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, SEPTEMBER 28, 1910.

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REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For U. S. Senator
ELMER J. BURKETT

For Congressman, Third District
JOHN F. BOYD

For Governor
C. H. ALDRICH

For Lieutenant-Governor
M. R. HOPEWELL

For Secretary of State
ADDISON WAIT

For Auditor
SILAS R. BARTON

For Attorney General
GRANT G. MARTIN

For Land Commissioner
E. B. COWLES

For Treasurer
WALTER A. GEORGE

For Superintendent Instruction
J. W. CRABTREE

For Railroad Commissioner
HENRY T. CLARKE, JR

For State Senator
EDWIN HOARE

For State Representative
FRANK SCHRAM

For County Attorney
C. N. McELFRESH

For Supervisor, District No. 1
C. A. PETERSON

There is little doubt of the result of the coming election being favorable to Senator Burkett if the reception accorded him wherever he goes is to be the judge. His very enthusiastic reception at the state fair grounds by the large crowd which heard him, not possibly of the loud applause kind, but by the wrapt attention given speaks volumes in his behalf. However his reception at the Modern Woodman picnic at Fontanelle last week was more of the enthusiastic line and in fact his reception there was most gratifying. All along the line of his trip last week he was greeted with good crowds and a warm reception, which goes far toward showing that the senator has not lost any of his popularity. The people of Nebraska are not going to lose the best chance they have had for many years to step into a position in the United States senate which will mean much for the state. In the return of Senator Burkett to Washington, he will be in a position to receive by reason of his service there some of the much coveted assignments on committees which have formerly been held by the old timers, whose terms of service will expire and who retire. This will mean that Senator Burkett will be in a position to get results. A new man will have to work up, and while he is working up, Nebraska takes a back seat as far as he is concerned. Can she afford to do it?

HONESTY PAYS BEST.

There is something insultingly gratuitous in the reiterated suggestion that Governor Shallenberger might, if he had so chosen, have uncovered a whole lot of fraud in Douglas county. If anything were needed to disprove it, the result of the recount there ought to be sufficient. But that is not the only evidence we have.

After having looked into the situation there fully through counsel and with the aid of his friends in the metropolis, the governor himself declared in his statement to the public, at the time he conceded the nomination to Mayor Dahlman, that their search of the ballot boxes had not disclosed any material fraud. Speaking of the recount, he said:

It has also been a great benefit to Mayor Dahlman and the rest of the state ticket, in that it has satisfied my friends and the people of Nebraska generally that the many rumors alleging frauds and unfairness in Douglas county were untrue. While it is possible that I might still hope to win the nomination in a legal battle because of irregularities and technicalities shown in the recount in Douglas county, I do not care for a victory that is to be won in that manner, and I think more of the welfare of the party and of the many friends of mine, who are candidates this year, than I do of any personal ambition of my own, or disappointment because of a seeming repudiation of my administration.

If there had been fraud in Omaha, does anyone imagine that Governor Shallenberger was not in the humor to avail himself of it? When he did not find it, it estops the mouths of all honest men from asserting it in political discussion. Surely Omaha has enough to bear if it answers for the faults that are actual, as has any other community. It does Lincoln and Nebraska no good to be constantly endeavoring to arouse false and damaging political impressions about the citizenship of the metropolis.—Lincoln Star.

SENATOR BURKETT BEGINS CAMPAIGN.

Senator Burkett began his speech making tour September 14, speaking at a Modern Woodmen picnic in Fontanelle.

The senator gave utterance to the doctrine that good men were more desirable and necessary than smart men, and that the best and biggest things that had been done were not done by the smartest men of the time. He referred to the great botanists, whose names had come down to us as the smartest men of their class, but none of them took the seed out of the orange. He spoke of the flying machine, and told how all the wise men of the ages, school teachers and scientists, had scoffed at Darius Green when two men unknown to scholastic fame, just common boys, came out of Ohio and upset the smart men of all the ages with a "heavier than air" flying machine. "Abraham Lincoln was not looked upon as a great statesman before he became president, and the smart men admitted it," said the senator. Some of them were in great distress of mind because the great responsibilities of his high office and the destinies of the republic should be placed in so ignorant hands. But Lincoln had ideals of eternal justice, he walked and talked with God, and communed with the great masses of the people; and the greatest things come not from the smartest men but from the best men.

"The good legislation that we get from our congress and from our state legislature does not originate usually with the wise men, but comes from the Toms and Dicks and Johns and Bills, just ordinary men as fame goes all over the country. It is the great heart throb of the people and not the brain machination of great men that brings great reforms. It is necessary therefore to have the peoples' hearts right, their ideals must be high, their purposes must be noble, their visions must be clear and their motives pure, their souls must not be congested with selfishness and greed, their outlook must not be clouded with disappointment and despair and disloyalty. We talk about getting better men in public life, but first we must have good men in private life. Barring accidents of our election system men in office reflect the character of the constituency that elect them. If we would relieve ourselves of the rascals in office we must weed out the notions in private life that public office is a private snap. The man who will blackmail a man in public life either for financial purposes or because he did not get an appointment should be scorned just as would the man who would graft the public in office. A man who will pettifog with facts and mislead the people or who will pretend to be what he is not to get into office will be dishonest after he is elected. The people ought not to tolerate dirty practices by candidates for office if they do not expect to endorse the same kind of methods after such persons have been elected.

"These great fraternal orders are doing a magnificent work in civic righteousness. They are elevating the standards of men and deserve to be classed along with the churches and the schools. They are helping to weed out the vagabonds and disreputable men in our social and industrial life. The Modern Woodmen of America has become the most stupendous thing of its kind in all the world. It commands our attention because of its immensity, but it commands our esteem because of the good it is doing for society. It is helping and saving and elevating men, for it teaches the higher ideals and nobler purposes of life."

PAYNE TARIFF LAW NEEDS NO DEFENSE.

Danville, Ill.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, in accepting his twentieth nomination for congress, said the present tariff needed no defense and declared agitation for its revision dangerous to the welfare of the country. He said in part:

"Gentlemen:—In accepting this twentieth nomination for representative, I want to express my conviction that this is to be a campaign for the serious consideration of one national policy, which touches every man in the country. That is the policy as to how we are to raise one billion dollars a year for the expenses of the various functions that have been put upon the federal treasury.

"The minority party in congress always indulges in talk about economy, but they vote for the largest appropriations. There are now in the various committees of the house of representatives bills, introduced by democrats alone, which would call for appropriations amounting to nearly $500,000,000 more than was appropriated.

"The tariff contest today is just what it has been for fifty years—a contest between protection and free trade. We now have in command of the democrats in the house of representatives a man who has never attempted to dodge or explain away the democratic position. The honorable Champ Clark announced himself a free trader 'from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head,' as he expressed it, when he came to congress, and he has been consistent in that declaration throughout his public service.

"With Mr. Clark as the democratic leader of those who are dissatisfied with the Payne tariff law, there ought be no misunderstanding as to what the contest means. It is progressive only toward free trade, it is reactionary as to all the progress we have made under protection in the last half century. The agitation for another tariff revision, or another attempted revolution in our revenue policy, is just as dangerous to the welfare of the whole people as was that of 1894, when the Wilson tariff was enacted.

"I have no defense to make of the Payne law, for it needs none. It is the enactment of the pledges made by the republican national convention of 1908. It is in keeping with the policy of protection which the republican party has maintained as the correct revenue policy ever since the election of Abraham Lincoln; in fact, it is in harmony with the very first revenue legislation of the first congress under the administration of Washington. That policy is to protect the American producer from the unequal competition of the foreign producer, in order that we may keep our labor on a higher plane than is the labor of Europe, Asia and the islands of the sea.

"The credit of a nation can be exhausted as is that of an individual. While talking about conservation, would not it be well to see that our credit is conserved? We must pay as we go. Many talk of economy, but they are general, not specific, in their statements. We have got beyond the speculative state of this question. It is now intensely practical, or will be after the first of November if a congress is elected, commissioned to go back to the reactionary policy of 1894, with the business conditions of today.

"I am not a Jeremiah, for I have faith in the good sense of the people, even when advised by those who are peddling novelties in governmental policies, to keep abreast of this age of publicity. My notion about congress is that it should be a move forward, not a loud noise about the necessity for the movement, and not an extravagant promise to accelerate the movement of given control of the machine. I have seen men who promised to get 60 miles out of an engine that had been making only 30 miles an hour if they could only get hold of the lever, and I have seen some of them in their ignorance, reverse the engine, sending it and the whole train backward.

"I have met the man who claimed he could extract gold from sea water; but I have also seen John T. Raymond play Col. Mulberry Sellers, and heard him get off that dramatic sentence, 'There's million's in it,' and I have measured the serious pretensions of the former with the comedy of Raymond as he illustrated the humor of Mark Twain. I may be a little old-fashioned in such matters, but I prefer a demonstration to a declaration and our friends, the enemy, who demand a tariff revision to bring into effect a revenue tariff in place of the protective tariff law, to me like reactionaries who would reverse the engine and go back over this phenomenal progress to the old order before the war."

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamdest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner 'you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first set down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout plain', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and toodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the things jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commence chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peek of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a lettle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was brod day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is!"

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops tech the ground, some flashed up like long pearl earrings and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, runnin' golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day but not cold.

Then the sun went down, it got dark the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother and I could 'a' got up then and there and pretched a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief and blowed my nose to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin' and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped out and he raved, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says "Tech me, if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up and I had to simmer down.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tiptoed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coattails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slaped her face he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat—and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer that the p'ints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all-hands'd-aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double-bow knots.

And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleon's here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes. Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Thompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle addle—riddle iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang! ! ! lang! perlang: p-r-r-r-r r! ! Bang! ! !

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty two heme-demi semiquivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot in a place they call Oyster bay a-treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room and I told him, "Hot music on the half shell for two!"—(Anonymous Author.)

SALVE FOR HIS WOUND.

A Strenuous Scene That Was Not on the Bill of the Play.

Giovanni Grasso, a Sicilian actor of unusual dramatic energy, was playing in Florence in one of his fiercest parts, where he had to stab his enemy with a dagger. Suddenly, in the heat of his passion, Grasso let the weapon slip out of his hand. It alighted in the pit on a man's head, cutting it slightly.

An indignant member of the audience flung the knife back to the stage, where it was dexterously caught by Grasso. Raising it aloft in his hand and as if it were accursed, Grasso smashed it in two and then stamped upon it.

Then, with a swift bound, Grasso was in the pit beside the injured man. The next minute he had climbed back to the boards, with the victim in his arms.

After settling him in a chair Grasso threw himself on his knees and began a long entreaty for forgiveness. This was rapidly granted by the much embarrassed playgoer, who on his side begged to be allowed to return to his seat.

But this was not to be until Grasso, weeping copiously, had bestowed no fewer than fifty resounding kisses on the man's blushing cheeks.

The action was greeted with loud cheers, and after Grasso had gracefully bowed his thanks the play was resumed and successfully concluded.—London Express.

Social Distinctions.

Are we born snobs, do we achieve snobbishness, or do we have snobbishness thrust upon us? If we achieve it we sometimes do it early. The other day I heard Beatrice, a little nine-year-old, expounding to a visitor of about her own age.

"No," said Beatrice impressively, "we don't play with Sarah any more. We found out that her father has only a first name job. Our papa, you know, holds a mister position."—Woman's Home Companion.

An Effective Threat.

A certain Missouri editor is ready to take a flier in high finance. He got his schooling by threatening to publish the name of the young man seen with his sweetheart's head on his shoulder if he didn't come across with a dollar on subscription. Fifty-seven young fellows slipped in and paid a dollar. The editor says he has letters from several others informing him they will hand him a dollar the next time they are in town.—Kansas City Star.

Losing Their Charm.

Vicar's Daughter—I suppose the rain kept you from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Blogg? Mrs. Blogg—Well, partly, miss; but, to speak true, wot with the rheumatiz and doin' away with the 'am and the cake afterwards, funerals ain't the jaunts they used to be for me!—London Opinion.

Five Hundred Miles Away

That distance seemed a great width of territory a few years ago, but now it is covered instantaneously bocause the Bell Telephone has satisfactorily and universally bridged distances between twenty millions of people all over the country.

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FREEZING CAVERNS.

Subterranean Caves That Are Lined With Crystalline Ice.

There are deep cavities and tunneled recesses in the earth far away from sunlight and held in the tight embrace of rocky strata where secret hoards of glittering ice find habitation all the year round. Yet down in these queer places the ice is as clear and chrystalline as any that nature maintains in the open air. Moreover, it occurs on a truly grand and massive scale.

Imagine thick underground ice walls and floors and craftily fissured columns beautiful in shape and color streaming from roof to floor of lofty rock chambers! And under the slow drip, drip, drip of percolating water this same ice learns to fashion itself into cave adornments—frozen water drops, curling slopes, stalactites and stalagmites of fantastic shape and rainbow hues.

Subterranean cold waves, or "glaciers," as they are frequently called, crop up in some 300 scattered localities in Europe, Asia and America, but all, with rare exceptions, whether true ice caverns or grottoes and deep hollows, are confined to the north temperate regions of these continents—that is, to places where there is a sufficiently low temperature at some portion of the year to reach freezing point and render snowfall possible.—Pearson's Magazine.

Visual Proof.

She—Mr. Sweetly has such polish and such finish! Haven't you observed them? He (savagely)—No, I haven't, more's the pity! I'd like to see his finish.—New York Press.

Easier to Write It.

In 1871 Edward Lear was staying with the governor of Bombay at Mahabaleshwar, the hill station of the Bombay presidency. I was there and took a walk with him one day. He asked me the name of some trees. I told him thy were called "jambul" trees in India. He immediately produced his sketch book and in his inimitable style drew a bull looking into a jam pot. He said it would help him to remember the name.—London Spectator.

Hardness and Coldness.

Ethel—Jack really won Maud by hardness and coldness. Elsie—What do you mean? Ethel—Diamonds and ice cream.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF PLATTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of Freeman M. Cookingham, deceased. Order to show cause.

To all persons interested in the estate of Freeman M. Cookingham, deceased.

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Eugenia I. Cookingham, administratrix of the estate of Freeman M. Cookingham, deceased, praying for license to sell the north half of lots five (5) and six (6) in block eighteen (18) of Lockner's second addition to the village of Humphrey, Nebraska, for the payment of debts allowed against said estate and costs of administration and it appearing to the court, that the personal property of said estate is insufficient to pay said debts and expenses. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at the court house in Columbus, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of October, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., there to show cause, if any there be, why a license should not be granted to said administratrix to sell so much of said real estate as may be necessary to pay said debts and expenses, and that this order be published four successive weeks in the Columbus Journal

Dated this 3rd day of September, 1910.

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Judge of the district court of Platte county, Nebraska. 23-4

THE GOVERNMENT IRRIGATED

HOMESTEAD LANDS

of the Big Horn Basin and Yellowstone Valley

are today the garden spots of the country. Several farms are now ready to homestead, and the Government Surveyors are laying out more new farms for new settlers who are lucky enough to get on the ground in time to get the choice of these new locations. Our new literature just from the press tells how you can homestead these lands and repay the Government the actual cost of the water right in ten yearly payments without interest.

CAREY ACT LANDS:—Several thousand acres of Carey Act Lands just opened to entry—only thirty days residence required. The settler buys these lands from the State and the perpetual water right from the irrigation company. Long time given to settlers to pay for these lands and water rights. Join our personally conducted excursions the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month. Specially prepared Wyoming literature just off the press. Write today.

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