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For County Judge.

Former County Judge T. D. Robison has filed an acceptance of the republican nomination for the office of county judge. This action was taken while he was in the city last Saturday, and will be very satisfactory to many people who have grown weary of the apparent life-lease attitude Judge Ratterman.

While discussing the candidacy of Judge Robison, we wish to call the attention our readers to the table of official votes as published in this issue. A casual glance over this table will show that while Judge Robison did not receive a flattering vote in Columbus, the reason is obvious; that Judge Ratterman did not carry a single ward in the city, Judge Hensley having defeated him in three of the wards, and falling but one vote behind him in his own ward, the Third; and that Judge O'Brien carried three of the wards over both Ratterman and Hensley, the latter carrying his ward, the First, by a vote about equal to that of his three competitors.

The village of Humphrey was for many years the home of both the opposing candidates, and both are well known there. The vote in Humphrey township shows that Robison had a plurality of eight over Ratterman, and Humphrey voting place in Granville township gave Robison a more than two-to-one vote over the present incumbent.

It might be well to remember, also, that while Judge Ratterman received the nomination by a greater vote than was received by any two of his competitors, still 1356 democrats registered their protest against his continuation in the office, as compared with 925 of his supporters.

Granting then, that Judge Robison hold the normal republican vote in the county, added to the 432 democratic votes cast for him at the primary, he would give Judge Ratterman the fight of his life. Then again, there is no reason for believing that all of the friends of Judges Hensley and O'Brien can be swung into line for Ratterman's re-election.

Considering all these things, it looks mighty good for Robison. He has had four years' experience in the office many years ago, and has the reputation of being honest and conscientious in all his dealings as a public official as well as in private life. He was deposed because he was not in the good graces of those who would issue dictations in county political matters.

Judge Robison is a democrat, and by accepting the nomination in the republican ticket did the same thing that Mr. Gruenther and his friends intended for him to do should he receive the nomination on the republican ticket for clerk of the district court.

The county judge's office is one of the most important, if not the most important office in the county, and requires the highest degree of honesty and integrity. The contest is between two democrats, and we advocate the candidacy of Judge Robison, not wholly because he happens to be on the republican ticket, but because we believe with 1356 democrats in the county that a change is due.

For County Superintendent.

The republicans by a handsome voluntary vote have tendered the nomination for the office of county superintendent to Gideon Braun, of Loup township. Mr. Braun is a young man, and has spent twenty-three of the twenty-six years of his life in Platte county.

For several years he has been one of the successful young school teachers of the county, spending the time between terms in improving himself for better work in his chosen profession. After completing his rural school course, he entered the Columbus high school, where he spent two years, then went to the Nebraska Normal school at Wayne, where he graduated in the teachers' department. Later he pursued his scientific studies at the Fremont Normal school, and has spent summer vacations at the state normals at Peru and at Wayne.

That he is popular among the teachers themselves is attested by the fact that he served as president of their county association during the year of 1909-1910, and declined a re-election for the reason that no predecessor had ever served two consecutive terms in the position.

As a writer of educational essays, he has acquired an enviable reputation, his writings being in constant demand by some of the educational journals of the state.

He has been offered principal ships in numerous town schools, but has persistently declined, devoting his energies to the upbuilding of the rural schools of his own community, in which he has always been engaged. His close study of the rural school situation makes him peculiarly fitted for the office of county superintendent.

A Serious Omission.

Charles L. Anderson is mad. He has good cause to be. He lives at Oxford, and was one of the democratic candidates for the nomination for regent of the state University at the recent primary. The cause of his anger is that in some counties in the state his name was left off the ballots.

The matter was brought to light by a member of the election board in the city of Sutton, in Clay county, who noticed that Mr. Anderson's name appeared in the poll books, but for some reason was missing from the ballot. Then the candidate found that in several other counties he had no vote in the face of the returns, waether from omission of his name or from some other cause has not yet been discovered.

After being informed of the omission in Clay county he called the attention of the secretary of state to the fact, making a bitter complaint because he had been discriminated against. Of course it is too late now to remedy the defect, but it would seem that there should be something done, for as he suggests, the omission must be the result of either carelessness or intentional discrimination. More than likely it is carelessness, but that does not mitigate the evil.

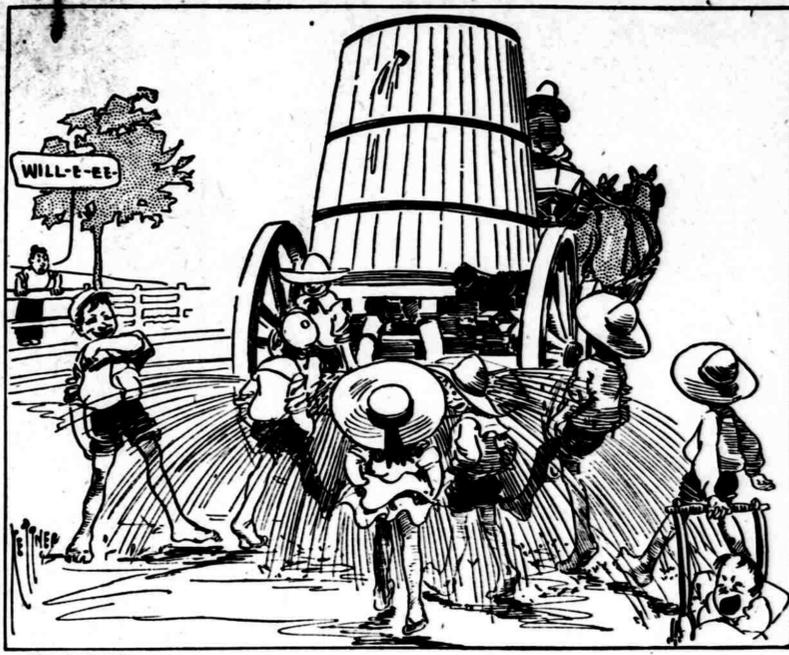
Anna Wilson's Hospital.

Much has been written and much has been said during the past few years in regard to tainted money, the discussion arising largely from the large donations made by John D. Rockefeller for the endowment of schools and colleges, and by Andrew Carnegie for the building of libraries.

From Omaha comes a story of the establishment of a hospital with tainted money. A woman by the name of Anna Wilson has proposed to the city to establish a hospital with the money gathered through the trade, traffic and sale of human beings—the daughters and sisters of men. Many good people have registered their objections to the acceptance of such a fund for such a purpose, but the city, by its representatives has decided to accept it.

And why should it not? For many years the city has thrived on money from fines paid by this woman and the inmates of her house, and it has been placed in the most sacred of all public funds—the school fund. If money derived from the fines and licenses charged these people is legitimate for the sacred school fund, it is no

PORTABLE SHOWER BATH



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worse to apply it to the use of suffering humanity. If this Madame Wilson is truly repentant, to what better use or purpose can she put her ill-gotten gains? She cannot hunt up the men who have contributed to the amount and return their proportionate share.

Then, again, the people who register the most serious objections are the people who are supposed never to have visited such a place. Yet they seem to forget wholly one great feature of the life and teachings of the Master when he was here on earth—his promise that sins of even the most scarlet dye shall be made white as the snow, and his injunction to the fallen woman to "go and sin no more." In his dying moment he said "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." And almost in the same breath he said to one of his companions on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

The Omaha papers of yesterday published a story of a young couple appearing before the county judge to be married, the bride being so much under the influence of liquor that the judge very properly refused to perform the ceremony. She then exercised the self-imposed prerogative of every sot to abuse whoever might thwart their purposes, by roundly abusing the judge, using typical bar-room language. Whether the happy (?) groom succeeded in getting someone else to fasten the nuptial cords is not related.

The race between Judge Albert and Judge Stark for a place on the democratic judicial ticket is very close, with the result still somewhat in doubt. It certainly is not a creditable showing when they turn down either of these men and put up a man like Oldham, whose demeanor before a Columbus audience about a year ago was hardly up to the standard of a man of judicial size.

It appears that The Tribune-Journal made an error as week in stating that a man who had been nominated on another ticket than the one on which he had originally filed must commit perjury in accepting the nomination. The law says that a man must make oath that he affiliates with the party in question when his name is to be placed on the primary ballot by petition.

The Tribune-Journal regrets that there was not room on the judicial ticket for Judge Cobbe. In addition to the disappointment to himself and his friends over his defeat at the primaries, much alarm is now felt for the health of the aged law compiler, who is suffering from a severe attack of peritonitis.

IN TIMES GONE BY

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

Forty Years Ago

The Journal that week was written with a new quill made from a wing quill taken from a wild goose and prepared by Hon. H. J. Hudson, and presented to the editor.

A peculiar story appeared to the effect that the village marshal of Columbus had impounded his own cow, which had later been redeemed by his son. In an editorial, the marshal was commended for his impartiality.

Thirty Years Ago.

A message form the bedside of President Garfield stated that he was just alive.

Fremont was said to be the only city in the state to enjoy sprinkled streets.

Twenty Years Ago.

The Columbus packing house burned. Loss about \$9,000.

The first frost of the season was seen on Sunday morning, August 19.

Ten Years Ago.

Miles Costello died at his home here. Clarks suffered a fire loss of \$20,000.

Five Years Ago.

Adolph Berger died at his home near the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dack were here for a visit with relatives and friends, from their home in California.

BLOCKADED

Every Household in Columbus Should Know How to Resist it.

The back aches because the kidneys are blocked. Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more. Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof because it comes from Columbus. Mrs. A. J. Wilson, 604 E. Fourteenth St., Columbus, Nebraska, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in our home and we have been convinced that they are a beneficial kidney medicine. The party who took Doan's Kidney Pills often complained of pain in the back and had other difficulties which plainly showed that the kidneys were at fault. His condition steadily grew worse and no relief was found until Doan's Kidney Pills were used. They went directly to the seat of the trouble and so thoroughly disposed of it that there has been no return attack."

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Extraordinary diseases require extraordinary treatment. It is easy to

treat simple disorders. Most any ordinary doctor or medicine will. Complicated that defy ordinary treatments require extraordinary remedies to vanquish them. Our treatment as compared with others differs as does the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take even HOPE to get cures. IT TAKES ONLY A TRIAL—all we ask. It cures whether the sufferer believes it or not.

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The DEADLY PARALLEL



Four months ago When blizzards blew And ice and snow Made mock of you, When cold winds howled And skies were gray You growled and growled By night and day.

"Confound the cold!" You muttered, "I'm Sick of this old Wild wintertime, With icy street And pipes that freeze— O, for the heat! Send summer, please!"

Your nose was blue, So was your look; The teeth of you With coldness shook— You shivered cool And stroked the fire; Warmth was the goal Of your desire.

You could not see A cheerful gleam In snow-wreathed tree Or ice-locked stream; You sat and sighed; "Warm summer on! Joy is untried When winter's gone."

But yesterday You puffed and fumed, Though down the way The lilacs bloomed, On every hand Gay blossoms tossed— You musedly fanned And prayed for frost.

"This awful heat!" You weakly gasped To all you'd meet In tones that rasped. You sought the shade And sat there grum, And asked what made The hot wave come.

Your face was red, Your shirt a rag, You mopped your head And let it sag, And wished your wear Four months ago, The air abhor With scudding snow.

You did not care A single pang For meadow fair, For birds that sang— O, when you're cold Or when you're hot You sit and scold For what you've not.

At the Convention.

"Bill," said the first delegate, "it's a great thing to be sent to a convention."

"It is," assented Bill. "Let's go in to this place. It's one we haven't struck before."

After they had ordered something cool and fizzy the first delegate harked back to the importance of their duties.

"Bill," he said, "do you know that we are making history?"

"Say," exclaimed the second delegate, with a hurried glance about him, "you don't suppose anybody's going to write up our little excursions, do you?"

Real Tragedy.

"Don't you call me a freak any more," said the fat lady in the museum.

"No?" asked the tattooed man. "No. Don't you call me a freak again or I'll sit down on you when you ain't looking. I'm a tragedienne, that's what I am."

"Tragedienne? That's the limit. What tragedy do you star in?"

"Don't you call it a tragedy when a woman knows that if she only had enough money not to have to go on exhibition she would be called plump instead of fat?"

Such a Mistake.

The war correspondent in Nagasaki has sent his Jap servant to the store for some supplies. The man has been delayed, so the correspondent telephoned.

"Hello," he says to the clerk, who is an American. "Is Takachua Bito down there?"

"No, sir," is the reply. "But we have sixteen other kinds of breakfast food."

Clearing Himself.

"Henry," said Mrs. Penhecker. "What is the meaning of this empty glass on the table? Is it possible that you have acquired the habit of taking a sly nip while you are reading?"

"O, no, my angel," explained Mr. Penhecker. "I was perusing a volume of poems entitled: 'Golden Memories,' and merely put the glass there as sort of help to my understanding."

Hay Fever, Asthma and Summer Cold Must be relieved quickly and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will do it. E. M. Stewart, 1034 Wolfrat 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 Hobbs peddles bills.

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