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TIDES IN THE SOLID EARTH.

In the April issue of Harper's Magazine Prof. Oscar Hecker says:

"The ebb and flood tides of the sea are familiar phenomena. Every one knows that the ebb follows the flood tide at regular intervals of six hours, and that the flood succeeds the ebb tide after a similar interval of six hours. Moreover, almost every one knows that this rising and falling of the water is due chiefly to the attraction of the Moon. It follows, therefore, that the Moon should affect not only the water but also the land, and that it ought to produce tides in the solid earth. This conclusion has recently been verified by actual measurement. The Moon produces tidal waves which constantly distort the Earth.

"Our solid globe, by which we mean not merely the crust, but the entire planet itself, is incessantly deformed by the tremendous, disruptive, attractive forces of the Moon, and periodically changes its shape according to the Moon's position. This earth which we are accustomed to regard as solid and immovable, is therefore not absolutely rigid, but is traversed by an elastic fluid tide. There is something strange in the thought that a city, like New York, with all its huge buildings is imperceptibly rising and falling twice a day through the distance of half a yard. Delicate instruments of precision prove beyond question that this rising and falling does occur."

Now if Prof. Hecker had also described the tidal action on the Earth's atmospheric envelope he would have shown that it is quite as powerful. This action of the Moon on the atmosphere gives our basis for estimating the influence of the Moon in weather changes.

BAILEY'S SILK HAT.

The world does move, even in slow going Texas. Senator Joe Bailey now wears a dress suit and a silk hat on high social occasions.

Only a few years ago it was reported that Bailey's aversion to a dress suit was so great that rather than wear one he refused to dine at the white house. This story made Bailey nearly as celebrated in a way as the story of Seckless Simpson of Kansas, one time congressman.

Bailey went to Washington with a style in clothes that suited him and his constituents exactly. He wore the broad soft hat on all occasions. His vest was cut wide to show as broad an expanse of bosom as would a dress vest. A double breasted, long tailed, frock coat and a white lawn tie, completed the make up. It was the very acme of fashion in the village of Gainsville where Joe lived, and if it was not the elegant thing in Washington so much the worse for Washington in the question of style.

The different sections of our country have their distinctive costumes just as the different countries of Europe, if not so pronounced, and Texas has its native costumes. In Europe the native costumes are only worn by the peasantry but the citizens dress practically alike all over the world.

When the king of England wants to please the highlanders he dons the kilts. Much in the same way the wily politicians in our country when hunting votes, attire themselves after the fashion of their constituents. Some of them, however, are honest in their prejudices, and wear the native costume every where, even for years at Washington. Gradually the effect of public opinion gets in on them and they cease to make themselves conspicuous by their outlandish appearance.

Senator Bailey, we learn, has passed the last stage of resistance which was to wear a dress suit with a slouch hat and is now to be seen of an evening in a silk hat.

What effect will this report have on Bailey's home folks? His popularity was so great that even his connection with the Standard Oil company did not knock him out, but will they stand for Bailey in spade-tail coat and plug hat?—Lincoln Star.

THE TOMBS OF EGYPT'S KINGS.

In some of the tombs the sarcophagi were still in place—all empty, except one. This was the splendid tomb of Amenophis II., of the eighteenth dynasty, who lived in the glory of Egypt, 1600 B. C.—a warrior who slew seven Syrian chiefs with his own hand. Gaddis had not told us what to expect in that tomb, and when he had followed through the long declining way and reached the royal chamber and beheld there was not an empty sarcophagus, but a king asleep, we were struck to silence with that 3,500 years of visible rest.

The top of the sarcophagus is removed, and is replaced by heavy plate glass. Just over the sleeper's face there is a tiny electric globe, and I believe one could never tire of standing there and looking at that quiet visage, darkened by age but beautiful in its dignity, unmoved, undisturbed by the storm and stress of the fretful years.

How long he has been asleep! The Israelites were still in bondage when he fell into that quiet doze, and for their exodus a century or two later he did not care. Hector and Achilles and Paris and the rest had not battled on the Plains of Troy; the gods still assembled on Mount Olympus; Rome was not yet dreamed; he had been asleep nigh a thousand years when Romulus quit nursing the she wolf to build the walls of that city which would one day rule the world. The rise, the conquest, the decline of its vast empire he never knew. When his armies swept the nations of the east and landed upon his own shores he did not stir in his sleep. The glory of Egypt ebbed away, but he did not care. Old religions perished, new gods and new prophets replaced the gods and prophets he had known—it mattered not to him, here in this underworld. Through every change he lay here in peace—just as he lies today, so still, so fine in his kingly majesty, upon his face that soft electric glow which seems in no wise out of place because it has come, as all things come at last, to him who waits.—Harper's Weekly.

PRICES OF AUTOMOBILES.

There is much speculation today as to whether the price of the motor car will remain where it is. Many predict that the day of overproduction is not far off; that we shall before long see automobiles a drug on the market and the price cut almost in two. People point back to the bicycle and declare that motor car manufacturers will be as anxious to dispose of their product as were the makers of the two-wheeled pleasure vehicle—that they will strike out on a desperate hunt for buyers; that when the realization comes that the number of consumers is limited, competition will loosen up the terms and hammer down the closing figures of a bargain. To those, however, who are closely following the development of the motor car business such a culmination seems hardly probable. Organization, consolidation of forces, is incessantly at work in this new industry. With the passing of the ownership and control of accessory plants turning out the more essential parts into the hands of the big makers, the competition of the small producer—who is merely an assembler of parts—will become nominal, only, and may be entirely wiped out in case of any sudden slump in the demand. The "powers that be" will regulate the supply to meet the capacity of the public to consume. Thus the price of the product will remain where it is, enabling the motor car magnate to continue to reap bonanza dividends based on his "expanded" capitalization.—From "Our Billion Dollar Toy," in June Technical World Magazine.

APOLOGY FOR BAD FAITH.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, is disposed to enlarge on the theory which has been growing on him for a year or more against the declaration of party platforms as a guide to party policy in legislation. In the senate last week he denounced the theory of adhesion to such declaration as "nothing more or less than a proposition to transfer the legislative power to this republic from the bodies where the constitution lodged it over to irresponsible political conventions."

This is moonshine. The legislative power is not transferred to "irresponsible political conventions" because no legislators are bound by the party platforms except those who accept and stand on platforms of their respective parties. But in all representative government it is a settled principle that legislators are elected by the people with a view to the policies they stand for. How shall the people know what policy in government the men they vote for will represent?

No intelligent man demands a slavish, adhesion to the letter of party platforms where new conditions arise to change the methods of reaching the professed aim. But when on long-defined issues the party policy is declared, and men elected on that policy

proceed to break the pledges, it reduces political action to the science of guessing votes on false pretenses.

Senator Bailey and others as prominently as he, have given signal illustrations of that sort of politics. His present counterblast against national platforms is a sophisticated apology for bad faith.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

OREGON FOR BIG THINGS.

"Oregon is a state of big things," said Walter Lyon, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, of Marshfield to a Washington Post reporter. "One county yields 6,000,000 bushels of wheat annually; one county produces 6,000,000 pounds of wool a year; another is working on a \$6,000,000 irrigation project. The commerce of one county, Coos, which has no railroad, was \$6,000,000 last year. One county has an area of 6,000,000 acres.

"One wagon road land grant company holds 80,000 acres in one county. One railroad holds 3,000,000 acres by virtue of a railroad land grant act of congress. One-fifth of the state is in forest reserve. No state in the union has so much land held by virtue of wagon and railroad land grants, and no state in the union has so few roads. The people are rising up against this policy of wholesale landlordism, and the government is co-operating in the effort to shake loose the grip of the holder of idle lands.

Oregon, as well as the entire Northwest, is filling up with settlers, and there is plenty of room for them. There are thousands of acres of rich agricultural lands and billions of feet of matured timber ready for the first comer. There are thousands of acres of coal fields with 6,000 tons to the acre. The county of Coos has 40,000,000,000 feet of standing timber and 400 square miles of coal, with only 25,000 population."

There have been few emergencies that have arisen since Nebraska became a state that either demanded or would justify the calling of a special session of the legislature. And this demand that Mr. Bryan is making on his party for an extra session to enact the referendum is founded on no necessity arising out of the needs of the people to gain relief from business distress or unjust or unbearable political conditions, but is borne of some political entanglement that Mr. Bryan dreams now enmeshes his own uncertain political future. But why should the people of a great state be put to the expense of holding an extra session of the legislature in harvest time to save from embarrassment a self-seeking politician who has thoughtlessly involved himself in the meshes of his own double dealing on the liquor question? The referendum is only a subterfuge and a mighty poor one at that. A good deal less than half the people believe in that nonsense anyway and there never has been a demand for it that sprang from the grass roots. It is one of those dreams that have been written in political platforms by shallow brained reformers who expect by law to change the nature of man and the course of the universe. The referendum would in no manner simplify the enactment laws, or the administration of justice; on the contrary it would make more cumbersome, uncertain and costly that due process of law that the constitution guarantees.—Falls City Journal.

W. F. Porter, who was frequently in the limelight during the old populist days, is again in evidence, this time as a candidate for the nomination for railroad commissioner. Mr. Porter kept things stirred up during his previous career as officeholder, when he was secretary of state, furnishing almost as much newspaper copy as Roosevelt does now. His chief asset is a remarkably strong pair of lungs, and he was always noticeable in populist conventions a few years ago. He will be remembered as "Porter-put-it-back," but in his announcement as a candidate he objects to the name, saying that he took no money from the state that he was not entitled to, and says he does not owe the state a dollar, "the supreme court to the contrary notwithstanding."—Beatrice Express.

Ze Game of Golf.

He had come over from France and had just been asked to give his views on the ancient game of golf. With much gesticulation he did so.

"Ah," he said, "your game of golf! Yes, I know him. You put on ze tunic so red as ze English rosbif underneath done. You strap your sack of sticks on ze back of a boy twice so small as ze long.

"He scrape a mud pudding to make balance a little white ball. He make three bad tries to balance him, then very angry you call aloud, 'Fur!' Then you what you call address ze ball, and, ma foi, your address is sometimes of language to make afraid.

"You strike, and ze ball find himself in ze long grass.

"You call aloud for ze nib lunge stick and best ze ground till your partner say, 'Ho, chuck it!' You say—'But, my friend, I excuse myself to repeat what you say.

"Ah, my friend, you are a great nation, but your golf game gives me what you call ze plip!"—Pearson's Weekly.

ATCHISON GLOBE NOTES.

A Vicious Doctrine.

The new Socialist mayor of Milwaukee has his good points. Wishing to appoint a thoroughly competent man as health commissioner, the mayor went to Chicago, and found his man in Dr. Charles B. Ball, chief sanitary inspector of that city. He offered Dr. Ball a salary twice as large as he was receiving in Chicago. The best feature of this offer is the fact that it was not made to some Milwaukee medicine man as reward for political services rendered. In Germany, noted above other countries for the excellence of its municipal governments, it is not unusual for a city to go beyond its borders in search of a mayor, as training for the work is considered a qualification. That seems a pretty good idea, whether it be socialism, or some more popular name.

This country still clings too closely to the vicious doctrine of Andrew Jackson that to the victor belong the spoils.

"Working" Father.

Father never has had a chance to prove it, but it is his opinion that this is what happens every night at home when he turns the corner near the house: "There comes father," says another. "Now, Susie, you are his favorite, so you ask him outright to take us all to the show tonight. If he refuses, you set up a howl. Johnny, you scream, and Mary, you say you might as well have no father; that the little Brown children who have no father get to go to all the shows. Then I will look at him reproachfully, and say, 'John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to deny the poor little things a little pleasure like that.' If he still refuses, children, I will dress you all up after supper and take you down town for soda water, and we will start off looking abused, and forget to kiss him good bye. Here he is at the door, children, now don't forget your parts. And if he is good natured, this might be a good chance to ask for a new pony, a lawn swing, and permission to buy a dog."

Roosevelt's Heroes.

Nearly every man has his heroes whom he worships in greater or less degree, ranging from Alexander the Great, to Jeffries or Ty Cobb. Our living ex-president is no exception to this rule, and he lists his heroes thus in chronological order: Timoleon, Hampden, Washington and Lincoln. Of the first, it is quite possible you never heard, and knowledge of the second is perhaps limited with many to mere mention in Gray's Elegy.

Timoleon was a native of the Greek city of Corinth some 2,500 years ago. He was a fighter, and his first great achievement was to save Corinth from the designs of his brother, Timochanes to establish government by himself, instead of government by the people. Later, he established democratic government in Syracuse, a Corinthian colony in Sicily.

John Hampden lived and died in resistance to the efforts of Charles I to overthrow the British constitution, and establish a despotism. The other two heroes are heroes to most Americans.

The Awakening.

The world needs wide awake, progressive people if it would progress, but you hear a lot of foolishness, and worse, about this awakening business. When a wise reformer needs a following to applaud him, and keep him in spending money, he appeals to the people to awake to their interests, and fight some Great Wrong, which they hadn't noticed, and which likely doesn't exist. He wants them to march in parades, and attend mass meetings, and neglect their jobs and crops, in order to give him a good start. Of course he doesn't put it that way, but that is the way it happens in a good many instances. The people are really awake, and doing about the best thing for themselves when they are attending to their own affairs, as repulsive as this idea may seem to men who have no affairs of their own. The awakening you hear so much about in connection with divers dreams and schemes, is really a good deal the reverse: it puts the people to sleep, or makes them lazy and shiftless and discontented, and robs them in the process.

The Crazy Streak.

People are worrying each other crazy. You can't find a man who doesn't complain of neighbors who annoy him needlessly.

The courts are full of neighborhood rows; all of them due to lack of ordinary politeness and fairness.

We Americans indulge in Big Talk about big subjects, and then indulge pretty habits that respectable people should be ashamed of.

The Town Row is everywhere an institution; everywhere the people are worrying each other crazy. They would be much better off, if they would be polite and fair, but nothing

can influence them to be more sensible; insanity is growing rapidly. The cost of taking care of the insane is the biggest single item of public expense in New York state.

Successive federal census show that in the country at large there is a steady and ominous increase in insanity—an increase that is out of all proportion to the growth of population. In 1880 there were in the asylums of the United States 816 insane persons to every million of the population. The number had risen to 1,182, and to 1,862 in 1900. At the same rate of increase the census that is now being taken should show about 2,800 insane asylum inmates to every million of the population.

And by the same token more than half of the inhabitants of the United States will be in the madhouse by the end of the present century; half of the people will become keepers and trained nurses for the other half.

For Women Only.

Mrs. Delbert Allen, of West Union N. J., a frail little woman, was yesterday presented with her eighth child, and it had been less than twelve years since the first child came. The Lord had sent the child; the Good Book says so, and if there hadn't been seven before it, with the pain of birth, the care and the work and worry, Mrs. Allen might have realized that it was the work of the Lord. But eight babies arriving in less than twelve years rather dims a woman's perceptions of the work of the Creator, and, instead of realizing that the Lord was to be praised for his gift, she got the notion in her head that her husband was to blame.

The doctor had gone, and the neighbor woman who cared for her, had left the room. The babies came so often to the Allen home that it was not regarded as necessary to keep the father from work, and, when he got home that night, it was his first intimation that he was a father again. He entered the bedroom door, the wife looked at the little burden on her arm, the eighth in less than twelve years, and, forgetting the Good Book says the Lord gave, and only the Lord can take away, she put the blame nearer home by reaching under the pillow for a revolver. There was a shot, and the father of the eight children fell to the floor dead.

We leave all discussion of the ethics of this proceeding to the women. They know even better than Theodore Roosevelt, who complains of race suicide, what it means to give birth to a child, and some of them also know what it means to have eight in less than twelve years.

MISS ELDER IN "MR. OPP."

Miss Donna Bell Elder has made for herself an enviable reputation as a teacher of expression. Many of her pupils are occupying prominent places in the public eye as professional entertainers.

As an interpretive reader Miss Elder takes first rank. She is able to show hundreds of exceptionally strong testimonials from the ablest critics of the country. Her press notices have been many and favorable.



In securing this refined and cultured artist for the Chautauqua program the management feels that it has been exceedingly fortunate. Miss Elder will probably render a monologue abridgment of the fascinating and popular problem-story "Mr. Opp," during our assembly, but she has a large and widely selected program upon which she may depend when the occasion seems to demand.

FROM PULPIT TO FACTORY.

George L. McNutt, the Full Dinner Pail Man, who will speak at our Chautauqua this season, has a heart brim full of sympathy for the laborers all over the land. His experience in donning their garments and working with them in the shops has given him the inside view so necessary to intelligent treatment of the subject.

McNutt deplors the unequal division of profits and points out remedies. He is as a voice crying in the wilderness for the man who works with his hands. He has something to say for this man. He says it in an exceedingly interesting way. There is a heart interest in his lectures that gives them a value with the people. They are so thoroughly up-to-date that you can see the "new" on them. His is not an old prosy rant on bad conditions, but a modern treatment of social progress that deserves to be heard.

The singing of Burton Thatcher produces sensations of genuine delight. His rich baritone fills the tent. His selections are the very best. The people prolong his programs as much as they can. He is generous, too. He will please our Chautauqua goers greatly.

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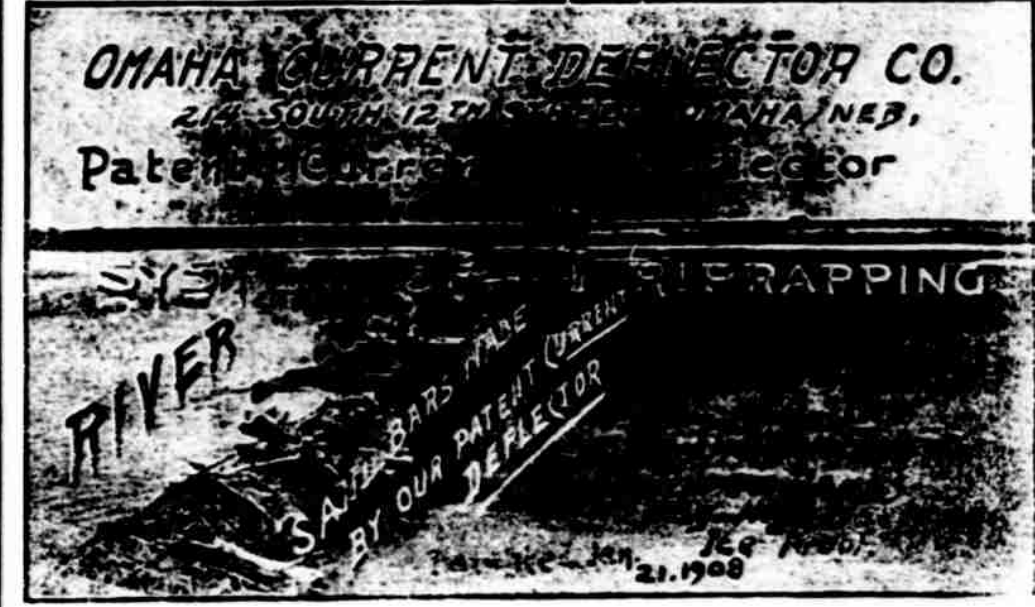
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Punishment in Persia.

Among the Persians the usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim is thrown upon his face, and each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it round, tighten the ropes and render the feet immovable. Two executioners then strike the sole alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree well steeped in water to render them supple. A store of these switches is generally ready for use in the pond which adjoins the courtyards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts for an hour or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.

His Unfortunate Investment.

"It's astonishing," the old settler in the little town was saying, "how real estate has advanced in this town since I came here. The corner lot this building is on, for instance, sold once for \$450." "What is it worth now?" asked the stranger. "Five thousand." "Well, you had a chance to get rich by investing in land yourself. I suppose you bought some real estate?" "Yes; I bought one lot—just one." "That has increased in value, hasn't it?" "Yes; over 600 per cent." "That was a good investment," said the old settler gloomily. "I paid \$10 for it, and it's worth \$75 now, but it's in the cemetery. The way I figure it, I've lost a heap of money by not dying forty years ago."—Youth's Companion.



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