

Columbus Journal.
Columbus, Neb.

Published at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second-class mail matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One year, by mail, postage prepaid \$1.50
Six months75
Three months40

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1936.

STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your paper, or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid. This Journal shows that payment has been received up to Jan. 1, 1935. Please to Feb. 1, 1935 and so on. When payment is made, the date which appears as a receipt, will be changed accordingly.

DISCONTINUANCE—Responsible subscribers will continue to receive this journal until the publication is notified by letter to discontinue, when all arrears must be paid. If you do not wish the Journal continued for another year after the time paid for has expired, you should previously notify us to discontinue it.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

What the people demand is a "downward" revision of the tariff. That's what is meant by "tariff reform."

"The stepping stone to prohibition," is what Governor Shallenberger's admirers say in alluding to the "day-light law."

When it comes to the consideration of a tariff bill New England can always be depended upon to act the part of a hog.

The Louisiana democrats always declare for tariff reform, but her representatives in congress never vote that way. Louisiana's idea of tariff reform is an increase in the duty on sugar.

The democratic legislature of Florida is very ungrateful for the fight Representative Clark has made to secure a tariff tax on pine-apples, about the only industry Florida can boast of. Clark voted with the Fitzgerald crowd of democratic insurgents to uphold Speaker Cannon, in exchange for a duty on pine-apples; yet he is condemned by his own state for attempting the very thing his constituents demanded and expected him to accomplish. Ungrateful democracy!

In an interview at Little Rock, Arkansas, Mr. Bryan stated that he was not a candidate to succeed Senator Burkett, but qualified the statement by saying he did not mean that he would not become a candidate. After the jolts he received from his party during the session of the legislature, the former leader of the democratic party doubtless realizes that to make an open fight for the senatorial plum would widen the gap in his party in Nebraska and prove what is already apparent that the Shallenberger faction has the larger following. Mr. Bryan is no longer boss of his party in this state.

Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, although not numbered among the insurgent republicans, has declared himself as the champion of free lumber and free coal. Tawney has been in congress for twenty-four years and it has taken him a long time to shift to the right side on the lumber question. When he entered congress there were millions of acres of live pine timber in Minnesota, and the Mississippi river was covered with logs from Minneapolis to St. Cloud, a distance of 120 miles by water; twenty thousand axes were swinging in the pine forests and a thousand mills were sawing the huge logs into lumber. Tawney was an ardent and outspoken advocate of "our lumber industry" then. But a change has taken place in Minnesota within the past twenty-four years. Where eight million acres of growing pine stood in 1885, eight million acres of rotting stumps stand today. The government once owned all this land, but it passed into the possession of a few men, and it is not recorded that Tawney ever raised his voice against the steal. Now, when Jim Hill's railway wants the job of hauling Canadian lumber across the border into the United States, and bituminous coal from the "Crow Nest" coal mines of Manitoba, Tawney finds it very convenient to change his old high protective tariff coat for the free lumber and coal jacket presented to him by Jim Hill. The extension of the Hill system of railways into Canada has been the means of changing Tawney's tariff ideas on the coal and lumber schedule in the Payne tariff bill.

A protest has been filed in Washington against the "wheat corner" and the advance in the cost of flour and bread resulting from this artificial control of the grain market. It is amazing, when you come to think of it, that a people blessed with a much larger measure of freedom than they exercise in fighting the wrong to which they are exposed, have tolerated this particular form of imposition so

A TRAGEDY OF TREASON.

No woman in American history, or certainly none in Philadelphia annals, has excited so much interest and so often been the subject of controversy as the beautiful and unfortunate Peggy Shippen, wife of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. Whether she was guilty of complicity in her husband's crime or was for years a favorite theme with historians. Some, says the Philadelphia Press, delighted in picturing her an unscrupulous, artful seducer, whose inordinate vanity caused her husband's downfall. Others wrote page after page refuting these allegations, none of which could be sustained by any satisfactory proof; indeed, the only valid reason for the accusation was the word of Aaron Burr, who, according to her family, circulated these reports after his advances had been repulsed by Margaret Arnold, when he was escorting her back to Philadelphia. In the eyes of the vast majority of her contemporaries and of those who have examined the subject thoroughly she was absolutely ignorant of the plans of her husband, for it was not likely that a man of his nature would disclose such a perilous secret to a young, volatile girl.

Bread is the staff of life; it is the food of the American people, and no man has a moral right to increase the cost of flour by artificial means. Gambling in futures should be made a crime. The law of supply and demand should govern the price of food stuffs and not the gamblers on the Chicago Board of Trade. The wheat deal now being conducted by James A. Patten has increased the price of bread at home and abroad. A few days ago a raid was made in Chicago, and one hundred and forty-seven gamblers were gathered in by detectives, but the big gamblers in the wheat pit were not molested. There is no law to reach them. Twenty-five years ago, Senator Washburn, who at that time represented Minnesota in Washington, introduced a bill in the senate which would have made wheat pit gambling a crime. His bill failed to receive even courteous consideration. Senator Washburn was interested in the milling industry at Minneapolis, and it was to his interest, as well as to the interest of every consumer of wheat, that the law of supply and demand should govern the price of wheat, and not the Chicago gamblers. When the time came to re-elect a successor to Senator Washburn, the wheat pit pirates and other commercial gamblers, assisted by the farmers of Minnesota, defeated Washburn for re-election. That was the last attempt made to put out of business the food-stuff gamblers. If "we, the people," have not sense enough to use the political power granted to us by the Constitution, then we are getting just what we deserve from "Jim" Patten and his "corner."

As the supposed tory proclivities of her family have so often been advanced as a reason for her influencing Arnold to betray his country, it will not be amiss to state their exact status. The Shippen family to which she belonged was one of the most aristocratic and distinguished in Philadelphia. Edward Shippen, her great grandfather, had been the first mayor of this city, a man of means, of position, and her father, Edward Shippen III, was one of the leading officials in Pennsylvania. Like many others at the outbreak of the revolution, he disapproved of taking up arms against the mother country, though he was in entire sympathy with the causes that led to it. Many of his near relatives were actively engaged in the contest on the side of liberty. He preserved an attitude of strict neutrality, was required to give his parole and throughout was never so much as suspected of any disloyalty to his country. The respect in which he was held is proven by his being appointed, after the war, to special posts of trust and confidence, finally becoming chief justice of Pennsylvania.

Margaret, or Peggy, as she is usually called, the youngest of the three daughters, was the darling of the family. Beyond the fact that she was well educated and fond of remaining at home in her father's company, little is known of her until she blossomed forth as the beautiful, fascinating belle, captivating the hearts of the English officers. When the British held Philadelphia during the winter of 1777-78, she, though not yet 18, was the toast of the town, and the homage paid her was endless. One of her most devoted admirers was the ill-starred Andre, and this friendship was afterward looked upon as a most damaging piece of evidence against her.

Although many accounts say that Peggy and her two sisters took part in the celebrated Meschianza, the statement has always been contradicted by the Shippen family. According to them, the young ladies were invited and had arranged to go, their names were on the programme and their dresses prepared, but at the last instant some prominent Quakers visited their father and persuaded him that it would be unseemly for his daughters to appear in public in Turkish costumes. In consequence, though they are said to have been in a "dancing fury," they were obliged to stay at home.

Exactly one month after this farewell fête to General Howe, the British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, the Americans marched in and General Benedict Arnold was placed in command of the city. He was at this period very popular, having rendered conspicuous services in the campaign which resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne. Owing to a wound from which he was still suffering, he was unable to do active service and was given this post as a reward of merit. He established his headquarters in the house on Market street later occupied by Washington, and there entered upon a style of living, quite incompatible with his means. His entertainments were sumptuous, and nothing was too extravagant for him.

There was little distinction shown by the American officers between the Tory and Whig maidens. The same ones who had graced the Meschianza with their presence were invited to the balls given by the new masters of Philadelphia, and again pretty Peggy was the center of attraction. Arnold, although twice her age and a widower with three sons, was immediately smitten by her charms.

The piquant young creature was no doubt flattered by the attentions of the seasoned soldier, and her girlish imagination was stirred by the splendor of Arnold's position and military surroundings. When he was not with her to plead his suit in person his impassioned love letters kept her from forgetting him.

All objections to the match being overruled, on the 18th of April, 1779, the brilliant Peggy became his bride. Part of the marriage settlement he made her was the estate now in Fairmount Park, known as Mount Pleasant, which was confiscated by the state when his treason was discovered. After the marriage there was no diminution in their ostentatious style of living, and she was congratulated on all sides for having won a hero.

The first son was born March 19, 1780, and on the 3d of August Arnold was given command of West Point. He had been in communication with the British commander for a month past, and had laid all his plans for betraying his country. Mrs. Arnold did not join him at West Point until the 12th of September. She was overjoyed at being once more with the man she loved, and little dreamed that in a few short days she would be traveling home again a disgraced and saddened woman.

On the morning of the 25th Arnold was surprised by the arrival of Hamilton with word that Washington would visit him in a few hours. Most unwelcome news, for this was the day set upon for his delivering the fort into the hands of the enemy. In the midst of his quandary a letter was brought to him, telling of the capture of Andre with his treasonable papers. Excusing himself, he went to his wife's room, briefly informed her of what he had done and fled to the English forces in New York. This was the first intelligence she had of the plot, and the news so overwhelmed her that she fell in a swoon. All day she remained in a frantic condition, "all the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife and all the fondness of a mother showed themselves in her appearance and conduct."

Washington was deeply touched, and at the same time convinced that she had no share in her husband's guilt. She was given the choice of either returning to her father or going to her husband, and she preferred the former.

When the news of Arnold's treason reached Philadelphia his papers were seized. Among them was found one Andre to Margaret, offering to purchase "cape wire, needles, gauge, etc." for her in New York. This obviously innocent note was thought to cover deeper designs, and on October 27 she was requested by the executive authorities to leave Philadelphia.

On the way to New York to join her husband she was treated with every mark of respect, all exhibition of popular indignation being omitted out of pity for her humiliation. When they first went to England she attracted much attention. The king and queen were attentive, and she was spoken of as the "handsomest woman in England," but she does not seem to have cared to live her old life of fashion, her time being devoted to the care of her five children and her husband, who lived to loathe and repent his deed.

In 1790 Peggy paid a visit to her father, and was lovingly welcomed by her family and friends, though there were some who treated her coldly. This was her last and only visit home. Old associations were too painful to renew, and the rest of her life was passed in England, where she died in 1804, having survived Arnold three years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Truly Good Life.
The good life is the one that is great with goodness, enriched with every resource, daily growing, becoming more, enjoying more, and finding such completion in the attempt to awaken dormant lives, to lift lagging lives, and to lead its fellows into the life that is life indeed.

The Best Remedy.
If sanitation, dietetics and proper nourishment were thoroughly taught in our public schools and the children were impressed with danger of dirt and impure air I am sure this would go far toward stamping out the curse of the generation, tuberculosis.

Time for Parental Concern.
It is time for the wise parent to take action when his son acquires the nickname of "Kid."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Praise and Pudding.
We are thankful for words of praise, but pudding, as well as praise is essential to the well-being of every human being here below.—Western School Journal.

Alike to the Miser.
People who are always taking care of their health are like misers who are hoarding up treasures which they never have spirit to enjoy.—Sterns.

Wisdom from the Past.
I am likewise convinced that no man can do me a real injury, because no man can force me to misbehave myself.—Marcus Aurelius.

EASILY SET MATTER STRAIGHT.
Apology of "Cub" Reporter Something of a Masterpiece.

"Whenever I see the name of Senator Tillman in print," said an old newspaper man, "I am reminded of a little incident that occurred several years ago when I was city editor of a little paper in a southern city.

"Late one night a South Carolina correspondent wired that he had failed to get a desired interview because the senator had taken a train for Washington, but that we might catch him ourselves when the train passed through our city. Hastily searching a time table, I found that the train mentioned was due in a few minutes. There being no other reporter at hand, I seized 'Bud' Lunkly, a raw reporter fresh from the country, told him to meet this train at the station and get some sort of expression from the senator on a subject then of much importance.

"Some time later Bud strolled calmly in and informed me that after a personal search of every car on the train he had failed to find Senator Tillman.

"Do you mean that you looked into all the sleeping car berths, Bud?" said I.
"Yep, that's what I done," said Bud.
"But, Bud," I exclaimed, in consternation, "weren't a good many of these berths occupied by ladies?"
"Sure," said Bud.
"But what did you do when you found a lady who had retired?"
"When I busted the curtain open and looked in and a woman jumped up and screamed, I took off my hat and says: 'That's all right, lady, you ain't the man I'm looking fer!'"

GOT MANTELS AT A BARGAIN.
Society Woman Probably Would Do Well in Business.

A well-known woman of society has recently finished her country house and, to the envy of her neighbors, has beautiful colonial mantels of white marble in all her bedrooms, and equally beautiful old timers, more elaborate in Italian marble on her lower floor says the New York Journal. Each allays for a huge open fire. These she got by buying from her automobile a sign of "Secondhand lumber for sale," on the grounds where an old hotel was being rased. She recalled that in her childhood she once visited some children who were staying at the then fashionable though old-fashioned hotel. The memory also came of a high carved mantel in the so-called nursery, from which goodies were reached for the impromptu juvenile tea party, and turning back, she discreetly alighted from her automobile some distance away and proceeded to find the contractor. As a result of her interview she proudly says \$1.50 or \$2.25, as she waves her hand toward these perfect marbles.

Stupid Remark Made Trouble.
A Paris police station was invaded the other day by a young lady, an old gentleman, a small dog and the conductor and 24 passengers of an omnibus. The old man had been sitting next to the young lady, who had the small dog in her muff. "I would give half my fortune," he said, "to be in your little dog's place." "It would be the right place for you," said the lady. "For I am taking him to have his ears cropped." Her reply led to high words, and the passengers joined in, a free fight ensued, and the entire party went to the police station, where all the names, including that of the dog, were duly noted. The omnibus had to wait for its conductor, and arrived at its destination two hours late.

Finds a Friend in Court.
Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair.

The Walls of Jericho.
Some remarkable discoveries have been made on the supposed site of ancient Jericho, near the Dead sea, by a German expedition, headed by Prof. Sellin. The ancient walls were found at a depth of eight feet, and many interesting features of their construction revealed. The wall consisted of three parts, a rock foundation, a sloping rubble wall 30 feet high and from six and a half to eight feet broad, and a top wall of clay bricks. In one place the latter part of the wall reaches a height of eight feet. The walls are estimated to have extended 900 yards; 450 yards have already been laid bare with the aid of 200 workmen employed by the expedition.

A Traveling Clock.
The new traveling clocks are in every sense what their name implies. Instead of the square ones that took several inches of valuable space in the traveling bag, these new ones are a thin model travel, encased in leather about four inches broad and long. They are made to fold flat, just as the leather picture frames do, and can be tucked in the pocket of one's bag without encroaching on space.

Also, Poor Pittsburg!
It does seem as if everything but good luck has struck Pittsburg these last few years—and jealous outsiders say that if good luck should appear in their midst Pittsburgers couldn't recognize it.—Harper's Weekly.

Do You Recognize It?
"What, Heinrich! drinking again? I thought you intended to quit." "Ach! dot is so, yes. But in der words of der saying, 'Der ghost was villing, but der meat was feeble.'—Boston Transcript.



EAST LYNNE
NORTH THEATRE, MONDAY, APRIL 26.
Prices 25c, 35c and 50c.



GLANCING OVER THE LIST.
of people who have had satisfactory photographs taken here is like looking over a society directory. If any better photographs were to be had any where these people
Would Go There For Their Photographs.
The fact that they come here themselves, and send their friends, indicates that our claim that we make the best photographs to be had is justified. Come and judge for yourself.
DeHART STUDIO.

WHEN PROFANITY WAS COMMON.
Two Good Stories Concerning Weakness of a Past Generation.

Dean Ramsay could not countenance profanity, but he managed to tell some good stories of a weakness which afflicted many in his time:
"A late duke of Athol had invited a well-known character, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dundek for the transaction of some business. The duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the duke had forgotten the appointment and had gone to the hill, from which he could not return for some hours. A Highlander present described the Perth writer's indignation and his mode of showing it by a most elaborate course of swearing. 'But whom did he swear at?' was the inquiry made of the narrator, who replied: 'Oh, he didna swear at any thing particular, but just stude in a middle of ta road and swor at lairage.' I have from a friend also an anecdote which shows how entirely at one period the practice of swearing had become familiar even to female ears when mixed up with the intercourse of social life. A sister had been speaking of her brother as much addicted to this habit—'Our John swears awfu,' and we try to correct him; but,' she added in a candid and apologetic tone, 'na doubt it is a great set aff to conversation.'

Substitute for the Towel.
Heat and a Whisk Broom Recommended to Philadelphians.
"I remember," said Mayor Reybourn of Philadelphia, "we all remember, the time when the mildest storm would make our water unfit to bathe in, let alone to drink."
The mayor smiled.
"The only man in those days who could ever find a good word to say for our water," he resumed, "was Peter Burness, the optimist of the court of quarter sessions."
"Actually," I said to Peter one morning after a storm, "I couldn't take a bath to-day on account of the muddy water. It was like brown paste."
"Oh, I took a good long bath," said Peter. "When the Schuylkill water is like that it is the best fluid in the world to bathe in. So medicinal, you know. Better than Homburg, or Marienbad, or any of those places."
"But it is so muddy," I said.
"That's just the point," said Peter. "It's medicinal mud, full of all sorts of phosphates and things. To-night when you get home fill your bath jump in and splash about; but afterward don't use any towels."
"No towels?" I objected.
"There's a much better way than towels," said Peter. "Stand before the radiator and let the water dry on your body. Then brush it off with a whiskbroom."

The Ungainly Woman Goffer.
The men, seated before the fire in a hall of the country club, looked very smart in the soft greens and grays and browns of their golf suits.
"Why do you sometimes discuss topics on which you are scantily informed?"
"To save time," answered the fearless public character. "It's the surest way of being immediately and voluminously enlightened."

The shapely coats lent to their waists an added suppleness and to their chests a greater girth. The knickers cut like riding breeches, gave their owners prosaic of legs, bank clerks and stenographers, the dashing elegance of the legs of the cavalrymen. But the women!
"We women," said a young lady journalist, "look like the deuce beside you men! You men have a regulation golf suit, just as you have a regulation evening dress. But we women disgrace the links in an old skirt and a sweater. Where is the future Worth or Paquin who will invent for women a golf dress at once neat and elegant?"

Earthquake on Schedule.
Speaking of the recent visit of the duke of Connaught to Italy specially to convey condolences to the government on account of the disaster at Messina, a correspondent in Black and White writes: "When, with the duchess, the duke was visiting Japan some years ago he remarked to his host at table when the program for his visit was put before him: 'Well, I think you have planned everything connected with this country there is to see, but,' he added, laughing, 'there is one thing you cannot put on your program, and that is an earthquake.' Hardly had he spoken, however, when the house began to tremble violently, and the servants standing at the door bowed to gether as the host said: 'Your high ness, the honorable earthquake!'"

Hugo's Too Sanguine Vision.
Revival of the guillotine in France after these years of disuse would have grieved Victor Hugo's sanguine spirit terribly. Writing in 1867 his glowing sketch of Paris as the capital of the world he noted with joy that no place for the guillotine could then be found within the city. Executions had to take place outside the fortifications and he saw in this a promise that they would soon cease to be altogether. It is strange now to read Hugo's words and certain hope that war and armaments were about to disappear, laughed away by the good humor of Paris, and that the twentieth century would almost have forgotten them. This was just three years before 1870.

Where the Bard Falls Short.
"Aren't there some rather delicate things in Shakespeare's plays?" suggested the punctilious citizen.
"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but they don't go quite far enough to constitute a New York success."

The Sincerest Respect.
"You people in the east don't appreciate the importance of the great middle west," said the visitor.
"We don't, eh!" On the contrary, we sit up nights thinking about the great middle west. That's where most of our weather comes from."

Floodgates of Wisdom.
"Why do you sometimes discuss topics on which you are scantily informed?"
"To save time," answered the fearless public character. "It's the surest way of being immediately and voluminously enlightened."

Magazine Binding
Old Books Rebound
In fact, for anything in the book binding line bring your work to
The Journal Office
Phone 160