

# Columbus Journal.

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STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

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Senator LaFollette places Senator Burkett among the progressives. Where LaFollette leads the progressive republicans of Nebraska should not fear to follow.

U. S. district judges want their salaries raised. When it is taken into consideration that federal judges now receive more than they earn, an additional increase would be nothing more than grand larceny.

Belvidere, a town of 75,000 people, in northern Illinois, has been legally dry for eight years. But booze has always been sold. Finally, after eight years of inactivity, the prohibitionists got a move on themselves the other day and arrested all the bootleggers in the city. The fines collected amounted to \$11,500. The electric light plant has been started up again and the policemen and other city officers have been paid a month's salary.

There died in San Francisco last Wednesday a millionaire little known to the general public. His name was Charles H. Crittenton, founder of the Florence Crittenton Rescue Home for Girls. These institutions were named in memory of his daughter Florence who died nearly fifty years ago at the age of 4. Seventy-three of these rescue homes are located in this country, and others in China and Japan. In the passing of Mr. Crittenton one of the truly good men has gone to his reward.

If republicans hope to win the state election next year and elect a governor, and a legislature favorable to the return of Senator Burkett, they must eliminate questions from the campaign that are not strictly republican issues, they must give the State Anti-Saloon League and the State Liquor Dealers association to understand that they cannot use the party as a door mat and dictate the state platform. In past campaigns too much consideration has been given to the demands of Elmer Thomas, Tom Darnell and a number of other so-called moral reformers who have assisted in knitting republican nominees in the past. A few years ago, when Dietrich was a candidate for governor, Tom Darnell was hired and paid democratic money to fight the republican ticket, and last year Elmer Thomas was one of the men who entered into a deal with the democratic campaign committee which resulted in the defeat of Sheldon. The followers of Darnell and Thomas voted the democratic ticket last year and will do the same this year. The time has come for the republican party of Nebraska to declare its independence and repudiate the fake reformers who are attempting to dictate its policy and at the same time supporting democratic candidates.

The Sugar Trust has already returned \$2,000,000 of its stealings from the government. It is estimated that \$28,000,000 are still due, and President Taft has expressed his determination to probe the custom house frauds to the bottom and compel the trust to return every penny due the government. The frauds have been going on for nearly thirty years—through democratic as well as republican administrations.

If all the proposed measures suggested for securing government aid were enacted into laws, it would bankrupt the nation. Hundreds of millions are asked for irrigation purposes; money is demanded for river and harbor improvements; government railroads are "resolved for" by granger gatherings; the government is asked to purchase the coal mines of the country, and a hundred thousand government employes think their salaries should be raised because butter is selling for 35 cents a pound and eggs 25 cents a dozen.

That 1 cent should be added to the price of a quart of milk may seem like a trifling matter to people who do not count their pennies. What is 1-cent more or less? That it does sound so insignificant makes it easier for the milk trust to carry through its scheme of extortion. It figures in millions of dollars to be gained in a year, while the average person figures in cents to be spent from day to day. If the general cost of living were suddenly increased 124 per cent at the dictation of a greedy combination there would be a tremendous outcry. It has actually increased much more than that during the last few years owing to a variety of causes to which certain trusts have largely contributed. Nine cent milk, it is reported, will soon be followed by 50-cent butter. Fresh eggs are already a real luxury. Meats, poultry and most of the common vegetables are inordinately high. Fruit is out of all reason considering the prices received by the growers for their products. An extra cent or two has been tacked on here and tacked on there by the common carriers and the middlemen and the retailers until the total of their exactions represents a considerable part of the daily earnings of the clerk and the laborer—New York World.

There has recently been much in the papers about the efforts of Italian Catholics in America and elsewhere to secure the canonization of Christopher Columbus as a saint. The efforts failed, and incidentally bring to light a little history you don't learn when perusing Barnes' History of the United States. Columbus don't lose out in the Vatican because he failed to produce his Eskimos, or make proper contracts with the publishers, or any of the faults of modern explorers. Not even the fact that he died in prison would have barred him, for he wouldn't be the first saint with that kind of a record. Columbus is in bad because he was smart enough to know the world is round, but foolish enough to write letters, or keep a diary. At any rate, it is from his own writings that the fact is gleaned that Columbus, while stopping at Cordova, Spain, to importune the aid of Spanish royalty, spent some time at the inn of one Enquez, during which stay he lived with the daughter of the inn-keeper; Beatriz Enquez, without the formality of marriage. A son was born to the pair, and Columbus did everything but the all important right thing of marrying. The son was given his name, and his name, and his will made provision for the care of the woman. But it bars him from being a saint.—Acheson Globe.

## IS HOWARD A CANDIDATE?

When Hon. J. P. Latta visited Columbus during the congressional campaign, he made a brief address at the North opera house, in which he stated that he would not be a candidate for renomination in the event of his election; that it would be a pleasure for him to assist in nominating and electing Edgar Howard, editor of the Telegram, as his successor.

Believing that Mr. Latta was sincere when he made the statement not to seek a renomination, the political friends of Mr. Howard are urging him to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the primary nomination on the democratic ticket. Those who are in close touch with Mr. Howard in political matters, say that he would not object to having his name appear on the primary ballot if his political friends throughout the Third congressional district are favorable to his candidacy and so petition.

As editor of the most influential democratic paper of the Third district, and one of the recognized leaders of his party in the state, the nomination of Mr. Howard by the democrats would mean a close fight, for there is no disguising the fact that Mr. Howard is a man of exceptional ability, enjoys a wide acquaintance, is popular with the voters of his party, and has the respect of those who do not agree with him politically. With Mr. Howard honored with the nomination, by his party, the republicans must name a candidate to oppose him equally as strong in every respect—a man who can command the support of republican voters, and the confidence of the people generally.

## ARE WE A CIVILIZED PEOPLE?

Are we a civilized people? Does education make us wise and does cultivation make us humane? Who can answer these questions in the affirmative who has read the accounts of the lynching of the negro and the white man by the mob at Cairo, Ill., and which were witnessed and sanctioned by thousands of people, many of whom were women? The reports of that awful revel of blood are sickening in their details. The mob was not content with the ordinary forms of summary punishment. The negro was taken from the hands of the officers and dragged to the most prominent street corner in the town. As he was conveyed through the crowds he was beaten almost insensibly. As the rope was placed about his neck he confessed. Women immediately caught the end of the rope and pulled the wretched creature from his feet. When he was a few feet from the ground the rope broke and he fell to the street. Here his body was riddled with bullets, and then was dragged by the mass of frenzied men and women to the scene of the crime. A fire was built, and the flame was applied by a young woman. Before the body was thrown upon its pyre, however, a most hideous orgie took place. The dead negro's head was cut off and mounted upon a pole that was stuck into the ground. The man's heart was torn out and cut into small pieces, which were distributed to the people as souvenirs. The rope was soaked in the blood and also cut into pieces for souvenirs. After that the mutilated corpse was burned. This negro was guilty of a dastardly crime, and no doubt richly merited death. But it is revolting to every human sentiment of decency that the mob should have descended to such horrors in seeking vengeance. The women appear to have taken the lead. They were transformed into veritable furies, like those females who led the mobs of the French revolution. The white man who was also lynched on that dreadful night had killed his wife. His fate was a rebuke to the lagging feet of justice. The mob was absolutely uncontrollable. It was composed of many of the most influential people of the city, who for the time being were mad with the horrid mockery of elemental passion. Even a stranger who ventured the opinion that the white man was innocent was set upon by the mob and beaten most cruelly before he was rescued. These human tigers with reading fangs were blind with blood lust. We lift our eyes from reading these nerve-chilling details with a numb sense of disillusionment. What is this humanity that the children of men have striven for down the track of the centuries? Is there, after all, a fatal stovium that merely holds the brute within us in suppression—and occasionally gives leash to the captive.—Kansas City Journal.

Physicians in Japan. Medical students in Japan must have had eleven or twelve years of preliminary training in the lower schools. No one may practice medicine who has not been convicted of a crime. All physicians for the first ten years during which they follow their calling must keep full written records of all their cases, and they must not issue boastful advertisements or claim the exclusive right to any healing invention with a secret formula.

## ROMANCE OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

It was in June, 1880, that Benton Murdock and his brother, the late M. M. Murdock of the Wichita Eagle, started toward Pike's Peak with a load of provisions and building and mining materials. That was the year of the great drought, and the two boys made the trip in ox teams to try to recoup their fortunes. They intended to stay through the winter in Colorado, looking for gold.

They visited the gold mines, California Gulch, where Leadville now stands, and it was decided that Marshall Murdock should stay during the winter and that Bent should return to his Kansas home. Of this trip Bent Murdock wrote years ago. It is a story of intense human interest and sounds best as told in the words of the principal, Thomas Benton Murdock, written in the third person, as published in his own paper, the Eldorado Republican:

"Benton hitched up his oxen, which were now in fine condition for his 700 mile journey alone to his Southern Kansas home. It was a long, lonesome trip for a boy to take through that wild frontier country.

"On the third morning, while yoking up his oxen preparatory to continuing his journey, a brown-eyed curly-headed boy of about 15 years rode up on a split-eared Comanche Indian pony and modestly but earnestly requested to be taken to the Missouri river. The handsome youth said his name was 'Len Ridgeway.' Benton told Len to put his pack in the wagon, tie Comanche to the tailrod and jump in.

"The first part of the journey was uneventful. There were other Pike's Peakers returning home. Game was abundant. Len was an excellent cook. The weather was fine and from twenty to thirty miles was counted a day's travel.

"These two boys became quite chummy. Benton, who was a broad shouldered, stalwart youth, willingly assumed all the rough work of the camp and trail, while Len was resolute in performing the lighter duties. Whatever discouragement confronted these two companions, Len was the first to explain that while things were a little tough, everything would be all right tomorrow. And Benton had said from the first day that Len was fully worth his keep in the artistic preparation of meals, not counting the snatches of poetry and song, the stories of home that nightly sent these comrades to dreamless sleep on the bosom of Mother Earth.

"About 2 o'clock of the second day the boys came up to a tremendous herd of buffaloes that were on their way south. Crossing the wide bottom like a huge ocean wave they plunged into the river, returning to the alkali sands, grunting, bellowing and wallowing therein, filling the air with a suffocating dust, creating a turmoil, which to those boys was frightful to behold.

"While one boy guarded the team the other mounted Comanche and charged the buffalo in front to drive them from the trail. But slow progress was made and night was coming on while the situation every moment became more precarious. In making a very successful charge upon this solid mass Len with an 8-inch Colts revolver fired into its midst, no doubt, hitting an old bull, which immediately turned and charged the pony. Comanche was an expert and having been duly educated by his former owners in the business, ordinarily would have avoided the rush of the bull, but unfortunately his foot went into a prairie dog hole, throwing his rider with great force over his head.

"Benton, who with one hand was holding the horns of the near wheeler to keep the team in check, his gun in the other, instantly put a ball into the infuriated bull, knocking him to his knees. The pony got to his feet and made a successful dash for the wagon and before the buffalo had recovered from his first dose of lead he received another and another, which finally sent him limping back to the herd.

"Benton immediately stopped his team, dropped his carbine and ran to the boy, scarce a hundred yards away, who had not moved since the accident. He found him limp and lifeless. Taking him in his arms he returned to the wagon. After lighting the lantern, which was suspended from the wagon bow he bathed the boy's face with water from the camp keg and applied whisky to his lips, but he was unable to swallow, being to all appearances dead.

"Benton did everything he could think of to bring him back to life, but to no avail. In loosening his flannel shirtband, Benton was astonished to discover that Len was a girl. For perhaps the first time in his life he was frightened out of his wits. Alone in the midst of the desert, a hundred miles from habitation, surrounded by

seemingly a million buffalo, the situation was appalling. Benton proceeded to do what other boys would have done under like circumstances. He broke down and cried till the tears and the alkali dust formed a thick paste on his cheeks.

"Benton was still hopeful, and continued to use every available means of resuscitation, with no perceptible results. Finally despairing he built a fire, made a cup of coffee and after drinking it in great dejection, resumed his watch over the unconscious girl.

"It was well along in the afternoon, and Benton was trying to determine whether it would be possible to reach civilization with his dead companion and give her Christian burial or whether he should make a box out of the side boards of his wagon and bury her in the desert, when he was aroused from his gruesome thoughts by a feeble voice from within the depths of the blankets.

"Rejoicing at this reassuring evidence that his comrade was alive, he bounded to her side. Taking some water from the camp keg, he gave it to her. As soon as she regained complete consciousness he turned his team to the river and within half an hour had gone into camp, during which time he had fully decided that he would not betray to the little girl his knowledge of her sex. After Len had partaken of a strong cup of tea and a camp supper she fully regained her natural strength and vivacity, and no camp fire ever built on the Republican river was ever more thoroughly enjoyed than this one was by Benton and Len.

"In the winter of 1872 Benton was in Washington, the guest of Senator and Mrs. Samuel C. Pomeroy of Kansas. Mrs. Pomeroy was a brilliant society woman and during his two weeks' stay she gave several dinner parties, at one of which Miss Ames of Boston, Miss Holliday of New York and Miss Pierrepont, from a Southern state, were guests. Half an hour after dinner Benton and Miss Pierrepont found themselves in the library, when the conversation drifted to topics of Western life.

"Miss Pierrepont, who was laboring under most intense mental excitement, turned suddenly to Benton and, with her breath full in his face, her eyes dancing with the light of her tense nature, said in suppressed but measured tones:

"'I am Len.'

"'You are Len? I don't understand,' exclaimed Benton.

"'I am Len who accompanied you across the plains. Who was thrown from the pony and whom you left at Fort Riley. I am Len—Lenore Ridgeway Pierrepont—then as now.'

"'Great Godfrey,' put in Benton as he grasped her hand and drew her towards him. 'Of course I know you. That is I know you now, but I never dreamed it.'

"'And now for the first time Miss Lenore hesitated. 'And did you know—did you discover that I was not a boy?'

"'I did, the night you were thrown from your pony.'

"'I knew it,' she said.

"'How did you know it?' asked Benton.

"'Because from the moment I regained consciousness until we parted you were as kind to me as if I were your little sweetheart.'

"'Yes, I recall that I stopped swearing at the oxen after that.'

"'Besides, you must remember that at our parting at the fort you put your arms around me and drew me to you and would have kissed me had the officer not been present. After you had started to go you returned and taking a plain gold ring from your finger, you put it on mine and your last words were: 'Keep it always or until we meet again.'

"'Here is the ring,' continued Miss Lenore, 'and I have worn it every hour from that day to this. Boys don't usually kiss each other, nor does one give a ring to the other in parting.'

"'I see it all now,' said Benton. 'What a chump I must have been all the way through.'

"'Oh, no. You are merely not a close observer. I recall that I betrayed myself at least a score of times in my impulsive way. You accepted my boyish clothes and never once suspected that I was other than a boy. It was extremely trying at first, but after a time I greatly enjoyed it. You were always so considerate of me. And when I finally arrived home—'

"'Home,' said Benton. 'Your home was in the South, in Virginia.'

"'Yes, I was born in Virginia.'

"'You were born in the Pierrepont settlement near the Pierrepont meeting house?'

"'Yes, on the old homestead.'

"'And your father's name is Lot?'

"'Yes.'

"'He is my uncle,' said Benton.—Kansas City Star.



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## GREISEN BROS.

**The Beggars of Madeira.** There is only one fly in the ointment of Madeira comfort—the beggars. They begin to beg before they can walk, and they call "Penny, penny," before they can lip the sacred name of "mamama." However, one good thing has come of our experience with them. They have prepared us for beggars elsewhere. We are hardened now—at least we think we are. The savor of pity has gone out of us.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

**The Aurora Borealis.** Whatever may be the cause of the aurora borealis, its height does not appear to be limited by the atmosphere. The rays sometimes touch the earth in Scandinavia, coming between the observer and elevated places, but Fogel years ago obtained data showing that a large aurora seen in northern Germany must have had a height of sixty miles and that the rays often rise to 450 miles, their points glowing with red light.

## The Beginning of the End

The following letter from Manager M. Seager explains itself:

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 4, 1909

J. F. Linaberry,  
Columbus, Neb.

Dear Sir:—

Our Florida Sale will close December 15th. If any of the 180,000 tract is left at that time, the price will be advanced to \$30.00 per acre. Mr. Bolles wanted to stop the sale at once, as the price of these lands is advancing rapidly; the tide has turned toward Florida and you can't stop it, he says. We told him our agents were entitled to some consideration, so he consented to let the sale go on until December 15th.

Now this is your chance to take advantage of it.

Very truly,  
M. SEAGER.

If you want a Florida contract, there is no time to lose.

Call on or write J. F. Linaberry or A. L. Koon, Columbus, Nebraska

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