# Columbus Journal.

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## RAILROAD COURTESY.

The announcement that the Union Pacific is going to establish a school in which it will teach its employes the art of courtesy to the traveling public is of interest as showing the growing belief among modern railroad men that it is to their interest to have the good will of the public.

The day of the public-be-damned railroad man is over. It is a fact that some of the old timers find it difficult to realize, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The public refuses to be damned these days. It has come to recognize that it has certain rights which even corporations, and among them railroads, must recognize. And as the years roll by it becomes more insistent that those rights shall be observed. An editorial writer in one of the railroad publications a short time ago said it was his belief that most of the feeling of the public against railroads was due to the treatment received at the hands of railroad employes with whom it came in contact, and that if these men were taught good manners, polite attention and all that, much of this felling would disappear. Perhaps it is this belief that actuates railroad officials in demanding nowadays that their employes shall be courteous in the treatment of patrons.—Buffalo Express.

## GREATER IRELAND.

A liner just arrived from Queenstown includes in its freight several boxes of Irish soil, which has been brought over by Irishmen to be placed where President Taft will stand when he lays a corner stone at Chicago on St. Patrick's Day. Accompanying the soil were other boxes filled with shamrocks. The Irish are a people of sentiment and glory in the fact. As Americans they retain the trait and are appreciated for their warm hearts as well as manly courage, energy and ability. A Greater Ireland has sprung up in this country through immigration. It is in the United States that the Irish strain of blood has had a fair field for the first time, and its America history can be traced in the biography of distinguished statesmen, soldiers and captains of industry. A reader of Grant's memoirs will notice that his right hand in bringing about the end at Appomattox was the son of Irish parents. When, in the early spring of 1865, Grant had a personal interview with Sheridan, and the latter agreed positively that the end could be forced at once, the commander in chief gave his orders for a final effort. The general sprung from poor Irish emigrants accomplished for his part all and more than he had promised.

Whatever Ireland may get in the shape of home rule the Greater Ireland must always remain on this side of the Atlantic. Beautiful as is the Green Isle, and filled with inspiring traditions, it is a small bit of land compared with the continent in which transplanted Irishmen and Irishwomen have reached their best material conditions and find their best broad opportunities. When Thackeray wrote his sketches of Irish travel in 1842 the famine in the island was near at hand, but sharp as were his literary perceptions he failed to see the ominous signs or to realize the catastrophe that a single bad harvest could bring about. He was a student of character, not of economics, and yet he was getting close to the material affairs of the people. Probably no Englishman has ever understood the Irish, nor has England ever been able to assimilate the race giving it scope to make the best of itself. The United States has afforded the chance, and it has been well improved. Irish-Americans have their full share of what goes on in America, and even if the population of Ireland continues to decline the race is marching on elsewhere.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## THE GOLDEN TALENT THAT FRIGHT BURIED.

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Up to the time of his death in 1902, Frederic D. Tappan had been for half a century one of the leading bankers of New York City, and for years he was the head of the metropolitan clearing house.

"I think," he said to me one day "that one of the most curious experiences that ever came within my personal knowledge was the silent, almost pathetic, evidence of the great fright which once held in its grip Wilson G. Hunt, who was famous as a banker when Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew were strong men in the financial destinies of the country.

"It was the so called Bland silver bill, which was passed in 1878, and which provided for the coinage of not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 worth of silver bullion a month, that gave Mr. Wilson his great scare. But that you may have a good understanding of the incident, I want to say first that, besides Mr. Wilson, there were a good many old fashioned bankers and men living upon their capital, or the income of it, who became greatly disturbed when the Bland bill became a law.

"Why, do you know that even as shrewd, clear headed and icy an intellect as Samuel J. Tilden became greatly alarmed when the Bland bill was enacted into law. Gov. Tilden whispered to some of his friends his fear that the country was going exclusively upon the silver basis. He thought that meant the cutting down of capital by at least one-half, and you should have seen his representatives buying foreign exchange, and a good deal of it. His purpose, evidently, was to convert that exchange into gold, and very likely keep it on deposit in some of the greater banks of London. But I guess that Gov. Tilden got over this scare earlier than Mr. Hunt did, at all events I never learned what he did with the exchange he bought.

"But it came within my personal observation what Mr. Hunt did. Whether he bought exchange and converted it into gold or not, I do not know, yet I do know that when he trembled for fear that the country would go to a silver basis, as a result of the enactment of the Bland bill, he somehow secured approximately $900,000 in gold, had it packed in little canvas bags, properly marked with the amount of money in each, and stored these bags in the vault of a certain bank, one of the strongest institutions of the kind in New York City. If the worst came, and the rest of his fortune was cut in half by the country going to a silver basis, he would at least have close on to a million dollars in the sort of money that is good the world over.

Mr. Hunt died about ten years later, and some time before the Bland law gave way to the Sherman silver law. In the meantime, the gold that he had hoarded against the possible evil day of a silver basis lay untouched. It did not bring him in a penny of income, and he never looked into the vault where it was stored to see if it was all right. Indeed, these little bags lay so long in the place where first they were put that gradually they became moldy and the canvas began to rot, and at last, when it became necessary for the administrators of Mr. Hunt's estate to remove that gigantic nest egg, do you know that some of the bags were so badly rotted that their golden contents broke out and scattered upon the floor of the vault at our feet?

"Mr. Hunt," concluded Mr. Tappan, "was a wise man and very courageous in many things, but he had that curious dread of silver and that unwarranted fear that the United States would lapse to a silver basis. That dread and that fear he carried to the grave with him. It has been my experience that the most courageous capitalists—and I have known many of them—will sometimes lose their senses and be persuaded to do very foolish, almost silly, things in order to protect their fortunes. Without exception, every rich man that I have known has had some weak point in his armor in this respect."—E. J. Edwards.

## THE PROHIBITION ROW.

You can't get away from the prohibition row. One is going on now in Texarkana, and the Courier prints the following from an address delivered by Henry Watterson at the Lexington fair. We print the speech because "Marse Henry" is a noted man, and loved in the South, and says good things: "I protest against the religion which sands the sugar and waters the milk before it goes to its prayers. I protest against that morality which poses as a saint in public to do as it pleases in private. As the old woman said of the old man's swearing. 'If there's anything I do hybominate it is hypocrisy.' In my opinion that which threatens Kentucky are not the gentlemanly vices of the race course and the sideboard, but perfidy and phariseeism in public and in private life. The men who made the Bluegrass famous, who put the brand of glory upon its women and horses and its vintage, were not ashamed to take a drink or lay a wager; though they paid their losses and understood where to draw the line. They marked the distinction between moderation and intemperance. They did not need to be told what honor is. They believed, as I believe, that there is such a thing as pretending to more virtue than honest mortals can hope to attain. I know very well how I shall be rated for saying this; how my words will be misrepresented and misquoted and misconstrued; I told you not to ask me to come here; but being here, I am bound to speak as I am given the mind to think and the light to see, and to warn our people against the intrusion of certain 'isms,' which describe themselves as 'Progress,' and muster under the standards of what they call 'God and went by a very different name; 'Morality' but which fifty years ago, 'isms' which take their spirit from Cotton Mather, not from Jesus Christ; 'isms' which, where they cannot rule, would burn at the stake; 'isms' which embrace the sum of all fanaticisms and intolerance, proposing that, instead of the rich, red blood of Virginia, icewater shall flow through the veins of the people; 'isms' which, in one word would blot Kentucky out of the galaxy of the stars and recreate her in the dread image of Maine and Kansas. I refuse to yield to these. Holding the Ministry in reverence as spiritual advisers, rejecting them as emissaries of temporal power, I do not intend, if I can help it, to be compelled to accept a rule of modern clericalism, which if it could have its bent and sway, would revive for us the priesthidden systems of the Middle Ages. I do not care to live in a world, that is to good to be genial; too ascetic to be honest; too proscriptive to be happy. I do not believe that men can be legislated into angels,—even reduced angels. The 'blue laws' of New England—dead letters for the most part—did more harm to the people, whilst they lasted, than all the other agencies united. I would leave them in the cold storage, to which the execration of some of the neglect of all consigned them long ago, not embalm and import them to Kentucky to poison the meat and drink and character of the people. I shall leave my home life, my professional career, and my familiar associates to say whether I do not place and have not always placed the integrity of man, and purity of woman and the Sanctity of Religion above all earthy things; but I hope never to grow too old to make merry with my friends and forget for a while that I am no longer one and twenty."—Atchison Globe.

## ANOTHER VIEWPOINT.

A Lincoln man got a new viewpoint the other day while talking with a farmer up in north Nebraska who is rated as being well-to-do. "I bought this land," said the farmer, "for an average of about $15 an acre. It is now worth, if I am to take what my neighbors have sold their holdings for an average of $75. That is to say, it is worth five times what I paid for it. I have a section of it, and that section is supposed to be valued at $50,000. I could get that amount of money for it if I would sell it, but I don't want to sell it. I want to live here the rest of my days and to bring up my children and make homes for them on the land. It isn't worth $50,000 to me; that is, the returns on it are not as much as $50,000 invested in a good paying business would be. I have to pay three times as much taxes as I did a few years ago, and my wife and the girls, figuring that I am worth $50,000 because my land is valued at that, want to raise their standard of living to that basis of my supposed wealth. I get good prices for what I sell, but I pay whooping big prices for what I buy, and when the women of the family take to dressing on the $50,000 family fortune basis it costs some. I get about $10 a hundred for the hogs I sell. I have put in a number of months taking care of them, paying for their feed and housing them. The packer has them in his slaughter house for about half an hour and sells them for approximately twice what he paid me for them. Yes, I'm supposed to be worth $50,000, but I am not unless I sell, and I don't want to sell. So the question with me is, where am I any ahead, really and trully ahead, as matters now stand?"—Lincoln News.

### A Model.

"Oh, no," declared the younger one, "my husband never goes to clubs or any other places of amusement unless he can take me with him."

"Dear me! What a splendid man! How long have you been married?"

"It'll be seven weeks next Tuesday."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Reasonable Preference.

First Fair Invalid—Which kind of doctor do you prefer, the allopathic or the homeopathic? Second Fair Invalid—I prefer the sympathetic.—Fliegende Blatter.

## A HERO OF THE LONG AGO.

Thirty-five years ago on May 16 next a man whose sense of danger and love of his fellow man were well developed achieved immortal fame in western Pennsylvania. His name was Daniel Collins Graves. For something like a year his name was on every tongue in the country. He was the subject of pulpit and platform orators. John Boyle O'Reilly, of the Boston Pilot, immortalized him in stirring verse, which included these stanzas:

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nations' throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay—his life!
When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

And then the country seemed to forget, but Graves remained the hero of his section and his death at the age of 70 in his old home village of Williamsburg brings him once more into the public eye. Mill river, the most eastern branch of the Westfield, had been dammed three miles above Williamsburg, thus securing an additional head of twenty-four feet for power purposes. Above a long, narrow valley, thickly dotted with villages, hung a body of 1,000,000,000 gallons of water.

Collins Graves had been on an early morning errand on the morning of May 16, 1874. As he drove into his yard a neighbor hurried past shouting: "The dam is giving way!" Instantly Graves knew what this would mean. He tore the harness from his horse, sprang to its bareback and dashed down the valley on the run shouting the alarm and telling the inhabitants to take to the high ground. Fifteen hundred lives were at stake and Graves' horse was not of the racing type and ill fitted with wind and limbs to make time against a roaring cataract with a fall of 100 feet to the mile, but he served for all but 150. A large part of Williamsburg with a button factory, woolen mill, saw and grist mill were carried away. A silk mill at Skinnerville and fifteen houses were swept along. At Haydenville the brass works and several dwellings, the entire village of Leeds was destroyed and considerable damage was done at Florence and Northampton. The financial loss was $1,500,000. The Mill river disaster was a notable event in history until the more appalling flood occurred at Johnstown, Pa. Daniel Collins Graves deserves a monument to perpetuate the memory of his famous ride.—Detroit News.

## WAITING FOR A WIFE.

### One Man Who Thought Twenty Years Was Just a Starter.

"There's romance for you," said little Binks, putting aside his morning paper. "This paper has a story of a college professor who met a beautiful girl twenty years ago, fell in love with her at first sight and then lost sight of her altogether. Now, after waiting for twenty years, he is rewarded by leading her to the altar as his bride. Just think of it, waiting twenty years for a wife!"

"What of it?" asked the genial philosopher. "There's nothing extraordinary about that. I've waited thirty-five years for mine."

"You? Waited thirty-five years? Why, I thought you'd been married that long!" said little Binks.

"I have," said the genial philosopher. "That's how I know how long I've waited. I've waited for her to get her gloves on about three years. I've waited for her to change her hat about four years. I've waited while she said just one last word to the cook for at least five years. I've waited upstairs, I've waited downstairs. I've waited at church, I've waited at the theater, and I have waited in cabs, omnibuses, taxies, motorcars and the Lord knows what else besides. Fact is, Binksy, I've waited so long, so often and so regularly that between you and me that little college professor of yours, with only one wait of twenty years, strikes me as a miserable little piker."—Harper's Weekly.

### The Word "Woebegone."

The word "woebegone" is an interesting survival of the far past. "Begone" here represents the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb "began," to go around about, a word which has otherwise entirely disappeared from our vocabulary, but which has its analogies in such verbs as "beset" and "begird," in which the prefix "be" represents the modern preposition "by." A woebegone countenance is thus that of a man compassed about with woe, though perhaps it is most generally used in a somewhat slighting manner to imply that the appearance of grief is greater than the circumstances warrant. Thus it has partially undergone the same process of degeneration which has made "maudlin tears"—original tears of penitence from Mary Magdalene—bear a contemptuous meaning.—London Standard.

### Still In the Family.

Jack—My grandfather had a very fine collection of silver, which he bequeathed to my father on the condition that it should always remain in the family. Ethel—Then you have it still? Jack—Well—er—my uncle has it.

### His Suspicions Aroused.

Reggie—I hear you've broken it all off with Edna. Archie—I should say so. That pet parrot of hers is all the time saying, "Kiss me again, Jack." That isn't my name, you know.—Lippincott's.

## SHE READ HIS SECRET.

### Which Led Him to Express an Opinion on Married Life.

A young man from Kansas City was talking to a young woman from the same town whom he had met by accident at a matinee in New York. The young woman was married. The young man was not.

"You've heard that we're to have a new theater back home?" the woman asked to make conversation.

"Oh, of course," the young man answered. "I get all the news. I get a letter from Kansas City every day."

The woman began to laugh.

"So when you go back home for that vacation you're going to be married?" she mused.

"How did you know that?" the man cried. "We both said we wouldn't tell. And now she's"—

"You told me yourself a few seconds ago, everything but the date," she answered. "You see, no matter how fond your brother may be of you or your uncles or aunts or your mother or father, none of those would send you a letter every day. There's only one person who writes a letter every day, and that's a girl who's engaged to be married. For the rest of my sentence I added two and two."

"You're right," the man mused. "Say, a married man must have to play close to the bases. It must be like living with a mind reader."—Boston Herald.

### The Admirable Korean.

With all his languor, the Korean is a particularly agreeable person. He is the polished gentleman in the setting of the savage. He is one of nature's cheerful spirits—a Mark Tapley who goes whistling through life despite the multiplication of his misfortunes. He is the victim of his own good nature and is content to sit unconcernedly on his boundary fence and witness the robbery of his estates. It is a pleasure to visit Korea if only to meet the Korean himself, says the Japan Weekly Chronicle, for he is the happy-go-lucky, good tempered simpleton who unconsciously contributes to the pleasure of others.

### Subdued.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Teaorcoffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and— Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say teaorcoffee? Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.—New York Sun.


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### His Critic.

What astonishes the visiting Briton most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevailing ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten shoes the visitor informed the bootblack that he was an Englishman—and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style.

"Inglees! Ha, ha! Inglees!" said Diego in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spic no good. Dey droppa da hlatch!"—Exchange.

### No Encouragement.

The family had stood the long strain of Uncle Hobart's illness well, but the peculiarities of the physician chosen by Uncle Hobart himself had been, to say the least, trying. "Do you really think he will recover, Dr. Shaw?" asked the oldest sister of the invalid, who had borne with his vagaries patiently for years.

"I know how you feel, with Thanksgiving coming on, and all," said the doctor, peering at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, "but it's too soon to tell. He may get well, and then again he may not. I can't encourage you yet either way."—Youth's Companion.

### King and Commons.

King James I. of England, although keenly alive to his own divine right, yet recognized the power of the house of commons. Sir Robert Cotton was one of the twelve members to carry the famous declaration against monopolies to the king of Newmarket. When the king caught sight of them he called out, "Oh, chairs, chairs, here be twal' kynges comin'." His majesty mounted his horse on one occasion to find his usually quiet steed in a restive mood. "The de'il f' my saul, sirrah," said the king to the prancing brute, "and you be no quiet I's send you to the 500 kings in the house of commons. They'll quickly tame you."

### Crossroads Burials.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four roads on a place self consecrated according to the piety of the age. Suicides and notoriously bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they by being buried at crossroads might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.—Westminster Gazette.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

North theatre, Easter night, March 27, under auspices of Spanish War veterans. Presenting a sacred musical recital of vocal and instrumental numbers. Opening overture at 8:30. Seat sale at Pollock's drug store after Friday, March 25. Tickets may be procured in advance from any of the Spanish war veterans in Columbus. Reserved seats, 75c.


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