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Some person mathematically inclined has been trying the figures on the proposed Rockefeller philanthropy "foundation" and finds that in 1979 the fund will have reached thirty-nine billion dollars, or equal to all of the present national debts in the world. None of this, mind you, to be taxed, and to be administered by future Rockefeller estates. So vast a sum devoted to charity and philanthropy could be made to do a great deal of good in the world, properly handled, but the perpetuation of the greatest fortune in the world in this manner, even under the guise of philanthropy, is rather rasping to the sensibilities of the masses of the American people.—Kearney Hub.

In striking contrast to grasshopper and drought years, when activities at "farm moving time" were similarly conspicuous, are conditions these palmy days in Nebraska. The March moving period this year has been unusually lively along with the farm real estate transactions, which set an unprecedented high water mark in volume. The shifting about of farmers this spring has been in a large proportion renters who have bought land for themselves, either in the neighborhood where they have been residing or elsewhere, probably in the west, where prices are lower. This is another phase of affairs that challenges attention to the prosperity of the country people and the profit of their returns for labor expended in this rich section of the country. It is not to farm and fall in central Nebraska. It is to farm and buy farms with the profits and become independent. Truly there seems no quicker, surer path to wealth for the industrious young man with moderate education than down the rows between the stalks that yield the golden ears.—Fremont Tribune.

Gossip among the personal friends of President Roosevelt in New York has it that he is by no means a rich man. He is supposed to have spent his entire salary while in the white house, and has nothing left but his personal fortune, which yields about \$8,000 a year. This would be enough for a quiet life, but it is likely to be added to very largely during the next two or three years by the returns from his literary labors. The manuscript of his African story is expected to bring in not less than a quarter of a million dollars. It is not believed that Mr. Roosevelt went to Africa for any such purpose, but the journey did give him an opportunity to reap a large financial reward from his voyage. He went away, very wisely as avents have proven, to escape embarrassing his friend who succeeded him in the president's chair. Also because he was eager for big game hunting. Nobody will be sorry if in addition to accomplishing both of these purposes he coins enough money out of the trip to make him independent of all financial worries during the remainder of his life.—State Journal.

If old Joe Cannon is dishonest, or unfair, why did not the members of the house of representatives turn him out last week? They had the power to take him off the committee on rules, and did it, but they permitted him to remain as speaker. The fact that old Joe was not deposed as speaker convinces us that the row is purely political, and intended to advertise the insurgents and democrats. The insurgents and democrats do not want Cannon deposed as speaker; they want him to remain, in order that they may have something to fuss about. A new man named Hubbard, or Hurlbut, or something of that kind, from Nebraska, is now said to be a "new national figure," because of his activity in badgering the speaker. That's what all the members are working for: notoriety. The insurgents and democrats stirred up a row, and made it so hot that they had the votes to remove the

speaker. If the speaker is the man the democrats and insurgents say he is, it is disgraceful that he was not removed, when opportunity offered. We have no special interest in the regular, or in the insurgents, or in old Joe Cannon, but it seems to us that the proceedings in the house last week were silly, and had no other purpose than to advertise a lot of men who cannot progress politically in a legitimate way.—Atchison Globe.

THE COST OF CRIME.

Hugh C. Weir in "The World Today," calls attention to the fact that the United States is the worst crime-ridden country on the face of the globe. He says: "Ten thousand persons are murdered in this country every year—shot, strangled, poisoned, stabbed or beaten with a club or a sand bag. Of the murderers, two in every hundred are punished. The remaining ninety-eight escape—absolutely free! In many of our states, the proportion of convictions is only half as great. In Georgia, for instance, only one murderer in every hundred is punished. In a recent census of American crime, digesting the nation as a whole, the statement was made that in only 1.3 per cent of our homicides do we secure a conviction. Chicago averages 118 murders in a year. In the same space of time, Paris records only fifteen murders and attempted murders. London, four times the size of Chicago, has only twenty murders. In the course of twelve months, Georgia—a typical example of the average American state—records forty-five homicides—more than the whole of the British empire! More people are murdered in this country in a year than are killed on the railroads. In three years, the victims of our murder cases total more than the losses of the British army in the Boer war. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave. This is the country that first proclaimed liberty to men, that rose against the tyranny of kings and instituted a government by and for the people. On occasions of patriotic addresses, we are fond of referring to our nation as the model republic of the world. In 1861, we went to war in order to set the black man in our borders free from the ownership of the white man. In 1898, we went to war again in order to set the black man on an island outside our borders free from the tyranny of white men across an ocean. We have said to ourselves, and to the world, that this country shall represent man's goal of all that is good and great in government, that it shall be the champion of freedom and justice, whether for the individual or the many, and, in proof of all this, a sculptor fashions a wonderful statue of liberty, which we set at the mouth of our principal harbor as a beacon to the stranger. And now we discover that when our poets and our orators and our artists have finished telling of our greatness and our glory, we have fostered wickedness and lawlessness as has no other nation in the world; that, behind our boasted institutions of government, the thug and the thief and the assassin are operating with a vigor and a freedom duplicated nowhere else in civilization. And our crime and wickedness are steadily increasing. There are four and a half times as many murders for every million of our population today as there were twenty years ago. The significant fact about it all is that the rest of the world does not share these statistics. Our increased wickedness is confined to our own borders. In the march of civilization, as applied to the protection of public life and public property, we have fallen woefully behind. We may lead the globe in many things. We assuredly lead it in crime. In ninety-five per cent of the homicides of Germany, the guilty person is brought to justice. In Spain, the number of convictions is eighty-five per cent of the total number of crimes. In France, it is sixty-one per cent; in Italy, seventy-seven per cent; in England, fifty per cent. Do these facts—when offset against our two convictions in every hundred murders—explain why our lawlessness is increasing; why we have more homicides every year than Italy, Austria, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Hungary, Holland and Germany combined. These are not theories. They are facts. These are not the haphazard claims of fancy. They are the tested, proved figures of record, open to all who will search—to you as well as to me. What is wrong? What is the reason for our murders, which do not heed even the cover of darkness? Why are we so much more wicked than our neighbors? why do other countries punish the evildoer and we do not? Why are those governments, which we have been accustomed to view with scorn and contempt, able to protect their citizens and homes, while our government is not? But let me emphasize the cost of our crime from the selfish standpoint of the dollar. The golden yield of wheat for the year 1908 brought the American nation a total

of \$735,000,000. The production of coal for this same period was \$350,000,000. Two sets of figures—two widely varying harvests of the soil. Together they will pass the billion dollar mark by a margin of eighty-five millions. In this same year of grace, American wool, the shearing of the millions of sheep at the four points of the compass, brought to the pockets of the American people \$298,000,000. Before us, we now have three columns of figures, and their combined total gives us the giant's calculation of \$1,373,000,000. This is what crime costs the American nation each year. We pause aghast before the \$964,000,000 of our national debt. If American crime could be eliminated for eight months, the saving to the country would liquidate this obligation in full. Our imports of merchandise for one year are \$100,000,000 less than the cost of our crime. The output of our gold and silver mines for one year is equal to only half the cost of our crime. Lump the market value of all our horses, our cattle and our sheep, and the cost of our criminals for one year would just balance the result. Every hour of the twenty-four, whether the nation is asleep or awake, our crime costs us near \$100,000. We spend each year \$175,000,000 to maintain our public schools, that our children may become good citizens. We spend \$190,000,000 each year to punish those citizens who have failed to profit by our teachings. Crime costs us three and a half millions a day. Germany convicts nine out of ten criminals; we convict two out of every hundred. The trouble is smart politicians and poor policemen."

A CYCLONE OF DEFAMATION.

This country has just passed through a cyclone of defamation, vituperation, exposure—much of it indecent. We have been in a state of panic through the policy of burning our barns to kill the mice.

We are now recovering our sanity. The commercial jolt we have experienced has shown us that when the railroads are prosperous—buying rails, extending their lines, building bridges, warehouses, collecting a better equipment—we are all prosperous. When the railroads cease pushing for better facilities, there is a lull, the bread line forms, the tramp of the unemployed, and the hoarse and ominous roar of the mob, are heard in the land. In such times, an extra police force is needed, and menace becomes imminent. Individuals at work are safe—and a nation is only safe when its people are employed.

Now suppose you raise a cry of "Stop thief," and turn the powerful resources of the government to harassing enterprise with the endeavor to confiscate its property, take away its character, destroy its good will, does it not stand to reason that we thus kill ambition, destroy initiative, smother aspiration, and get a condition where expansion ceases, orders are cancelled, men are laid off, and the whole land suffers? Happily, however, we are now getting our nerves back to normal and sanity will soon take the place of hysteria.

We do business now according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, when formerly London rules governed the contest. Our fight is with six-ounce gloves. Horse shoes and railroad spikes are barred. There was a time when we fought with bared knuckles. But business is not yet a ladies' lunch; a snare and innocuous, harmless, tabby Four-o'clock. It is a struggle for supremacy. And it is a fight to a finish. And it is just as full of romance as were the knightly courts of old.

Money is the measure of power, but money for its own sake is not worth the struggle. Modern millionaires do not hoard; they invest. And they invest that they may use. The successful man now always has the builder's itch—he is always and forever widening, extending, building, improving, and it is all the line of human service, human betterment. The exploit society is to fail, and wise, successful men know it.

Nothing is more silly and absurd than the idea that the men who have built up the great modern American fortunes are intent on ease and luxury. As a class they are men of ostentatious habits; simple, rapid and direct in their dealings. They work sixteen hours a day. They are in the game, and they can't get out of it if they would. Their millions are invested in a way that makes use an imperative necessity. To liquidate would be red ruin. "They say I am rich," once said James J. Hill to me, "and the yellows roll off the number of my millions. The fact is, I owe more money than all the men in Minnesota. To make my investments profitable, and to keep them from fading away, I am obliged eternally to struggle in keeping them active." One investment calls for another to protect it; so Mr. Hill is ever building, ever extending. This eternal unrest of business means national prosperity. The habit of certain newspapers of

trying to inspire class hatred by picturing the great business builder as a parasite, living on the labor of the proletariat, is an insult to the intelligence of the age. Should our government begin to confiscate private property in the name of the law, that instant will enterprise grow old, and senility prate of the past, but this is not to be. We are beginning to realize that business is built on confidence; that when we destroy faith in our commercial fabric, we are actually taking the roofs from our homes, snatching food from our children, and pushing bodies naked out into the storm. Business means homes, gardens, books, parks, music, goods, schools, safety, peace and prosperity, and of these things the world has not yet seen a piethora. Shall we blast, wither and destroy with the breathe of our mouths all that civilization holds dear? I think not. We can direct and regulate, but we will do it in justice and not in blindness and wrath, lest we welcome the angels of peace with bloody hands to hospitable graves, and we otherwise go down in the sunken roadway, horse and rider, pursuer and pursued.—Elbert Hubbard.

GRANT'S FIRST LESSON FOR THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"History tells fully of the manner in which President Lincoln and father met for the first time, when father went to Washington to be commissioned by the president the commanding general of the Union Army," said Gen. Fred D. Grant to me recently, "but it doesn't tell of the initial purpose that father had in mind as regards the Army of the Potomac when he went East.

"You know, father was never East from the time he entered the Union Army as a colonel of an Illinois regiment until after the Chickamauga and Chattanooga campaigns, in the fall of 1863. But he had studied pretty closely the movements and characteristics of the Army of the Potomac in its three great campaigns up to that time, and he had pretty well made up his mind, even before he knew that he was to command the Union army, as to what was the matter with the army that protected Washington.

"After it had become known that father was to be lieutenant general, and that he would take personal command of the Army of the Potomac, a great many persons with whom he was acquainted, and some with whom he was intimate, said to him at one time or another before he started East: 'Gen. Grant, what are you going to do with the Army of the Potomac? What kind of a campaign against Gen. Lee are you going to make? Have you formed any plans whatever for offensive operations?'

"Of course, none of these questions father would answer. But I have always thought that he at least became convinced that it would be a good plan to tell some of his friends in a general way what he would do immediately after he had assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. So it happened one day that when a friend said to him: 'Gen. Grant, what are you going to do after you begin operations in the East?' he replied: 'The first thing I shall try to do will be to teach the Army of the Potomac not to be frightened out of its wits at every mention of Bobby Lee's men.'

"Again, when another friend would ask father a similar question he would reply: 'I am going to train the Army of the Potomac so that in will conquer its fear of Bobby Lee.' And yet again, when some one else had put the same question to him, his answer would be: 'The first enemy that we have to conquer is the fear that takes hold of the Army of the Potomac whenever Gen. Lee's name is mentioned.'

"Now, father said this is no disparagement whatever of Gen. Lee. He had the highest admiration of Lee's qualities as a soldier and of the purity of his character. But he had become satisfied from his study of the career of the Army of the Potomac that an unreasonable fear had seized it, due to the very high repute of Gen. Lee as a soldier. In addition, he believed that the Army of the Potomac had no more reason to fear Gen. Lee than the armies of the West had reason to stand in dread of the great commanders who led the Confederate forces in that section of the country; so that before he had left the West to become lieutenant general his initial plan for the Army of the Potomac was to teach it no longer to fear Bobby Lee. And you will observe that father never told any one what his plan of operation for that army was until after he had taught it not to shiver every time the name of the great Confederate commander was mentioned in its presence."—E. J. Edwards.

First and Last Words. "Why do we pay so much attention to the last words of great men?" "Possibly because their first words are all alike."—Washington Herald. One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others.—Saint-Pierre.

ANOTHER REFORMER CAUGHT.

Herkimer, New York, dispatch:—Following a confession that he had ruined Miss Abby Haynes, one of the most popular and attractive young women in his congregation, the Rev. S. Robinson, pastor of the First Methodist church of this village, has been suspended by the church board.

The story of his downfall has been a great shock to the residents of this place, where both the pastor and his unhappy victim have heretofore been held in highest esteem. Because of the bitter public sentiment against him and threats that have been openly made, the deposed preacher has been cautioned not to appear in the public streets, and to get out of town quietly before he is ridden out on a rail.

It was an anonymous letter that first warned Mr. Haynes, father of the girl, that all was not well. While the letter has not been directly traced, it is generally believed that it came from some one connected with the liquor interests. As head of the Anti Liquor league, Robinson has been making a bitter fight for "no license" in Herkimer, and the saloon keepers have been keeping close tab on him. This, it is believed, is primarily responsible for his exposure. At any rate, Abby's father began to watch after receiving the letter and soon had evidence that, while not conclusive, made him morally certain of the preacher's guilt. He accused his daughter and she finally broke down and told all.

THE AMERICAN ACCENT.

An English Writer Frees His Mind on the Subject.

"The American accent," writes a contemporary correspondent, "is far less irritating than the cockney dialect, and it would be well for us if the former, which is at least musical, could be substituted for the cacophonous patois of our east end."

As a matter of fact, we think that the cockney accent has a certain number of real admirers, but what we wish to call to our readers' minds particularly is that America has its cockney, so to speak, precisely as we have. People in Kentucky have a rather burrish way of speaking, and they loathe and detest the fragrant twang which overwhelms New England. The dialect which was responsible for the English boards by stage Yankees.

Whether you acquire the American accent or not depends on the length of time you remain in America. Englishmen who stay in New York for protracted periods preserve their native cadences intact. It is the man who pays a flying visit to the United States who comes back and always says "nop" for "no" and "yep" for "yes." Once we met a man who had returned from a week's stay in Boston. He said he had heard it was easy to acquire the twang and finally exclaimed, "Waal, stranger, I guess it may be dead easy for some, but not for Blank Z. Asterisk," meaning himself. "Now, what's your opinion? Am I right?"—London Globe.

THE VORACIOUS TUNAS.

What Happens When They Meet a School of Flying Fish.

One time at San Clemente we sighted a feeding school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the flier and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

The sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes. At once the lust for blood and food was on, and carnage was the result. I have observed some curious scenes at sea but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes, exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as my dog could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring fish. At such times when a school of sardines is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them in by the pailful.—Outing.

Curious Optical Properties.

Asterism is the beautiful name given to a curious optical property of certain minerals. They show a star shaped figure where light is reflected from them or transmitted through them. This is seen in the star stone, which is a sort of sapphire, and in the star ruby. There is asterism also in mica. The photograph of a lamp flame taken through a plate of mica shows a six rayed star, with six fainter radiations between. Outwardly star mica resembles the ordinary form and shows the same phenomena under polarized light. When examined under the microscope, however, the star mica is found to contain fine needles of another mineral. And these are regularly arranged at angles of 120 degrees. To these needles is due the star seen by transmitted light.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tip He Wanted.

Artist to burglar, who is making away with paintings—Er—by the way, if you should manage to dispose of them would you mind sending me your customer's address?—Life.

Had Shown Good Sense. Hewitt—That rich old fool wouldn't let me marry his daughter. Jewett—Well, he may be rich and old, but he's no fool.—New York Times.

CAKE, hot biscuit, hot breads, pastry, are lessened in cost and increased in quality and wholesomeness, by ROYAL Baking Powder. Bake the food at home and save money and health.

A POOR JUMP.

It Came Near Being the Death of Isabe, the Painter.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as is well known, was in the habit of walking with his arms crossed upon his chest and his head slightly bent forward. Isabe, the painter, was at Malmalson, and he and some of the first consul's aids-de-camp were having a game of leapfrog on the lawn. Isabe had already jumped over the heads of most of them when at the turning of a path he espied the last player, who, in the requisite position, seemed to be waiting for the ordeal. Isabe pursued his course without looking, but took his flight so badly as only to reach the other's shoulders, and both rolled over and over in the sand.

To Isabe's consternation, his supposed fellow player turned out to be Bonaparte, who got up, frowning at the mouth with anger, and drawing his sword, pounced upon the unfortunate artist. Isabe, luckily for himself, better at running than at leaping, took to his heels and, jumping the ditches dividing the property from the highroad, got over the wall and never stopped until, breathless, he reached the gates of the Tuilleries.

Isabe, it was added, went immediately to Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, and she, after having laughed at the mishap, advised him to lie low for a little while.

Conscious During a Fall.

Every time a workman falls from a forty story building there are people to say, "Well, he probably didn't feel it when he struck." There is little or no basis for this belief that a person is dead or unconscious at the end of a long fall. Our surviving jumpers from Brooklyn bridge prove this, and that a person retains consciousness is shown by the case of the English boy who fell down a pit some 250 feet deep and shouted "Below!" three times on the way down. One theory is that a person falling would not be able to breathe, but a train at sixty miles an hour is moving faster than one would move in falling a hundred or so feet, and no one pretends that one would die of suffocation if he put his head out the train window.—Exchange.

BLAKE'S VISIONS.

The Curious Hallucinations of the Post-Painter.

William Blake, the contemporary of Charles Lamb, was a man of visions. Blake dined with prophets and held converse with archangels. A friend of Blake called on the post-painter and found him sitting, pencil in hand, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a fastidious sitter. He looked and drew and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. "Disturb me not," said Blake in a whisper. "I have some one sitting to me." "Sitting to you?" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Where is he? I see no one." "But I see him," answered Blake humbly. "There he is. His name is Lot. You may read of him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait."

Blake's hallucinations, however, rarely took a malignant form. One of his most beautiful visions was of a fairy funeral. "I was walking alone in my garden," he said. "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound and knew not whence it came.

"At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy's funeral."—Chicago News.

The Work of Time.

"And to think," sighed the man who was trying to find a belt which was long enough to be buckled around him. "that the boys at school used to call me Skinny!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Gave It.

The Girl (rather weary, at 11:30 p. m.)—I don't know a thing about baseball. The Beau—Let me explain it to you. The Girl—Very well; give me an illustration of a home run.—Life.

Simplicity is, of all things, the hardest to be copied.—Steele.

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