

# La-Book

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If you are interested in a New Coat, a New Suit, a New Dress, or a handsome Set of Furs, this is Your Opportunity.

For weeks we have been considering this sale and it is conceded to be the

**Greatest Cloak and Suit Sale in Nebraska**

Buyers who come for miles to patronize us may rest assured whatever you desire in this line you will

**Save at least 50 Per Cent**

Route No. 4.  
 Lyman Bray and family went to Silver Creek to furnish music for a Thanksgiving dance.  
 Wilmer Barnes of Route 5, visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. Donoghue on Route 4, last Sunday.  
 Mrs. Soulier, an old resident of near Platt Center, was buried in St. Michael's cemetery last Saturday.  
 Miss Mary Dinesen went to Silver Creek last Friday evening to visit her sister, Miss Josie, who is teaching in that neighborhood.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nelson are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter last Friday. Mrs. Nelson was Miss Ollie McFarland and a sister of Mrs. A. C. Butler.  
 Frank Bohan of Omaha was out on Route 4 last Sunday, looking over his property, and decided to put up a windmill on the farm occupied by J. J. Donoghue, which will be a great convenience to the renter.



Route No. 3.  
 Mrs. J. F. Gooden has been on the sick list the last week.  
 Born, on Monday, November 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sasfeld, a son.  
 Will Krausman was a guest at the home of John Brunken, jr., Sunday.  
 Louis Sasfeld visited at the home of John Rhoderst at Riverdale, Neb., the last week.  
 Marvin Knutselman shot a wolf, about a mile and a half north of town, last Saturday.  
 Mrs. L. E. Seefeld returned Monday from a visit with her mother, Mrs. Kanx, at Fremont.  
 The young folks at the Henry Bakenhaus home entertained the young folks of the neighborhood Sunday evening.  
 Fred Bohler lost one of his valuable draft horses one day last week. The animal fell and broke its leg and had to be shot.  
 Henry Deyha was quite badly injured last week by being kicked in the side by a horse. He has been confined to his bed several days, but at present is improving.

**Advertised Letters.**  
 Following is a list of unclaimed mail matter remaining in the post office at Columbus, Nebraska, for the period ending November 24, 1908:  
 Letters—Mrs. Sophia Gallen, John Lobbia, Mrs. Chris Matzen, Mrs. Edna Marimasa, L. O. Searley.  
 Cards—Mrs. Albert Albers, Mrs. Fern Holman, C. E. Newman, Mrs. H. J. Wilson.  
 Parties calling for any of the above will please say advertised.  
 CARL KRANER, P. M.

**On the Road to Learning.**  
 "You say you know nothing at all about our railway?" said the official.  
 "Nothing whatever," answered the applicant for employment.  
 "Well, you come highly recommended. I suppose we'll have to put you in the bureau of information and let the traveling public educate you."—Washington Star.

**ELWIN STRONG AND COMPANY.**  
 Local theatre goes will no doubt be pleased to learn that Elwin Strong and company open a week's engagement at the North opera house, Monday, Nov. 23. Mr. Strong, who is well and favorably known here, has this season surrounded himself with a company that is said to be the best in the west, and includes the talented actress Miss Katherine Dale, who is a Columbus girl. The opening play on Monday night will be the beautiful comedy drama, *Across the Rio Grande*. This play was especially written for Mr. Strong by the well known playwright Myron Leffingwell. It tells a deeply interesting story which holds the audience's attention from its opening scene till the final curtain. Its scenes are laid near El Paso, Texas, and across the river at Juarez in old Mexico, which naturally permits of a most elaborate scenic display. A complete scenic production is carried, the most beautiful setting being that used in the first act showing the garden of Paquitas Rest, near Juarez. It is safe to say that nothing more beautiful than this setting has ever been seen here. Ladies will be admitted free on the opening night, that is one lady will be admitted free with each reserved seat ticket sold up until 6 p. m. Monday. Prices 10, 20 and 30c.

**Antiquity of Fishing.**  
 Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing. Its origin would seem to be coeval with the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, for the oldest monuments of antiquity show the fisherman in full possession of the implements of his calling, and even those tribes of savages who have learned neither to keep flocks nor to till the fields are skilled in the fabrication of the hook, the fish spear and the net. The earliest civilization of the eastern Mediterranean was begun with fishing. Sidon, which means "fishery," was originally a fishing village, and its enterprising inhabitants devoted their attention mainly to the collection of a certain kind of mollusks, from which they prepared the famous trian purple, prized more highly for its richness and variety of its hues than any other dye known to the ancients.

## NORTH THEATRE

**WALTER SAVIDGE**  
 Presents  
**Elwin Strong & Company**  
 Including the Talented Actress  
**MISS KATHERINE DALE**  
 IN NEW PLAYS

**OPENING PLAY**  
**Monday Night, November 29th**

The Four Act Comedy Drama  
**"Across the Rio Grande"**

CHANGE OF PROGRAM NIGHTLY  
 Ladies Free on the Opening Night. One lady will be admitted free with each reserved seat ticket sold, up until 6 p. m. Monday.  
 Prices 10c, 20c, 30c.

**THE JEWISH SABBATH.**  
 Its Influence on the Habits of the Hebrew Children.

The Hebrew Sabbath, including its complicated preparations, is rich and impressive material for a child's imagination. On Thursday evening the mother already prepares dough, goes to market, cleans the fish, etc., says the *American Hebrew*.

In the morning comes the baking of "chales" (bread). How bewitching for a child to watch the mother making different shapes of dough, smearing it with egg and decorating it with braids of different shapes and forms. A Jewish child gets the first lesson in modeling by making make believe "chales."  
 In the evening the mother prepares to meet the Sabbath. The child partakes in the household occupations and therefore gets habits of industry, order and regard for the rights and ideas of others and the fundamental habit of subordinating his activities to the general interest of the household.  
 This is especially true in regard to Jewish households where everything seems to be prescribed by law. Before darkness sets in on Friday the household lights in the dining room extra candles or a special lamp in honor of Sabbath and reads the blessing.  
 Quite often a child not yet able to talk will cover its face with its little palms, imitating the gestures of the devoted mother. The returning from the synagogue, the appreciative greeting "Good Sabbath," the Kiddush, the blessing over wine, the special menu and the holiday spirit of all who participate have undoubtedly a soothing, beneficial influence upon the child. After supper the time is spent in resting.

**FIRST SHAPE OF EELS.**  
 Strait of Messina Reveals Mystery of the Snake-like Fish.

In the strait of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild tide surges, and owing probably to irregularities at the bottom there are whirling eddies which have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls.  
 It was here that the larval form of a fresh water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish.  
 All kinds of theories had been given forth with regard to the propagation of the eel. Some naturalists declared they bred in fresh water, others that they visited the estuaries for spawning purposes, but thanks to the discovery of Messina and later captures of the eel in its larval form it is practically certain that after mature eels drop down our rivers in autumn they lie them to exceedingly deep water in the sea and there deposit their eggs.  
 From the egg comes a little ribbon shaped creature, the larval form. In due course this changes into an eel of still smaller size, strange to say, and these small eels or elvers afterward ascend our rivers and there remain until they reach maturity, when they in their turn descend to the sea and history is repeated.—London Telegraph.

**Horses in Literature.**  
 In sacred writ it was deemed worthy of record that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, while the description of the war steed in Job is accounted one of the finest parts of that piece of literature. In Greek myth and English satire the qualities ascribed to Centaur and the Houyhnhnms testify sufficiently to the high regard in which the horse has ever been held. The name of Bucephalus is inseparably coupled with that of Alexander. At least one Roman emperor had divine honors paid to his charger. Who can picture Don Quixote sleeping on his armor without seeing the princely Rosinante tethered under the dewy night? And the stirring incidents of John Gilpin's ride conclusively proved that the racing blood of far removed equine ancestors was not entirely wanting in the degenerate descendant.

**Got All He Asked For.**  
 Another "meanest man" has been found. He lives in the city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a seedy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny."  
 "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents in change, and I will give you the nickel."  
 The beggar requests that his name be mentioned in connection with the item.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Argyll and Longfellow.**  
 The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.  
 "I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.  
 "Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"  
 "Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."  
 "May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.  
 "Certainly—but one."  
 "Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."  
 Might Have Been Put Differently.  
 We cut the announcement below from a New Zealand paper: "Notice.—The Maoris who are breeding pigs in Takahue, such as Mr. Peter and Mr. Tam Yata, are supposed to look after their pigs and keep them away from rooting up paddocks, or else if they do not I shall shoot every pig I come across. Secretary L. Howell."  
 This is decidedly one of the things that might have been put differently.—Westminster Gazette.

**A PATRIOTIC PIG.**  
 The Queer Pet That Was Adopted by a Regiment.

Perhaps the strangest pet that ever attracted a regiment's fancy was a pig. She attached herself to a Kentucky regiment on the way to invade Canada during the war of 1812.  
 As the men marched out from Harpersburg one morning they came across two pigs fighting. They halted to see it out. When the march was resumed the victorious pig followed the regiment. When they encamped at night the pig halted and found a shelter. The next morning the pig started with the regiment, and when it stopped the pig halted. Day by day it trotted along until the Ohio river was reached. A ferryboat transported the troops to Cincinnati, but the pig swam the stream and waited on the other side until the regiment took up its line of march.  
 During the long tramp to the lake piggy received her full share of rations. Occasionally the men were put on short commons, but no one thought of sticking the regiment's pet.  
 When they came to the lake's shore piggy was offered a passage across to Canada. She refused to stir from American soil.  
 When the campaign closed the troops recrossed to American soil, where they had left their horses. As the line was being formed a familiar grunt was heard. There was piggy ready to resume the march. On the homeward way the pig suffered greatly from the cold weather. It crossed, however, the Ohio river and then gave in.  
 Governor Shelby of Kentucky had piggy conveyed to his farm, and there she passed her days in indolence and good living, honored as the regiment's pet.—Exchange.

**KNOW IT WOULD RAIN.**  
 And He Had a Substantial Basis For His Conviction.

A mission teacher on the Bowery, by the force of his enthusiasm, succeeded in gaining the interest of a well known tough, who began at once to change his way of living, certainly to the signal betterment of his worldly comfort. He wore new clothes, associated with attractive people and experienced the prosperity of peaceful life.  
 The convert, though much regenerated, could not wholly abandon his former life, and the drift of his mind toward things of the past came into startling evidence. He attended a non-denominational class meeting called by his mentor for the special purpose of considering the practical ways and means of promoting a monster basket picnic. An appropriate date for the picnic was one of the matters to be decided. Much to the general astonishment, the convert was greatly opposed to the date favored by all the others. A recess was taken to discuss the issue more informally, and the mission worker drew his protege aside to interrogate him.  
 "It is going to rain that day," declared the convert earnestly. "It will spoil the picnic."  
 "But how do you know it is so certain to rain?"  
 Then the convert blurted forth his reasons helplessly, but with conviction:  
 "I have it straight that Taboo's people will start her in the third on that very day. She is out for a killing, and I never knew her to run that it didn't rain."—New York Telegraph.

**Telephone Gesticulation.**  
 "It was the constant gesticulating of that fellow at the other end of the wire that made it so hard to catch what he said," growled a man who had been wrestling with the telephone in a downtown office.  
 "How in the world could you tell he was making gestures?" asked the incredulous listener.  
 "By the jerky way the words came over the wire. Many people get so excited when telephoning that they gesticulate as frantically as if they were talking with a man face to face. Their bounding around and sawing the air break the voice, and the sentences come over the wire in fragments. I have talked with so many people who, I learned later, were dancing a jig at the other end of the wire that I always can tell when that gesticulating is going on."—New York Globe.

**The Awakening.**  
 Two weeks after he had faced the parson with the only girl in the world he chanced upon Jones, one of his old bachelor friends.  
 "Well, old man," remarked the latter, grinning. "I can't say you look the part of a happy benedict. What's the trouble? Have you suffered a disappointment?"  
 "I have," answered the other grimly. "My wife can't sing!"  
 "Can't sing?" echoed Jones cheerily. "But in that case I should have said you were to be congratulated."  
 "That's not the trouble," responded the young husband. "The trouble is she thinks she can!"

**His Authority.**  
 Browning—I hear you are engaged to that young widow who is visiting relatives here. Is it true? Greening—Yes. Browning—How did you discover that she was the one woman in the world for an old bachelor like you? Greening—Why, she—er—told me so.—Chicago News.

**Either Way.**  
 "Happiness merely consists of getting the things we want," remarked the wise guy.  
 "Or not getting the things we don't want," supplemented the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

**Saves Trouble.**  
 "After all, it is an advantage to have a sophisticated husband."  
 "In what way?"  
 "Well, it isn't necessary to waste time hunting through his pockets at night."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Foolish Notion.**  
 Most of the men who ought to think the world is against them are so insignificant that the world has never noticed them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.**—Jane Porter.

**EARNED HIS BOARD.**  
 Sir Thomas Lipton's Experience as a Hotel Runner

"During the early part of my business career," said Sir Thomas Lipton in the London Strand Magazine, "I became imbued with the idea that it was possible to prosper quickly in America, and at the age of sixteen I left home and started for the United States. I had not dared tell my father and mother, so they only knew of the great step I had taken when I had gone. Had it not been for the kindness of my fellow passengers my journey would have been very miserable, and once or twice, I confess, I lost heart.  
 "I had no money nor any one to go to when I arrived in New York, and before we landed I cudgeled my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamers drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before any one else had left the vessel.  
 "As it seemed a clean, well kept place I asked to see the proprietor and told him that I could get him forty patrons, provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To his consternation, I made my way back instantly to the boat and was just in time to catch my fellow passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did."

**LONG LIVED OLIVE TREES.**  
 Groves That Have Been Productive For Many Centuries.

The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 400 trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued in the year 1410.  
 Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productivity for many hundreds of years. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect.  
 Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive tree bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruits from the branches with sticks, which seriously injured them.  
 The methods of grinding the olive for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders nor pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers receive 5 per cent of the actual fruit picked, and the grinders get 10 per cent of the fruit ground.—Dunedin Advertiser.

**How Whitman Helped Childs.**  
 The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden.  
 "Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Whitman?"  
 "No," said Whitman; "no, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$50 a month."  
 "You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"  
 "Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoat. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."  
 A Little Awkward.  
 "Nearightedness must be very embarrassing at times," remarked a Brooklyn resident to an acquaintance thus afflicted. "The other morning, for example, a man addressed me on a crowded bridge trolley, and in the course of conversation he roundly abused a chap whose political and business methods he disliked equally. In fact, he became acutely personal in his denunciations.  
 "Before he left the car he was informed by a friend near him that I was the man he had been abusing. It didn't worry me at all, but it must have been a bit disconcerting for him, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

# Ladies' Cloaks, Skirts and Jackets

Our New Fall and Winter Line of Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, Skirts, Children's Cloaks and Coats is now complete. We can save you money in this department. Call and be convinced. We are always glad to show our goods.

We are showing a complete new line of **Ladies, Gents' and Children's Sweaters**

The Celebrated SCHMIDT KNIT Sweaters for golf, autoing and outing wear. They are all the vogue.

**SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Gents' "Four In Hand" Ties, 20 cents each, 3 for 50 cents. In all the late colors.**

We also carry a Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Comforts, Blankets, Carpets and Shoes

## J. H. GALLEY

505 ELEVENTH ST. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

**MINUTIVE FARMS.**  
 The Way Real Estate is Divided Up In Portugal.

The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are still used.  
 When a man dies, instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.  
 Thus, if the property consists of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land and there are ten heirs, each heir will receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.  
 The immediate result of this, according to the United States consular reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the river Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**WHITWASHING COAL.**  
 Not Done For the Sake of Neatness, but to Prevent Theft.

Persons who have been somewhat astonished by having whitewashed coal delivered to them will be interested to know that the whitewashing is not done to improve the appearance or to increase the burning qualities. The treatment neither improves nor harms the fuel.  
 It is a detective scheme on the part of the railroads to locate and prevent theft of the coal as it is hauled from the mines to the consumer. These depredations amount to thousands of tons annually, and the railroads are the sufferers, as it is up to them to deliver as many tons at their destination, often a thousand miles away, as were weighed in when the car was turned over for transportation.  
 Two or three tons may be removed from a carload containing forty tons without attracting attention to its decreased quantity until the car is again placed on the scales. To locate the loss, says Popular Mechanics, lime-water is sprayed over a carload of coal. In a short time the water has evaporated, leaving a load of white coal. Then removal of any coal leaves a big black spot, which is quickly noticed by inspectors and station agents and the leak found and stopped.

**A Nation of Borrowers.**  
 Zanzibar appears, from a consular report, to be a place of universal borrowing. "Neither the Arab nor the Swahili," says the report, "has the slightest idea of thrift. The former, when he has sold his clove, immediately spends the proceeds in entertaining or in the purchase of European articles for which he has little or no use. He then mortgages his property at a ruinous rate of interest or sells his next year's crop in advance at a price which would hardly pay for its harvesting, with the inevitable result that he is always up to his eyes in debt. The Swahili, if he happens to be out of debt at the beginning of the month, spends all his pay within a few days in food or native dances and has to beg, borrow or steal sufficient to maintain himself for the rest of the month. The money lender is in both cases the Indian, and the interest which he charges varies from 30 up to 500 per cent."

**Her Transformation.**  
 Irene was a little street wail. A kind hearted woman called her into her home one day, gave her a bath, brushed her hair and arranged it becomingly, trying it with a clean pretty ribbon. Then she stepped back to view the result. A friend who was present remarked that there was such a change one would scarcely know that it was the same child. "But my name's Irene yet, ain't it?"—Dellator.

**Kept Him Busy.**  
 "You haven't had time to make any friends? Then you have lived in rain."  
 "Not on your life. I've managed to make some bully enemies."—Cleveland Leader.