existed and labor was not over half employed, all food stuffs advanced; why one man or set of men can own and control the actual necessities of life, and a number of other equally alarming conditions that affect every man, woman and child in the country.

The eighty and more millions of people that compose our government pay less for oil than they ever did. They do not pay an unreasonable price for sugar. So that, when Rockefeller has been put in jail and the sugar trust officials to breaking rock on the highways, the people will pay as much as they do at present for oil and sugar.

But if the powers that control the food products of the country, the actual necessities of life, are exposed as they should be, and their methods exposed and the further pursuit of them made impossible, there will be an opportunity for agriculture to become practically profitable, as it is said to be theoretically, and the great army of consumers will be able to buy food products that they must have, and which they now rate as luxuries and have to do without.

HIGHER PRICES.

The president in his message says that the present high prices are not the result of the Aldrich tariff. In this the president is correct. Any attempt to charge the increased cost of living to the tariff should fail; for living has been steadily increasing for ten years. Nine-cent cattle come from the fact that the three acres required for the steer are hard to find. There are fewer steers in the world, because there are fewer farms for steers to graze on, and more farms given to grain and alfalfa; also there are more people demanding meat; population is growing in this country; we are meat eaters. So hogs and cattle go up, as land goes up. And living goes up because of the fabulous output of gold—and sound money that the republicans promised twelve years ago. They didn't know about the gold that was coming; but they did know that if the per capita of money was to increase and help things, it must increase in sound money. It has increased unbeknown to the statesmen. All conditions conspire to make living high.

REFORMERS.

Most reformers have infinite confidence in creeds, resolutions and laws. They think of the common people as raw material out of which they propose to construct institutions and governments, like mechanical contrivances, where each person will stand for a cog, rope, wheel, pulley or bolt, and the reformers will be the managers and directors. They forget that these cog and wheels have opinions of their own; that they fall out with other cogs and refuse to turn with other wheels; that the pulley and ropes have ideas peculiar to themselves and delight in mutiny and revolution. These reformers have theories that can only be realized when other people have none.

Some time it will be found that people can be changed only by changing their surroundings. It is alleged that at least 95 per cent of the criminals transported from England to Australia and other penal colonies, became good and useful citizens in a new world. Free from former associates and associations, from the necessities of a hard, cruel and competitive civilization, they became, for the most part, honest people. This immense fact throws more light upon social questions than all the theories of the world. All people are not able to support themselves. They lack intelligence, industry, cunning—in short, capacity. They are continually falling by the way. In the midst of plenty they are hungry. Larceny is born of want and opportunity. In passion's storm, the will is wrecked upon the reefs and rocks of crime.

The complex, tangled web of thought and dream of perception and memory, of imagination and judgment, of wish and will, and want—the woven woollen of a life—has never yet been raveled back to simple threads. Shall we not become charitable and just when we know that every act is but condition's fruit; that nature with her countless hands scatters the seeds of tears and crime—of every virtue and of every joy; that all the base and vile are victims of the blind, and that the good and great have, in the lottery of life, by chance or fate, drawn heart and brain.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

WORLD'S GREATEST HARVEST.

The Liverpool estimate of Broomhall on the whole world's wheat crop of 1909, perhaps the most important of the annual European calculations, is at hand. It shows the present year to have established an absolute high record in wheat output. The 3,346,968,000 bushels named as the world's total, compared with 3, (7),280,000 in 1908 an increase of 9 1-4 per cent. Compared with the 3,226,768,000 bushels of 1906, the previous record, the increase is 3 5-8 per cent; compared with the year of scarcity, 1907, it is 15 per cent.

Two continents exceed all preceding records with their wheat production—America and Europe. America, North and South, gains 77,712,000 bushels over last year, which was the previous record. Europe's total runs 158,616,000 bushels beyond 1908, and surpasses the previous high record, that of 1906, by 21,160,000. Every important wheat growing country of the world shows increase over the previous year except Austria-Hungary, Germany and Spain. Russia's harvest runs 68,800,000 bushels beyond its previous high record. Canada shows up 24,000,000 bushels above its best previous yield. The English harvest is the largest since 1899, and with that exception the largest since 1892, though it is highly interesting to observe that its 64,000,000 bushel yield of 1909, while making these encouraging comparisons, is still less than half the 140,000,000 bushel harvest of 1855, which has never since been equaled.—New York Evening Post.

THE DOCTOR'S PRAYER.

Some time ago, the W. C. T. U. of Buffalo, Mo., fought for such drastic measures that Dr. G. A. Meyer, a local physician, issued a prayer in the papers a part of which follows: The women have gone mad over the whole thing and they think the world is going to the 'Demways' just because a little liquor is being sold. I feel like I would like to pray for them, therefore let us pray—Almighty Creator in heaven, thou who hath made the heavens and the earth, have pity on the W. C. T. U., who are not grateful for thy gifts, who want their children, like the beasts of the field, to drink water like an ox while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands to other extravagances, not tending to their well being, but to bankruptcy, depriving them of the pleasures of the world; yes, driving them to suicide. Look upon them, O Lord; they wear not even the color of the face thou givest them. Not content with Nature they paint their faces. O Lord, thou canst perceive that their figures are not as thou made them. They wear bumps on their backs and their head consists of flies hair. The women read the prayer, and im-

Postal Savings Banks and The People

Only a very few days after adjournment of the convention of the American Bankers' Association, in Chicago, which had openly declared hostility toward such a system of postal savings banks as nearly all other great countries but ours have employed for years, a disaster overtook a Chicago cigar maker which illuminated that very subject—postal banks.

Louis Stiers had painfully saved up the goal of years of hope and struggle, was at hand; he had enough capital, \$250, to buy a little cigar factory of his own. During all those years of incessant labor and self denial he had not intrusted his savings to any bank. At first he had been unwilling to face bank talk behind their counters of bronze and marble, to make a deposit of merely \$1 or \$5 or \$20. Then as his little hoard grew, his caution, instead of pride, prompted him to avoid banks, for there were failures and losses and tragedies. He kept his savings pinned inside his sock, and as the roll of greenbacks grew larger he secretly rejoiced.

On the great day, soon after the bankers dispersed to their homes, the little cigar factory was all but bought. He had the price pinned in his sock, the deal was agreed upon, and he set out, exulting, to pay over the money, to become a possessor; no longer, as he always had been, one who worked for others' profit. He turned over in his mind the rearranging he would order, the changes in his little factory—hid he was in ecstasy, and trod the rough pavement buoyantly. But disaster dogged his hurrying steps. Through a hole in his sock his savings fluttered out—one ten dollar bill, and then others, and the rest of his cherished roll. He was almost penniless when he entered the cigar factory which so nearly had been his. Tragedy it was to Stiers.

And the poor cigar maker, who again is grimly working at his bench, is but one of thousands. Denied the security of Uncle Sam's guaranty, the one banker of whom he, in his timidity and his pride, would avail himself, Stiers reran his savings. The sum of the hoardings like his in the United States, President Taft has said, from government data, is not less than 600 million dollars.

The same dangers beset the savings that make up the whole 600 million dollars as periled the \$450 of Louis Stiers. The losses of hoarded money each year run into millions. This does not put a stop to hoarding, however, nor will it; the reasons which prompted Stiers remain. What is needed? When the United States Congress created a postal bank system for the Philippine Islands it was done "as a measure of thrift and a stimulus to habits of providence and savings." That

is just what the system has been to the millions struggling to get ahead in spite of pitiful wages, heavy taxation and other obstacles that confront men and women in Canada, Europe, Australia, India, South Africa and Japan. It has been a spur to providence, a crutch to lean upon and a shield of safety. The deposits show that; so do the enormous annual increase of deposits and the total number of depositors. The figures are staggering, and show what has been and is being done abroad, and what with certainty can be done in the United States.

In 1907 the postal deposits in Austria totaled \$44,434,421, there being over 2 million depositors, which shows that the average deposit is about \$21.50. Belgium created a postal bank system in 1869, and as a reward that country has over 162 million dollars on deposit, the average account being \$64.41. Then there are Finland, France, Hungary, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden and the United Kingdom, in Europe, all of which, through a postal savings system, enable timid depositors to intrust their savings at the postoffice to the safe-keeping of their government. Canada created the system in 1868, and the deposits now exceed 50 million dollars, the average accounts being \$284, which is a fair index of the average account to be expected in the United States, and goes to show that it is the mite of a man like Louis Stiers which is left on deposit in the postal savings system.

Not less than 8 million dollars in one year has been sent from the United States in money orders, much of it for deposit and safekeeping in postal systems. Most of these money orders are bought in the states of Arkansas, Colorado, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Oklahoma, Ohio, Oregon, Texas and Washington.

The geographical origin of this money, which is sent to Europe for the security of the postal banks there, shows how crying a need there is for an auxiliary banking system which will put to use the forty thousand money order postoffices scattered throughout the country. Make the post-offices of that class depositories and we have added forty thousand magnets for the spare change of the nation; have provided the ranchman, remote from a bank, with a convenient depository; have removed the temptation of the miner and backwoodsman to squander his wages as he gets them; have put under the nose of everybody a most convenient and secure place for starting a savings account. It is very obvious from experience abroad, and the size of the sum withheld from banks here, that what is needed is the creation of a postal savings bank system.—George H. Currier, Chairman Postal Savings Bank League in the World Today.

mediately called for their war horses. Mounting them, they rode away to war with the result that they had the doctor's license revoked for prescribing whisky. He fought it in the courts, and the circuit court yesterday put him on a year's probation. He can practice, but if at the end of the year it is found that he has prescribed whisky in a single instance, he cannot practice in that county any more.—Acheson Globe.

Her Little Bluff. "Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily—"Ethel, I have something to say to you."

"They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying. "Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it." "Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the leaf with the point of a carving knife, "how when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?" "How could I what?" she responded as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such a swindle?"

A New Excuse. One of the men in a large pottery took two or three days' holiday now and again, and when he came back, on being asked what was wrong, he said he had been away burying his grandmother.

Too Risky. In boring for oil when the drill reaches the depth where it allows gas to escape every precaution is taken against igniting it lest there should be a destructive explosion. This necessary precaution gives point to the following story, told by a writer in the Pittsburg News:

"I can deal with men," growled a grizzled oil driller, "but a woman can outdo the best of us. "I brought in a well in Virginia right close to the kitchen door of a little farmhouse. Just as we were getting to the ticklish point, where smoking wasn't allowed within forty rods, out comes the farmer's wife and goes to building a big fire in a Dutch oven. "Mebby I didn't tick, but she just showed me a batch of dough an' said if she didn't bake it 'twould spoil. If I wanted the fire out I had got to pay for the dough—ten dollars too. She just dared me to touch that Dutch oven, an' I didn't touch it either. I just gave her the ten. "Mebby we didn't get that fire out quick. If the well had broken loose it would have blown me an' the whole farmhouse out of sight. "No, sir; I don't want any more dealings with women. They're too risky."

Colors in Fevery. As to color, Grant Allen maintained in an "Essay on the Color Sense" that only eight colors are recognized by the popular mind—black, white, red, blue, green, yellow, gray and brown. Educated people speak of scarlet, crimson, lilac and purple only under exceptional circumstances. In a prosaic hour Grant Allen went through "Poems and Ballads" on the quest for color and found that Swinburne used the word red 151 times, rosy and crimson once each and sanguine, ruddy and scarlet twice each. Gold is mentioned thirteen times. Blue reaches twenty-five. And the prosaic conclusion is "to adopt the statistical form, we might say, if we chose to reckon the unreckonable, that red is 600 per cent more poetical than blue."

Mr Strong Faith. "Oh, Tom," exclaimed the fair young maid as their auto flew along, "there's a church just ahead there!" "But," replied the eloping lover, "we can't be married there." "Well, but we might stop there and pray that we may not be overtaken," Uncle Remus' Magazine.

FURNITURE TALK
About Our New Fall Line
We are showing on the floor at the present time our new line of Bed Room Furniture in Circassian walnut, mahogany, bird's eye maple, golden oak and the good imitation quartered oak.
In beds we have something new in wood in the Ver-nis Martin and enamel finishes. The first time these goods were shown was in Grand Rapids last July. We can truthfully say that at the present time we can show you a larger line of bedroom goods than we ever carried before.
In kitchen cabinets we have just received a line of the Springfield make, the best we know of, in prices ranging from \$18.50 to \$40.00. We also show the McDougal line of sifter bin cabinets.
Pedestal extension tables, 42 inch round tops, we are selling now for \$11.00. These are first class tables in oak and ash, solid woods, golden oak finishes. Genuine quarter sawed oak tops on these tables at \$14.50 and \$16.
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