

Columbus Tribune-Journal

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Manderson and Schley.

Omaha is smiling through her tears this week. The smiles are made to take the place of what would have been a period of gayety, owing to the activities incident the annual fall festivities, as well as a visit of President Taft, were it not that her heart is bowed with sorrow for the loss of one of her leading citizens—General Charles F. Manderson.

Senator Manderson has enjoyed a unique distinction in Nebraska and many honors in the nation. He was the only man who was ever elected for two successive terms in the United States senate from the state. Senator Paddock served two terms, but with a term intervening, while Senator Manderson had no opposition for his reelection.

For the last four years of his career in the senate he was president pro tem of the body. This position has at different times been coordinate in authority with that of vice president of the United States, as it is he who takes the vice president's place in case of vacancy in that office.

The confidence in which he was held by the lawyers of the nation is shown by the fact that at one time he was president of the American Bar Association, a signal honor and mark of distinction of which any man might well be proud.

Judge Post related to the writer recently how near General Manderson came at one time to being president. He had been selected by a number of the national leaders of the republican party for nomination for vice president in 1900. Friends from all parts of the country urged him to become a candidate, but despite all their importunities, he declined to allow his name to be considered by the convention. Had he not declined, thus making way for Roosevelt, he would have succeeded to the pres-

idency instead of Roosevelt upon the death of McKinley in 1901.

Another incident that occurred almost coincidental with his death was the death at almost the same time, three days later of two of General Manderson's friends, both of whom were very prominent in their respective spheres, and both of whom were close friends of his—Admiral Winfield Scott Schley and Gustaf Anderson, of Omaha, both of whom dropped dead on the street at almost the same time, one in Chicago, and the other in New York.

Admiral Schley made a trip to the west a few years ago, going as far as Salt Lake City, as the guest of Senator Manderson. He lived to see the time when his contention in the controversy between himself and Admiral Sampson, following the battle in Santiago Bay has been fully accepted by the American people.

That battle took place on July 3, 1898. The following day, when tens of thousands of American people were celebrating the nation's birthday at the Omaha Exposition, General Manderson was addressing the crowd, the news of the battle came in, thus giving him the opportunity of telling of the triumph of the American fleet under the command of his friend to that vast assemblage.

Truly the nation has lost two great and good men, and Nebraska's loss is the greater in the death of Senator Manderson.

It is announced that W. J. Bryan will make a campaign of the state in the interest of the democratic state ticket, and that he will speak in Columbus on the evening of October 19. Whether Mr. Bryan will be able to influence all or nearly all who said such bitter things against him a year ago is a question for much speculation.

The Turk and the Dago are having a scrap down in Europe. Perhaps before the fuss is settled some new Garibaldi, or, possibly an Amurath may be developed.

Say, Brother, has your wife started to tie her hair up in that mule-tail fashion yet? If she has she doesn't look like she did when you courted her.

War started in in Europe on Friday, and Sunday the president of the United States came to Nebraska to make a speech on World Peace.

The surest way to defeat Dan Stephens—let Pat McKillip stand as close to him through the campaign as he did at Norfolk.

Everything comes to him who waits—even to getting off a party telephone line.

Bryan to stump the state for Oldham? What do you think of that?

IN TIMES GONE BY

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

Forty Years Ago.

A young man by the name of Fisher broke jail on a Saturday night and stole a horse belonging to John Eusden, and made a successful escape.

A review of the growth of Columbus for a year ending on October 1, showed twenty-two new dwellings and fifteen new business houses built during the year.

Thirty Years Ago.

Will Y. Bissell, a young insurance writer from Dubuque, arrived in Columbus to make this his home. While here he was instrumental in organizing the fire company which still bears his name.

John Ernst was considering a trip to his old home in Berne, Switzerland.

Thomas Jones, a farmer living in Joliet township, lost his barn by fire. H. S. Elliott, who lived near, saw the fire and saved the horses in the barn.

Robert Y. Lisco and Miss Mary Silvery were married.

Twenty Years Ago.

Eugene Macken and Miss Rose Haney were married.

Miles Ryan and Miss Ellen Keating were married.

Solemn and impressive services at St. Bonaventure's church marked the taking of the veil by Miss Mary Fitzpatrick.

Ten Years Ago.

It was reported that a considerable number of counterfeit silver certificates were in circulation.

Thomas Frazier died at his home in this city.

Mrs. Andrew Pearson died at her home in Monroe township.

Samuel Born, a young man who lived between Columbus and Duncan, died while on a trip to Omaha.

Five Years Ago.

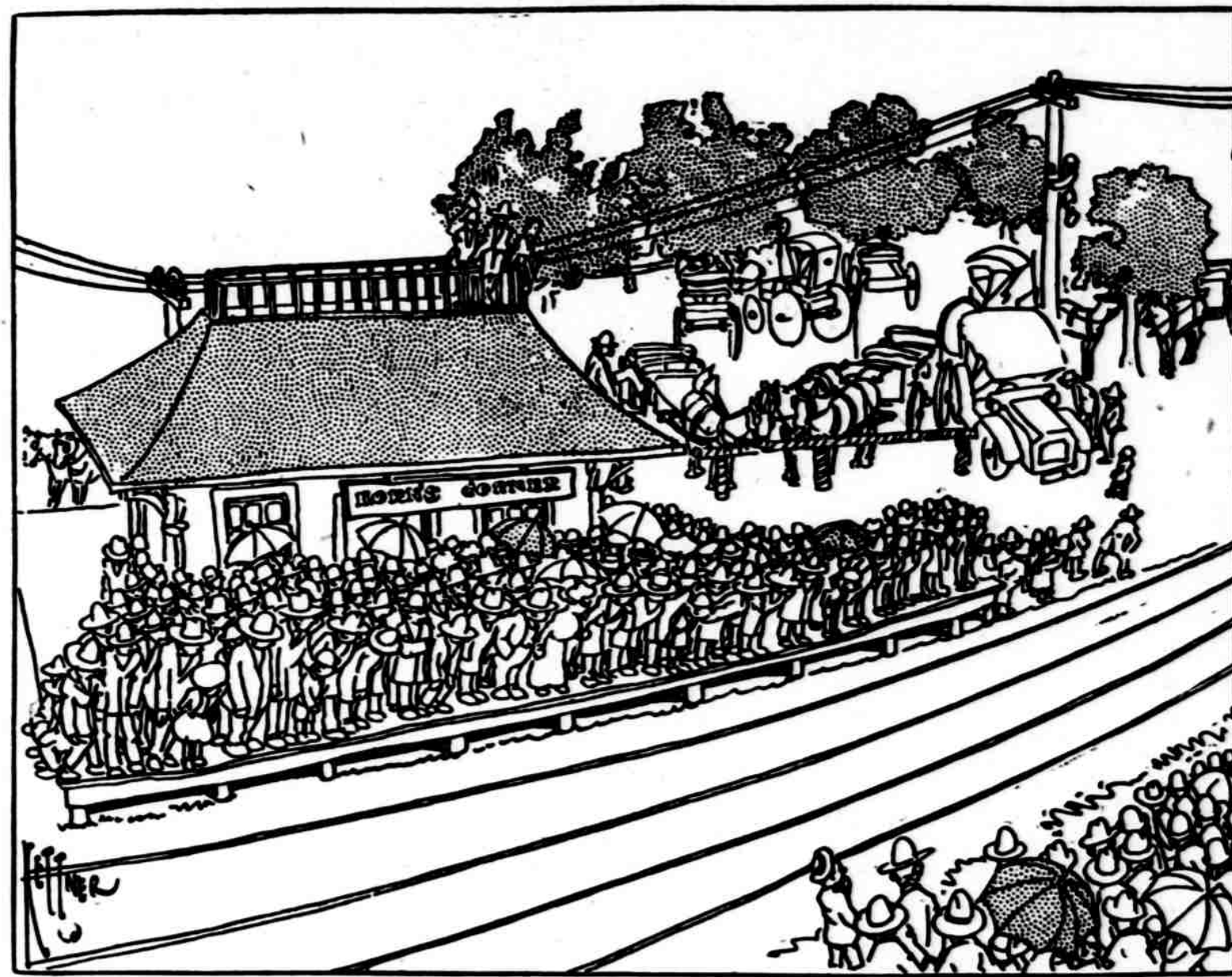
The Columbus Journal passed into the hands of R. G. and F. K. Strother, and Richard Ramey and F. H. Abbott started the Columbus Tribune.

J. E. Hicks, for many years a well known school man of Monroe, died in Montana, where he had gone a few years previous to engage in the real estate business.

Hugh Hughes announced definitely that he would not be a candidate for the state senate.

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. It checks and relieves. Use no substitute. The genuine in a yellow package always. For sale by all Druggists.

WAITING FOR THE TAFT TRAIN



(Copyright, 1911)



T. DE WITT ROBISON
Republican Nominee For
County Judge.



GIDEON BRAUN
Republican Nominee For
County Superintendent.

Genuine Sardines.

Genuine sardines are the young of the pilchard. Their name comes from the fact that they are most numerous off the coast of Sardinia. They swim in the spring in shoals containing millions—fish-shaped shoals ten miles long and a half mile wide. The sardines are netted and taken at once to the shore. There they are washed, scraped and sprinkled with salt. The salt is soon removed, the heads and gills cut off and there is another washing. Then, on beds of green brush, the fish are dried in the sun. Next they are boiled in olive oil till cooked thoroughly. The packers—women always—take them now and pack them in the tin boxes we all know, filling up each box with boiling oil, fitting on the lid and making the joints together with a jet of hot steam. Sardines are more or less perfect according as they are prepared more or less immediately after their capture and according as the oil they are packed in is more or less pure.

The Young French Girl.

A young French girl enters the theater with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the privileged American girls "finishing" their education. Her untouched flowerlike face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word "brainy." Her hair is bound with a little old fashioned snood and tiny buckle; a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body. Quickly four faces, the faces of the overindulged, the overeducated, the overstudied, turn to study her. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird, yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment and usefulness.—Atlantic.

Wall Street Superstition.

Almost all the Wall Street speculators are superstitious fellows who believe in charms and amulets. In their pockets they carry lucky coins, a rabbit's foot, a horse chestnut or something of the kind. One Wall Street man, much envied by his companions, has a short piece of a hangerman's rope to conjure with. Many of the custom-brokers in the offices are even more credulous than the professional traders in their belief in signs and omens. There is a deep seated tradition that Tuesday is "low day" in a "bull market" and "high day" in a "bear market." Some persons speculate on "systems," and others employ "charts." Once they exploited a machine in Wall Street known as a "market register." It was about as effective as helping anybody to win at Stock Exchange speculation as it is to rub up against a hunchback for luck just before you bet on a horse race.—Munsey's Magazine.

He Got Valuable Information.

The story is told of the times of Aretas Blood and the old Manchester locomotive works that a student came to Mr. Blood once and wanted to study the business of locomotive building in his vacation days. The student came well recommended, and Mr. Blood, who never had much use for these "tech" people, sent him down to the boiler shop and placed him in charge of the old foreman. The old man took the "tech" man around, and in the course of the inspection of the shop they came across one boiler on the inside of which was a man at work.

How does that man get out?

"How does that man get out?" inquired the "tech" man.

"Oh," said the venerable plot, "he doesn't get out. We always count upon losing at least one man in building a boiler."—Manchester Union.

Napoleon Obedied the Mob.

In "The Corsican—A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words," Bonaparte tells how, as an obscure soldier, he witnessed some of the opening scenes of the revolution: "I lodged Rue du Mail, Place des Victoires. At the sound of the tocsin and at the news that the Tuilleries were attacked I started for the Carrousel. Before I had got there in the Rue des Petits Champs I was passed by a mob of horrible looking fellows parading a head stuck on a pike. Thinking I looked too much of a gentleman, they wanted me to shout 'Vive la nation' which I did promptly, as may easily be imagined."

Happy Thought.

"I wish I was twins, mother; then half of me could do lessons and half could play."—Punch.



GIDEON BRAUN
Republican Nominee For
County Superintendent.

When a Great Man Dies. There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown.—From Hugo's Funeral Oration on Balzac.

The Change.

"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat."
"Yes, but he's rich now."
"Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Inherited.

Knicker-Jones has a bad memory. Bocker—His mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything on the witness stand.—New York Sun.

Poetry and Pleasure.

The poet writes under one restriction only—namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure. Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment of the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he feels and lives and moves.—William Wordsworth.

In For It Either Way.

Minister—Now, Tommy, suppose you did something naughty and were asked if you did it. What would you say?
Tommy—I dunno.
Minister—You don't know? Why, why, what would happen if you told a lie?
Tommy—The devil'd git me.
Minister—That's right. And what if you told the truth?
Tommy—I'd git the devil.—Toledo Blade.

A Killing Joke.

"I made Dr. Knifem, the eminent surgeon, very angry when I met him one winter day enjoying a spin over the snow."

"How did you make him mad?"
"I congratulated him on his sense of the fitness of things in taking advantage of every chance to go on a sleighing expedition."—Baltimore American.

A Range of Possibilities.

"I have been told," said the confident performer, "that I make my violin sound like the human voice."
"Yes," replied the candid friend, "but there are so many kinds of human voices."—Washington Star.

Yourself.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me. Young Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bits.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to pattern after.—Goldsmith.

Onlooker A WEEKLY BY WILBUR D. NESBIT



Money! Money! Money!
Hustle day and night—
Toil and save
And scheme with all our might.
Pennies grow to dollars
Very soon, we find
But bye-and-bye
We have to die
And leave it all behind.

Money! Money! Money!
Dollars are the prize
Each represents
A hundred cents
And oft a hundred thousand
Thousands grow to millions;
Just when they grow dear
We go away—
The millions stay—
We leave the money here.

Money! Money! Money!
Harden soul and heart;
Get the due
That is for you,
And get more than your part.
Friendship, love or duty?
Drop them, one and all.
But later on
When you are gone
There'll be a tearful pain.

Money! Money! Money!
Who invented it?
Surely just
Seen at his best—
Some form of wit.
Dollars—dollars—dollars—
They have this distrust:
Their only worth
Is on this earth—
Shrouds are pocket-books.

HIS LINE OF WORK.



"Sir," said the subscriber to the editor of the Bowersville Clarion. "You published a highly colored report of the size and sweetness of the watermelons in my patch. That ought to be corrected. Who wrote it, anyhow?"
"That highly colored report," explained the editor, "was turned in by our highly colored reporter, George Washington Johnson, who also turns the crank on the press on Friday afternoons. He claimed that he based the report on observation as well as on inside information."

Good Salesman.
"That man Solomon of ours," said the first publisher, "is a pusher."
"So I have heard," answered the second publisher.

"Yes, why, last week Pole Hunter, the arctic explorer, came in to buy a small library for the use of his crew on his next voyage north, and Solomon got him to take ten copies of 'How to Keep Cool,' 'Home Medicines for Summer Troubles' and four volumes of statistics on the average rainfall in the south."

Depends Upon How You Say It.
Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel?
Miss M.—O, I don't after such good music as we have been listening to.
Son of the House—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!

An Inclusion.
"Did you see the man in the stage box who sent the bouquet to me?"
"Yes."
"And did you notice him slip a folded slip of paper among the flowers?"
"Yes. What was it, the bill for them?"

Those Dear Girls.
"I must congratulate you on the announcement of your engagement to Mr. Richroz."
"On the announcement?"
"Yes. That rather makes it more certain."

What Became of That Cake I Baked for You?
"I sent it downtown to have my monogram engraved on it," replied the fiancee.—Kansas City Journal.

The Worst to Come.
"Do you think we have heard the worst of the discords in our party?"
"Not yet," replied the musical man. "Just wait till our glee club gets to practicing."—Exchange.

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

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