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AN AMERICAN IN THE FIRST MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

From first to last, men from the United States, Americans, have taken more or less prominent part in the numerous Mexican revolutions. In the very first revolution, that which overturned the Spanish rule and established Mexico as a free and independent republic, an American, one Ellis P. Bean, born in Tennessee, took a part more conspicuous than that of any who came after him and better to be known, for he recorded his experiences in a manuscript which one can read in the appendix to Youkum's History of Texas.

Ellis P. Bean was born in eastern Tennessee on the headwaters of the Tennessee river, in 1783. Tiring of his father's farm and longing for adventure, when but 16 years old he set out for himself, floated down the waterways and arrived at Natchez on the Mississippi in 1800. There he met with a character evocative after his own heart. Philip Nolan, who had been engaged since 1785 in leading trade expeditions across the river into Spanish territory as far as San Antonio in Texas. The trade was illicit and must have been winked at by local Spanish authorities, for Spain was extremely solicitous against any American intrusion into that territory and her laws were drastic upon the subject. Men of a nation that had successfully revolted against a king and established their own republic were not such as Spain desired among her Mexican subjects lest the latter might absorb some of their principles.

But the prohibition of Spain had little effect on Nolan or those he induced to follow him on his expeditions. To forbid such men from entering into a territory makes that country so attractive it is sure to be invaded.

In October, 1800, Nolan started from Natchez on what proved to be his last expedition with a company of twenty men, and young Bean, 17 years old, was of the number. The Spanish authorities had determined to put a quietus on these expeditions, and they knew of this last one of Nolan's. The little company proceeded westerly from the Mississippi, and on the Washita were met by fifty Spanish riders who would have stopped them only they dared not. Nolan and his men showed fight, and looked to dangerous to be attacked. At the Red River three of Nolan's men lost heart and returned to Natchez. The rest pushed on, and six days from the Red River they crossed the Trinity, and in the open country established a camp and busied themselves catching wild horses, as their own horses were badly worn out, and many had died. The company had become reduced to Nolan, five Spaniards, eleven Americans and a negro. At this camp they were attacked by a troop of one hundred and fifty Spaniards with a field piece, on March 22, 1801. From behind a log inclosure built as a corral for horses, Nolan and his men stood off their assailants from daybreak until late in the afternoon. Nolan unfortunately was killed early in the action. The rest, their ammunition running low, surrendered finally, under condition that they should be returned under escort to their own country. They were taken to the Spanish post at Nacogdoches and held, so they were told, to await orders from Governor Salcedo at Chihuahua in confirmation of the terms of surrender. The orders came after a month, but instead of their liberty the Americans were each put in irons and marched to San Antonio, a little jaunt of some six hundred miles. Here they lay in prison three months. Then they were marched to San Luis Potosi, well down into Old Mexico, where they stayed in prison sixteen months. After San Luis Potosi the prisoners were started for Chihuahua, where they were kept as prisoners for five years. Bean made continual unsuccessful attempts to escape, and earned for himself the reputation of a desperate and dangerous man among the Spanish officials. The long delay in Chihuahua was in order to receive instructions from the king of Spain, to whom the case of these prisoners had been submitted. The order of the king after this weary time, came along and was to the effect that every fifth man of the prisoners

should be executed as a warning to American filibusters and freebooters. As there were but nine left, the local Spanish authorities, having some degree short of extreme cruelty, construed the order to mean that one only should suffer. A drum, a glass tumbler and a pair of dice were brought into the prison as equipment for a most solemn gamble. It was ruled that, commencing with the eldest, each prisoner was to make a single throw, and the one who threw the lowest was to be the victim. The very first, the eldest, threw the lowest, four, while Bean, the last, escaped with the barely higher number, five. The old man was shot the next morning. The next day Bean and four others, heavily ironed, were started off for the City of Mexico, 900 miles away. The remaining three were freed. From Mexico the prisoners were sent to Acapulco, on the Pacific Coast, and confined in the castle there, three of them in one large cell, and Bean in a separate cell, because bad report of him had been forwarded from Chihuahua. Except the officer who brought his daily food and examined his irons and an occasional glimpse of the sentinel passing the grate of the cell door Bean saw no human. How he relieved the tedium of so terrible a confinement he tells in his manuscript. "There is here a lizard—Spaniards call guija—about nine or ten inches long, three inches thick, white as snow. One day, lying on my mat, I saw one of these; the first time on the wall. I saw that he was trying to catch the flies that had come in when the door was opened. I caught flies, put them on the end of a straw pulled from the mat. This I slipped up the wall to him and found he would take them from the straw. After some days he was so gentle he would take them from my hand. Every morning as he came down the wall he would sing like a frog, which notified me he was coming. In a week he was so gentle he did not leave me at night, but stayed all the time. Every day when they opened the door to come and examine my irons he would get frightened and run under my mat. The door shut, he would come out and stay with me."

On one occasion Bean was being marched under guard of two soldiers from a hospital where he had been ill. The out of doors and the breath of the free open air tempted Bean to try and make his escape. He had a few coins he had managed to keep hidden in his clothes and he invited his guard to go with him into a drinking house on the road and drink. After they had taken several drinks he asked one of his guards to step with him into a garden in the rear. In the garden Bean called the soldier's attention to a very beautiful flower and, as the soldier stooped to admire, his prisoner pounced upon, overpowered and disarmed him. Bean fled the garden and escaped to the wooded hills about the city, where he hid off his irons with a piece of steel he used in striking fire. He was retaken, placed again in his cell and stayed eighteen months longer in solitary confinement. Hearing the officer who visited him every day speak of having some rock to be blasted and no one who knew how, Bean informed him that he was an expert in that business. This caused him to be put at such work in the quarries where he did prove most efficient at blasting. In but few days after he began blasting, he succeeded in again escaping. He was again retaken and brought before the governor of the castle at Acapulco. After fearful threats from that functionary Bean boldly told him to do his worst, that he would never cease trying his best to escape.

Bean was a "hard case" and the governor wrote the viceroy he would not be answerable for him. The reply was an order for this obstreperous prisoner's removal to the king's possessions in Manila. While waiting a vessel the revolution against Spain broke out in Mexico and the country was aflame with insurrection. The Spaniards emptied the prisons of New Spain to obtain recruits for their armies. At Acapulco Bean alone was left a prisoner in the castle. The Spaniards knew his worth as a fighting man, but had their doubts of him should they take him as a recruit. One day his officer questioned him on this point. Bean expressed himself as eager to serve the king if permitted. His irons were knocked off, a gun and sword placed in his hands. He became a soldier of the king and performed his duty well for three weeks. Then the revolutionary forces under Morelos had advanced their outposts into the region about Acapulco and Bean, seizing an opportunity, went over to them, taking with him a considerable body of his fellow recruits. He remained with Morelos, grew daily in his confidence, displaying great courage and infinite resource. Placed in command of the division besieging Acapulco, he took that town and its castle and the very governor who had abused him, in the year 1812. In 1814 Bean was sent as emissary to the United States to obtain sympathy and help for the revolutionary cause in Mexico. He arrived in New Orleans just before the battle with the British under Packenham. He was not the man to stay aloof from such a fight as that, so he fought behind the ramparts with Lafitte and his pirates and helped his fellow Tennessean, Andrew Jackson, gain that glorious victory.

We hear further of Bean that he married Senorita Anna Gorthas, a relative of Morelos, a young lady of fine family, who lost all in the revolution. By the turn of affairs, on account of the success of the revolution, she became rich, the owner of a fine hacienda three miles from Jalapa, where Bean made his home and died October 3, 1846. There is no record of his taking part in any of the many civil disturbances that so soon distracted Mexico after it became an independent republic. He was the first American to take part in a Mexican revolution, and, in the long run, the most fortunate.—Kansas City Star.

How to Overcome Your Enemies; Best Way to Make Them Friends.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

Did you ever happen to overhear—not on purpose, of course, nor that you are capable of eavesdropping, or of opening letters that are addressed to other people—but did you ever happen quite in spite of yourself and by pure accident, to overhear some one talking about you, or happen to glance at a letter wherein some one was writing about you, and discover that most paralyzing, angering, amazing, and agonizing discoveries—that some one hates you?

It may be a person you were indifferent toward, or even one whom you have tried to treat kindly, or some man that is actually under great obligations to you; and what a shiver then went down your spine when you realized that if you fell he would laugh, if you lost money it would make him happy, and if you ran into dark days of fog and failure, sickness or shame, he would think you had got your deserts!

Perhaps you have even been the recipient of that nastiest and poisonest of all ambush shots, the anonymous letter, in which the unknown knew all manner of villainies about you and was ready to dance on your grave.

And you have wondered at the mystery of the enemy, and the miracle of hate. But you need not wonder. Hate is the law of unintelligent progress; love is the law of intelligent progress. War is the method of progress among brutes; cooperation the method of human progress.

FIGHTING BASIS OF UNIVERSE?

All the universe seems to be organized upon the principle of fighting. What a long, grim battle sounds in that cold scientific phrase, the survival of the fittest! It means that ever since life appeared on this globe it has existed struggling. The plants of the field war upon each other until the weakest are suppressed. The animal-club in a drop of water devour their kind. One sort of corpuses in the blood eat other corpuses. The big fishes eat the little ones and the parasites eat the wholes. Nature, that Tennyson calls "red in tooth and claw" is a huge slaughter house.

The world's evolution upward has been a progressive bloody war. John Fiske says: "Battle far more deadly than Gettysburg or Gravelotte have been incessantly waged on every square mile of earth's life bearing surface since life first began."

Among men of the past we see the same sad spectacle of war have observed in the lower orders of animated existence. History is a record of battles. Nations feed on historic hates. Just to be a German is to be loathed by all Frenchmen. It seems sometimes as if the biting lines of the cynic poet was true: "Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure; Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure."

What a welter of feuds and grudges is politics! Even the history of the church has been far from a uniform picture of brotherly love.

RECORDS BLIND OUR EYES.

Looking at all this record we are easily deceived into concluding that war is man's normal condition, that business ought to be a competitive struggle, and that we progress only by contest. But as a matter of fact, we forget here the important truth that with the appearance of man in the world a new force entered. In the intellectual, moral, and social realm it is not competition but co-operation that makes progress.

The development of civilization has been in spite of and not because of wars. Greece created her marvels of art and letters by co-operation; these things were destroyed by war. Only as men have learned to get together have they advanced in the arts and inventions.

War of any kind is unnecessary, stupid, and brutal. All the ends sought could have been gained better some other way.

All the vast achievements in the business world, such as railroads, bank-

ing, packing, irrigation, wholesaling, and the like are the result of uniting large numbers of men in a common, mutually helpful enterprise. We are beginning to see that any sort of conflict, even the competition of retail stores, is not the best way to promote the good of all. Wherever there are opposing forces the public suffers. We advance only as one hand washes the other.

In some way the trusts and combines which we call evil, are preparing the way for that universal co-operation when war shall be abolished from the commercial world, society shall thoroughly organize its business, and every man shall find a place to help and be helped.

Now, with this general scheme in our minds, let us return to the individual. What about my personal enemy? And in this matter let us note some valuable points.

First—We ought to be slow to believe that any man is an enemy. We should be on our guard against ourselves and remember how much easier it is to believe in hate than in love. Most of us despise and distrust ourselves, and we easily take it as true that another despises and distrusts us. Let us require overwhelming proof here.

Again, people talk a great deal without meaning any real evil. And there is certain pleasure in saying cutting and sarcastic things about a person. The unpleasant thing that man said about you, therefore, ten to one was said just for the sake of making a remark that would attract attention.

Still again, most of the antagonism we meet comes from people who do not know us. It is not the man he detests but the kind of man he thinks I am. He hates my sect, my class of ideas, my political party, my section of the country, my grade in society. Few of us hate individuals; we hate systems and sections and creeds. "Don't introduce me to that man," said Sydney Smith. "I feel it my duty to hate him, and you can't hate a man when you don't know him."

CHOICE OF THREE WAYS.

But, granting that it is finally established beyond any doubt that the person is your enemy and wishes you ill and does not like you, what are you going to do with him?

There is a good deal of satisfaction in fighting, but it is a wholly brutal and unintelligent satisfaction. If we stop and reason we will see that the thing that displeases us is the fellow's hatred. Now giving him blow for blow will not stop that, no more than piling sticks on a fire will put it out. Anger and malice never cease by contention. If you wish to change the enemy's feeling toward you, you will have to control yourself, resist your desire to retaliate and go about the business by another method. The wasp-horn-rattlesnake-mule politician program never removed any enmity from the sum of things.

"Let there be no strife between me and thee, and between thy herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. It is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If though wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left." An example of common sense to recommend to all unmixable neighbors, relatives, and fellow citizens.

Third, and best of all, is to win your enemy and make him a friend. Of all things enjoyed by the spiritual epicure the delight of turning an enemy into a friend tastes the best. In order to accomplish this, get acquainted with him. Break down his barriers of repulsion. Make him know you. Then find some thing to like in him. Everybody has some admirable qualities. Then return good to him for his evil, for by so doing you are pitting a higher force against his lower, intelligence against unreasoning prejudice, and the humanizing power of love against the brutalizing power of hate.

Poison in War.

When the French beat the Formosans along the coast in 1881 the latter retired to the interior. When the French pursued them they found a queer line of defense, beyond which they could make no progress and in storming which many died. The Formosans had poisoned the springs, water courses, etc., as they retreated, and the campaigns of the French against them never got farther than the poison line. The poison was a native one, as deadly as arsenic or strychnine.

Argus Eyed and Hydra Headed.

The term "Argus eyed" means watchful. According to the Grecian fable, Argus had 100 eyes, and Juno set him to watch all of whom she was jealous. When Argus was slain she transplanted his eyes into the tail of the peacock. "Hydra headed" is a term derived from the fable of Hercules and the hydra. The hydra had nine heads, and Hercules was sent to kill it. As soon as he struck off one of its heads two shot up in its place.

The Doctor's Viewpoint.

Buxom Widow—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty? Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am. Widow—You don't know if yellow means jealousy? Dr. Crusty—No, ma'am; yellow means billowsiness.

A Popular Doctor.

Blinkers—How did such an ignorant as Dr. De Sharrp get such a large practice among the wealthiest people? Klunker—Whenever a millionaire gets sick he tells him it's from overwork.—New York Weekly.

The Dear Friends.

Maud—You say Jack once proposed to you. I don't believe it. He said I was the only woman he ever loved. Ethel—Yes, dear, but he didn't class me among women. He used to call me his angel.

Happiness has a way of hovering near those whose first wish is to make others happy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

MRS. EDDY'S GREAT WORK.

One of the most remarkable women of this or any other age passed from the scene of worldly activity when Mary Baker Glover Eddy went to sleep to wake no more to mortal consciousness.

There may have been women whose personality stood out in more marked contrast with her kind, who were more spectacular and made more noise in the everyday life of a somewhat noisy world.

But for far reaching and enduring effect upon mankind, the work of this woman who died Saturday evening at her home in Boston is unparalleled by that of any other woman of ancient or modern times.

There has been much question as to whether or not she was the originator of the Christian Science system of religion. She has been somewhat contentiously denied that distinction. It has been urged that she borrowed from another the great idea upon which she has built the stupendous moral and religious structure that now spans the globe, and which permeates every American community as a moving, vital moral force.

It really matters little to the world whether Mrs. Eddy was or was not the originator of the doctrines of Christian Science. She it was who gave them their vitality, and through a long period in which the mention of the cult was held in popular derision, continued to teach and elaborate the benefits it offered until it compelled the attention and respect of every community and crept into wide popular favor. Today this union of physical and spiritual science which was a scoff and a by-word among religious people a generation ago, vies with the old denominational schools of religion in the number and social status of its followers, the dominance of its teachings and the pretentiousness of its temples of worship.

Christian Science owes to Mary Baker G. Eddy the hold it has secured upon the devotional spirit of mankind and every adherent of its church holds her in reverential memory. Her death will occasion world wide regret and sorrow, although her span of life has been as long in years as her usefulness could survive. Her work will live after her indefinitely, possibly until the end of time.

Her life has been a lesson of what her teachings can accomplish. Of her earlier years the world knows little. Much has been said of it that was at least uncharitable. Indeed much has been said of her later years of usefulness that was unkind.

But it is known that in middle life the medical skill of that day gave her but a short time to live. But she defied the promised fate and it is possible that out of her intense desire to prolong her life may have come the teachings that so many thousands have embraced as the best promise of health and longevity for themselves.

Among the great women of the world there has been none who has left so great an impress upon the world as Mrs. Eddy.—Lincoln Star.

A MISER'S LUXURY.

There was a Middlesex couple once who lived on a sum to shock the most reckless of our correspondents. Daniel Dancer was the man. He looked on saving as an art and saved for art's sake. His father left him a farm and eighty acres, and his sister helped him carry out his scheme of life. He let the land lie fallow, says the London Gist. It costs money to cultivate land. For food the couple believed in one day, one meal. The batch of dumplings baked on a Saturday lasted out the week. For clothing he depended on hay bands "swathed round his feet for boots and round his body for a coat." But Daniel had a weakness. He would buy a clean shirt each year. And out of this arose the tragedy of his life—a lost lawsuit over three-pence which, in Daniel's judgment, the shirt seller had wrongfully pocketed. He died in 1794 worth £3,000 a year.

Gypsy Wordless Language.

To communicate with one another gypsies now use letters—and they use the telegraph, too, when necessary—especially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "pateran," tracing the footsteps or wagon tracks of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his ancient prototype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a roadside sign-board. But the pateran can be read by the gypsy only—it is hidden and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a signboard is open and public. The pateran may be formed of sticks or stones or grass placed cross fashion at the parting of roads in such manner that only a gypsy would instantly notice and understand. To him it means much—first of all, the direction taken by Romany predecessors.—Century Magazine.

The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago. The whole is of pure gold, except the settings, and weighs almost exactly fourteen pounds. The settings alone alluded to consist of fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald and 338 pearls. It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious adornments. This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them "unlucky."



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Lucky He Stuck to His Opinion.

Pride of opinion is perhaps the most common fault of us fairly educated and intelligent moderns. We form our judgments and then, as it were, defy any one to change them. It is said that no one has ever been converted by abstract argument.

At the time of the great disaster in Martinique the Italian bark Orsolina was taking on a cargo of sugar there. Her captain was accustomed to volence, and he did not like the appearance of Mont Pelee. Not half his cargo was on board, but he decided to sail for home.

"The volcano is all right," argued the shippers. "Finish your loading." "I don't know anything about Mont Pelee," said the captain, "but if Vesuvius looked that way I'd get out of Naples, and I'm going to get right out of here."

The shippers threatened him with arrest. They sent customs officers to detain him, but the captain persisted in leaving. Twenty-four hours later the shippers and the customs officers lay dead in the ruins of St. Pierre.—Christian Herald.

For Once.

One day little Margie saw a dray loaded with hides passing the house. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there goes a man with a whole stack of cows' overcoats!"—Chicago News.

Must Be Pretty.

He—Have you ever looked in the glass when you are angry? She—No; I'm never angry when I look in the glass.

Idleness.

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

The Hardest Thing.

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at a rink. "The floor," answered the attendant.

A Dilemma.

Irishman (as some one knocks at his door)—Shure, if I don't answer it's some way to give me a job, an' if I do it's the landlord after the rint!—London Punch.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Nebraska, Platte county, ss: In the County Court, in and for said county: In the matter of the estate of Hannah Davis, deceased, late of said county. At a session of the County Court for said county, holden at the County Judge's office in Columbus, in said county on the 10th day of November, A. D. 1910, present John Ratterman, County Judge, on reading and filing the duly verified petition of Geo. E. Davis, praying that letters of administration be issued to Daniel Schram on the estate of said decedent. Thereupon, it is ordered that the 10th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., be assigned for the hearing of said petition at the County Judge's office in said county. And it is further ordered, that due legal notice be given of the pendency and hearing of said petition by publication in the Columbus Journal three consecutive weeks. (A true copy of the order.) JOHN RATTERMAN, County Judge. Dated, Columbus, Neb., November 10th, 1910.

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