

Columbus Tribune-Journal

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Mr. McElfresh Explains New Law.

County Attorney McElfresh has received a number of inquiries concerning the recent act of the legislature relating to the conveyance of voters to the polls, and in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to its scope, effect and meaning, has construed the same as follows:

"Our legislature at its last session passed the following act:

"It shall be unlawful for any candidate or committee to run or cause to be run any conveyance for the purpose of conveying voters to the polls. Provided that nothing in this section shall be construed to interfere with conveying sick or disabled persons who are not able without assistance to attend the election. Any violation of this act shall be deemed a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished by fine in the sum of \$50.00 or imprisonment in the county jail not less than 30 days."

The purpose of this act is to prohibit any party candidate or party committee from running or causing to be run either directly or indirectly, conveyances of any kind for conveying voters to the polls, except as to sick or disabled persons who can not get to the polls without assistance.

This act does not prohibit any arrangement between the voters themselves for their conveyance to the polls, nor neighbors, friends, acquaintances or strangers from riding to the polls together, nor does it prohibit any such person or persons from conveying others to the polls, so long as such conveyances are not run or caused to be run, directly or indirectly, by a party candidate or party committee."

Harrington Writes a Letter.

There is a man named Harman, living in Holdrege, Nebraska. No, not the Ohio, Harman, and as far as we know, no relation. Indeed, the name are spelled slightly different.

Mr. Harman of Holdrege, recently received a very interesting letter from the pen of M. F. Harrington, erst-while chairman of the harmony convention at Fremont, and by virtue of such chairmanship, author and deliverer of the speech which is to be taken as the key-note of the democratic campaign in Nebraska this fall.

In that key-note speech, Mr. Harrington stated that he had in mind a democratic candidate for railway commissioner who was backed by the railroads, and according to his story the candidate meant was Mr. Harman. In the letter, Mr. Harrington explains some very interesting political history from the campaign of three years ago, when W. H. Cowgill, also of Holdrege, was elected to this position on the democratic ticket. He explains that Mr. Harman was the personal manager of the Cowgill campaign; that he is a cousin of Edson Rich, one of the leading attorneys of the Union Pacific railroad company; and that in the leading railroad towns Mr. Cowgill received more votes than the presidential candidate,

notwithstanding the fact that the presidential candidate was a Nebraska man, and was credited with having carried the state on his personal popularity.

But there is more than that to it. As the Omaha Bee tersely says, "Every shot Mike Harrington aims at Harman hits Shallenberger." It is a matter of record that Shallenberger was elected by a larger majority than Mr. Bryan received in the state, and that in the same railroad towns and wards where Cowgill led Bryan, Shallenberger also led.

On the night before election in 1908, it was reported that word had been sent to the railroad employes to vote for Shallenberger and Cowgill. The operator in a certain little town was a republican and had spent all fall telling the good points of the republican candidates. Yet when he was asked concerning this message, his answer was characteristic of the subservience shown by so many employes—"Well you know what is good for the company is good for the men."

Mr. Cowgill died in office, and the present campaign is to fill his unexpired term. Mr. Harman of the same city, and his personal manager then is now the candidate. Mr. Shallenberger is a candidate for the United States senate.

Let Us Wake Up.

The year of 1911, has been a peculiar year in the history of Columbus. We have had none of the popular celebrations or outings that we usually had in the past, or that other cities all about us are holding this year.

It has been suggested that before the close of the fall season we have a celebration known as "home coming week," at which time the former residents of the city shall be invited to return as honor guests of the city for the week. It has also been suggested that we plan to hold a great fall or harvest festival. Indeed, despite the direful outlook, there has been a fair crop of small grain realized, and the corn crop is far from being a failure. Would it not be appropriate to get together and have a festival of some kind lasting several days or a week, while at the same time entertaining our friends of bygone days?

It is now too late, of course to think about a county fair. But it is not too late to make a showing of the various industries of the city and call our neighbors in to help us celebrate. Many Columbus people went to Schuyler last week to help them celebrate. Shall we be less hospitable than our neighbors? Will not the commercial club, or some of the leading citizens take the lead and start some kind of a gala occasion on foot for Columbus this fall?

Superintendent Crabtree.

State Superintendent J. W. Crabtree has been offered the position of president of the state normal at River Falls, Wisconsin. Mr. Crabtree has given this strte years of valuable service in a similar capacity, and when he was dismissed by the normal board last year he appealed his case to the people of the state with the result that he was elected state superintendent by a large majority. The new position carries with it a salary of \$3,500 as compared with \$2,000 in his present position.

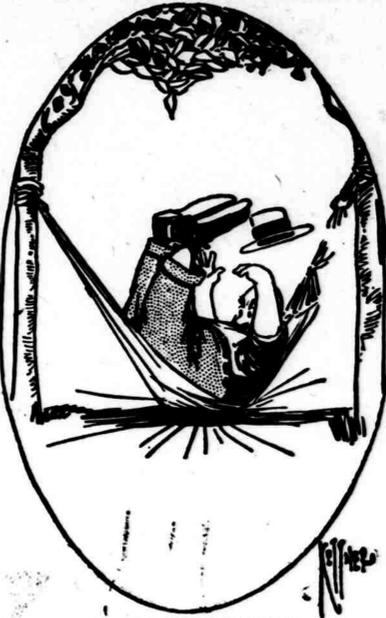
It is said that he has his resignation ready to hand the governor, who will appoint a superintendent temporarily to fill the vacancy. It is now too late to get on the primary ballot, but it is likely that petitions will be circulated for some one or more candidates to get on the ballots in the November election.

It is indeed gratifying, even if somewhat inconvenient to see great states making their drafts on Nebraska when they want men capable of filling big places. A few years ago, Milwaukee called for Carroll G. Pearce, of Omaha, and only a year ago State Superintendent Bishop was drafted by the Iowa Agricultural college at Ames. Nebraska's reputation for good schools and big school men is bearing fruit.

VACATION TIME



ANTICIPATION



REALIZATION

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The Closed Primary:

Under the new primary law, it is necessary for the voter to state to the judges of election the name of the political party with which he affiliates, and upon this information he is given the ballot of his party to vote upon the candidates for the various offices on that ticket.

In case the election judges are not satisfied that he really affiliates with the party he claims, it becomes their duty, under the law to ask the following questions, which the voter must answer: "What political party do you affiliate with?" "Do you intend to support the candidates of said political party, or a majority of them, at the next election?" If, after these questions have been answered, the challenge is not determined in favor of the person seeking to vote, and he is not withdrawn, he shall not be allowed to vote until he has answered the above questions, among others, under oath.

A most hellish case of fiendish brutality was witnessed just north of the city last Monday afternoon, when a man, or rather what was intended for a man, was seen to beat a frightened horse unmercifully because the poor animal had become frightened at an infuriated bull. There was some excuse for the horse to act the way he did, perhaps even the bull might be excused, but the human (?) creature, none whatever. We hope that some one who knows who he is will have manhood enough to see that he gets what he deserves, or as nearly so as possible, for indeed the statutes are far too lenient in such cases, even when prosecuted to the extreme limit.

The open primary permitted the members of one political party to participate in the selection of the candidates of another party, and it was evidently the purpose of the legislature to abolish this evil. Under the closed primary the members of a political party are confined to their own party, and it becomes practically impossible for the members of one party to dictate the policies of the opposite party.

We would caution all republicans to bear these facts in mind when voting the primary ticket, and trust that no republican will be a party to a false statement in order to assist any candidate on t opposite ticket.

Professor Harrington, as an instructor in letter writing is getting lots of free advertising. What next?

Don yo suppose Job ever was stuck in a muddy field with an automobile?

Must Pay For Paper.

Taking a paper out of the post office makes the recipient liable for the bill. O. D. Austin a Butler (Mo.) publisher, sent his paper to Charles Burge. The latter paid for it twice and then refused to pay again. He said he ordered it stopped, but the court of appeal holds that mere acceptance of the paper created a liability. It adds:

"The preparation and publication of a newspaper involves much mental and physical labor as well as an outlay of money. One who accepts the paper by continuously taking it from the post office receives a benefit and pleasure arising from such labor and expenditure as fully as if he had appropriated any other product of another's labor, and by such act he must be held liable for the subscription price."—Western Publisher.

IN TIMES GONE BY

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

Forty Years Ago.
Phoebe Carey, the noted poetess died at her home.

Thirty Years Ago.
The B. & M. baseball team came from Omaha to play the locals, defeating them by a score of sixteen to one. Ed. Rossier came up from Omaha to umpire the game.

The Platte river Bridge was being repaired after the flood which visited this country that spring.

Twenty Years Ago.
Martin Burns, of Platte Center received a patent on a mechanical corn harvester.

The first populist county ticket was nominated. Among the leaders of the new party at that time were a number of men who have since been quite prominent in the democratic party, and some in the republican party.

Ten Years Ago.
The last of the subscription money for the North opera house was raised and its name was decided upon. Librius Staab died at his home in this city, at the age of seventy-two. A. J. Mason and Miss Lottie Joseph were married at Platte Center.

Five Years Ago.
John C. Flaxel and Mrs. Myrtle Mc-Patri were married.
Miss Martha Ernst, daughter of E. J. Ernst, died after a long illness with tuberculosis.

Foley Kidney Pills will check the progress of your kidney and bladder trouble and heal by removing the cause. Try them. For sale by all druggists.

Involves Every Community.
Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life.—Webster.

Here's Your Chance.

You can get the Daily State Journal all the rest of this year, without Sunday, for only One Dollar, or including the Big Sunday paper, only \$1.25. This is a cut price made just to get you started reading this splendid paper, and at the end of the time the paper will be stopped without any effort on your part. The State Journal, in addition to its wonderful associated press and special telegraph services, is the leader in reporting affairs from all over the state of Nebraska. It is clean, independent, and thoroughly reliable. The publishers think it's the one Nebraska paper above all others that you should read, no matter your politics. This Lincoln paper will please your whole family. The sooner you send in the more papers you will get for your money.

ONLOOKER
by WILBUR D. NESEBIT

A Summer Garden



I know a garden fair and wide,
Where pale green roses nod and sway,
And flourishing on either side
Are purple daisies bright and gay;
There yellow lilacs peep from out
A grape-leaf cluster bright and red,
And saffron plums climb roundabout,
While other blooms their beauty shed.

A spray of dark blue eglantine
Nods by an orchid gleaming black,
Some dark gray marigolds entwine
Where pure white rose leaves tumble
back;
A bunch of ripe green cherries, too,
Grow with a lot of silver grapes,
And pears and apples of weird hue
Grow in a dozen varied shapes.

This garden—wait! I think you'll see
Strawberries of a golden tint
That flourish amongst these things that be
Of wondrous hue and shape and glint.
This garden is no shady spot
Hedged by a wall of living green,
No neatly planned and bordered plot
Where pleasant walks and nooks are
seen.

Nor do the scientists there come
To view the wonders on display
And find themselves from wonder dumb
That such things see the light of day.
Ah, no! 'Tis 'tis not neuroscience
That works these changes, as to that—
This wild and weird and queer expanse
Is but my lady's summer hat.

In St. Louis.

The visitor from Keeney, O., wipes his brow with a faded handkerchief and expresses himself forcibly:
"I've been up against some hard propositions, but these world's fair eating houses knock the persimmon right along."

"What have they done to you?" asks the visitor from Peawaukee.
Went into a place today and had to pay three dollars for a steak that was so tough I couldn't eat it."

"What did you do?"
"Told them I could not eat it, and they might as well take it back and keep it themselves."

"Yes."
"And then the boss came out and made me pay the three dollars."

"Well."
"And then he said he'd hold the steak at my risk, but I'd have to pay a dollar storage charges in advance."

Our Jeeting Friend.
"That man," says our witty friend, indicating the individual who is illuminating a window with a highly decorative invitation to the passing public to take its choice of shirts for a dollar, "that man is an instance of a person who has mistaken his calling."
"So?" we ask, wondering if the shirts would fit us.

"Yes. Instead of spending his time and talent in such an occupation, he should be on the lecture platform, swaying thousands by his eloquence. There is no telling what great good would be wrought by the power of his oratory. Every indication is that he would be a wonder as a lecturer."
We turn and look at our friend inquiringly.

"Easy enough," he elucidates. "Don't you see what a good word painter he is?"

A HINT.



"What do you mean by charging me seventy-five cents for this prescription—for filling it—when there isn't over four cents worth of stuff in it?" asks the customer.

"O, the balance is for what I know," airily explains the druggist.
"For what you know? Huh! If you could get people to buy what you don't know you'd do a thousand per cent. bigger business."

Experiences.
"If I was rich I bet ye I wouldn't turn no poor hobo away from my back door."
"Nor me, neither. If I was rich I'd know enough not to have any back door."

Hay Fever, Asthma and Summer Cold

Must be relieved quickly and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will do it. E. M. Stewart, 1034 Wolfr St., Chicago, writes: "I have been greatly troubled during the hot summer months with hay fever and find that by using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound I get great relief." Many others who suffer similarly will be glad to benefit by Mr. Stewart's experience. For sale by all druggists.

Frank Nichols peddles bills.

The Tribune Printing Company

Carries in Stock a Complete Line of

MORTGAGE NOTES

City Leases, Farm Leases, Subpoenas, Articles of Agreement, Chattel Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Warranty Deeds, Real Estate Mortgages, Applications for Loans, and in fact

Legal Blanks of Every Description

These are carried in stock. Remember, you don't have to go to the bother of having them printed to order if you go to the Tribune shop. They are already for you at any time.

No Delay. No Special Orders

No Special Cost for Printing