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There are three cigar factories in Columbus, and they make good cigars, too, but the cigars passed around at Commercial Club banquet were not Columbus cigars. We would advise our Commercial Club management to practice what they preach.

A new G. A. R. post has lately been organized in the city of Chicago which meets every Sunday afternoon in place of the usual custom of meeting evenings. The old veterans are getting too weak to face the night air. Every roll call shows that some comrades have passed away, but the memory of their glorious deeds will live forever. The strength and glory of our nation is their monument.

A law was passed in the early part of this session of the legislature that makes it unlawful for any township or precinct to vote bonds to aid in the building of any railroads. Nobody paid any attention to the passage of this bill, and nobody seemed to care much about it. Now Boone county seems to think that they have a chance to get a railroad company to build to Albion, if they will vote bonds, and a strong lobby was sent to Lincoln to make an effort to have the new law repealed. They are willing to have the law read that it shall take a two-thirds vote to carry such bonds. That ought to be a pretty good safeguard, but it would not look well to have a law repealed during the same session it was enacted, so our Boone county friends might as well go home.

According to Grover Cleveland, W. J. Bryan, Edgar Howard and others, the issue at the next presidential election will be the tariff. The republican party will cheerfully accept that issue. The Dingley tariff law has been in operation now some twelve years and each succeeding year seems to be more prosperous than the preceding one. What better economic conditions can the American people ask for or expect than we are now having? The only class of men that have any cause for complaint are the men working for fixed wages, and as a rule all their salaries are being raised and everyone can readily find employment. Do the American people want the protective tariff removed and have our manufacturers compete with foreign labor? Do we want the conditions as they existed during Cleveland's administration repeated, our factories idle, Coxey armies, soup houses, etc., and European factories working overtime? What if Massachusetts shoe manufacturers want free hides? Isn't it better for Nebraska to have good prices for cattle and hides? What if shoes are a little higher than they used to be? Can we not well afford to pay the difference? Suppose steel rails are protected too much, so long as the farmers of Nebraska are getting such big prices for their grain, their cattle their butter and eggs, in fact, everything they have to sell. Why should we want to tinker with the tariff? By all means let the issue of the next presidential campaign be the tariff, and the good common sense of the American people will again show the democrats under.

The Nebraska legislature has adjourned. The great mass of our people are well satisfied with its work. The present session had hardly begun before such democratic papers as the Omaha World-Herald and the Columbus Telegram proclaimed that the republican members of the legislature would not fulfill their party pledges, but they did, and then some. The two cent fare bill was not in the republican platform and was not advocated by Governor Sheldon, yet so long as so many other states are enacting similar laws, it was best perhaps to pass it. The emergency clause should not have been attached so as to give the railroad companies a fair chance to adjust their interstate as well as local rates. If the railroad companies had not fought the payment of their just taxes, they undoubtedly would have saved better at the hands of our legislature. The terminal tax law, as it passed, is a good thing for Omaha, and

of comparatively small value to the balance of the state. The reduction of 15 per cent on grain, etc., is a fair and just law and will undoubtedly be enforced by our railroad commission. The law which forbids all foreign insurance companies from taking their cases, when sued, from the state to the United States court, looks like a fresh law. We think the courts will declare it unconstitutional, and are surprised that Governor Sheldon failed to veto it. The state primary law we consider of no practical benefit to anyone, just passed because it was in the platform and because it is a bid to have such a law. We predict its unpopularity all over the rural districts, and its repeal at the next session of our legislature. The State university should have received more liberal support, but the senate was apparently afraid of the cry of extravagance. The bill making it an offense for a legal voter not to cast his vote at every election was killed, as it should have been. Every free American citizen should feel it to be his duty to exercise his franchise at every election, yet this is a free country and nobody should be forced to vote. Take it all in all, the legislature just adjourned has made a splendid record.

**More for Schooling.**  
Nebraska Signal.  
Governor Sheldon has signed S. F. 227, by King of Polk, a free high school bill that permits students to attend an adjacent high school and the school district of his residence to levy a tax to pay his tuition, not to exceed seventy-five cents per month. State Superintendent McBrien is no doubt immensely pleased over the passage of this bill. He has been working strenuously for a number of years for legislation of this sort that would stand the test of the courts. We presume that he and the other friends of the measure feel they have created an act this time that will hold water.

**Nation's Anthem.**  
"The Star Spangled Banner has been officially recognized as the national anthem of the United States, and its dirgelike notes will hereafter be by authority of the Government heard upon all suitable occasions. Among the other honors which will be a military salute, the U. S. Army Regulations, having been so amended that when the national anthem is played by the band on any formal occasion, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present, they shall stand attention, and even if not in ranks they shall render the prescribed salute. The position of salute must be maintained until the last note has been played. The regulations further provide that when the air is played through once, with repetitions or variations except where repetition is called by the score. It is also directed that the same respect as accorded 'The Star Spangled Banner' shall be observed when the national air of any other country is played as a compliment to official representatives of the foreign country."

**Good Things.**  
Ond Quin.  
According to dispatches from Ft. Dodge, Iowa, as published in the daily papers the city council of that town has recently passed an ordinance that is the little best thing of the kind that has come to our attention for some time. The ordinance provides that all able bodied men between the age of 25 and 45 years whose mental and physical propensities and capabilities are normal and who are not now married, shall be required to obtain a license and a bride and straightway be exalted to a state of connubial bliss and any person failing to comply with the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined a sum not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, according to the degree of his criminal negligence. Thus far we have not heard any of the nominees on either of the tickets in Ord for political honors express their opinion on such an ordinance, but we are of the opinion that any one of them could secure an election by announcing themselves in favor of passing such an ordinance in Ord.

**That Easter Bonnet.**  
Hastings Tribune.  
This has been a splendid harvest for the milliners, and they have created the most of it by the magnificent designs and stylish patterns placed in attractive positions where the feminine eye could gaze and gaze, and admire and admire. We do not profess to know much about women's hats—excepting the price we do know that a woman dresses more to please the masculine eye than to draw admiration or envy from the gentler sex—so, after all, all the men must be the judge of the Easter bonnet. So far as we are concerned we admire a large hat on a little woman, and a short, old fashioned hat on a tall woman,—long, lean women,—who were something that very much resembled a stack of alfalfa on a frosty morning. And we have also cast a second glance at the little, fat, stubby woman who wore

nothing more, on her head, than a rose bud. In truth, it matters not to most men whether women wear washwater baskets on their head or dolos, it is woman herself who is either a first class dream or a horrible nightmare, her hat has but little to do with the case. But who has ever seen a woman who was perfectly satisfied with her Easter hat three days after the public mark had been removed? You have not! Have you? Of course, not! That is why women are so unhappy.

"The life of woman is full of pain. Telling on and on and on. With breaking heart and tearful eyes. And silent lips, and in the end. The most terrible that ever. Which this world never knew. Some more, but of the whole. Not one quite happy, no, not one."

And so it is that women, lovely women, can trace all of her cares and sorrows back to every first time she donned an Easter hat. Alas, my friend, "Pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

**Straighten Up.**  
Belt's County Press.  
The delightful art of walking, the happy practice of vagabondage which Stevenson and Whitman praised so well, the most innocent of pastimes, the simplest of exercises, is in danger of falling into abeyance says Bliss Carman in the Delinquent for April. Our fashionable people affect one ridiculous manner of walking and then another, year after year, but almost no one thinks it worth while to learn to walk normally. There can be no uniform fashion of good walking. The normal walk is not a matter of caprice, but of art; it lends itself to the infinite varieties of character, and becomes in each instance expressive of the individual; so that we recognize a man by his gait as easily as by his voice. The first requisite of good walking is a good posture. If the body is well poised at each point of its motion, the motion itself must be good. The process of walking which has been described as a series of falls, is, to be somewhat more accurate, a series of falls and recoveries so insensibly merged that there is no saying where the fall ends and the recovery begins. In walking we are in a state of unstable equilibrium. We pass gradually from one position to another, yet are never out of poise. We are playing with gravity. A good walker spins the earth deftly beneath his feet, as an acrobat in a circus, lying on his back, spins a barrel or a painted ball.

**Crowded With Railroad Business.**  
Central City News-Past.  
The verdict of every one who visits Central City now is that it is getting to be a great railroad center. Trains are in the yards constantly, gangs of workmen are putting down track, distributing material and pushing construction work. Things are so badly cluttered up that trainmen and employees are praying for the completion of the double track. If the weather continues good the track from Lockwood will reach Central City in a week or ten days.

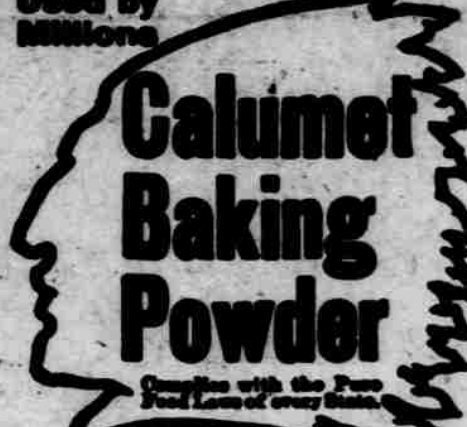
A gang of workmen began yesterday morning to extend the Stromberg track westward to the depot. The main line is so crowded that the new passenger has been delayed every evening from forty-five minutes to an hour in getting into the yards and up to the depot. The new track is of a temporary character and it may be taken up later. Some think that its construction means that we are to have no new depot, as the track runs right through the proposed depot site.

The Burlington bridge crossing the Platte at Grand Island burned Tuesday night and since that time the Burlington trains have been sent around by the Union Pacific to this place and thence to Aurora over the branch. The Grand Island bridge appears to be susceptible to fire as it has been burned once or twice before. It is thought the line can be opened today or tomorrow.

**Little Men.**  
The Bushmen of Bechuanaland are the 'Lilliputians' of South Africa. They are mostly half breeds. They are unwilling to talk of the past, and the Bechuanalanders are unwilling to learn of the history of the Bushmen. They have had no apparent influence on the physique of our race. Their language was difficult and peculiar, abounded in clicks of which traces persist. The Bushmen government was family, not tribal. They lived mostly in caves. They partly were monogamous, partly polygamous. Loose family relations prevailed. Their food was game, supplemented by roots dug up by the gull (or digging stick), or grass seeds. Little pottery was made. The paintings in their dwelling caves were numerous. The colors used are black and brown. They called the storm spirit Queng, believed in witchcraft, and marked the places where they buried their dead with small cairns of stones. But few remain. The extinction was caused by their inability to change their mode of life, but a war of extermination was carried on by both Bantus and Europeans.

**Quite Likely.**  
Fisher—It would be interesting to trace the origin of some of the common remarks of the day. For instance, I wonder who originated the expression: "It never rains but it pours." Wisconsin—Noah, very probably.

Used by MILLIONS



**Calumet Baking Powder**

Keeps with the Purest Flour and never loses its strength.

**JOHN HAD BEEN RETRIEVED.**  
Friend Told Good Lie and Stuck to It, But Without Avail.

This being a true story of a recent occurrence the prominent politician will be known as Mr. John Brown, and his intimate friend, a politician of less prominence, as Mr. James McCoy. It seems that at about noon Mr. Brown was unduly exhilarated when seen by his friend, and after exclaiming from him a promise that he would at once go home Mr. McCoy went to his office. About three o'clock in the afternoon he responded to a telephone call, and was just a little hurried on learning that Mrs. Brown was at the other end of the wire. "Have you seen John to-day?" she asked. "I did, Mrs. Brown. He was called away on important business this morning, but just a little while ago I got a message from him that he would start back on the next train. He'll be in town in about an hour." Mr. McCoy was still at work in his office at five o'clock when again he was called to the telephone. Again it was Mrs. Brown. "Has John got back yet, Mr. McCoy?" "Yes, but he had several important matters to attend to, and just started for the street car a few minutes ago. He'll be home in three-quarters of an hour at the latest." "I am very much obliged, Mr. McCoy, but I put John to bed half an hour ago." All of which goes to show that there are times when a lie well stuck to is not as good as the truth.

**WHERE AMERICA IS SUPREME.**

Traveler Praises Coffee Served in This Country.

"It is refreshing to me," said the smartly gowned woman, "to get back to America, where I can have water and good coffee to drink with my meals." "Oh, yes, of course, one can buy bottled water in Europe, but somehow one seldom does; at least not to use on the table. One drinks according to the country over there, and the natives seem as ignorant of the uses of water, internally at least, as a Kentucky colonel." "In England I drank ale and tea; in France, claret; in Italy, Chianti; in Germany, beer and Moselle and Rhine wine, and in Holland, coffee." "No, I did not like the coffee they make in France, notwithstanding we hear so much in our own restaurants about French coffee. Neither do I care for Turkish coffee. In fact, America and Holland—or, I should say, New York and Holland—are the only places in the world where I can find coffee to suit me."

**Cremation of the Dead.**  
Cremation is one of the most ancient methods of disposing of the dead. Before the beginning of the Christian era, cremation prevailed among all civilized nations, except the Jews, Chinese and Egyptians. Later, however, this form gave way to earth burial. Cremation has had a revival during the last few years, and from one crematory in existence in 1880, there were over 50 in 1890, and since then others have been added to the list each year. Cremation is common in Japan, where 47 per cent. of the dead are incinerated. The first crematory in the United States was built at Washington, Pa., in 1876, by Dr. Le Moine, and the first incineration was that of the body of Baron de Palm, which took place in December of the same year. This was the only crematory in the United States until 1884.—Sunday Magazine.

**Mount Kosciuszko Park.**  
A hundred square miles of country around Mount Kosciuszko, one of the highest peaks of the Australian Alps, has been proclaimed a reserve by the government, with a view of the formation of a national park. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," according to the poet Campbell, and this peak was so named by a brother Polish patriot, the late Count de Strzelecki, a political refugee, who spent several years in Australia and did some valuable exploring and geological work. He was probably the first discoverer of gold in Australia, but at the request of the local government, which feared an outbreak of the convict population if the news became known, he made no public announcement of the fact. He spent the closing years of his life in London and was knighted by Queen Victoria.

**Wheat and Chaff.**  
James Arthur was a canny old Scotchman who lived in the town of Ryegate, Vt., in the late '60s. He attended church regularly, and always drove the family horse, Neil, and at home he undoubtedly possessed many virtues, speed was not one of them.

One Sabbath on his way home from the first of the younger members of the congregation drove up behind with a fast horse and, offering some excuse for being in a hurry, drove past at a sharp gallop.

The old gentleman in reply to the other's remark about driving past replied: "Oh, aye, the chaff a gangs before the wheat."

**Too Late.**  
The trust magnate was thoroughly aroused. "It is a pity," he snarled, "that when the reformers started this business the government did not get after Rhode Island for over capitalizing."

**FOND OF MYSTERY**

ALL PEOPLE HAVE SOME TRACE OF SUPERSTITION.

Pet Belief in Luck, Good or Bad, is Common Lot of Mankind, According to Dr. Vincent of Chicago.

"People like mystery—mysticism. Some oldtime superstitions are dying out, but for each of them a new one comes—sometimes two."

Dr. George E. Vincent of the University of Chicago made this remark just after he had finished a talk to students at manual training high school, says the Kansas City Star.

"The first I ever knew of superstitions," he said, "was when my father broke a mirror at home. It worried him, and I asked my mother why."

"It's bad luck," she said. "Bad luck," I pondered. "Why is it bad luck? It was a mystery to me. But I began learning something about these mysterious beliefs. It brings bad luck to cut the cord on a package," they told me. "It should be untied." "It's bad luck to put on the left shoe first," and "It's bad luck to get out on the wrong side of bed." No one knows why all these things bring evil, but many persons believe they do.

"In the south so many superstitions originate among the negroes that they are almost innumerable. No one explains the reasons for their 'voodoo.' Some superstitions are sensible. For instance, it is said bad luck will come if one passes beneath a ladder. Maybe it will. Maybe some persons have been taught valuable lessons in passing beneath them. It is uncomfortable to have a bucket of paint or an ax dropped on one's head. Perhaps this superstition originated from some one who underwent such an experience."

"The belief that if you pass a pin without picking it up you will have bad luck originated many years ago. Pins were costly then and children were taught to pick them up and keep them for their value. They formed the habit, and it has been handed down from generation to generation until it has become a superstition. Perhaps some children who did not pick up pins had bad luck when they got home—bad luck administered by the parent, forcibly and quickly, and with stinging effect."

Dr. Vincent smiled when he spoke of the number 13. So many persons are afraid of it he did not deem it worthy of mention.

Last week Dr. Vincent was lecturing on the subject, "Superstition." He declared that everyone had some particular superstition to which deference was shown. An old woman who had listened attentively arose and declared she had none.

"None at all?" she was asked. "None," she replied. A gray-haired man sitting by her side nudged her.

"How about them coffee grounds?" he asked.

She blushed and took her seat. And of course the audience laughed.

**Gounod's Old Guitar.**  
St. Cloud is about to do honor to the memory of Gounod. The illustrious composer at one time lived there, and for years inhabited a pretty villa at Montreuil, where he composed the greater number of his masterpieces. During the Franco-Prussian war the German soldiers sacked the property and burned down the house. Everything was destroyed with the exception of a guitar, which to-day is to be seen in the Opera museum. This guitar is precious to admirers of "Faust" and "Mireille" for more than one reason, for it is said that its chords resounded to the composer's first musical conceptions. It bears in the center, written by the master's hand, the words: "Nemus aprile, 1852."

It is now proposed to erect a monument to Gounod, which will be surmounted by a bronze reproduction of J. B. Carpeaux's bust of the great musician.

**Cup Winning Stream.**  
In the New Britain city clerk's office is a silver cup enclosed in a glass case, says the Hartford Times. The cup was won by New Britain firemen in a state parade and tournament in New Haven 50 years ago. The event, which the firemen won was a stream-throwing contest. Fifty or more of the husky fire laddies dragged a small "tub," as it was called, through the streets of the Elm City, and the crowd on the sidewalks laughed and jeered the firemen from the Hardware City.

"Laugh, if you will, but he laughs best who laughs last," yelled back the fireman in answer to a particularly noisy party, and he expectorated to hacco juice.

In the contest the stream from the "tub" was thrown skyward far in excess of other competing teams. The next day the company returned to the home city and were given a reception in spite of the prevailing heavy rainfall. The fireman of the company spoke, and in his remarks said: "This water fall is the water which was sent up in New Haven yesterday."

**Equally Matched.**  
Suttor—I cannot boast of wealth, but I have brains, sir, I have brains. The members of my literary club will tell you that you'd have the greatest debater in town for a non-in-law. Father—And I can assure you, my dear fellow, that you'd have the greatest lecturer in the town for a mother-in-law. Your request is granted, and Heaven help—I mean bless—you—Stray Stories.

White sewing machines. Carl Schubert. White is king.

**NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITION.**  
To Sophie E. Farrell, defendant in an action pending in the district court of Platte county, Nebraska, vs. Ernest J. Farrell, plaintiff. Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, the 10th day of April, 1934, at the office of W. A. Hill, in the town of Fort Harrison, Nebraska, the undersigned will take the deposition of Ernest J. Farrell, in said cause, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m., and 5 o'clock p. m., of said day, on the subject of said deposition may be adjourned from day to day, between the same hours until the same is completed. Ernest J. Farrell.

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**DID NOT ENJOY HIS RIDE.**  
Reporter Happened to Travel with His Friend, the Sheriff.

Reporters are in the general course of events the recipients of countless favors. Some courtesies extended to them, however, are prone to bring with them an aftermath that is not altogether pleasurable; as, for instance, the other day a reporter in a neighboring city accepted the kind offer of a police court official to have a ride, when the official, by the way, was en route to the jail.

The reporter happened to be going that way, so accepted the favor. He had ridden but a block or two when he passed one of his acquaintances, who, looking up at him gave him a cold, glassy stare, and strode on. "Gad!" thought the reporter to himself. "Does he think I've been pulled in?"

The circumstance was quickly dismissed and the reporter fell into conversation with the officer. Presently he glanced up to see two fashionably dressed lady acquaintances just crossing the street. They gave him one haughty glance, in which there was not a look of recognition, and swept on.

This passed the endurable mark. "I've got to get off here," he said to the officer. "Have an interview with an old fellow in this block; good day." He took a car back down town as quickly as possible.

Just as he alighted he bumped into one of the passengers and, glancing up, recognized one of the fashionably dressed acquaintances just passed. She colored visibly, then said hesitatingly, "How do you do?" He hasn't seen the man yet, and he has work for some time ahead making good from that ride.

**As to Chess.**  
Chess is of great antiquity, and its origin is lost in obscurity. Though nearly every nation under the sun claims the invention of the pastime, it is undoubtedly of oriental origin. The Romans placed over the door of the Temple of Janus: "Ex Oriente Lux et Ludus Scacchorum" ("Out of the East came light and the game of chess.") Chess was called by the Hindus "chaturanga," the four angas—that is, the four members of the army—elephants, horses, chariots and foot-soldiers. The Chinese played chess 6,000 years ago, and called it the "game of war." And to-day we have "kriegspiel," the modern game of war.

**MILL END SALE**

**CONTINUES.**

**A Few Specials for the next week**

All our lace, regular 15c and 35c values, now go at

Embroidery, regular 15c and 35c values, now

A nice line of Ladies India Linen waists worth \$2.50 to \$5.00, go at this sale for

Ladies Shirts, latest styles, regular \$7.50 value at

Fine, good quality, per paper

Pearl Buttons, this sale per dozen

Best Prints per yd

5c  
10c  
\$1.49  
\$3.50  
1c  
2c  
6c

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