

## Columbus Journal.

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The ground hog is after all making good again.

The Y. M. C. A. building committee has passed the \$20,000 mark. Let the good work go on.

As we predicted, the supreme court of the United States has decided the railroad companies of the state of Nebraska must pay their taxes assessed by the republican state board. But the question now is, if a clear case like this tax case can be held up for over four years, how long can the two cent fare bill be held in the various courts before it becomes a law.

There is every indication that Columbus will have quite a building boom the coming year, even if the power canal does not materialize right away. Many new and fine residences are already planned and contracts let. There is no doubt about the Y. M. C. A. building going up. R. W. Saley and Mrs. F. H. Rusche both contemplate building fine brick store buildings. The erection of a fine three story masonic temple is again being agitated. Columbus never claims a boom, but a steady, sure and certain growth.

It will soon be time to talk about our city election again, but so far no one has announced himself as a candidate. There is not a single city office that is really a very fat plum. Those who have been willing to serve the city, and have been doing it satisfactorily to the people, will undoubtedly be asked to serve another term. At the last democratic city convention, in which the present city officials were nominated, the platform adopted, in speaking of certain evils, read like this: "We pledge ourselves to eradicate the same." The steps that have been taken during the past year "to eradicate the same" are not visible to the naked eye, yet the majority of our people seem to be well satisfied with the present conditions.

Washington's birthday is a legal holiday in every state and territory in the union, except in Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina and Tennessee. In nearly every large city in the north banquets and various festivities have taken place in its honor the past week, perhaps the most notable of these being the banquet at Chicago, where ex-President Grover Cleveland was the principal orator. His theme was Washington's letter to Lafayette, in which the father of his country proclaimed that the great pillars of success for the nation would be harmony, honesty, industry and frugality. Nowadays our great statesmen would say our success in the future will depend upon the passage of a two-cent rate, anti-pass and state wide primary laws.

The house of representatives has passed the post office appropriation bill and it now goes to the senate, and will undoubtedly become a law. The bill provides that the pay of all rural carriers shall be \$840 per year. Whether that salary is given for the first year's work is not certain, but it very probably applies to all daily routes over twenty miles in length. All post office clerks are raised \$100 annually, also all railway postal clerks get an increase of \$100 a year. This increase is not entirely satisfactory to the postal employees as they think that owing to the increased cost of living, and the steady increase in work, Uncle Sam should treat them more liberally. And they have cause for complaint, but in another year, should the nation's prosperity continue, congress will undoubtedly do better by them.

Passenger fares are mainly a direct tax. Everybody travels more or less, and when he does his railroad fare becomes the item of chief interest. Anybody can figure down to dollars and cents the amount he will save by a lower passenger fare, or can estimate to a mile the extra travel he will be able to enjoy for the same expenditure. Freight rates on the other hand, are to the great majority of people a hidden tax. The cost of freight is concealed in their grocery and clothing bill. It is taken from

the price of the corn and stock the farmer sells. The value of every acre of farm or town land in the state is a reflection of the freight rates of the state. Few people can have any idea what freight charges cost them annually. It is easier to get people interested in passenger than in freight rates because of this difference in effect of direct and indirect taxes. That has been the case in Nebraska; and yet where the railroads of Nebraska in a given year collected thirteen million dollars in passenger fares, they levied freight charges of forty-seven millions. Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Carolina, Minnesota, West Virginia, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Iowa and Mississippi have all passed or are apparently ready to pass two-cent fare bills. This is well enough; but in how many cases will the lesser issue crowd out the greater?—Lincoln Journal.

### DOINGS BEYOND THE COUNTY LINE

A dispatch from Yankton, South Dakota dated February 12, 1907, gives the following railroad news. "The actual survey of the proposed road from Yankton to the gulf was started Monday a crew of twelve surveyors being set to work on the first section from this place to the southern border of Kansas. The Survey after crossing the river will take the west side of the divide to the eastward of the old Norfolk grade, which will be followed a slight distance to the east. Orono will be at the first town that will be reached. After leaving Norfolk the line will pass through David City, Seward, Fairbury and Washington, Neb., and Albion, Newton and Wichita, Kan. At Wichita the line will be just two miles to the east of Yankton, which indicates the air line character of the proposed road. From Wichita the expectation is to run the line south through Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas to tidewater."

Probably the boldest attempt ever made to rob a bank in Central City occurred early Tuesday morning when four men, after blinding night watchman Cox and compelling him to accompany them, entered the Farmer's State bank and tried to force an entrance into the vault and thence into the safe. The alarm sounded by the electric gong, with which the bank is equipped, is all that prevented the robbers from effecting their purpose. As soon as they smashed the combination with a sledge the gong immediately began to ring and the men, evidently not prepared for this, suddenly took their departure. It was about 1:30 when night watchman Cox, while patrolling the street from the Schiller hotel west, noticed a couple of men walking on the opposite side of the street in the same direction in which he was going. Thinking it was a couple of young men on their way home from some affair, he stopped on the Central City National bank corner to await their coming, leaning up against the window on the west side of the building. He was considerably surprised, therefore, when the men suddenly swung around the corner and poked two guns in his face, and wasted no time in responding to their command to do as they told him. They produced a small rope with which they bound his hands behind his back. "We're not going to hurt you," one of them remarked, "if you do as we tell you." They were not rough with him at any time and at his request loosened the rope so it would not cut his wrists. Mr. Cox supposed, of course, that the men were going to rob the postoffice and when they ordered him to accompany them he started in that direction. "Here," one of them said, "come this way," and they made for the bank. At the Burke corner they were joined by a third party and the fourth was waiting for them at the bank. Entrance to the building was effected through the west front window. All four men wore handkerchiefs over their faces and Mr. Cox says he was unable to identify more than one of them. One of them wore a mask that did not quite cover his face and Mr. Cox could see that he had a thick, light mustache. After they got inside Mr. Cox was blindfolded and tied in a chair in the private office. The men had a sledge hammer and several other tools. With the former one of them began to pound on the combination lock to the vault. He struck it ten or twelve times before he succeeded in smashing it off. While he was thus engaged Mr. Cox says he was in fear of anxiety to hear the alarm start. The gong for some reason did not sound until the lock had been smashed. As soon as the bells began ringing the men ran out at the front door, after trying to stop the noise by breaking the gong that is on the outside wall of the vault. J. G. Stadler was the first man to arrive on the scene and he had been on the street but a few minutes when Vice President McEndree of the bank, and George Agnew came up. McEndree and Agnew had been notified by telephone by Joe Mayne, who lives across the street from the bank. They entered the building and released Mr. Cox, and finally succeeded in stopping the gong. The burglars evidently made directly for the railroad where they stole a handcar, upon which they rode as far as Chapman and there disappeared. Officers in the surrounding towns have been notified and close watch will be kept for the men. The damage to the vault will be about \$50, which is covered by insurance.—Central City Republican.

The news comes from Schuyler that the remaining sections of the Platte river bridge have been carried away in the breakup of the river, and naught remains of the \$30,000 structure save the debt incurred in its building and a lawsuit instituted against our neighboring county to recover one-half of its costs. These latter two items will probably be in evidence for some time to come.—The Howell Journal.

### ENDED THE CHITTLING FEAST.

When the Negro Saw the Policemen  
They Fairly Flew.

The other night two policemen were walking along Vine street when they met an old negro "grandma" coming out of a grocery store with her arms full of packages, says the Kansas City Star.

"Must be goin' to have a feast at your house," said one of the officers.

"Goin' to have a chitlin' supper tomorrow night," replied "grandma."

"Dey in an' git a bite."

The next night the two officers happened to be passing the house where the old negro "mammy" lived. Sounds of high revelry floated out on the night air.

"Let's go in and see what chittlings are," said one of the officers to the other. "I have heard of such edibles, but don't know what they are like."

"All right, I'll go you."

The officers knocked at the door. Instantly all became silent inside. Then the door was opened a crack. The negroes inside caught sight of the white clothes and brass buttons.

"Good heavens," some one shouted.

"It's the big law."

At once there was a wild scramble to get out. Some went out the back door, but most of them made a dive out the windows, taking glass, glass and all with them. When the officers met inside not a soul was there except the old negro "grandma," and she was laughing until the tears ran down her face.

"What's the matter with all your guests?" asked one of the policemen.

"Why, you all know them niggers believe theyaint no justice in the law," she answered. "But I'm mighty glad you come, cause my ole man haft done a tap o' work fo' a yeah. Been tellin' me 'bout his roomatis an' a limpin' an' a groanin' armon'"—couldn't scarcely move. But he was the fast man out o' that windo'—just few like a deer. Now he's got to go to work. He hadn't got no mo' roomatis 'en a rabbit."

Why He Ran.

She rose from the great, soft snow heap.

"Don't make a scene, dear," she excoriated.

But her husband continued to abuse the driver of the sleigh.

"But I am not really hurt," she whispered.

"No, matter," he returned, "the fallow was almighty carcious. A little more and he'd have run me down too!"

Slightly Sardonic.

"How did that university you found out east?"

"It is doing great work," answered Mr. Durbin Sixx. "It is devoting special attention toward economic studies in the hope of finding a way to prevent all the wealth and power from drifting into the hands of grasping persons like myself."

Latest dispatches from Silver Creek indicate that the small pox scare there has assumed the proportions of an epidemic and reports are coming in indicate that surrounding towns are genuinely alarmed over the prospects of its spread

and are enforcing drastic quarantine regulations against anyone coming from localities where the disease is prevalent. It will be remembered that a few weeks before Christmas holidays a small pox case was reported at Silver Creek, but it appears that it did not spread as the board of health closed the schools and enforced strict sanitary regulation. Last week, however, a few cases were reported, but it was supposed that there would be no need of alarm as the board of health had been successful in limiting the spread of the disease before. Now comes the news that there are twenty cases of small pox in the town with new names being added to the list every day. The schools have been closed and business practically suspended. A member of the state board of health has been summoned and pronounces the epidemic genuine small pox, although of an exceedingly mild form. So far as we have been able to learn, no one is dangerously ill with the disease, but it appears that it is very contagious, and seems to have gotten beyond the control of the health officers of the town. In the mean time the boards of health in neighboring towns are keeping a sharp lookout to stamp out the first appearance of small pox within their borders, for this epidemic has the habit of breaking loose every spring and spreading rapidly over the state.—Central City Republican.

### FOLLY AS IT FLIES

NOW ONE MOTH WAS DRAWN FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Say Young Southerner Needed Only to Have His Feet Set in the Right Direction and the Plain Path.

Setsunup didn't draw any dividends from bowling alleys, saloons, or theaters; but he was a free spender, and made welcome by all the proprietors of such places.

One day Setsunup got moody and said. His clothes were glossy, and since he couldn't be relied on to do good work because he stayed out late at nights and often came to work with a bad headache, he had not been promoted for 18 months. Further Setsunup was penniless and owed a three weeks' board bill.

Setsunup began to think. Thought produced action, and he went to see a wise old uncle who often gave him good advice, and had on one occasion rescued him out of the hands of some relatives here sharks.

"How now?" said the uncle. "Why so sad?"

"The nearly down and out," was the reply. "I can't keep good habits, somehow, and I can't save."

His relation scratched his head and pondered for a few minutes. Then he said, "I like you because you have the elements of a man in you. I'll help you by giving you an inducement to save your money. For every dollar you bring me inside the next two years I'll add half a dollar. It'll cost me some money, but I guess it will be worth it."

Fired by the ambition of making such easy money, Setsunup neglected his old haunts at the bowling alleys, the saloons, and the theaters. Inside a month he brought his uncle a few dollars, which the old man promised to put carefully away for him and add the percentage promised. And he kept on bringing his uncle all the money he could spare.

The habit of saving and the virtues it necessitated soon showed itself in his appearance. His clothing was good and well kept. His eyes were bright and healthy. What most pleased him was the fact that he began to be advanced regularly, and before the two years were up he had become assistant to the head of a big department.

At the close of the two years Setsunup went to his uncle to draw his money. The sum was so large that he protested the old man had been adding more than he should.

"Are you satisfied?" was the query. "Perfectly," was the reply. "I never expected nearly so much."

"Well, I'll be honest with you. The money just handed to you represents your savings alone with accrued interest. Lately I've met with some reverses, and am unable to add my proportion; but I will later."

"In this world," said the uncle, "habits are the real giant forces for good or evil. I simply helped you to establish one good habit, and lo! like magic, all the rest of the virtues followed in its train. The forming of one good habit and sticking to it often will help a man to make good headway in a manner faster than he could imagine in his wildest dreams."

### Happy Solution.

"My dear," said the bridegroom, the day after they had returned from their wedding journey, "I have a suggestion to make that I think will work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit."

"Now, John, darling," said the bride, preparing to weep at the slightest excuse "remember, I never said I could cook."

"Don't worry; it isn't about your cooking. It is about the letters you write and ask me to mail. It strikes me that we might be happier."

"If I didn't write to anyone? Oh, John, how?"

"Wait until I have finished, my dear. All I want to suggest is that you mail your own letters, so I won't be forever forgetting them, and in return for so doing that I will sew all my buttons on. By doing so it seems to me we will overcome two obstacles to married happiness that have caused trouble since buttons and letters were invented."

And the little bride, having checked her tears, agreed to try the plan.

### Caught.

The big fish which got away was caught in our reservoir to-day at the National Military home in Ohio. This is the first one on record recaptured.

Our champion angler was fishing for bass and caught a small one, then rebaited his hook with a lively minnow and made another cast, when, in his own words, there was a rush of the big fish for the bait, the quick pull to fasten hook, the broken line and the oft-told story repeated—the fish got away with part of the line and float snatched. The float indicated the motions and position of the fish as he tried to get rid of the hook, and many anglers and friends of the unfortunate salmoner offered suggestions and helped to recapture the straggling bass, one offering to carry a skiff from an adjoining lake and go out after him. Finally the fish approached the shore near enough to cast a line over him and fasten in the broken line. The crowd on shore awaited the result with excited, eager attention as the fish was brought to net and safely landed. When weighed down to six ounces.

Forest and Stream.

We have 100 acres of choice land one-half mile from city limits for sale in 10 acre tracts.

Elliott, Spence & Co.

We have a good heating stove and furnace lump coal at \$5.50 per ton, and all other good coal.

L. W. Weaver & Son.

## ANOTHER HORSE SALE!

AT  
**BRANIGAN'S SALE BARN,**  
In Columbus, Nebraska.  
**FRIDAY, MARCH 1, '07.**

**200 Head of Horses and Mules 200**

They consist of good marketable horses weighing from 1200 to 1600 pounds. The mules range from 4 to 8 years old and will measure 15 hands high.

Come in and bring your marketable horses. I will have buyers here from all the best markets in the country.

Parties bringing in horses to sell must get them in by 10 o'clock a.m. in order to let me get them arranged for the sale.

We are prepared to hitch and try every horse and all horses must be as represented or no sale.

**Terms of Sale:**—8 months time will be given on good bankable notes bearing 8 per cent interest.

## THOMAS BRANIGAN.

**W. I. BLAIN, H. A. CLARKE.**

Auctioneer.

Clerk.

### Dr. Capen Was Ready.

Dr. Samuel E. Capen, while president of Tufts College, once delivered the diplomas to the grammar school graduates in Malden, and in his address to the scholars used the word "neither" with the letter "T" silent, but giving some quotations pronounced the same word with an apparent accent on the letter "I". A gentleman who was present asked the learned doctor later whether the word was "neither" or "nither."

Sus