



A Hint From Old Santa
 as to what will be best appreciated by rich and poor alike at the glad Christmas season should surely be considered. Old Santa says: Buy a sack of WAY UP FLOUR for yourself—for someone else as well—and make a lot of people happy, for WAY UP FLOUR is the best made.

COLUMBUS ROLLER MILLS

Congregational Church.
 The Congregational church announces that Eliran B. Harrison of Hastings will speak both morning and evening. His morning theme will be "An Angel-filled Universe." He will speak in the evening from the theme "Transformed Men." The evening offers the following program:
 Organ prelude
 Gloria
 Invocation
 Hymn
 Hymn
 Prayer
 Anthem—choir
 Announcements
 Hymn
 Offertory
 Solo—Mrs. Mark Rathburn
 Sermon—Transformed Men
 Hymn
 Benediction
 Postlude.

Route No. 1.
 Miss Katie Reed, who has been very sick, is improving.

Route No. 5.
 Get out your sleighs and enjoy a ride while you may.

Everything frozen up Wednesday morning—two below zero.
 Last Saturday the roads were so badly drifted that the carrier did not make his trip, and on Monday he succeeded in getting as far as Frank Olcott's, completing the trip Tuesday.

Cutting Red Tape.
 Many amusing stories are told of ways in which postoffice officials, inclined to keep too rigorously to the letter of their regulations, have been thwarted. On one occasion a man asked for 240 penny stamps and tendered payment in copper. The official declined to receive it, whereupon the man began buying and paying for one stamp at a time. Before he had got a dozen in that way the postoffice official had surrendered. It must have been the same man or a near relative who one Sunday went into a postoffice that was open for telegraph business only. He handed in a sixpenny telegram and asked to be supplied with two stamps besides. No, he could not have stamps; telegraph business only was transacted. Innocently he asked if he might have his telegram back for a moment to add something. He added four words to it and tendered the additional twopence. The form was returned to him with the stamps to affix. Crossing out the four additional words, he affixed the sixpenny stamp, pushed the telegram under the counter rail and walked out with his two stamps.—London Tatler.

Extreme Absentmindedness.
 The queerest case of absentmindedness that I have ever known of," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor.
 "Well, Brown requested me to have him wakened at 9 o'clock so as to allow him to catch the 4 o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones' clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and, would you believe it?—here the speaker paused—"when he found out that he was wearing some one else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."
 "I don't see any absentmindedness about that," broke in one of the listeners.
 "You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man."

Probably.
 Myer—I wonder why Brown added the "v" to his name after inheriting a fortune? Gyer—He probably figures out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more case than poor people.—London Globe.

NORTH Theatre

Tuesday, Dec. 11

BERNARD DALY

The Sweet Irish Singer and Company in "Sweet Innisfallen"

Under the auspices of the Columbus Council KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

Seat Sale Saturday

HIS MONEY TROUBLE.

He Gained a Dime and Then He Figured Up the Loss.
 The next time Lionel, whose other name doesn't matter, gets his optics on an unattached dime he'll look the other way. For Lionel is all pored up over an adventure that had a dime for its foundation and for which he can blame no one but Lionel. He rehearsed his money trouble thuswise:
 "In a Broadway car I saw it—the dime that was hoodooed. It lay upon the floor of the car unclaimed and homeless. No one else seemed to care to take it in and give it a welcome, so I did. But even as I reached for the bit of silver the trouble drama opened. My suspenders snapped with the strain—for, as you can see, I'm not built on the sunken garden plan as regards avoidpulp. Thereupon I reached back to gather the frayed ends of the busted surlin, still feeling for the chunk of white metal with the other hand. My watch, not to be shoved out of the drama without a chance to do its little part, dropped out of my pocket, making a decided hit. The crystal broke into 7889 pieces, not counting the one that I got in my finger later. The works mingled with the dirt and shattered glass, and the case tripped gayly into a corner. Just then show it was also interested, a perfectly good silver dollar was bounced out of my waistcoat pocket and did the vanishing act—where, I know not. A fountain pen, all framed up with gold bands, followed suit. By this time I was giving the rest of the passengers the show of their lives—and nobody coming across with anything but the giggle gag. And I couldn't recall my feelings because there were ladies present. Holding on to my wrecked raiment and carrying my assorted ruins as well as I might, I hurried myself off that car at the next corner. Then I beat it for a friendly retreat and totaled up the event. The wreck had set me back \$41, but I had the dime!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORITY.

It Seemed to Fit the Case, and Joey Was Discharged.
 There was consternation among the young folk. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a schoolteacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was haled away to the lockup. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.
 "That's a good soul, squire. Pave me go," put in Joey.
 The squire took down a ponderous lawbook and began thoughtfully to turn the pages.
 "If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, ye'll find it in Byron." the prisoner suggested.
 "Can you quote it?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.
 "Aye, so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads, 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfined.'"
 The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfined.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Enjoying Himself.

A food mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:
 "I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while.
 "The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit.
 "We are goin' to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."—London Globe.

Selling by Candle Time.

"It did me good," observed a young girl who had just returned from England, "to see in real life one of the old customs my grandfather used to tell me about—the burning of the time candle at an auction. In Berkshire the old custom still prevails, and when an auction is in progress and an article is put up for bidding a short length of candle is lighted as the bidding begins. The shouting continues until the candle burns out, and the last bid before it flickers its last is the one that takes the cake. I don't know but what it has an advantage over the 'going, going, gone' variety, but it is fearfully slow and un-American."—Exchange.

Dear me.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady, "but I wish you had dropped that cut glass pitcher within five minutes!"
 "I know it, a 'cut,'" replied the maid, "but it didn't 'cut' the first time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Just the Same.

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the prisoner.
 "Casey, yer honor," answered the prisoner.
 "Your full name?" asked the judge.
 "Just the same, yer honor," answered the prisoner, "full or sober."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Outcome.

Jack—Where is the pretty girl you were making love to a year ago?
 Tom—Oh, she's married long ago.
 "Jilted you, eh?"
 "No; worse than that. She married

A BIT OF SLANG.

Origin of "Making a Noise Like" This or That.
 Captain Henry G. Lyon, U. S. A., was the innocent cause of the slang expression about "making a noise like" this or that. At Peekskill in 1895 he gave instruction to officers of the New York national guard doing duty in that town of camp. The first day he formed the officers into a class in the big mess hall, which was open at the sides, so that all that went on inside was seen and heard by the enlisted men passing back and forth. In teaching the officers how to give the commands Captain Lyon impressed upon the class the necessity of clear enunciation and of making commands like an officer, saying "arms," not "ump," etc.
 The privates' capacity for turning things to their own amusement was shown a few minutes after that first class was dismissed, for officers going through their company streets heard shouting out, "Make a noise like an officer!" whereupon the entire "class" would roar "Ump!" A reporter sent an account to a New York paper, and from this grew expressions such as "Make a noise like a hoop and roll away," etc.
 However, it is seldom one hears the word "arms" or "march," the voice finding it much easier to slur the word till it may mean anything, and as the preparatory command indicates what is to be done the command following is merely a signal for the execution of what has already been specified.—Army and Navy Journal.

LEGAL ADVICE.

The Lawyer's Duty in Giving Counsel to His Client.
 In the realm of advice a lawyer may choose between counseling his client how to uphold the rights secured to him by the justice of his cause or how to obtain benefits from the application of technicalities and the use of the weaknesses of the particular statute or precedents under consideration whereby he may attain advantages inconsistent with fair play between man and man.
 Every time a lawyer encourages such an application of the law as, resulting in injustice, casts disrepute upon the law or its administration he is plainly promoting discord either in the present or the future.
 Every time a lawyer counsels contrary to the establishment of a right as recognized by existing law or for the promulgation of new law beneficial to the majority of society he is exercising his true function, and the charge which he lays upon his individual client and through him upon industry and progress in the mass, if reasonable in amount, is well earned and should be cheerfully paid.
 When, however, a lawyer gives the other kind of advice the expense, perhaps cheerfully borne by the client who profits personally therefrom, must be finally laid upon society as a whole, which is thereby paying for its own injury and naturally resents the charge.—Donald E. Richberg in Atlantic.

Sitting on the Snakes.

"While in Paris last summer another girl and I went out to Versailles one afternoon," said a schoolteacher. "It was dusk when we reached the railway station, and, as there was no waiting room, we sat down on two crates that were out on the platform among a lot of others. We noticed that the station employees kept staring at us with a persistence that was annoying. Presently a man in a shabby uniform with a bucket on his arm approached us. He touched his cap deferentially and said in French, of course:
 "Monsieur, pray do not let me disturb you, but I am forced to open the boxes on which you are seated in order to feed the boa constrictor and other serpents that are within."
 "When we recovered from our fright we found we had been seated in the midst of a huge collection of snakes that had just arrived from their native jungles en route for the zoo near Versailles."—Exchange.

Letter Perfect and Looked the Part.

An amateur theatrical company was recently arranging for the performance of a play which contained a rich variety of characters, says London Sketch. Owing to this fact little progress was made with the cast, a few members of the company making a dead set at principal positions, while minor characters were going a-begging. One rather vacuous looking youth made himself particularly obstructive and brought down the wrath of a brother artist.
 "In my opinion," exclaimed the latter, "young Jones must, in the interests of economy, take the part of Simkins the Fool."
 "Why economy?" demanded Mr. Jones indignantly.
 "Well, you see, my dear fellow," was the quiet reply, "you won't need any leading up."

The Sacrifice.

"A Kentucky couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago after a courtship which had lasted fifty years."
 "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doesn't Work.

"Cheerfulness is riches."
 "Oh, no! If you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder."—Detroit Free Press.

The Crisis.

"Now, Tommy, you must go and wash yourself."
 "Ma, if you keep on at this washin' business you'll queer me whole vacation."—Century Magazine.

Men's Lives are r.

thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe.—Elliot.

A Matter of Hours.

Bangs—What is the difference between a woman's whisky club and a man's poker club? Wags—Why, in one you get home to dinner and in the other to breakfast.—Newark Star.

MADE MATTERS WORSE.

The Effort to Correct Her Error About Charles and Mary Lamb.
 Charles Lamb, the beloved Ella of the essays, wrote both tragedies and comedies, but was not a successful playwright. When his farce "Mr. H." was produced at the Drury Lane theater it failed conspicuously, and the genial author, who was in the audience, himself joined with companionable vigor in hissing it.
 It is, indeed, an airy trifle, too slight in texture for the professional stage, but it has proved a charming play for amateurs. At a recent performance by a college dramatic society a little dialogue took place between two ladies in the audience which would certainly have delighted Lamb himself could he have heard it.
 "Mr. H., a farce in two acts by Charles Lamb," read one of them from her program. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author."
 "Oh, my dear," exclaimed her neighbor, with a superior smile, "of course he was! Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare."
 "Collaborated with Shakespeare?" exclaimed the first speaker, startled out of her politeness. "Ridiculous! What could have put such an idea—Oh, you must be thinking of the Tales From Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb."
 There was mirth in her voice, and the superior person, flushing, perceived that overhasty "collaborating" for the occasion had led her into error. She tried to retrieve herself.
 "I did not mean collaborated with him, of course," she explained joyfully. "That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him."—Youth's Companion.

AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

The Eskimo Swathbox Finally Went to the Dogs.
 The missionary sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.
 Everything in Baffin Land dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From 300 miles around the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered 40 degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the struggling list of arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland sound have long since been forgotten the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimos from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.
 But a few nights later a sad fate befell the eskimo church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the eskimo covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.—Everybody's Magazine.

Lingering Superstitions.

"Will a lucky gentleman give an unlucky one a tiny mascot to bring luck?" runs an advertisement in an English paper. Here was a poor soul—for if there is a creature on the face of the earth whose fate calls for pity it is a gentleman who is down-keeping in her poverty some of that superstition or faith, whatever it may be called, which is the only thing that keeps misfortune from crushing the sufferer. If only she could get the right charm she might induce fate to look kindly on her! People call this a practical age, but evidences of superstition continue to appear. A lawsuit not long ago revealed the fact that an astrologer kept a motorcar and had a fine house, etc., all of which came out of the proceeds of a sodical magazine.

As Exemplified.

Having given his order twenty minutes before and seeing no indications that his dinner was ready, the man with the sparse whiskers beckoned to a waiter.
 "My friend," he said, "perhaps I have made a mistake. Is this a pay as you enter restaurant?"
 "No, sir," responded the young man in the white apron, yawning. "This is a dinner cooked while you wait restaurant."
 Thereupon he resumed his dreamy, contemplative attitude, and the man with the sparse whiskers waited some more.—Chicago Tribune.

A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference."
 "After all," he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, "what use will it ever be?"
 "Why," said Faraday, "there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it."

A Turn Down.

Snaggy—Big pardon, mister; I'm a stranger in dese parts. Farmer Harrow—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to git acquainted with ye. (Turns away.)—Poston Transcript.

Getting.

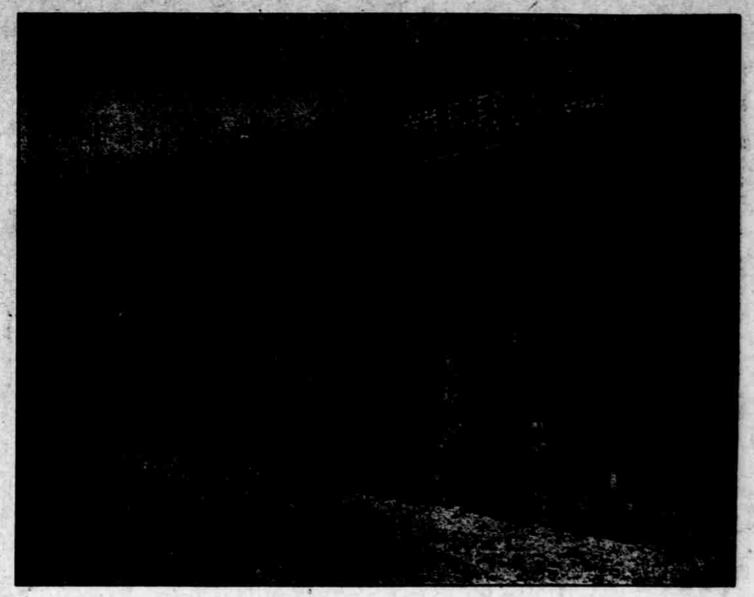
Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once. Miss Cutting—Really? Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice.—Illustrated Bits.

Got Defined.

"What is gent?" asks a correspondent. Well, it is an inflection of the word, but is often a source of pride when acquired.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Camel.

Why is a camel easily angered? Because it always has its back up.



22 TONS OF CANDY
 Shipped from Poesch's Candy Factory
 Christmas, 1909

A Salutary Lesson.

"Now, remember your salutes," said the English corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant—he wears one star on his shoulder—slope arms; if you see a major—a crown—present arms; if the colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard."
 Pat pondered his orders carefully, but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general.
 "That worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross swords on the gallant officer's shoulders and as he was not included in the corporal's category simply nodded cheerfully.
 "Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?"
 "I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick. "And who are you?"
 "Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general," said the latter.
 "A general, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corporal told me about the officers, but nothing about yourself at all, at all. But hold hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise, if that'll do."

Traced by a Thermometer.

One night many years ago Dr. White-law was walking along with the messenger when he was set upon and knocked down in a lonely part of the road. His pockets were rifled, and he was left lying on the road with a fracture of the tibia. One of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had that evening taken the temperature of a patient suffering from enteric fever. He remembered the temperature registered, also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer back in his pocket, and he communicated these facts to the police.
 Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop in Glasgow, and by this means the police were enabled to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them in one of the Glasgow theaters.—Glasgow Medical Journal.

Better Dad Than Editors.

Judge—How do you earn your living? Prisoner—By writing your honor. Judge—And what do you write for? Would you mind telling us? Prisoner—Not at all. I write for money from home.—Judge's Library.

The Joy That Killed.

A senator was praising the humor of a certain congressman.
 "His humor, however," he concluded, "is rather grim. I told him the other day about a mutual acquaintance who had died, a man he had never liked.
 "And his wife is dead, too," I said. "He himself died on Monday; his wife died two days later. The papers didn't say what killed her."
 "She was tickled to death, I guess," said the congressman grimly.

The Man of the Hour.

Little Charles was sent to Miss R.'s to return a basket. He was received very cordially and invited to come "some time and stay to dinner." "Thank you," said Charles very solemnly. "I will. I'll stay today."—Dellator.

Rough.

"I scraped an acquaintance with Jones today."
 "Yes. And he says your method of scolding is good."—Cleveland Leader.

Scot on His Suit.

They were having a spelling lesson at a certain district school the other day, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.
 The word "chimney" was given out to a little black-eyed girl who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed this one by inadvertently leaving out the "h."
 Quick as a wink the little boy next her pounced on the word and spelled it correctly.
 "You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher.
 "I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "My mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."—London Fun.

Dangerous Insects.

The trolley car stopped in the middle of a stretch of country road. Both motorman and conductor tried in vain to find out what the trouble was. At last they gave it up, and the conductor started down the track to the nearest telephone.
 "What do you suppose is the trouble?" inquired a passenger of his seat mate.
 "Why, I don't know much about electricity," said the other, "but I should say it was the ohms. You see, they get into the wires every little while and make an awful fuss there. Technically, I believe, it is called resistance, but all it amounts to is stoppage—like eels in water pipe, you know. I never saw an ohm myself. They're microscopic, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Repartees.

Mrs. Fidgett—Are the stars shining, John? Mr. Fidgett—Did you ever know the stars to do anything else than shine? (Later Mr. Fidgett—is the rain still coming down, Hoo-ee? Mrs. Fidgett—Did you ever know it to do anything else than come down, John? Mr. Fidgett—Yes. I have known it to hold up.

Not Much by the Day.

Lady—What! Thirty-eight cents a dozen for eggs? Why, that's more than 8 cents for one egg. Grover—Well, mum, you must remember that one egg is a whole day's work for one hen.—Cleveland Leader.

Revolver Needed.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The cheese, sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—London Sketch.

A Slim Chance.

Willie—Pa, why do they call our language the mother tongue? Pa—Sh! It's because your father never gets a chance to use it.—London Tit-Bits.

A Mortal Insult.

Mrs. Dimpleton—I want you to get another doctor right off, Dimpleton—What's the matter with this one? Mrs. Dimpleton—What do you suppose he said about baby? He told me I must treat him like a human being!

A Hard Job.

Willie—Pa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling. Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

To make laws complete they should reward as well as punish.

—Goldsmith.

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
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