

Be Sure and Attend Our Big GREEN TAG FURNITURE SALE!

A House Full of Rousing Furniture Bargains This Month

Dining Tables, Buffets, Sideboards, China Closets and everything in stock marked in big plain figures on a large green tag at prices that will make you stop and think.



Beds, Dressers, Commodors, Chiffonniers, Music Cabinets, Ladies' Desks, Parlor Goods, Den Suits, Library and Parlor Tables, etc., at prices that is sure to move them.

OWING to the recent financial trouble, we have not had the trade we expected. For that reason we started the holiday season with the greatest bargain sale of high grade furniture ever known in Columbus. We have to make room for goods already purchased and arriving every day. Every article marked with a large Green Tag, showing you in plain figures the exceptional bargains we are offering.

A Large Selection of Leather Couches

Try **LANDON'S** First ELEVENTH ST. SOUTH OF TRACKS COLUMBUS, NEB.

College Notes.

Ed Wallace of Fullerton, a former student made a pleasant call at the college Friday.

Miss Lena Emerson, Miss Susie Niemoller, and Will Sutton visited at their homes in Monroe over Sunday.

Miss Louise Echols, Eleanor Ruscha, of Columbus, and Frank Peters of Gibson, are taking up the stenographic course.

Prof. Carasahn has found it necessary owing to the large attendance, to divide the book-keeping and penmanship classes into two divisions each.

Miss Maggie Murie re-entered the college Monday after an illness of two weeks. Her brother John Murie, expects to be able to re-enter soon.

Mr. Flago, manager of the Underwood Typewriter Co., of Omaha, was a pleasant caller at the college office last Saturday. Mr. Flago gave the stenographic graduating class the test which is given in the Underwood office at Omaha, and we are pleased to state that the students had no difficulty in passing the examination.

The following students have enrolled at the Columbus Commercial College the past week, talking up the business course: Charles and Henry Voight, St. Edward, Clarence Ballou, Columbus, Lester Bedford, Columbus, Ed Donahue, Platte Center, George Hegeman, Columbus, Louis Hengler, Columbus, Emil Mueller, Columbus, C. J. Mason, Columbus, Max Gottlieb, Columbus, John and Will Neifelder, Columbus, Julie Budai, Jr., Columbus, Carl Reiss, Platte Center, Louis Wardeman, Columbus.

Real Estate Transfers.

Becker, Hookenberger & Chambers real estate agents, report the following real estate transfers filed for record in the office of the county clerk during the week ending Dec. 7th 1907.

- W T Eickly to Anna Mithyka, R 1, blk 24, Columbus, col. \$15 00
- Maudie Windsor to C E McCaha, 22 av 4 of 14-1, w. 2200 00
- C W Hollingshead et al to J C Bond et al, et al av 4 of 2-17-4 w. 7500 00
- J H Dixon to First National Bank of Columbus, av 5 and 6 of 4-17-1 w. 2000 00
- C W Phillips et al to Emma M Bradshaw, av 7 and 8 in blk 7 of Phillips add to Columbus, w. 600 00
- Union Pledge Co to J Fyle, lots 4 and 5 in blk 1, Tarnov. 37 00
- E D Mohrberger to F A Mohrberger, w 3 av 4 of 1-1-1 w. 2200 00
- John Koopka, Jr. to John Koopka, et al, et al 4-24-4 w. 1000 00
- C F Robinson to E F Boring, lots 12, 13 and 14 in blk 5, Creston, Neb., w. 10000 00
- Geo G Becker, Jr. to Myrtle L Swain, w 3 N 5 and lot 6 in blk 2 of Smiths add Columbus, w. 1000 00

Coal.

We have a large stock of coal, Rock Spring, Matland, Zeigler, Trenton, Gem, Banner, Golden Ash, and Monarch in lump and nut. Also Penna hard coal in all sizes. NEWMAN & WELCH.

NEW MUSIC STORE

WE have opened a new music store in the Landon furniture store on Eleventh street and will handle a complete line of first-class pianos. Our prices defy all competition. Remember we are permanently located in Columbus.

BECKER BROS.
HENRY J. BECKER, Manager

FEARED FOR NIECE'S FUTURE.

Peculiar Bent of Child's Mind Dimmed Uncle.

"I hate to think it," grimly said Uncle Timrod Totten, "but I am mightily afraid my little 10-year-old niece, Laella, is going to cause a great deal of worry and unhappiness in the world when she grows up." "What makes ye think so?" asked old Squire Belcher, who had come over to borrow a whitehorse. "She seems to be a real nice, thoughtful, good-tempered child now." "Well," was the explanation, "yother day, our gray gander got tangled up in a discussion with the shepherd pup, and when the fracas was over there was skurried a feather left on the fowl. And little Laella took and dyked him out in a pair of draw-pantalons—and a chin-slip, I mean—of white cloth sewed by her own fair hands. And, somehow, I can't help fearing that when she attains an appropriate age she will wear noose glasses and several double-chins, and go strutting against all the common and unimportant delicacies that human flesh is heir to."—Exchange.

Violin as a Hair Restorer.

It is now a scientifically proved fact that music exercises a great influence on the growth of the hair. It is with good reason that great musicians, such as Paganini, Liszt and Paderewski, are represented with a growth of hair which Abolomon might have envied. Science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction. Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn player is common. Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced influence either way.

The Cutting Retort.

"You don't have to brag of success," declared the big woman when she had listened to the little woman's account of how well she was doing with her work; "it shows for itself." "And you don't have to tell outright of the decline of success once you have been successful," remarked the little woman, who had listened first to the big woman's talk; "it shows in the bitterness with which you complain of existing circumstances."

Making It Plain.

Little Bastus—But Ah kain't understand 'bout de yarrs an' de sun. Uncle Mose—Lemme explain hit ter you' all. Now 'popen dis lantern an' de sun, an' mah haid an' de yarrs. Ah swings de lantern rous' an' run' an' it done shed light on de inhabitants of mah haid. Now does yo' understand?

The Dummy in the Clouds.

She had been invited to join a ballooning party. "How many are going up?" she asked. "Three," they told her. She looked disappointed. "What is wrong?" they asked her. "If there were four," she answered, "we could play bridge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Father Wanted to Start Him at Once on Career of Usefulness.

"Children seem to be considered a nuisance among the rich nowadays," remarked a well known business man who has a large family, "and to the poor they are a luxury, so between the two extremes it is a little surprising that the infant population keeps up its record. In the olden days it was different. Every man and every woman believed it a duty to their God and to their country to raise a large family, and they fulfilled the obligation with a good grace. But times have changed. The moneyed man of to-day has no time for children. He has his business to look after and his rents to collect, while his wife is continually on the go with social engagements and appointments with her modiste. So the stock is left to shiver in the cold. But the poor man is, sometimes as guilty as the rich in this matter. He has a family of children, but he has no time for them. I heard this illustrated by a little story the other day. A working man who lives in one of the poorer districts of the city has seven children, the youngest of whom recently graduated from the creeps; stage of its existence. The father was stinging in the kitchen when he heard the voice of one of his daughters who was in another room. 'Papa,' she said, 'the baby can walk.' 'Can he? Well, send him around the corner for a pint,' replied the parent, and resumed his reading."—N. Y. Press.

Up-to-Date Landlady.

Users of the telephone are becoming so numerous that it is not surprising to find one installed in almost every home, but it did seem rather an up-to-date affair for a negro to have one in the back room that comprised her "apartments." A woman who wanted an extra bit of washing done in a hurry had gone into the small alley in search of her. "O, Miss Broder," said the washerwoman, "yo needs to have come down here for me. I've got a telephone." And, sure enough, there sat one beside her tub. The astonished patron said: "But Lizzie, I though you didn't wash for but three persons; do you need a telephone?" "Well, Miss Broder," said Lizzie, modestly, "I ain't got but three women to wash for, but I got a pretty daughter."—Philadelphia Record.

QUEER NAMES USED IN CHINA.

Much the Same Idea as That of the North American Indian.

"We Chinese," said the law student, "give our children queer names. Our girls, for instance are not called Mabel, Jenny or Matilda, but Cloudy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes. Our boys get less delicious names. Boys are made for work and wisdom, rather than for dancing and pleasure, and their names show this, as Practical Industry, Ancestral Knowledge, Complete Virtue, Ancestral Piety, Discreet Valor. To our slaves we give still another set of names. Yes, those dear, pathetic little slaves of ours, some girls, some boys, who do a hundred various little tasks about the house, these lowly creatures have names like Not For Me, Joy to Serve, Your Happiness and Humble Devotion."

The Face and the Emotions.

Habitual worry shows itself in the action of the facial nerve—the nerve of expression, as anatomists call it—producing lines which in course of time become permanent. The same is true of many other emotions and states of mind; and those which are dominant in the life of the individual will ere long produce permanent changes in the face. The secret of the beauty which age cannot wither is to possess a beautiful mind, chin-strap and deplorative and electricity and massage and cosmetics are poor make-shifts compared with this.

Family Life in France.

Modern France is the stronghold of the family system. So a French family at dinner in a restaurant, or for that matter, at home. You will never see a gayer, livelier function. There is such a frank and unassuming sense of community about the whole thing. The boys adore their mother, the girls their father, the parents take such a whole-hearted delight in their children, and the children are so happy and respectful. It is a sight of which every Frenchman may be proud.

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"Cash" and Domestic Rows.

"That money is the 'root of all evil' is a maxim we all learned in our copy-book days. And 80 per cent. of newly-made wives discover to their astonishment that money worries, disputes over bills, and accusations of 'extravagance' against the lady of the house are at the bottom of the clouds and thunder storms which rouse the honeymooners to the fact that 'life is real, life is earnest,' and not an unending chapter of conjugal bliss, courting and kisses.

An Unimportant Matter.

Reporter—Was the operation a success, doctor? Eminent Scientist—Oh, completely so! I demonstrated beyond dispute exactly what I contended all along. Reporter—Then the patient is all right? Eminent Scientist—The patient died. But why in the face of my triumphant vindication do you want these unimportant details?

A Different Medium.

Huggins—That pretty little sculptress I met at your reception the other evening completely turned my head. Miss Peachley—Indeed! I knew she modeled in clay, but I wasn't aware that she worked in wood.

The Measure of His Love.

Miss Homely-Rich—"I heard something to-day that would indicate that Mr. Hunter simply cannot love me as he said he did." Miss Cutting—"Good gracious! had news from your banker, eh?"

He Knew.

Lady customer—"I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made." Shoemaker—"Oh! I know that well enough; large inside and small outside."—Illustrated Bits.

MAKING AND LOSING FRIENDS.

Reflective Men Point Out Faults of the People of To-day.

"I'm not so sure," observed the doctor reflectively, as he watched the smoke curl upward from his cigar, "that we Americans are not neglecting one of the most important of the arts—the art of making friends. It wouldn't do anybody a bit of harm to take half an hour off and sit down to go over the acquaintances of his friends with the past year or so. Incidentally, he might reflect on what he has done in the way of keeping up old friendships. It seems to me that people drift apart very quickly nowadays. Absorption in business is one factor making for this end; another is the growing disinclination to keep up any sort of correspondence, and a third is a tendency, increasing as the years go by, to let one's personal interest become more centered. All of these things militate against the making of new friends, as well as helping to loosen the bonds holding the old ones. The fault," he concluded, "isn't in the people whom we meet; it's in ourselves, and we might as well realize it. Let us look for stable qualities, and not the reverse. There is such a thing as being too cautious about our acquaintances, and thus shutting ourselves off from much pleasure and profit."

APPRECIATE LAND OF LIBERTY.

Returning Immigrants Go Back With Fond Thoughts of America.

The storage passengers who sail from America may be roughly divided into two classes—those who go home because they have succeeded, and those who go home because they are always last to return. The children are always last to return, says the author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," especially those who have gone to school in America. Amasha, a bright 12-year-old girl, goes from a Pennsylvania town to the French district in Hungary. She is dressed "American fashion." She is dressed "American fashion," she is dressed "American fashion," she is dressed "American fashion." There we have what bread and butter and candy, and I can chew gum to beat the band," and tears fill her eyes at the memory of the American luxuries she has tasted. One of the returning, who had traveled far, and had seen on that journey the galleries of Paris, Munich and Dresden, said: "I tell you, the finest piece of statuary in the whole world is the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor."—Youth's Companion.

WAS ALMOST TOO PARTICULAR.

Colored Man's Literal Obedience Caused Slight Embarrassment.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a southern city, hires a negro to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said: "Boss, our blackin' am done out." "What do you mean by saying 'our blacking'?" growled the sorely employer, "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." The terrified darkey apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored man, accompanied by a chocolate-colored woman pushing a baby carriage. "Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked the next day at his home when he was entertaining quite a number of his friends. "No boss, dat's not our child; dat's your child. I see noder gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

Trying for Fainter Prize.

He didn't set himself up to be a nature faker, but he confessed he knew a story which, if not exactly accurate, was at all events somewhat brilliant. "This happened in the cottage of a peasant who had his quiver full of children. When the baby was put to sleep at night every one in the family was enjoined to be quiet. They were, including the dog. One night, however, the dog fancied the room wasn't as quiet as it should be. There was an old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, which ticked somewhat loudly with its ponderous pendulum. The dog, thinking that this ticking might disturb the baby, went on tip-toe, and putting his paw against the pendulum, stopped it. And that's a fact." But even the oysters on the counterpane with astonishment. —New York Press.

Cow Caught by Her Tail.

Caught by her tail in the cleft of a tree, a cow belonging to Joseph Blake of Geomaland subsisted without food, except the bark of trees, or drink for five weeks. When found she was reduced to a skeleton, but the sight of the man apparently infuriated her, and with a lunge she broke her tail off and charged her would-be rescuer. He sought safety on the top of a woodpile a short distance away and was kept there for three-quarters of an hour. The desire for food finally became uppermost to the animal, and she wandered away in quest of it. She was found later, and is improving under care.—Portland Oregonian.

Russian Fighting Geese.

In Russia pits for cock fighting are unknown, but "geese-fights" some 60 years ago were common throughout that mighty kingdom. The object of this can be seen to-day in the geese which are indigenous to the country. The Aransas and the Tula varieties particularly showing to a marked degree the fighting characters of their ancestors. The Aransas gander has a bill which is entirely different in form from that of the geese known in any other part of the world. This special structure enables the bird to take a firm grip on the neck or back of its antagonist.

Who Kills a Good Book Kills Reason.

Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image, but he who kills a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—John Milton.

His Present State.

"What state does the young fellow belong to who wants to marry old Billy's daughter?" "Judging from his appearance when I saw him come out of the old man's office I should say a state of collapse."

Popularity.

"Doesn't Mr. Keenote play any popular music?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his style of playing would make anything unpopular."

Merely Preparatory.

"I don't mind telling you," said the pretty girl confidentially, "that I want to take a thorough course in cooking in order to fit myself to be a good wife." "You are doing the right thing, my dear," said the matron in charge of the cooking school. "May I ask how soon you expect to be married?" "How should I know?" rejoined the pretty girl, daintily rolling up her sleeves. "I haven't found the man yet."

HAVE YOU SEEN the SUITS WE ARE SELLING AT \$15

Without exception they are the greatest value ever offered in this city for the money. Indeed, \$30 would be a fair price for these

Michaels-Stern Fine Suits at \$15.00

for in quality of fabric, tailoring and finishing you cannot match them under a full third more. The coats are cut sidle and double-breasted in the most approved style and contain every wrinkle known to high-class tailoring. If you want extraordinary value in a smart looking, serviceable winter suit, come see those we are offering at . . . \$15

Some Hints for Xmas Gift Giving

Knee Overalls	50c up
Hill Buffers	75c up
Wool Sweaters	50c up
Fancy Hosiery	25c up
House Coats	\$2.00 up
Wool Coats	\$1.50 up
Umbrellas	\$1.50 up

Gerharz Flynn Co.

For Happiness in Marriage.
I have spoken of the only true and right motive for marriage, and venture my opinion that marriage should not be too eagerly sought by either sex, but rather waited for until the certainty has come that one loves worthily and well. I mean, that for a man to say to himself, in cold blood, that it is time he should marry, and, for that reason, to look about for a wife—instead of being aware that he loves and therefore desires to marry the one beloved woman—is, to my thinking, as unwise and in almost as poor taste as for a girl to discover that it is time she were settled in life and, in consequence, set about trying to attract a husband. In neither case is happiness in marriage likely to be the result of such a quest.—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Out of the Schoolroom.
A schoolboy was asked to give some information in regard to the Cary sisters, the once famous New England poets, and he said of them: "The Cary sisters were two poets who lived in Massachusetts most of the time. They went to New York where they made many fast friends. Their latest friend was John G. Whittier." At the time of the Longfellow centennial, when the school children were writing so much about him, one boy wrote: "Longfellow's poems were mostly of his own composition, but he wrote 'Tells of a Wayside Inn' where others did the talking. He was the poet lorryet of our country and was a crackerjack when it came to real poetry."—Lippincott's.

She Smacked of Books.
"They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetess, on yesterday's automobile excursion."
"Yes; that is true."
"Indeed! And how did you—ah—find her?"
"Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

Life's Salt.
Some day when you go down to the shore of a large body of water, make a little study of the sailing vessels you see. Of course the wind blows in the same direction over every part of the water, but you'll notice that some vessels go one way and some another. This because the sails are set in different ways. Set your life sails—your ideals, purposes, estimates of what is most important to you—in one way, and life's experiences will send you on the rocks of destruction. Set them in a different way, and the same experiences will send you into the harbor of heaven.—Wellspring.

Power of Imagination.
Illustrating the strange power of the imagination, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," tells this incident. A doctor he knew had found it necessary to give a patient for many evenings an injection of morphia to enable him to get some sleep. After a while the doctor thought it advisable to stop the morphia, and for two nights his patient was unable to sleep, owing to great pain. On the third night the doctor, being still unwilling to administer morphia, injected plain water instead. The man slept perfectly and awoke in the morning with what is known as a morphia mouth.

Church Built by One Man.
Stitchell, near Coventry, England, possesses a piece of worship unique among English churches. In 1810 John Green, a man of a strongly religious turn of mind, laid the first stone of the edifice, and seven years later he completed the building. In all that time he had no assistance, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. The building accommodates a large congregation. The church derives a considerable revenue from the contributions of sightseers who are drawn to the place by curiosity.

USEFUL Christmas Presents

If you want something useful buy a nice piece of furniture. They will remember that long after other presents are forgotten.

Let Us Suggest:

GLOBE WERNICKE Sectional Book Cases, Combination Book Cases, Mahogany Parlor Stand, Library Tables, in mission, golden oak and mahogany, 3-piece Parlor Suits, Dining Chairs up to \$7.50 each; Music Cabinets, Shaving Stands, Kitchen Cabinets, all kinds from \$4.50 up; Rockers (the largest assortment we have ever had); Couches, China Closets, Ruffetts Side Boards, Iron Beds, Princess Dressers, Pedestal and Tabourettes (nice line just received); Pictures, fine line of Bedroom Chairs and Rockers in mahogany, bird's eye maple and golden oak; High Chairs and Child's Rockers for the babies and many other articles. Call and see the best line we have ever had to show you.

Yours for a Merry Christmas.

HENRY GASS
Furniture, Undertaking, Picture Framing.
219-21-23 West Eleventh St., Columbus, Neb.