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

What has become of Geo. W. Berge?

Bryan's refusal to become a candidate for senator always has a string attached to it.

Down in Kansas a progressive farmer is one who moves to town and becomes a reformer.

The man who demands county option cannot, consistently, claim to stand up for home rule.

About the only thing left out of the wreck is the daylight saloon law, which the supreme court has declared valid.

Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, is not indulging in any of his cheap talks at present. While eating pie at a lunch counter in Enid the other day he cut his tongue with a knife.

The Lincoln papers report that Edgar Howard, Jim Dahlman and W. J. Bryan held a political conference at the Lincoln hotel last Wednesday. For some reason Governor Shallenberger was not invited to participate.

Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, is liable to be placed in the undesirable class of candidates by Mr. Bryan. Chairman Mack, of the democratic national committee, has suggested the governor of the Buckeye state as a presidential possibility.

At a meeting of the pastors of the Baptist churches of Ohio, recently held in Cleveland, a resolution was adopted denouncing the employment of professional evangelists in revival work. The idea is spreading that the majority of professional evangelists are professional fakery.

After all, the people of this country have something to thank old Joe Cannon for. His rules have prevented raids on the treasury of the United States and saved the country a billion dollars or more during the past four years. A man who can save his country that much hard cash is not really a dangerous man to have around.

County option or state wide prohibition will not be the issue in the next campaign in Nebraska, although it is evident that Mr. Bryan will come out strong for local option in the event he enters the race to succeed Burkett, in order to secure the support of the prohibitionists. The real issue will be whether or not Nebraska shall continue to be represented in the United States senate by a republican. Mr. Bryan always has a "paramount" issue to present for the consideration of voters when he is a candidate for office, and if he can use the prohibitionists by raising the question of county option he will not hesitate to do so. The time has come for republicans to line up and face the issue which will confront them in the next campaign.

DEATH'S TOLL FROM COAL MINES.

You've stood at a railway crossing, watching a modern 120 ton locomotive moving at thirty miles an hour and trailing after it twenty-five or more steel coal cars, each with 100,000 pounds of coal hurrying towards its ultimate market? Did it ever occur to you that for every 100,000 tons of coal whisking past you in this manner the toll of one of human life already has been taken at the mine? But the dead man at the mine may not be the most serious of the community problems. His injured brother, perhaps a helpless burden upon the community from the moment of the accident until the end of a long life, may be the more pitiable figure of the two. And for every 25,000 tons of coal produced there is the injured man at the mine. Applying the death and injured rate to the 300,000,000 tons of coal produced annually in the whole country the dead men at the mine numbers 300 and the army of the injured must number 1,200 men.—By Joseph Howell.

THEIR PROGRAM WILL FAIL.

"Burkett must not be returned to the senate, even if it becomes necessary for republicans who are opposed to him to support a democrat," appears to be the program mapped out by some of the alleged reformers who refused to "cross the bridge" with Taft. Burkett voted for the tariff bill that Taft signed, and that act, on the part of the senior Nebraska senator, is an unpardonable offense. The same kind of argument will be employed in the attempt to discredit Senator Brown when his term expires and he asks for a re-election. There appears to be an understanding among a few self-styled reform editors that sooner than see Burkett endorsed for another term in the senate they will throw their influence to a democrat. This issue must be met right here in Platte county, where a very small minority of republicans are conspiring to defeat Burkett next year and Brown later on. As an excuse for their action, the men who are in the deal, base their objections to Burkett and Brown on the stand the senators took in following the instructions of the republican state convention in supporting the president at the special session of congress.

It was George Washington who said, while president, "In a word, if a man cannot act in all respects as he would wish, he must do what appears best under the circumstances he is in. This I am at, however short I may fall of the end."

The frenzied opposition, abuse and misrepresentation that Washington and those who supported him had to contend with, is being repeated today, but in a milder form, by the reformers who are now denouncing President Taft and the men who dare raise their voices in his defense. When the French minister to this country undertook to break through the neutrality that Washington's administration had proclaimed, and a mob of ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia—at that time the capital of the nation—threatened to drag Washington out of his house and compel him to declare in favor of the French resolution and against England, he met the frenzied demands of the rabble with the same composure that Taft now faces the mob of assistant democrats who are attempting to discredit him.

Like Washington, Taft has done "what appears best under the circumstances," and the republicans of Nebraska will stand by him and endorse the action of our senators who voted for the tariff measure passed at the special session.

If a few stragglers halt at the bridge and refuse to pass over, as the party marches on, they are at liberty to remain and unite their political fortunes with the democrats. In fact, some of them were never republicans—except for revenue only.

TRAMP THE SUPPORT OF THOUSANDS.

If the tramp were suddenly to pass away from the United States, widespread misery for many families would follow. The tramp enables thousands of men to earn honest livings, educate their children and bring them up God fearing and industrious. I know.

At one time my father was a constable and hunted tramps for a living. The community paid him so much per head for all the tramps he could catch, and also, I believe, he got mileage fees. Ways and means were always a pressing problem in our household, and the amount of meat on the table, the new pair of shoes, the day's outing, or the text-book for school were dependent upon my father's luck in the chase. Well I remember the suppressed eagerness and the suspense with which I waited to learn each morning what the results of his past night's toil had been; how many tramps he had gathered in and what the chances were of convicting them. And so it was when after, as a tramp, I succeeded in eluding some predatory constable I could not but feel sorry for the little boys and girls at home in that constable's house; it seems to me in a way that I was defrauding those little girls and boys of some of the good things of life. But it's all in the game. The hobo defies society and society's watch dogs make a living out of him. Some hobos like to be caught by watchdogs—especially in winter time. Of course such hobos select communities where the jails are "good," where no work is performed, and the food is substantial. Also there have been and most probably still are constables who divide their fees with the hobos they arrest. Such a constable does not have to hunt. He whistles and the game comes right up to his hand.—By Jack London.

A "farmer's" congress in session last week in a city down in North Carolina passed resolutions demanding the construction of four lines of railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, to be built by the general government. Sounds like the resolutions the defunct populist party of Nebraska used to pass in state conventions.

Nebraska Man's Impression of the South Land.

At the Farmers' National Congress, lately held in Raleigh, one member from Pennsylvania and one delegate from Nebraska put into rhyme their impressions of the city of Raleigh and the state of North Carolina. It is with pleasure we give our readers the verses composed by the Nebraska member.

To Raleigh, North Carolina's lovely daughter,
Raleigh, Raleigh, blessed child of the south;
How great is history in thy fane
We describe by pen, we praise by mouth
The beauty of thy home, the greatness of thy name.

Happy to have seen you, glad that we came,
Our hearts are full of joy, our spirits are revived
By thoughts of thy kindness, O, lovely, charming dame!
Is it true? Have we at the gates of Paradise arrived?

But why with feeble pen attempt a task so grand?
That air so balmy, those flowers so rare
Which greet us everywhere, delight and enchant,
What could we say, to let all our joys lay bare.

Of thy fair sex; (methinks I tread on sacred ground)
I shall but say the truth, scarcely dare be so bold;
Thrice blessed is man each fair form and feature to behold;

What bliss where such noble daughters of Eve abound.

Carolina, Carolina! mortals envy thee thy place
My mother's, my life partner's, my daughter's name;
Is it not strange, all three should be named the same?
But none other, not wealth, nor fame could that name replace.

In yonder Northern land, where dwells a sturdy race,
The South is known as a land of beauty and of grace.
Thy splendor we have seen; by thy subtle beauties charmed
Our hearts beat swifter; we tremble but are not harmed.

O, golden days of youth! turn back in your flight,
The South's balmy air, the South's fair sex, most fair,
The sight of so much grace and beauty
Make us forget white hair and wrinkled face.

Frank spirits rise, fresh blood courses through the veins,
Too fast, too fast! the current rushes on in its mad career.
Behold! it is all a dream; my faithful spouse sits at my side
And bids me in peace and contentment abide.

She smiles a mother's smile, but does not chide,
Thus breaks the storm, and safely landed on the shore,
We rest and smile in peace, happier than before.

The Edge of Night.

There are only twenty-four hours to the day—to the day and the night. And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark: Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by the clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins, a dawn that comes more slowly and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little salvage; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time nor more figures for the dial.

We have things enough, too—more than enough. It is space for the things, perspective and the right measure for the things that we lack—a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

If we get anything out of the fields worth while it will be this measure, this largeness and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree too that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot hear by day—things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before. The day is none too short, the night none too long, but all too narrow is the edge between.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

A Bee That Digs.

Dr. John B. Smith gives the name of "digger bee" to a blue green bee having a metallic sheen, which may be seen flitting about sandy places during the first heats of May. With the aid of liquid plaster of paris poured into the holes that it makes in the ground he has followed the bee through a wonderful course of digging. The work is done by females, and its primary object is to provide protected cells in which the young are bred. The bee makes a tunnel a quarter of an inch in diameter, which after starting for a few inches on a slope runs straight down into the ground. At the depth of a foot or more short lateral tunnels are driven, and at the ends of these are formed the breeding cells. Having provided for her young, the bee "continues to dig down and yet farther down until she is four feet or even more beneath the surface, dying from sheer exhaustion about the time her first progeny begin to make their way to the surface."—London Mail.

A Disappointing Witness.
Deacon Stephen Potter, one of the pioneers of Utica, N. Y., was a man of great eccentricity, but high moral character. "The deacon will speak the truth and shame the devil," was often said of him.

On one occasion a friend was engaged in a lawsuit in regard to some land a few miles from Utica. He held the land at a high price. During the trial he called Deacon Potter as a witness to prove how valuable the land was. The deacon was sworn and asked if he knew the land. "Yes," he replied, "I know every foot of it."
"What do you think it worth, Mr. Potter?" was the next question. The old man paused a moment and then said slowly, "If I had as many dollars—as my yoke of oxen—could draw—on a sled—on glaze ice—I would not give—a dollar an acre for it!"—Youth's Companion.

Brotherly Resentment.
Young Mother (proudly)—Everybody says the baby looks like me. Bachelor Brother (amazed)—The spiteful things don't say that to your face, do they?

Secrets.
"Don't complain of people telling 'yob secrets," said Uncle Eben. "De' couldn't do it if you hadn't staid it."—Washington Star.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY— SHALL IT BE PEACE OR WAR?

German industrial progress is overtaking that of England with giant strides. It has gradually amassed those stupendous aggregations of capital that first rivaled the individual capitalism of England and then grew to American dimensions. The day is now not far distant when the economic power of Germany will equal that of England, mistress of the world and still its leading banker and creditor. Then the two power standard for her navy will have become financially impossible. With purely economic development British sea dominion must pass away—melt under the veritable sunshine of peace. Today, perhaps—but not tomorrow—new Germany, rising, can be struck to earth by a mailed fist. Thence comes for England, while she still has power in her hands, the great temptation to a "preventive war." By blockade and privateering they think that German trade—70 to 80 per cent of it sea trade—would be all but destroyed and German wares crowded out of the markets of the world.

British sea dominion was built up in war with Spain, Holland and France. Why should it not be perpetuated by war with Germany? And further tempting Great Britain to war is the proffered alliance of Germany's continental opponents. England's friendship it was that rekindled the desire of France for revenge and the hope of an English alliance has strengthened against Germany the pan-Slavic races of Eastern Europe.

It is clear enough that not Germany, but Britain, is today chiefly responsible for the overwhelming armament of Europe, the result of the militarism that has been driven to such extremes. Figures prove it. By hundreds of millions British expenditures for army and navy have always exceeded those of Germany.—Germany becomes notorious for her military passion. The tension between the two nations has been still further strained by the latest British naval program, and the fact that Lord Roberts's plan for universal compulsory military service is now, after eager debates and to the great joy of the French, an easy probability of tomorrow. Not against France, not against Russia, not against America is this vast armament, the greatest in the history of the world, prepared. It is an arming against Germany.

Next I ask whence should come hope of peace? Not certainly from the calming words of peace advocates, but from England's fear of such a war. Truer for Germans than for Americans, the rulers of an impregnable continent, that hard word of Roosevelt's: "Nations that are unable to defend themselves, invite attack." Peace and friendship in this rough world of ours often depend on the impossibility of obtaining by force greater results than can be had by agreement and concession. Respect for a power that it could not attack led England to recognize the economic and political needs of the United States as a world power;

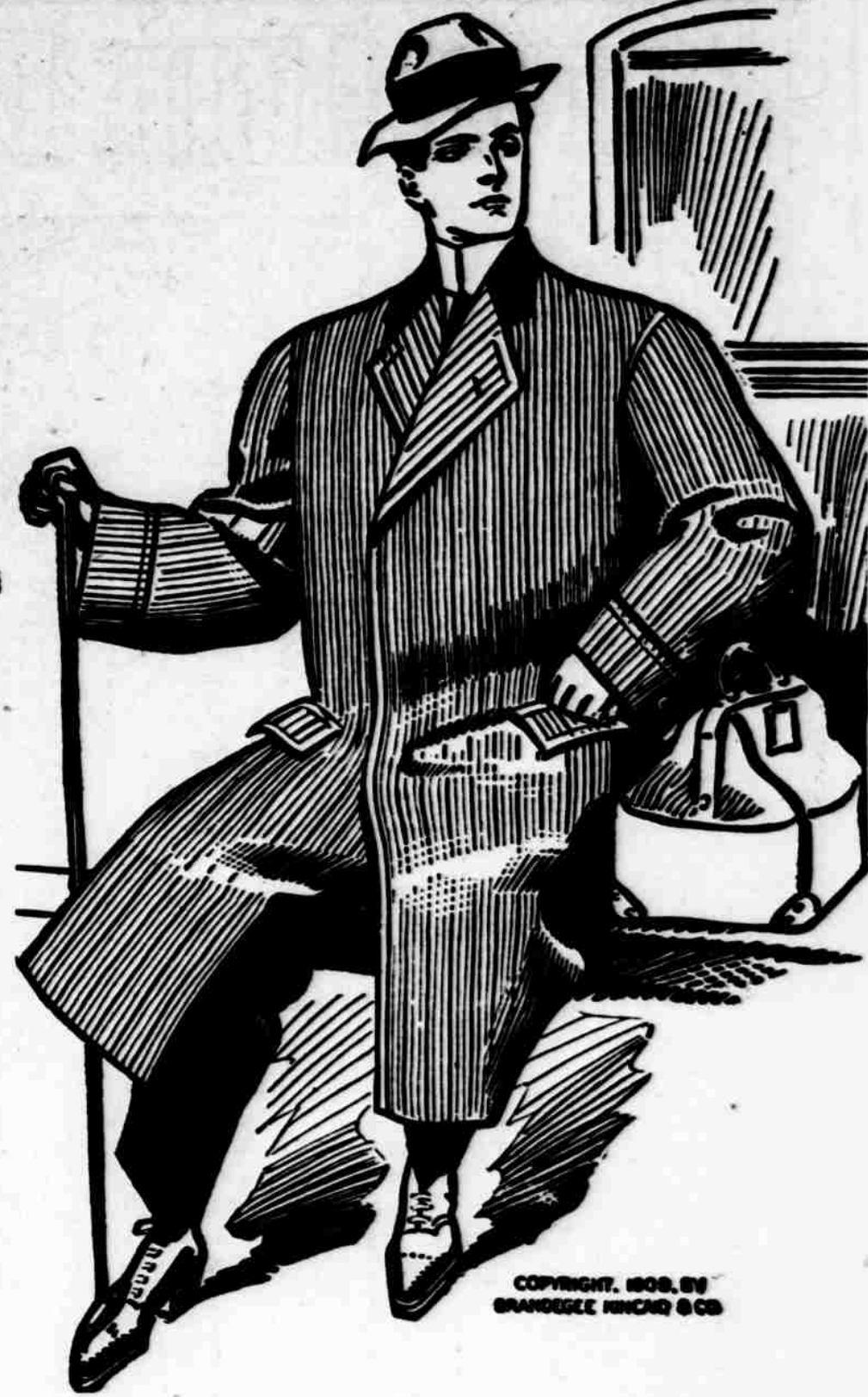
and only a similar respect can induce the Briton to reconcile himself, definitely to the rise of Germany among the powers of Europe.

And so in view of our dangers of geographical position and uncertain treaties we have marshaled a great land army effective for defense against the two most powerful nations in Europe. Its growth has followed national increase of wealth and population. And instead of being crushed by its arming, the economic life of the German Empire has thereby gained new energies, finding in its army a splendid disciplinary and educative training school for modern industrial life—its new enterprises and its vast scale.

And there is the German fleet. Its building is not, as often thought, the work of one man. In the beginning, it is true, its inspiration was the Emperor William, and he it was who urged the plan to the acceptance of the German people. But now our fleet is being built not by the emperor, but by the nation. The Imperial Navy League numbers a million members—numbers them among both political parties, the Right and the Left. Among conservatives the idea took root in spite of their theory of a self-sufficing agricultural state. And on the Left the Manchester spirit, which hoped to decide the conflict of nations by the market price, in its turn felt the force of national necessity.

No peace tribunal nor disarmament treaty will deter us from carrying out our naval program, for this so-called disarmament, on the basis of today's equipment, would leave the British unquestioned masters of the sea and by treaty establish their power forever.

Nor even in the building of her great fleet will Germany ruin herself financially. Those who argue such national poverty are easily answered. Taking only a superficial view, they have compared the brilliant state of British finances with the chronic deficit of the German empire and its growing indebtedness even in times of peace. In England by Gladstone's model organization of national finance the necessities of life are untaxed, and the expenses of government are chiefly paid by direct taxes on the luxuries of the masses—the greater part being furnished by alcoholic liquors and tobacco. The fiscal difficulties of Germany arise not from lack of wealth or taxable objects of indulgence, but from a national unwillingness to assume taxes. Furthermore, in consequence of unsettled constitutional questions, in Germany crown and parliament are ever haggling over taxes, exactly as they did in England in the days of the Stuarts. Yet for all this, her wealth is high boundless and her power well tried. With full ability, therefore, to accomplish our purpose we are creating a navy strong enough to make England hesitate before attacking us.—Dr. Gerhardt von Schulze-Gaevernitz, Pro-Rector of the University of Freiburg, in the Review of Reviews.



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GREISEN BROS.

Could He? If a man saw his sister fall into a well, why could he not rescue her? Because he could not be a brother and assist her too.

In Stock. Joker—Do you keep smokeless tobacco? Clerk—Sure, we do. Joker—What kind is it? Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course.—Cornell Widow.

He Knew Better. Mr. Budd—Life is full of contradictions. Mrs. Budd—And I say it isn't.

Down on Rival Plants. Wife—John, the hens have scratched up that eggplant seed you sowed. Hub—Darn 'em! Jealousy, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

The Beginning of the End

The following letter from Manager M. Seager explains itself:

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 4, 1909

J. F. Linaberry,
Columbus, Neb.

Dear Sir:—
Our Florida Sale will close December 15th. If any of the 180,000 tract is left at that time, the price will be advanced to \$30.00 per acre. Mr. Bolles wanted to stop the sale at once, as the price of these lands is advancing rapidly; the tide has turned toward Florida and you can't stop it, he says. We told him our agents were entitled to some consideration, so he consented to let the sale go on until December 15th.

Now this is your chance to take advantage of it.

Very truly,
M. SEAGER.

If you want a Florida contract, there is no time to lose.
Call on or write J. F. Linaberry or A. L. Koon, Columbus, Nebraska

A SPECIAL SALE

AT THE
Columbus Bargain Store

Right in the heart of the season when our stock is complete with Winter Goods, consisting of all the fineries shown in any store in Columbus will be placed on sale at our store.

Sale commencing Nov. 6
Continuing for 15 Days
at 50c on the Dollar

We have an exceptionally fine line of Men's Suits and Overcoats at the following prices:

Men's Suits,
SALE PRICE
\$3.98 to \$13.98

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