

CORRESPONDENCE

Shabby people are mourning over the fact that they have no hotel.

Ben Welch was over to Cecilia last week and put in a few days greeting old friends and making new ones.

Charlie Mills, the Columbus painter, was putting a little glass on the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brain, south of the Plaza.

The Misses Kinsan, who were fortunate in the land drawing in South Dakota, have gone to look after their interests and put in crops.

Miss Minnie Lanhan visited at her home in Stromsburg from Thursday until Tuesday.

Frank Gerhold bought a new spring wagon and harness last week, and H. L. Olett purchased a new buggy.

Miss Katie Engle is slowly improving. A number of the farmers have finished sowing oats.

The Misses May and Katie Reed and Harry Erb and Alex Anderson spent Easter Sunday with the family of Henry Engle.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wagner leaves Thursday for Rupert, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Weber and son Lawrence and Wm. Conner were in Columbus Tuesday.

George Marie has sold his farm and will move to Columbus, having purchased a residence on Nineteenth street.

W. T. Ernst sent two of his teams to Creston Tuesday for seed oats.

Ernest Maays was moving some buildings for Gerhard Looske last week.

The masses have the foundation for the addition to Adolph Groteluschen's house completed.

The trustees of the Looche Creek Lutheran church held their annual meeting Monday of this week.

Gyt Waybright, a student of the Wesleyan university at Lincoln, is spending the week at the home of H. B. Reed.

E. Bass is reported on the sick list. John Schroeder has returned from his trip to Buffalo county.

Miss Emma Looske spent Easter Sunday at her home in Columbus.

Fred Bargman left for Riverdale Monday, where he will reside in the future.

Mrs. G. W. Mosler of Edmund, Oklahoma, is visiting at Gerhard Krupland's.

Miss Minnie Stamer of Chapman was visiting Miss Kate Bus the first of the week.

Mr. Max Miller has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to sit up.

Miss Belle Newman is spending her Easter vacation on this route with her parents.

The Bus school, with George Camp as teacher, closed their term of school Monday.

Miss Herman Leesechen of Robost is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alma Bleson this week.

Louis Brunken and family of Columbus spent Sunday at the home of John Brunken.

Nearly everyone on the route is going to the basket social at the Robost school house Saturday evening.

About a dozen of Alice Newman's friends spent Easter Sunday with her in honor of her twelfth birthday.

Mrs. E. R. Bieson visited from Saturday until Tuesday with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Newman, on Route 2.

Miss Frieda Albora, after a two weeks' visit with the family of Peter Letzgen, left for her home north of Monroe Saturday.

The weather is favorable; managers Arnold Spahr and Gustave Brunken will open the season with a game of base ball Sunday.

Miss Mary Kummer of Graceti visited last week with her cousin, Mrs. John Rupp of Route 4, and as a guest, W. J. Eisenman on this route.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hawk of Columbus spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Eisenman. They brought as an Easter treat a green rubarb pie. Mother earth is sending forth her good things earlier this year than usual.

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LADY ISABEL PAYS HER DEBTS

By MRS. NEISE

"My dear Marjorie, my debts are positively keeping me awake at night," said Lady Isabel, plaintively.

"Poor Isabel. But why did you incur them if you hadn't any money?"

"My dear girl, don't be so old-fashioned, and give vent to wretched obsolete ideas. Surely even you must know debts are like London dirt, and accumulate before you can turn round," she sighed—"there are such heaps and heaps of things one has to have."

"But even London dirt can be kept down by continual cleaning," I remarked, contentiously.

"Yes, I know it can, and you can go on," snapped Lady Isabel. "Why not say at once that debts can be kept down by continual economy? But I detest economy, and the things are here now—or rather the most of them have been here—and they've got to be paid for somehow or other."

"Won't the people wait?" I asked; "besides, I thought Felice, through Mrs. Barrington-Brown—"

"Oh, Felice is all right," interrupted Lady Isabel, airily. "I shan't pay him anything, of course; it's the flowers and hairdressers and Vernon's food, and all the horrid necessities that one cannot economize over that will have to be paid for. You see, you must have your table decorated; and then you must eat—at least, you must feed your husband and your friends," she added, unselfishly.

"Can't Elsie do your hair?" I suggested, "and save something on your hairdresser's bill?"

Lady Isabel, in whose bedroom we were sitting, took a slyly-waved curl from a drawer and tried it loosely rolled against her face.

"Four guineas," she murmured, "for two, and—" sighing—"you want such a lot of motoring—they get dusty, and then one has to throw them away."

"But, Isabel, you have such lovely hair of your own."

"She shook it in a shower about her shoulders."

"Yes, it's fairly thick, isn't it, but it's that horrid sort of hair that comes out of curl very easily, so I have to wear a thing motoring and in the country, because it's one of the inevitable laws of social success that you must never be out of curl for a single moment. To be mal coffee is to be beyond the pale." She glanced at my hair. "Of course," she added, kindly, "it doesn't matter for you, dearest, because, you see, you're so very clever, but for poor little me, who have nothing but my appearance, I must keep myself thoroughly well groomed, and all that."

"How much do you owe?" I asked, ignoring the allusion to my apparently erudite appearance.

Lady Isabel rose and took a little book from a writing-table in the window.

"Emilie, 274," she began, "and Felice—no, nothing to Felice. Wait, I'll scratch him out. Parkinson Brothers, 233—horrid wretches, they have actually sent me a solicitor's letter!"

"Fancy!" I ejaculated; "how very inconsiderate of them!"

"Yes, isn't it? And I hear they are awful sweaters, and underpay all their employes, so I shall just keep them waiting as long as I can!"

"I should," I said, sarcastically; "it would doubtless make them treat their employes better still, if you kept them out of their money altogether." But Lady Isabel was looking down her list, and carefully adding up the total.

"It's 2743 and something altogether—but nothing, of course, to what most women owe—but I must pay 2500 of it before the season begins."

"What do other women do who owe money?" I asked. "How do they pay their bills?"

"They do things I should never dream of doing," she said, with cold severity. "I shall at least pay my debts quite honestly; besides, I should hate taking actual presents of money—men would be sure to want something in exchange."

A few days later Lady Isabel sent me a little note asking me to go down with her to Sandown. Her letter, as usual, contained its keynote in the postscript.

"Have found a way to pay all these wretched people, and probably have something even in hand."

"My dear Isabel, you have surely too much sense to take to betting," I said, as we settled ourselves in the train.

"It's the school—I talk to betting?" My dear girl, I could never, never do anything so wearing—why I should be wrinkled in a week with anxiety!"

"But your debts—"

"Oh, you can't pay debts by betting," she said with much contempt. "It's not safe to take a life even from

the owner. Besides, if you allow I mean to give you a tip it puts you under an obligation," and reproachfully—"you know, Marjorie, how I should detest an obligation. I never take anything from anybody without giving them something in exchange," she added, virtuously, "although, of course, it must be something I don't mind parting with."

"It is a great thing to be thoroughly independent," I said, cheerfully, as we arrived at the station.

"By the way," said Lady Isabel, "I have asked Mrs. Barrington-Brown to lunch—at least, it's her party—the mere money part of it, I mean, but of course, they are nearly all my guests. Let me see, there's you and Polebera—you know Jimmy, Lord Atherton's brother." I nodded. "Yes," she continued, "and Vernon, and two nice girls who have opened a sweet hatshop, and want to know Mrs. Barrington-Brown."

"They would," I said; "and is Lord Atherton here?"

"Yes, but he is not coming to luncheon. He's awfully angry with Jimmy just now."

"Really? What for?"

"Oh! simply because the poor boy is running a bookie show of his own," said Lady Isabel; "not under his own name, he calls it Something & Co., but I forgot the name."

"What do you mean that Mr. Polebera has become a bookmaker?" I asked aghast. "Why I thought bookies weren't gentlemen, Isabel."

"Oh! aren't they?" she replied. "On the contrary, it's often the people who bet with them who are not the gentlemen."

"Why are you bringing Mr. Polebera to luncheon?"

"Well, you see, I've promised to help him out with his brother. He's a nice old thing, really, and he's very fond of me, so I am going to try and smooth matters down for Jimmy. Lord Atherton is only angry, because Jimmy has done so badly, because he's afraid he will have to pay me or else let him be disgraced; you know, they write bookmakers' names when they can't pay. I forgot what they call it."

"How can you help him?" I asked. "Surely you are not going to lend him money?"

"No, of course not, you know I haven't any; but I think I see a way, and it's always so nice to patch up a family row, especially when you know the people."

"Blessed are the peacemakers," I murmured, admiringly, and added to myself: "I wonder if it means 'peace' at any price?"

We arrived at Sandown, and I talked to Mrs. Barrington-Brown, while Mr. Polebera and Lady Isabel strolled about until luncheon time, when they turned up hungry and in the best of spirits.

Mrs. Barrington-Brown knew Mr. Polebera very slightly, but after luncheon they went off together, while Lady Isabel and I remained behind.

"My dear, I've managed the whole thing magnificently," she said, leaning back with a sigh of content, "and Jimmy Polebera is frantically grateful. I have promised to see Lord Atherton and talk him round, and tell him Jimmy's doing well."

"But is he?"

"Yes," said Lady Isabel, a little hurriedly. "You see, Marjorie, Mrs. Barrington-Brown simply loves betting because she thinks it's thoroughly fast and up-to-date; and you know how these sort of deadly respectable people love to think they are thoroughly fast."

"But won't she soon lose all her money?"

"Oh! no! it's a quite unshakable fortune—no! mines or the mines, or something that never gives out like gold and diamonds so often do, just when you think you're going to get rich—and it will be such a pleasure to her to bet through the younger brother of a peer."

"It is very kind of you to help her to be fast," I laughed; "and Mr. Polebera, is he to help?"

"Oh, he is going to be the bookie," said Lady Isabel. "Of course he won't advise her, as that wouldn't be fair."

"You will do that part of it, I suppose?"

"Oh, Marjorie," she said, reproachfully, "as though I should. Why, I don't know anything about racing, and I should give her the very worst advice. No, she must use her own judgment, and then she can't blame us if she loses. I expect she will be quite reckless when she once has got the gambling mania," added Lady Isabel, cheerfully.

"I see," I said; "and I suppose it will put Mr. Polebera on the right side of the gate?"

"Yes, and she will simply love doing it; so they will both be happy together."

"And your debts?" I asked. "In what way is it going to help your debts?"

"Oh, my debts," said Lady Isabel, in a tone as though she had almost forgotten their very existence. "Well, you see, dear, my debts will be part of my commission!"

Limit of Forbearance.

Seeking to find a cure for his deafness, the duke of Wellington once employed a celebrated aurist. The doctor gave his patient a strong solution of caustic to inject into his ear and, calling on him later, found him reclining in agony. The treatment had set up a furious inflammation which, unless checked, would result in death. The aurist was completely destroyed. The aurist expressed his grief and mortification. "Do not say a word about it—you did your best," said the duke, adding that he would not tell a soul about it. Thus encouraged, the doctor asked if he might continue to attend him, so that the public might see that his confidence had not been withdrawn. This was too much. "I can't agree to that," said the duke, "for that would be a lie."

Forced to Extremity.

"Is she able to get money from her husband without asking for it?"

"Yes, but she had to divorce him in order to accomplish it."—Life.

HELD IN SLAVERY

ALL MANKIND SUBJECT TO TYRANNY OF FASHION.

Impossible in This Day and Generation to Dress as One Pleases—The Despairing Cry of One Woman.

Clothes and all their little accessories are without doubt the invention of the devil, says John Lane in the Fortnightly Review. The other day I was at a garden party, and there I realized, as perhaps never before, the appalling nature of the top hat. In towns one accepts it as one does motor omnibuses and traction engines, but when it meanders among trees and does the polite with sloopy trees and ten that spills its way to its destination one's feet cry out against it.

The Achilles heel of a man is his hat. He must guard that it is at once his strength and his weakness. It would hurt an archbishop less in the eyes of the public to commit a crime than to wear his hat on the back of his sacred head.

It is the aim of all human creatures to look alike. If it were not so each would dress as he pleased. As it is we spend half our life trying to look like everybody else. To be conspicuous is nearly a crime, and for this reason we so frantically pursue the fashions.

Eve is probably the only woman on record who could dress just as she pleased, and for that reason she is the only woman we know of since the world began who had leisure to cultivate her mind.

To think of the amount of time a woman wastes on her clothes! Why, if men were to spend as much time at their tailors or buying their neckties as women do, the world would never be done. When one looks back on one's life—especially a woman's life—it is melancholy to realize how much of one's troubles are owing to one's clothes.

I remember the despairing cry of a woman looking hopefully through her wardrobe: "I should have been a better woman if I had been born with feathers!" How well I know just what she meant! She was examining disconsolately a shabby white satin dress—the kind of satin that betrays its plebeian origin. "I wish I were a guinea hen with respectable speckled feathers!" she cried, as she gave a discouraged slam to the wardrobe door. "Then I wouldn't use up three-quarters of my intellect getting the wrong things cheap!"

Sunday clothes are the most tyrannical in the world. It takes a heroic woman to go to church in anything but her best. Subconsciousness is the precious faculty bestowed on a privileged few of hearing the sermon and, at the same time, studying hats. I have known a tulle dress—the sweetest and most innocent looking thing in the world—to go out on an icy cold winter night—would you, you know!—and kill the girl inside.

I assure those feminine pioneers who clamor for their rights that above everything else they should demand equality of pockets. Try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief and shopping list in one hand, and the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, meanwhile making an effort to keep his head clear for business problems, and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He couldn't do it! If the worthy ladies who have so much enthusiasm, and who will interrupt our great orators while they are busy being eloquent would only demand a law requiring every woman to have 14 pockets, what a splendid service they would do their brother sex.

Once I met a man who was lured from the joys of Piccadilly, just as he stood in frock coat and top hat, to a rural retreat, five miles from a railway station. "Goodby," he said, in an impolite burst of rapture. "I fear my soul has not been in harmony with nature. Don't blame your soul," I said as we shook hands; "your soul was all right, but you had on the wrong hat."

A Youthful Ulysses.

A Grecian boy, ten years old, whose name requires 23 letters in the spelling of it, arrived in St. Louis, name and all, after journeying alone more than 7,000 miles.

When he reached Union station there was a tag on his coat which showed that Konstantinos Argeropoulos (the name) was bound for the home of his father, Nicolas Argeropoulos, 412 South Broadway, "and would the officials please see that he reached his destination?"

Konstantinos was unable to speak a word of English, but he received much attention on the train from Boston to St. Louis and kind passengers fairly overloaded him with good things to eat.

The boy sailed from Piraeus, Greece, about three weeks ago—St. Louis Republic.

Maintaining Chinese Students.

Owing to the frequent complaints sent to Peking by the Chinese ministers in the various capitals of Europe and America concerning the irregularity of fees granted to government-supported Chinese students abroad, and on the recommendation of Sir Chen-tung Liang Cheng, K. C. M. G., the Chinese minister to the United States, for the uniform allowance to these students, the Chinese government has, after due investigation into the matter, drawn up rules fixing their fees, including medical expenses and all.

Students in England, £192 in a year; in the United States, \$900 in gold in a year.—Chinese Times.

FIND PARALLELS IN BIBLE.

Similarity in Careers of King David and King Arthur.

The history of King David, as related in the Second Book of Samuel, is full of parallels to Arthur. David's removal begins with his fight against the giant Goliath, who is the prototype of all giants in the romances of the Middle Ages. They belong all ways to the army of heathen, provoke the faithful knights, and are conquered by them. Important in this



When the Children come home from School They usually want something from the pantry

it with sham food by the use of poor baking powder. Have a delicious, pure, home-made muffin, cake or biscuit ready when they come in. To be sure of the purity, you must use

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"Why can't I make 'em?" demanded the grandfather crisply. "Because you haven't a saw fine enough for that." "Then I'll make a saw," said the old man. And he did make it. Years afterwards that boy, grown to be a well-known violinist, understood that his own mastery, not only of the violin, but of many of the problems of his life, was largely due to the force with which that one sentence took possession of his mind. "The world is full of people who 'go so far and then give out.' But the great achievements of life both in material and in spiritual things are reached by those whose faith fails not at the last crisis, and who go on bravely and 'make the saw.'"

Girl the Nation is Proud Of. One of the first places we visited in Syracuse, N. Y., was the "Mary Elizabeth" candy manufactory, through which we were most courteously shown by the mother of the famous young lady whose story is well known now. A certain prominent and supposedly wealthy judge of Syracuse died, and when his estate was settled up it was found to be so involved that there was no income. His children began to be seriously embarrassed, but "Mary Elizabeth"—a granddaughter—who, in the prosperous days, had become an expert in making chocolates, came to the rescue. She began to make candies, and the family all turned in and helped. From smallest beginnings, and after many struggles, they have built up a thriving business, have a force of employes, adequate machinery, and get a dollar a pound for delicate confectionery, unrivaled beneath the stars for purity and cleanliness in making. Now, that's the kind of girl America is proud of—Western Christian Advocate. IN THE CONGO BELT.

Author Tells of Horrors Endured by the Natives.

Very black is the picture of Congo life drawn by E. D. Morel in his newly published book, "Red Rubber." He says: "Out there in the forest, the broken man through the long and terrifying watches of the night—what is his vista in life? Unending labor at the muzzle of the Akalou, at the cap-gun; no pause, no rest. At the utmost, if his fortightly toll of rubber is sufficient, it leaves and dirt have not mingled in too great proportions with the juice, he may find that he has four or five days a month to spend among his household. If so, he will be lucky, for the vines are ever more difficult to find; the distance to travel from his village grows; er. Then the rubber must be taken to the white man's fine station, and any number of delays may occur before the rubber worker may leave the station for his home. Four or five days' freedom per month—that is the very maximum he can expect. Five days to look after his own affairs; to visit his family, and always under the shadow of the sentry's rifle. But how often in the year will such good fortune attend him?"

Books written in good red blood, now nearly 300 years old, the letters still clear and plain, is a sight well worth going miles to see. There are but few such books left in the world. One of the best collections of these is now safely lodged in the great Scandinavian Library of the University of North Dakota, Grand Forks. They are not written in human blood, for such was not the custom in the far-off, frozen island of Iceland, whence these volumes come. Ox blood was used, for this was the only ink at that early time in this northern land. The books are bound in rough strips of beech wood, reinforced with brass and iron clasps. The paper is faded and brown, but the curious old Norse letters, carefully penned with a goose quill, are still distinct and clear, although the bright crimson of the blood is somewhat dimmed. These volumes are all on religious subjects, and consist of psalms, Bible verses and spiritual teachings.

They are very precious books, after their long wanderings with the Icelandic immigrants from Iceland to North Dakota. But at last they are at home, in their adopted land, even as the Icelanders of the state, and the thousands of Danes, Norwegians and Swedes are at home in this new commonwealth.

Made the Saw. The boy stood beside his grandfather, his eager eyes intent upon the little yellow violin which the old man's hands were shaping and finishing. "But you can't finish it, grandfather," said the land in despair. "You can't make those little G pieces."

LEFT TO THE HIRED MAN. One Farmer is in No Way Bothered by the Auto.

"No; I can't say as them automobiles bother me much," replied the old Long Island farmer, when the question was put to him. "They did bother me for a year or two, but then I discharged my hired man." "But what had he to do with it?" "I discharged him and got another—one who had the interests of his employer at heart."

"Yes; and what?" "I left the whole matter to him. He seemed to know just what was wanted and I didn't interfere. Now and then I saw him digging a ditch across the road to keep the water out of the garden, and now and then I saw an auto strike the ditch and turn a corner, but I didn't ask any questions. If they wanted my team to haul the auto to town it was five dollars. If anyone with a broken leg stopped with me the charge was ten dollars a week."

"Now and then the hired man would go out on an evening with a big coil of rope on his back. I never asked whether he was going a-fishing or to