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DEMOCRATIC HARMONY.

At the democratic banquet in Baltimore last week the democrats displayed considerable wisdom and initiative for democrats, or for any conventional human animals, for that matter.

It is hoped that this precedent may become general. As a paramount issue it has free silver or the bank guarantee beaten a mile. The free, downtrodden American citizen has been, for years, paying too large a price for his banquets in the attention bestowed upon the chestnuts of the after dinner speaker who doesn't seem to realize that a majority of his audience are figuring on doing a day's work tomorrow.

Such insurgency is going to be even more popular than the common chautauqua variety. Let the democrats make it their paramount issue, and the tariff will take care of itself. The boasted democratic harmony, which has, heretofore, consisted of republican discord when it consisted of anything more than hot air, will thus become a positive entity, and, gaining recruits from the vast army of banquet victims, should lead on to victory the party of Jefferson and Jackson and Tammany hall.—Athlison Globe.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

From a Mexican paper called Regeneracion published at Los Angeles it is learned that there are two distinct revolutionary organizations in Mexico, the Maderist party and the liberal party. Regeneracion is the organ of the liberal party, whose purpose it outlines as follows:

The liberal party is a proletarian organization, which has been in the field for many years. For its lofty ideals its leaders have suffered imprisonment and persecution both in Mexico and in the United States. Twice before has it launched, in spite of tremendous odds, a revolution against the dictator of Mexico, only on both occasions to be betrayed. Now it is again in the field, and its revolutionary groups have been meeting with success. Liberals are operating in Chihuahua, Sonora, Lower California and in many states throughout the south of Mexico.

The aim of the liberal party is above all things to labor for the cause of the dispossessed. Its leaders are without personal ambition. It does not work to raise to the office of president any one man. That choice shall remain with the people when the despot is overthrown.

The main object of the liberal party is to overthrow the tyrannical government, confiscate the enormous estates which have been made up of property stolen from the people and given to favorites of the dictator, and divide them among the people. Only thus can the wretched peons of Mexico become really free.

The Maderists are led by men of wealth who would no doubt attempt to maintain something akin to the Diaz regime in case they succeeded in overthrowing the government. The extreme liberals, as this clipping indicates, have so radical a program that there would be no security for life or property for many years in case this party gained the upper hand. It is agreed that a democracy such as we have in the United States will be impossible for Mexico for so long a time that the question is merely academic.—Lincoln Journal.

Mixed. "Why, Harkins, where have you been? You look like a wreck." "I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel, and I hired a bruiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up, and here I am."—London Tit-Bits.

FAMOUS HOAXES OF HISTORY.

When a "wireless" operator, a year or two ago, yielded to the impulse to give out a fake report that the warship Mississippi had blown up in Guanantamo Harbor, he perpetrated a hoax rather worse than the majority of the historic hoaxes that are recalled for the purpose of showing how witless and heartless the tribe of practical jokers can be when they try. He displayed rather more than the customary disregard of the feelings of others, and considerably less ingenuity and resourcefulness than have been shown by some of his predecessors.

Between the hoax and the practical joke there is no real distinction, although some restrict the former term to a play upon the credulity of an individual or a small group, and the latter to a fabrication intended to victimize an entire community. If without purpose of either pleasure, profit or revenge, it is a mere fake, such as a certain class of newspapers delight in, but which are usually innocuous on account of the reputation of the sheets that make a habit of publishing them. If perpetrated for the personal gain of the author, it becomes an imposture, like the famous literary forgeries of Lauder, Henry Ireland, James Macpherson, Thomas Chatterton and George Palsmanizer; or a swindle like the Arizona diamond swindle, the exploits of the Humberts and Cassie Chadwick, and the ordinary mine prospecting, or a fraud, like the sale of a gold brick.

However, the animals of this pastime record one really beneficent hoax, of which Dean Swift was the author. It was conceived and executed at a period when London was suffering from an unprecedented epidemic of street robberies. A notorious character named Elliston, one of the fraternity, was captured, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. Immediately after his execution, Swift caused to be printed and widely circulated what purported to be his ante-mortem statement. This asserted that he had given to an honest man (the only one he knew) a confession in which was a list of all his crimes, the names of his confederates, the places they frequented, and the names and whereabouts of the "fences" upon whom he and his partners had always relied to dispose of their booty.

Still cherishing a friendly sentiment towards the powers that prey, even with the shadow of the gallows upon him, he desired to give his old companions in crime a chance to save their lives, if not their souls, and required this "honest man" to take a solemn oath not to divulge the matters contained in his confession, unless the continued depredations of the street robbers made it necessary, when he was to turn it over to the authorities. Elliston's confession was received in good faith by the public, including the thieves; and but few crimes of that nature were committed in London for years.

Of the harmless hoaxes, not the least engaging was perpetrated three-quarters of a century ago, when a belief in witches, goblins, fairies, elves, mermaids and sea serpents was almost universal. One night the good people of the town of Bude were startled by the news that a real mermaid was singing upon a rock a short distance out from the shore. Of course, they made haste to view the wonder. Sure enough, there she sat, as thinly clad as any modern Salome, braiding her long black tresses and singing a melancholy song. For three more nights she made her appearance at about the same hour, apparently oblivious of the crowds that gathered to view her charms. On the last night it was noticed that her voice was hoarse. To the amazement of the listening throng, she sang "God Save the King," and then dived into ocean's depths. Although her reappearance was watched for through many weary moons, the mermaid of Bude was seen no more. It was years before the truth leaked out—that the mermaid was only a fun-loving divinity student, with his legs enveloped in an oilskin and his head covered with plaited seaweeds. The moonlight and the imaginations of the spectators supplied whatever else was necessary in the way of beauty, grace and other mermaidly attributes.

Critics, scholars, scientists and antiquaries have always been regarded by the concoctors of hoaxes as their legitimate prey. The temptation to humble intellectual arrogance, to expose the shallowness of those who think their learning most profound, to hold up to ridicule the pretensions of specialists, is one to which many men of ability have yielded. In 1843 Johann Meinhold cast suspicion upon the methods and results of the "Higher Criticism" by his exposure of the fallibility of the Tubingen school of critics. These claimed to be able to tell, by internal evidence, the epoch to which any human composition belonged. Applying their methods to

the Gospels, they pronounced certain passages to be monkish interpolations introduced centuries after the original manuscripts were written. To almost every chapter they assigned a date, and with dogmatic positiveness they claimed to be able to decide upon the authenticity of every verse. Meinhold had little faith in their pretensions; and to prove that they were fakers he wrote "The Amber Witch," purporting to be a chronicle of events that took place early in the Seventeenth Century. The critics swallowed it whole.

Michael Angelo's grouch against the critics was wholly personal. He grew exceedingly weary of hearing them lament the decline of art, and bewail the inferiority of modern to ancient sculpture. So he knocked an arm off a cupid and otherwise mutilated it; buried it for a while, and then produced it as an antique. The critics were vociferous in its praise. Joseph Scaliger was similarly duped by Muretus, with some Latin verses, which the famous critic ascribed to an old comic poet, Trabeus, and praised as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. We can imagine and sympathize with the unholly joy with which Muretus proclaimed his own authorship.

In much the same spirit did a disappointed literary aspirant once copy Sampson Agonistes, rechristen it "Like a Giant Refreshed," and mail it in turn to every editor in London. By all it was "declined with thanks," the many reasons assigned proving so amusing that they were published in the St. James Gazette. However, not one of the editors to whom it was submitted made the discovery that Milton was the author, nor was the divine spark of genius apparent to their discerning judgment. It is whispered that similar mean-spirited tricks have more than once been played upon some of the great editors of America.

In 1756, a British wit aided by an engraver, cut upon a flat stone a number of words so divided that they were "deciphered" as a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius. When the highbrows had satisfied themselves and the public that they knew all about it, the joker came forward and explained that the inscription was "Beneath this stone repositeth Claud Coster, tripe seller, of Impington, as doth his consort, Jane." Similarly the learned antiquarians assembled at Banbury, labored long and vainly to interpret an inscription that proved to be "Ride a Cock Horse" written backward.

One of the most successful hoaxes of this nature perpetrated in this country was fathered by Frank Cowan, a newspaper writer of Greensburg, Pa., employed at the time upon a Pittsburg paper. He produced a stone, bearing weather-worn inscriptions in Runic characters, and wrote descriptions of it which were printed in many newspapers and scientific periodicals. These attracted widespread attention. The Runic inscription was believed to supply absolute confirmation of the discovery of America by Lief Ericson and his hardy Norsemen, centuries before Christopher Columbus was born; to prove, furthermore, that the Norse discoverers had crossed the Alleghenies and penetrated the continent as far as the Ohio Valley. Some of the learned gentlemen of the Smithsonian Institution journeyed all the way to Greensburg, inspected the Runes, and were beautifully taken in. Then the joker turned the whole story into "copy" that made his managing editor dance with delight, exposing the easy credulity with which the scientific shrubs had swallowed the manufacturer's antiquities of an obscure reporter.

Thirty years ago, in 1879, the New York Graphic pompously announced that Thomas A. Edison had perfected a process for manufacturing a palatable and nourishing food out of inorganic elements—as, for example, out of common clay; and that the farmer and gardener were in imminent danger of losing their jobs. Edison's inventions had been following one another in such rapid successions that people were ready to believe any marvel, if backed by his name. Consequently, newspapers of high and low degree copied the yarn, and devoted to it yards of sagacious editorial comment dilating upon the profound significance of the new stride towards a complete mastery of the secrets of Nature; and the patent office at Washington was deluged with inquiries as to whether the new process had been patented. Then the Graphic came out with an unfeeling jibe against the credulity of its "esteemed contemporaries," printing columns of editorial asininities under the insulting caption, "They Bite."

Barum's peroxide elephant cannot appropriately be classed as a hoax, in as much as it was bleached, not as a joke, but for purposes of gain. No matter what freak or curiosity was placed on exhibition Barum made it a point of honor to acquire it. Failing in that, he would produce some-

thing else "just as good." So when the Cardiff Giant became the subject of heated controversy between those who believed it was a petrified giant of prehistoric ages, and those who thought it was only an ancient statue, Barnum did his best to buy it. The owners refused to sell at any price. Nothing daunted, the showman had another made, which he exhibited as the original and only genuine. In this case the counterfeit was in truth "just as good" as the real thing, for the Cardiff Giant itself was a hoax. It was manufactured at the instance of George Hull of Binghamton, N. Y., to name a reverend gentleman by the name of Turk, whose home was in Ohio. The discussion it provoked would fill volumes.

Strangely enough the New York Sun won world wide fame and a commanding place in American journalism by means of a daring hoax. It happened in 1835. Sir John Herschel was then at the Cape of Good Hope, and the editor of the Sun, Richard Allen Locke, put his wits to working and concocted an amazing tale, in which the famous astronomer was the star character. Sir John, it was related, had constructed a telescope with an object glass, twenty-four feet in diameter, and a lens that weighed 14,826 pounds! On January 10, 1835, this wonderful telescope had been turned upon the moon, and strange indeed was the vision unfolded before the astonished eyes of the astronomer. Then followed a detailed account of what he saw. The animals of the lunar plains were described to the minutest particulars; weird valleys, tremendous rivers and vast forests were located and named; and fantastic dwellings, strange temples and many other wonders were eloquently descanted upon.

The Sun "laid it on" so thick that it seems amazing that the story was regarded in any other light than as a fake. Yet it was universally believed and, as one writer expressed it, everybody forthwith became moon-struck. Every newspaper in America copied the yarn; statesmen discussed it, scientists believed it, and ministers preached about it. Then a rival journal dissected the tale, showed up its glaring inconsistencies, its rank absurdities and its manifest impossibilities; and the Sun threw off the mask and enjoyed its editorial laugh.

Nine years later—in April, 1844—the New York Sun again hoaxed its confiding readers, giving an account of the "Signal Triumph of Mr. Monek Mason's Flying Machine," which was said to have crossed the Atlantic in three days, with eight passengers. A full account of the aerial voyage, the incidents of the trip, and the mechanism of the craft that sailed the empyrean followed. Possibly the memory of the Moon Hoax had not faded from men's minds. Anyway, the imaginary air ship did not make much of a sensation; and when the fake was exposed there were multitudes who could truthfully say, "I told you so."

It was in the year 1910 that Dr. Frederick Cook — (—Kansas City Star.)

Dolliver and the Dahlias. The dahlia is a flower that is almost sacred to Scandinavians. When the late Senator Dolliver was speaking for a Swedish settlement from the rear end of a Pullman car a bunch of dahlias was handed to him, and he bowed his thanks, while the crowd roared its applause for the orator and for the bouquet.

"What kind of flowers are these?" inquired Senator Dolliver of Senator Clapp of Minnesota. "American Beauties, I guess," replied Senator Clapp.

Dolliver knew better than that, so he heartily thanked the people for their attention, applause and splendid flowers.

When they met in Washington after the campaign Senator Dolliver said to the Minnesota man: "Clapp, you would have had me mobbed if I hadn't been prudent. If I had called those dahlias American Beauties those Swedes would have been for killing me."

"Yes," said Senator Clapp, "they are good people and generally do the right thing."—Minneapolis Journal.

Why He Wept. A man who was walking through a train inadvertently left the door of one of the cars open. A big man sitting in a seat in the middle of the car yelled: "Shut the door, you fool! Were you raised in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open closed it and then, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep. The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable and, rising, finally walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder. "My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

BIT OFF TOO MUCH.

Unthinking San Franciscans, little reck ye what is coming on the wings of time! Vainglorious now over the winning of the great canal fair for 1915, ye dream of civic blossoming such as no American city has yet put forth. Think not to have the garden without the weeds. They are coming. Already every faker and "streetman" in the country has put down, "San Francisco, 1915," in his dingy engagement book. Swindlers and confidence men are taking notice, and so, too, are those feminine sneak thieves who find their golden opportunity when housewives are offering rooms to out of town guests. Already such are chuckling to think how much small property they can make off with while the mistress of the house is crying up her rooms.

O ye San Franciscans, the cot-bed is coming! The rooming sign is coming! Like an eruption upon the face of your streets shall break out the rash of cheap signs. Decent, respectable old family homes shall sport labels, "The Bridal," "Exposition View," "The Ballyhoo." The rooming house solicitor is coming too. You shall not hear the sound of incoming trains for the noise of his insistent, never ceasing clack. And there shall be feuds between housewives, the friends of a life time quarreling over who shall snatch the most roomers.

The souvenir is coming; and the stands of them that sell souvenirs shall invade your principal streets that look unutterably cheap. And if your laws will not allow stands on the side walks, then branches will be made in the walls of your business buildings and souvenir stands let in. But the stands will come. And pink lemonade will be sold upon your boulevards and also peanuts, popcorn and corn fritters a meal in every package, a nickel a half a dime.

And there shall be shows, Penny-vandeville shall be choice compared to those shows—Paris by Gaslight, Dante's Inferno, Cripple Creek Gambling Den and things like that. These shall break out on your main thoroughfares and keep just out of reach of the police. And out near the exposition grounds all the unsavory shows which fail to get into the true and holy Midway, they shall camp round about the walls. And there shall be quick-lunch kiosks and Bohemian beer gardens, and light lunch wagons prowling by day.

And there shall be ten cent soda and all prices according. And every man's maid servant shall threaten to go away and get a job at the fair. And there shall be exposition slang. And every true San Franciscan shall be bled for stock and gate tickets and second mortgage bonds and then more gate tickets and the deficit. And there will be guests. The son of your great uncle's step brother from Jamaica will come to visit you, and the grand niece of your brother in law's most cordially detested aunt.

And there shall be conventions. And ye shall not find room upon your own street cars. And strangers shall dig you in the ribs with their umbrellas and say: "What's that?" And when you tell them what it is, they shall say: "Do you suppose he knows?"

And you shall cry unto yourselves, "Lawk a mercy on us, this is none of San Francisco!"—Boston Transcript.

The Speedier Way. He simply couldn't help it. He was born lazy. As a rule, if not too sleepy, he could get through a shave in about thirty-five minutes. But today, after only fourteen hours' sleep, he appeared even more sluggish than ever. As he applied the lather to his customer's beard his brush tingled haltingly, as though loath to leave the stubby chin to which it was being applied.

His customer was a patient man and stood this for a considerable while. But at last his patience began to ooze, and he interrupted a forty winks' interval with a cough.

"Sere, ind," he suggested. "A've an idea. Hold your hand, keep the brush still, an' as'll wad ma head for ye!"—London Answers.

Making Things Hum in Rome. The Romans had three recognized methods of applauding—the bombus, the imbrices and the testae. The word bombus did not carry any allusion to explosives. On the contrary, this form of applause was the most decorous, inasmuch as it consisted merely of a humming or buzzing noise. Thus in a way the Romans were the first to make things hum in a public assembly. The bombus was not the chief feature the Romans had to offer in the way of applause. The imbrices meant a demonstration made with the hollow of the hands. The testae meant the striking together of the flat portions of the hands. From this we may conclude that the Romans clapped, but there is no certainty on this point.—New York Herald.

A Rite and a Wrong. "Marriage," remarked the professor, "was a rite practiced by the ancients." "And bachelorhood," interrupted a maiden of forty, "is a wrong practiced by the moderns."—Boston Transcript.

Attractive Rates for March

VERY LOW ONE-WAY RATES TO PACIFIC COAST. A general basis of \$25.00 for one-way tourist tickets to California, Oregon, Washington and the Far West, daily from March 10th to April 10th. Tickets are honored in coaches and through tourist sleepers. THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING SERVICE. Every day to Los Angeles, via Denver, Scenic Colorado, Salt Lake Route. Every day to San Francisco, March 10th to April 10th, via Denver, Scenic Colorado, Ogden; personally conducted tourist sleeper excursions every Thursday and Sunday to Frisco, thence Los Angeles via Coast Line. Every day to Seattle, Portland and Northwest. HOMESEKERS' EXCURSIONS. March 7th and 21st, to new territory south, west and northwest, including Big Horn Basin. YELLOWSTONE PARK. Think now about touring the Park this summer; inquire about the new and attractive way through this wonderland, an eight-day personally conducted camping tour from Cody, via the scenic entrance, every thing provided; different from all other tours. An ideal recreative and scenic outing for a small party of friends to take. Address Aaron Holm, Proprietor, Cody, Wyo., or the undersigned.

If you are expecting to make any kind of a summer tour I shall be glad to have you get in touch with me early. L. F. REGTOR, Ticket Agent Columbus, Nebr. L. W. WANKLEY, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

LONDON'S DIALECT.

A Perfectly Recognizable Child of the Old Kentish Tongue.

In a little book entitled "London's Dialect" Mr. Mackenzie Macbride challenges the view expressed by the education department of the London county council that "there is no London dialect of reputable antecedents and origin," and that "the cockney mode of speech is a modern corruption."

He points out that the London dialect, especially on the south side of the Thames, is a perfectly recognizable child of the old Kentish tongue, to which we owe our earliest written literature. "The" for "that," "benk" for "bank," "keb" for "cab," are remnants of the old Kentish mode of pronunciation.

In the Kentish dialect "that" was spelt "thet" as early as A. D. 825. The use of "t" for "a," as in "tidy," was common from the Trent to the Thames in Elizabeth's time, and John Stow, writing in 1580, gives us "byliffe" for "bailiff." The use of "au" for "a" in such cockneyisms as "telegraph" is of very old origin, and "abait" and "abside" are both warranted by ancient use. As for "kep" and "slep" without the final "t," they are really uncorrupted words, the "t" being an intruder of late date.

A Shabby Coat Collar.

Very often the collar of a coat begins to look shabby when the coat itself is in good order, and it is wonderful what a difference a thorough cleaning will make. First take a piece of clean cloth and dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar thoroughly with it. Leave it for ten minutes, then rub it again with the turpentine and scrape it carefully to remove any loose dirt. Next sponge the collar with a little alcohol and keep wiping it until it is dry. Hang it up in an airy place for an hour or two and it will look as good as new.—Boston Herald.

How It Was.

"She's very wealthy?" "Very." "Money left to her?" "No. She is the author of a book entitled 'Hints to Beautiful Women.'" "I presume all the beautiful women in the country purchased it?" "No; but all the plain women did!"—New York Herald.

The Restorative.

"How's your wife's cold this morning?" "Much better, thank you. There's a dance tomorrow evening that she wants to go to."—Detroit Free Press.

When a man sits down and hopes for the best he is apt to get the worst of it.



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