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A TECHNICALITY THAT BUILT A COURT HOUSE.

The following article taken from the Kansas City Star indicates that there are some Missourians who don't have to be "shown," but, on the contrary have established a reputation for "showing" other people how to obtain a thing that is badly needed when prejudice warps the mind of the voters to such an extent that they refuse to provide a proper and safe place for storing the county records and transacting county business.

Possibly the supervisors of Platte county can obtain a few pointers by a careful perusal of the article below:

Five out of six of the voters of Miller county, Missouri, made no effort to conceal their mirth on the night of the bond election in December, 1909. It was a great joke on Tuscumbia, the county seat. The proposition to issue bonds for \$30,000 for a new court house had been defeated. Fine! Miller county could now lie down to pleasant dreams.

Of course, few voters denied that a new court house was needed. The old building, erected in 1857, was shaking with age. The county records were housed in wooden closets. But one of those ancient controversies, a county seat fight, had been a factor in the bond election, with Iberia to the south and Eldon to the northeast, aspirants for the county capital. Assembling their united forces, they caused the proposal to expend \$30,000 for a new court house in the rival town of Tuscumbia to appear decidedly "scattering" in the returns.

If the boosters for Iberia and Eldon had reckoned with one little detail, they might have been laughing yet. The consideration overlooked was the fact that two of the county judges chosen to sit in judgment in the affairs of Miller county were residents of Tuscumbia. They were David C. Bear, presiding judge, and J. L. Blackburn, judge from the northern district. This was really a matter of the greatest importance, as it subsequently developed.

After the election the county judges settled down to the humdrum routine of transacting the county's business. The procedure wasn't quite as humdrum as the county judges could wish, however. For example, when a county judge is placing his O. K. on a county bill, or affixing his signature to a county voucher, it is rather disconcerting to have the county ceiling begin to fall down on him. Also little incidents of this sort are a stimulus to the imagination.

Along in the early spring of 1910 the county judges began to accumulate "nerves" which, obviously, is not conducive to a calm, judicial survey of county affairs. One day when a particularly large section of ceiling had splashed down on the long table at which the county judges sat, and after they had subjected themselves to the customary "dry cleaning" process, one of the judges conceived an idea. Why not "repair" the old court house? That is, why not "repair" it by building a new court house? Of course, under a technical interpretation of their powers the judges understood that they could not appropriate money to build a new court house. Bonds must be voted by the people under such circumstances. But the county judges had seen the powerful technicality invoked on behalf of reaction so many times, they concluded that for once, at least, it should be invoked on behalf of progress.

And so on April 9, 1910, the judges voted to "repair" the old court house. J. J. Atwell, the third judge, did not live in Tuscumbia, but desiring very much to live somewhere, he voted with the Tuscumbia judges and the order was unanimous. To keep within the law the judges then issued in effect an order "to repair the old court house by building a new court house entirely around the old building." The first contract, let for the stone work and the building of five concrete fireproof

vaults, called for an expenditure of \$13,800. This was money that had been accumulating in the county treasury for years through a very economical expenditure of funds. Since the original contract was let a new board of county judges has gone on with the work of construction, and is now completing the dome of the building, making the complete cost to date \$14,675.50, which has exhausted all the available funds of the county, and involved it in debt nearly \$1,000.

The county judges who conceived the brilliant idea which will give Miller county a handsome new stone court house were not candidates for re-election, and they have been replaced by a new board. But their work is marching on. The new board is composed of W. M. Harrison, presiding judge, Eldon; S. G. Crum, judge of the northern district, Olean, and J. L. Winfrey, judge of the southern district, Iberia. But the rivals of Tuscumbia, Iberia and Eldon, realize that it would be useless to ask their representatives on the board to waste \$15,000 of the people's money by raising the new court house, the shell of which is now practically finished. Such a proceeding, they understand, would not advance their ambitions to be county seats.

The new court house is a handsome affair. In dimensions it is 50 by 112, completely enveloping the old court house, which is 42 by 56. There were eight rooms in the old building. When the new building is completed it will have twenty rooms, including a commodious circuit court auditorium, five fireproof vaults and a concrete basement. It is built of native stone.

"We are to have such modern court conveniences as lawyers' consultation rooms and witness rest rooms," Judge Crum said. "We have not yet provided a means of obtaining running water to supply the building. We have other things to worry us now. And up there—" the judge pointed to a large space empty to the roof since the outside stone walls were extended in front of the old court house without the addition of any flooring—"up there is to be a ladies' waiting room and that joint is to support a long plush seat."

One can see how the new judges are entering into the spirit of improvement. The five fireproof vaults already have been completed and are housing the county records. In the new wings of the building but few windows have yet been provided, the other openings being covered with boards.

It will take four years to accumulate the funds necessary to complete the court house, say the judges, and it has made necessary a most rigid system of saving in every department, excepting the maintenance of schools. Of course, if the county wants to reconcile itself to Tuscumbia's possession of the official seat, the thing to do would be to start sentiment for another election and provide the \$15,000 or so that is necessary to finish the structure. Otherwise the county will have to content itself with unkept roads, shaky bridges and other delinquencies in county work. The money saved by this neglect of highways is going into the new court house.

Tuscumbia has been the seat of Miller county ever since the state legislature in 1837 chopped off the edges of Cole and Pulaski counties and established Miller. That was twenty years before the Missouri Pacific railroad was built through the state, and Tuscumbia, by reason of its location on the banks of the Osage river, yearly navigated, and almost precisely in the center of the county, was made the county seat. Tuscumbia still is fourteen miles from the railroad station at Eldon.

Miller county is in the foothills of the Ozarks. To appreciate the true altitude of Tuscumbia, one should know that chickens from back yards halfway down the hill roost at night in the topmost branches of lofty sycamore and oak trees planted on lower levels.

At the top of the town's highest hill stands the court house. Resting on its lofty pedestal, seven hundred feet above the river, it is perhaps the most striking monument in this country to the power of a technicality.

Four Kinds of Liars. The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

Extra Hazardous. Beers—Poor Mrs. DeAlteros has always been unlucky in the selection of her husbands. Townsend—Why do you say that? Beers—Her first husband was a guide in the Adirondacks, her second was a baseball umpire, her third was a manufacturer of dynamite and her last was an aviator.—Chicago News.

THE REAL ISSUE OF RECIPRO-CITY.

If the congress and people of the United States are at this time capable of thinking nationally and with far-sighted statesmanship the president's reciprocity measure will be passed without delay.

If it is defeated it will be because we are pusillanimous and purblind. Senator Beveridge yesterday placed the larger aspects of this issue emphatically before the country in a noteworthy speech in the senate. The issue he declared was this:

Shall the United States and Canada begin the policy of mutual trade concessions and commercial friendliness? Or shall we make permanent the policy of trade obstruction and commercial hostility between the countries?

And more important still is the consideration he urged in declaring that "The beginning of freer trade relations between these two people who are immediate neighbors and who are of one blood, language, and religion, is the large phase of this question."

It has been said that the tariff is a moral issue. It may be said that the Canadian reciprocity compact involves an issue of civilization on the North American continent.

There is involved not only the largest material good of two great peoples but likewise the largest social and moral good. We know, or we ought to know, in this twentieth century that civilization and social advancement move on the great current of commerce. There was a time when there was much talk of the political unity of the North American continent. The conception was as nothing to that of the commercial community offered by the principle of reciprocity.

In England they see this, and the tremendous eventual possibilities of the reciprocity compact are in the foreground of the British discussion. Our congress and our people should be equally clear visioned. Yet up to this time there seems to be not adequate national comprehension of what the reciprocity issue profoundly involves.

Against the large national view, the continental view of the two peoples essentially one in race, in law, and broad political and social ideas, in economic conditions and commercial needs, against this view of the largest unity, we have the guerrilla warfare of selfish privilege and local interest.

The most influential opposition to be feared on this side of the line, and the most respectable, because it is popular and direct and not corporate, is the opposition among the farmers. But if this is legitimate, it is also erroneous. That the farmer is to be injured is not to be concluded from the known facts. The value of protection to the farmer always has been challenged by our economic students, but the further fear that reciprocity will overwhelm him under a torrent of Canadian surplus product in his own market is obviously impossible.

For example, the United States raised last year 160,000,000 bushels of barley. Canada exported in all 1,107,000 bushels. Even if every bushel of that were to be turned across the line, would the effect be worth the rumors that is now being made over this detail?

Canada's total export of cereals is about one-fifth of our cereal crop. Is there promise of ruin in that? Of butter, Canada's exports were \$1,010,274, and the butter production of the United States is estimated at 25 cents a pound at \$350,000,000. Her egg exports were \$40,000, and our production, estimated at 25 cents the dozen, was \$500,000,000.

Canada's export of bacon and ham was last year one-fifth of ours, and her export of cattle on the hoof only about 18,000 head more.

The farmers are deceived by a bugaboo which they should examine with care. They will make a grave mistake if they lend themselves to the obstruction of a great national measure of general and far-reaching beneficence.

It may be shown by experience that certain details of the agreement are bad. But, as Senator Beveridge pointed out, the agreement is subject to amendment and may be readjusted in detail as the common welfare of this country and Canada indicates.

To establish a great continental policy of commercial cooperation and exchange founded upon the community of our largest and deepest interest is the purpose of the reciprocity compact.

President Taft has not shown a greater proof of statesmanship than in his imperative insistence upon the passage of this measure.—Chicago Tribune.

JEFFERSON HIS FINAL CHOICE. Oh, it was a great night for democracy and a great night for possible presidents! One congressman gravely wandered about the big armory, hunting for Governor Harmon. When he found him he put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Governor, I want to see you president of the United States. Call on me

for help at any time. I am for you to the limit."

Harmon, quite pleased, thanked the generous fellow.

Then the congressman, with owl-like seriousness, hunted up Champ Clark.

"Champ," he said, "it is the dearest wish of my heart to see you president of the United States. I am working for you to the limit. I was just talking to Harmon about you. He says you are wonderful."

"I'm just a plain democrat and citizen of the soil," said Champ, with that splendid modesty for which he is noted. "But you know how I appreciate your sincere encouragement."

The congressman then wound his way through the throng until he found Senator Bailey. "I know," he said, "that you are not a candidate for president, senator, but I want to tell you that should you run you can count on my vote."

Having given encouragement to all the potential presidents who were present, the congressman joined a group of Woodrow Wilson enthusiasts and talked about "the dear old doctor, he's got 'em all beat a mile."

"If you ask me," said one of the waiters to whom the congressman addressed some of his encouraging remarks. "I think you fellows ought to nominate this same Jefferson you're all talking about. I haven't studied human nature for nothing, and from the way they talk I think he's a comer."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE CENTENARY OF GREELEY.

The observances in memory of Horace Greeley, which will be held at Chappaqua, Westchester county, New York, where he resided for many years, February 3, the centenary of his birth, will attract national attention. As the founder of the New York Tribune in 1841, which he edited till 1872, near the close of his life, he was the best known and most influential journalist in the country in an especially critical period of the country's history. First as a Whig and then as a republican, Greeley was a large figure in the stirring days immediately preceding the civil war and for a few years after the close of that conflict. He was a reformer and path blazer in many fields, but his most effective work was done in the fight to check the extension of slavery and to preserve the territories for freedom.

Greeley's faith in the future of the vast region on the sunset side of the Mississippi was justified even in a larger degree than he expected. For many years and until its enactment in 1862, he was a pronounced champion of the homestead law, which was a large factor in peopling the west.

Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man, go west," which he began to give long before the railways touched the Mississippi was a powerful stimulus to the opening of the great wilderness empire stretching from Missouri and Iowa to the Pacific.

One of the interesting observances of February 3 is that which will take place at Greeley, Col. That locality has justified the editor's confidence in it. He was one of the sanest and most stalwart Americans of an era which was particularly prolific in men of large caliber.—Leslie's Weekly.

WIPE OUT SUCH A RECORD.

At least three out of every 1,000 persons employed in the coal mines of North America in the year 1908 were killed. This mortality rate is in excess of that in any other part of the world. Americans are, we think, the most humane people in the world; yet these figures do not fortify that belief. On the contrary, they tend to shake it. If we are more humane than other peoples why do we not afford more protection to the employes in our mines. The work of protecting employes is fairly well done by Massachusetts—as well perhaps as the federal government could do it, if not better—but some other states, particularly the mining states, are very backward in this matter.

If the states do not safeguard the lives of their people, the United States must, National pride, alone, if there were no such things as human sympathy and pity, ought to incite us to wipe out the unenviable record of being of all countries the most reckless of human life.—Boston Globe.

A Generous Spirit. "Henry, I want \$2 this morning." "What for?" "Must I account to you for every penny I spend?" "I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted It Abbreviated. Jeweler—What shall I engrave in it? Customer—G. O. to H. L. Jeweler—What's that, sir? Customer (meekly)—George Osborne to Harriet Lewis; but just the initials, please.—Lippincott's.

His Sole Dread. Hammond—Don't you dread the silent watches of the night? Martin—No; it's the cuckoo clocks that give me away.—Harper's Bazar.

Good Intentions will never justify bad actions.

The year that Cleveland and Hendricks were elected, Hendricks went down to Louisiana to hunt and fish and rest up after the work of the campaign. Justice White was with him a good deal. While he was greatly pleased with the results of the election, the thing that gave him the most gratification was that the people of Indiana had been so patriotic and enthusiastic that they had turned out in great numbers to vote. "Why," he said, "98 per cent of the registered vote went to the polls. Hardly anybody stayed at home. Think of that! Ninety-eight per cent of the registered vote!" "Oh, that's nothing," Justice White rejoined. "Right now we are passing through a precinct in which, according to the returns, 498 per cent of the registered vote was polled."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Race With the Ram. In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Ait-el-Hanwala," the rain feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cad's palace. If the animal is still breathing the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

The One Dish Diet. A food specialist said of dieting: "The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten."

"The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet for all that you will lose weight steadily."

"It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the slimmest natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."

He Started the Trouble. Mrs. Johnson had begun to learn French and was gleefully informing her husband of the rapid progress she was making in her studies. "I'm afraid," remarked Johnson, "that you'll soon grow tired. I've known people tackle a foreign tongue, expecting to know all about it in a few weeks, but before they have mastered even the rudiments their enthusiasm has evaporated and they have given up the task as hopeless."

"Oh, that's not the case with me," declared Mrs. Johnson confidently. "I am getting on splendidly, and Professor Dubois says I shall soon begin to think in French."

"Well," the husband murmured, "I won't interpose any further objection, and I shall be glad when you are able to think in French. It will be something you have been unable to do in any other language!"

Twain's Most Quoted Witticism. Of all the witty things said or written by Mark Twain no phrase has been quoted oftener than his reply to an alarmist report, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated." I think the history of this bonnet, says a correspondent, may interest. Mark Twain was on a visit to London some years ago and had been secured as the chief guest of a dinner to be given by a literary club. On the morning of the day when the dinner was to take place the secretary was shocked to hear a rumor that Mark Twain had died suddenly. At his wife's end, he sought to verify it by a diplomatic note to Mrs. Clemens, in which he mentioned the rumor. Mark Twain got hold of the note and telegraphed the now famous reply, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated."

The Fleur-de-lis. The fleur-de-lis, the well known emblem of France, is said to have been brought from heaven by an angel to King Clovis, he having made a vow that if he proved victorious in an impending battle with the Alemanni near Cologne he would embrace Christianity. It was the national emblem until the revolution of 1793, when the tricolor (white, red and blue) was adopted. The royalists in 1871 tried to restore the old emblem to the flag, but without success.—New York American.

Spoiled His Sport. "How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?" "The devil a wan." "Wasn't there any there?" "Sure th' lake was full av thim, but ivry toime I'd point me gun av wan, d'ye mind, another wan w'd get betwixt me an' him an' spoil me a'm!"—Toledo Blade.

The Comforter. Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says you're worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.—London Opinion.

Comparatively Easy. "It is hard to lose the savings of a lifetime." "Oh, not so hard. I know of a dozen men with schemes that you could go into."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SPECIAL RATE BULLETIN FOR FEBRUARY

TO THE SOUTH: February 7th and 21st, low round trip homeseekers fares are in effect to the South; attractive winter tourist fares in effect every day to the whole South, with return limit of June 1st.

TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST: Homeseekers excursion fares are in effect February 7th and 21st to large sections of newly developing territory throughout the West, including the Big Horn Basin.

NEW TOUR OF YELLOWSTONE PARK: A system of new and scenic eight-day personally conducted camping tours of Yellowstone Park will be established this coming summer from Cody, Wyo., via the magnificent Government Shoshone Dam along the Government Road over Sylvan Pass through the Park and return, by the Yellowstone Park Camping & Transportation Co., Aron Holm, proprietor. Price from Cody, including all accommodations, only \$50.00. Parties leave Cody every day during the summer. This Transportation Company has handled large parties of campers in such a satisfactory manner that their growing patronage now requires daily tours from Cody. It will pay you to write that company at Cody, Wyoming, early, and later in the season ask for New Park Cody Route Leaflet.



L. F. REGTOR, Ticket Agent
Columbus, Nebr.
L. W. WARELY, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

She Wanted Beth. The matinee performance was about half over when a distracted looking woman with a curly haired youngster of six sought out the man in the box office.

"There are boxes on your chairs in there," she began, "and they say drop a nickel in and get a box of candy."

"Yes, I see," asserted the man in the box office.

"Well," she continued indignantly, "I dropped a nickel in for my little girl."

"And couldn't you get the candy?" queried the box office man. "Wait; I'll see if we can get it out."

"Oh, yes," answered the woman; "I got the candy all right, but I couldn't get the nickel out."

And to the ticket man at least this remark furnished a more dramatic moment than any in the play.—Louisville Times.

Dean Swift and the Cook. "Moderation in all things" is the best precept for everyday life. There is a good story about Dean Swift apropos of the value of never overdoing anything.

The dean's cook one day overroasted the leg of mutton for dinner, and in consequence she was summoned to the dining room. "Cook," said the dean in a pleasant voice, "this leg of mutton is overdone; take it back and do it less."

"Impossible, your reverence," exclaimed the cook.

"Well," replied her master, "supposing it had been underdone, you could easily have done it more."

"Certainly, your reverence."

"Then," said the dean, "let this be a lesson to you. If you commit a fault always take care that it is a fault which will admit of a remedy."

Counter Diplomacy. "I think you will like this goods madam," urged a salesman in a Euclid avenue shop. "It is just the thing for a stout, middle aged lady."

"Sir," squealed the customer in a rage. The clerk saw his faux pas and recovered himself quickly.

"Pardon me," he smiled, "I mistook you for the young lady who was in here yesterday looking for something for her grandmother. Now that I look at you again, I see that this was an older person. Now, if you are buying for yourself, we have something over here that—"

Literary Note. The teacher had been talking to her pupils on Ouida's story, "The Dog of Flanders," and she followed her talk by an oral test.

"Now, what is the name of the author?" she queried.

Small and Slangy Boy—Oh, You Ida, —Boston Record.

Thoughts never lack words. It is words that lack thoughts.—Janbrett.

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