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SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

The defeat of Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana is the most conspicuous casualty sustained by the insurgents since the inception of the movement. Real tears will be shed in the insurgent inner circle over the elimination of the brilliant young Indianan, and on the regular side there will be regret over the setback in so promising a public career.

Miled by the aggressiveness of more fortunately situated insurgent leaders, Senator Beveridge attempted to do in the close state of Indiana what LaFollette had done in the state where the democrats as a political force had been all but wiped out. Beveridge tried to cut loose from his republican moorings and create a Beveridge party in Indiana, recruiting it from progressive republican and progressive democratic ranks.

The Indiana outcome was logical. In a smaller way it typifies the working of the same law that gave the democrats the control of congress as soon as the republicans began to advertise their inability to stick together.—Sioux City Journal.

THE REFERENDUM BALLOT.

A glance at the yards and yards of ballot used at the recent election in South Dakota, where the initiative and referendum prevails, is enough to make even the most ardent referendum supporters skeptical over the political results of such a plan.

To a casual observer it would appear that not one man in fifty would ever read the great quantity of fine print on the ballots, giving the laws that are to be decided upon. And surely not one man in a hundred could give the time and thought for intelligent investigation that a vote upon such a proposition should require.

It has been proved that in a Nebraska primary campaign, where a multitude of candidates are to be voted on, the average voter will be acquainted with but a very few and will vote the balance of the ticket on the hit or miss plan. It may be imagined how much more of an uninformed vote might be cast upon propositions so complex as laws.

In modern business, the specialist is permitted to do the important things because he can do them better than the jack of all trades. The manager of a big corporation will hire specially trained men to do their various work, and will hold them responsible for the results. The man who attempts to take care of the multitude of details, soon finds himself swamped and nothing done as it should be.

It's a good deal the same in the referendum ballot. The average citizen under our present system employs specialists to make the laws—men who have time to concentrate their attention upon the intricate propositions arising. It is difficult to imagine how intelligent legislation can arise from submitting a mass of technical reading matter to the voter for decision. The voter hasn't the time and won't take the time, in the average case, to intelligently cast his ballot upon these propositions.—Norfolk News.

THIRD TERMS.

In no other country than the United States is there any prejudice against retaining the services of the highest public official as long as he represents the principles of a majority of the voters. Gladstone, for instance, was four times prime minister of England and nobly suggested that he was trying to make himself the autocrat of Great Britain. For of course it is intrinsically absurd to entertain such a belief in the case of a man whose power comes solely from the expressed approval of his fellow citizens.

In the United States the prejudice against the third term for Presidents dates back to the early years of the government. Washington established the precedent by declining a third nomination and there is a widespread idea that he refused it in compliance with a deep conviction that third terms should not be countenanced.

The fact, however, is that the sole reason urged by Washington was that of personal disinclination for further public service. He felt that he had done all that could be reasonably expected of him for his country and that he was entitled to a few years of rest. In his farewell address he said he had hoped to retire at the end of his first term, but he had yielded to the advice of friends who felt that he ought not to give up office in the critical condition of America's foreign relations. "I rejoice," he continued, "that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire."

Toward the end of Adams's administration, when it was evident that the Federalist party was rent by dissensions, and would probably be defeated, Washington's friends again urged him to become a candidate. But he refused. If he could accomplish a great public good by running for office he would do so, but he felt certain that other Federalists could be found who would run as well as he.

The anti third term principle was formulated by Jefferson, not Washington, though Jefferson pleaded Washington's example in its support. When he was asked to become a candidate for a third nomination to the service of the chief magistrate he was not fixed by the constitution or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become one for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance.

There is reason to believe, however, that Jefferson was hunting for arguments to support his own inclinations. He was better adapted to be a political counselor than to be an executive, and the Presidency had become distasteful to him. His administration was ending in gloom, and the war with England was even then impending. These considerations certainly helped him to the conclusion that no President should serve more than two terms. In 1812 friends urged him to become a candidate on the ground that in the approaching crisis the country needed a stronger executive than Madison. To them he declined on the ground of advanced age and Washington's example.

It is rather curious that the personal inclinations of two men a century ago should have established a sentiment that still has weight with the country.—Kansas City Star.

MISSOURI'S WELFARE.

The almost certain defeat, by big adverse majorities, of all the proposed constitutional amendments submitted to the people of Missouri shows that the judgment of the people was very completely overshadowed by the prejudices engendered by the prohibition question.

The record is certainly not creditable to the state. But it is hardly to be believed that the city and country residents of this commonwealth would have voted down every progressive proposal, if it had not been for that proposition question. Here in Missouri left with its university inadequately cared for, its seat of government and its records housed in an old, dilapidated capitol, its bad roads denied a policy which would have made them eventually good. Even the amendments merely to permit certain cities to procure local betterments at local expense, and subject to subsequent local approval, go down in a general disaster.

The prohibition question should not soon again be raised to interrupt or obstruct the course of the state's progress. That question has been answered quite decisively, and unless the brewers, by arrogant disregard of the people's demand for strict regulation, force it to the front, it should be permitted to rest.

The people of Missouri desire and need opportunity for impartial consideration of the state's welfare.—Kansas City Times.

Reminiscences of Edward Everett Hale

George S. Merriam in the Outlook.

Edward Everett Hale said that a good biography of Lincoln could have been made by asking each of a hundred men, taken just as you meet them to tell you his own particular story about Lincoln. That would not be a bad way to compile a biography of Hale himself.

I came to know him in the early '70s, when I was managing editor of the Christian Union—now the Outlook—and he was an occasional contributor.

One fortunate day Mr. Hale appeared in the Christian Union office. He was tall, with a face no one could pass without noticing: dome-like forehead, deep set gray blue eyes, swarthy complexion, haggard lines, a sweet and ready smile, grizzled hair and a full beard. His talk was graphic, wide ranging, full of suggestion and entertainment; he was a prince of talkers.

When my wife and I made what was practically our first visit to Boston, Mr. Hale, on whom we had no claim beyond a brief acquaintance, volunteered to introduce us to some of the attractions of the town, and gave up two of his busy days to act as the most delightful of cicerones. He showed us not only the famous features of the Hub—buildings, monuments, historic spots—but odd and out of the way matters of interest. He took us to one place (it was in winter) where every day a dinner was given to any person who asked for it: "We don't publish it abroad, but no man in Boston need go without a dinner." He illustrated the best interiors of the city by showing us through the house of a merchant prince—a delightful abode, with open fires and fresh flowers everywhere.

Finally he brought us in touch with his own work. We attended a meeting in his church of a class of ladies to whom he was giving a series of lectures on American history. After hearing his talk, one felt like discarding all other pursuits to study history! The evening of the same day, he took us to one of his church parlors where he had invited fifteen or twenty of his young people, on the threshold of manhood and womanhood. His purpose was to enlist them in an informal way in active service to people around them. In an hour's talk he gave them his familiar gospel of helpfulness, with illustrations suited to their age and circumstances, and with a sweet persuasiveness. Then they all sang together "America" and "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." When the meeting ended, the youngsters came round him, half eager, half shy, with questions and proposals: "Mr. Hale, could I do so-and-so?" "Would there be a chance for me in this direction or in that?" And so they enlisted for the good fight—not by profession, but by beginning with some definite line of action.

The way Doctor Hale remembered individual cases and faces was wonderful. His congregation was spread from Newfoundland to Alaska. It was said of a certain mother, "Her heart had a separate cell of money for each of her children;" and Hale seemed to have an individual niche for each one of the thousands of souls. A woman who knew him only by re-

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

One of the most difficult questions that astronomers have to solve is the direction and velocity of the flight of the solar system through space. We ordinarily speak of the world going round the sun as if that revolution was performed year after year in the same path, the sun standing still while the earth moves. But, as a matter of fact, the sun moves as well as the earth.

Our planet goes round the sun from east to west, but at the same time, the sun moves from south to north. The earth, therefore, is really traveling, not in a beaten circle, but in a spiral line, which is gradually carrying it toward certain stars in the northern sky. And, of course, all the other planets also travel in spirals, going at the same time round and round the sun, and with the sun toward the north.

The simplest proof that this motion of the solar system really exists is the fact that in that part of the sky toward which we are going the stars are observed to be slowly moving apart, while in the opposite part of the heavens they are drawing together.

But now comes the difficulty. On account of the immense distance of the stars, the apparent motions exhibited by them as a result of our varying distance from them are exceedingly slight; far too slight to be detected without the aid of the most delicate instruments, applied with an accuracy and precision that only great skill and long practice can give.

Then too, each star has an actual motion of its own—one in one direction and another in another—for, like our

putation found herself moved to confide in him and ask his advice in a domestic problem closely affecting her happiness. He listened attentively, then said: "This is, too serious and complicated for an offhand answer. Come again in a few days and I will tell you what I think." Some unexpected turn of affairs opened the woman's way, and she did not return. Several years afterward she was leaving a train at a railway station, and as she passed down the aisle she saw him (she had never met but once) occupying a seat. With no sign from her he recognized her, and leaned forward with the exclamation, "My child, you never came back!"

Of his wit I must give one instance—the only saying of his own which I ever heard him recall. He was visiting Horace Mann in the early days of Antioch College, and in their walk about the grounds they encountered a sign reading, "Gentlemen are requested not to spit tobacco juice in the presence of ladies." Hale exclaimed against it. "But it is necessary," said Mann. "At least soften somehow," said Hale. "Put it in Latin." How could you say it in Latin?" asked Mann. "Why," replied Hale, promptly. "Ne quid nimis—ne quid nigh Miss!"

I suppose Hale's exuberant imagination sometimes took him off his feet, made him over hopeful in his estimates, and betrayed him into practical mistakes. He was not a first class business man, and he sometimes got into difficulties from which his friends had to extricate him—a help they were glad to give. But, in the large and just view, his vivid fancy, along with his humor and playfulness, contributed vastly not only to getting good work done, but done with ease and joy. Never was a sinner who had made so much fun as his saint! I once happened into the lecture room of his church when he was giving a reading from his own stories. The story chosen was "The Yellow Dog"—one of his fantasies. It started with the going of Joseph to Egypt as prisoner of a company of Midianites, as told in Genesis. Joseph, so ran the tale, one night tried to steal away and go back to Canaan. He got safely as far as the borders of the encampment, when a yellow dog barked, gave the alarm, and Joseph was recaptured. Now, said the story, if the yellow dog had not barked, Joseph would have escaped, Jacob's family would never have gone to Egypt, and the whole course of the world's history would have been different. And then ensued a supposititious history of what might have been for the next forty or fifty generations! As I listened to his drollery I had my eye on the audience and they were the best of all. A company of genuine Bostonians—cultivated, serious, with high purposes and a good deal of dead-in-earnest (all this one easily guessed if he didn't see)—and all these excellent folks with a broad smile often rippling into laughter over a ridiculous story of a yellow dog and a history that never happened! And I said to myself, "Who embroilers a serious gospel with a halo of mirth like our dear old Hale!"

SHE LOVED SNUFF.

Remarkable Will and Funeral of a Queer Englishwoman. The will of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, which is preserved as a curiosity at Somerset House, England, is a tribute to the delights and consolations of snuff. The testatrix directed that in her coffin should be buried with her all her handkerchiefs and sufficient of the best Scotch snuff to cover her body. This she preferred to flowers, as "nothing could be more fragrant and so refreshing to me as that precious powder." Further, the six greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster, were to be her bearers. Six old maids, each bearing in her hand a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they walked, were to bear the pall. Before the corpse the minister was to walk, carrying and partaking of a pound of snuff. At every twenty yards a handful of snuff was to be delivered to the bystanders, and at the door of the testatrix's house were to be placed two bushels of the same quality of snuff for gratuitous distribution. In order to insure the carrying out of her wishes the testatrix made the legacies given by the will dependent upon an exact and literal fulfillment of the conditions above named. In closing she bade all concerned to regard snuff as the grand cordial of nature.

Toned It Down.

"King Edward," said an English visitor in New York, "hated snobbishness. To show how ridiculous snobbishness was he used often to tell about an alphabet book of his childhood. "This book had alliterative sentences arranged under each letter, thus: "Callous Caroline camed a cur cruelly." "Henry hated the heat of heavy hats." "Under the letter V came the facetious sentence: "William Vilkins viped his veskit." "But the young prince's snobbish tutors thought this sentence too vulgar and low for their charge and accordingly they substituted for it the more refined and genteel line: "Vincent Vining viewed a vacant villa."

The Silver Lining. In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

Contrary Human Nature.

"I suppose it is our natural contrariness which makes us do such paradoxical things." "Such as what?" "As makes us long for things when we are short."—Baltimore American.

INDIAN SIGNAL FIRES.

The transparency of the atmosphere upon the plains is such that objects can be seen at great distances; a mountain, for example, presents a distinct and bold outline at fifty or sixty miles, and may occasionally be seen as far as a hundred miles.

The Indians, availing themselves of this fact, have been in the habit of practicing a system of telegraphing by means of smokes during the day and fires by night; and, I dare say, there are but few travelers who have crossed the mountains to California that have not seen these signals made and responded to from peak to peak in rapid succession. The Indians thus make known to their friends many items of information highly important to them. If enemies or strangers make their appearance in the country, the fact is telegraphed at once, giving them time to secure their animals and prepare for attack, defense or flight.

War or hunting parties, after having been absent a long time from their erratic friends at home, and, not knowing where to find them, make use of the same preconcerted signals to indicate their presence. Very dense smokes may be raised by kindling a large fire with dry wood, and piling upon it the green boughs of pine, balsam or hemlock. This throws off a heavy cloud of black smoke which can be seen very far. This simple method of telegraphing, so useful to the savage both in war and peace, may in my judgment be used to advantage in the movements of troops co-operating in separate columns in the Indian country.—Captain Burton's "Overland Expeditions" (1863.)

THE BELTED PLAID.

This Was the Original Dress of the Scottish Highlander.

The original dress of the highlander was the belted plaid. This was a piece of tartan cloth, two yards broad and four long, which was drawn around the waist in nicely adjusted folds and tightly buckled with a belt. The lower part came down to the knees in much the same manner as the modern kilt, while the upper part was drawn up and adjusted to the left shoulder, so that the right arm might be perfectly free. This upper part was the plaid, which was used as a covering for the shoulders and body in wet weather, and when the use of both arms was required it was fastened across the breast with a brooch, often curiously enriched. A brooch was also used to fasten the plaid on the left shoulder. To attire himself in the belted plaid required on the part of the highlander no small amount of dexterity. The usual way was to lay it on the floor and after carefully arranging the folds to lie down upon it and then buckle it on. The lower end was fastened at the right hip. The utility of such a dress in the highlands is obvious, for the plaid rendered the man indifferent to storms and prepared to pass a night in the open air in the most inclement weather, while the loose undergarment enabled him to wade rivers or ascend mountains with equal ease. It was thus peculiarly adapted to the warrior, the hunter and the shepherd.—London Mail.

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Nebraska Telephone Co.

D. J. ECHOLS, Local Manager.

The Japanese Policeman.

Japan has a police force modeled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokyo there are small kabancho, which resemble sentry boxes, but are larger. Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning at regular intervals to the box. Stations are changed every eight hours. After twenty-four hours' work the three officers are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box. During their "off" days the men are employed in taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances and the presence of suspicious persons.—Harper's Weekly.

The Horseshoe Legend.

Here is an explanation of the old horseshoe superstition: St. Dunstan was a skilled farrier. One day while at work in his forge the devil entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This St. Dunstan did, but only after he had made the evil one promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where the horseshoe was displayed.

A Long Wait.

At a Denver hotel a woman went into one of the telephone booths and sat down. It is not possible to get a telephone number from the booth—the girl at the board has to call it. The girl went to the booth. "Did you want a telephone number?" she asked of the woman.

Pope's Preference.

The Prince of Wales of Pope's time once said to the poet: "Mr. Pope, do you not like kings?" "Sir," replied the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown."

He Told Her.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta. "I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie softly.

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, 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 south half (N. 1/2) of Lots numbered 5 and 6 in Block number eighteen (18) in Lochner's second addition to the village of Humphrey, Nebraska, said property will be sold as one parcel.

EUGENIA 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.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS: On the first and third Tuesdays to 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, Seaside Colorado and Salt Lake—the all year route.

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