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

RENEWALS—The date appears just same on your paper, or wrapper upon to which this year's subscription is printed. This fact shows that all payments have been received up to date, I, R. G. Strotcher, do hereby certify that the amount paid for the year 1917, is correct and that the subscription is in full.

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

JOHN C. MARTIN, of Central City, Nebraska, candidate for republican nomination for District Judge.

John C. Martin located at Columbus in 1883 and will be remembered by all of the early settlers.

In 1885 he moved to Merrick county, Nebraska, and has ever since stood loyally for every Platte county man in the state, Congressional and Judicial contests.

Next Tuesday is primary election day. Don't forget it.

It looks every day more like as if Taft was going to be the successful nominee for president on the republican ticket, and yet the field might combine and defeat him.

J. D. Stires, republican candidate for judge of the Sixth Judicial district was born in New Jersey in 1853, graduated from the law department of the Iowa State university in 1882, began the practice of law in Red Oak, Ia., and two years later he came to Nebraska and for the past seventeen years has been located at Columbus.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The attempt of frenzied financiers stung by exposure to create the illusion that the business and financial world is in revolt against the president and his policies is alarmed and the outlook has utterly collapsed, in the face of testimony taken by the Commercial National bank of Chicago of 30,000 bankers, manufacturers and merchants and others in close touch with commercial and industrial affairs throughout the country.

Always without exception the answers declare that it is difficult to secure capital needed for business. It is not contended by any that this scarcity of capital is due to lack of confidence, any basic weakness in the industrial or commercial conditions or to the unsettled conditions in the speculative centers.

The result of this condition are apparent on every hand. The demand for capital to meet the productive demand of industry has opened such a profitable field that capital, usually eager to find safe investment in bonds and securities bearing a low rate of interest, has now been withdrawn for industrial development.

Summarized, the testimony of the 30,000 witnesses is that the business of the country is superlatively good, credit unimpaired, collections easy and that there is not a single discouraging feature in the trade situation.—Omaha Daily Bee.

A GOOD ROADS POINTER.

Why can't the agricultural college of the University of Nebraska do a fine work for the state by making some experiments and giving demonstrations in road building?

The agricultural college is for the farmers. Surely nothing is of more importance to the farming interests of the state than smooth, wide highways, over which the products of Nebraska's acres may be hauled to market at the least expense and with the smallest possible degree of "wear and tear" on men and teams.

The state farm authorities have done a great work in seed improvement, breeding, forestry and various lines of work related to the farm. The good roads movement is one that must have a start from somewhere, and there is no reason why that beginning should not come from the state's agricultural school.

A few model roads in different parts of the state would bring about the desired result. If the farmers were once "shown" the value of good highways, they would have no other kind.—Lincoln Star.

Nebraska people are law abiding and do not approve of mob law or lynching, and it is generally regretted that some of the people of Thurston county put a black mark against Nebraska's fair name. On May 12 a laborer named Higgins brutally murdered his employers, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cople, living on a farm in Thurston county. There is no doubt about the guilt and no dispute. Higgins was arrested, and for fear the people of Thurston county would take the law into their own hands he was imprisoned in the Douglas county jail.

The following is taken from the Biome of this city, and is a well merited compliment to Mr. Stires: "Mr. J. D. Stires of this place is one of the candidates for Judge of the

District Court for the 6th Judicial district, as his card in another part of this paper will show, in which he solicits the support of his republican friends. We are not a republican, but we would like to recommend to our republican friends and readers of this paper not to forget Mr. Stires at the primary. Mr. Stires is one of four republican candidates and one of the best, if not the best. He has lived in Platte county many years, and is known to all as an honorable gentleman, in every respect a man against whom no one can object, a good lawyer, honest and above the reach of bribery. If a republican must be elected then we know of no man, and the people of Columbus cannot get a better man than J. D. Stires, and here in his home county he ought to get all the votes of his own party for his nomination."

The Snowshoe Rabbit.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death; some, like the woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide—so she deals with the woodmouse. To still others, as the moose, she furnishes stilt. The last means she employs is "snow shoes." This, the simplest, most scientific, and best, is the equipment of the snow shoe rabbit, the Wabasso of Hivawtha—a wonderful creature, born of a snowdrift crossed with a little brown hare.

The moose is like a wading bird of the shore that has stilted and can wade well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a land bird. But the snowshoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or 1,000 feet of the element below it. In this lies its strength.

Wabasso has another name—the varying hare—because it varies in color with the season; and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April till mid-October, the northern hare is a little brown rabbit. Then comes the snowy cold, the brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snowshoes grow fuller—and the little brown hare has become a white hare, the snowshoe hare of the woods.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fashions in Japan.

Fashions change in Japan most rapidly when they are the changing badge of wealth, and when social status ebbs and flows and people are known by what they wear. Among men the fashion of the hair, which had to do with the warrior's headgear, has gone wholly out of style. The man of official rank wears his clothes in foreign style as becoming modern taste; though he returns to his native costume for his hours of ease. In the matter of hairdressing it is not only that certain styles belong to certain periods or ages, but may not be affected after some fixed date, but within the limits set by age there are variations according to fashion's whim.

Lizards Prey on Fish.

Jerry Thompson, of Howe township, Perry county, an experienced fisherman, says that the scarcity of fish in the Juniata river is not due so much to the baskets and nets as to the ugly black lizards. The river is said to be full of these reptiles and they live entirely on fish spaw and fish. Many of these lizards have been caught in nets and killed and upon examination have been found to contain fish from one inch to six inches long. Whence they come is a mystery, but the damage they are doing according to Mr. Thompson and other fishermen is no secret.—Philadelphia Record.

A Curious Fact.

"I have had some very strange letters of introduction," said the editor. "My friend," answered Senator Ferguson, "I don't rely too far on communications of that kind. A man will give you a letter of introduction describing you as possessed of every noble quality in human nature and in the next breath refuse to induce your note for \$25."

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Continued from last week.

Murphy, walking stiffly, led the way down the steep slope, and silently pointed out a log bridging the narrow stream. He stood watching while the officer picked his steps across, but made no responsive motion when the other waved his hand from the opposite shore, his sallow face looking grim and unpleasant.

"The young officer marched down the road, his mind busied with the peculiar happenings of the morning, and that prospect for early active service hinted at in the brief utterance of the old scout. Brant was a thorough soldier, born into the service and deeply versed in its dangers; yet beyond this he remained a man, a young man, swayed by those emotions which, when at full tide sweep aside all else pertaining to duty."

"He had been a lonely life since leaving West Point and joining his regiment—a life passed largely among rough men and upon the desolate plains. For months at a time he had known nothing of refinement, nor enjoyed social intercourse with the opposite sex. Yet, beneath his mask of impassibility, the heart continued to beat with fierce desire, biding its time when it should enjoy its own sweet way. Perhaps that hour had already dawned; certainly something new, something inspiring, had now come to awaken an interest unfeigned before, and leave him idly dreaming of shadowed eyes and flushed, rounded cheeks."

"He was in this mood when he overtook the Rev. Howard Wykoop and marked the thoughtful look upon his pale face. "I called at your camp," explained Wykoop, after the first words of greeting had been exchanged, "as soon as I learned you were here in command, but only to discover your absence. The sergeant, however, was very certain, and assured me there would be no difficulty in arranging a religious service for the men, unless sudden orders should arrive. No doubt I may rely on your cooperation."

"Most certainly," was the cordial response, "and I shall also permit these desires to attend your regular Sunday services so long as we are stationed here. How is your work progressing?"

"There is much to encourage me, but spiritual progress is slow, and there are times when my faith falters and I feel unworthy of the service in which I am engaged."

"A mating camp is so intensely material seven days of the week that it must present a difficult field for the awakening of any religious sentiment," confessed Brant sympathetically. "I have often wondered how you consented to bury your talents in such a place."

"The other smiled, but with a trace of sadness in his eyes. "I firmly believe that every minister should devote a portion of his life to the doing of such a work as this. It is both a religious and a patriotic duty, and there is a rare joy connected with it."

"Yet it was surely not joy I saw pictured within your face when we met; you were certainly troubled over some problem."

"Wykoop glanced up quickly, a slight flush rising in his pale cheeks. "Perplexing questions which must be settled off-hand are constantly arising. And just now I scarcely know what action to take regarding certain applications for church membership."

"Brant laughed. "I hardly consider myself a competent adviser in matters of church policy," he admitted, "yet I have always been informed that so long as the applicant is to be made welcome in religious fellowship."

"Theoretically, yes," and the minister stopped still in the road, facing his companion. "But special cases present certain peculiarities. The applicants, as I learn from others, are not leading lives above reproach. So far as I know, they have never even attended church services until last Sunday, and I have some reason to suspect an ulterior motive. I am anxious to put nothing in the way of any honest seeking soul, yet I confess that in these cases I hesitate."

was unable to distinguish the wood-symph whose girlish frankness and grace had left so deep an impression on his memory. Yet surely she must be present, for, to his understanding, this whole gay festival was in her honor. Directly across the room he caught sight of Rev. Mr. Wykoop conversing with a lady of somewhat rounded charms, and picked his way in their direction.

The missionary, who, in truth, had been hiding an agonized heart behind a smiling face, was only too delighted at any excuse which would enable him to approach Miss Spencer, and press aside those cavaliers who were monopolizing her attention. The handicap of not being able to dance he felt to be heavy, and he greeted the lieutenant with unusual heartiness of manner.

"Why, most assuredly, my dear sir, most assuredly," he said. "Mrs. Herndon, permit me to make you acquainted with Lieut. Brant of the Seventh Cavalry."

The two, thus introduced, bowed and exchanged a few words, while Mr. Wykoop busied himself in peering about the room, making a great pretense at searching out the lady guest, who, in very truth, had scarcely been absent from his sight during the entire evening.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "at last I locate her, and, fortunately, at this moment she is not upon the floor, although positively hidden by the men clustering about her chair. You will excuse me, Mrs. Herndon, but I have promised Lieut. Brant a presentation to your niece."

They slipped past the musicians' stand, and the missionary pressed in through the ring of admirers. "Why, Mr. Wykoop!" she exclaimed, "both hands impulsively, and extended only to thank you have never once been near me all this evening! You don't know how much I have missed you. I was just saying to Mr. Moffat—or it might have been Mr. McNeill—that I was completely tired out and wished you were here to sit out this dance with me."

Wykoop blushed and forgot the errand which had brought him there, but she remained sufficiently cool and observant. She touched him gently with her hand. "Who is that fine-looking young officer?" she questioned softly, yet without venturing to remove her glance from his face.

Mr. Wykoop started. "Oh, exactly; I had forgotten my mission. He drew the lieutenant forward. "Lieut. Brant, Miss Spencer."

The officer bowed, a slight shadow of disappointment in his eyes. The lady was unquestionably attractive, her face animated, her reception most cordial, yet she was not the maiden of the dark, fathomless eyes and the wealth of auburn hair.

"Such a pleasure to meet you," exclaimed Miss Spencer. "Do you know, Lieutenant, that actually I have never before had the privilege of meeting an officer of the army. Your appearance supplies the one touch of color that was lacking to make the picture complete. Mr. Moffat has done so much to make me realize the breadth of western experience, and now, I do so hope, you will some time find opportunity to recount to me some of your army exploits."

The lieutenant smiled. "Most gladly; yet just now, I confess, the music lures me, and I am sufficiently bold to request your company upon the floor."

Miss Spencer sighed regretfully. "Why, really, Lieut. Brant, I scarcely see how I possibly can. I have already refused so many this evening, and now I almost believe I must be under direct obligation to some one of those gentlemen. Still, hesitatingly, "your being a total stranger must be taken into consideration. Mr. Moffat, Mr. McNeill, Mr. Mason, surely you will grant me release this once?"

"There was no verbal response; but her period of waiting was extremely brief. "Oh, I knew you would; you have all been so kind and considerate. She arose, resting her daintily gloved hand upon Brant's blue sleeve, her gleaming eyes smiling up confidently into his. Then with a charming smile, "Oh, Mr. Wykoop, I have decided to claim your escort to supper. You do not care?"

Wykoop bowed, his face like a poppy. "I thought you would not mind obliging me in this. Come, Lieutenant."

Miss Spencer, when she desired to be, was a most vivacious companion, and always an excellent dancer. Brant easily succumbed to her sway, and became, for the time being, a victim to her charms. To Brant the experience brought back fond memories of his last cadet ball at the Point, and he hesitated to break the mystic spell with abrupt questioning. Curiosity, however, finally mastered his reticence.

"Miss Spencer," he asked, "may I inquire if you possess such a phenomenon as a 'star pupil'?" The lady laughed merrily, but her expression became somewhat puzzled. "Really, what a very strange question! Why, not unless it might be little Sammy Worrell; he can certainly use the longest words I ever heard of outside a dictionary. Why, may I ask? Are you especially interested in prodigies?"

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"Indeed? She appeared to me to be extremely unconventional, with a decided tendency for mischief. Is that your meaning?"

"Familiarly, she manages to do everything in a different way from other people. Her mind seems peculiarly independent, and she is so unreservedly western in her ways and language. But I was referring rather to her taste in books—she devours everything."

"You mean as a student?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; at least she appears to possess the faculty of absorbing every bit of information, like a sponge. Sometimes she actually starts me with her odd questions. I really believe Mr. Wykoop seeks to avoid meeting her, she has shocked him so frequently in religious matters."

"Does she make light of his faith?"

"Oh, no, not that exactly, at least it is not her intention. But she wants to know everything—why we believe this and why we believe that, doctrines which no one else ever dreams of questioning, and he cannot seem to make them clear to her mind. Some of her questions are so irrelevant as to be positively shocking to a spiritually minded person."

They lapsed into silence, swaying gently to the guidance of the music. Her face was grave and thoughtful. This picture had not greatly lowered her in his estimation, although he felt instinctively that Miss Spencer was not altogether pleased with his evident interest in another.

"It is very interesting to know that you two met in so unconventional a way," she ventured, softly, "and so why of her not even to mention it to me. We are room-mates, you know, and consequently quite intimate, although she possesses many peculiar characteristics which I cannot in the least approve. I shall certainly do my best to guide her aright. Would you mind giving me some details of your meeting?"

For a moment he hesitated, feeling that if the girl had not seen fit to confide her adventure to this particular friend, it was hardly his place to do so. Then, remembering that he had already said enough to arouse curiosity, which might easily be developed into suspicion, he determined his course. In a few words the brief story was frankly told, and apparently proved quite amusing to Miss Spencer.

"Oh, that was Naida, beyond a doubt," she exclaimed, with a laugh of satisfaction. "It is all so characteristic of her. I only wonder how she managed to guess your name; but really the girl appears to possess some peculiar gift in this discerning facts hidden from others."

"The music coming to a pause, they slowly traversed the room. "I presume, then, she is not present," he said, quietly.

Miss Spencer glanced into his face, the grave tones making her apprehensive that she might have gone too far. "She was here earlier in the evening, but now that you remind me of it, I do not recall having noticed her of late. But, really, Lieutenant, it is no part of my duty to chaperon the young girl. Mrs. Herndon could probably inform you of her present whereabouts."

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