

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT



JUDGE SULLIVAN—THE PEOPLES' CANDIDATE. From a Photograph taken for the Nebraska Reform Press Business Association, September 18th, 1897.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Judge John J. Sullivan of Columbus, Neb., nominee of the united reform forces of this state for the Supreme Court, is a man exceptionally qualified for that most important position, not only on account of his superior legal attainments and marked judicial turn of mind, but also because he is in thorough harmony with the spirit of our form of government. He is forty-two years of age, and from boyhood to manhood he has come in contact with the shadows and the sunshine of life. Born on the farm, his first school days were spent in country districts. He worked himself finally through some of the higher institutions of learning. A portion of this time was spent in teaching country schools. Afterwards, he took up the study of law, and all of his life he has spent where he was in easy touch with the common people, as we are wont to compliment the real citizenship of America, and also with those of more pretentious claims.

For the past twenty years, he has had his residence in the little country town of Columbus, and it is characteristic of the judge to be on easy and friendly terms with all classes of citizens of that little city and the surrounding country. He is, in the highest sense of the word, a "commoner."

As a practicing lawyer, as County Attorney of Platte, as the Probate Judge of Platte and as District Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, John J. Sullivan has always earned and retained the full confidence of all classes of people. While naturally reserved in his disposition and modest possibly to a fault, yet his acquaintanceship and warm personal friends are not confined to a small coterie of men of any particular class or occupation. On the contrary, it is general.

Judge Sullivan has been all his life and is at this time a hard working student. While he is conceded to be exceptionally well grounded in the fundamental principles of law and justice, thoroughly abreast with the times in his profession, at the same time, neither his readings nor his studies have been restricted altogether to the law. He is well informed in ancient and modern history, the ups and downs of our country and the general trend of affairs. He views them all as a broad gauged American citizen is wont to do.

Politically, Judge Sullivan has always been a Jeffersonian democrat, but never very active in politics. In truth, all the political preferences which he has enjoyed have come to him as a free will offering. He insisted on discouraging the nomination of himself for judge of the Supreme Court, not but that he appreciated highly the honor that such a nomination would confer, but he urged that there were others so well qualified to fill the position and whose public career had so richly earned the honor and trust, that his name should not be taken under consideration. He was honest and sincere in this position, and is now a candidate for Supreme Judge only because the logic of the situation brought it about.

Possibly the most active part Judge Sullivan ever took in politics was a few years ago when he was intensely aroused by the fact that the principles

advocated by Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan himself were shamefully turned down by the State Democratic Convention. At that time, what is commonly known as the gold standard and corporation democracy was dominating the democratic party of Judge Sullivan's home county. Contrary to his usual custom to take no very active interest in politics, figuratively speaking, he pulled his coat, went out, and antagonized the controlling elements in his party; he advocated and worked for the supremacy of the principles which now all three of the political organizations which have given him their nomination so rightfully boast of. To him much credit is due for the splendid turn of affairs, the magnificent majorities for Holcomb and Bryan and others, in that county in the past few years.

Judge Sullivan took an active part from the primaries up, and in the democratic State Convention, a year later, when the Jeffersonian democracy had asserted itself and driven out its dictators and money changers, Sullivan was found to be a member of that convention, as a committeeman on resolutions and platform he assisted in drafting some of its most pronounced principles, and was one of Mr. Bryan's most faithful and able co-workers.

He took an active part in the nomination of W. J. Bryan and was one of his most ardent supporters during the campaign that followed, although he was somewhat handicapped by the fact that he occupied a judicial position. However, notwithstanding the unwritten law, that district judges shall not take the stump, he made a few speeches in favor of the reform measures then presented to the people, that were pronounced by those who heard them as equal to any produced during the campaign and demonstrated that he had made a study of the money question and that the cause of free silver had few able champions.

Last summer, Judge Sullivan was one of the original handful of men who met in the city of Columbus for the purpose of bringing about a union of forces in the Third Congressional district, in the matter of electing congressmen. By a foolish and unnecessary division of these reform forces in prior campaigns, the district had been repeatedly lost. Largely because of his active and continuous work, the effort to consolidate the forces in the Third District were perfected and made a pronounced success. At the second meeting of these electors for that purpose, Judge Sullivan, in his usual clear and common sense way, suggested a plan of union which was unanimously adopted and a committee with himself as chairman was appointed to submit this plan in writing. This was done and it was again unanimously adopted. Upon that plan, the reform forces of the Third Congressional District held a meeting in the city of Norfolk, and made Ex-Chief Justice Samuel Maxwell, of Fremont, their candidate for congress. Judge Sullivan was selected by the democratic contingent in that meeting to report the actions of the conference to the Democratic Congressional Convention. In making this report, Judge Sullivan followed it up by moving the adoption of the action of the conference and the nomination of Judge Maxwell, both of which were carried by unanimous

vote.

In his home county, in his home city, in his home ward, and by his next door neighbors, Judge Sullivan has the full and complete confidence of the Populists, the Democrats and the Free Silver Republicans and he is warmly admired and highly respected by his most pronounced political opponents.

Much has been said about the friendship existing between Judge Sullivan and Judge Post. They live in the same city, in the same ward and in the same street; they are next door neighbors with not even so much as a yard fence to divide their properties. Their relationship is no doubt pleasant but to say that these pleasant relations are strong enough to be termed an intimacy is to violate the truth. Unquestionably, a greater interest has been awakened in each other since each has become the nominee of contesting political organizations. The temperaments and disposition of the two men are diametrically opposed to each other and a lack of geniality is perfectly natural. Their ideas on most all public questions as far as neighbors have been able to observe, have always traveled in opposite directions, and possibly the only thing that could be said of both men in common is that they are both good lawyers.

At his home, Judge Sullivan is mild mannered and has a pleasant and sunny disposition. He is kind and considerate of other people's wants and aspirations.

Campaign Waxes Hot.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 4.—The reports from the county conventions held throughout the state all corroborate one old, old story now forever new: "We are getting together."

Speakers are being billed out by the reform forces. So far the republicans have made no dates. They seem to be conducting a still hunt. Their chief stock in trade appears to be to poison the minds of the people against Judge Sullivan. They say he is a thin skinned free silver man, a corporation hireling, etc. That sounds funny when the fact is recalled that the solid populist, democratic and free silver republican delegations to the state convention of Platte, Merrick, Nance, Boone, Madison, Colfax and Butler counties, Judge Sullivan's own county and the surrounding counties, voted first, last and all the time for his nomination. The judge has lived among these people for twenty odd years and surely they ought to know what kind of a man he is.

It is monstrous poor campaign material, but it is the best the republican politicians can produce. They are doing the best they can, angels could do no more.

The Bryan meetings at Tecumseh and Johnson Saturday were like other Bryan gatherings. The people turned out by the thousands to hear "dead issues" discussed by the "out law."

In a ten-round bout between the American Sporting club at Seranton, Pa., Tommy Ryan of Philadelphia was awarded the decision over Jack McAuliffe of Brooklyn, the retired world's lightweight champion. They met at catchweights. Ryan was down eight seconds in the seventh round.

UNITED IN DOUGLAS COUNTY

THE THREE REFORM FORCES SOLIDIFIED

All Sides Exercised a Spirit of Fair Play—Omaha and Douglas County Wheel Into Line and Insure a Big Majority for the State Ticket.

Omaha, Neb., 4.—The democrats, populists and free silver republicans of Douglas county, have united their forces upon a single ticket and peace and harmony prevails and a determination to win is manifest everywhere.

This happy state of affairs was brought about Saturday afternoon and evening. The regular conventions of these parties were held and conference committees were appointed to recommend the apportionment of the representation on the ticket to each party and after a whole afternoon and evening's discussions, waitings and adjournments, a satisfactory apportionment was finally arrived at and the following nominations were made:

- For SheriffTHOMAS HOCTOR Democrat.
- For Treasurer ...FRANK HIBBARD Populist.
- For County Judge..W. A. ANDERSON Democrat.
- For Surveyor E. T. YOUNGERFELD Democrat.
- For ClerkM. H. REDFIELD Silver Republican.
- For Register of Deeds EVAN R. JAMES Silver Republican.
- For Superintendent .W. W. ELLIOTT Populist.
- For CommissionerFRANK J. KASPER Populist.
- For CoronerH. C. WHEELER Silver Republican.

Numerous other officers such as justices of the peace, constables, assessors, etc., all of which are considered worth having in this county, were also satisfactorily divided up between the three political organizations.

This union of forces fully insures the carrying of Omaha and Douglas county for Judge Sullivan and the free silver candidates for regents, and also the election of the county ticket.

It was a general common sense getting together. The so-called "bulldozing democrats," the "middle of the road populists" and the renegade, office hunting silver republicans, all got together and have inaugurated a common sense campaign. They swear that they will not be stumbling blocks in the way of the grand work that is being done by their party associates throughout the state.

Money in Garbage.

The garbage of a great city is worth a fortune every year, if properly utilized. In St. Louis, Mo., the refuse is placed in enormous vertical cylinders, surrounded by steam jackets, which evaporate the seventy-five to eighty per cent of water in the garbage. The fatty substances are dissolved, and as the result of a number of processes a fertilizer is produced which is worth from nine dollars to twelve dollars per ton, the demand exceeding the supply. One of the purest and best soaps of the country was made of garbage grease before cottonseed oil entered the field. It is now proposed to light London by electricity for nothing. It now costs that city \$1.08 (4s. 8d.) to get rid of a ton of garbage. A combination of boilers and other apparatus has been devised that can burn the garbage at twenty-four cents (one shilling) per ton, and generate steam sufficient to run enough dynamos to light the entire city. London can thus save 3s. 8d. on each ton, and, in addition, illuminate its city without cost. Garbage, by a machine called the "dust destructor," is converted into clinkers, which can be used for roadways, as artificial stone for sidewalks, and as sand for mortar and cement. In Paris the invisible particles of iron, worn from wheels and from the shoes of horses, are rescued by passing powerful magnets through the sweepings.

The waste liquids from woolen mills threatened, like Tennyson's "brook," to "run on forever," till Science came to the rescue. The recovered product called "magma" is caught in canvas bags and subjected to hydraulic pressure. It yields an oil, which, when distilled, is a combination of cloth oil (used in wool and jute spinning and in soapmaking), and stearin, from which candles are made. There is also a black refuse, valuable as a fertilizer; a hard pitch unequalled as a lubricant in iron rolling mills, and a light spirit oil, used to dissolve rubber.

Waste pieces of cork, when carefully cleaned and finely powdered, are used as a absorbent, called suberine. Burnt cork, or Spanish black, is an artists' pigment; powdered cork is used by druggists as a substitute for lycopodium, powdered Irish starch, etc. Linoleum, made of linseed oil and pressed cork, forms an excellent floor carpet; when embossed and decorated it is called Lincresta Walton. All cork cuttings are useful—for filling fire-buoys and belt-jackets, and for packing bottles in pasteboard.

Paper making has redeemed more articles of waste to a useful life than any other branch of human industry. Paper can be made of anything that has a fibre. Over fifty kinds of bark are now used, while old sacking or bagging makes a good quality. It is also made of banana skins, bean stalks, pea-vines, coconut fibre, clover, and "timothy," hay, peat, straw, fresh-water weeds, sea-weed, and more than a hundred different kinds of grass. Among the other materials that have been utilized as paper-makers are hair, fur and wool, asbestos, hop plants, and any and every kind of grain—even leaves, husks and stems of India corn. Nearly every kind of moss can be made into paper, as can also sawdust, shavings, thistle-down, tobacco stalks and tan-bark.

EMMA HAAS LED THEM.

A Joan of Arc Among the Pennsylvania Miners.

A "Joan of Arc" has arisen among the Pennsylvania miners. Her name is Emma Haas, and she is the daughter of a miner, for whom she keeps house. It is probable that Emma Haas never heard of Joan of Arc in all her life, or that she had any ambition loftier than that pertaining to pots and kettles, and the baking of bread, until the strike came.

One day there came a fanatical woman into the little mining town on Plum Creek. She was frowsy and loud of speech. She considered it her duty to make speeches to the miners. She hung abroad the banner of riot and bloodshed. She referred to Emma Haas as a woman—a Joan of Arc—who should lead them.

Listening on the outskirts of the crowd, the spirit of the girl was fired. She was in a frenzy.

"Yes," she shouted; "come on! I will lead you!" Then she broke into a wild song, such as was sung by the daughter of Jephtha when her father went to battle. She led a tumultuous march about the village. Forgotten were her pots and pans and the baking of bread. She was transformed into a lawless enemy of society. She lived now only to fight. The papers took up the cue dropped by the fanatical, speechmaking woman and magnified the abilities and purposes of Emma Haas a thousandfold.

In a few days she had organized the women of Plum Creek into a sort of Amazon guard, with an insignia of clubs and torches. Altogether there were twenty of them.

On last Monday the Plum Creek strikers made up their mind to attack the working miners. They placed the Amazon guard, led by Emma Haas, in the van. Emma Haas and some other women had babies in one hand and clubs in the other. It was thought that the fear of hurting the innocent infants would restrain the working miners from resisting the onslaught the savage women intended to make upon them.

The plan outlined by the modern Joan of Arc was for the women to crowd around the men as they attempted to go into the mine, take their dinner buckets away and throw them into the ditch. The Amazon brigade started at daylight, trudging along in stolid silence toward the mines. Emma Haas carried a pick handle over her shoulder and led the march. Near the mine they met a crowd of deputies, who had been ordered to arrest them.

"Down with them! Down with the police!" shouted the new Joan of Arc, waving her club and springing forward.

In an instant there was a riot. The club of Emma Haas was cracking heads at a great rate. Several deputies were knocked down.

When it was over there was not a deputy who did not have a sore head. Five of the women were arrested, although it took four or five deputies to hold each one of them.

The Joan of Arc was the last one subdued.

This Joan of Arc says: "I do not know what made me interested so much in the miners' strike, but I suppose it was because my father is a miner. I never aspired to be leader of a Joan of Arc, but I pitted the poor, down-trodden coal diggers. Notwithstanding that my father is of foreign birth, I believe all these strikes are caused by foreigners who are willing to work at less wages than American-born men. I would like to be a man. I would show some of the black sheep that I would be a good striker."

"Even if I am not a man, I can show the principles of one. I relieve the strikers are right, and they ought to win their strike. I think they can do it if they continue the struggle on the same lines as they have been following. The deputies are costing the stockholders of the company thousands of dollars every week. The miners have nothing to lose. They only get a living before the strike, and are getting about the same now.

One thing I have noticed in this struggle, and I have also read of it in other strikes. That is, that women make better strikers than men. If it was not for the women of Center, Cirksvile and the other small villages around Plum Creek many, if not nearly all of the men would be back at work. The charge that the men force the women to march in order that the women will act as shields for the men is false. The truth of the matter is that the women cannot be kept out of participating in the strike. Instead of the men forcing the women into the early morning marches, the women force the men. I cite dozens of cases where if it had not been for the women pulling the men out of bed by force and making them go on the march, many of them would have lain there until the black sheep had gone into the mines. I also know of cases where women have forced their husbands to stop work and join the strikers. Some of the women have threatened to leave their husbands if the latter did not assert their manhood. Women have more pride than men, and their sensibilities are finer. A woman does not want to be looked upon as the wife or sister of a black sheep who is trying to prevent his fellow-men from bettering their condition.

The strikers have been very kind to me, and what I did for them was from a sense of duty. I thought it was my duty to work to help better the condition of my neighbors, and I am enlisted in their cause to the end. I am willing to go to prison for them. We cannot help but win the fight. All the Pittsburg mines with the exception of De Armit's will be working after the end of this week, and the 20,000 diggers will contribute part of their wages to carry on the De Armit strike. When we will be in better shape to fight the De Armits than now. There is an end to the large expenditure of money for deputies. If the deputies are sent away we will have no trouble getting out the black sheep, and our fight will be crowned with victory."

Statue of the Queen.

A bronze statue of Queen Victoria, cast in London, is to ornament the front of the New Royal Victoria college in Montreal, Quebec. It is eight feet four inches in height and bears an inscription on the base reading: "The work of Princess Louise, 1895."

OVER 1,000 YEARS AGO.

An Ancient Ceremony That Still Survives.

[Gentleman Farmer.]

Modern civilization is fast improving ancient customs off the face of the earth, yet a unique ceremony still takes place in the little old-world town of Echternach, in the grand duchy of Luxembourg. Every Whit Tuesday a vast multitude of persons from far and near assembles and forms the procession of dancing saints (Springende Heiligen) in order to induce heaven to cure all their ailments. Rich and poor, young and old, weak and strong, halt and maimed, take their stand upon the Prussian side of the Sure bridge at 8 o'clock, and, after listening to a sermon, dance to the abbey and thrice around the tomb of St. Willibrod, the patron saint. The procession is headed by the town beadle, dressed in red and surrounded by small boys. Next come choristers, chanting litanies. Then a large body of clergy, 700 strong, and last the rank and file. These are placed in rows of seven, kept in line by handkerchiefs, sticks and umbrellas, and interspersed with the motley crew are musicians playing dance music upon every conceivable instrument, while the dancers sing the classic tune as they perform a polka step, three steps forward and two back.

Soon the pace begins to tell, the feeble fall out of the ranks, and are promptly rescued and placed in safety by the firemen. Enthusiasm waxes, men and women weep violently as they encircle thrice, and at 1 o'clock a salute announces that the festival is over.

More than 1,000 years ago, when Willibrod, the hero saint of Luxembourg, died at Echternach, a terrible affliction smote all the cattle; they were seized with a dancing madness, a frenzy destructive alike to themselves and their owners. The people danced in order to prevent their animals doing so. The effect was marvelous, the cattle regained their sanity, and, seeing this, the people continued to dance on their own account for all kinds of illness, but especially for hysteria and St. Vitus' dance. Everybody danced, and the old and infirm, unable to foot it themselves, performed the pilgrimage by proxy, with an equally good result. From time to time efforts were made to stop the ceremony, but this resulted in a return of the cattle plague showing that the saint was not to be defrauded of his annual homage, so that it had to be resumed, and the number of pilgrims increases yearly. But, alas! a schism has arisen, introduced by a lazy and shortsighted generation. The schismatics, chiefly Germans, begin by resting eight minutes after the starting signal; they then dance thirty steps forward, but, instead of retreating, rest for another eight minutes, while the orthodox dance back; and, repeating this, they will arrive at the church doors as soon as the other pilgrims and in a far fresher condition.

ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Remarkable Escape of a Kaffir From a Lion.

An interesting tale comes from Mas-Manoland, in which a lion and a Kaffir figure. The story is vouched for by Dr. R. Brown, a well known writer on South African topics. The Kaffir was visiting some friends at a distance, and was horrified while resting near a small pool to see a large lion watching him from the other side. Unfortunatly, the man had laid his loaded gun beyond his reach, and at sign of reaching for it the lion roared menacingly.

The situation now became extremely painful—if not for the lion, for the man, for putting aside the imminent prospect of being devoured, the rock on which he sat, exposed to the glare of an African sun, was so hot that he could scarcely bear to touch it with his naked feet. But the enemy was inexorable. Any exhibition of an intention to seize the weapon was followed by a warning roar, so that the man had all day long to tempter the almost intolerable heat of the rock by placing one foot on another, until by evening both feet were so roasted that he had lost any sense of pain.

The lion seemed to have only recently dined, otherwise it is extremely unlikely it would have displayed such tolerance to its helpless vis-a-vis. At moon it walked to the pool to drink, looking round every few steps to watch the Kaffir, and when he reached for his gun, turned in a rage, and was upon the point of pouncing upon him. Then, quenching his thirst, the vigilant brute came back to its old post. Another night passed, but whether the Kaffir slept or not he could not tell. All he knew was that it must have been at very short intervals, and with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet.

Next forenoon the animal went again to the water, and while there, hearing apparently some noise in an opposite quarter, disappeared in the bush. The man now made an effort to seize his gun, but on attempting to rise he fell, his ankles being apparently without power. However, he got the musket, and crept to the pool to drink, determined, if the lion returned, to discharge the contents of his weapon into it. But it did not appear.

Then, unable to walk—with his toes roasted by the sun and the hot rock, and his legs flayed by sharp-edged grass, he crawled along the nearest path on his hands and knees on the chance of some traveler passing that way. This hope seemed destined to disappointment, when a countryman came up and took the famished and crippled Kaffir to a place of safety, where he recovered, though he was lame for life.

One of the most stylish of the ready-made costumes suitable for a girl of twelve is made of a smooth French blue cloth. The entire skirt and sleeves are tucked, the tucking being so fine that it has the effect of narrow cording. This little costume has the correct Russian blouse, which is full both back and front and is made with a skirt cut in Van Dyke points. The Russian blouse is covered with a lattice work design fashioned of very narrow black satin folds. Down the left side of the blouse is an accordion pleated frill of changeable blue and dull red taffeta silk. The cloth collar is exceptionally high and is finished with a frill of the platted silk.