

# THE TWICE - A - WEEK Jasper County Democrat.

\$1.50 Per Year.

RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1908.

Vol. XI. No. 39.

## BRYAN WILL BE HERE TUESDAY

Will Make Twenty Minute Speech in Rensselaer

SCHEDULE IS 8:40 TO 9 O'CLOCK

Leaves Chicago On Special Train at 6:30 a. m., Stopping at Lowell, Rensselaer, and Monon.

Mon. William J. Bryan will go from Chicago to Louisville next Tuesday and will make fifteen speeches in Hoosierdom. He will leave Chicago at 6:30 a. m. and will make stops at these places in Indiana:

Lowell, 7:50, fifteen minutes. Rensselaer, 8:40, twenty minutes. Monon, 9:20, twenty minutes.

Brookston, 10:05, twenty-five minutes.

Lafayette, 10:50, thirty minutes. Crawfordsville, 11:50, twenty minutes.

Roachdale, 12:28, fifteen minutes. Greencastle, 1:01, twenty minutes. Gosport, 1:56, twenty minutes.

Bloomington, 2:40, thirty minutes.

Bedford, 3:50, thirty minutes. Mitchell, 4:33, twenty minutes. Orleans, 5:00, fifteen minutes.

Salem, 5:45, thirty minutes.

New Albany, 7:10, thirty minutes.

The address here, of course, will be from the car platform or a temporary platform erected near the Monon tracks. This will be the only opportunity our people will have to hear Mr. Bryan in this campaign, and a good turnout should result.

Bryan will arrive at Louisville at 8 o'clock and will address a big night meeting in that city. The trip across Indiana will be made on a special train, the entire trip being on the Monon railroad. Harry Alexander, of the Monon passenger department, said that the train will consist of an engine, baggage-car, coach and Bryan's private car.

## GEORGE GOFF IS HOME.

George W. Goff returned from Belle Fouche, So. Dak., Thursday morning after a two months absence in the wild and wooly west. He was out to visit his son Bert and family who live on a big cattle ranch, and no plowing corn or stacking oats goes in that country—it's just drive steers and drive steers some more. Mr. Goff says he did not see any dew from the time he left here until he returned, and only one cloudy day, and that day it rained very hard. He said they would start out in the morning and drive 60 or 80 miles, camp over night, or several nights for that matter, and when the work was done return home again as if out of town for an hour or two. Bert and family were left in excellent health and Mr. Goff has added 75 or 80 years to his mortal existence as a result of this outing. Possibly eating sage hen and seeing so many elk had something to do with it, too, but he looks fine, there is no mistaking that.

## EX-CONGRESSMAN WOOD DEAD.

Thomas J. Wood, former Congressman, age sixty-five years, is dead at his home in Crownpoint. He was a member of the Forty-eighth Congress. Mr. Wood was born in Athens county, Ohio, and went to Vigo county, Indiana, in 1852. He was reared on a farm. After receiving a liberal education he studied law and was graduated at the Michigan University in 1868 at the head of his class. He practiced law at Crown Point, Ind., for many years. He was State's attorney four years, State Senator four years and member of the Forty-eighth Congress two years. Mr. Wood was known as a safe and conservative man, and always urged the business men of the country to support the Democratic party.

## RETURN FROM LAND DRAWING.

Emmet L. Fidler, who with N. A. Hendrix and A. F. Shesler went to Presho, So. Dak., to register in the Rosebud Indian Reservation land-drawing, returned Thursday at 2:04 p. m., well satisfied with his trip, and in hopes that he drew a price in the way of a quarter section of land.

All three registered while there and Mr. Shesler looked for a place to rent over in the neighborhood of Larimore. From Presho the trio drove to Larimore across country last Saturday some 65 miles, covering the distance in one day.

Although it was very windy Mr. Hendrix stood the trip in fine shape, much better than he would have done in this climate, Mr. Fidler thinks. The country in this part of Dakota is rolling, with the hills very abrupt, so much so that Mr. Fidler thinks if a steer was to lose his footing he would be a goner—would roll to the bottom and be killed in the tumble. The soil is very deep in the low land and very rich, the hills however are not so good, being covered with the blue stem grass so common in this country.

The fact that the Indians have first choice in the lands, and select that near water, and the further fact that each male or female over 21 gets a half section and each child a quarter section, and the further fact that there are many "kids" in Indian families, there is not so much good land left for white men. And there is a great many white men for what land there is. Many white men lease Indian lands. Mr. Fidler tells of one who had leased eight quarters and had raised a good crop of wheat and some corn although he was 40 miles from a railroad and the nearest threshing machine was 15 miles from him.

## BADLY HURT IN RUNAWAY.

John Franckoviak, of east Carpenter, mention of whose runaway accident was briefly told in our East Jordan items in Wednesday's Democrat, seems to have been quite badly hurt. His left collar bone was broken where one of the wheels struck him and his right shoulder blade was also broken.

The accident occurred on the gravel road south of town, near M. A. Dewey's last Friday about noon. Mr. Franckoviak, was on his way to town after a load of lumber. He only had the running gears to his wagon and was sitting on a board in the center. An automobile from Rensselaer with three or four men in it came out at a pretty swift gait, met and passed him all right, his team not generally being afraid of these machines. The auto ran on south a ways and then turned and came back, still at a fast clip. Mr. Franckoviak knew nothing of the machine behind him and was just turning from the dirt up onto the grade to cross a culvert, the end of which was broken, when the auto rushed up beside his horses and turned on the exhaust when immediately beside them. This naturally scared them badly and they started to run, throwing the old gentleman off—he is about 68 years of age—and they ran neck and neck with the auto, it is reported for sixty or eighty rods, finally breaking the front wheels to the wagon, breaking the tongue and whiffle trees and tearing the harness all to pieces.

The people in the auto never stopped, we are told, to see whether anyone was killed or not, and Mr. Franckoviak thought for awhile that he was not hurt much.

The next morning, however, he was so sore he could scarcely move, and only one cloudy day, and that day it rained very hard. He said they

would start out in the morning and drive 60 or 80 miles, camp over night, or several nights for that matter, and when the work was done return home again as if out of town for an hour or two. Bert and family were left in excellent health and Mr. Goff has added 75 or 80 years to his mortal existence as a result of this outing. Possibly eating sage hen and seeing so many elk had something to do with it, too, but he looks fine, there is no mistaking that.

## LEG BROKEN IN RUNAWAY.

Henry C. Hoshaw got a broken leg Wednesday evening as the result of an accidental overturning of Ed S. Rhoads' delivery wagon near the former's residence in Rensselaer. The break was in the small bone just above the left ankle. Charles Rhoads had gone with Mr. Hoshaw to his home to get some cabbage, taking the new horse and the new red wagon, and when they arrived at the house, but before they had alighted from the wagon, the horse got his tail over the rein and shut down on it tight. We presume Charley pulled on the line to get it out from under. This made the rein very tight and the horse very naturally thought he was wanted to back, and he backed and kept backing for nearly a block. Then the wagon upset and both men went out on the ground. Charley got his back hurt, the wagon got the shafts broke out, the horse screeched his life, and Mr. Hoshaw got the rest. We didn't learn whether Ed got the cabbage or not, but think he did.

## DEATH OF HARRIET PARKINSON

Harriet M. Parkison, eldest daughter of James R. and Mrs. Parkison of Newton, died Saturday afternoon at their home, after an illness extending over several years. Two trips had been made to California in the hope that she would regain her health but to no avail.

She returned to this country last spring and has grown steadily worse since. She was about 21 years of age at the time of her death. The funeral was held at the M. E. church in this city Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock and interment made in Barkley cemetery. Consumption was the cause of her death.

Now, according to this military editor's logic about The Democrat's

remarks, he himself is guilty of treason in supporting Judge Taft for the presidency, a man who assailed the memory of Gen. U. S. Grant at the tomb of the latter in his last Decoration day address, and where the son of the dead general and president was a listener.

If we remember correctly so distinguished a gentleman as W. H. Taft, the republican candidate for the presidency, in an address a few months ago in his Decoration speech at Grant's tomb in New York City rudely tore aside the mantle of charity that is generally supposed to protect the memory of the dead and referred to the greatest general of the civil war, Gen. U. S. Grant, as a boozier, as plain 20th century slang would call it.

During the war, so the story goes, when complaint was made to President Lincoln of Gen. Grant's indulgence in liquors, he remarked that if he knew the brand of whiskey Gen. Grant used he would send a demijohn of it to every Union general. And yet Mr. Taft's remarks brought forth no criticism from this patriotic syndicate sheet, the Rensselaer Republican, nor did it call him a traitor.

The people of this community are very familiar with the heroism of the military editor of this sheet.

They have not forgotten how he declined to go down and whip the Spaniards unless he could go as a commissioned officer, and the enlisted men did not want him, and he staid at home. They remember how a few years ago he went into a restaurant here, where M. H. Tyler, a quiet, peaceable citizen who never had a word of trouble with anyone, was sitting at a counter partaking of a lunch, and the big, brave tin soldier brutally assaulted him—for no cause whatever so far as was ever disclosed—and later plead guilty to assault and was fined and costed in the Jasper circuit court. They have not forgotten his later assault on a young man passing the office of his—the military editor's—employer, or his bloody fight on a train returning from a football game one Sunday evening a year or two ago, etc., etc.

All soldiers are not boozers, nor are all boozers soldiers, but the make-up of the regular army of today is not the army of '61-'65—men who left the farm, the workshop and the counter to go in defense of their flag—and there is no comparison between them. Many now join the army who are the riff-raff of the country, a fact which is well known to all.

Only two or three years ago, when a detachment of soldiers were camped here over night, Strickfaden's saloon which was then in operation, was thronged with these soldiers and one soldier, whom it was alleged insulted while drunk a woman near Milroy Park, that night, was beaten almost to death.

It was alleged by one of his officers, and was taken next morning under guard back to Ft. Sheridan, with a broken shoulder and other injuries resulting from said beating.

These facts are still fresh in the minds of the people, and all the ranting of this military editor will not change them in the least.

Several of these soldiers that were here Friday night did try to get liquor, gallons of it in the aggregate, according to what we are willing to believe is trustworthy evidence.

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