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WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1917.

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F. E. STROTHER, Manager

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wrapper shows to what date your subscription is paid. There is no charge for renewal unless you have been notified by letter to discontinue when all payments have been paid. If you do not wish the Journal continued for another year after the time paid for has expired, you should previously notify us to discontinue it.
CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

We do not know how often the fruit crop has been killed this spring, but will still think the Nebraska apple crop will be good.

On and after July 1st special delivery stamps will not be necessary to insure special delivery. Any ten cents worth of stamps with the words, "special delivery" written plainly on the letter will answer the same purpose. This is quite an improvement over the present system.

Postmaster Kramer informs us that his request for another city letter carrier has been turned down. Inspector Grogan reported that while many persons here are without city delivery, their houses are not numbered and sidewalks and crossings are wanting. We hope enough improvements will be made this spring and summer, so that this fall we will get a new carrier.

No issue of some of our democratic newspapers is complete without a bitter attack on President Roosevelt. They remind one of the little dog that bark and bark at the moon, and when finally the moon disappears, they imagine they have driven it away. When Roosevelt shall be out of politics, or when he is dead and gone, they will praise him sky high, and will speak of him as they now do of Lincoln Grant, Garfield and McKinley.

Columbus needs and needs badly modern houses to rent. We honestly believe fifty traveling men and their families would make this city their home if they could rent modern houses at a reasonable rent. The Commercial club should endeavor to interest our property owners. Of course it is well known by capitalists that renting out residences is considerable trouble, and not always profitable, but it always pays to erect houses and sell them on the installment plan.

If W. A. McAllister will consent to be a candidate for the office of county judge on the republican ticket this fall, we feel certain he will have a clear field for the nomination, and a fair chance for election in November. Mr. McAllister is so generally and so favorably known all over the county, his fitness for the position is acknowledged by all, his integrity and honesty is questioned by none. We shall be pleased if he accepts the nomination and will do all in our power to assist in electing him. We can truthfully say the same thing of J. L. Sharar for sheriff or Bruce Webb, either. Both of these gentlemen have made a highly creditable race for this office before, and are now better known all over Platte county. If either of them will take the nomination, we will put our shoulder to the wheel help in electing them. We want a complete and strong county republican ticket this fall, and we will do our level best to elect the whole ticket.

The Chicago Tribune is one of the ablest and one of the greatest newspapers in this country. It has always been a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt, but it is opposed to his re-nomination for a third term. Not that it is afraid of monarchism. There is not the slightest fear of monarchism in this country, but the Tribune believes that the people, though admiring Roosevelt, would abide by their tradition and would vote against the third term. The Tribune has an able staff correspondent traveling over the country to get the sentiment of the republicans as to their preference for the next presidential nomination. He reports New York and Pennsylvania opposed to Roosevelt, and Iowa as in favor of Roosevelt for first choice and Fairbanks for second choice. The correspondent has not reported about Nebraska yet, but we believe conditions here are about as they are in Iowa. The Tribune correspondent thinks the fight for the republican nomination will be between Taft and Fairbanks, and we are inclined to agree with him. If Taft should visit Iowa and Nebraska so the people could get an opportunity to know him personally, his chances for the nomination may improve.

Among those mentioned as probable candidates on the republican county ticket this fall is A. E. Priest of Monroe, the present supervisor for district No. 4. Until two years ago he had taken but very little active interest in county affairs, and when the republicans of district No. 4 nominated him for supervisor he was practically a stranger to a good many in the county. But since his election he has taken an active and prominent part in the proceedings of the board and rapidly came to the front. His democratic colleagues all speak very highly of him, and this winter, when the different committees were selected he was given the chairmanship of the judiciary committee, the most important one of the board. In this responsible position he has also made good, and his thorough knowledge of county affairs gives his views much weight with the supervisors. But Mr. Priest's constituents in his district do not doubt desire that he shall serve another term as supervisor and complete the work he has already begun.

Wisconsin puts a millionaire in Spooner's place in the senate, but under different auspices from the millionaires who have impressed the upper house. Isaac Stephenson made a fortune in lumber, and was a prominent political figure a generation ago. His return to political prominence came with his enlistment in the long struggle against corporation control of Wisconsin politics with which the name of LaFollette is closely identified. He gave his name, his personal efforts, and his financial support to movement.

When Mr. Stephenson announced his candidacy for the senate he announced a platform of specific principles. He would favor prompt and thorough revision of the tariff schedule; strengthen the interstate commerce law, including provisions for a valuation of the railroads; strengthen anti-trust laws; favor a constitutional amendment providing for direct election of senators, advocates federal income and inheritance taxes; would oppose the ship subsidy and all other forms of direct government bounty; and would "continue to aid loyally in the cause of reform in Wisconsin, the beneficial results of which the people of this commonwealth now freely acknowledge."

Senator Stephenson's term is only a year and a half, since he merely serves out the unexpired portion of Senator Spooner's term. He is nearly 78 years old, and will hardly ask for re-nomination for the fall term at the direct primary next year. While he is in the senate the votes of Wisconsin's two representatives will nullify each other less often than has been the case in the past year and a half.—State Journal.

Store Building at Albion. Albion, Neb., May 14.—About 1 o'clock this morning fire was discovered in Fred Brockman's restaurant on Church street. A strong wind was blowing from the north, and as the restaurant was surrounded with frame buildings it seemed for a while as if the buildings on the entire block would be swept away. The fire burned rapidly, although the fire company was on the ground in good time, and nothing could be done to save the restaurant building standing east of it lately occupied by Skaggs Bros. as a wall paper store. Brockman carried \$1,000 on his stock of goods and Mrs. Browder carried \$1,000 on the building. The fire company did splendid work and are being congratulated this morning on their ability to prevent the fire spreading.

Origin of Mr. and Mrs. In earlier times the ordinary man was simply William or John—that is to say, he had only a Christian name without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or William from another John or William became necessary. Nicknames derived from a man's trade or his dwelling place or from some personal peculiarity were tacked on to his Christian name, and plain John became John Smith. And yet there were no "masters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows, became perhaps a landed proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman-French of the day the "maistre" of this place or that, of these workmen or of those. In time the "maistre" or "maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith and his wife was Maistress Smith. Gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any kind—by mere possession of wealth or holding position of more or less consideration and importance.

His Best Picture. Dauber—Which of my pictures do you consider as most true to nature, Miss Sweetly?
Miss Sweetly—That one where a man is putting a blanket on a horse. Dauber (swelled)—And why, please?
Miss Sweetly—Because the horse is such a freak that it would be perfectly natural for the man to cover him up.

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HOW YEGGMEN WORK
Hobo Burglar Not Like the Old-time Crook.

A Fisherton detective says that the average citizen has no idea of the extent of the raids of the yegmen, or tramp vault and safe burglar, during the last five years.

From September 15, 1910, to the same date in 1916, he says in the Bankers' Association, there were in this country 718 banks attacked by burglars with explosives. From these banks \$857,134 was stolen.

These yegs or hobo burglars are the successors of the professional crookmen who traveled on railroad trains, hired conveyances to and from the scene of the burglary, carried tools weighing from 50 to 75 pounds, and after looting a bank generally lived extravagantly in the larger cities until their money was spent. With these the taking of a human life was an exception to the rule, only occurring when necessary to escape capture.

Detectives were able from the earmarks of the old-time professional burglars' work to decide very quickly whose particular handwork it was, and could invariably within a short time locate them and cause their arrest.

The expert bank burglars of old did not number more than 30 first-class men in the United States, while "Johnny Yeg" grows like a mushroom in the night.

A common tramp, in many instances a cripple or peddler, known in the vernacular of the "yegs" as a "gray cat" or "locater," selects a suitable bank to attack, notes the surroundings, how many policemen or watchmen there are, if any (usually preferring a small town without protection of any kind), whether there are burglar alarms or electric protection on vault and safe, routes of retreat and hiding places to evade pursuers, all of which he obtains in the guise of an innocent beggar or peddler of needles, coat plaster and small wares, without his real purpose being suspected, and which he reports to the leader, or "soup-man."

Without giving the exact location of the proposed burglary the leader instructs from three to five desperadoes to proceed separately to a water tank, railroad crossing or camp within five or ten miles of the place where the burglary is to occur. One of the band is delegated to carry nitroglycerin or dynamite, another fuses, pocket electric lights, detonators, etc. The darkest night, when there is a storm or no moon, is usually preferred for the work.

Once at the meeting place agreed upon, the location of the bank to be attacked is divulged by the leader. One or two, known as "soup" or "oil men" or "insiders," use the explosives on the vault or safe, while the other two or three, known as "outsiders" or "strong arm men," remain on the outside to frustrate any interference by citizens.

As soon as there is the slightest intimation or indication that the bank officials or citizens are preparing to give them battle the burglars open fire in every direction. This, with the explosions of nitroglycerin or dynamite used in committing the burglary, usually intimidates the people of the entire village from attempting their capture or preventing attack.

Escape from the scene of attack is like the entrance, each burglar usually departing in a separate direction and agreeing to meet in some larger nearby city or in some unpopulated house or shack, or at some unfrequented camp in the mountains or woods miles distant, so that their capture or identification is invariably difficult.

They are in bands and tribes named after their leader and known by such names as Black Billy's gang, Elmer's gang, Canada Billy's gang, Frisco Slim's gang or Cal Sherry's tribe. The increased operations of these yeg burglars can be attributed to the little experience required to attack a vault or safe with explosives, as in several hours one yegman can teach a novice how to use explosives effectively.

While there are now approximately 500 yegmen with a knowledge of bank wrecking with explosives, the actual bands operating can be narrowed down to 50. Most of these work in the middle west.

During the last ten years the authorities have tried to cope with these burglars, but the trouble is that the average sentence of the convicted safe burglar has not exceeded six years' imprisonment, which with good behavior usually meant release in six, and there are few if any cases of reformation. Consequently with his release the yeg returns his old vocation.

The intent of the yegmen before he commits his crime is murder if

necessary. "Kill to avoid arrest and apprehension," is his motto.

He carries the best make of weapon, with sufficient rounds of ammunition to force escape, and enough explosives if properly used to demolish a building in which the attack is to be made and igniting adjoining buildings to cause conflagrations resulting in some instances in loss of life.

A strong effort is being made to secure the passage of laws which would fix the penalty of the bank burglar who uses explosives at imprisonment for a term of not less than 25 nor more than 40 years. Such a law has been passed in Maryland. It is thought that it will settle the yeg problem.

Most Nearly Perfect Vacuum. It was Prof. Dewar's achievement in liquefying hydrogen that led to the discovery of an easy method of obtaining an almost perfect vacuum, and that in a single minute.

When a glass tube filled with air and closed at one end has its open end dipped into a cup of liquid hydrogen, the intense cold condenses the air into a kind of snow, that settles to the bottom. If, then, the upper part of the tube, from which the solidified air has fallen, is removed by heating and cooling it off it becomes a vacuum chamber so free from air that it is difficult to force an electric current through it.

The Raining Tree. The so-called raining tree of the Canary islands seems to be a special provision of providence for supplying the people with fresh water, which they would otherwise be without. A heavy mist rises every morning from the sea and rests on the thick leaves of the tree, from which it falls in drops during the remainder of the day until it is exhausted. It is said that the water from the tree furnishes every family on one of the islands with all they need and men are specially employed to collect and distribute it.

Uncle Allen. "There is so much dirt in politics," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that when you mix unlimited whisky with it you don't wonder at the campaign mud."

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THE LAST MOMENTS

WHEN THE SPIRIT CROSSES THE BORDERLAND.

Facing of a Life as Seen by One Who Is Not a Physician—Death Rattle a Shock to Listeners.

One afternoon a reporter for the New York Sun was sitting in one of the rooms of the house surgeon of a hospital in New York city, smoking a cigar and chatting with the doctor while the latter busied himself with looking over some instruments that he had taken from a case.

An orderly entered and said: "Doctor, I think he is dying now." "Are his brother and mother here?" asked the house surgeon. "No, they said they were coming, but they are not here yet."

"It's a case of severe operation," said the doctor to the reporter. "He took his ether all right and rallied from the shock, but he has been losing ground for two days. Will you come along with me?"

The reporter followed the physician into one of the small rooms devoted to private patients. Lying flat on his back on the narrow iron cot was a young man, perhaps a little more than 30. The bedding was in perfect order. The narrow counterpane was spread smoothly on the cot and folded over, with the sheet across the patient's chest.

His arms lay straight on either side. His face did not indicate emaciation. His breathing was irregular, and there seemed to be a considerable interval, sometimes longer and some times shorter, between the end of an expiration and the beginning of an inspiration. The orderly stood at the foot of the cot.

"How long has he been unconscious?" the physician asked. "A little more than an hour," replied the orderly. "We may talk," said the doctor, "he won't hear us." But this was spoken in a low tone, as he spoke in the presence of death.

"Does every person die unconscious?" he was asked. "Many persons are conscious when they believe they are dying. They become unconscious, and they may or may not regain consciousness and lose it again before death takes place. A period of unconsciousness is immeasurable to the subject. A second, a minute, a million years—there is no difference so far as he is concerned."

"The death rattle," whispered the orderly. "The intermittent breathing of the man on the cot had given way to a sound that was strange to one not accustomed to hear it—a sound so far from human that it is made but once in a lifetime, and that is when one is passing to the other side of the borderland of human existence."

"Unearthly" is perhaps the one word that comes nearest to designating this sound. Because, maybe, of the silence of the death chamber, it seems loud to ears not acquainted with it. It seems even loud enough to be heard through the brick walls and out in the street.

The sound ceases, and the watchers turn their eyes toward the face of the physician. It begins again, as if the dead were awakening. "They will not come before he dies," said the doctor.

"Is he likely to regain consciousness, even for a moment?" the physician was asked. "I don't think so," was the reply. "May I hold his hand, so that if he does he may feel that he is not alone?"

The physician nodded assent. The man's finger tips seemed very cold to the warm hand that took them. There was no sign of permission or resistance. The death rattle continued with longer intervals between the breathings.

For how many minutes this continued cannot be told; it seemed an age. The strange, unearthly sound ceased, and two faces were turned toward that of the physician.

Then there was a convulsive movement of the body on the cot, followed by a jerk of the head as if from strangulation. The jaw of the patient fell and his eyes, which had opened, stared at the wall.

There had been no sign of response from the hand of the dying man. The orderly stepped to the head of the cot, and with the thumb and a finger of one hand pushed down the eyelids over the sightless eyes.

Kissing the Book. The exact origin of kissing the Book in English courts, though modern, is obscure. It is not a matter of legal obligation but seems to be merely a custom dating from the middle or end of the eighteenth century. If a witness claims to follow the law according to Coke and to take his "corporal oath" by touching the Book who shall refuse him his right? The "kissing" act seems akin indeed to what the "fancy" call, somewhat unpleasantly, a saliva custom, which in modern western life exists in very few forms, though many of the lower classes still "spit" on a coin for luck.

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STORY OF A DESERTED CAMP.

Mysterious Stranger Cares for Graves of Early California Miners.

One of the old residents of California is Jeremiah Van Horn, who is now a retired merchant and spends his time in traveling. He is full of tales of the state and last night told one of an old mining camp near Marysville, "Near the town of Marysville," said he, "there is an old mining camp, now deserted. On a hillside lie the bodies of 50 miners. Their resting places are fenced in and a few hardy flowers bloom in the spring, only to dry and wither in the summer. No name is to be seen on the rude headboards. But one man—himself as unknown to the people of the region as the dead men below—knows the secret of the graves."

About Easter-tide of each year this man—now aged and somewhat bent, but with vigor still in his walk—appears from out of the mysterious east. He arrives at Marysville, hires a conveyance, and visits the graves of the old-timers. There is nothing of the miner about him. He is prosperous and perhaps wealthy. His clothing is of the city cut. His gray beard is well trimmed and his gold rimmed glasses hide a pair of shrewd blue eyes. His business is to look after the graves. He straightens up the fence, waters the thirsty plants and when he is looking over the valley and the hills. Then, jumping into his carriage, he returns to Marysville, takes the train to San Francisco, and is lost for another year in the solitude of civilization.

"Who is he? What tie binds him to the three men whose bodies long ago crumbled into dust? Was he himself one of the Argonauts, bound by ties closer than those of blood to the trio upon whom the winter rains have fallen for half a century? Great is the curiosity of the people of Marysville. They watch him narrowly on his annual pilgrimages, and some of the forward ones have been made bold to question him. He has always turned them away with courtesy and strict reserve. They do not even know his name or station, but they marvel much over what they believe to be an example of brotherly love and affection that stretches over many decades and never forgets the past."

Grand oratory is a new thing, and it seems to be dangerous. Ulysses S. never talked, and, therefore, never got into trouble on account of his tongue. It is a good rule for soldiers and sailors, says the Washington Star. Even politicians, whose business it is to talk and who should study words in all of their power both to enlighten and to confuse, often trip and find it necessary to issue a supplement carrying a key to the first edition. In this day of banquets and addresses, when everybody is drafted and few smilingly decline, the plea of misquotation is often made. But the fact remains that the difficulty is more frequently with the speaker than with the reporter. The latter, as a rule, is practiced in his duty, and has no ends to serve but those of accuracy, while the unpracticed speaker is liable to say unintended things and regret intended things after they have been said. Cold type is the greatest of eye-openers.

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