

Published at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second-class mail matter.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1908.

Everybody should stand up for Columbus next Thursday evening by sitting down to the annual Commercial club banquet at Maennerchor hall.

General Stoenes has entered upon his ten year term of imprisonment for the surrender of Fort Arthur to the Japanese. What a travesty of justice.

Minnesota creamery butter has lately brought the highest price in the markets of the east, and some of the Minnesota enthusiasts give that as one of the reasons why their Governor Johnson should be given the democratic nomination for president at Denver next July.

The managers of the presidential campaign of Secretary of War Wm. H. Taft announce that he is now certain of nomination on the first ballot, irrespective of the votes of any southern state. It seems there is really no organized republican party in these states.

In a body composed of eight councilmen and a mayor an opposition of two is very slight. They can never obstruct any legislation or prevent any appointment being confirmed. In our system of government, for the good of all concerned the opposition should have a representation at least that large.

The Omaha dailies announce that the Commercial club of that city has asked the people of Douglas county to vote bonds for \$5,000,000 to build a power canal in order to have cheap electric power. If these bonds carry, it will be a great blessing for Columbus and all eastern and central Nebraska, and especially the city of Omaha.

In our last issue we admitted, as we have done before, that the republican party was in the minority in Columbus, that we were in favor of a citizen ticket for the coming municipal election. We also stated that the present incumbent of the mayor's chair, was undoubtedly satisfactory to the great majority of our people.

It is not so essential as to what party is successful at a local election, but by having a union ticket without a contest, this bores business, this buying and selling votes, which is a reflection on our whole town and a disgrace to those who encourage it, would be practically done away with. The office of water commissioner is not a political office in any sense. Even if the pay attached to it is a little larger than the others, experience and fitness should count, not politics. The republicans were willing to give up the entire political machinery of the city, all of the appointive offices, and in the interest of good government the democrats should have acquiesced. We trust the voters will see it as we do and prove it by their votes.

HARRY ORCHARD'S SENTENCE. Two objections naturally suggest themselves to the layman to Judge Wood's sentence of Harry Orchard to death, with a recommendation of clemency, on his plea of guilty of having assassinated former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. If Orchard told the truth when he confessed, and as Judge Wood professes to believe, he should pay the penalty to the utmost limit of the law. If his confessions were distorted by personal spite, he should be punished to the extreme for his attempt to swear away the lives of innocent men.

Judge Wood's recommendation of clemency certainly lends color to the charge made in the Haywood and Pettibone trials that Orchard had been promised immunity if he would turn states evidence. While this charge was denied with much emphasis during the former trials, this apparent move of the court to come to the relief of Orchard will surely tend to strengthen the suspicion that Orchard was assured in advance the benefit of the turncoat. In summing up the case, Judge Wood makes his recommendations for clemency for Orchard appear somewhat ridiculous by reviewing the criminal career of the man, covering many years and including "a long series of the most atrocious crimes committed by himself." Of course, Orchard was not on trial for any of the acts of homicide which apparently formed his pastime, except for the murder of Steunenberg, but his free, if not boastful, confession of many murders mark him as a man dangerous to society who should on general principles be made forever incapable of committing further crime.—Omaha Bee.

HAVE YOU DRAGGED YOUR ROAD? By "your road" we mean the road in front of your farm. Whether you are paid for it or not, and whether the farmer on the other side pays any attention to it or not, it will pay you to drag your road after every rain and thaw. You will feel more comfortable when you go to town, your wife and daughter will be more willing to go with you, your farm will look better, and you will be on better terms with yourself. You ought to be able to see your supervisor and make an arrangement with him by which you will receive fifty cents an hour for the time spent in dragging. If you can not do this, you ought to be able to arrange with your neighbor to take turn about in dragging the road. If you can not do either one, then for the reasons above stated drag it anyhow. We have spent time enough and money enough to demonstrate clearly to the people in half a dozen states that roads can be kept in good condition with the minimum of labor and expense by the use of the drag, which we have described so often that at least our old readers know all about it.

For the benefit of our new readers who may not be informed, we suggest that they take a good sized fence post. A white cedar post eight inches in diameter and seven feet long will suit the purpose. Saw it in two lengthwise, put the halves split side foremost three and a half feet apart; tie them together with pieces of timber or iron rods; fasten a log chain to the front one, or any other chain to

which you can hitch so as to give it an angle of forty-five degrees. Then when your roads are muddy or just beginning to dry off, depending on the character of your soil, get on your drag, standing on some boards laid across the ties, and with a good, slow, heavy team of draft horses go over one side of the road and down the other two or three times. Then let it alone till after the next rain or thaw, and do it again. If the ditches are filled up open them. For the road drag is not a road builder but a road maintainer and notwithstanding all that is claimed for it, it will not make a good road unless there is drainage. Hitch to your drag in such a way as to pull a little dirt toward the center of the road. You will find out by experience how that can be done to the best advantage. Be careful in riding the drag or it is likely to "back" and give you a nasty fall. Do not permit children to ride it. Do not drive fast.

Don't wait for good roads until the city folks begin to talk about macadam at public expense. This will cost from three to five thousand dollars a mile; and for country purpose, where there is no heavy hauling, is no better, nor as easily maintained as a road properly made with the road drag. Five dollars a mile will keep a proper use of the road drag will keep the ordinary country road that is properly drained, graded, and bridged or culverted, in first-class condition nine months in the year and make it a fairly decent road the other three months. But this can not be done in one year or two. The longer the drag is used intelligently, the better the road will become, until finally it is oval and smooth and hard and elastic. This is the ideal road, and nothing but a road properly made with the drag, or an asphalt road, meets all these requirements.

We have demonstrated this thing so thoroughly in the last three years, have published so many cuts of roads made in this way, and have had such uniform reports of favorable results, that it is now up to the farmer to secure what he can secure if he has the seed to go after it.—Wallace's Farmer.

MISSING LINK IN ARGENTINA. Vertebrae Classified as Oldest Human Remains Found in the New World.

The oldest human remains on the American continent have been discovered in the Argentine republic. Some four or five years ago a vertebra was dug up in the neighborhood of Monte Hermoso and deposited in the museum of La Plata. There it attracted the attention of the director, a German, Herr Lehmann-Nitsche. He recognized it as having strong resemblance to a human cervical or neck vertebra and also some relation to the bones of the higher apes, without exactly corresponding with either. Then he compared it with some other bones in the collection, and the result of his study was the hypothesis of a new type, neither human nor ape, but related to both. The curve of the spine indicated by the bones suggested an animal that walked upright, but the size and formation of the bones made it clear that the head they supported was small and light, with very small brain capacity. The remains resemble certain bones of a primitive race of men found in Java more closely than any other known human or human specimens. They represent altogether the oldest type of humanity, if human they are, ever found in the western continent.

HAVE KEEN EYE FOR BEAUTY. Instinct of Design Seems Planted in the Japanese.

When a Japanese cannot mold the shape of an object, when he cannot redeem it by a design, when, in fact, he has no control over its creation at all, but it is placed in his hands as it is, finished, says the author of "Kakemono," he will still contrive to add beauty to it merely by arrangement. "I first noticed this on board the steamer going out," says Mr. Edwards, "where the Japanese 'boy' arranged the extra blanket on the berth in a new design each day. He folded it into lotus leaves and chrysanthemums, into half-opened fans and half-shut buds. He had one wonderful arrangement which, being patriotic, was more often repeated than the rest. The blankets of the steamship company had at top and bottom two wavy red lines on a white ground. By some wonderful twist of his fingers the boy would fold the blanket into the rising sun, with the four red lines coming out of it like blood-red rays. He did it so perfectly that I recognized the flag of Japan the moment I saw it."—Youth's Companion.

Art in Spanish Bank Notes. To baffles the counterfeiters, who are both numerous and cunning in Madrid, the Bank of Spain has pursued the policy of changing its notes with great frequency and retiring each issue as fast as possible.

The bank has now determined on a new plan. It has placed an order for a series of notes with an English concern, and it will rely for safety upon a special color process. In addition the notes are to present pictures of well-known buildings in Spain, executed with a perfection that will defy counterfeiting. The pictures are to be so beautiful that the counterfeiters will be tempted to frame them," says one Spanish news paper. "Hardly," rejoins another, "the cost of the set will be 1,000,000 pesetas, you see." To the Spanish mind \$322,500 is a great deal of money.

ALLOWED TO CHOOSE MATES. Privilege That Is Accorded in French Female Convicts.

French female convicts have one privilege that female convicts of other countries do not enjoy—they are allowed to get married. But the husbands must also be convicts. Every six months a notice is circulated in the female penitentiaries calling upon all women who feel minded to go out to New Caledonia, in the South Pacific, and be married to make application to that effect through the governor. Hardly a woman is said to be present in making such application, but they are not entertained as the candidates must be young and single, from physical infirmities. The selected candidates have to sign engagements promising to marry convicts and settle in New Caledonia for the remainder of their lives. On these conditions the government transports them and gives them an outfit and a ticket-of-leave when they land at Noumea. Their marriages are arranged for them by the governor of the colony, who has a selection of well-behaved convicts for them to choose from, and each girl may consult her own fancy within certain limits, for the proportion of undesirable men to women is about three to one. Sometimes wardens or free settlers have wooed a pretty female convict, but before being permitted to marry her must place themselves in the position of a ticket-of-leave man and undertake never to leave the colony.—The Pathfinder.

THOUGHT HE WANTED SHUFFBOX. Suspicion of Piper Not Very Flattering to His Grace.

At a dinner given by the marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress, had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuffbox could not be found for them, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuffbox which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace," replied the piper. "I did, but I thought you washed 'em keep 'em."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sad-Colored Food. Now that it has been discovered, or rediscovered, by a eminent physician that the colors of food have much to do with the appetite, a woman in town who is known for her novel entertainments is going to give a luncheon where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast. A London gastronomic expert, preaching along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, says: "Persons naturally avoid sad-colored food. As an instance, a man will come home to dinner and see a grayish-colored, overdone leg of mutton before him. He won't touch it. It is not the meat, but the color, which has turned him against the food. The same man will see a piece of red, un-dressed beef, and he fancies it at once. He is attracted by the color."

Health and Cooking. Good cooking is rapidly becoming a lost art. They who prepare the food for the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some grand amid the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Through a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough.

Cure for Criminals. Physiological circumstances may totally change the character, as, for instance, mental disease, and even a slight injury to the brain. It is in this latter class of criminals—vicious by accident—that has so far come under surgical treatment. There is no reason why we should not attempt the same operation on those congenitally deformed—that is, on the typical professional criminal, whom so far all methods of reform and all varieties of punishment have failed to cure.—Dr. Hollander, in Strand Magazine.

Prudence. "John," said the bride, as they were starting away, "haven't you forgotten something?" "I don't think so, darling. What do you mean?" "I didn't see you hand anything to the minister."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll pay him when we get back from our wedding trip. I'll know better than that I do how much he ought to have."

A Master Stroke. "Is your daughter as smart as her old dad?" "Smart? Going to marry a duke." "Is that smart?" "In this case, yes. Love match; gets him for nothing."

MAN'S TRUEST ANIMAL FRIEND. Wonderful Love and Loyalty of Dog to Its Master.

There was a time when the dog had no human friend, perhaps, but very early in the life of the world he and man came together, and the dog has stuck ever since, says a writer in the New Haven Register. Man has abused and neglected the dog. He has allowed him to accumulate filth; that he can be made with friends, and hence the dog has deteriorated. The

friendship that is the neighborly dog, and the neglected dog, however, set from his own fault but from the fault of man, the dangerous dog. Hence the laws to regulate dogs, which are as much in the interest of the dog as in the interest of humans. To the ideal of "one dog, one country, one wife—at a time," might be added "one dog at a time." One dog to enough for any man. It is sufficient for ideal companionship. There is something inspiringly pathetic in the comradeship that sometimes springs up between the right sort of a man and the right sort of a dog. There is a fidelity that might shame a man in the love and loyalty of a dog to his master. History and literature are starred with its brightness and beauty. Fly the man who can't appreciate a dog, even if he doesn't happen to own one. Surely his soul lacks something more essential than admiration of music—he's fit for worse than treason, stratagems and spoils.

CREAM PUFFS NOT SATISFYING. Made Somewhat Manger Repeat for Hungry Traveler.

"The hungriest I ever was in my life," remarked one Bert Foster, well-known Cleveland traveler and club member the other day, "was at a little station down in Texas one day where the train stopped five minutes for luncheon. I went in and grabbed up a couple of sandwiches—the best ones they had—and the only things I saw on the counter, that were edible, and then rushed back on the train, for if I missed the train I would have had to stay there over night. The sandwiches were all that sided between me and starvation, for there was no dining car on the train and the next stop where one could buy things to eat was about 150 miles farther on. You can figure it out for yourself how anxious I was to get after the two sandwiches. I bit into one of them, and what do you think the next sandwich was? It was a cream puff! Two cream puffs—that I had thought were sandwiches. That was all that I had to fill up the great void in my insides. I might as well have had a couple of hickory nuts. Nice jolly situation for a starving man, that, wasn't it?"

From Li Hung Chang. Impertinent questions to others, or comments on their appearance, mark bad breeding, and lead to sharp rebukes.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese man, while visiting this country was known for the keenness of his wit and the fineness of his courtesies. One day when he was calling upon an American lady her little boy, who had been looking sharply at him, said: "Say, mister, how few hairs you have!" "And, my little man," said Li, patting him on the head, "how few manners you have!"

Fatal Explanations. Nothing is more fatal to friendly relations than complaints and reproaches and demands for explanations. People must be judged in the wholeness of their conduct. A thousand subtle influences, unexpected, and unforeseen events, have their action and reaction on life. A thousand things occur that can neither be analyzed nor defined. Many a temporary alienation is effectively overcome by silence. He proaches, questionings, but widens the gulf. Leaving it alone, taking up other interests and ideas, bridge it over.

Unwelcome Gift. Gunner—Why in the world is Harker looking so angry these days? Guyer—Why, they had a wooden wedding down to his house about a month ago and he's been worked up ever since.

Gunner—What about? I thought a wooden wedding was a joyous occasion? Guyer—Not this one. Some one presented him with a wooden snow shovel and his wife has been making him use it ever since.

Sincerity Gives Power. There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy had warps your conduct. Sham and shoddy are powerless; only the genuine and the true are worth while.

The Necessary Requirement. "Father," said the young woman, "I begin to realize that beauty is only skin deep."

"How's that?" questioned her pa. "Nowadays," continued the girl, "a dowry is much deeper."

Whereupon her father resolved to add a little more water to the stock that a feud might be established to attract desirable young men.—Detroit Free Press.

"Late Again." The late Lord Kelvin was singularly unspontaneous at meals, and generally absorbed over the report in some scientific abstraction. In his own dining-room a favorite parrot greeted his appearance with "Late again, Sir William!" Yet he had a keen sense of humor. Simplicity of speech was not in his plan. As chairman at a public dinner, for example, he rose to announce that "the conversion of Celsius degree into chemical molecules may now begin. Gentlemen, you may smoke!"

What Becomes of Them. Philanthropists arise upon all idiosyncrasies, chronic, acute, phlegmatic, epicurean, pessimistic, egotistic and intellectual. They arise and flap their almsgiving wings and they flap into their impotence. The ideal ways of these—charity, cruel and inevitable—surges over their legitimate lives. Their souls are absorbed in the thin ether of the philanthropic cause. They speak their little phrases, drop the eye-hurting coin, and then shut up forever! Alas!

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BELONG TO TEMPERATE ZONE. Four-Fifths of the Horses of the World Are Found There.

Of the 100,000,000 horses known to exist in the world, 80,000,000 or four-fifths of the entire number are found in the temperate zone and nearly all among the occidental people. According to the National Geographical Magazine, the remaining 20,000,000, scattered through the tropics are largely employed in the service of temperate zone visitors or residents and are but feeble representatives of that animal as he is known to the people of Europe or America. In the United States and Canada we have 1 horse for every 372 persons; in South America, 1 for every 7; in Mexico, 1 for every 12; in Japan, 1 for every 39; 1 to 40 in Turkey, 50 in the Philippines, for about 150 in Africa and 200 in India and Southern China.

The llama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds; an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the elephant from 1,500 to 2,500 pounds; the camel from 250 to 500 pounds.

HIS TROUBLE WAS NOT ORGANIC. Official's Ailment One Comparatively Easy to Cure.

Gen. Joubert Pienaar was talking to a Washington reporter about a West African official. "It is in that man's territory," said Gen. Pienaar, "that the blacks are still branded. The man neglects his work. Well intentioned, but lazy. In his ignorance he suffers all sorts of inequities to go on among his people. In the last heat he was taken sick and a physician was sent for. 'I want you to tell me frankly,' he said to the physician, 'what is the matter with me?'"

"The physician frowned at the fat, flushed face and, frankly enough, replied: 'The trouble with you, sir, is that you are suffering from underwork and over pay.'"

The Teacher's Creed. I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy sows the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance; in the efficacy of schools; in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the negro of the printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school room, in the home, in daily life and out of doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith; in all ideals and distant

Truly Popular. Old Jerry, the butler, was very proud of the popularity of his young mistress, who had just made her debut in society. In describing the glories of the debut ball and the subsequent delights of the debutante's social career, he said: "Yes, sah; yes, sah; she certainly is enjoyin' herself, sah. Why, every day she jes' has dozens of roses and such like, and I jes' can't say how many boxes of bon tons."

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