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NEBRASKA HUMILIATED.

Sickening in the extreme are the details of Nebraska's latest disgrace—the carrying out of the mandate of a law which is nothing short of a relic of a barbarism which civilization should long ago have relegated to that background where such things belong. We refer to the murder last Friday of Thomas Johnson, an Omaha negro, convicted and sentenced to death for a murder which he committed two years ago.

Lincoln dispatches say that a hundred and fifty people witnessed the horrible scene, a scene which ought never to be allowed to take place among an ostensibly civilized people. A scene which, if even under stress of extreme circumstances, must take place should be allowed the sacred surroundings incident to the passing of a human life from time to eternity. Yet, we are told, these men brought there through an inhuman sense of the morbid, freely discussed the situation, comparing it with other similar occasions of the past as children would discuss a Sunday school picnic.

The Tribune-Journal has no fault to find with the officers in charge in their enforced relation to the ghastly occurrence. The fault lies with the law which bade them to cause it to take place, and which they must do unless convinced that the verdict was wrong in accordance with the law and the evidence. The warden of the penitentiary and the hang-man must do their duty; they can't help it. Yet the officers in charge recognize the disgrace and inhumanity of the punishment to the extent that no man can ever know who it was that touched the fatal button that let fall the trap, hurling the victim to his death—an admission that while the system is wrong, the state is too far in the rear to take an advanced step and abolish the method which must ever stamp us with the taking of that which we cannot give and which we have no right to take away.

Nebraska has established for herself a reputation which she must maintain as to her high place among the sisterhood of states—in education, in politics, in statesmanship. In criminal law, she has relieved the governor of the responsibility for pardons and placed them in the hands of a board; may her next step be to erase this remaining dark blot on her fair name and abolish once and for ever the unholy crime of legal murder.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this issue we commence the publication of The Tribune-Journal, a consolidation of The Columbus Tribune and The Columbus Journal. The consolidation took place last Thursday, being effected by the purchase of the equipment, subscription list and good will of the Journal by the Tribune.

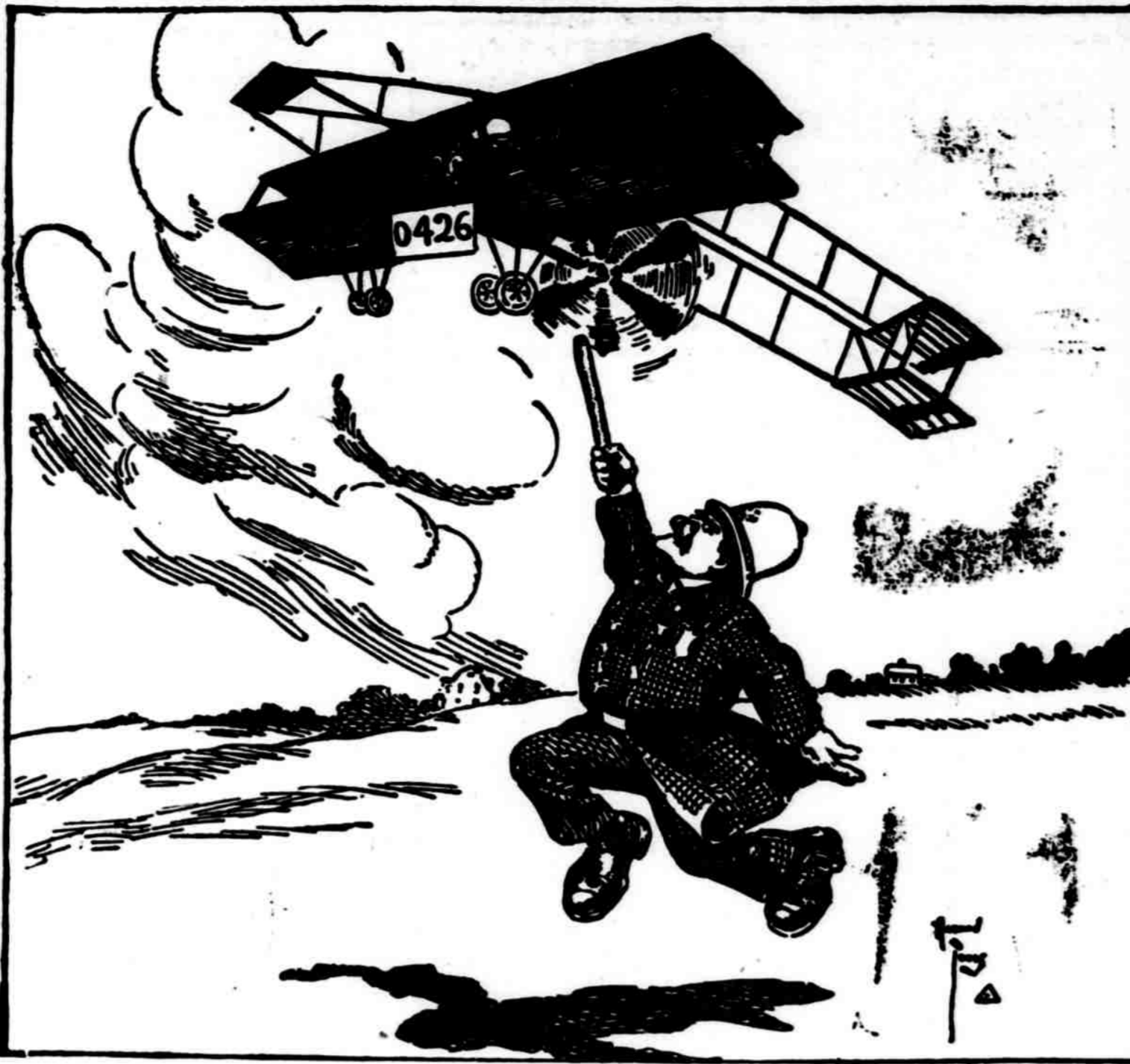
During the past two months, since The Tribune came into the hands of the present management, its policy in political matters has been independent, but henceforth it will be published as a republican paper, and shall endeavor at all times to give to our readers a clean, live and up-to-date newspaper.

All the Journal subscribers will continue to receive The Tribune-Journal, the date of their subscription corresponding to their date on the old account. In case of those who have been subscribers to both papers, the date of their subscription will be found by adding the time paid ahead on one paper to the time on the other and proper credit will be given. In case the subscription is in arrears, we kindly ask you to call and settle the arrearage at your earliest convenience.

The subscription price of The Tribune has always been one dollar per year; that of The Journal \$1.50 per year. The subscription price will remain at one dollar per year UNTIL JULY 1, 1911, ONLY. On that date the price will be raised to ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

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THE LATEST TRAFFIC SQUAD.



—Jones in Boston Herald.

A TEACHER IN ERROR.

We had thought that the time had passed when teachers did not know how to pronounce words used in common everyday life. We do remember one teacher some years ago, whose knowledge of the English language and its vocabulary was so limited that she could not see the difference between the words "trump" and "triumph"; her pronunciation was so peculiar that she called it "pec-u-lar" with the accent on the "pec."

The current number of the Nebraska School Review publishes the following extract from a statement by Superintendent Elsie Littell, of Wayne county, and speaks well for the boy and his regard for his mother:

We heard during the past week that a certain teacher in Wayne county almost whipped a boy because he insisted on pronouncing the word "colonel" properly when she wanted him to pronounce it co-lo-nel. (with the second syllable long and accented). She kept him after school and learned that his mother had taught him how to pronounce it and that for the present he was going to think she knew more than the teacher. Such mistakes are inexcusable on the part of a teacher.

Good for him, but pity the poor teacher who did not know enough to realize that it was possible for her to make a mistake herself sometimes.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One of the most remarkable letters that has been published in the papers in this part of the state for a long time was printed in the Aurora Republican last week. In it a young woman tells of her disastrous experience with a young man of the town, giving his description in detail, but not publishing his name, and warning the other young people of the town against him.

Aurora has a reputation of being one of the cleanest little cities in the state. Now, while advertised as having a man of this kind, it might not be out of place to suggest that they place a stamp of emphatic disapproval on him by subscribing a substantial fund to prosecute him and thus not only preserve their own reputation, but that they expect to see to it that no one shall disgrace it without suffering the consequences.

There is no question but that there would be less grief if the young women would be more careful of the class of company they keep, and when they learn of a man's crookedness to drop him like a ton of lead, and warn others to keep in the clear.

We feel that no words of commendation could be too strong for a young lady who for the benefit of her girl friends would sign her name to a published article of this kind, bringing as it naturally would, her own plight into the lime light. Certainly it is an example of as unselfish an act as could be done.

If Doe Bixby does not watch out the poetical (?) scribe of the Genoa Leader will steal his reputation.

IN TIMES GONE BY

Interesting Happenings of Many Years Ago, Taken From the Files of This Paper.

Forty Years Ago This Week.
Ephraim Pilling and Miss Catherine Gerding were married by County Judge Hudson. Mr. Pilling is still a resident of this county, now living at Creston.

Thirty Years Ago.
Colfax county warrants were selling at par.
A very heavy rain had fallen in the Elm Creek valley, the water standing a foot deep in T. C. Ryan's store at Platt Center.

Twenty Years Ago.
Olive street had been graded, allowing the water to run down to the lower part of the city.

Ten Years Ago.
President Harrison was on a tour of the west, and visited at Omaha. A large number of Columbus went there to see the president.

George W. Hulst died at the home of Dr. D. T. Martyn, where he had been staying. He had been ill for three years.

Clark Cooney died at his home near Genoa. He was a brother of Mrs. Martin Hayes, of Platt Center, and was well known in this county.

The Columbus base ball club had started out for a tour of the neighboring towns. The first game was lost to Ulysses by a score of five to four.

Five Years Ago.
Two marriages of Columbus young people were reported—Seth Braun and Miss Olga Egger and Paul Gaver and Miss Anna Ewert.
Mr. Brumbaugh, of Omaha, was in the city, a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. C. W. Betterton. The brother and sister had not met for thirty-two years, and the brother found his sister on this occasion by accidentally seeing her name in a telephone directory.

Wanted—Man and team to take charge of the Haller medicine route in Colfax and Colfax counties. Good wages guaranteed. James T. Bonner, Route 5, Columbus, independent phone HXL.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

A FRIEND OF MAN.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road.

Where the race of men pass by. They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, foolish, and so am I. Then why should I sit in the corner's seat?

Or hurt the cry of the man? Let me live in my house by the side of the road. And be a friend of man.

The man who wrote these lines, Sam Walter Foss, died recently. He was called one of our minor poets, but he wrote one poem, of which the above is the concluding verse, that will keep his memory fragrant many a year.

The poem is entitled "The House by the Side of the Road" and was suggested by a passage in Homer, "He was a friend of man and he lived by the side of the road."

Therefore, your "roadside settlements" society's most practical approach to good Samaritanism.

The way to be a friend of God is to be a friend to man—man, good, bad, indifferent—humanity.

It is the thing worth while. Human life is so short that most of the things men grab for seem grotesque in their paltry cheapness. Lofty claims, lavish display, pride, exclusiveness and scorn, how they shrink when placed alongside the virtues of common kindness, charity and neighborliness!

"Where the race of men go by"—By the dusty, frequented ways which make men's thoroughfares, where the caravans and the common people go—To live down there by the side of the road, to live in that friendly frame of mind which sees in every man a brother, that is to be a friend of man.

To befriend is to serve. And so the friend of man will try to make some pale face brighter, greet the weary pilgrim, give the cup of water, smile the ripples of healing to the fainting heart and lift up the fallen.

A friend of man! There could be no greater life. When twice a thousand years have flown, still blessed are the roads and highways of the Holy Land because of One who lived down by the side of the road and was the Friend of man!

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Having sold the Columbus Journal to Messrs. Mason Bros. and M. S. Binney, the new proprietors of the Columbus Tribune, I desire to thank the friends and patrons of the Journal for the courtesies accorded me during the four and one-half years I have had charge of the paper. The two papers will be consolidated under the name of the Tribune-Journal, and all subscribers to the Journal will receive that paper. Hoping that you will accord the Tribune-Journal the same courteous treatment accorded the Journal under the former management, I remain, Yours truly, R. G. STROTHER.

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY OUR NEIGHBORS

The editress of the Norfolk Press is a militant person. She is a lover of birds, and the other Sunday, while listening to the robins singing in the trees, she noticed a man come along and kill one or more of them. In last week's paper she names the man and calls what he did a cowardly, brutal act. She says that she may make an enemy for life of the man, "but he killed our feathered friend and if we do not call him to account for it he may kill all these hapless birds. She

Make Every Farm In the Land a School



By Professor LIBERTY H. BAILEY, Director of the New York State College of Agriculture

IT is the responsibility of every parent to TRAIN THE CHILDREN. This responsibility cannot be DELEGATED to the school or to any other agency unless the parent DESIRES to give up the children wholly into the hands of an institution, and this the farming people of our country do not care to consider.

If the farm family must take a real part in the educational development of its children it must then have some kind of an ESTABLISHMENT for the purpose. If the country child is to be educated responsibly to its environment and to the better outlook for country life the educational agencies must have such facilities and equipment as will relate them closely to the real affairs and the common thought of the community. The schools must be a part of the out of doors, and fields and woods and crops and live stock must be UTILIZED EDUCATIONALLY.

We can never develop country life effectively until the homes and the schools are organized collectively. We must project the school INTO THE HOME and the home INTO the school.

MY SUGGESTION, THEREFORE, IS THAT ON EVERY FARM THERE SHOULD BE A PIECE OF LAND DEFINITELY SET ASIDE FOR THE CHILDREN AND THE YOUNG FOLK, TO BE USED FOR THE PURPOSE OF DEVELOPING INTELLECTUAL INTEREST IN THE FARM AND IN COUNTRY LIFE.

Panama Exposition Will Prove a National Benefit

By CHARLES C. MOORE, President of the World's Panama Pacific Exposition Company of California

THE Panama canal exposition, to be held in San Francisco, is going to OPEN THE EYES OF THE WORLD to the great possibilities and VAST RESOURCES OF THE WEST.

THIS WILL ALSO PROVE A NATIONAL BENEFIT, AS IT WILL RESULT IN BRINGING TO MANY EASTERN PEOPLE TO WHOM THE WEST IS SIMPLY A PART OF THE MAP A KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE COUNTRY. IT WILL MAKE THEM BETTER APPRECIATE THEIR COUNTRY.

Stimulating the interest that easterners would have in the trip to the west and a visit to the exposition is the DESIRE to see the city that within five years will have rehabilitated itself and raised the money to finance what is sure to prove one of the MOST ELABORATE EXPOSITIONS the world has ever seen.

Parents Should Teach Children Economy

By SAMUEL W. ALLERTON, Economist

MY boys are to inherit wealth, but they will be the sadder for it. They are missing the real blood training of self making.

The boy who is up AGAINST MAKING HIS OWN WAY is far the most SELF RELIANT. The scions of the wealthy aristocracy, for the most part, to be NON ENTITIES.

IF EVERY MAN (AND WOMAN) IN THE WORLD DOES HIS AND HER DUTY EVERY CHILD WILL BE TAUGHT TO SAVE. THEY WILL THUS BE TAUGHT TO BUILD CHARACTER AND CREDIT.

serves notice also that from this time on she will publish the names of all offenders and will see that they are prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It is against the state law to slaughter song birds, but like a good many other laws it is not enforced. A few determined persons, like the Norfolk editor, could force obedience to it if they care to take trouble to walk about and get the evidence. Killing these birds is not only a wanton and mean act, but it is a foolish one, since without them our crops would not amount to much.—Lincoln News.

Mothers' Day.
Galveston News:
In all the words of our language—that gathering of many tongues welded into an accepted Anglicized whole, rich in words of endearment, of tenderness and of sentiment—no other has the force and compelling power of that simple little word—mother.

To each of us it has its own personal meaning and application, yet to all of us it means the same.

When we speak the little word of six letters our eyes grow tender. When it occurs in our thoughts—when we see it written or printed it carries us back—away back—as though by some magic, to the days of childhood—maybe to babyhood—as far as memory can reach, and about it are woven the joys and sorrows of human life so closely that loving hearts have burst out in a demand that our mothers shall have one day of the year set aside in their honor and known as Mothers' Day.

It is planned that we may all do honor to our mothers publicly as well as in secret, yet even in the sweetness of thought of this movement many cannot join, for mother to them means—just mother, not mothers, and the thoughts of the heart are often most jealously guarded. The tenderness in us many of us conceal.

The shrine upon which mother is placed can not be approached even by those who know and feel just as we do.

As men and women grow older, as the cares and responsibilities of life compass them about, they may forget much that life has held—but never that part associated with their mothers.

One little word carries them back like the wind to the days when mother was everything—counselor, friend, confidante, partner, the healer of hurts and the fair judge of difficulties—unt next to God.

And these older people, even now as the white carnations are worn on the streets, are living in the past that mother made sweet, giving her all honor that younger minds could not accord her even in their worship, and wishing, many dim-eyed, that they could again kneel by her and pray—
"Now I lay me Down to sleep, I pray the Lord My soul to keep."
To kneel there again, and say the prayer that just would begin to run too fast on little tongues, in the day that was mother's then just as there is a Mother's Day now.

For County Treasurer. I shall submit my name to the democratic electors of Platte county as a candidate for the nomination for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the party primary. I solicit the support of all democrats who approve my party record and who believe I am competent to perform the duties of the office.
EDMUND MILES, Of Joliet Township.
Wanted—A girl for general housework. Five dollars per week for the right girl. Apply 1716 Olive street.