

Columbus, Nebr.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1910.

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FOUR TO ONE.

In 1904 the United States Census issued a bulletin giving the number of prisoners in the several states and the ratio to population.

Nebraska in that year had 519 prisoners in the penitentiary and county jails, which was 48.6 persons per 100,000 of population.

The same authority shows that Kansas had 2,876 prisoners, or 192.3 to every 100,000 of population.

The prohibition state of Maine had 496 prisoners, or 70 to the 100,000 of population.

Certainly the license state does not suffer a great deal in this respect in comparison with conditions in prohibition states.

The ratio is based on the census of 1900, which gave Kansas 1,427,096, and Nebraska, 1,058,910.

If in the matter of crime and prisoners, Nebraska in that year had descended to the low level upon which we find Kansas, the jails of our state would have contained 2,314 prisoners, whereas the actual number was but 519.

Four to one!—The State.

HEALTH AND THE NATION.

Most public questions are really simple. During discussion they often become so obfuscated by people who want them obfuscated that they seem difficult.

But that is only seeming. Such, for instance, is the case of the proposal to establish a national agency for promoting the health of the people.

There is no way that funds, whether of government or of private wealth, can be more profitably spent than in promoting health.

The scientific knowledge of the world is just at the point to be applied with maximum returns.

The federal government can do little directly. It can do a vast work indirectly.

Much of the work it can do cannot be done by either states or municipalities.

The proof of what can be done indirectly lies both in the government's present scattered efforts toward promoting health and in the work of those other branches of the federal government which were created to organize and apply the accumulating store of scientific knowledge.

The friends of the movement to have a special agency for health promotion created at Washington are now arguing whether a health bureau or a health department should be created.

They ought not to waste too much effort on that. If they cannot all agree on the major programme they ought all to agree on the minor and make a start.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THEY HUSH EVERYTHING UP.

York editors, who are in accord with much of the plan of running York as a purely moral city and who keep all news out of the papers that would tend to show the outside world that there was anything but a strictly right and virtuous place, have balked and enter a protest.

The York editors never whisper as to any "boodlegging" going on by York citizens and if one gets "booze" from some source and imbibes it it is suppressed. Any police court news is forgotten and for the sake of the reputation of the good people of York any crime like the one referred to is suppressed and nothing done for fear that publicity would humiliate the citizens and give the city a bad name.

But when the authorities proceed to shut out pool halls and close up every place where people can congregate in a social way and leave open only churches and Y. M. C. A. rooms, those editors call a halt and enter a protest and while carefully worded, their articles tell a story that needs no tinting by us.

While the people of York and vicinity may be a class that prohibition and the curtailing of all personal liberties goes with, which would not be in this and many other Nebraska communities, yet it is evident that what is done in York is simply to drive under cover where it is much worse than it is in the open.

Those newspaper articles simply are evidences, told in an unwilling way, that the effort to suppress by law does not succeed.—Schuyler Free Lance.

BITS OF EARLY NEBRASKA HISTORY.

The Cheyenne county of today is but a feeble imitation of the Cheyenne of thirty years and more ago. At that time it comprised 5,100 square miles, being 102 miles long from east to west and fifty miles wide.

Later Deuel, Kimball, Banner and Scott's Bluff were carved out of it, and recently it was cut in two again to make half of it the county of Garden.

In the old days Cheyenne was the great cattle country. The first great herd was brought there in 1869 by Edward Creighton, the Omaha man, who made millions out of the cattle business.

Others followed, and for many years great herds ranged there and the cowboy was supreme. The battle of Ash Hollow, in which General Harney sadly worsted a large body of Indians, was fought in this county in 1855.

In this county in the early days roamed the famous outlaw, Alf Slade. Julesburg, just across the line in Colorado, was the stage station, and Slade was the superintendent.

Jules Beni, a Frenchman, after whom the town was named, offended Slade and the latter swore he would cut off the Frenchman's ears and wear them as watch chains.

Beni took no chances, and wounded Slade. He escaped, but a year or so later he returned and Slade fulfilled his threat, actually wearing the ears on his watch chain.

Fort Sedgwick, on the southern line of Cheyenne county, was a frontier garrison intended to protect early settlers.

In 1865 the fort was captured by the Sioux and the garrison butchered. The troubles with the Indians were kept up for many years.

They ran off stock from the ranches, settlers were attacked and killed, stages and emigrant trains were waylaid.

These were ended in 1869, when General Carr, assisted by Bill Cody as chief of scouts, pursued and slaughtered a large body of Sioux near Fort Sedgwick.

On the completion of the Union Pacific railroad to within about fifty miles of the western boundary of the state, in the fall of 1867, a town was laid out and called Sidney.

Previous to 1870 the county had been attached to Lincoln county, but that summer the citizens organized and secured the issuance of a proclamation by Governor Butler for a special election.

The first and only county seat of Cheyenne has been Sidney. The first building was a log house brought in from his ranch by a Frenchman, who utilized it as a saloon and supply store.

There was no town within a hundred miles and being in the center of a stock raising region, Sidney rapidly grew.

New impetus was given it when the gold excitement in the Black Hills broke out. Sidney became the outfitting point for many expeditions, and stage and freight stations were established there.

At one time as high as a million pounds of freight left there daily. Strangers thronged the streets daily on their way to the front.

Bull whackers were there with their freight wagons, gamblers with their implements.

Sidney was a rough frontier town and murders were not infrequent. In 1879 a man named Reed was lynched for killing a respected citizen named Loomis, who had been accused by Reed's mistress of accosting her as she walked down the street.

The lynching was no vulgar rope pulling. Reed was given the choice of being hanged or hanging himself. He chose the latter.

A rope was put around his neck, the other end being attached to a telegraph pole. He coolly walked up the ladder with the rope around his neck and jumped off.

In 1881 the decent folks in Sidney decided to break the rule of the gamblers, who ran the town with a high hand.

They raided the places of evil resort, and arrested a number of men. A gambler named McDonald, who had indulged in many threats of killing and who led the opposition, was lynched as a result of the trouble.

This was one of the last of a number of lynchings. For some years murders were so frequent that the citizens became careless and hardened.

In the dance halls most of the killings occurred, but the usual thing was to tumble the corpse into a corner and on with the dance. It generally took two or three killings to break up one of these rough affairs.

The class that made the trouble were not residents, but transients, and when these passed on with the settling down to regular business, Sidney became as staid and law abiding as any other town in the state.—Lincoln News.

Mr. Bryan has succumbed to the influences which surround his home. Lincoln is the nucleus of more societies for the reform of mankind than any other spot, of its size, on earth.

One can find anything there from socialism to Seventh Day Adventism; from raw food cranks to spiritualism; from religious orthodoxy to atheism; from labor unions to capitalistic combines.

Every other door is a Y. M. C. A., or

A ROW WITH PREACHERS.

Albert Hubbard: Bishop Quayle about a year ago, one Sunday evening, took me as a text.

He was expatiating on my life from the Sacred Desk, when a woman arose in the audience and stood perfectly still.

Such a circumstance is sure to disconcert a speaker, for he loses his audience, and then his confidence. The people are looking at the still, silent figure and wondering what next.

An interruption, even though planned in a play, is always exciting.

The Pious Bushwhacker felt the Kosmic Kibosh closing down on him, like a summer cloud. He mopped his brow and his voice became fled with cobwebs.

He paused. The little woman said: "I know this man you are discussing; and evidently you do not, for you are stating that which is not true."

Just then the organist got on to his job, like Jack Binn on board the Republic. The roar and rush of the instrument drowned the voice of the woman, and on a signal the audience arose and sang, "Pull for the Shore."

In the meantime a large paddy Elder with pus pills, placed two fingers under the right elbow of the little woman who had stamped the elephant, and led her down the aisle to the door.

There she was dismissed with a warning that if she ever came back she would be arrested on charge of disturbing a religious meeting, all as duly provided in the statute.

In time ago I have occasionally criticized the so-called religious beliefs and professional methods of Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, Rev. Dr. H. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Billy Sunday and Bishop Billy Quayle, also certain other Divine Billies and Sams.

None of these gentlemen being able to answer logic, have contented themselves, at odd times and sundry, by calling me vile names. Also they have dived deep into what they are pleased to call my "past."

This "past" not being sufficiently salacious, they have taken the liberty of hand-illuminating it.

Not so long ago the Reverend Reuben Archer Torrey preached at Montgomery, Alabama, and interjected into his glad tidings of great joy these words: "In an obscure crossroads town in New York state lives one of the worst men in America."

This man is Elbert Hubbard, who publishes atrocious and blasphemous tommyrot and calls it literature. I am told that his publications circulate here in Montgomery, and I want right now to warn you against them.

This Fra or Fray wrote a book in praise of a common woman, and afterward married her.

I refrain from quoting further. An evangelist can use language in the pulpit that I am not allowed to circulate. However, in the printed report of the reverend gentleman's remarks concerning my wife, I find the words, "swanton," "immoral," and "shameless."

If there is any one thing that the true American refrains from, it is reviling the good name of women.

I have known men who would get drunk, swear and lie, but who had enough of the remnant of the gentleman left, so they would not speak ill of women. Aye! I have seen in the Far West men of this class slip their coats off and offer to fight the traducer of some unknown woman.

This is the memory of mother, wife, sister or sweetheart.

But here is an educated man, a clergyman, a man with titles in front of his name and degrees behind, coming in the name of the Gentle and Loving Christ, standing before thousands of good men and women besmeared with the slime of his foul tongue, a woman he has never seen.

He raises back-fence-gossip to the dignity of authority, through the position that he holds.

Does Torrey of Tophet think he can talk like this and still elude Nemesis? Does he realize that this woman he reviles could go, and with cold lead find his messianic gizzard—shoot him like a dog on the streets, and that no law in America could touch a hair of her head?

Does he know that the husband of a slandered wife, according to Common Law in America, can call out the slanderer, even though this wife were once a "wanton"?

Ask any lawyer!

The American home is sacred, and

he who tries to disrupt, by vilifying a wife does so at his own peril.

And so a lawyer of distinction writes me from Montgomery, saying, "I heard the Rev. Dr. Torrey's remarks about you and your family. I also have the stenographic report of his sermon, and the Bible and the other in someone's pocket. The suburbs consist of more colleges, suburb towns populated mostly by worn-out preachers and last year's deaconesses, while farther out are penitentiaries and reformatories, idiot homes and lunatic asylums.—Fairbury Journal.

Oh, no, I'm not going to kill Torrey much less does my wife have designs on his ecclesiastic carcass.

If there were a shade of truth in his vapors, we might go after him, but we leave him to the devil in which he believes, and to the hell he preaches; and we ourselves thank the good God that when we pass from this life to another, we shall not go to the same place where is located the Rev. Dr. Reuben Archer Torrey, Reviler and Traducer of Womanhood.

Just in passing let me say, no one who ever saw Alice Hubbard and heard her voice, ever believed ill of her, much less did they use any one of the awful words which this alleged servant of God flings in her direction.

Alice Hubbard is reaching out for her fiftieth birthday. The gold of her hair has turned to silver; deep lines of thought and experience furrow her plain but honest face.

She has lived an earnest, active and useful life. From childhood, without rest or respite she has been a worker—a wage earner. She is a woman of intelligence, and is today one of the world's great women workers.

She is a writer, a teacher, the superintendent of a factory, and the manager of a hotel. Every Saturday she looks a pay roll of over three thousand dollars, square in the eye. She is a creator and a builder.

How cheap and silly for a man who does no useful thing, who lives on the labor of others, to revile a woman of this type—a woman with grown up children, whose life is devoted to human needs, and whose heart goes out to the whole world in blessing!

Especially does Alice Hubbard think of her own sex in a desire to give them the freedom of opportunity which the mothers of the race deserve. She is a woman who knows the great and good who have lived and worked and loved, and often sublimely failed and nobly died.

A woman who loves the memory of Froebel, the friend of children, and lives in the spirit with Elizabeth Fry, Susan B. Anthony and Ralph Waldo Emerson, cannot be reached by the malodorous lyddite sent forth from the lying lips of Torrey, the evangelist.

A few weeks ago Billy Sunday was horsewhipped in the pulpit for vilifying womanhood. There were some big wells raised on the evangelistic legs, but it is doubtful if the lesson will short-stop the Reverend Billy from continuing his libels on the race.

The man who stung him up with a buggy whip had no right to do so, and was promptly given a term in jail. A remark made by the judge who sentenced him is worth quoting: "While it is doubtless true that this defendant and his wife have both suffered from being wrought upon through religious emotionalism, there was no excuse for his assaulting Mr. Sunday. The defendant has here stated that Mr. Sunday has reviled the women of this town. Granting for argument's sake that this were true, it gives no man excuse for forgetting law and order. Had Mr. Sunday reviled some particular woman to her shame and disgrace, there might then be some excuse for some particular man to come to her defense. As it is, the defendant should be punished."

The Rev. Walter Holcombe was recently fined five hundred dollars for using insulting language toward a woman in his audience. The woman was a worthy wife and mother. The Georgia court of appeals confirmed the sentence, and said among other things: "Even though the woman were a person of ill repute, the law protects her from insult and assault."

The Ingenious Magpie. The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge, an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities, he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.—London Graphic.

Jerusalem. Old Uncle Jasper was buying a post card in a New Orleans postoffice when a gentleman approaching the next window had a small parcel weighed and stamped for Jerusalem. On this gentleman's departure Uncle Jasper chuckled and said: "He was jokin', wasn't he?" "Not at all," returned the clerk. "My, oh, my!" cried Uncle Jasper in an awed tone. "Is it possible ye take letters to Jerusalem? I thought it was above!"

Elevating. Wigg—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress.—Confucius.

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In Perfect Accord. Some years ago there came to an American city a delightful German, Herr von Blitz, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in his native tongue.

He had been here several months and had secured a moderate number of pupils he went one day to the mother of one of them and to her great surprise asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune."

"The suitor smiled upon her in an expansive generosity. "Me, too," said he reassuringly.

"And, although we are not rich, we have thus far been able to give her every comfort. She is indeed used to luxury."

"Me, too," was the smiling rejoinder. "But, Herr von Blitz, she will never be able to manage affairs."

"Me, too," rejoined the lover. "And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper."

"Me too—me too." That was enough. The mother retired from the contest, and the professor won his suit.

Quick Justice at Ascot. Not only the horses, but the powers of the law, says the London Chronicle, are swift at Ascot, for the course has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers.

No sooner is the pickpocket, welsler or ticket snatcher arrested than he is standing in a little room in the royal stand, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the offender fully realizes that he is caught.

Where else does punishment so swiftly follow crime as at this court, which is decreed by clause 31 of the indictable offences act of 1848. This race course tribunal arose curiously in the eighteenth century from an assault upon a royal personage.

In his indignation at the impossibility of instant punishment of the assailant he ordered that in future a magistrate should always attend the royal race meeting. This has ever since been done, and by the above mentioned act the chief magistrate of Bow street was constituted ex officio a justice of the peace of the county of Berks in order to enable him to hold this court at Ascot.

Natural Age of Man. The question as to what is the natural age of man is by no means settled, of course, but many are of the opinion that the Frenchman, Fourmont was not far out of the way in his estimate of the time a man should live.

Taking his observations from the group mammalia, of the class vertebrata, and having the closest resemblance to man and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural life under circumstances not admitting of error or doubt, Fourmont found that their natural life extended to about five times the period of their lives from birth up to maturity.

Applying the rule thus obtained to human life and taking the age at which the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concluded the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years.—New York American.

The Word "Canvassing." How "canvassing" got its election significance is one of the unsolved puzzles of etymology. The word appears originally to have meant tossing in a canvas or blanket and thence generally misnaming or assaulting. "I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat," is the Duke of Gloucester's threat to the bishop of Winchester in "King Henry VI." The next stage of meaning was that of destructive criticism, from which to thorough discussion—"canvassing" a subject—was simple enough. But how exactly did it arrive at the election sense? Dr. Johnson explained that the term meant "trying votes previously to the declaration" and derived it from "canvas, as it signifies a sieve." The Oxford Dictionary, however, is unable to find this use of the word.

Pinched Plums. The mistress of the mathematical class was mathematizing for her mathematical pupils, while her mathematical pupils were inwardly mathematizing mathematics.

"Now, suppose," said the mistress, "I had a pound of plums"—

"At which point it occurred to her how much better she could illustrate her example to her youthful charges if she really had a pound of plums. So—

"Mary," she said to a girl of eight, "here's sixpence. Go out and get me a pound of plums. And as I'm going to give them in the end to the girl who gets the sum right first be sure before you buy them you pinch one or two just to see that they are wholesome."

A few minutes and Mary had returned. With flushed face and triumphant eyes she approached the teacher's desk as one worthy of commendation and plumped down a bag of plums and the sixpence.

"There, num!" she said. "I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched the blessed lot!"—London Answers.

His Object. Wigwag—What, roses! Don't you know a girl never marries the fellow who sends her flowers? Oldbach—Sure, I do. That's why I always try to keep on the safe side.—Philadelphia Record.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.—Confucius.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of the Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., March 5, 1910. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 14th day of April, 1910, and then opened, for the construction complete (including plumbing, gas piping, heating apparatus, electric conduits and wiring), of the United States post office at Columbus, Nebraska, in accordance with the drawings and specifications, copies of which may be obtained from the custodian of site at Columbus, Nebraska, or at this office at the discretion of the Supervising Architect.

JAMES KNOX TAYLOR, Supervising Architect.

NOTICE. Dionysius Kersch and Kate Kerschmann, defendants, will take notice that on the 12th day of February, 1910, Richard Zastrow, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Platte county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to quiet plaintiffs title to Lot number Twelve (12) and the East Half of Lot number Eleven (11), in Block number Three (3) in Federaltown Addition, to the Village of Humphrey, Nebraska, as against any claim of the defendants herein or hereto, and plaintiff prays for a decree quieting his title to said property against any claims of said defendants and larvae said defendants from any right, title, or interest therein, and five each other and further relief as may seem to the Court just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 26th day of March, 1910.

RICHARD ZASTROW, Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 22nd day of November, 1909, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk in and for Platte county, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of November, 1909, and executed by E. F. Williams and C. D. Williams to A. M. Jones and E. H. Foster to secure the payment of the sum of \$91.12, and on which there is now due \$91.75, default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no writ of other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said sum or any part of said debt, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One model 1907 New Touring Car, No. 300, at public auction at the game house, Jones & Foster, in the city of Columbus, county of Platte and state of Nebraska, on the 23rd day of March, 1910, at one o'clock p. m.

A. M. JONES AND E. H. FOSTER, Mortgagees. Dated March 2nd, 1910.

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