

Teachers' Institute.

At the close of the Platte County Teachers' Institute last week the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The thirty-third annual Platte County Teachers' Institute for the year 1910, is drawing to a close, and

Whereas, We the committee on resolutions, in behalf of the teachers in attendance, grateful for the benefits derived from its sessions, hereby submit the following as the evidence of their appreciation:

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the people of Columbus for their hospitality; to the board of education for the use of the High school building; and also to Mr. McTaggart for the services he rendered.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Miss Fricke for her excellent piano selections; to Miss Strickland and Prof. Preston for their vocal selections, and to all others who have assisted us with their musical talent. Be it further

Resolved, That we express our thanks to Supt. Lecron for the efforts that he put forth in securing such an excellent corps of instructors, namely Prof. N. W. Preston, of Fremont; Miss Mary Strickland, of Fremont; Supt. F. M. Hunter, of Norfolk, and Prof. H. F. Carson, of Hastings who have so ably presented their respective subjects. Respectfully submitted by the committee.

C. A. Otradovec,
Birdie Dodds,
Josie Richardson,
Helle Newman,
Louise Luedtke.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Came Down Dead.

W. M. Newson tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather promiscuously and then started to load up. Behind me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clean a big hunk of stone of the barnyard by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime.

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large driftwood stick in my hand. Johnny, still in fits of laughter, pointed behind me and mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there behind me on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat.

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

HE WAS THANKFUL.

A Reporter Who Appreciated the Attentions of His Superior.

A reporter for a Philadelphia newspaper was sent up the state to act as staff correspondent in an important court trial. It was the reporter's first big out of town assignment, and his managing editor kept the telegraph wires busy with instructions and inquiries. For two days and two nights the reporter had received a dispatch from his office half hourly, and it began to get on his nerves.

At the end of the second day he worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, filed his last page of copy, received word that his story had been received, and he went to bed. Just as he was putting on the light the hotel porter appeared with the inevitable tray and the inevitable telegram. The reporter opened it and read:

"What time does court open in the morning?"

It was too much. He hated the sight of a telegram. He had been feeling the curse of the dispatches only to have them pursue him to bed. He sat down and wrote to his office the most courteous answer he could compose:

"Court opens at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is now 3. Thank you for waking me in time."—Philadelphia Times.

Balzac's Way.

Julius Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian Islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepeca." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.



Grand Opera Soprano Coming to CHAUTAUQUA HIS DEATH SCENE.

A Stage Performance That Took Place Under Difficulties.

In an article on barnstorming in the Wide World Magazine P. R. Eaton describes a performance which took place under certain difficulties.

"There had been an ice-cream social just prior to our arrival in the hall, and no one had cleaned the stage. Mac had a new pair of broadcloth trousers and my scarlet tunic, also new. When a shot was fired he was to fall and before dying confess that he had killed old Fitzgrad.

The juvenile down front was not to speak till Mac had fallen and confessed. There he stood while Mac staggered about the stage looking for a clean place on which to fall. Mixed in with his lines he was making remarks to us in the wings sotto voce, while we were convulsed with laughter at his antics.

"I cannot die—oh, why didn't you have a grass mat?—I must not die—I shall ruin my breeches—I can't die—oh, this stage is afloat with ice cream—I—must—not—die."

Here the juvenile put in some side remarks of his own "Oh, hurry up and die or I'll walk off!"

"Go ahead," retorted Mac, "and bring me a sack. I must—not—die. Well, if I must here goes—it's ruin to your tunic! Feet, and my breeches—oh, oh!" (He went down on one knee, then on one elbow and finally lay full length.) "The deed is done—I confess—I—murdered—Old Fitzgrad"—A realistic ruck and all was over, including the shivering of our clothes, as prophesied. The natives said it was the "best and most likeliest death scene that had ever been given in that town."

THE MUSKRAT.

More People Trap This Little Animal Than Any Other.

In America nearly 10,000 people trap the muskrat, or muskrat, every year. More people trap this little animal than any other. It is claimed that the greatest number of skins are taken in Minnesota and the Red river district. Most of the pelts are exported. The skins are very uniform in color, usually a dark brown. However, those of Alaska and the Mackenzie district are very light in color. The black pelts or those which are nearly so come from the southern sections, at least occasionally a few are found in other localities.

The muskrat is very prolific. In some latitudes, says Fur News, it has three litters of young in a summer and from three to five young in each litter. The animals are nocturnal in their habits, but are often seen during the day. Muskrats, it is said, thrive best in sluggish streams, lakes and marshes. In appearance it is very much like the beaver, and its habits are very similar.

The muskrats that inhabit the ponds, marshes and shallow lakes build their houses of grass, weeds, etc., and plaster them together with mud. The house is built in the shape of a dome and is usually several feet above the water. The muskrat that lives along the streams usually has its home in the banks of them. The entrance to this den is almost always beneath the water, but as the burrows range upward the dens are never filled with water except in times of freshets.

What the Light Revealed. A story is told of a simple and devout Methodist minister who was not sufficiently eloquent or businesslike to be approved by the presiding elder. Through the influence of the elder he felt sure he was appointed to a small and widely scattered settlement where there was much hard work, and the results were necessarily meager. One day he was commenting sadly on the narrowness of his opportunities to a friend, who said gravely that he ought to pray for light that he might see the hand of the Lord in his appointment.

"I have, brother," he answered, "again and again. But so far," he added, with a whimsical smile, "I've had only light enough to see the interfering hand of Elder Brown."—Youth's Companion.

Eyeglasses.

"Did you ever notice," queried an optician, "that nearly every person who wears rimless eyeglasses when polishing the lenses with a handkerchief holds the glasses by the nose piece, thus putting all the strain of the rubbing upon the screws which attach the glass to the metal? Of course this tends to loosen the glass and wear out the thread upon the tiny screw. This in turn causes the lenses to wobble, resulting in great discomfort to the wearer. It's strange how little intelligence intelligent people display in simple matters, but then it brings us business."—New York Globe.

Hereditary.

Honx—Poor old Henpecke has to mind the baby. Joax—Yes, it's wonderful how that baby takes after its mother.—Philadelphia Record.

All affliction is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.



College Chap Clothes
It is just simply out of the question for a young fellow to find such clothes as those known as "College Chap" unless he comes to us.

The shoulders, the graceful waist, the delightful lapels, all proclaim them the clothes "de luxe" for men who know cleverness when they see it. Are you one of these men? We want to know you.

GREISEN BROS.
Columbus, Neb.

A COMING ATTRACTION CHAUTAUQUA



Madam Sarah Wathena Brown has for years been a prominent tenement worker in the big cities. She selected from some of the slums a few bright boys, and by giving them musical training, enables them to lead useful lives. These boys enjoy their work and you will enjoy them at Chautauqua.

A STORY OF FORREST.

The Actor's Encounter With an Impertinent Critic.

Many years ago Edwin Forrest, the celebrated actor, when in New York, was in the habit of dining at Windust's, a noted restaurant on Park row that was a favorite resort of actors and literary men. It usually happened that Forrest would be joined by friends and that the little group would sit together at one table. On one occasion it chanced that an Englishman with a reputation for conceit and impertinence, who had scraped acquaintance with the tragedian, was one of the group.

Early in the course of the dinner the Englishman began to make criticisms which he considered pleasant remarks. Forrest's conception of certain roles, encouraged by his own appreciation, he gave full play to his humor and concluded each of his impertinences with "Pardon my freedom, sir—it's my way."

To the astonishment of all who knew Forrest's irascible disposition he bore the Briton's offensive remarks patiently and seemingly ignored them as far as possible. When, however, the nuts were brought in by the waiter he took several cracked walnuts in his hand, walking over to the Briton's place, jocularly snapped them successively in the face of that individual, lightly saying after each shot, "Pardon my freedom, sir—it's my way," and snapped him out of the restaurant.

SPEED OF WAVES.

Over Seventy-eight Miles an Hour Has Been Recorded.

Interesting facts about waves were given by Dr. Vaughan Cornish in one of his lectures. In the north Atlantic, he said, waves had been measured, the largest of which was somewhat more than forty feet high, with a length from crest to crest of 500 feet. It was in the southern Indian ocean that waves attained their fullest development, and they had been measured there with a length of 780 feet.

In the Atlantic it had been found that waves attained a speed of thirty-eight miles an hour in a wind of about forty-four miles an hour. Speaking of the swells in the waves that run free on the surface of the sea after the wind has ceased, Dr. Cornish said that during a storm in December, 1898, he recorded breakers near Bonaventure which moved at sixty-seven miles an hour and had a length from crest to crest of 1,900 feet. In February, 1899, he observed breakers on the same shore which had a speed in deep water of not less than seventy-eight and a half miles an hour.—London Family Herald.

CHINESE SAILORS.

They Never Learn to Tie a Knot Properly, Says a Skipper.

"I don't know why it is," said the captain of the tramp steamer, "but you can't teach any of those Chinese sailors there to tie a real knot."

"There isn't much need aboard a steamer for the rope knowledge that used to be so much the part of a fore'st's training, but we do need splices and knots now and again just the same.

"Those Chinese there, who were signed on as A. B.'s can do anything needed in the way of splices that would make an old tar green with envy, and they'll fix up dead-eyes better than most of the men I've shipped.

"But you can't get one of 'em to tie a right knot. Teach 'em again and again, and they remember the lesson for half an hour. Next time there's a straight everyday knot to be tied the Chinese fore'st's hand makes up the same old granny.

"Every child that tries to tie a knot makes a granny. This kind of a knot is made up by passing the ends around each other in the reverse direction, making the ends stand out at right angles. The ends should be wound around each other in the same direction. When they come out of the knot they should lie alongside the line on either side of the knot. Such a knot won't slip. But a Chinaman can't learn it for keeps—not he.

"The Lascar and Malay and Kanaka learn the right knot easily enough. In a storm that's one of the things we have to guard against if we have Chinese sailors."—New York Sun.

EYE DEFECTS.

Some Things That Are Said to Affect the Sense of Vision.

Many eye defects, of course, are due to the bad habits of their possessors. Tobacco, for instance, is generally held to impair the vision, usually injuring the color sense so that gold and silver become indistinguishable. According to some medical authorities, again, the connection between eye and tooth trouble is more than an old wife's fable. In his book dealing with the subject Hancock relates the story of a boy who woke up one morning to find himself blind. On examination his teeth were discovered to be crowded together, and a few of them were removed, with the result that by evening he could distinguish between light and darkness. More teeth were removed, and in eleven days his sight was fully restored. Other cases which tend to show the connection between eye and tooth trouble have also been noted. Very frequently occupation has much to do with one or other eye defect. Thus nystagmus is sometimes known as the miners' disease.

Nystagmus is an involuntary oscillation of the eyeball to and fro or round in its orbit. In contradistinction to glaucoma, it is a young defect, having been noticed in infants, but sometimes it attacks miners after forty. Miners are inclined to attribute the falling to the bad light, but it is more likely to be caused by the continual upward glance so often necessitated by their occupation.—Strand Magazine.

CHINESE FANMAKING.

The Industry Carried on in One District For Centuries.

The fanmaking industry in China was started centuries ago in the village of Pengchow, at Ampow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to women in various households, but for many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. Only the open fan is manufactured in this district.

For the frame the split bamboo is repeatedly rived until each piece is sufficiently slender and flexible. These threadlike pieces of bamboo are arranged in a row, attached to each other by a thread passed crosswise through the middle. This thread is fastened to a semicircular strip of bamboo, giving the fan its shape. The ribs are then slightly beated and bent at the ends. The fan has now the peculiar and characteristic shell-like shape at the top. Very flimsy silk gauze is then pasted on the face and a kind of tissue-like paper on the back.

After the handle is attached the border of the fan is black varnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk and water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done, in some instances being works of art.—Exchange.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The Secret of His Loyalty to the Condemned Man.

A negro was executed in a prison not long ago, says the Philadelphia Times. For several months prior to his departure he had been visited by a faithful friend who brought him chicken, possum, sweet potatoes, cigars and other things.

The bearer of these good things seemed to be under some trouble. It was suspected that he had some intimate knowledge of the crime for which the other was to be executed. The secret came to light on the morning of the execution, when one of the guards overheard this conversation between the two men:

"Now, Jim, didn't I done do everything I could for you?"

"Yes, Bill, you has sho' fulfilled all ob yo' obligation an' squared 'counts fo' dem crap games, an' I sho' is 'biled to yo'."

"And Jim, does yo' swear that yo' won't come and ha't me after yo' done gone an' been hanged?"

"No, Bill; yo' has sho' acted like a man an' a brudder, an' I ain't low down mean 'nuff to ha't yo' now, but ef yo' had'n't brung me dem things when I told yo' I sho' would ha' ha'ted yo' every night of yo' life, an' don't yo' forget it."

His Illustration.

"Papa, what is faith?" "Well, my boy, they say your baby brother sleeps, but I've never seen him do it. Yet if I believe he does—that's faith."—Life.



Celebrated Novelist and Civic Reformer CHAUTAUQUA

EFFECT OF SUGGESTION.

It Can Fill Our Lives With Gladness or With Misery.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of man and woman as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delinquent. Mentally, morally and to a large extent physically we are what we are because of its influence. Suggestion can make us of saints or criminals, heroes or cowards. It can lift us from beds of sickness or doom us to a hopeless invalidism. It can fill our lives with gladness or with misery. It is a great force ceaselessly operative, unescapable. But it is a force that we can nevertheless direct and utilize if we only understand its laws, and the more wisely, the more persistently, the more thoroughly we use it, the happier and healthier we shall be.

No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most powerful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying "As a man thinketh, so is he." Moreover, you can utilize the law of repetition to draw from your surroundings beneficial suggestions that will powerfully reinforce your autosuggestions. You can do so because every detail in your environment is of suggestive value to you, and, although no one can make this environment all that it should be, nevertheless it is quite within your power to modify it in such a way that it will give you a maximum of helpful and a minimum of harmful suggestions.

A FAMOUS TIMEPIECE.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court Palace.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England and was made for Henry VIII. in 1540. According to Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king.

It is possible to learn from it the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I, died in the palace clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace dies within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.—Argonaut.

How He Won Her.

A man who married his stenographer won her through sheer persistence. Although it was evident to the writer that the young woman did not regard him entirely without favor, he found it extremely difficult to get her to listen to his plea. The stenographer refused to lunch, sup or go to the theater with her admirer. Finding every avenue of approach blocked, the determined courtier, who possessed some literary facility, wrote a short love story, in which the girl and he were the leading figures. This story he sent to the stenographer every morning for a month and ordered her to typewrite it for him. She dared not refuse to do as her employer commanded, and, realizing through the story that he would never give up until she married him, she finally acquiesced.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price of 1,000 guineas. They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that?" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the corporation they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

How Inspiration Works.

"This sea poem of yours fairly 'ucks of the salt gale. It is palpably the result of genuine inspiration. You evidently planned it while upon the bounding deep."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the poet, "I got the idea one day while sitting in a shop having my shoes cobbed."—New York Journal.

\$1,000 CELEBRATION

COLUMBUS JULY 4

Special Features

- Sunrise Salute and Parade
- Address by Prominent Nebraskan
- Races and Games
- Ball Game—Nebraska State League
- Columbus vs Kearney
- Automobile Parade
- Fireworks Display
- Band Concerts, day and evening.
- Moving Picture show all day
- Merry-go-Rounds and numerous other attractions

Rest Rooms for Ladies and Children

Everything comprising a genuine old-fashioned, up-to-date and rip-roaring celebration will be on tap in Columbus.

Committee

NERVOUS TWITCHINGS.

An Affliction From Which Men of Genius Often Suffer.

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Professor Lombroso in one of his books pointed out that Lenin and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition.

Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santelli, Crebillon and Lombardini exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chatterin and was long subject to convulsive movements of the arm.

Napoleon suffered from a habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips. "My anger," he said one day after an altercation with Love, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves, which has not happened to me for a long time."

Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. "Carducci's face at certain moments," writes Mantegazza, "is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes, and his muscles tremble." Ampere could express his thoughts only while walking, and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced and jumped in the street without reason.

A Gambler's Philosophy.

"There's no use in trying to buck against bad luck," said the successful gambler as he put down his glass of whisky and milk. "If you see luck is going against you, drop out. If the fickle goddess of fortune is with you, win her for all you are worth. That's the whole secret of the game. I've been gambling all my life, and I rarely lose. Why? Because I never take a chance against bad luck. Luck is bound to be either with you or against you. You win or you lose. The chances of breaking even are mighty slim. So I never buck bad luck."—New York Times.

Khartoum.

Khartoum owes its existence to an oriental form of treachery. When Khedive Mohammed Ali invaded the Sudan in 1820 he marched triumphantly to Shendi, where his troops were entertained at a banquet by the submissive natives. But while the Khedive's high officials were seated at the feast they shared the fate of the vultures and were themselves reduced to funeral baked meats. Full of fury, the army fell on Shendi and demolished it. Marching south, the invaders reached the junction of the Blue Nile and White Nile. With the conqueror's instinct they recognized that the strip of land, with its few fishermen's huts of straw, formed ideal strategical headquarters, so Khartoum finally grew into the most sensitive part of the Sudan organism.

Doubling Up.

A boy of eight years was asked by his teacher where the zenith was. He replied, "That spot in the heavens directly over one's head."

"To test his knowledge further the teacher asked:

"Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?"

"They can."

"How?"

"If one stand on the other's head."

A Faithful Servant.

Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A kirk minister was sent to tell her she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my soul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?"

Could Have Got It More Easily.

Mrs. Newtweed People are saying that you married me for my gold. Mr. Newtweed What nonsense! If I'd simply wanted gold I could have got it with far less hardship and suffering in South Africa or Alaska.—Scraps.

Better Plumbing

MANY homes should have better bath rooms than they now have. We have always tried not only to do better plumbing than we ever did before, but better than anybody else can do. The volume of work we are now doing shows how we are succeeding.

We use only genuine "Standard" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.

A. DUSSELL & SON,
Columbus, Nebraska