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KEEP THE POWDER DRY.

It is the fashion to decry and denounce these Americans who would "Keep the powder dry" when coming in contact diplomatically or otherwise, with Japan. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Everybody in Japan is insisting that a war between that country and ours is both absurd and impossible; but that is precisely what they said about the threatened war with Russia that came suddenly and proved every costly and bloody.

It was a clap of thunder from a serene sky—the assault on Port Arthur, that was the unheralded beginning of one of the greatest and one of the bravest wars of mankind. It is rather persistently asserted that Japan has no money to finance a big war; but how if she should begin to imagine that it would turn out a profitable enterprise? We all know what an immense indemnity she expected from Russia as the price of defeat and how the president of the United States brought about peace without so great sacrifice on the part of the vanquished.

If Japan is absolutely friendly, she cannot take offense if we take measures to protect ourselves even from a struggle they say is impossible. As Oliver Cromwell said, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." As for a Japanese alliance, it is simply out of the question.—Washington Post.

CHIVALRY IN GEORGIA.

A placard in an Atlanta office building's elevator says that men passengers (in the elevator) need not pull off their hats because women are present. "Men of Atlanta," shouts the Georgian, in holy terror, "sh—ll a foolish placard sound the death knell of a custom which has been for three full centuries one of the distinguishing traits of the gentle south?" We fear that undue excitement has got the Georgian a little mixed as to facts. We do not believe that it has been the custom in the south "for three full centuries" for men to pull off their hats in elevators when women are present. "Three full centuries" would take us back to the year 1610, and we are satisfied that at that time no man, in the south, or elsewhere, ever took off his hat in an elevator.

We'll go further and risk the assertion that George Washington himself never took off his hat in an elevator because there were women passengers, and he was certainly a typical southern gentleman.

We might venture to risk deducting two full centuries from the Georgian's figures and assert that even at that time it was not the custom of southern gentlemen to uncover their heads in elevators, for the very simple and sufficient reason that there were no elevators. "Atlanta sets the pace for the south," says the Georgian. If that were true, one might well say, "God help the south."

Atlanta is the least southern city in the south. It has less of southern manners and customs and courtesy than any of its neighbors. No southern city takes its manners from Atlanta. Each of them has just as good manners of its own.—Savannah News.

POPULARITY OF POISONING.

Psychologists are deeply engrossed in studying the popular craze for killing by poison. Nearly every week the newspapers contain some account of murder being accomplished through the use of drugs of some kind. Just now there is a case filled with pity in Ohio, in which a young girl used poison to destroy her elder sister, with only a slight reason for jealousy in extenuation of the deed.

In this day of advanced science, when every profession and trade is brought up to date, when our very methods of living are in keeping with the time, this epidemic of poisoning seems to be a move backward. It seems to be a proof that our boasted civilization

is taking on the aspect of the dark ages across the seas. Human life is cheaper in this country than in any other Christian country on the face of the earth, but the ways in which human life are taken among us have usually been direct, simple, open and above board. We have been rather democratic in our murders, adhering closely to pioneer traditions in the use of a gun and knife for the individual, and the rope and torch for the mob. These have been the accepted and the historic instruments for the propagation of murder. Sometimes a novelty is introduced, a particular horrible instance of this being the burning of a girl in an open grate, which is just at present attracting the New York police.

Poison as a means of producing sudden death dates back to the dark days of the Borgias, and the popular appeal to this means of murder in our own day seems to be a step backward, which our psychologists should explain.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

THE UPLIFTER.

In Fall River, Mass., lives W. D. Wilmot, known throughout New England as "The Uplifter." It is a wonderful compliment to be given such a title by the people in a man's own town. And Wilmot is not exactly the man, either, that some folks would pick to uplift a whole town, as he certainly has done. Wilmot is a sportsman, an athlete, who for ten years or more barnstormed this country and abroad doing bicycle trick riding on a high wheel. But, while Wilmot is a sportsman, he is the right kind of a sport. He is like Muldoon, in that he has always respected his body. He has never gone the pace that leads to Bedlam. Incidentally, he has always had an eye for a good book, a choice picture, and his ear is attuned to beautiful music. Wilmot runs a sporting goods store, where he sells athletic goods of any kind and description. Would you expect this man to write one article a day for a newspaper on "What can we do to make this town a better place?" Well, that is just what Wilmot has done—one column a day for three months in the Fall River News. Wilmot signs himself "Secretary of the Uplift Club." He is the club all of the officers, and the membership. He has asked for no subscriptions, and received no salary. He has done the thing for fun. Now they say a movement is on foot among the citizens to print Wilmot's Uplift articles in a book for a worldwide distribution. The argument of all the articles is, stand by your town, stand by your neighbors, stand by your better self. If you live in a bum place, why not make it better? Are your neighbors stupid and selfish? Well, perhaps you have helped make them so. But before we disparage, let us take an inventory of our advantages and blessings. There is a play called "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A boarder in a second class boarding house redeems the whole beanery. Gradually, by his courtesy, intelligence and unselfishness, he introduces a new spirit, the spirit of good will and mutual service. But it is all a play—an airy, fairy figment of a poet's pigment. And it is a splendid play, too. No sermon ever preached teaches so fine and vivid a lesson. But Wilmot and Fall River are facts. And the strange part is that Wilmot is not aware that he has done anything. Yet, this he acknowledges—his business has been doubled. And not by trying to, but just as a natural result. Wilmot has siphoned the love of boot-blacks, newsboys, working girls, laborers, and big men of big brain capacity in his direction. He has made friends, and because he went in search of them, but as a result. The Dreadnought Policy will never redeem the world from its sin and sorrow. A Dreadnought dries no eyes, mitigates no pain, relieves no heartache, turns no bitterness to kindness, makes no man more generous and gentle. It does not replace fear with courage, nor love with hate. But an Uplift Club can. An Uplift Club is a club stuffed with good will and affection. In uplifting his town, Wilmot has uplifted himself. In educating others he has evolved and educated one man above all others, and that man is Wilmot.—Elbert Hubbard.

Trouble For Hubby.

At a recent tea party where the fare provided could not by any means be termed palatable a guessing game was instituted, and the lady who won it was asked to say what she would have as a prize. She greatly flattered her young hostess by requesting a slice of the cake with which some of them had desperately struggled at tea time.

"Why did you ask for that stuff?" a disappointed and still hungry youth asked her. "You know very well it isn't fit to eat."

"I have a definite purpose in view," answered the young lady, carefully placing the piece of cake where there would be no possibility of her forgetting it. "I mean to make my husband eat it—if necessary, to force it down his throat crumb by crumb—and thus convince him that somewhere in the wide, wide world there is an even worse cook than he imagines his inexperienced young wife to be."—Pearson's Weekly.

Digging to Find the Tomb of Solomon

With much mystery as to its purpose, an English syndicate has, for the last three months, been conducting extensive excavations at Jerusalem, on Ophel, immediately east of the enclosure of the Temple of Solomon. This syndicate is not connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund, or the American, or the German Archaeological Institutes in Jerusalem, and the interest is evidently not archaeological or otherwise scientific.

Although great secrecy has been maintained on the subject, there is scarcely a doubt but that, at least, one object of the excavations, on which already large sums of money have been expended, is the quest for the tombs of the kings of Judah, where David and Solomon had sepulcher, and where it is thought there may be great treasure, and perhaps the sacred vessels and furniture of the temples of Solomon and Herod.

Indeed, the moving spirit of the enterprise was, in the first instance, a Finnish engineer who claimed to have found in the Talmud a cryptogram indicating the locality where the excavations are being made as the hiding place of the temple treasures. It is now the generally held opinion that it was for the purpose of digging into the tombs of the kings of Judah that the otherwise unaccountable long, winding detours were made in the construction of the aqueduct tunnel in Hezekiah's time, that led the waters of the Virgin's Fountain on the east side of Ophel to the pool within the city on the west side of Ophel and the city of David.

These excavations have also given rise to persistent reports of a plan to rebuild the Temple of Solomon. To regain possession of the Holy City from Moslem hands has been for centuries the dream of Jew and Christian, which the expenditure of untold treasure and millions of human lives has failed to realize.

Now, rumor has it that the rebuilding of the temple is to be undertaken by the Masons of the world, and that a company is being incorporated to take the matter in hand. Solomon is generally regarded as the founder of the Masonic fraternity and it is almost universally believed that his organization dates from the building of his temple in Jerusalem and that Solomon, King of Israel, Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abif were the first Master Masons. This Hiram Abif was the master craftsman that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent to Solomon in response to the latter's request for "a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that can skill to engrave all manner of gravings, to be with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and Jerusalem."

For this reason Solomon's Temple, the quarries beneath the city from which the stone for the temple probably came, the treasures of the temple thought to be hidden away in some subterranean chamber or passages, and his tomb, are all of peculiar interest to the members of this world wide fraternity.

These quarries of Solomon lie beneath the north side of the city. They are not open quarries, but are wholly subterranean. It can hardly be questioned but that the white stone of Solomon's Temple, which Josephus describes as a mountain of snow for whiteness, was quarried there, and that it was in those vast chambers,

deep in stone chippings that the quarried blocks were dressed and shaped, so that they were fitted into their places in the temple without sound of hammer or saw as the Biblical record describes. Often, it is said, when large companies of tourists bring together in Jerusalem a number of the fraternity, Masonic meetings are held in a certain deep chamber of the quarries. It is suggestive, in connection with the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon by the Free Masons that extraordinary interest has been shown within the last few months in these quarries, descriptions and representations of them appearing in many of the periodicals of the United States and England, and even in India.

It does not appear, however, that there is any idea of rebuilding the Temple of Solomon on its original site, for reasons which will be referred to presently. The plan seems, if the search for the tombs of the Kings of Judah and the temple treasures is successful, to contemplate the building of the temple just to the south of the old temple enclosure where, by an irade of the Turkish government, the option of purchasing a considerable amount of ground where once rose the city of David and the Royal House of Solomon, and where his body was given sepulchre, has been secured.

The impossibility of rebuilding the Temple of Solomon on its original site is at once recognized when it is considered that to do so would entail the destruction of the Mosque of Omar, a most costly building, of exquisite proportions and details—an edifice considered by many the most beautiful in the world. Next to the Mosque at Mecca it is the most sacred shrine of the Mohammedans. Not only the Turkish government, but more than 200 million devotees of the Moslem world would wage a holy war rather than surrender their holy place to the unbeliever. What all Europe, in the time of the crusades, could not accomplish could hardly be compassed by the Masonic fraternity today.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that all the power and wealth of the 9 million Jews in the world, with their strong, national, deathless devotion to this temple site, have only sufficed, through all the centuries since the destruction of their polity and temple, to secure for them the tolerance of standing at their wailing place on the outside of the old wall of the temple enclosure, as their Sabbath draws on, that they may lean their foreheads against the great stones that have remained there since the time of Solomon, and wet them with their tears as they chant their dirges for their departed glory and breathe out their prayers for its restoration.

To rebuild the Temple of Solomon on anything like the scale of its pristine magnificence would require not only amazing millions of money, but years of time. No building, of either ancient or modern times, is comparable to it, and to few other buildings in the world does so great human interest attach. Some time the Christian or the Jew will rebuild the great temple on a scale of great magnificence, possibly rivaling that of the Temple of Solomon or Herod, and, if the tombs of the Kings of Judah are located, and, especially, if the temple treasures and furniture are found, that time will doubtless be hastened and the spot furnish an interest not inferior to the old site.—The Union.

SOCIALISM FOR CHILDREN.

What will Emil Seidel, socialist mayor-elect of Milwaukee, be able to do for the children?

It is his idea, shared by all educators, that in the children lies the sole hope for future good government. He hopes to hasten the dawn of better civic management by the immediate enactment of reforms that shall improve the lot of the present generation. Now that he has the chance, he will translate the dreams of his party, if possible, into reality. Both friends and critics of socialism will eagerly watch results.

He says 90 per cent of the school children leave the grades at the age of 14 to enter the factories, while the remaining 10 per cent seek higher education at a per capita tax of \$50, in the payment of which the 90 per cent, with inadequate salaries, is unjustly burdened. The 10 per cent advance of powers of good citizenship, while the 90 is unfairly hampered and correspondingly disinterested. Seidel's aim is to shorten the working hours of these factory children and furnish them the means for better education. He is not able to outline definitely his course of procedure, but he hopes, as he says, to make Milwaukee famous for something besides moisture before the end of his administration.

ents for stupidity in the management of their children. They try to make them "too good," so there is a wayward drifting to moving picture shows and questionable dances. Seidel proposes to furnish these amusements in the schools, where the children will receive equally as much entertainment, but under good influences. Another plan is to provide parlors with chaperones, where girls who dwell in hall bedrooms may entertain callers without having to meet them on the streets.

Seidel's plans for the children are no less interesting than his idea for the general government of the city, all of which must be developed by time. The socialists were as greatly surprised as the members of the other parties by their victory at the recent election. They hardly expected it. In general they hope to substitute public monopoly for corporate control, beginning with those utilities that are most oppressive. For instance, they propose a public slaughter house to prevent prohibitive meat prices, and public ice harvests to check inflation by the ice trust. They even want the undertaking business in the hands of the municipality to prevent extortionate burial charges.

These propositions may not prove practical during one or two terms of the administration elect, but if some thing can be done for the children this political innovation may demonstrate its worth.—Lincoln Star.

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WHY HE IS POPULAR.

The greater number of Americans are proud and gratified over the reception given the ex-president, commencing in Italy and which is to continue, and even to increase, as he makes progress through the other countries of western Europe. But some ask why he should be greeted with so much enthusiasm and why so much should be made of him wherever he goes. The answer to criticism on that point is not difficult to make.

Colonel Roosevelt exhibits the elemental virtues which everywhere compel respect and in most minds win strong approval. He has courage—moral and physical in equal proportions and abundantly in both directions. He has stood in the most conspicuous of magistracies and proclaimed fundamental principles of honor among men and among nations in the most vigorous way. He is fundamentally a fighting man who does what he believes to be right and goes out looking for trouble in order that he may secure peace and comfort and a better state of things in politics and in society.

These are the larger reasons why Roosevelt holds the people with such a grip that nothing can shake it. The coldly critical find no difficulty in condemning the many things he does. They accuse him of posing, or playing to the gallery, of throwing everything into the limelight and of vanity beyond measure. Some declare that his talk is trash. Nevertheless, there is no public man of our time toward whom the hearts of mankind in every country turn with greater confidence, higher trust, stronger faith in his purpose to be a warrior in good causes, than to Mr. Roosevelt.

Perhaps it is all in the opening of the article that Mr. Roosevelt actually represents the best qualities of human nature to an unusual degree and has the elementary power which command respect and a feeling in the mass of mankind.—Buffalo News.

THE NEW FIELD.

This muck-raking business isn't new, since the Hon. John Bunyan refers to it, and there is something more than a suspicion that Brutus and other Roman insurgents knew how to play the game. But, since its recent revival in America, such a variety of subjects have been dealt with, ranging from flies to John D. Rockefeller, that a new field should not fail to attract a crowd. The newest field to come to our notice is the Philippines. As is the general rule, the newspaper writers offer the first suggestions, and the long-toothed rake of the magazine man should be going shortly. It seems the Sugar Trust is to be the goat in this particular field. The organic act of 1902 forbade the sale of more than twenty acres of Philippine lands to any individual, and more than 2,500 to a corporation. But the government also purchased 400,000 acres of Friar lands on the ground that such large holdings by a religious body was against the best interests of the islands. Now the attorney general has decided that these lands do not come under the organic act, and 55,000 acres thereof have been deeded to representatives of the Sugar Trust. Mr. Wickham may as well prepare to go on the rack with Hon. Ballinger, and the Sugar Trust to be charged with other things than short weights and tariff manipulation.

Personally, we are willing to let the Sugar Trust go its best—in the Philippines: if it can make them pay, it will have done more than Spain, the United States or the natives have been able to do. But we know an opportunity for muck-raking when we see it. Building up a new or run down industry usually affords such opportunity.—Drake Watson.

Jack knew.
On coming home from the office the father met Jack and Dick.
"What have you been doing today, boys?" he questioned.
"Fighting," replied Dick.
"Fighting, eh? Who licked?"
"Mamma did," answered Jack.—Exchange.

A Spies Curse.
"Talk about the tip evil," said the traveled girl. "Now, last summer, just before I left London, I got cursed awfully. It was like this: I had tipped everybody on the place—the maidservants, the maid-servants, the slavey, the bootblack. Then just before I got in a cab a man up and threw an old soiled cloth over the wheel to protect my skirts as I got in. Nobody asked him. It didn't protect my skirts, because it was worse than the wheel, so I didn't think it was necessary to tip him.
"I wish you could have seen his face. It scared me. He swore an awful oath. Then he said, 'I don't open the boot goes down wid ye, that's what I open.'
"I was pretty wabally all the way over, thinking it might, but the boot didn't go down."—New York Press.

Too Soon For Her.
Apropos of those who never enjoy the luxury of a carriage save when the death of some one makes for a free ride to the cemetery a clergyman told of a little girl standing at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street, New York. She was a ragged little thing, and she was watching the carriages rolling past with the most wistful blue eyes.
"Well, little one," he said, "would you like to own one of those carriages?"
The blue eyes turned up, and there were tears in their corners.
"I never rode in a carriage," she said softly. "Me little brudder died afore I was born."

A Defeated Conscience.
The secretary of the Kansas State Historical society tells a story about an early day Kansas justice of the peace who will be unuseless here:
"This J. P.," said the secretary, "would marry a couple one day as justice of the peace and divorce them the next as notary public."
One time, as the story ran, a man surrendered himself to this J. P.
"An' phwat's the matter?" asked the judge.
"I killed a man out here on the prairie in a fight," was the reply. "I want to give myself up."
"You did kill him, sor?" asked the J. P.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Who saw you?" asked the J. P.
"Nobody."
"An' nobody saw you kill 'im?"
"No, sir. Just we two were there."
"An' you're shure nobody saw you?" reiterated the J. P.
"Of course I'm sure," was the reply. "Thin you're discharged," said the J. P., bringing his list down on the table. "You're discharged. You can't terminate yourself. Fifty dollars please!"—Kansas City Journal.

In Keeping.
Medium—The spirits won't rap unless you write out your request on paper. Patron—Any special kind of paper? Medium—Certainly—wrapping paper.—St. Louis Star.
Difficulties are things that show what men are.—Epictetus.



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