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SENATOR BURKETT ON POSTAL SAVINGS.

Commenting editorially on Senator Burkett's speech on postal savings, the Lincoln News says:

"Senator Burkett's recent speech on behalf of the postal savings bank bill disclosed that he has a few colleagues who need watching. When the senator first became a member of the upper house he seemed, as was natural, to be somewhat in awe of the men with great names against whom he rubbed, but a closer acquaintance has opened his eyes to the fact that there is a good deal of masquerading at Washington.

"In my opinion, Mr. President, we ought to enact this legislation without much of delay. We ought not to juggle with the confidence of the American people, so recently and so universally reposed in us as a party. We ought not by procrastination, to exasperate the American people with the idea already too prevalent, let me say, that there are influences more potent and more controlling in legislation than the interests of the great mass of the people.

"Whatever may be senators' ideas as to the effect of this legislation upon those within their own small circle of friends, no senator can be blind to the efficacy of it and the desirability of it to the untold thousands of Americans without the domain of legislative influence other than the ballot of American citizenship.

"It took fifteen years of patient and persistent endeavor to make some men believe that it would neither wreck the republic nor ruin the railroads for Uncle Sam to take a hand in the legitimate control of our great transportation companies; and yet one objection after another has melted away, until today everybody wonders who it was that objected. Within a week we have seen in the public press the address of one of the great railway magnates of the country complimenting the congress upon the legislation that it has enacted.

"I have seen congress, or a part of it, apprehensive before, and that is why I have called attention to the meat-inspection law and the rate bill in this connection. I have spoken as I have for the consolation of those really honest but timid souls who would rather offend the interests of all the people and the common sense of all the world than to offend their own theoretical and shelf-worn interpretation of governmental function."

OUR WEAKNESS AT SEA.

Frederick Palmer, who has been with the big battleship fleet during its journey around the world, makes a startling assertion in the last number of Collier's. As the fleet nears home, he asserts that throughout the voyage around the globe not as many merchant vessels flying the American flag have been seen by those on board the fighting ships as there are vessels in the fleet. As the latter is made up of sixteen big ships and a few smaller ones, the seriousness of Mr. Palmer's declaration is very evident.

It means that foreign ships have supplied our fleet with coal and that vessels flying all flags except our own have kept the American officers and sailors supplied with the things that they had to have from day to day.

"What is your navy for? asked a man in a South American city after he had marveled at the splendor and equipment of our battleships, and then, gazing over the broad bay, had noticed the absence of merchant vessels carrying the emblem of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROUND-UP.

In a splendid and admirable way President Roosevelt is rounding up, so far as possible, the primary policies of his administration. He has set in motion great things that are still progressive, some of which will continue to progress, it is hoped, throughout the life of the nation.

The President has just submitted to Congress a new and special report on the Panama canal, together with a message setting forth the present status of that great project. He has received and transmitted the report of his Farm Life commission, together with one of the most important messages he has ever written. The first meeting and report of his National Conservation commission will soon be followed by the report of the Continental commission, composed of delegates from Mexico, and Canada and the United States.

Each nation owes it to itself and to civilization to safeguard its natural resources. Therefore, each nation, because of its obligations to civilization and humanity in general, should be ready to co-operate with other nations in such international policies as may be helpful to all without being injurious to any. In such a meeting the nations may learn much from one another. The United States will be an especial beneficiary, for it may learn much more than it can hope to teach. It is the richest and the most wasteful of nations. It has much to learn from those people who have had to conserve their natural wealth.

Incidentally, though scarcely less potentially, the good of the world would be promoted by such a conference through the mere fact of meeting, conferring and co-operating; for whatever brings nations into common undertakings makes for international tolerance, peace and security.—Kansas City Star.

THE VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS.

In Victor Hugo's novel, "The Man Who Laughs," Gwynplaine, a strolling mountebank, who had known all his life only starvation and misery, was suddenly discovered to be Baron Clanchair. He had been stolen in his infancy, and the discovery of his rank and his entrance into his estate was the matter of a day. One day he played to a mob in a booth, the next he delivered a speech, as an hereditary ruler in the House of Lords. This address, which is notable even for the great Victor Hugo, is, in part, given herewith:

"My Lords, you are loftily placed. It is well. We must believe that God has His reasons for this. You have power, opulence, joy, the sun always motionless at your zenith, unbounded authority, undivided enjoyment, an immense oblivion of all others. But there is something beneath you. Above you, too, perhaps. My Lords, I come to tell you news. The human race exists."

"I am he who comes from the depths. My Lords, you are great and rich. That is perilous. You take advantage of darkness. But take care, there is a great power, dawn. Daybreak cannot be conquered. It will come. It is coming. The irresistible ray of daylight is within it. And who will hinder that sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun is Man's Right. You—you are Privilege. You may well be afraid. The real master of the house is going to knock at the door. Who is the father of Privilege? Chance. And who is his son? Abuse. Neither Chance nor Abuse are firm or enduring. Both of them have an evil morrow. I come to warn you. I come to denounce your own happiness to you. It is made of the misery of others. You have all, and this all is composed of the nothing of the others. My Lords, I am the hopeless advocate, and I plead a lost cause. God himself will gain this cause. I am nothing but a voice. The human race is a mouth, and I am its cry. You shall hear me. I come to open before you, Peers of England, the great assizes of the people; that sovereign, who is the victim; that convict, who is the judge. I bend beneath the weight of what I have to say. Where shall I begin? I do not know. I have gathered my enormous, scattered brief in the vast diffusion of suffering. What am I to do with it now? It overwhelms me and I cast it pell mell before you. Did I foresee this? No. You are astonished, so am I. Yesterday I was a mountebank, today I am a lord. Mysterious play. Of whom? Of the Unknown. Let us all tremble. My Lords, all the azure is on your side. Of all the immense universe you see only the holiday; learn that there are shadows. I was cast into the abyss."

For what end? So that I might see its depths. I am a diver and I bring back the pearl. Truth I speak, because I know. You shall hear me, my Lords. I have felt. I have seen. Believe me, most fortunate gentlemen, suffering is not a mere word. Poverty—I grew up in it; Winter—I have shivered in it; Famine—I have tasted it; Contempt—I have endured it; the Plague—I have had it; Shame—I have drunk it. I hesitated before permitting myself to be led to this place. But it seemed to me that the hidden hand of God urged me this way, and I obeyed. I felt that it was necessary for me to come among you. Why? On account of my rags of yesterday. It was in order to speak to the overfed, that God had made me mingle with the famished. O, have pity! O, that fatal world to which you think you belong, you do not know it; being so high, you are out of it. I will tell you what it is. I have experience, indeed. I have come from beneath the pressure. I can tell you what you weigh."

WHEN GRANT WAS A FARMER.

The True Story of the Ex-Army Officer Peddling Wood on Streets of St. Louis.

At the time of her marriage my father had given Julia eighty acres of land, a part of the White Haven estate, and situated only about half a mile from our dwelling. On this land the captain and Mrs. Grant decided to build their home. It was good land, and with the aid of the three slaves which father had given Julia they had no fear of not earning a living.

Perhaps I ought to explain something about these slaves. For two generations the story has been current in certain parts of the country that Captain Grant himself was a slave owner. He never was, but his wife was. The Dents had owned slaves from the date of their settlement in this country. At the time I was growing up my father owned about thirty slaves, of all sizes and sexes. Either at birth, or as we grew older, he gave to each of his three girls three negroes. These, with the parcels of the homestead which he gave us as his bridal present, were supposed to be our dower. When Julia was born father gave her the girl Eliza, little ginger colored Julia Ann and Dan, who was about the most polished specimen of human ebony you ever saw. They were to serve her as maid, cook and house boy. My sister Nelly, who afterward became Mrs. Sharp, had Phyllis, Susy and John. As for me, I was given Mary, my old nurse, Lucy, Louise and Jeff.

Thus, we were each provided with our slaves, and at her marriage Julia, of course, brought her three to Captain Grant. And although I know that he was opposed to human slavery as an institution I do not think that he was at any time a very rank abolitionist or that he opposed it so violently that the acceptance of Julia's slaves had to be forced upon him.

The house that the Grants built was of logs. The logs for it were cut and shaped by the captain himself. It was planned by Mrs. Grant, and was both fashioned and furnished with an eye to the artistic, as well as for comfort and coziness. Though not pretentious to modern eyes it was not the mean, ramshackle hut that the popular mind supposes it to have been. It had five good rooms and a hall, which furnished all the space the Grants needed at that time. I know that it was on exhibition at the World's Fair in St. Louis, and it looked anything but elegant there, amid its more garish surroundings. But it had been built fifty years before, and it had not been lived in for a great many of those years.

The captain's father, Jesse Grant, gave him \$1,000 to furnish it with, besides a team and a wagon. With this team of two white horses, a cow, the three slaves, the eighty acres of land, and the log house the Grants began life as civilians. A very prominent man has recently said on a public occasion that General Grant's life at this time was a failure. It is difficult for those who knew him intimately in those later fifties to regard it as such. It is true fame had not yet come to him, nor had riches, but he had never shown greater strength of character, greater fortitude under adverse circumstances, nor more determination than he did at this time.—"Mr. Barton's cow is dead! God called her home!"

Where the Clove Tree Thrives. There is no place in the world where the clove tree thrives as well as in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. It is the principal product of the islands, and, together with copra and the ivory brought from the mainland, cloves form the principal item of export.

Cow's Happy End. George, the four-year-old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house a few days ago in a state of wild excitement. "Grandpa! Grandpa!" he called. "Mr. Barton's cow is dead! God called her home!"

Virgin Land in Cuba. In the mountain regions in Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spaniards.

Had True Savor of the Sea. At a service of thanksgiving for the harvest of the sea at Port Isaac church, Cornwall, the walls from end to end were draped with fishing nets, while lobster pots and packing barrels occupied the window spaces.

bulk of the work he did himself. He was not ashamed of rough work on the farm, and, in fact, he liked it. Grant turned farmer after he left the army, not because he couldn't do anything else, but because he wanted to be a farmer. That he later left the farm and became a store-keeper was not due to any vacillation of character, but to ill health, and a clear-sighted endeavor to better his finances.

There was a good deal of woodland on the Grants' farm when they settled on it and this he cleared away, corded and sold in St. Louis to the wood yards.

At this point I must say a word concerning the general belief in the Grants' object poverty at this time. The Grants were not poor. They were not rich, but they were in comfortable circumstances, with plenty to eat and plenty to wear and no dependence upon their relatives or any others. There is the famous story of Captain Grant living in such poverty that he had to haul his poor little faggots of wood through the city with an ox team and blow on his unglazed fingers to keep them from freezing. Mr. Winston Churchill, the novelist, has done Captain Grant the honor of depicting him as a sort of run-down-at-the-heels countryman of the ne'er-do-well and ill-luck class, as one whose wood peddling was barely able to keep his meager clothes upon his meager body. It is a very interesting picture but it is not true. He never peddled wood about the streets.

The truth is that he and his negroes cut the wood and he often sent one of them to the city with a load to sell to the families of a Mr. Blow and Mr. Bernard. Mr. Bernard was the brother of my brother John's wife. During the Christmas holidays one winter the negro who generally drove the team for Captain Grant was ill and there was no one to send in his place. The Captain's St. Louis friends sent him word that they were out of wood, and, accordingly, he hitched up his team of white horses to his big wagon, loaded on the wood, and hauled it to the city himself. He probably hauled several loads in this way. I do not know how many. Any other man with the same temper of spirit and the same lack of false pride would have done the same.

On one of these trips, as the captain was driving along seated on his load of wood, he suddenly came face to face with General Harney and his staff. The general, resplendent in a new uniform and gold trimmings, eyed the figure of the farmer on the wagon with astonishment. Then he drew in his horse, Grant stopped his team, and the pair smiled into each other's eyes.

"Why, Grant, what in blazes are you doing?" exclaimed Harney.

The captain, sitting comfortably atop his load of wood with his ax and his whiptock at his side, shifted one muddy boot across the other and drawled:

"Well, general, I am hauling wood."

The thing was so obvious and Grant so naive that General Harney and his staff roared with laughter. They shook his hand and joked with him and finally carried him off to dine with them at the Planters' hotel. This is the true story of Captain Run-down-at-the-heels Grant peddling wood for a pittance in the streets.—Emma's Dent Casey in the February Circle.

Have Use for Old Piling. There has been secured by a New York state pulp company an option on 500,000 cords of sunken pine piling now lying submerged in the Rideau river and lakes back of Kingston, Ontario, Canada. The piling was sunk about 80 years ago when the Rideau river was a center of commercial activity. The piling will be converted by a chemical process into the finest grades of stationery.

A Long-Felt Want. This, ladies, is the non-burglar-hiding bed, the steel sides of which preclude the possibility of there being a man under the bed, yet can be unlocked and collapsed for the purpose of sweeping, etc. It is especially intended for the use of unmarried women.—Kansas City Times.

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SMILE AND BE GLAD

MUCH VIRTUE IS THERE IN THE PLEASANT GRIN.

Too Many of Us Cultivate Our Critical Side Until It Takes the Zest Out of Everything—Try to Enjoy Life.

If you want to get the worth of the bargain in life cultivate gladness. The one who mopes doesn't enjoy herself and surely no one enjoys her.

Anyone can be glad when things go her way; to be glad when the maid breaks your best dinner set, and the brook on which you've broken yourself turns out a right shovels a disposition that can be counted on to all life's wheels.

There's a lot of gladness going, but many of us are blind to it. What we want is to take life like a healthy child and find enjoyment in simple things. We can cultivate our critical side until it takes the zest from everything.

What if we haven't an overflowing pocketbook, need we hang down the corners of our mouth when there is health and the outdoors and love to make for gladness?

Does it come easier to look on the black side? Has the pose of misfortune become your natural state? Forget it and take to grinning.

At first that grin may be as strained, but most of your friends will think it more lovely than your usual hangdog expression. The brand improves with practice.

Forced cheerfulness is not pleasing, but it is better than chronic depression. Keep pumping out that oil of gladness and by and by the dumps will be lubricated.

Gladness isn't an effort to be glad; it is just being glad. You cannot worry yourself into it; neither does it come by simulation; it does come from taking life easy and enjoying things whether they were meant to be enjoyed or not.

You sad one, try for a day to hunt causes for gladness. Instead of summing up your woes and mourning over the total, get in a receptive mood for joy. You'll be surprised at the end of the day to find how many have been the occasions for smiling.

Does your head ache? Sample the laugh cure. Are the children obstreperous? Don't mope over your sorry lot, but charm them with a smile. Does the future seem a coal-black wall? See what kind of a wedge a day of cheerful can make.

Gladness never comes with time to think about your troubles, so get busy. The full life is rarely the somber life. Get grateful for your mercies; you may think it takes a magnifying glass to find them, but the eye is sharpened by the looking.

If you have no other cause for gladness, if your friends are not what they should be, if fortune frowns and things generally seem "rank," just be glad you are alive!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cold Bacteria.

The common cold is now classed by some authorities among the diseases due to bacteria. It has not been settled that any particular organism is the cause, but it seems that more than one species may play an active part, and a recent British investigator reports that in one severe local epidemic he found micrococci catarrhals present in all cases, while in two other epidemics, both of a severely infectious character, the bacillus of Friedlander was recognized in every case examined at its onset. The organism, however, often disappears within twenty-four or forty-eight hours. In the second and third epidemics reinfection sometimes occurred, producing either a second acute cold or else a chronic cold lasting for months, and the bacillus was so virulent that it killed inoculated mice, guinea pigs and even rabbits.

True Missionary Spirit.

Speaking at a recent meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church society, in London, the bishop of North Queensland said: "I spoke at Oxford the other day, and asked for men to help me in our great work. Eight of the finest young graduates volunteered to go back to the bush with me. Then I searched for a leader, and turned to Ireland, the home of missionaries. I sent a telegram to Rev. E. H. Crozier, vicar of St. George's, Dublin, asking him if he would give up his rich living, worth £500 a year, and come and be the leader of my band of recruits in the bush at £50 a year. The answer I received was: 'Yes, the Lord being my help.'"

Daily Thought.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Tryon Edwards.

A Man's Birthday.

We do not know whence a man comes nor whither he goes; yet we choose his birth or death day to celebrate his recurring century. We should choose his day of achievement.—London Saturday Review.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that E. F. Chambers, H. F. J. Hochstetler and W. E. Harvey have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation under the laws of the state of Nebraska. First.—The name of this corporation shall be The Home Builders Company. Second.—The principal place of transacting its business shall be Columbus, Nebraska. Third.—The nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation shall be to buy, sell, exchange, hold, plat, subdivide, improve, mortgage or lease real estate and to take, hold, sell, assign, transfer or pledge any mortgage, contract or other property acquired in the course of said business. Fourth.—The authorized capital stock of said corporation shall be One Hundred Thousand Dollars, Forty Thousand Dollars of which must be subscribed and paid up before commencing business. Fifth.—The existence of this corporation shall commence on the 25th day of November, 1908, and continue for a period of Ninety-Nine years. Sixth.—The highest amount of indebtedness to which this corporation shall subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of its paid up capital stock. Seventh.—This corporation shall be managed by a board of directors of not less than three nor more than five and the officers shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be one and the same person. E. F. J. HOCHSTETLER, Secretary.

HERE WITH THE GOODS William J. Voss, in the implement line, is here with the goods for nineteen-ought-nine. Large stock of implements, suiting demand, leading and popular makes are on hand. In plows and in planters, disc, harrows and drills, And harvesters and hay tools that will fill the bills, Makes of wagons, the best for to haul heavy loads, Jaunty buggies, well made, to spin o'er the roads. Voss sells the "New Way," a planter correct, Outclasses all others in every respect. Seek Voss for harness, at straight prices, too— Spending money with him saves money for you. Come here for good work in harness repair. On every occasion our prices are fair. W. J. VOSS & CO., Columbus

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Charm of the Atomizer. "My aunt has the prettiest cat," said the girl who had just come in, "but it was delicate. She used my cousin Philip's atomizer on its throat. The cat had asthma. Finally she gave it away. The greener took it miles in the country, but it came back in a week and sat on the windowsill, waiting to be let in. Philip said it came back because it missed his atomizer." Only Needed a Start. One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished: "Now I lay me," and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me and then I can go a-whizzing."—Delineator. Marks End of Honeymoon. The honeymoon is mostly over when the couple quit buying their meals in hotels and the bride tries to provide them at home.—New York Press. South Africans Fond of Oatmeal. South Africans are distinctly an oatmeal-eating people, over \$300,000 worth of this American breakfast food being imported annually into South Africa. Not a Bark. "Then you don't have any dog-watch on this craft?" inquired the anxious passenger, according to a writer in Life. "No. This is a catboat."

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY should be photographed at regular intervals. The photographs are a pictorial history of their progress and growth. HAVE YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHED here and you will secure the best portraits it is possible to produce. Do it now while they are all with you. The dearest possession in some households is a picture taken of some loved one who has gone away or beyond. Successor to Wm. Helwig. DeHART STUDIO.

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