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**RENEWALS**—The date appears year after year on the Columbus Journal. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at Columbus, Ohio, and is owned and published by the Columbus Journal Building, Columbus, Ohio.

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**Vote for George Fairchild for water commissioner.**

Even if the republicans have not a full ticket in the field, what there is in fact class. Take time on election day, next Tuesday. Come out and vote it.

We are pleased to see that among other nice things the Commercial club managers followed our advice and passed Columbus made cigars at their banquet last week.

The republicans of Columbus ask the voters of the city to elect two councilmen out of the eight at the coming election. No one can fairly claim that this is asking too much. The republicans of the city are entitled to a fair representation. The men named, Julius Nichols and R. S. Dickman, are admittedly most excellent men for the places. There should be no opposition to them. We honestly believe the voters will by a good vote agree with us and elect them.

Disaffection in the democratic camp over the nominees for councilmen in the First ward has resulted in a candidate being brought out by petition. At the solicitation of his many friends, Otto Kummer decided to make the race, and the petition he filed contained the names of over fifty prominent democrats of the ward. Mr. Kummer is a republican and has been a resident of the ward for over six years, and is in a position to look after the interests of his ward and the city. From the warm support given him by the democrats, and the fact he will receive the republican vote make his prospects for election very good.

We are not a member of the legal fraternity like our Brother Howard, but ordinary common sense tells us that when any state legislature passes a law prohibiting a railroad company or anybody else from appealing a case from a state court to the United States court, if the amount involved is over a certain amount and the parties in suit are from different states, that such laws are in conflict with the constitution of the United States and are bound to be declared unconstitutional by the highest judicial and legal authorities of the land. Railroad companies, corporations and individuals must all obey the law, and they also have rights and privileges under the law.

From day to day and week to week it becomes more apparent that Taft and Bryan will be the respective nominees of the two great parties for president. During the last week Governor Johnson of Minnesota has written a letter stating his willingness to accept the democratic nomination, and mildly finding fault with the man who is always a candidate, but Johnson is not in it outside of Minnesota. On the republican side, Illinois in the last week has instructed her delegates to Chicago to support Joe Cannon, but

the favorite sons in both parties have failed to make any headway outside of their own states. The nearer it gets to holding the national conventions, the surer it is who will be the nominee, and the nearer it gets to election time in November, the more certain it will be that Wm. H. Taft will be the successor of President Theodore Roosevelt.

It is simply ridiculous for the Columbus Telegram to claim that the office of water commissioner is a political one. The Telegram knows better, and its readers know better. The facts are there is very little politics in any city office. The mayor and city council of course have the appointive power for several minor offices, have the naming of the official newspaper and letting the city printing. The water commissioner, on the other hand, makes no appointments and does nothing of any kind at any time as a water commissioner that is of a political nature. Experience and ability, and not politics should influence the voter. The plea of the Telegram that Fairchild's election would be claimed by Edwin Hoar as a republican victory, is childish. Edwin Hoar knows, as well as everybody else, that the republicans are in the minority in this city, and Fairchild's election will simply mean that he has many democratic friends.

Those who believe Japan is ready to fight "at the drop of the hat," are led by the distant perspective to mistake the staggering burden of war taxes for a chip on the shoulder. Congressman Denby of Michigan, son of a former American minister to China, in a recent address before a Massachusetts audience, presented some striking facts about Japan's financial condition. He referred to the staggering debt of the empire, amounting to \$25 per capita, which has doubled since 1905; the meager resources of the country, the searching and crushing system of taxation, the huge standing army, and the feverish energy of the country in increasing its naval and military strength. He concludes that Japan foresees war, and he reasons that war with China, and not with the United States, is the next step to be taken by Japan. A deficit of 11,000,000 yen is admitted for the year 1908-09. Even with the help of increased taxation, the estimated deficit of 1910-11 will be 7,000,000 yen, and of 1911-12, 16,000,000 yen. The budget committee of the House of Peers promises, however, that surpluses will be forthcoming after that time. Where will the tax be placed? The people are already heavily burdened. The wealth earners of Japan pay about 21 per cent of their earnings to the government in one form or another. They pay less per capita, of course, than the workers of Europe or America, but this is because their earnings are less. The average American income is \$220, while that of the Japanese is \$30. The American worker earns nearly six times more an hour than the Japanese. So, while the American contributes 32 per cent of his money in taxes, the Japanese must give 21 per cent.

**THE REBATE IS DOOMED.**  
It looks as if the decision just rendered by the Supreme Court knocks the last prop from under the rebates. The case was that which involved Armour, Swift, Morris and Cudahy, who had obtained rebates from the Burlington Railway. These persons had been fined \$15,000 each by the lower court for accepting the rebates, and the Supreme Court affirmed the decision. The road is tied up with them in the same ruling, and will be punished for the same offense. This gives the Elkins amendment of 1903 to the commerce act of 1887 a new validity and influence. At the time that the Elkins law was passed many persons were skeptical about its enforcement. The national adminis-

tration, however, set out to give it vitality, and in several cases has "made good." The packers made a contract with the Burlington which gave them favored rates, and the courts have called them to account therefor. Under the decision of the Supreme Court the published rates of the roads become the lawful rates, and the roads have no right to give lower rates to favored shippers for the same sort of service and under the same conditions. The rates which are duly published and posted are the rates which must be charged to all patrons for similar service.

Not always do law and justice coincide, but they do so in a marked degree in this case. The interesting law was passed in the interest of the square deal. It was intended to place all patrons of the roads on the same footing. The wealthy were to have no advantage over the poor in contracts for similar work by the roads. Favoritism of all sorts was to be shut out. And the law has accomplished its object. No individual or community can have any special favors over another in a similar situation. The big packers will not be seriously embarrassed by the \$15,000 fines imposed upon them, but they will take special care hereafter to avoid coming in conflict with the statute. It is well to show once more, as the Supreme Court does in the Burlington rebating incident, that the United States has the same law for rich and poor, high and low.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**THE WEST HAS GROWN UP.**  
It is time for the west to realize that it is grown up, and to submit its work to the judgment of mankind on its merits. Yet there is another side even to this question. The east, too, must understand that the west has attained its majority, and recognize it—even over its own protest if need be—as an equal partner in the great commonwealth of American states. Western literature, if it is good at all, must be good as literature, and not as western literature. No concessions on the score of our supposed youthfulness ought to be asked or granted. For the west is old, and not at all a child. The spirit which too often prevails in both sections is very like that so often manifested by the women who talk of "woman's work," and insist that it be appraised, not as work, but as woman's work. I am persuaded that we have here a very fruitful cause of misunderstanding. The west poses as a "smart" young man—or woman—and the east applauds border dramas or "Wolfville" stories, not simply because they are or may be good, but chiefly because it is believed that they accurately reflect western life.

I have rather assumed the existence in the east of an ignorance of the west, but as that is practically my theme I could hardly do anything else. This ignorance will become more formidable and dangerous every year, because the subject in regard to which it manifests itself is every day growing larger and more important. Fifty years ago one could have afforded to know little or nothing of the west. But to know nothing of it now is to know nothing of the controlling influence in our national life. What we have to consider is no mere petty question of the misunderstanding of one section of the country by another section. That is a subject which has not the remotest interest for the people of the west. They have lost whatever sensitiveness they ever had in this regard, precisely as the American people as a whole are no longer stung by foreign criticism.—Lewis Howland in Scribner's.

**BRIDLE NOT THE APPETITE.**  
Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States department of agriculture, is a friend of the man whose chief joy is a good meal. "Eat what you want, chew it as you please and fill your stomach." That is the advice given by this expert in gastronomy, and if he is right then the theories of Dr. Fletcher and of Dr. Fisher are knocked into small bits. The individual who loves to eat and lives to eat will find a large measure of satisfaction in Dr. Wiley's latest contribution to his peace of mind on the subject of food.

A good many people claim that we eat too much and that we would be as well off on half the quantity. In this connection I would cite the fact that Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen are the greatest eaters in the world. They are likewise the greatest of stature, and as a race their size and robustness are increasing. The Spaniards, the Italians, and the Greeks have been underfed for generations, and, while healthy and apparently strong, they have grown smaller and are now more of small, short men. There are examples of individuals who injure themselves by overeating, but these are isolated cases. The race that eats the most, other conditions being equal, is going to develop the

most, and do the most work. The man with the fullest stomach is not only capable of doing the most work, but he has that within him which gives him the heart and inclination to do it. A man whose stomach graws cannot have an unadvised purpose in the pursuit of anything else, and with half a mind on his aching will not accomplish great things.—Lincoln Star.

**THE "LANGUAGE" OF ANIMALS.**  
Various Cries and Calls Not the Medium of Communication.

Huxley thought that because of the absence of language the brutes can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feeling, and this is the opinion of most comparative psychologists. I am myself quite ready to admit that the lower animals come as near to reasoning as they come to having a language. Their various cries and calls—the call to the mate, of alarm, of pain, of joy—do serve as the medium of some sort of communication, but they do not stand for ideas or mental concepts any more than the various cries of a child do. They are the result of simple reactions to outward objects or to inward wants, and do not imply any mental process whatever. A grown person may utter a cry of pain or fear or pleasure with a mind utterly blank of any ideas. Once on a moonlight night I lay in wait for some boy poachers in my vineyard. As I suddenly rose up, clad in a long black coat, and rushed for one and seized his leg as he was hastening over the fence, he uttered a wild, agonized scream precisely as a wild animal does when suddenly seized. He told me afterward he was simply frightened out of his wits. For the moment he was simply an unreasoning animal.—John Burroughs, in Outlook Magazine.

**SOUGHT AND FOUND THEM NOT.**  
Few, indeed, There Seem to Be Who Really Love Nature.

One came from another world. He went down Fleet street and saw the weary, wretched men who wrote daily of Nature and her beauties. He went to a theater and heard those who sang of her charms. He went into the country, and heard peasants grumbling of their lot and sighing for the town. He watched "sportsmen," who rent the magnificent silences with the harsh crack of rifles, and destroyed wantonly the blithest birds and beasts. Then he met a philosopher.

"I have seen those who live with Nature, those who ravish her splendors, those who write and sing of her. Now, where are those who love her?" And, like all men with a reputation, the philosopher was silent.—Westminster Gazette.

**Gotham's Limited Shave.**  
"If there is any one thing irritates me," said a Chicago man who was spending a few days in the metropolis, "it is the habit that some of you New Yorkers have contracted of giving one or two fingers in place of the full hand shake. I've had the experience half a dozen times this trip, and I'm hoarse from it. Of course, as a rule, the person who so greets you has something in his right hand—papers or what not—when the salutation is exchanged; but why, in the name of common sense, doesn't he dispose of the impedimenta for a brief moment of friendliness? We think that we hustle out in the Windy City, and as a matter of fact we do, but we aren't in such an all-fired hurry that we can't take time off to give a decent grasp."

**Forethought.**  
A lad of ten years living in a suburb of Baltimore was recently taken into town to spend the day with his grandfather.

At dinner he ate himself into a state of great satisfaction, his relatives the while looking on in wonder. Finally he was actually forbidden to eat any more.

On the way home he had pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing at it.

"What is that, Bobby?" asked his sister.

"Only a dog biscuit," came from Robert, in apologetic tone.

"Where did you get it?"

"I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained Bobby, "so I took it away from Fido."—Harper's Bazar.

**How Lord Kelvin Saved His Neck.**  
The late Lord Kelvin, when he was deep in some abstract problem, was very absent-minded and unpunctual. So much so, that his parrot used always to cry out: "Late again! Late again!" when the scientist came in to his meals. He never gave himself time to catch trains, and for many years persisted in jumping into trains while they were in motion—the great risk of his limbs. His friends declared that the ice accident which lamed him was a blessing in disguise, for it saved his neck.

**WHY ROSCOE CONKLING QUIT.**  
Attack on His Home and Family Caused Him to Resign.

In the lobby of the New Willard I found an elderly gentleman who had been a friend of Roscoe Conkling. He said:

"It does not seem like Washington to me without Roscoe Conkling. I miss that imperious form stalking above the avenues. Never," he continued, "can I forget the day that Roscoe Conkling resigned. There was great excitement over President Garfield's appointment of the New York collector of the port, and that was the last straw that decided Conkling to act. His feud with Blaine was then at its height, and as Roscoe Conkling sat that morning in his accustomed place, it was noticed that his face was paler than usual as he pointed out a newspaper paragraph.

"I can bear it all until it comes to that," he said. "When they attack my home and my wife that is the end of public life for me. When the sacredness of my family life is trampled in the dust, that is too much—I am going home, never to return here."

"Tears glistened in his eyes as he pushed back the hair from his forehead and said: 'Now I am going home to earn money in my profession and pay the debts that have accumulated while I have been trying to help friends.'"

"He retired from public life, and it was a great satisfaction to him that he paid \$40,000 of accumulated debts within one year; no lawyer at that time could command a higher fee than Roscoe Conkling."—Joe Mitchell Chapin, in National Magazine.

**Strong Passion for Gold.**  
Don Marino Torlonia, of the ducal family of Torlonia of Rome, said at a dinner party in New York that a certain American millionaire reminded him of the famous Roman miser, Arpagno.

"Let me," said the tall young man, smiling, "show you what a tremendous miser Arpagno was. As he lay dying in his cold, dark, bare palace of stone on the Corso his one thought was that, since he was too ill to eat, a full lire a day was being saved on the food bill. The doctor was announced. The doctor, after feeling Arpagno's pulse, looked grave.

"Well," said the miser, "how much longer have I to live?"

"Only half an hour," was the reply. "Arpagno's eyes flashed fire.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "Why do you let things run on to the last minute like this? Do you want to ruin me? Send for the barber at once!"

"The barber arrived post haste.

"You charge," said Arpagno, "20 centesimi for shaving!"

"Yes, signor."

"And for shaving a corpse five lire?"

"Yes."

"Arpagno glanced at the clock. Seven of the 30 minutes left him still remained.

"Then shave me quickly," he gasped.

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**CUSTOM OF ORIENTAL NATIONS.**  
Salute by Kissing the Foot is as Old as History.

The custom of kissing the feet of persons whom it was desired to honor originated with the ancients. The people of oriental nations used to kiss the hands and feet or hems of the clothes of the persons they wished to show respect for.

The ancient Egyptians got this custom from the Assyrians, and later the Greeks adopted the habit from the Egyptians. The Romans followed the Greeks, and then Pontifex Maximus had his great toe kissed by celebrities.

The story will be remembered of the old Briton ruler who appeared to do homage to a Roman monk after the conquest of Britain. He was told that it was customary to kiss the foot of the holy father. He hesitated for a moment and then, bending down, he suddenly seized the monk by the ankle and, jerking it up to his lips, toppled the worthy father over backward.

The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips, and the poorest classes must be content to make a low obeisance in his presence.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**A Little Vague.**  
"Is it far from here to the next town?" asked a tourist of a man he met on a rural road.

"Well, it ain't so very far, nor it ain't so very nigh, an' yit it ain't as nigh as might be if it wa'n't so far as it is. Still, it'd be fether if it wa'n't; so nigh, so I reckon one might say that it is betwix an' between fer an nigh."—Lippincott's.

**If I Quake.**  
We boast of our emancipation from many superstitions; but if we have broken any idols, it is through a transfer of the idolatry. What have I gained, that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove, or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic purgatory of the Calvaletic judgment day—if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it? If I quake what matters it what I quake at?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

**Feminine Intuition.**  
They stood in the purple gloaming of the hazy twilight. Above them drooped the wistaria; from afar drifted the fragrance of the dewy honeysuckle. It was an evening to inspire the heart and to thrill the soul.

"Evangeline," sighed Hector Montmorency, "I cannot begin to tell you how much I love you."

"You"—she hesitated—"you might at least try, mightn't you? If you give me but an inkling perhaps I can guess the rest."

He should have known better than that it is betwix an' between fer an nigh."—Lippincott's.

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