Columbus Journal.

Columbus, Nebr.

Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Nebr., as second class mail matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, by mail, postage prepaid.....$1.50
Six months.....75
Three months.....40

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1907.

R. G. STROTHER.....Editor
F. K. STROTHER.....Manager

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

Bryan predicted the election of Dunne as mayor of Chicago, and of course the other man was elected. Bryan never hesitates to predict, and his predictions always go by contraries. That reminds us that the great and glorious Fourth of July is coming around again and Columbus will celebrate this year, for we did not celebrate last year.

There is no better indication of the growth of any town than is shown by the business done at its post office. The gross receipts of the Columbus post office for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1907, are $12,250. In July, 1897, when Mr. Kramer took possession of the office, the receipts were a trifle less than $5,000 the preceding year. Every year shows a continual steady growth.

The Omaha Bee of April 4, published the newly enacted state primary law in full. We would like to have some one explain its good points, and its advantages over our present election laws. It is a great deal more complicated, and may be a good thing for the lawyers. It is estimated that it will cost over $100,000 to the state and counties to enforce it. It makes long campaigns necessary, and will undoubtedly provoke many contests.

During the last state campaign in New York, Secretary Root made a speech in which he severely denounced Hearst, the democratic candidate for governor. During the late city campaign in Chicago, the Chicago Tribune printed Root's speech. Mr. Hearst now sues the Tribune for libel and places his damages at $2,500,000. The great wonder is, why does Hearst sue the Tribune and not Secretary Root, and if Hearst's reputation is, as he claims, damaged to the extent of $2,500,000, how much has he left? We would say, not very much. Hearst is an unreliable demagogue.

Of all the many local elections that took place during the first week in April, none attracted so much attention as the city election in Chicago. Mayor Busse, the republican nominee, who is now postmaster of Chicago, defeated Dunne, the present democratic mayor, by over 13,000 votes. Dunne stood for the public ownership of all the city street railways and was elected on that issue two years ago by over 30,000 majority. Hearst and his ablest journalistic writers came to Chicago from New York to assist Dunne. It is believed by many that this mixing in by outsiders had a good deal to do with bringing about Dunne's defeat. Mat Harrington and Edgar Howard had sense enough to keep out of that fight.

About two years ago Harriman, the great railroad king, wrote a private letter to a Mr. Webster, a friend of his, in which he stated that President Roosevelt had asked Harriman to raise some funds to assist in the election of the republican presidential ticket. This letter was stolen by the stenographer and sold to a New York paper, and lately published. President Roosevelt indignantly denies the truth of Harriman's statement and puts him in the liar column. Mr. Roosevelt is impulsive, impetuous and quick tempered, but the American people have implicit and unlimited confidence in his integrity, truthfulness and absolute square dealing. He could have well afforded to ignore this letter entirely. The American people do not expect their president to notice all petty and foolish charges that are made against him.

About thirty years ago St. Clair county, Missouri, voted $25,000 bonds to aid in the construction of a railroad. The bonds were issued and delivered and immediately sold to an innocent third party, but the railroad was never built. When the bonds came due, St. Clair county refused payment. The case was carried to the United States supreme court and the county lost. The court ordered the proper authorities of St. Clair county to vote taxes, etc., and pay up, but public sentiment is so strong against the payment of this unjust debt that not one cent of it has ever been paid. Every year the officials whose duty it is to levy this assessment are jailed for contempt of court. The moral of this is, all communities should be careful in voting bonds, and should not deliver them after they are voted until they get value received, but if you get the worst of a bargain, it is always best to settle up rather than have continual strife and law suits. Platte county voted $100,000 bonds in aid of the A. & N. railroad. It only gives us about four miles of railroad in the county. The B. & M. bought out the A. & N. before the road was finished. $25,000 would have been a good price for what we paid $100,000, but all that is ancient democratic history now.

Good Citizens Caught.

Pierce Call.

The citizens of Pierce will be denied the pleasure of fresh fish on their table and will have to confine themselves to "salt horse" until the "biting" season arrives at least. A deputy game warden from Lincoln dropped into town last Thursday and the next day a number of the residents of town and vicinity were served with warrants by Sheriff Dwyer on the charge of seining and having fish nets in their possession, contrary to the game law of the state. Each gentleman paid a fine of $25 and costs and good naturedly informed their friends that hereafter they would have to go fishless or be content with dried codfish, or blind robbins. The game law passed by the present legislature in February is very strict.

March a Dry Month.

Schuyler Quill.

According to the report kept by L. W. Dickinson, agent for the Burlington at this place, March, 1907, was very dry. Only 3 inches of snow fell during the month—2 inches on the 1st and one inch on the 14th. The temperature ranged from 12 to 63 above during the same time, at 8 o'clock each morning. The lowest point was recorded on the 1st and the highest on the 26th. The average for the month was about 35. Gentle breezes are reported each day excepting the 12th and 13th when it was windy. At the morning hour for taking observations 14 were clear, 2 partly cloudy and 15 cloudy. For the entire day there were 11 clear days, 8 partly cloudy and 12 cloudy. For the same period the year before 11 inches of snow fell in 9 days and .44 inches of rain in 2 days, with only 2 clear days for the month. St. Patrick's day last year the mercury went down to 10 degrees below zero.

School Director too Fresh.

Pierce Call.

A dispatch from Pierce to the Norfolk News says: "Irving Beatty, a well known farmer living near Foster, and a well-to-do man of family, was arrested charged with attempt to commit rape. Miss Eva Jones of Plainview is the alleged victim of the attempt. Beatty is a school director and Miss Jones was elected teacher in his district. The offense is alleged to have been committed last fall. Beatty is thirty years old and Miss Jones about nineteen. It is charged in the complaint that Beatty drove Miss Jones to Pierce to secure a teacher's certificate and that enroute home, in the carriage he took liberties with the young woman which led to his arrest."

Free Nebraska Homes.

A computation of the acreage to be thrown open to one section homestead entry on May 1, 1907, at the United States land office at North Platte, Neb., shows the total to be 76,520 acres. This land is divided among the different counties as follows: Lincoln, 206 acres; Keith, 31,720 acres; Deuel, 37,640 acres; Cheyenne, 6,960 acres. None of this land may be homesteaded or entered in any manner at the present time. Such is the order of the secretary of the interior. Heretofore when there have been land openings parties have filed upon a quarter section under the old homestead law, and filed upon the same in such a manner as to leave the rest of the section in an undesirable condition for anyone else. But this is prevented in this instance by the secretary's order prohibiting anyone from homesteading or filing upon this land prior to May 1, 1907.

Matter of Dress

April Dallacoster.

Though one may be a very good seamstress, the perfect knowledge of becoming colors may be lacking. Youth is always attractive, no matter how garbed, but even youth cannot afford to gratify taste in colorings regardless of individuality. The red haired girl will not chose the shades of baby blue, if she is wise, because the contrast will only intensify the red in her hair. The genuine blonde, however, and the fair brunette will find such shades exceedingly becoming. Again the yellow brown will be positively fatal to both the pure blonde and the blonde ardente. These should select the rich, deep browns, while the pure brunette will be a beauty in golden brown. Dull cadet and navy blue will become either type, and green is the special color of one inclining toward the chestnut blonde. Purples and mauves she can wear also with good effect, but of course the shades of red and pink must be strictly avoided. The genuine and semi-blondes may choose from the pinks, blues, mauves, dark brown, grays, dark greens, pale yellows, creams very dark reds, whites, blacks and old rose. The brunette may wear all the foregoing shades except mauve, with the addition of orange and every shade or red. Green, too, should be tabooed if the wearer is at all sallow or colorless, as green has a tendency to increase this. Black, too, will have the same effect, and should not be worn unless relieved about the face.

Watch the Clock.

Exchange.

The man who watches the clock and disappears on the first stroke of twelve is a time-server and lacks the spirit of a faithful employe. The man who refuses to make an extra effort to finish a task that means money to his employer if finished early is not one whose heart is in his work, neither is his mind, but his hands may be. He is earning less than he gets. He is blocking the way of more efficient men and should get out. He is the working tramp. He is destined to be an idler. It was a wise man that said in the days of old, "Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might." It is a universal and everlasting principle of fair dealing to yourself and to others. The man who skimps his task injures himself as well as his employer. Do with your might what you do, for if some reason, real or imaginary, you work with tardy hands, with a preoccupied mind and a sickened heart, you cheat yourself. Is it wise to fool one's self?"

Good for Nance.

Fullerton News-Journal.

There is, in round numbers, on deposit in the banks of Nance county, $800,000. This is an enormous amount of money for five country banks to have on deposit—about $80 for every man, woman and child in the county—more money than was in the possession of the United Colonies at one time during the War of the Revolution; an amount equal to the wealth Mr. Bryan has accumulated since he predicted calamity in the memorable campaign of 1906. Of this $800,000 on deposit, $333,591.40 are in the national banks of Genoa, the balance in the banks of Fullerton and the bank at Belgrade. The total bank deposits of the state amount to $63,000,000, about one-half of which is credited to the banks of Omaha, leaving $31,500,000 to the banks outside the state's metropolis. Thus, it will be seen, that Nance county, in comparison with other counties, stands near the head in the bank deposit class.

True to their Pledge.

That the Nebraska legislature has redeemed the pledges made by the republican party during the last campaign is generally conded. Along the reform measures that have been enacted into laws are:

Two cent passenger rate.

Railway commission law.

Maximum freight rate law, making a 15 per cent reduction.

Anti-pass law.

Terminal taxation law.

Maximum express rate law, making a 25 per cent reduction.

Maximum Pullman rate law, making a 20 per cent reduction.

Reciprocal demurrage law.

Memorial to congress for a law to prevent railroads enjoining taxes.

An anti-lobby law.

A maximum oil rate law, to bring about competition in oil products.

Fellow servant law, holding railroads responsible for death and accidents to employes.

Regulating charges of stock yard companies.

Anti discrimination law, to prevent crushing out competition between cities and communities by discrimination in prices.

Of the humanitarian reforms enacted are:

Child labor law.

Interminate sentence for all penitentiary convicts.

An advisory law of pardons for convicts.

And for the general reform laws the legislature gives us

Pure food law.

Direct primary law.

An anti-bribe law.

A law preventing children under 18 years of age from smoking or chewing in public.

All of these laws are essential, and the major portion of them were pledged the republican platform, and therefore they are republican reforms.

Grub or Butterfly?

By JEAN ELGENROD

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Penelope locked the little schoolhouse door, and sank down upon the stone step, with a great sigh of relief. Three blessed months with nothing to do. Oh, to do nothing forever and ever.

She smiled a little, and patted a folded letter that lay in her belt. Just to think of it, $300 absolutely her own!

For ten years she had been sensible and she had tired of it. When her father and mother suddenly died, leaving her alone, Aunt Lawrence came to live with her, and she began teaching in the west district schoolhouse. One day was just like another.

Already she had it all planned. A month of quietness first, reading and sewing there in the shade of the little garden. Then—a dimple flashed into her cheek—her debut as a lady of fashion at some nice, high class summer place. All the rest of her days she must be a grub; only to be a butterfly one little month.

She realized suddenly that she was still a grub, and that it was a long way past supper time.

The third week in July the house was closed. Aunt Lawrence and Penelope, three trunks, and various boxes, boarded an east-bound train.

When Penelope appeared first at dinner, Aunt Lawrence blinked every time she looked at her. Was this young goddess in pale yellow silk, with the bare white shoulders, and proud carriage, Penelope? Her dark hair was as soft and curly as a baby's. Her cheeks had a delicate pink flush. Her eyes were like stars. If she saw the many eyes upon her, she did not show it.

Outdoor amusements appealed to Penelope more than others. Gradually it came about that Archibald Knight,

"You Hate to Be Poor, Penelope?"

a rich banker's youngest son, who lived in his flannels, and kept his own horses, dogs galore, and an auto where he could get any of them at a minute's notice, sulked when Miss Penelope Warren went boating with Francis Lahera, who owned a launch. Some one else was there who might have been friendly, also, but Penelope was not attracted to him in the least. In the first place he was poor, which was a disgrace. She had come there purposely to get away from poverty for awhile. In the second place he was a minister, which was a disadvantage. She did not like him at all, and she let him see it very plainly.

It was late one sunny afternoon. Mr. Knight had persuaded her into his auto, and they were skimming down a smooth country road, a glorious wilderness of pine trees on either side, a glorious blue sky overhead.

Archibald was gloomy. Therefore, Penelope was merry. Archibald was silent. Therefore, Penelope was glib of tongue. Somehow, she always grew talkative when she wore that linen gown. It was pale blue, and there were bands of white wherever bands of white would be most desirable.

"Don't you like it?" she said, ruefully to her silent companion. "I only wore it because you said last week that you liked it."

Then he looked at her, his handsome face determined.

"Yes, I like it," he said. "I like anything you wear, or say, or do, and I want you to marry me. Will you?"

Penelope gasped. It had come.

She never could remember afterward how she managed to make him understand that she did not care to be Mrs. Archibald Knight. He took it badly. He was but a boy, and he loved her, in his boyish way. At last she grew angry.

"Please stop the machine. I prefer to walk back—alone."

He stopped the machine with a suddenness that nearly threw her from her feet. Before he could alight she had sprung out.

"You mean it?" he said. "You want me to go and leave you here to go back alone?"

"I certainly do," retorted Penelope.

With a stiff bow he turned the lever and shot off down the road. Penelope stood in the middle of a cloud of dust, and watched him out of sight.

She drew a long breath.

She did not see who was coming up the road. Otherwise that tear would have been strangled in its infancy. She had expressly shown an amazing shallowness and thinly disguised rudeness for three mortal weeks, every time she met Rev. John Hart. She had discovered that he was a city missionary, had charge of some refuge on some old, smelly, back street in the winter.

"Were you waiting for some one?" he asked.

"?? Oh, no—I mean, yes," she replied quickly.

He looked uncomfortable.

"It is rather lonely here. May I not wait with you until your friend comes?"

"Oh—certainly, if you like."

Then a sudden pain in her ankle brought the hot tears to her eyes.

"I was just waiting for a hay-wagon—or something."

Mr. Hart smiled a little, unexpectedly. He looked quite nice when he smiled. He had lovely eyes.

"I know a farmer who lives only a little ways from here, across the lots, who has a team—if you will wait for me—"

Penelope realized that he had been a friend in need, and graciously accepted.

Somehow she did not seem a society woman to him as he sat beside her. She was just a lovable girl in a quaint gown, a girl whom one could love, a girl of whom one could never tire.

Penelope forgot to pose. She was ashamed to be otherwise than herself with this man. They talked of many things, of worlds present and to come, of life, death, eternity, of people and manners, and customs, and love—a little, only a very little. Penelope grew strangely shy. She went in directly when they reached the hotel, very quiet and subdued.

The end was drawing near for Penelope Warren, the idler. The days went swiftly now, only four more, three more, two, one. So the last one came, dull and heavy and gray.

She had made her peace with Archibald Knight the night before. He had apologized, and she had confessed to her poverty and five weeks' pretense. He refused absolutely to believe her for a time. Then he exhausted himself in exclamations over her cleverness—and proposed all over again.

It was a trifle difficult making him see that she really preferred teaching school in a two-by-four country schoolhouse to living in luxury, as Mrs. Archibald Knight. It hurt his pride and self-esteem, but Penelope, at last, soothed him into a half resigned frame of mind. He was such a boy. Penelope almost loved him as she bade him good-by. Indeed, she did pull his big blond head down and kiss him gently, once. She was sorry she had hurt him and she had not played fair.

Penelope was feeling decidedly ashamed of herself and decidedly out of sorts. She shut her eyes and, leaning against the rock, listened sleepily to the croon of the waves.

Then she opened her eyes suddenly and looked up at the minister. She had not heard him, he came so quietly. Yet she had known that he was there. That was a strange thing!

"I must go back," she said, nervously. "Was Aunt Lawrence looking for me? It takes so long to dress for dinner. I almost have to begin the day before."

He smiled a little and helped her up the steep rocks.

"Not that I mind it. I do love pretty things, pretty dresses, and laces, and slippers, and hats. Goodness, to be poor! It must be awful!"

She faced him suddenly, defiant and honest.

"It is awful," she said. "I am as poor as a church mouse. This is only a silly masquerade, aunt and I being here this way."

She braced herself for his astonishment. He did not answer for a moment.

"I am glad you tell me yourself, but I knew about it before. You see your aunt told me a few days ago."

Penelope gasped.

"Oh," she said, "I—I—what a goose you must think me!"

"Does it make any difference to you what I think? To you who are going to be Mrs. Archibald Knight, and have all these things that you love?"

His tone was a trifle bitter a trifle forced.

"Oh, but I am not," contradicted Penelope, cheerfully. "I am going back to teach."

They were climbing down the narrow, rocky path to the pine grove now. He stopped suddenly without releasing her hand.

"You hate to be poor, Penelope?"

Penelope nodded.

"You love pretty things, dresses, laces, hats—" He stopped. "Penelope, look at me."

But Penelope could not.

"Pen, I can give you none of these. All that I have is a bare living, and my love for you, Pen—Pen—you could not be happy poor, I know it, and yet—" his voice shook and he stopped.

Penelope put her hand to her aching throat. In a flash she knew what this man meant to her, knew how empty everything would seem without him. She would pretend no more.

"One can never tell what one can do until one tries, you know," she whispered low.

And then, somehow, she was crying like a baby, held fast in his arms, so fast that she could not get away if she tried, and she did not want to try.

She had chosen her road, and the poverty she hated. She would be a grub now forever and ever, and she was glad of it. The mutiny was over.

Perfectly Simple.

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age.

"For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light is produced."

"Oh, it is very simple," said the lady. "You just turn a button and the light appears at once."—Stray Stories.

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITION.

To Sophie E. Farrell, defendant in an action pending in the district court of Platte county, Colorado, wherein Everett J. Farrell is plaintiff and Sophie E. Farrell is defendant in a divorce action, will take notice that on Thursday, the 11th day of April, 1907, at the office of W. A. Hill, in the town of Fort Morgan, Morgan county, Colorado, the said plaintiff will take the deposition of Chas. V. Rumble, in said cause, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. of said day, and if the taking of said deposition may be adjourned from day to day, between the same hours until the same is completed.

EVERETT J. FARRELL,
Plaintiff.

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Something Like Jumping.

The best story of a horse's jumps which comes to mind is that of a California cowboy. He was taking steers to Leadville, and had camped for the night on Bear river, near its conjunction with the Little Snake. In the middle of the night something occurred to stampede the cattle. The man mounted his bronco and rode hither and thither on the flank of the herd until their fright had died away. Four or five times the rider felt his horse give tremendous leaps, and with daybreak he discovered the cause.

The cattle had climbed to a level plateau which is intersected by a canyon four miles long and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep. Its walls incline toward each other at the top, where the distance is 15 or 20 feet. In riding the man had kept the steers circling about this plateau. A dozen of them he found had fallen down the canon and been killed.

Hoof marks showed him that the great jumps made by his horse were occasioned by the animal's clearing the canyon each time it came to the taking off spot.

Vaseline as a Hair Grower.

Plain vaseline, the yellow product, rubbed into the scalp nightly or several times a week will prevent your hair from coming out and also induce a new growth. It is not a new remedy, but the petroleum has a wonderful effect on the growth of the hair. Many of the Irish girls who come to this country with such fine heads of hair owe the growth to kerosene, which is a favorite remedy for strengthening the hair follicles in Ireland. But as that is unpleasant to use, the vaseline comes next in order, possessing much the same properties.

Her Position.

"Do you think your latest matrimonial venture will be for the better or the worse?"

"I can't say," answered the sensational actress with a look of resignation. "Everything is now in the hands of my press agent."

One View of It.

"But if she makes her own dresses I should think she'd be a good wife for you. It shows she's industrious and sensible."

"Not for me, thank you. It simply shows how poor her father must be."—Pittsburg Ledger.