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CALL FOR REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republican electors of Platte county, Nebraska, are hereby notified to meet in delegate convention at the City Hall in Columbus, Nebraska, at 2 o'clock p. m., Monday, July 26th, 1909, for the purpose of electing delegates to the republican state convention, selecting a county central committee and transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The republican electors in the various wards and townships are requested to hold caucus, at their usual voting places, Saturday, July 24, 1909, from 6 to 8 o'clock p. m., to elect delegates to the county convention.

Representation is based on the vote cast for Hon. Geo. Sheldon for governor at the last regular election, each ward and township being entitled to a delegate for every fifteen votes cast or major part thereof.

The various wards and townships in the county are entitled to the following representation:

Table with 2 columns: Ward/Township and Number of Delegates. Includes wards like 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

By order of Platte County Central Committee.

R. N. DICKINSON, Chairman. BERT J. GALLEY, Secretary. Dated July 12, 1909.

Guaranty Bill, Donohoe Bill and Bill Bryan are now consigned to the same scrap heap.

What is a democrat, and what does the democratic party stand for now that they have repudiated their former stand on the tariff question.

President Taft is not a party man. He has more backbone than half the republican and democratic senators.

The people's independent party will hold a convention at Lincoln on July 27. Half a dozen men will probably assemble, adopt a platform endorsing the Shallenberger administration and then adjourn.

A state wide clearing house to guarantee security to bank depositors has been planned by some of the prominent bankers of Nebraska. All banks that can pass the examination and desire to enter the association can do so.

As usual, Mr. Bryan has butted in with some sage advice and tells President Taft what amendments should be added to the constitution. It requires no great physical or mental effort to dictate a letter of complaint, while watching the \$2,000 Jersey heifer and spavined mule nip grass at Fairview farm.

The Albion Argus speaks of the decision rendered on the so-called non-partisan law as "a dirty republican trick." The republican party had nothing to do with the court's decision.

The trouble with a certain class of politicians is that they imagine every decision handed down by a court is bought and paid for if the decree does not happen to be in accord with their political ideas.

Deputy Labor commissioner Maupin is developing a new industry in connection with his office. He has organized a state federation of labor and had himself elected president of the same.

He has seen to it also that the federation was so organized that it can get into politics if it wants to—and from the reports of the initial session it looks as if it will want to right away. It may be all right for a state officer to indulge in political side shows but the Nonpareil suspects that the people of the state would prefer to have Mr. Maupin attend to the duties for which he was appointed, particularly since he laments that he has so much to do as labor commissioner that he needs extra office help.—Central City Nonpareil.

AFTER KRAMER'S SCALP.

The republican county convention, called to meet in Columbus, Monday, July 26, will elect delegates to the state convention and select a county committee.

There is every indication of a contest between the Post and anti-Post factions over the selection of the committee. The Post faction is hostile to the reappointment of Carl Kramer as postmaster. Charges of pernicious political activity and various other alleged offenses have been filed against him.

Mr. Kramer does not deny that he has worked in the interests of the republican party; he pleads guilty to the charge of training with what is known as the Taft crowd in Platte county; he also pleads guilty to the charge that he is a friend of Senator Burkett, and of having been an active and energetic supporter of the principles of the republican party for many years.

He does not deny the fact that he has stood for his party candidates when some of the men who are now after his official scalp were making populist speeches and voting the populist ticket.

Every charge made against Mr. Kramer by the Post faction reflecting upon the duties and responsibilities of his office, has been investigated and found to be untrue.

Regardless of politics, the people of Columbus are satisfied with Mr. Kramer as a public official, and if the selection of a postmaster were left to a vote of the people of Columbus, Mr. Kramer would be the choice of the people by a large majority. It is doubtful if twenty-five men could be found in Columbus who would sign a petition asking for Mr. Kramer's removal on the ground of incompetency or neglect of duty, and every fair-minded man in the city has a right to feel indignant over the treatment that our postmaster has been subjected to by a little faction of cheap politicians who only desire in securing Mr. Kramer's removal is to give one of their number an opportunity to get his job.

SHALLENBERGER FOR SENATOR.

Lincoln dispatch: An effort is being made by some of the democratic leaders who are not after office themselves, to avoid the clash they fear will prove disastrous next year between Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha, running for governor on a liberal platform, and Governor Shallenberger on the plank that democracy and decency have permanently tied up in Nebraska and that this excludes the liquor interest from any consideration in determining party policy. These two gentlemen made plain their ideas at the recent Kearney banquet.

The peace pact proposed is that Shallenberger shall switch to the senate and that Mayor Jim shall have no opposition from him for governor. Each is to give the other support, and as both men have strong followings this might prove equally advantageous. If they oppose each other for governor it is regarded as certain that party factional strife will be engendered.

There is a job lot of difficulties in the way of arranging such a pact, such as the ambition of sundry other gentlemen for both places, but the men who are engineering it think they can make such a showing that opposition can be either frightened out or badly beaten. Two of the governor's recent appointments were not offensive to the liquor faction of the party. H. E. Newbranch, editor of the World-Herald, named for university regent, is against both county option and prohibition, and tried to get the governor to veto the daylight saloon bill. The other is that of Rev. Mr. Huff to be chaplain of the prison. Huff was in-dorsed last winter for senate prayer-maker, by Senator Ransom, who said, "Here is one preacher who is not for prohibition."

TOM JOHNSON'S DREAM.

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland has another scheme, this time not original with him, but borrowed. A charitably inclined man of wealth is donating \$25,000 a year to aid in uniting all the various "reform" movements into one, and Mayor Johnson proposes to raise more money and when the isms have been cemented tie them onto the democratic kite. If it works it will be more difficult than ever to tell what is a democrat, but that is the least of Mayor Johnson's troubles.

The democratic party has absorbed so many isms in the past that its platform has resembled an old fashioned crazy quilt, but Mayor Johnson is confident that a few more patches and bits of local color will not hurt and the assimilating process can proceed while he and his friends are enjoying the offices. While plausible in his argument about what could be accomplished in carrying elections by uniting all the various isms, Mr. Johnson offers no proof that hitching onto the democratic kite would land the various "reformers" nearer their ideals than they

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Geo. H. Winslow

now are. The failure of the democrats to stick together on present issues and the hopeless split in the party when it was last in power is not encouraging to ultra reformers whose ideas are as much at variance with democracy as with republicanism.—Omaha Bee.

Last year the Post faction in the republican party of Platte county demanded that they be allowed to conduct the campaign. Their demand was complied with. No opposition was made to the selection of a county committee. What was the result? The republicans sustained the worst defeat in the history of the county. Factional fights in a party always tend to strengthen the opposition and weaken the cause of the factionists. Stop quarreling. There's nothing to be gained in a factional contest.

THE BIG CHAUTAUQUA

Many new features—strong lectures on live topics. Entertainers, the best that can be secured anywhere.

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Its individual and team work are of such excellence that comments on the Hesperians are always flattering.

Peter MacQueen, F.R.G.S.



"Footprints of Stanley and Foreprints of Roosevelt" is the title of Dr. MacQueen's new African lecture. His wonderfully colored views and excellent lecture combine to make his programs among the most interesting and instructive of the entire Chautauqua.

Since the first of January, eight of the leading magazines have had articles on Africa by Dr. MacQueen.

Hear the MacQueen lectures at the Chautauqua.

Virtues of Orange Sandwich.

"If only I had known sooner about that little trick of the orange sandwich for giving castor oil to children, how many awful struggles both the baby and I would have been saved," said a mother who had been told by the doctor to give her baby this unpalatable medicine.

The orange sandwich is simply a small quantity of orange juice put into a spoon with the needed amount of oil added and over that enough orange juice to cover the oil. This is an excellent method for taking either castor or olive oil. It has been recommended several times, but is such a really valuable discovery for mothers that it is repeated for the benefit of the few who have not tried it and who still look forward to a scene every time such a dose must be given.

His Game.

"He always patronizes that one restaurant."

"Who, Stinjay? Yes, there are waitresses there, you know."

"But he doesn't care for the girls."

"No, but you don't have to tip girls."

Story of William Duncan The Apostle of Alaska.

Every tourist who has been to Alaska knows something about the model Indian village of Metlakahla and the wonderful work of William Duncan, the lay missionary who has devoted his long life to raising a barbarous tribe to a high degree of Christian civilization. The most complete story of Mr. Duncan's work yet published is now at hand in the form of a book called "The Apostle of Alaska," written by John W. Arctander, a Minneapolis lawyer who has spent several summers with Mr. Duncan, gained access to his notebooks and talked with the Indians about the work of their idolized leader.

The man who has credited Metlakahla is a sturdy Yorkshireman, deeply devout, yet endowed with rare common sense and an eminent business faculty. In 1857, at the age of 25, he left his home and friends in England and landed at Fort Simpson, British Columbia, with the determination to give his life to uplifting the Taimshian Indians. The story of how he learned superstitions, put the medicine men out of business, overcame and converted the old chiefs, escaped murderous attacks on his own life, became the terror of the whisky traders and even beat the Hudson Bay company in its fight against him—all this makes one of the most impressive tales in the history of Christian missions.

At the age of 77, Mr. Duncan is still the master spirit of Metlakahla, of its church, schools, stores, factories, salmon cannery, etc., and lives beloved by the whole loyal and industrious community. He has never married. His whole life has been spent in his work, and any one who looks upon that pretty little city, with its two-story frame houses, its large cannery buildings, its city hall and \$10,000 church—the largest in Alaska—all built by the Indians themselves from lumber cut and shaped in their own sawmill, will agree that it is a glorious showing for a life work.

Mr. Arctander's book is full of dramatic incidents from Mr. Duncan's career. No sooner had the white missionary fairly gotten his day school established than he began to run afoul of the medicine men, whose business he was undermining. The head chief sided with them, and one day, after the missionary had refused to close the school for certain heathenish rites, the chief and a group of followers in war paint entered the room on murder bent. They had been drinking.

The chief advanced, brandishing an ugly looking knife, while one of the other Indians called out. "Kill him. Cut his head off. Give it to me, and I will kick it on the beach!" The little Englishman calmly stood his ground, though he thought his last day had come. Suddenly the chief wavered in his purpose, and Mr. Duncan became aware that another Indian—the one from whom he had learned the language—had slipped into the room behind the others and was standing with a loaded pistol under his blanket, ready to shoot the chief dead the moment he did any harm to the white man. In time this chief who tried to kill him became Mr. Duncan's most devout and faithful helper.

The younger missionary soon found that he would have to get his converts away from the degrading contact with the whites around Fort Simpson so he induced them to build a new town called Metlakahla. He taught them how to construct houses, make boats, weave cloth, build a sawmill; also how to observe Sunday, deal justly with each other and live a devout, religious life.

His hardest fight was against whisky. One day a Russian trader arrived with a schooner, and it was reported that he intended to sell liquor. Mr. Duncan went on board and told him he would have to let his vessel be searched. When the Russian indignantly demanded his authority, he said: "Authority? I have no authority, but I have the authority of self-defense. My life is in the hands of these Indians. They are my friends now. But if you take away their reason I will have nothing to defend my life with. And I am going to prevent your placing my life in jeopardy if I can."

"How?"

"Do you see those Indians on the beach? They are only waiting for a signal from me. The moment they get it they will rush aboard this boat, overpower your crew, beach your schooner and burn it with all its contents. They will do it at one word from me. They are obedient to me now. If they get liquor they will serve the devil, and not me, and the first thing he will tell them to do may be to kill me. Will you let me search your vessel peacefully, or shall I give these men the signal?"

No liquor was sold from the schooner, but when the trader complained later to the officials at Victoria, Governor Douglas wrote to Mr. Duncan, not censuring him for taking the law into his own hands, but inclosing a commission as justice of the peace, so that thereafter he had lawful jurisdiction over 500 miles of the coast line. Many of the cases he handled are extremely dramatic and interesting, as Mr. Arctander has transcribed them from Mr. Duncan's notes.

After Mr. Duncan had labored successfully at Metlakahla for thirty years the Church of England sent out a bishop to rule over him and his converts—and spoiled everything. This is the only dark chapter in the story. The bishop knew nothing about the Indians, and he seems to have treated them in a domineering way, that soon had the whole community in turmoil. Then the missionary society demanded Mr. Duncan's resignation.

At last the Indians took matters into their own hands and voted almost unanimously to abandon their homes, public buildings, mills—all the fruits of a lifetime of labor—rather than live under the odious authority that had supplanted their beloved teacher. And so it comes about that of the 948 inhabitants of the village, 823 went over into United States territory to build New Metlakahla and begin all over again under the indomitable William Duncan and the Stars and Stripes.

That was in 1887. In the intervening years these industrious natives have created the neat modern town which the tourist sees today on Annette Island, carrying on peacefully all the industries and many of the diversions of a civilized community. Their largest enterprise, the salmon cannery, supports the majority of the population. The town has a brass band and a pipe organ, played by skilled Indians. A chorus of forty voices recently gave Handel's "Messiah" with credit. There has not been a case of bloodshed in the community for forty years. There is a jail, but it lies empty year after year. Everybody goes to church three times on Sunday. What white community can show a like record?

Mr. Duncan's methods of discipline; his early use of whipping, even for serious offenses; his ingenious scheme for holding wife-beaters in jail until the wives asked for their release; his clever and masterful way of bringing the Hudson Bay Company to terms when it tried the high-handed tactics of a monopoly—these and a score of other matters help to increase one's respect for the "grand old man" of Metlakahla.

Mr. Arctander has written his book in the strongly religious spirit of Mr. Duncan himself, and while he has few literary graces he has a gift of dramatic narrative that makes the various episodes effective. The volume is full of human, religious and sociological interest. It is appropriately illustrated and is published at the price of \$1.50 by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York.—Edwin L. Shuman in Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Fat.

A pun is often the easiest as well as the lowest form of wit. An example of the kind of pun to be strictly avoided is given in the following story, taken from the Chicago News. A customer went into a music store to look over some songs.

"How do you sell your music?" she asked of the clerk.

"It depends on the kind you want," said that individual. "We sell piano music by the pound, and organ music by the choir."

The customer did not buy any.—Youth's Companion.

Outside the Curriculum.

"We had to practice Chopin for three hours to-day, mamma."

Mrs. Parvoo—Really, my dear shopping is a very well, but your papa sent you to the ladies' academy to learn music and that sort of thing.—Tit-Bits.

The Price of It.

"There," said Borem, "that's what I think you should do in the matter. I'm no lawyer, but this is just a little bit of advice that costs you nothing. What do you think of it?" "Well," replied Wise, "it's worth it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

With More Voltage.

Pennsylvania scientist found that a common horsefly was not affected by an electric shock strong enough to kill a horse. Hardy bird, the horsefly? Try it on the boll weevil and see where he ranks.—New York Herald.

A Unique Specimen.

"The rain may fall on me, but not on thee, sweetheart," sighs an Alabama poet quoted in the Washington Herald. There's the first man we ever heard of who could carry an umbrella to a lady's satisfaction.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF PLATTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the estate of Henry H. Becher, John Lester Becher and Katherine Becher, minors.

This cause came on for hearing on the petition of Susan Becher, guardian of Henry H. Becher, John Lester Becher and Katherine Becher, minors, praying for license to sell an undivided three forty-eighths (34/8) interest in all that portion of lot number seven (7), in section number thirty-three (33), town seventeen (17) north of range one (1) east of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska, lying west of a line beginning at a point sixteen and seventy-seven one hundredths (16 77/100) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, and running thence north and south across said lot No. seven (7).

Also an undivided three forty-eighths (34/8) interest in all that part of lot number five (5) and six (6) in section thirty-three (33) town seventeen (17) north of range one (1) east of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska, lying within the following boundaries, viz: Commencing at a point on the north side of said lot six (6) thirty-one and seventy-two one hundredths (31 72/100) chains east of the section line between sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) in the township and range aforesaid, thence south to the south side of said lot six (6), thence east along the south boundary of said lots six (6) and five (5) to a point forty-seven and fifty-nine one hundredths (47 59/100) chains east of the section line between said sections thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33), thence north across said lot five (5) to the north boundary thereof, thence west along the north boundary of said lots five (5) and six (6) to the place of beginning.

Also an undivided three twenty-fourths (32/4) interest in the southwest quarter (S. W. 1/4) of the southeast quarter (S. E. 1/4) of section twenty-seven (27) in township seventeen (17) north of range two (2) west of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska.

Also an undivided three-twelfths (3/12) interest in lot number one (1) in block number one hundred and eleven (111) and lot number five (5) in block number one hundred and forty-six (146), all in the city of Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska.

Also an undivided three forty-eighths (34/8) interest in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section number twelve (12) in township sixteen (16) north of range five (5) west in Platte county, Nebraska, for the purpose of having the proceeds of the sale of said property put out at interest or invested in some productive stock, and was submitted to the court.

On consideration whereof, it is ordered that the next of kin of the said Henry H. Becher, John Lester Becher and Katherine Becher, and all persons interested in the estate herein described, appear before me at the court house in the city of Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, on the 14th day of August, 1909, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., there to show cause why a license should not be granted to said Susan Becher, guardian of said minors, to sell the above described real estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published for three successive weeks in the Columbus Journal, prior to the said day of hearing.

GEO. H. THOMAS, Judge. Dated July 13, 1909.

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HARRY MUSSELMAN, Proprietor

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