Columbus Journal.

Columbus, Nebr.

Consolidated with the Columbus Times April 1, 1904; with the Platte County Argus January 1, 1906.

Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Nebr., as second-class mail matter

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, by mail, postage prepaid.....$1.50
Six months.....75
Three months.....40

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1911.

STROTHER & COMPANY, Proprietors.

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Thus Jan05 shows that payment has been received up to Jan. 1, 1905, Feb05 to Feb. 1, 1905 and so on. When payment is made, the date, which answers as a receipt, will be changed accordingly.

DISCONTINUANCES—Responsible subscribers will continue to receive this journal until the publishers are notified by letter to discontinue, when all arrearages must be paid. If you do not wish the Journal continued for another year after the time paid for has expired, you should previously notify us to discontinue it.

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

COFFEE OR TEA?

The world is fast adopting coffee drinking, and Americans are the leaders in the movement. The rising generation drinks four cups of coffee to one of tea, and if the tendency continues the ratio of difference will be even more striking. Twenty years ago the world drank less than half the amount of coffee that it does now, and it cost about twice as much as it does today. Tea, on the other hand, has made no such marked change either in price or consumption.

In any restaurant or hotel in Boston you will be told that coffee drinking is less esteemed. No artificial influences have brought about this change of taste; it occurs simply and naturally. The stimulating effect of either drink appeals to a highly nervous race.

Any wholesale grocery house that sells both tea and coffee will also tell you coffee drinking is increasing, while tea barely holds its own. In both city and country the same tendency toward coffee is seen. Commercial travelers now sell one chest of tea where five or six were sold thirty years ago.

It would be interesting to speculate over the influence that this change may make in the physical life of the nation. Does a tea drinker make a better soldier than the coffee drinker? Does the soldier who drinks neither beverage make a superior fighter? It might take a long and terrible war to settle those queries, and as this is the age when peace has the call, and we all want it, even if we have to fight to get it, the inquiry must drop. But coffee drinking goes on.—Boston Globe.

COMBATING THE GERM PERIL.

Reports of the use of serums for combating diseases come with remarkable frequency of late. Only last week the report was published that a physician in California has perfected a liquid extract from the metabolic products given off by the pneumonia germ, which has worked rapid and marvelous cures. Within a period of from twenty-four hours to four days nine cases of pneumonia, one of tuberculosis and one or more of typhoid fever are stated to have been cured by the use of the serum.

At the same time physicians of Mankato, Minn., are stated to have developed the cure of tetanus by the injection of Epsom salts into the spinal column. Eleven cases of this heretofore fatal disease are declared to have been cured by this remedy.

Relative to these discoveries and the reported cures effected by them, the Pittsburg Dispatch observes: "The four diseases mentioned constitute so large a share of the ills that flesh is heir to that such cures as claimed in these reports will, if verified open up a new era as important to the life and health of the world as those introduced by vaccination and later by the diphtheria anti toxin. Still, it is well to be cautious in accepting these remedies as actually demonstrated. Since the success of anti-toxin there has been such a rage for the fighting of diseases of serums and injections as to produce a long list of reported discoveries which had a roseate start but did not seem able to maintain the promise of effectiveness and safety. A dozen or so cases of each disease do not afford a reliable test of the remedy or preventive. The results of thousands or tens of thousands of cases are needed to tell the story."

The view expressed by the Dispatch is a very sensible one to take. The control of a few cases of each disease by the use of the newly discovered remedies should not be accepted as absolutely demonstrating their value as curative agents.

Still the human race has suffered so largely from the effects of the four disease mentioned that further results from these remedies will be awaited with much interest.

While the discovery of the new and effective remedies for the cure of old diseases will continue to be joyfully welcomed, it is not unlikely that the greatest boon to mankind in the way of immunity for diseases will come through an awakening of universal interest in prevention, rather than from the discovery off effective cures.—Houston Post.

ORIGIN AND DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

In discussing this subject nothing but the most profound confidence in my theory, sustained, as I believe, by all the facts and phenomena of the earth, internally and externally, could induce me to offer a hypothesis so completely at variance with all those heretofore advanced, and with our present one which is all but universally accepted.

But I will waste no time in apologizing—if wrong I am with a great throng of writers, a thoughtful, studious set, fairly good company I presume,—if right I am alone, and can well afford to be. In my opinion, this world is as old as the space in which it floats, and is new as your latest breath. We are told that all space is the abode of worlds. It is equally true that all space is the abiding place of atoms. It is further true that each atom has a power of attraction proportionate with its bulk and density and that when atoms come into such proximity that their attraction is sufficiently strong they will come together and be held thus by the same force that brought them together, becoming more compact by attraction and adhesion with each additional atom. Two of these atoms thus brought together have formed a little world of twice its former bulk and power of attraction. This formation grows with a rapidly increasing volume and attractive force, yet, incalculable ages are spent in its growth to meteoroid and to asteroid. But it has time, all the space of the universe is too greater than the silent flood of years before it.

Let us assume that our earth thus started and that it has reached one third its present size. It then drew to it within a given length of time from any given distance in space one-third the amount of material it would now receive in the same length of time whether of atoms or meteors weighing tons. This proportion has run through every stage of its existence until now we find, according to the best authority and the closest calculation of the scientific, that there are drawn to it each twenty-four hours 40,000,000 of meteors sufficiently large to be visible to the naked eye and 60,000,000 smaller ones visible through an ordinary telescope. Of course no definite estimate can be made of the annual increase by this material, but when we consider that many meteorites reach the earth, after having lost the greater part of their bulk because of fusion in our atmosphere, whose weight ranges from ounces to tons, we know it is very great. Nor does this average include the thickly strewn orbits through which we pass each August, nor the more extensive November one, through which we pass once every thirty-three years.

All this being true, and there is no doubt of it, it is plainly to be seen that the earth adds largely to the surface every year. The question then arises: If the earth has thus grown from an atom, how are we to account for her internal heat? This is plain, Nature is never incoherent. She presents no illogical stumbling blocks. That which man does in his tiny way, she does in her gigantic way.

If we can produce heat by pressing atom against atom, as when with a hammer we strike a cold rod of iron on an anvil, heating it unbearably hot in a few blows, it is easy to see how, with miles of cubic feet of earth pressed one upon another, composed of sharp, irregular grains with no room for adjustment of atom to atom, these atoms would for the same reason become heated. The same condition is produced by friction. Friction is but the pressing and crushing of atoms together without room for adjustment. Calculate the weight of a cubic foot would have to bear at fifty, one hundred or two hundred miles beneath the surface of the earth, and we will readily see the cause of this internal heat. If this were not produced by pressure but had its existence because of fire that has died down to its present depth, the same degree of heat at a given depth from the mountain top, whatever the height, would not develop as from a sea level. In further proof of the theory that internal heat is caused by pressure, there is not a planet several times the earth's size, the condition of whose atmosphere can be accounted for in any other way, while this theory offers a perfect solution of it. Jupiter, with a distance from the sun and a surface and an equator, all tending to insure his atmosphere to be most tranquil, shows exactly the opposite condition. His great attraction should draw and hold his atmosphere within a distance of his surface less than half that of his own.

Yet we find that there are layers of clouds and smoke, volcanic appearances, cyclonic manifestations, and conditions so furious that nothing but the most powerful elements raging in combat can account for them. Saturn many times larger than the earth with his rings of light and smoke and heat attests the fact that he, too, is a victim of his awful crushing attraction.

Uranus and Neptune show a light far greater than the reflection from the sun should be at their great distance.

Planets change to suns, and our sun, the fittest example of them all, started, like the system of which he is the center, an atom, and gathered throughout his great circle of the universe; until now an asteroid coming within the grasp of his awful attraction leaves its orbit in obedience to his all powerful strength, plunges into his fiery surface producing a spot around whose edges a bright light is manifested, till by degrees this light grows nearer the center and the spot has disappeared. The sun is a demonstration of atomic growth and its fate.

What will the earth's next move be toward her fate?

Volcanic manifestations, upheavals of mountain chains within the seas, changes of seas to continents, as the waters find their way into the fires within. She has done this many times within the ages past, as the mountains of the earth attest. The heat will be pressed closer and closer to her surface with her growth, the ocean will find its way at shorter intervals into the forbidden element, continents will become more frequently insecure; the crust will grow so thin that the fire will press its way through unaided by ocean—until by the same degree and stages that have marked and are marking the fate of all the stars and larger planets, the earth will go.

The origin of one is the origin of all. The growth of one the growth of all, the fate of one the fate of all.—George James in Word and Works.

AS A SOUTHERNER SAW GRANT.

I have mentioned the fact that I had strong personal reasons for being friendly to General Grant. If he had not thrown his shield over me I should have been outlawed and driven into exile. My battalion was in northern Virginia on the Potomac, a hundred miles from Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, immediately issued an order directing that all Confederate soldiers in Virginia should be invited to surrender, and offering them the same paroles that were given to Lee's army, but the order excepted me personally. General Grant, who was then all powerful, interposed, and sent me an offer of the same parole that he had given General Lee. Such a service I could never forget.

He also did another thing which showed the generosity of his nature. A few weeks before the surrender a small party of my men crossed the Potomac one night and got into a fight, in which a detective was killed. One of the men was captured and sent to Fort McHenry. After the war he was tried by a military commission and sentenced to be imprisoned. The boy's mother went to see President Johnson to beg a pardon for her son, but Johnson repelled her.

In her distress the mother went over to the War Department to see General Grant. He listened patiently to her sorrowful story, then rose and asked her to go with him. He took her to the White House, walked into the reception room, and told the President that there had been suffering enough, and that he would not leave the room without a pardon for the young Southerner. Johnson signed the necessary paper.

After my parole, I often was arrested and otherwise molested.

When my wife passed through Washington on her way to Baltimore, she determined to go to the White House to make a complaint. Her father and President Johnson had served in Congress together, and had been friends; so she told Johnson whose daughter and whose wife she was. He refused her. She left him and went to see General Grant at the War Department. He treated her as courteously as if she had been the wife of a Union soldier, and then wrote a letter which he gave to her. He did not dictate the letter to a clerk; the whole is in his handwriting. It gave me liberty to travel anywhere unmolested, as long as I observed my parole. I preserve that letter, framed, among my most precious possessions.

I once said to General Grant.

"General, if you had been a Southern man, would you have been in the Southern Army?'

"Certainly", he replied.

He always spoke in the friendliest manner of his old army comrades who went with the South. Once, speaking of Stonewall Jackson, who was with him at West Point, he said to me:

"Jackson was the most conscientious being I ever knew."

I saw Grant the day when he signed the Electoral Commission Bill to decide the Hayes-Tilden dispute. He was in an unusually good humor, and said that the man in whose favor the commission decided should be inaugurated. He talked a good deal about his early life in the army, and gave a description of his first two battles—Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.—Col. John S. Mosby in Munsey's Magazine.

THE TRIPLE X BRAND.

Hundred point men are not so plentiful. A hundred point man is one who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers, without being "fresh," who is considerate toward servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous. Hundred point men may vary very much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motormen, clerks, cashiers, engineers, or presidents of railroads. The hundred point man may not look just like other men, or dress like them, or talk like them, but what he does is true to his own nature. He is himself. He is more interested in doing his work than in what people will say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought and thinks little of the act. I never knew a hundred point man who was not one brought up from early youth to make himself useful, and to economize in the matter of time and money. Necessity is ballast. Nature intended that we should all be poor—that we should earn our bread every day before we eat it. When you find the hundred point man you will find one who lives like a person in moderate circumstances, no matter what his finances are. Every man who thinks he has the world by the tail, and is about to snap its demnition head off for the delectation of mankind, is unsafe, no matter how great his genius in the line of specialties. The hundred point man looks after just one individual, and that is the man under his own hat; he is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say, why, he says nothing, and when he does not know what to do, he does not do it.—Elbert Hubbard.

TEXAS DOES BIG THINGS.

Texas has begun to do things on a big scale. She ought to since she is not only the biggest state in the union but she is bigger than any country in Europe, except Russia, and has within her own limits the makings of an imperial commonwealth. The southern press gives illustration of how rapidly Texas is rising to the needs of good roads and is building them, which is a great deal better than to dream of it and argue for it.

Reports arriving from all parts of the state show that the most marked feature of this progress at the moment is the devotion of the people to good roads. No other of the western or southwestern states could get along better than Texas without much expense for that kind of improvement, but Texas is not content with that fact. All the states have bad roads unless they have genuinely good ones. There is no middle ground. The pictures of reinforced concrete bridges as part of the good roads building in the neighborhood of San Antonio, for example, show that the state is thoroughly alive and pushing forward.

It is estimated that Texas will spend no lees than $25,000,000 this year on highway improvement. The chance for bad work is large where there is so great an expenditure in so short a time, but it may be noted that in spite of easy-going ways in many respects, the southern states have learned a lesson and are as a rule getting their money's worth in public expenditures.

Big Texas feels so big that it almost costs a man his life to suggest that it be split up into a handful of states, as it has a right to be under its annexation treaty with the United States. Its size begins to tell splendidly in its favor in a dozen respects.—Buffalo Evening News.

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen, making themselves invisible like certain spiders, which, in case of alarm, caused, for example, by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.—John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unchanged until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

CAUGHT BY DRIVER ANTS.

Exciting Experience In West Africa With These Deadly Pests.

The driver ants are a terrible pest in West Africa. Crawling over the ground in countless thousands, invincible to anything but a wall of fire, they bring quick death to every live thing unfortunate enough to be caught in their path and leave behind them the skeletons of lizards, rats, sheep, cattle and even human beings. In his book entitled "We Two In West Africa" Major F. G. Guggisberg recounts the terrors of one night when the pests invaded his house:

I heard voices calling, "Get up; the ants are on us!" Sitting bolt upright, I found the room apparently in darkness. In reality the lantern on the floor at the foot of the bed was still burning, but as I threw my hand out and felt the heavy weight of the mosquito net I suddenly realized that it was coated with ants so thickly that it kept the light out as effectively as a velvet curtain.

Two bounds took me out of that mosquito net and the hut, but it was an uncanny feeling when my feet crunched through the living carpet of ants. Hitting the side of the doorway in my hasty exit, I brought down a shower of the little pests on my head and shoulders from rafter, wall and roof, and then the fun began.

Some people say that the ant buries his head in you and leaves it there, others that he drives some other part of his body into you. I didn't worry about examining which theory was correct. It did not affect the torture of the result. For the next ten minues I was standing in a state of nature in the open, the rain beating down and the boys, hastily roused, picking ants off my body by the light of torches.

I was so engrossed in this new sport that I quite forgot about Lees; then I suddenly realized that he was not there. I won a moral V. C. by going into that infernal place and hauling him out. He was a pitiable sight in the torchlight, his hair waving as if in a breeze as the ants crawled through it, his body black with them.

To pick them off was too slow a job. I seized a tin of kerosene oil and poured it over him, sweeping the enemy off in thousands. One of my hammock boys rushed up with a flaming torch, meaning in the kindness of his heart to give master more light. I yelled to him to keep away, and he, thinking he was being urged on, rushed toward us quicker than ever. Luckily Lees' cook stopped him in time, and a tragedy was averted.

We spent the remainder of the night under a tree. In spite of the discomfort of it all—the persistent rain, the mist, the smarting pain of the ant bites—we could not help laughing at the idea of our helplessness against the little brutes that were occupying our comfortable huts. However, the only thing to do was to wait patiently until they cleared out.

A Repulsive People.

The inhabitants of Dutch New Guinea are not an attractive race. "The native woman," says Dr. Eric Marshall, the explorer, "drags up the children, cuts the firewood, brings in the sago, works the canoes, occasionally proving her skill as a warrior in the family and village quarrels, and always coming off best with her tongue. She is usually content with a strip of bark cloth. When in mourning she dispenses even with this. The male sex predominates, and most of the men have to be content with one wife. On the death of a man the widow, clad like Eve, but as ugly as Satan, crawls around the grave, wailing and chanting, performing weird movements with arms and body, which may or may not be meant for dancing."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Bullet Stopped the Game.

Alfred de Musset, the poet and dramatist, was almost as fond of chess as of poetry. He played nearly every night at the Cafe de la Regence, and even the revolution of February, 1848, did not divert him from his habit. He turned up as usual and, finding no one there to play with, insisted that the waiter should make a game for him. The waiter did so, though a fusillade was raging in the street outside, and all went well until a musket bullet smashed a mirror in immediate proximity to the board. Musset was anxious to continue in spite of the interruption, but his opponent would not. "With monsieur's permission," he said, "we will adjourn the game until after the republic has been proclaimed."—Paris Gaulois.

Blue Tits Love the Bees.

Bees have enemies of various kinds like the rest of creation. Every one knows that many birds are insectivorous, but all insects do not form the food of any one species. The bird which has formed a taste for bees is the blue tit, and if a pair of these discover a suitable nesting place in the neighborhood of an apiary it is surprising how many bees will be carried off to satisfy them and their young. Generally their work is mostly felt where queen raising is extensively indulged in, for queens and drones being largest and slowest on the wing form a desirable and easy prey.—Agricultural Economist.

Up to His Standard.

A merchant in a small town was about to become bankrupt for the seventh time. He called in the accountants to go over his books. When they had finished they told him he would be able to pay 3 cents on the dollar. A troubled look came over the merchant's face. "Heretofore," he said, "I have always paid 10 cents on the dollar, and I'll do it now," he affirmed as a benevolent smile overspread his face. "I'll pay the rest out of my own pocket."—Everybody's.

A Reminder.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Did you think of me while I was away in the country, John? Mr. Crimsonbeak—I certainly did, dear. I wore that necktie you bought me for my birthday, and everybody asked where on earth I got it, and I had to tell them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Pretty Narrow.

Mrs. Hoyle—Is there much room in your flat? Mrs. Doyle—I should say not! There isn't room to give anybody a broad hint.—Judge.

GET IN TOUCH WITH

OPPORTUNITIES "ON THE BURLINGTON"

The new lines of railroad now under construction in Wyoming offer great opportunities for farmers and others for homebuilding.

The conditions and surroundings are very favorable for a new country and the new railroad brings transportation to the very doors of new settlers.

HOW TO GET LAND.

You can buy deeded land, homestead Government irrigated homesteads, or file on land under the Carey Act, getting desirable irrigated land on very easy payments at from $45.00 to $50.00 per acre; or you can homestead free lands that cannot be irrigated, in 320 acre tracts.

SEND FOR LITERATURE. Send for our free literature with large maps, telling all about these lands. Let me know what particular class of lands you are interested in. Write today.

Burlington Route

D. GLEM DEAVER, General Agent
Land Seekers Information Bureau
1004 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebr.

GARBLED QUOTATIONS.

Popular Passages That Are Frequently Rendered Incorrectly.

Almost everybody who quotes at all misquotes. Nothing is more common than to hear:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

This is an impossible condition of mind, for no one can be convinced of one opinion and at the same time hold to an opposite one. What Butler wrote was eminently sensible:

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

A famous passage of Scripture is often misquoted thus: "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." It should be, "Let him first cast a stone."

Sometimes we are told, "Behold, how great a fire a little matter kindleth," whereas St. James said, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth," which is quite a different thing.

We also hear that "a miss is as good as a mile," which is not as sensible or forcible as the true proverb, "A miss of an inch is as good as a mile."

"Look before you leap" should be "And look before you ere you leap."

Pope is generally credited with having written:

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense,

though it would puzzle any one to find the verses in his writings. They were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.

Franklin said, "Honesty is the best policy," but the maxim is of Spanish origin and may be found in "Don Quixote."—Pearson's Weekly.

Puzzled.

An aged colored man was passing a fish store when he stopped to examine a huge turtle chained in the doorway as an advertisement

He had never seen a turtle before, and he prodded the strange creature curiously. Suddenly he popped his finger into his mouth with a howl of pain. After the finger had stopped bleeding he gazed at it ruefully, then eyed the turtle apprehensively.

"What's the matter, Rastus?" asked the fish dealer, with a grin.

"Nuffin', sah; nuffin'. Ah was jest wonderin' whether Ah had been bit or stung."—Lippincott's.

Woes of Wealth.

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?"

"No. Since we inherited money my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."—Pittsburg Post.

Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.—Samuel Smiles.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted London Spot, the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it.

To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farseeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen.—London Standard.

Sentimental Juries.

Maitre Henri Robert, the most famous advocate in criminal cases at the Paris bar, told an audience almost entirely composed of ladies that before any jury a woman with some youth, some looks and a pretty voice has fifty chances out of a hundred of being acquitted, whereas a man would have only one. If she knows how to shed tears at the right moment she need not worry—a verdict of not guilty is a dead certainty.—Paris Letter.

A Legal Holiday.

"Bindlesworth seems to rather look upon his wife with awe."

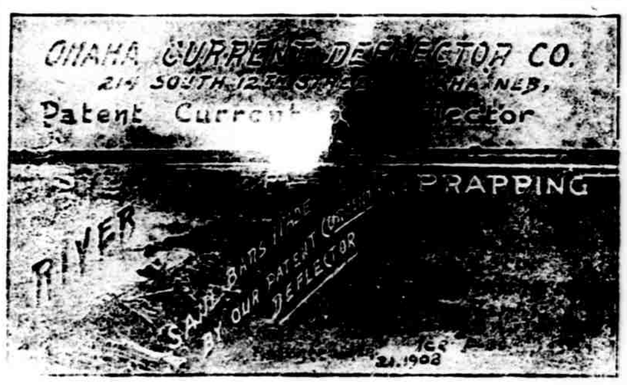
"Yes, I met him yesterday, and he wanted to borrow $5 from me. I asked him why he didn't go to his bank for it, and he replied with surprise that he was unable to conceal:

"'Why, bless me! I'd forgotten that the banks were open today, just the same. You see, this is my wife's birthday.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

This Hard, Cruel World.

Mrs. Crawford—You can have all the bread and butter you want, but no more cake.

Willie—Say, ma, how is it I can never have a second helping of any of the things I like?—Lippincott's.



Magazine Binding

Old Books Rebound

In fact, for anything in the book binding line bring your work to

The Journal Office

Phone 184