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### THE FUTURE.

Our future is made by purpose and by chance. Daily we pass into an undiscovered country. Daily we try in vain to guess what undiscovered country holds; what of allurements, what of dread. It is only in fable that men or witches look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow; or read the book of fate, and see the continent melt into the sea. Shakespeare never wearied of the subject—the fascination of the unknown, and how unknown, indeed, it is. So much does the unexpected weigh, that a wise man can see in definite prophecy but little further than a fool. The advantage of wisdom is not in forecast, but living wisely now prepares for living wisely to the end. We can not penetrate the unseen, but we can greet it with a cheer. Better than that, we can welcome it with readiness and understanding. There is enough, at least for inspiration, in the saying of old Sam Johnson, that the future is purchased by the present. It is true sufficiently to make effort, hope and faith the better course. We know the world, with all its ills, grows happier; with all its ignorance, more enlightened; with its error, more virtuous and just; and in this painful, slow, and steady progress we know that each of us can help. One contributes policy, invention, knowledge; another, barred these great factors, can bring at least fortitude, joy, abnegation. To none is denied "that best portion of a good man's life; his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."—Collier's.

### NO MAN DID ALL THIS.

Is Christianity an inspired faith or not? Shakespeare and Plato tower above the intellectual level of their times like the peaks of Teneriffe and Mont Blanc. We look at them and it seems impossible to measure the interval that separates them from the intellectual development around them. But if this Jewish boy, in that area of the world, in Palestine, with the Ganges on one side of him and the Olympus of Athens on the other, ever produced a religion with these four elements, he towers so far above Shakespeare and Plato that the difference between Shakespeare and Plato and their times in the comparison becomes an imperceptible wrinkle on the surface of the earth.

I think a greater credulity to believe that there ever was a man so much superior to Athens and to England as this Jewish youth was, if he was a mere man, than it is to believe that in the fullness of time a higher wisdom than was ever vouchsafed to a human being undertook to tell the human race the secret by which it could lift itself to a higher plane of moral and intellectual existence. I have weighed Christianity as the great vital and elemental force which underlies Europe, to which we are indebted for European civilization. I have endeavored to measure its strength, to estimate its permanence, to analyze its elements; and if they ever came from the unassisted brain of one uneducated Jew, while Shakespeare is admirable, and Plato is admirable, and Goethe is admirable, this Jewish boy takes a higher level.

He is marvellous, wonderful; he is in himself a miracle. The miracles he wrought are nothing to the miracle he was if at that era and in that condition of the world he invented Christianity. Whately says, "To disbelieve is to believe." I cannot be so credulous as to believe that any mere man invented Christianity. Until you show me some loving heart that has felt more profoundly, some strong brain that even with the aid of his example, has thought further, and added something important to religion, I must still use my common sense and say, no man did all this. I know Buddha's protest and what he is said to have tried to do. To all that my answer is, India past and present.—Wendell Phillips.

### WHY IS THE NORTH POLE?

There are people who question the utility of the discovery of the North Pole. Of what use to Society (they ask) is such a feat? What possible benefit can come from standing on the "top o' the world," save the inspiring example of persistence it affords, and the race-old thrill that comes when a fellow being wins a terrible battle with the elements? One naturally deplores such unappreciative and ungenerous cynicism. But we have only recently discovered an answer which should silence these carping detractors from the well earned praise of heroic achievement.

We have just received the Christmas number of Hampton's Magazine, and have been looking over the advertisements. Now we begin to appreciate something of the great commercial value of the polar discovery. It lies in the tested and demonstrated perfection of American products, whose superiority was discovered by Peary at the North Pole.

Here, for instance, is an "ad" testifying to the nourishing quality of the shredded wheat biscuit, which stood between Peary and death in the frozen north.

On another advertising page we are told that Peary carried a Waltham watch, which leaves the reader to infer that all who expect to journey to the Pole will adopt this equipment.

Then there is the "ad" of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company, whose underwear played an important part in Peary's success.

On still another page we find that Peary used throughout the expedition Dupont (gun) powder.

There is an "ad" of the Rubberset Company, whose shaving brush was found peculiarly satisfactory in applying lather by the rays of the midnight sun.

On another page it is suggested that the expedition might have been a dismal failure had it not been for the comfort and solace found only in a brand of tobacco to be had of the U. S. Tobacco Company.

Of course, it was to be expected that Peary carried to the Pole a Winchester rifle and cartridges.

Only when we realize how important on these polar expeditions are the records of the explorer, can we appreciate the reliable efficiency of the Kohinor pencil, with which Peary's records were inscribed.

And how much more convincing are these records when supplemented by photographs taken with an Eastman Kodak!

We turn over a page and another Peary "ad" confronts us. It gratifies us, as Americans, to know that Peary was enabled to arrive at the Pole presenting a respectable appearance, as becomes an American gentleman, for we are informed, he carried a Carbon Magnetic razor made by the Griffin Cutlery works, presumably "adjusted to temperature and position."

On reading another Peary "ad" we are resolved that we will not undertake to go anywhere near the North Pole without an equipment of American Thermos Bottles.

And there is Nelson's loose-leaf encyclopedia, of which we hadn't heard before, but of its superiority we are now convinced because Peary used and liked a loose-leaf atlas.

We think that the circumstantial detail with which Peary's endorsement of "Wear-Ever" aluminum cooking utensils should render it the most convincing to those contemplating polar travels. The explorer writes, "Before going on my recent trip I investigated the merits of aluminum cooking utensils and found that those bearing the 'Wear Ever' trade mark were made of pure sheet aluminum of sufficient thickness to make them durable and dependable; and it may interest you to know that the 'Wear Ever' cooking utensils went to the Pole with me."

For the convenience of would-be explorers, another "ad" states that Commander Peary was able to find everything he needed for his trip at Macy's Department Store.

We were wondering if Peary had overlooked anything when we ran across another "ad" with the testimonial of Captain Bartlett of Peary's vessel which tells how successfully the expedition was disinfected and deodorized by the use of Shering's Formalin.

Our only regret is that, due to the premature departure of Commander Peary, the inadequacy of the postal service at the North Pole, and a few other circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to advertise that Commander Peary, upon his arrival at the Pole was cheered and comforted and encouraged for his return home by reading a copy of La Follette's.—La Follette's Magazine.

**His Delusion.**  
Howell—I had the nightmare last night. Powell—That so? Howell—Yes; I thought that I was being kicked by the foot of the bed.—New York Press.

## THE THIRTY YEARS' SIOUX WAR

BY J. H. TIBBLES.

Bancroft, Neb., Jan. 4.—To the Editor of The State Journal: Eastern publishers are just beginning to find out that there is a great empire west of the Missouri river, teeming with energetic, high spirited and intelligent millions, and for the first time are giving to the public books in which are gathered the material from which history will be written. The old novel, generally written in a dialect which no one who has lived on these plains for the last fifty years ever heard spoken, and filled with tales of outlaws, scalp hunting Indians, drunken cowboys "shooting up" the towns, is all that we have had up to the present time. Now matter of value is being printed—matter that is much more interesting reading than the wild and impossible trash that has so long filled the booksellers' shelves. The State Journal is doing some valuable work along that line. The articles of A. E. Sheldon, if printed in book form, would make a source book, to which the writers of the future would constantly turn. As literature, they rank with the best writings of the present period, and there is far more enjoyment for any sane mind in reading them than reading any of the works, either of fiction or history, which eastern writers have produced. "The Conquest of the Missouri," a volume recently issued, it being practically the memoirs of Captain Marsh, the greatest of the old Missouri river pilots and captains who navigated the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone, is a work of the same character as that of Sheldon.

The truth about Indians, the cause of the wars between them and the whites, the true character of their chiefs, is for the first time being put into printed form, and among the men who are doing this honest and accurate historical work, Doane Robinson of South Dakota, is among the foremost. Some of us who have known the facts have often wondered whether what is called history, would in the future be a mass of falsehoods, as it has been in the past, or whether the truth would be finally recorded and accepted. Some of the great magazines are taking up this work and there are now running in Putnam's a series of articles on the Missouri river by John G. Neihardt. It will be noticed that all this valuable and accurate work is being done by western men—men who write in the purest English and with indescribable charm which can be defined only with the words "good literature."

But the eastern publishers are yet profoundly ignorant of this great west. One of them writing recently to a Nebraska author concerning some work along these lines stated as an accepted fact that Long's explorations and the old Oregon trail were one and the same thing.

It is very fortunate that this valuable work is being done while there are some men still living who made this history and who can, if they will, correct any inaccuracies that may be made, for however careful and honest a writer may be, in gathering his materials, errors will occur. Doane Robinson makes one of these errors when he says that Gen. George Crook had no idea of the number of hostile Indians he would face when he started out on that campaign against Crazy Snake, and which ended in the destruction of Custer and his command.

It fell to my lot to have a close personal companionship with General Crook for several years. As the saying is "we just took to one another," perhaps on account of the fact that the general and I were the only white men ever initiated into the "soldier lodge," that is, as far as we could learn. Both of us had met white men who claimed to be members of the soldier lodge, but they could never give us one of the signs. The years that General Crook spent in [Omaha] were years when we met almost every day, sometimes at the old Herald editorial room, sometimes at Collins' harness shop and sometimes sat at my own home or at his quarters, and we have often gone over together all of his Indian campaigns. He was the only general officer of the United States army, who really knew Indians. There were several subordinate officers who were well informed, such as Captain Rourke and Capt. W. P. Clark of the Second cavalry, but none of the commanding officers, and among them Custer, knew less on that subject than any of the others.

Just after that campaign it was generally asserted that the commanding officers were greatly to blame for not having ascertained the number of Indians on the war path before starting on the campaign and more blame was placed upon Crook than any of the others, for he had long been in the In-

dian country, and should have known. We often talked of that matter and Crook repeatedly asserted that in his official reports he had informed his superiors of the number of hostile Indians in his front, but they would not believe him. They preferred to form their conclusions from the reports of the Indian agents located at the various agencies. Most of the Indians were at the agencies during the previous winter and they drew as many rations and as much supplies as they possibly could in preparation for the coming campaign. The Indian agents were always the bitter enemies of Crook and for very good reasons, for wherever he was, he saw to it that the supplies sent to the agencies were delivered to the Indians.

It was during the time that this question of the ignorance of the general officers concerning the number of warriors the army would have to meet was before the public that one evening General Crook came to the Herald editorial room bringing some letters with him which he had written to his wife just before or about the time he started out on the old Bozeman trail. I distinctly remember the contents of one of those letters. In it he told his wife that he was going out to meet an overwhelming number of hostile Indians, that the department would pay no attention to his reports, but for her to not be over anxious, for knowing what was before him he should so handle his troops that he could always defend himself. He would not spread them out or divide his force at any time, and no matter how fierce a fight he got into, he would keep his eyes on some defensive position where he could quickly concentrate his whole force. Then he added you need not worry for Indians will not assault a defensive position. That is not according to their tactics. Then if the Indians continued to surround such a position in overwhelming numbers and cut off supplies, he would cut his way out and make a rapid retreat. To that end he had issued orders stripping officers and men of every article not absolutely necessary and they would always be in light marching order.

Now of course that is written from memory, but I am certain that it contains the substance of the letter that Crook had with him. In that order Crook had enumerated just the articles that officers and men should take, and there was much feeling among his subordinates because he had one officer court-martialed for disobedience of orders in that he carried with him in his inside coat pocket a small note book.

Crook was the only general in the field who had means of getting accurate information. Soon after he was admitted to the soldier lodge he learned that he might with perfect safety employ Indian scouts, that any "soldier" would die rather than to lie to him, for he believed that if he told a lie to a brother member, something very terrible would happen to him. He would die, break out with sores, or his family would be afflicted with some dread disease and totally extinguished. Crook was the first officer to employ Indian scouts, and it took him a long time to get Washington authorities to agree to enlist them. Afterwards, all the generals employed them and no Indian ever proved a coward or false in any particular. They were always absolutely reliable and trustworthy. It was through his faithful Indian scouts that he obtained his accurate information.

But there was some things that neither Crook or I could ever find out. They were things connected with what were called the "Medicine men," and were not part of the knowledge known to members of the soldier lodge. One of these things was often a subject of conversation between us, but we knew no more after we had finished talking about it than we did when we began. The swiftness with which information is spread among Indians separated by great distance is a wonder to all men who have been on the plains in those times. Harris records that Indians around Bismarck knew of the Custer defeat the same day that it occurred while the whites knew nothing about it until the steambot bringing the wounded arrived there many days afterward, and there are many other instances, all well authenticated, of the same kind. General Crook told me that on the afternoon of the day that Custer was killed, he noticed that his Indian scouts were all in a state of melancholy and so terribly depressed were they that he knew something dreadful had happened.

All persons at all acquainted with Indians know that they are subject to spells of melancholy, "having the dumps" as the whites who associate with them call it. At first, Crook said, he thought that the scouts were just having a spell of the "dumps" which would soon pass off, but after an hour or two when they seemed to be relapsing into a total collapse, he grew anxious and sent for the head scout and asked what had happened. The scout said that nothing had happened affecting them or that expedition. Crook replied:

"I know that, or you would have told me long ago, but something has happened. What is it?"

After considerable persuasion the Indian said:

"Long Hair and all his men have been killed by Inkpaduta. Not one of them is left alive." (Inkpaduta was a very bad chief whom many of the Indians hated as well as all of the whites and commanded one of the bands at the Custer fight.)

Gen. Crook said that he tried every means that he could think of to find out how the Indians had received that information but all that he could ever get from them was that they got it in the Indian way. Crook's camp was 200 miles from the Custer battlefield and it was the same afternoon that the Indians knew the result. What made the scouts so depressed was that they thought that the white people would take a terrible revenge and perhaps kill all of the Indian people.

Gen. Crook said that he was certain that that news was not conveyed by heliographing, an art in which Indians are very expert, using small mirrors for their instruments, for the contour of the country was such as to make that impossible, nor by smoke signals or in any other way of which white people had any knowledge.

There should a new book be written and written now, devoted to the "Thirty Years of War" with the Sioux and confined exclusively to that subject. It should begin with the outbreak, as described by Sheldon, and close with the burying of the dead at Wounded Knee. It should be written now, because there are men still living, who had personal connection with every part of it, and could help the historian to be accurate. Ten years from now they will be dead.

T. H. TIBBLES.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

A Chicago school architect is of the opinion that, within fifty years, the schoolhouses for that and other cities will be situated away out in the suburbs, or in the country. Jules Bois, a French writer, makes an even bolder prophecy, and says the great cities of the future will be practically uninhabited, except for business purposes. All classes, rich and poor alike, will dwell in the country, or in garden cities for residence purposes only, access to which will be cheap and rapid, owing to the development of pneumatic railways or flying bicycles. After nightfall, the cities will be deserted, except for policemen, firemen, and, perhaps, theatre crowds. Thomas A. Edison, America's greatest inventor, says we are just on the verge of the development of mechanical and electrical invention. This is the greatest age in the greatest country the world has ever known. Of the future, we can only guess, but pleasant prophecies are best, and probably most likely. Perhaps you were born too soon.—Acheson Globe.

### Helped Him to Hurry.

Prince Bismarck once told a story of the battlefield of Koenigsgratz. The old emperor, then king of Prussia, had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire in a very reckless fashion and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismarck rode up to him, saying: "As a responsible minister I must insist upon your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front. "When I noticed it," Prince Bismarck went on, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood it perfectly and called out rather angrily, 'Yes, I am coming.' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode close up to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup and secretly gave him a horse-energetic kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she shot off in a fine canter."

**Settled the Difficulty.**  
An insurance agent had vainly tried to persuade a man to insure his valuables against burglary. "A safe's all very well," he admitted, "but look at the constant trouble of locking up and unlocking to see if your things are all right."

"I've got over that difficulty," declared the wary listener.

"Indeed!" said the agent incredulously. "How?"

"I've had a window put in the safe," growled the other.

**Explained.**  
"You say the defendant pulled the plaintiff's hair. Now, how could the defendant, who is an unusually short man, reach the plaintiff's hair, the plaintiff being fully six feet tall?"

"Why, you see, your honor, the plaintiff was butting him at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Evidently a Connoisseur.**  
"Bliggins is a connoisseur in cigars." "He must be. Otherwise he might make an occasional mistake and give away a good one."—Washington Star.

A bold onset is half the battle.—Garibaldi.

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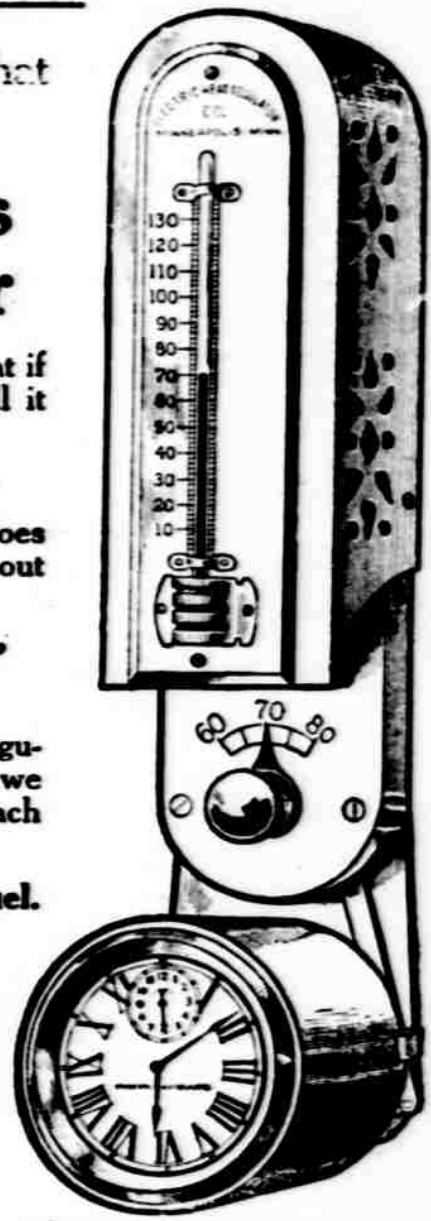
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**An Indiscreet Memory.**  
The Hostess—Don't you think Colonel Broadside is quite a wonderful old man? Look at him. He is as straight and slender as an arrow, and he has the most wonderful memory. The Lady of Dubious Age—I think he's an atrocious old bore. He remembers when everybody was born.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Partial Cure.**  
"I fear you are a victim of the drink habit."  
"You misjudge me. Lack of the price cured me of the drink habit long ago. It's merely the thirst that bothers me now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Knew of One.**  
"Suggestion? Huh? Did you ever hear of a real cure effected by 'suggestion'?"  
"I personally knew of one. I once suggested to a young fellow that if he didn't want to have a big dog chasing him off the premises he'd better quit coming to my house, and it cured him of the habit."—Chicago Tribune.

**Her Train.**  
"I shall miss my train," she said petulantly.  
"Oh, no, you won't," the dressmaker assured her. "You will soon get used to these gowns which haven't got.—New York Journal.

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