

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wherever shown, is the date until the subscription is renewed. If you do not wish to renew, please send notice to the publisher at least 10 days before the date shown, which means you should renew by mail, on or before the date shown.

DISCONTINUANCE—Responsible subscribers will continue to receive the Journal until the publication is notified by letter of discontinuance. If you do not wish to receive the Journal for another year, or for the time shown, please send notice to the publisher at least 10 days before the date shown, which means you should renew by mail, on or before the date shown.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

Here's hoping it may rain every Halloween on sight so that foolish boys and girls may be prevented from spoiling property and doing other foolish things.

A warning has been issued by President Gompers, warning employers not to cut wages as a result of the financial flurry, saying that organized labor will not tolerate the reduction. Such a warning, however, is unnecessary, as with the advent of warm weather the demand for labor will be as great as it has been, and instead of the man hunting the job, the job will be hunting the man.

It seems strange, very strange, but the democratic state central committee tried to keep it a great secret that W. J. Bryan would make speeches for Louisiana and the democratic state and county tickets. Whether this was done for fear Bryan's speeches would hurt their ticket, or whether they thought the ticket would be defeated anyway, and Bryan's speeches shown to be of no benefit to democracy in Nebraska, we do not know, but the "Peerless Leader" is apparently not as popular in his home state as he used to be.

The wisest man may be mistaken sometimes. The people of Nebraska thought as long as they raised good crops and received good prices for them, a panic in New York moneyed circles would have no effect out here, but they find they were mistaken. State lines or distance makes no difference, this is a great country, and what affects any part of it affects to some extent the entire country. When the New York banks refused to pay out currency, Chicago banks followed suit, and so did Omaha and other large cities. This entire country lies on a sound financial basis, with sound economic laws, so the panic only lasted a few days. So long as a panic only affects stocks, Nebraska need not care much, but when there is no ready cash to buy cattle and grain, we feel it at once. This financial flurry has again proven the strength and solidity of our four Columbus banks, and all the banks of Platte county.

FUTURE OF OUR WATERWAYS. The improvement of the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers, with their principal tributaries, such as the Monongahela, the lower Wabash, Illinois, Wisconsin, St. Croix, Tennessee and Arkansas, is a movement that eastern people know comparatively little about. As it is not dramatic or spectacular it attracts less attention than its importance calls for. Possibly all the river improvement which is necessary could be accomplished for the cost of transporting our fleet to the Pacific coast. The people of the central west are awakening to the fact that they must use their rivers. An educational campaign in that region has been conducted for the last four or five years with ability. One cannot sit through a meeting of the trans-Mississippi congress without realizing that thinking westerners regard this as the most important subject which is discussed. The Missouri River Improvement association is undertaking the establishment of a freight channel as far as Omaha. When this has been accomplished and its value demonstrated they will carry a channel on a nine-foot draft up as far as Montana.

The engineers who surveyed the upper Mississippi from St. Louis to St. Paul estimated that a nine-and-a-half-foot channel at low water, which would be an adequate channel, could be made for about 15 million dollars, or the cost of three cruisers of the class of the North Carolina or Montana. The German government now has effected similar improvements for that country to cost from 100 to 150 million dollars. Water transportation is destined to come into its own. —From Collier's Weekly.

WHOLE SALES AS A BANKER.

Development in financial circles in the east have done more in a few days than any other one thing in years to impress the people with the necessity of some further legislation looking to currency reform. Essential as it may be, it is not a pleasing spectacle for the secretary of the treasury to take up his temporary residence in New York to keep in touch with the financial situation and afford relief, when deemed necessary, to the commerce and industry of the nation as represented by the banking interests. Let it be understood at once that Secretary Cortelyou has been less susceptible to demands from Wall street than any treasury secretary who has preceded him since the war. He has done as much if not more than any of his predecessors to keep the federal funds out of the hands of the speculative interests and has shown commendable discretion in placing the government money where it would best serve legitimate business interests. But the fact remains that he has been compelled to come to the relief of the New York bankers repeatedly, the relief being furnished out of the government surplus.

The United States is in reality the biggest banker in the country, but cannot legally engage in banking as a business. When it comes down to brass tacks, as the street gamins would state it, the federal government has no more authority to furnish relief to the financially distressed in New York than it has to come to the relief of the victims of a little friendly game of table stakes at Tin Cup, Arizona, security extended being equal. But no secretary of the treasury with a surplus on hand has found a way of sidestepping the responsibility. In democratic times, with a treasury deficit instead of a surplus, there is never any occasion for worry over what to do to prevent the federal funds accumulating into threatening totals. As secretary of the treasury, Mr. Cortelyou today has charge of something like \$236,000,000, representing a surplus over the liabilities of the government, in addition to the \$150,000,000 retained in gold to maintain the parity between gold and the greenbacks and silver notes. In other words, the treasury holds about \$500,000,000, which is supposedly not in use at all, but which represents something more than one-sixth of the actual money supply of the nation.

It is gratifying, of course, to know that Uncle Sam has more money than he knows what to do with, but the fact remains that the condition works a hardship on the industry of the country. How to secure the benefit of the circulation of this surplus in the treasury vaults is the vexed problem, but none of the plans offered has appealed strongly to public sentiment. Until this problem is settled wisely and satisfactorily the nation will have to be content to leave one-sixth of its actual cash in the treasury to be employed as the secretary sees fit.—The Omaha Bee.

ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL WAR.

Apparently Great Britain is soon to be plunged into a destructive internal war, the contending parties to be the railroads and their employes. As this is a situation that might be visited on this country at any time the facts in the case are of American interest.

British railroads are under government supervision as strict as the most ardent advocate of American supervision, say Senator LaFollette, has proposed. Their capitalization has been held to a legitimate level, cumulative voting by stockholders has prevented the abuses incident to one-man power, there is no rebating, no arbitrary rate cutting, no arbitrary rate making, and the service is regulated as strictly as the rates. At present dissatisfaction is expressed from four quarters: The public with high freight rates, the railroad managers with high taxes, the stockholders with low dividends, about three and a fourth per cent, and the employes with low wages.

Yet it is not primarily wages or hours that led to the vote for a strike. The employes demand higher wages and shorter hours, but the sticking point is "recognition" of the union. The amalgamated society of railway servants demands that the railroads treat with the men only through representatives of the organization. The railroad managers answer that they are under legal obligations and restrictions which forbid their transferring the virtual control of the business to an employer's organization, particularly since this organization represents but a sixth of the total number of employes.

The union answers that the post-office department, a completely public concern, has for ten years recognized the union of postoffice employes without bad results, and claims that it has the sympathy though not the membership of the other five-sixths of the railway servants. Three-fourths of the members have voted to strike, know-

ing that past strikes of the kind have been disastrous to the strikers, and knowing that every striker forfeits his accumulated pension rights.

Under the strain of threatened trouble railroad securities have declined over \$50,000,000. The roads have for some time been drilling men for the places to be made vacant by the expected strike. The people are helplessly awaiting the blow. The question of recognition or non-recognition is a fundamental one, like a question of honor as between nations, and it seems nothing but a finish fight can settle it.—Lincoln Journal.

SNAKES SWAYED BY TUNES.

"Wearing of the Green" Charms One, "Boysie Water" Another.

There are some residents of the SoHo section of Belleville, N. J., who are said to believe this story, which is being told there, says the New York World.

Mrs. F. P. Scully was hanging clothes on the line in her yard when she happened to whistle a few bars of her favorite air, "The Wearing of the Green." To her amazement, a whip-snake glided from the woodpile near by, halted and seemed fascinated by the music. When Mrs. Scully ceased whistling the snake vanished in the woodpile.

On her husband's return from the copper works, where he is employed, Mrs. Scully told him how unwittingly she had played snake charmer.

"There are others," laughed Scully, and she went to the yard and whistled "The Wearing of the Green." In a few moments the snake appeared and seemed greatly to enjoy Scully's wind music. Since then all the Scullys, young and old, have been whistling to the snake, which has become quite tame.

Recently James Ryan, a native of Ulster, moved near the banks of the Morris canal and next door to the Scullys. Ryan was cutting grass in his yard Saturday when he chanced to whistle "Boysie Water." He had heard of Scully's snake and so was not surprised when a whip-snake appeared.

"You're a nationalist reptile, but I'll make you dance to my music," exclaimed Ryan.

Hearing the tune the angry Scully strode from his house and loudly whistled "The Wearing of the Green."

Out from the wood wriggled a whip-snake as much like the other as are two blackthroats of the same growth. The snakes attacked each other ferociously.

Scully and Ryan were about to pitch into each other when their wives intervened. The snakes doubtless would have fought to the death, but Scully grabbed Farnell's tail and Ryan seized William of Orange's tail and they tore the snakes apart. One made for the woodpile, the other crawled under a small shed.

Sturgeon in British Columbia. For several years previous to 1901 the sturgeon fishery in the Fraser river was an important industry. One million pounds of fresh sturgeon packed in ice was shipped each annually. A very considerable amount of sturgeon roe was shipped each year to Europe to be manufactured into caviare. The sturgeon then almost entirely disappeared from the river, and only a few—barely enough to supply the local demand—were taken. The disappearance of this fish has been attributed to overfishing. During the last half of July the sturgeon have appeared in large numbers. Nearly all are small and would easily pass through the sturgeon nets, but a very large number have become entangled in the salmon gill nets. These are supposed to be returned to the water in all cases where they have not been killed.

Under the law and the regulations no sturgeon under four feet in length may be sold in markets here, nor shipped abroad. The fishermen have, therefore, no temptation to fall to return to the water all fish under this length which they have not been obliged to kill to get them out of their nets. One night recently a sturgeon eleven feet long, weighing more than 500 pounds, was taken in a salmon net.

The Use of Living.

Thousands of men breathe move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good, in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you then live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—Thomas Chalmers.

Real Absorbing.

The tramp with a knack for carving rapped on the door of the wayside cottage and showed the lady a tiny basket he had cut out of a peach stone. "A sculptor!" exclaimed the housewife, enthusiastically. "A real sculptor. 'Ah, my poor man, you must have an absorbing temperament.' 'You bet I have, lady,' replied Stanley Pines, quietly, 'and if you will bring out a quart of sweet milk and a buttered beefsteak I'll show you how to absorb dem in no time.'"

In the Swamp.

First Mosquito (anxiously)—What do you think of this human war against us? Second Mosquito (triumphantly)—I bet you, we draw first blood.

HIS DANCING LESSON.

"Fahw!" grumbled Satterfield. "I'm not going! I don't dance, anyway."



But you used to dance before we were married," protested Mrs. Satterfield. "It's ridiculous for a man who is only 36 to say he doesn't dance."

"I don't, I tell you," said Satterfield, sitting up in the hammock. "I admit there once was a time when I gambled over the waxed floor with the rest, but that was when they had gallops and prairie queens and the military schottische on the program. Why, it took me ten years to learn to waltz—and then just when I had got it down pat they began the two-step."

"A two-step is just as easy!" said the girl with brown eyes. "I could teach you in ten minutes, Mr. Satterfield."

"And if she can't, I can," added the girl with the blue eyes.

"Don't trust them. Try me instead," broke in the young woman with the yellow hair from the porch railing, where she was perched. "You simply have got to go to that club cotillon with the rest of us."

Satterfield regarded the three would-be teachers with interest. He did more—he beamed.

"I never before thought I should like to learn," he confessed, "but somehow I have a yearning to do so now."

"Oh, go ahead!" said Mrs. Satterfield. "Don't mind me."

"She thinks I can't do it," said Satterfield to the girl with brown eyes as they swept the rugs off in one corner of the porch. He carried himself with the air of a man used to accomplishing great things in a few minutes.

"It's like this," said the girl with brown eyes as Mrs. Satterfield at the piano indoors struck up a two-step. She skimmed over the floor lightly while Satterfield studied her feet.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I see. It looks very easy. Like this."

"Well, not quite," said his teacher. "You were doing a galop then, Mr. Satterfield. Come, try it with me and see if you can catch the rhythm."

"Was that a galop?" asked Satterfield in a surprised daze. "Yes, I will catch on all right just as soon as I dance it with some one. As you say, I must get the rhythm."

"Well, nearly," gasped the girl with brown eyes.

"Let me try," said the girl with blue eyes. "She didn't explain the step to you at the beginning."

"No," said Satterfield. "I know that was the trouble, but I hated to say so."

"This way," said the new teacher, slowly outlining the step. "You understand? It's terribly easy."

"Perfectly," said Satterfield. "As you say, it is very simple. I should have learned to two-step ages ago, only I never thought I'd care about it, and then after a man's married he sort of thinks the girls would rather dance with the chaps of their own age."

The girl with blue eyes yanked Mr. Satterfield around by main force. He betrayed a tendency to continue the two-step in one straight line, varying it by attempting hurdles over the porch railing and assaults on the window boxes. When they stopped the young woman was mopping her forehead, totally out of breath.

Satterfield was flushed but triumphant. "Oh, it's easy!" he said. "Of course, I make mistakes now and then, but—"

"Try with me now," said the girl with the yellow hair. "They have been taking it too slowly. You don't get the rhythm."

"That's it," said Satterfield, irritably. "They forgot all about showing me the rhythm."

"You mustn't be discouraged," said the girl with the yellow hair.

"Oh, I'm not discouraged," said Satterfield in surprise.

The music from indoors continued with machine-like regularity and the three teachers worked heroically in relays. At the end of an hour Mrs. Satterfield came to the porch to find the girl with brown eyes lying exhausted in the hammock with a damaged foot and two yards of raffia torn from her skirts. The young woman with yellow hair was gathering up back combs and pins from the floor. Her friend with blue eyes was repairing her skirt which was torn from the belt. Satterfield was beaming.

"I'm ready to go on," he announced cheerfully.

"You'd better rest," said his wife, hastily.

"You must rest, Mr. Satterfield," chorused his teachers, also hastily.

"All right," said Satterfield, reluctantly. "But it's a pity! I was just beginning to catch the rhythm."

—Chicago Daily News.

The Voice.

The voice that is heard without raising the natural speaking tones is the well-modulated voice which impresses one with its calm and its simplicity. Train the ear to recognize pleasant sounding, agreeable voice, and listen to your own critically. A shrill, parrot-like voice makes the most beautiful woman a trying companion. Just as the touch of a woman's hand should be a warm caress, so should her voice fall upon the ear with pleasantness.

STRAIGHT AHEAD

To Greisen Bros.

for your New Coat— It is waiting for you and we know it will please you

We have others from \$10 to \$30



HIS LOVE AFFAIR.

Everett sighed a huge sigh. "She's an awful nice girl," he announced in despairing tones to the world in general.

This frank avowal of his emotions of course betrays the youth of the speaker. In fact, he was only 3. His chin was in his hand and his elbow rested on his knee.

"She's a 'nawful nice girl!" he repeated, a trifle belligerently.

"Who?" asked his aunt, tearing herself away from her magazine.

"Margery," confessed Everett with a smile which had been ten years older, would have been self-conscious. "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, my, yes!" agreed his aunt. "And so do lots of other people."

"Do they?" asked her nephew, a trifle anxiously. Then he frowned. "I'm going to marry her," he added.

"That will be nice," said his relative. "Only isn't she a bit old for you? She's 16, you know!"

"Oh, I'll be 16 soon," Everett said, confidently. "And she likes me, for she always smiles at me. She shows her teeth when she smiles and they are just as white! I gave her a lemon drop the other day!"

"Handing out lemons already!" murmured his aunt.

"What's that?" demanded her nephew.

"I was just thinking," explained his aunt, hastily.

"Did you ever see the way she fixes her hair?" went on the lovers' youth. "It's so pretty."

"What is?" asked his aunt, who had gone back to her magazine.

"Margery's hair," said Everett. "Nobody else looks like Margery, you know. She's going to the party next Tuesday afternoon and she's going to dance with me. I asked her if she wasn't. She's going to dance with me lots—maybe six waltzes an' six—"

"But, see here," objected his aunt. "You know there will be plenty of older boys there and they will want to dance with her, too. It might be that she would want to dance with them, so you mustn't be selfish. Just once you may ask her, dear, no more!"

"But she'll be disappointed!" objected Everett, his face falling. "She expects me to dance lots with her! Did you ever see the shoes she wears when she dances? They are just as teeny and have pointed toes an' shiny buckles on 'em! She's got to wear 'em to the party, for I asked her—'an' she's got to wear a pink dress. When I see a pink dress at the door I'll know 'she's a 'nawful nice girl.'"

Margery, 'most having to look hard. Say, don't you wish it was Tuesday afternoon? I do!"

"My, yes," said his aunt. "I'm just living for Tuesday afternoon to come myself. It's all I can do to wait."

"You'll see her pink dress then and the shoes," said Everett. "I know just how you feel." He sighed again. Tuesday came and Tuesday went. At home once more Everett did not pour out the joyous confidences that his aunt expected. He seemed abstracted and went to sleep eating bread and milk.

It was the morning after when she went to wake him that he spoke of Margery. His eyes were dreamy.

"She had flowers in her hair," he said in awed tones.

"Who?" asked his aunt, innocently.

"Margery!" he explained in some impatience at such stupidity. "When she smiles her eyes shine!"

"Did you have a good time?" queried his relative.

"Uhah!" said her nephew. "An' I danced with her twice, I asked her once 'n' she asked me once."

"Was your happiness was complete, wasn't it?" said his aunt.

"I don't," said Everett. He sat up in bed and a cloud crossed his pink face. "I've been thinking," he confessed, "I've been wondering—you see when she danced with me Margery smiled right into my eyes—'an' her face was so close to mine—just as if she liked me awfully, you know—and then—'an' do you know she did exactly the same thing when she danced with the other fellows that were bigger 'n' me? Why did she? Does she like them, too?"

"My gracious!" said his aunt to the electric light fixture, desperately. "Dearie," she said to the agonized lover, "I'm afraid maybe she does!"

"I wish," said Everett, slowly and sadly, "I wish I hadn't given her that lemon drop!"

For fancy Wedding Stationery, programs or Calling cards, don't fail to tie the Journal figure with you.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE GERHARTZ-FLYNN CO.

Know All Men By These Presents: That we, Frank J. Gerhart, of Columbus, and John Flynn of South Omaha, all of the state of Nebraska, do hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under and in accordance with the statutes of the state of Nebraska, and hereby adopt the following Articles of Incorporation, to-wit: ARTICLE I. The name of this corporation shall be the Gerhartz-Flynn Co.

ARTICLE II. The principal place of transacting the business of this corporation shall be in the city of Columbus in Platte county, state of Nebraska.

ARTICLE III. The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be general merchandising, which shall include, among other things, the sale of clothing, hats and caps, furnishing and kindred lines; the buying and selling of stocks and mortgages; the leasing, buying and holding of such real and personal property as may be necessary or incidental to the conduct of its business; leasing, sub-leasing, mortgaging, selling and conveying of such real and personal property of the corporation, and to do and perform such other acts as may be incidental or necessary to the main powers of the corporation.

ARTICLE IV. The amount of the capital stock of this corporation shall be ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) divided into one hundred shares (\$100.00) each, which stock when issued shall be fully paid and non-assessable. Said stock, at any time, be divided into common and preferred stock as the board of directors shall direct.

ARTICLE V. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability in which the corporation shall at any time engage itself, shall not exceed two-thirds (2/3) of the capital stock.

ARTICLE VI. The affairs of this corporation shall be managed by a board of three (3) to five (5) directors to be elected by an act from the stockholders, and a president and vice president, a secretary and a treasurer, each to be elected by the board of directors. Any two officers may, at any time, be held by one and the same person. Vacancies in the board of directors may be filled by the board.

ARTICLE VII. The time of commencement of this corporation shall be at the time of filing of these articles as required by law, and the corporation shall continue for a period of thirty (30) years unless a sooner dissolution be made by act of the board.

ARTICLE VIII. The board of directors shall have full power and authority to make all rules and regulations for the proper government and control of the business affairs of this corporation, and may by majority vote of all the members of the board of directors alter and amend the same at pleasure.

ARTICLE IX. No stockholder shall be liable for the debts of this corporation in any amount greater than his unpaid subscription.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, )  
County of Platte, )  
Be it known, that on the 14th day of August A. D. 1914, before me, J. G. Becker, a notary public, within and for the county of Platte, and state of Nebraska, personally appeared in the said county, Frank J. Gerhart and John Flynn, above named, who are per se legally known to me, and they severally acknowledged that they executed the above Articles of Incorporation of their free and voluntary act and deed.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my notarial seal the day and year last above mentioned.

J. G. BECKER,  
Notary Public.

We Now Have the Exclusive Agency -FOR-



Globe-A-Wernicke

Isn't it about time to discard that old chummy old bookcase, that never accommodated your books or your eyes, and start a Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase?

That gives you your library and always fits it, that is made up of cells and can be arranged in a variety of artistic shapes. Easily moved, one unit at a time, without disturbing the books. Fitted with the only patent dust-proof roller-bearing construction that absolutely cannot get out of order. Call and see it or write for our illustrated catalogue.

Henry Gass  
219-21-23 West Eleventh Street. Both Phones.