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STATES' RIGHTS IN THE SOUTH

Since the close of the war, in which the white men of the south fought for states' rights, 45 years have passed away, and a new generation of men, brought up in a very different school of political economics, is in charge of affairs. Twenty million white people in the southern states realize the mighty political and financial power of the national government.

It dominates all finance and all business. It is able to spend a billion dollars a year, many millions of which is to the direct benefit of particular localities and particular interests and individuals. It is able, by laying a tariff on certain articles of daily consumption, to cut off foreign competition, to pour unlimited wealth into the laps of home producers, or by removing the tariff to place great fortunes in the reach of merchant importers. Many of our people believe it can create out of paper in unlimited quantities money which all prefer to gold. What is a state of the union and what are its rights in comparison with the supposed supreme power of the national government? Everybody who wants anything that such supreme power, guided by some sort of political favor or influence, can give naturally looks to the national government and not to the state.

States' rights are today scarcely more than a theory, and if it were proposed today to eliminate all state government, and retaining the state boundaries only as geographical lines, place all political power in the hands of the central government, how many of the southern people would take up arms to resist the movement. It seems not too much to say that there would be no such resistance. Of course, it would be requisite that for every state office blotted out by such a change a federal office should be substituted in its place, with an equal or greater salary, because the holding of office is the chief public interest of a democratic-republican people, but there would be no serious objection to the change, at least in the southern states.—New Orleans Picayune (Dem.)

A REAL GOOD TIME.

A man at Coffeyville had no one to love him, none to care, because he was fond of the flowing bowl. In the good old halcyon days at Coffeyville there was no great prejudice against the booze fighter, and a man might empty his half pint flask in public, and not lose prestige.

But times have changed at Coffeyville, as elsewhere, and the man whose nose is too red, and whose breath suggests last year's hens' nests and whose legs wind around each other when he walks, is a social outcast.

So this social outcast stood down by the depot, waiting for the train to come in. It is a rather curious and interesting fact that people who empty half pint flasks, day after day, for several years, finally become possessed of an overwhelming desire to see the trains come in. That is why there used to be so many empty bottles around the railway depots in Kansas.

The outcast leaned against a baggage truck, and waited and waited for the train. Ever and anon he drew a flask from his hip pocket and quaffed some kind of beverage for the memories of Lenore. His mind was so occupied with memories of Lenore, and with thoughts of the train that was due, that he restored his bottle to his pocket wrong end up, and the precious juice ran out, and saturated his pants. Upon making this discovery he was greatly annoyed as who wouldn't be? Whisky costs money.

He turned for consolation to his trusty pipe. He filled it with tobacco, and then struck a match on the truck, and immediately was converted into a living torch. The whisky caught fire, and burned with a beautiful blue flame. The outcast resembled a Fourth of July celebration, and he yelled as though full of enthusiasm. Bystanders rushed to the rescue and extinguished the blaze after much difficulty and the outcast was carted away to a hospital. As he lies on his bed of pain he is thinking of half-pint flasks, and the numerous trains which come and go. Beware of mail order booze.—Emporia Gazette.

LAWYERS MADE FOR LAWYERS.

Has it ever occurred to you that laws in this country are made for the financial interests of the lawyers and not for the administration of justice? Well, according to Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois, that's what they are made for. Speaking at a meeting in Chicago a few evenings since President James declared that we need an education for the lawyers that will lift the courts out of this condition. He gave it as his opinion that the lawyer who tries to keep his clients out of court has, as a rule, the largest and best patronage.

"The United States is on the same level with Spain, Italy and Turkey in the administration of justice in its criminal courts, and not on a par with England, France and Germany," said he.

President James did not blame the lawyers so much as he did the people. It is an injustice both to the accused and the public to permit the continuance of existing conditions. He denounced the "senseless technicalities in the administration of justice," and declared that it "is a disgrace to our country that we do not see to it that we have adequate education for our lawyers."

"The lawyer, the doctor and the farmer," he said, "are all working for their own financial interests, and it is the duty of the public to work for its interests if conditions are to be improved. And we need more for an improvement of these conditions by raising the standards of education."

"The average medical student is interested in a training that will enable him to get ahead of some one else and bring him a larger fee. The average man should be interested in an education of physicians that will improve the public health and should demand such education."

"The inefficiency of the average American farmer is deplorable. If we could place a scientific efficiency among the farmers we would get better qualities and more for our tables."

"As long as this country continues to grow there will be a demand for an advancement of the university. We want an institution so excellent that it will not be necessary for a young man or a young woman to go to another state or to another country to get the highest education."—Lincoln Star.

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA BY TRAIN.

Uniontown—Yankee brains and pluck are now engaged in building the connecting link of a great trans-continental highway of commerce across South America, claimed to be second only in importance to the Panama Canal as the great construction project of the present day in the Western Hemisphere, as it will give an outlet to the marvellously rich rubber and timber fields of Brazil and Bolivia.

Elza E. Van Sickle, a young civil engineer, is home in Uniontown on a vacation, after eighteen months on that work, being located at Porto Velho, in the wilds of Brazil, 5,500 miles from Pennsylvania. About two hundred high salaried and skilled men from the United States and two thousand laborers are on the project, working for the Madeira Mamore Railroad Company, an immense concern, of which Mr. Farquhar of Paris, France, is president. The contractors and directing heads of the work are Yankees.

As early as 1878 an attempt was made to build this road by Philadelphia contractors, who found the health conditions and natural surroundings obstacles too big to overcome.

Later a French company worked in the same field, and now the Madeira Mamore Company is prepared to carry the work to completion. Mr. Van Sickle said:

"With the power and sanction of the Brazilian government behind this big undertaking, and with millions of dollars of capital to carry it forward, success is assured. The object is to build a railroad around six falls to connect the Madeira river with the Mamore river. Above these falls the Mamore river is navigable for small steamers clear into Bolivia."

"When completed there will be 192 miles of road. Track has already been laid for 82 miles, with 30 more under construction, and in the course of two years more the entire distance will be covered. Then the big engineering feat of bridging the Mamore river will be undertaken to get over into Bolivia. This latter country will then build a road to meet the Brazilian road and eventually rivers and railroads will unite in a great trans-continental route across South America. Hitherto impenetrable forests and jungles will be opened up and their products sent out to the markets of the world. And to a very large extent Yankee brains and capital are carrying forward this project, which means so much to South America, as well as the world at large.

"American contractors, May, Jekyll

& Randolph, are doing the work for the Madeira Mamore Company, and the machinery is shipped there from the United States. This firm built the Cuba Eastern road in Cuba, which was completed in 1906. Baldwin locomotives from Philadelphia and steel rails from France are used. Cement comes from the States. Those engaged in the work subsist largely on canned goods imported from Uncle Sam's domain.

"Two thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon, in the great wilds of Brazil, is Porto Velho, the headquarters of this great railroad project. Starting in 1907 with a few tents, it has grown in three years to perhaps the most wonderful station of the kind ever established so far from civilization."

"Great structures have been erected for permanent use and offices are fitted up with an elegance to compare with the average offices of big corporations in New York City. Some of the world's best talent has been drawn there and some salaries reach as high as \$25,000 per year, payable in the equivalent of gold."

"Porto Velho has modern office buildings and residences for the officials, a fine hospital with physicians of the highest skill, complete sewerage system, immense car barn, planing mill, machine shop, factory to repair boilers, ice plant, sawmill, laundry, commissary store and wireless telegraph station. All buildings are on concrete foundations. All water used there is bottled and filtered and sanitary precautions of all kinds are taken."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A NOTABLE BALOON VOYAGE FIFTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

The Atlantic set sail from Washington Square, St. Louis, on the evening of July 1, 1859. In the great basket that dangled from her rigging were John LaMountain of Troy, N.Y., who owned and controlled the craft; John Wise of Lancaster, Pa., a notable aeronaut; William Hyde and O. A. Geiger, both of Bennington, Va. These four found themselves before the ascension much in the public eye. They expressed their hopes of crossing the country to New York, and LaMountain had planned and constructed the Atlantic with that end in view.

When their baloon was brought to St. Louis to be prepared for the undertaking there was much interest shown by the citizens of that river town. It did not diminish before the Atlantic at just 7:20 o'clock in the evening of the appointed day, swung up from between them and headed for the clouds. Then there were cheers from some of those who huddled in the square, while many others remained silent, certain, in their own minds that they were witnessing four of their fellows start toward a quick and certain death.

The Atlantic rose into a southwest current of air, and within an hour St. Louis, with the broad and twisting Mississippi beside it, faded from sight and the short summer night began. The wind must have held true, for at 4 o'clock in the morning LaMountain fancied that he espied beneath him the faint and yellow light of an Indiana town. Soon after that he awakened his companions, and, pointing far over the basket edge, told them they were passing over the surface of a large body of water.

"You can see the stars below you now," he explained.

And the baloon continued to sail thus between the stars until day broke clearly, and the aeronauts could perceive that they were being hurled eastward at a terrific rate. Within two hours they had swept over Toledo and were above the surface of Lake Erie.

As the Atlantic passed Sandusky a small steamboat that had received a telegraphed warning put out from the shore, and its pilot greeting the air voyagers told of the intense excitement their trip was creating throughout the country. The entire Northeast was watching the skies for a sight of the wonderful Atlantic. The baloon passed rapidly down the lake, keeping well out from shore and majestically receiving salutes from each passing craft. Its crew was thrilled with excitement. Each of the men realized that he was part and parcel of an epoch making journey. By noon it had dipped into Canada, near the mouth of the Welland Canal, had crossed the Niagara river, within full sight of the great falls, putting Buffalo upon the right and Lockport upon the left of its course.

It was then decided that the baloon had traveled too far north to reach New York City. The gas was beginning to fail, and it was thought advisable to make a landing near Rochester, leaving Hyde and Geiger there with a small boat that had been carried as a part of the accoutrement, while LaMountain and Wise would try to reach Portland or Boston.

With this plan in mind, LaMountain lowered the Atlantic carefully, and began to scan the course of the

Erie Canal for a convenient landing place. The Atlantic was making terrific dips downward. She neared the treetops until Wise, who was in charge of the gas valve, shouted:

"For God's sake, heave over anything that you can lay your hands on, LaMountain!"

LaMountain prepared to cut loose the heavy boat, yet hesitated, for the baloon was swinging north, again and out toward Lake Ontario. He dropped a final 150 pounds of ballast. The Atlantic shot up even in the face of a terrific wind, and her crew hoped to make the Canada shore.

In this extremity everything went by the board. First went the carpet bags and personal belongings of the voyagers, and finally their valuable and heavy scientific instruments were sacrificed to the waters. The Atlantic would rise only to sink upon the rough surface of Ontario. The baloon swooped upon the turbulent water, and finally its boat crashed against the waves, breaking it into firewood.

"Be easy, gentleman," said LaMountain, calmly, "I would have her afloat in another moment."

He succeeded in cutting the boat away, and the Atlantic swung into the air again. The wind continued to sweep the baloon along at a fearful rate, the half-distended gas bag serving as an enormous sail which carried it along at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

It kept above the water, however, and the four men knew that they stood a good chance of being blown upon the east shore of Lake Ontario. Fifteen miles offshore was a small steam boat, evidently bound from Oswego to Kingston. When its captain saw the peril of the aeronauts he put about and followed in the wake of the Atlantic.

But he was soon left far behind, and the big baloon swept upon the shore and over the treetops of the forest, while her dangling anchor hook tossed against its highest branches. When the hook finally caught a treetop, the Atlantic's speed was such that the inch and a quarter iron instantly snapped. The baloon, thus freed, continued inland for another mile, crashing and breaking down trees until finally its basket caught in the crooked limbs of a tall elm. The men had saved themselves by climbing high into the rigging of the craft.

The tree held the airship captive for nearly a minute; then it too gave way under the strain, and high in the air went baloon, basket and the greater part of the tree. This last load was too much for the Atlantic, and hardly had she risen before she settled down into another tree, her attachments inextricably tangled, but herself as little injured as her crew.

The baloon was soon after cut down from the tree and carried to Watertown, the nearest large town, where it was exhibited in the public square there to the great throngs of admiring country folk. It had attained its first great reputation, for of it could now be said that it had beaten all aerial records for the time and speed.

Despite the fame that came to them for having made an almost unreachably record, Hyde and Geiger had had enough of ballooning, and returned to their home. Mr. Wise was called back to Lancaster, but the intrepid LaMountain found a new companion in aeronautics in John A. Haddock, a country editor, then engaged in printing the Watertown Reformer. Haddock was a daring sort of a fellow, and had already returned from a trip into the most impenetrable Labrador region. He assisted LaMountain in repairing the Atlantic, and she was soon as good as new, although it was deemed best to reduce her size one third.

The two men said that they would sail from Watertown to Europe. A national excitement over ballooning became at fever height again when it was known that the great Atlantic, with such a tremendous record already won, would soon set out to beat her own record. Another great throng gathered in the public square at Watertown, and at just twenty-seven minutes before 6 o'clock in the evening, on September 20, 1859, it saw the Atlantic again swoop upward toward heaven.

Of the ascension, Haddock later said in his paper:

"Many were the friendly hands we shook—many a fervent 'God bless you' and 'Happy voyage' were uttered—and many handkerchiefs waved their mute adieus. 'Let go all' and away we soared, the horses on the square reared and pitched a good deal at the novel sight, but in an instant all minor sounds of earth had ceased, and we were lifted into a silent sphere, whose shores were without an echo, their silence equaled only by that of the grave. Not the least feeling of trepidation was experienced; an extraordinary elation took possession of my soul, and fear was as far removed as though I had been sitting in my room at home."

"Two or three things struck me as peculiar in looking down from an altitude of half a mile; the small appear-

ance of our village from a height and the beautiful mechanical look which the straight fences and oblong square fields of the farmers present. The buildings from the village, do not at such a height, appear to cover a tenth part of the ground. Our poor old courthouse looked like a pepper box standing on a 10 acre lot, and tallest church spire barely equaled in size a respectable Maypole. * * * As we rose into the bright, fleecy clouds they looked between us and the earth like the patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in the springtime; but when we rose a little higher, the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold, white masses below us had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow covered country does as we look down upon it from a higher mountain."

Before 9 o'clock the trip of the Atlantic was over. The two men had caught sight of the St. Lawrence river to the southwest of them just before the short September day ended, and by that they knew that they were being carried far north into Canada. It became very cold, the mercury having dropped from eighty-four degrees, registered on the ground at Watertown, to twenty-two degrees as night came on. Once after dark they caught the scream of a locomotive whistle, and then, as they descended, they heard the continuous haying of a farmer's dog, as if they were conscious of something unusual and monstrous in the clouded sky. When, twenty minutes later, they made their final descent and landed their baloon on a treetop until the morning's light should come to aid them, there were no barking dogs, and the aeronauts' correct intuition told them that they were in a forest. In a space of a little over three hours their baloon had covered more than four hundred miles. The south wind had swept them into the Canadian forests, more than 150 miles north of Ottawa, a wild country.

Haddock and LaMountain found themselves lost in the wilderness. The baloon was abandoned in the forest, and for four days they stumbled aimlessly through the brush. Then good fortune brought them into the path of a party of lumbermen bound for Ottawa, and after what seemed an interminable time of seven days they reached Ottawa and the telegraph wires to the outer world. By this time their ascension had been a nine days' wonder, and their obituaries already published across the country.

When it was known that the aeronauts were alive and safe there was great rejoicing. In Watertown the old cannon was brought out into the public square to belch forth a noisy welcome to the travelers.

The Civil War, just then beginning put a stop to further ballooning at that time. LaMountain entered the Union Army, and, dying on a Southern battle field, left unsought in the great Hudson Bay wilderness the remains of his beloved Atlantic, one of the greatest airships ever known.—Kansas City Times.

An Unusual Opportunity.
The young clergyman had been urged by his bishop to raise in his small parish as large a sum as possible to swell the fund for the people of a faroff Isle. The rector had put the need before his people as graphically as he was able, but he was not gifted with eloquence and felt that his appeal had not struck home to the hearts of his listeners. He made a last attempt to rouse their enthusiasm for the worthy cause.

"Think of them, so far away," he said earnestly. "Think of 20,000 persons living without the privileges of Christian burial, while any of you here in this little town may have the advantages of four handsome cemeteries, and give of your abundance, my brethren, to those who have nothing."—Youth's Companion.

Correct.
Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children," she added by way of illustration, "and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a philanthropist."

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cinch" shouted Tommy.—New York Weekly.

Reassured the Judge.
A wife, joining her husband in a conveyance of real estate, was asked by the judge, who examined her in private, according to the act of the assembly, whether she acted without compulsion on the part of her husband. She stuck her arms akimbo and replied: "He compel me! No, nor twenty like him!"—Argonaut.

An Important Detail.
Secretary of Missionary Society—We are sending you to Kal-Kal Island, in the Solomon. Is there any particular information you would like about the inhabitants? Budding Missionary—Er—are they vegetarians?

Public Sentiment.
"Do you pay much attention to public sentiment?"
"No; I always look the other way when I see a young couple holding hands in the park."—Pittsburg Post.

Never talk of other people's faults without necessity and avoid those who do.



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Old Enough to Be Good.

He was a liquid eyed Spaniard en tour through Italy. She was a New England maiden lady doing Florence. They met first at the pension table 't'hot and next in the Uffizi gallery.

"The madonna of which you spoke," said the liquid eyed Spaniard, "is across the hall and down to the right two doors. It hangs in gallery 3."

"According to my Baedeker," protested the New England maiden lady, "it hangs in gallery 5."

"Pardon. It is impossible," protested the Spaniard. "It stands here in my Baedeker that it is to be found in gallery 3."

"Perhaps," said the New England maiden, "your book is out of date. But it is easy to assure ourselves you are right. Let us go to gallery 3 or to gallery 5 and see."

"Madame," said the Spaniard, with some emotion, "it is not necessary to exert ourselves. This book, madame, is perfectly reliable. My grandfather himself assured me so. It is the very volume that he used when he himself toured Italy at my age."—Detroit Free Press.

Old Enough to Notice.

"Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller.

"No," replied little Marguerite. "One of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."

Told Him.

"What's that boy yelling at?" asked the farmer of his son.

"Why," chuckled the boy, "he's just yelling at the top of his voice."

Wesley and Tea.

In his younger days John Wesley found it difficult to stop drinking tea. He wrote in 1746: "We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money. If the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea, we resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expect some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and according to the first three days my head ached and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. On Thursday my headache was gone, my memory as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects from that day to this."

Later in life Wesley returned to the use of tea, as his big tent preserved in his house in London shows.—Chicago News.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF PLATTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of Freeman M. Cookingham, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the District Court of Platte county, Nebraska, made on the 22nd day of October, 1910, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, the undersigned will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the Court House in the city of Columbus, in Platte county, Nebraska, on the 25th day of November, 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit: The north half (N. 1/2) of Lots numbered five (5) and six (6) in Block number eighteen (18) in Lockard's second addition to the village of Hamphrey, Nebraska, said property will be sold as one parcel.
ETGENIA I. COOKINGHAM,
Administratrix of the estate of Freeman M. Cookingham, deceased.

November Bulletin

TO THE SOUTH: Homeseekers' excursions will continue during the winter to the South and Southwest; winter tourist excursions are in effect every day to southern resorts; these excursion rates offer an excellent chance to escape the Northern winter in looking over the land and recreation possibilities of the new South.

HOMESEKERS' EXCURSIONS: On the first and third Tuesdays in the new lands of the West, including the Big Horn Basin, which country today offers the greatest combination of industrial and farming resources at the cheapest rates that can be found in the country.

TO CALIFORNIA: Every day excursion rates with choice of routes going and returning, to include the whole Pacific slope. Thousands of Americans, especially invalids and elderly people, have selected Southern California for their permanent place for a winter sojourn.

Through tourist sleepers to California via Denver, scenic Colorado and Salt Lake—the all year route.

Send for Burlington publications, "California Excursions," "Pacific Coast Tours." Let me help you plan the tour of the greatest attraction at the lowest rates.



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