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CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

State Auditor Barton was the one republican state official given the nomination without opposition. During the last two years he has made a record that precluded all thought of opposition, and his endorsement at the polls in November will be much stronger than it was in 1908.

THE FACTS IN RACE SUICIDE.

The birth rate in the United States in the days of its Anglo-Saxon youth was one of the highest in the world. The best of authority traces the beginning of its decline to the first appearance about 1850 of immigration on a large scale. Our great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, estimated six children to a normal American family in his day. The average at the present time is slightly above two. For 1900 it is calculated that there are only about three fourths as many children to potential mothers in America as there were 40 years ago. Were the old rate of the middle of the century sustained, there would be 15,000 more births yearly in the state of Massachusetts than now occur. In the course of a century the proportion of our entire population, consisting of children under the age of 10, has fallen from one third to one quarter. This, for the whole United States is equivalent to the loss of about 7,000,000 children. So alarming has the phenomenon of the falling birth rate become in the Australian colonies that, in New South Wales, a special governmental commission has voluminously reported upon the subject. It is estimated that there has been a decline of about one third in the fruitfulness of the people in 15 years. New Zealand even complains of the lack of children to fill her schools. The facts concerning the stagnation, may even the retrogression of the population of France, are too well known to need description.—Atlantic Monthly.

THE REAL BOOSTER SPIRIT.

The Arkansas Valley Commercial Association is a unique organization composed of representatives elected by the commercial and industrial clubs of all the towns in the Arkansas Valley, from Dodge City, Kas., to Pueblo and Canon City, Col. Twenty towns are represented in the association, and the entire Arkansas Valley for a distance of three hundred miles is regarded by this organization as a single community.

The association was promoted by Mr. Ralph Faxon, president of the new Santa Fe Trail, and is a part of the great movement for the development of the Arkansas River Valley District resulting from the building of the new trail highway.

The Arkansas Valley Commercial Association is a booster organization, but its purpose is to boost every town and every interest along the new Santa Fe Trail. It aims to bring to the help of anyone community along the influence of every other community. If Garden City, Kas., starts a movement for a new sugar plant, for instance, the association brings to Garden City's assistance the commercial organizations of every town from Dodge City to Canon City. Its motto is "All for one and one for all."

The spectacle of such an organization working on the co-operation plan for the development of competitive towns and communities will afford an illuminating object lesson for those towns and localities in other parts of the country whose idea of building up their own town interests is to tear down and destroy the interest of rival localities.

With the local commercial organizations to look after local interests and the Arkansas Valley Association to look after the entire valley, that part of Kansas and Colorado traversed by the new Santa Fe Trail should give the world a splendid example in the building of a country, as it is giving them an example in the building of good roads.—Kansas City Star.

THE FIRE-EATING INSURGENT.

A chautauqua incident of the past week in Norfolk brought out a condition of the public state of mind which is not a complimentary commentary upon this country at the present time. It was announced from the platform from day to day, after it became known that Senator Cummins was not to be here, that Senator Clapp would come to town and that he was one of the most radical of all the fire-eating insurgents. This brazen announcement was made, apparently, with the idea that the more radical this insurgent could be painted, the bigger would be the gate receipts.

It is indeed a peculiar state of affairs when the very fact that a man is advertised as an insurgent against his own party and his own government, proves a drawing card on the lecture platform. It is strange that the mere fact that a man is out preaching discontent, shouting denunciation against things as they are, instilling lack of confidence among the people in the head of their government, and ranting around in general against all conditions that come to mind, should make that man attractive to the populace. And the fact that a chautauqua organization should make capital of such a creature of discontent, is not a worthy reflection either upon the public or upon the political conditions of the times.

It might prove profitable to present the most notorious outlaw of Mexico, or the brother of Jesse James, or the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight films, as chautauqua attractions, but their drawing powers would be poor examples of the public taste and their uplifting influence might well be doubted.

As former Governor Buchtel of Colorado, in his letter to the News, remarked, the preaching of discontent in a country like ours is almost a crime. The preaching of discontent—insurgency against Gaynor—through Hearst's papers resulted a week ago in the shooting of the mayor of the biggest city in the country. The same sort of preaching against the head of the government a few years before, resulted in the dastardly assassination of McKinley.

The preaching of discontent—insurgency against the government—in the early '60s led to the most disastrous internal strife that this or any other country has ever known—in those days it was not called by the gentle name of "insurgency," but was baldly labelled "rebellion."

And the same sort of preaching now, against President Taft and his administration, by demagogues who have no thought of the country's good in mind but who are merely self-seekers of the most vicious type, can only result in a turmoil in the public mind which must have serious effect upon the wellbeing of the nation both in a business way and a social way.

It is time that the professional demagogues who go about tearing down and throwing mud at the government, be relegated to the rear. It is time that the self-seeking knocker be allowed by the public to talk to empty chairs.

It has been too frequently shown by the brainless fool who shouts "Fire" in a crowd, how quickly the public can be thrown into a panic by alarming suggestions. And the same result must come to the nation if the fire eating insurgents and the vicious yellow magazines such as Collier's and Harper's papers, continue yelling about everything in existence and trying to excite the public mind into a state of panic.—Norfolk News.

THE DEMOCRATIC PICKLE.

Whatever the result of the primaries there is no doubt that the democratic party comes out of the fracas of the past few months in the worst state of disorganization it has known. The sham fights between Morton and Miller in the early years, the sharp struggle which landed Bryan in control sixteen years ago were nothing to the present personal feuds and factional hair-liftings which fill the democratic heart with cuss words and drive the democratic dirk deeper into the opposing democratic anatomy.

A rough cross section of Nebraska democracy shows such details as these: Bryan, the "peerless leader," three times the national candidate for the presidency, run over by the state machine at the party's convention, deluged with coarse abuse by the leading machine orators and the street corner politicians looking for jobs; Dahlgren, democratic mayor of the metropolitan city, denouncing the democratic governor as a double dealer whose political promises are false as dice's oaths; Governor Shallenberger denouncing Dahlgren as the friend of the toughs and lawbreakers; Edgar Howard attacking Hitchcock as the servant of Omaha corporations and breweries; Hitchcock publishing Howard as a liar on the World-Herald front page; Metcalfe, the one sweet singer of sentimental harmonies in this discordant

Israel, hotly assailed as a Bryan stool pigeon while his friends vigorously jab the cold iron into his rival and former employer; Wooster, the whiskered prophet of Merriek county, fiercely including the church the women and the initiative and referendum in one sweeping democratic anathema; Billy Thompson bursting with unspoken grief in his Grand Island law office; C. J. Smyth rubbing chairmanship salve on the sulphuric acid thrown by the Douglas county "snap" convention; Col. Bowby in the Crete Democrat calling on the Wilber brewery to let go its strange hold on the democratic party; the old Cleveland democrats coming out of their holes to whoop over the defeat of "the peerless"; the bourbon whisky democrats damning everyone as a prohibitionist who doesn't drink out of their bottle; the "pop" democratic centering for the brush in all directions while the real old fashioned silk stocking democratic gentlemen who have always given gentility and respectable standing to the organization are wringing their hands and recalling the good old days of Tilden and Thurman and Horatio Seymour.

Here is where the high lights fall. In the shadows are the toughs, the repeaters and the interests handing out the cold cash to swing a legislature and a governorship today where they can use them. It is not a pleasant or a hopeful picture which Nebraska democracy presents. At the bottom of all the disturbance are two enemies of social progress—booze and boodle interests. These desire to control the party because they wish to use it just at this time of possible political reaction.

The republican party is not without its contentions. It presents, however, no such motley, knife-sticking scramble as its hereditary opponent. It is not so filled with thirst for blood letting. One reason, doubtless, is that it has no presidential nominee in the state. Another is that it has not such a rampant whisky element among its working politicians. It has its reactionaries, its worse than standpaters. It has its hallelujah chorus of apostles of the New Jerusalem on earth. It has its impracticables and its intolerants. But it has no such explosive boiling of unmixable elements as the seething mass in the democratic hokkilling kettle. Probably that is why it offers the voter a more reasonable hope for rational progress in legislation and administration than its more pugilistic and picturesque antagonist.—Lincoln Journal.

CUMMINS FOR PRESIDENT.

A meteor shot athwart the Iowa skies and struck the earth with a noise like thunder. A search failed to reveal the spot where it fell. The fiery visitor from space was all sound and vanished into thin air. But the shepherds of the insurgent flock who saw the portent say it filled its mission. It had foretold the coming into the world of the Cummins presidential boom, the first born of the insurgents. Now, if we sympathize with their reading of the stars and indulge the fanciful belief that the Iowa meteor typifies the stork in politics, may we not make bold to ask what the incontinent snuffing out of the luminous ones signifies?

Dismissing the meteor for what it is worth as the divining rod of the Cummins boom, the less intangible side of the new development of the campaign merits attention. If it is to be accepted as a reply to Ohio's indorsement of President Taft for a second term, it means that insurgency elects to have the republican party put on record as between standpat and progressive presidential aspirants at the polls this fall. Seeing that if they should fail to hold the balance of power in the next congress they would become a negligible quantity in legislation, the insurgents seem to have resolved to retain their prestige by creating an issue which would give them a new lease of life. Is it a desperate game they are playing, but the weakness of their tactical position seemed to require it. The drawing of the factional lines which will follow upon the Cummins announcement destroys any chance they may have had to hold their own in November, for without the support of the regulars, which they now forfeit, their congressional nominees have no chance in close districts, if, indeed, anywhere.

The scant indorsement of the Taft administration in the Iowa platform forces, the belief that the Cummins boom had been practically determined upon before the state convention was held. That the president was given any sort of an indorsement seems to have been owing to a desire to save the face of insurgents in other states who are pledged to support the administration.—Washington Post.

Keeping His Word. "Mr. Dustin Stax said he was going to retire with a fortune." "He has kept his word. Whenever he goes to sleep he puts his wallet and his check book under his pillow."—Washington Star.

A CENTURY OF SAVING.

One man has made the world rich. Thrifty Scotchman he was. Quiet and unassuming his personality. No idea had he that he was to begin a movement that would be greater in its results than the costly conquests of Napoleon.

Nor did he ever know. While the world at large was lauding its heroes, its statesmen, its financiers, this unassuming personage passed away. The heedless millions took no note of the demise of the Rev. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, Scotland. He went, as he had lived, quietly.

Yet this was the founder of the savings banks, that institution which has marked the rise to prosperity of the peoples of many nations.

Those of today do not realize the comparative scarcity of money a generation or so ago. And one hundred years back, when the original ancestor of the savings bank came into being, the great common people were just one remove from serfs. Nominally they were free. Actually and practically the most of them, outside of America, were so dependent on their overlords, or landlords, that the idea of having a reserve supply of cash never entered their heads. Since then the masses have put away nearly fourteen and a half billions of dollars, or about as much as the world's total supply of actual money, including unsecured paper notes.

So far as the rank and file are concerned, this year brings one of the greatest of centennials. For in 1810 it was that the Rev. Mr. Duncan, who had been shocked and grieved by the wastefulness of his charges, offered to pay 5 per cent interest on any savings his parishioners might leave with him. In those times the interest rates were much higher than nowadays. Money was scarcer, and stiff charges for the use of it were natural.

Therefore this thrifty pastor was able to handle the funds entrusted to him in such manner that he was able to pay the promised interest and to put the savings movement on a self-supporting basis.

Then were noticed the first fruits of the savings bank. Its prime results were:

Less drinking.

More thrif.

From the first, therefore, it became apparent that the savings bank was as much of a moral as a financial agent. To save something for a rainy day men gave up, or at least controlled, their bad habits. Having saved, they became better citizens, solid and substantial, with a motive for adding to the welfare of the government that protected the hoards that gave them a natural feeling of prosperity and independence.

Just one hundred years later the American government awoke to the merits of postal savings banks and passed a bill for their establishment.

Perhaps in many ways the American postal savings bank bill leaves much to be desired. Still, it marks an epoch, just as did the original savings bank a hundred years ago. For the savings habit most nearly becomes universal as the amounts that may be deposited are reduced to the smallest practical figure. The postal bank, by handling exceedingly small amounts, encourages even the smallest of wage earners to thrift.

Another thing the suspicion in which some people hold financial institutions does not apply when the faith of the government is behind all deposits.

The result: every man who has a deposit is interested in maintaining the government. The man of millions is no more fearful for the preservation of vested rights and interests than is the man who feels rich on a \$50 surplus.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SWEDES LIKE ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt is regarded in Sweden as the greatest man of his time, according to Colonel T. H. Graves, American minister to Sweden. Colonel and Mrs. Graves are home for a vacation, and will spend most of the time at their home in Duluth, returning to Sweden in August. On the occasion of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Stockholm Colonel Graves naturally took a prominent part in the ceremony. "Mr. Roosevelt was well known in Sweden before his visit," said Colonel Graves today. "The large number of people who have left Sweden for the United States naturally have many relatives in the mother country. They in their correspondence have described America to the people at home, and the great number of people returning to Sweden carry glowing reports of our progress. "Mr. Roosevelt spoke in Stockholm at a dinner in the presence of the foremost men in Sweden. His speech at that time was characteristic of the man and was well received. Those present were not disappointed; they had felt the greatness of the man, and at the time they were convinced of his power. Many of the leading citizens

of Stockholm came to me and expressed their keen delight over Roosevelt's presence. They all looked upon him as the greatest man of the time. Roosevelt's only other speech was made on the occasion of a serenade given him at his hotel by two of Stockholm's best singing societies, the student singers and an older men's society, numbering in all some 200 picked voices. The former president appeared upon the balcony of the hotel and amid the plaudits of 20,000 to 30,000 men and women thanked the singers for their music."

THE INHERITANCE TAX.

In these times of swollen fortunes it is possible for men to accumulate enormous possessions and enjoy the pleasures thereof without carrying a fair share of the tax burden. Real estate cannot escape and certain other forms of property pay their lawful portion, but it is practicable for the owner of millions to receive their earnings throughout life without contributing directly either to the state or local revenues, and then to hand his fortune down to somebody else intact and untaxed. Meanwhile such a man has the benefits of peace and order, of safety and protection, and of all that civilized government implies. Of course, instances of complete tax evasion are rare, and possibly in themselves not of sufficient importance to attack by legislation, but the practice of dodging in part is scandalously common and no laws have yet been devised that will entirely overcome it. But such states as have the direct inheritance tax eventually make every man or woman of means settle in some measure, since when estates are transferred after death there can be no evasion, and just to the extent that revenues are thus derived may the general tax burden be lightened. Besides, a direct inheritance tax has a tendency to encourage the apportionment of unusually large estates or fortunes—here again, to be sure, to escape the tax gatherer—and such a division works for the general good.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

SUGAR WORSE THAN RUM.

No sins are invented daily, the latest being the exhibition of prize fight pictures and inspection of them. Also new causes of human depravity are daily brought to light, the latest being sugar. At the state dental convention in New Jersey, last month, a doctor from Hoboken told the dentists that the human race is fast going to pot along of sugar. Its low price, he declared, had caused degeneration among the people, and he said: "The loss of energy through the consumption of sugar in the last century and the first decade of this century can never be made good. Alcohol has been consumed for thousands of years, but has not caused the degeneration of the whole human race. "It is news that sugar raises such hob with us. Perhaps the painful things that happened to the sugar trust were a consequence of human degeneration brought on by too intimate an association with sugar. Will the W. C. T. U. please look into this new peril?—Harper's Weekly.

The Name Cuba.

Cuba is the name by which the island was originally known to the Lncayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it. One of its villages or cities was called by them Cubanacan, and it is reported that from the similarity of sounds Columbus, still supposing himself to be on the coast of Asia, imagined that this must be a city of Kubli Khan, the Tartar sovereign celebrated by Marco Polo. The survival of the original name for Cuba is a remarkable instance of persistence, as the island has been baptized and rebaptized many times since its European discovery. Columbus first called it Juana in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After Ferdinand's death it was called in his memory Fernandina. Subsequently this name was changed to Santiago, after St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Still later it was named Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary. But none of these names held, and the Indian name is still preserved.

An Unco Business Only.

A young man called at the office of a justice of the peace and with some hesitation made known his business, which was to be married. The justice replied that he thought he could perform the service and asked if the young man had his license. "Yes, sir," the youth replied. "Well, where is the young lady?" "She—she's at her father's." "Well, bring her here." "She'd rather be married at home, square." "And you expect me to go there and marry you?" "Yes, sir, if you please." "Young man," said the justice, "this office of mine is like a department store. We sell matches here, but we don't deliver them at the house."—Youth's Companion.

Conscience.

In the commission of evil another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand against thyself. Another thou mayest avoid—thyself thou canst not.—Quarles.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

FURNITURE
We carry the late styles and up-to-date designs in Furniture.
If you are going to furnish a home, or just add a piece to what you already have, look over our complete line.
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A BANANA TREE.
The Fruit Grows Small End Up and is Cut While Upright.
Contrary to popular belief, bananas do not grow on the tree as they hang in the grocery, but with the small end of the fruit pointing upward—to all appearances upside down.
There is probably no other fruit of such universal consumption about which so little is known to the average person as the banana. Scarcely one man in a thousand not connected with the business knows what a banana tree looks like.
The fruit is never allowed to ripen on the tree, but is cut half or three-quarters "full"—that is, half to three-quarters developed, according to the distance it is to be shipped—and comes to maturity by feeding from the stalk, which contains a large amount of sap. Bananas cut in this way attain practically the same size as if allowed to remain on the tree, in which case the bunch becomes too much of a burden for its support and either falls or breaks the tree and ripens on the ground.
After the cutting the plantation is "cleaned," which merely consists of severing the standing trunks within a few feet of the ground, and a new tree comes forth from the remains of its predecessor, so that the fruit in all stages of growth is to be found at the same time, and the yield is continuous.
Entirely Different.
'It's all very well before a girl's married for her to get a flower in her hair," remarked the observer of events and things, "but it's an entirely different matter if, after she's married, she gets her hair in flour."
A New Reason.
Annette, aged three has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My foot's asleep."—Delineator.
True Charges.
She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (thereby)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.
A Sure Cure.
"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"
"Try getting home late some night."—Boston Transcript.

WEALTH IN IRRIGATION
Congress has just appropriated Twenty Million Dollars to hasten the work of Government Irrigation.
THE GOVERNMENT SHOSHONE PROJECT IN THE BIG HORN BASIN
will receive its share and pushed to completion at once. Contracts for a twelve mile extension of the main canal were let June 27th. More than 150 farms now ready for settlers, and a large number of farms are now being surveyed, which will be open to entry in a few weeks.
These rich lands irrigated by the Government, can be homesteaded by simply repaying the Government actual cost—\$15 per acre, in ten yearly payments, without interest.
15,000 ACRES OF CAREY ACT LANDS just opened to entry—only 30 days residence required. Under this law settlers buy water from the irrigation company at \$50 per acre, and the land from the State at 50 cents per acre, paying \$10 per acre cash, the remainder running over a period of ten years at six per cent.
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