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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The republicans of the state of Nebraska are hereby called to meet in convention in the city of Lincoln on Tuesday, July 26, at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of adopting a platform and selecting a state central committee and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. The convention shall be made up of delegates chosen by the republicans of the respective counties of the state at the regular delegate county conventions, in the manner provided by law, apportioning one delegate for each 150 votes, or fraction thereof, cast at the 1918 election for O. C. Bell, republican nominee for presidential elector. Said apportionment entitles the several counties to the following representation in said convention:

Table listing delegates from various Nebraska counties such as Adams, Antelope, Banner, Blaine, Boyd, Box Butte, Brown, Buffalo, Butler, Cass, Cedar, Chase, Cherry, Cheyenne, Clay, Colfax, Cummings, Custer, Dakota, Dawson, DeWitt, Deuel, Dodge, Douglas, Dundy, Fillmore, Franklin, Frontier, Furnas, Gage, Garden, Gosper, Grant, Greeley, Hall, Hamilton, Harlan, Hayes, Hitchcock, Holt, Hooker, Howard, and Jefferson.

RICH MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

One of the problems which a generation or two hence will have to struggle with is that of the rich city man in the country. Today he is welcomed for a number of reasons. His presence attracts other rich men to a locality, for the millionaire likes company, and the price of land goes up in consequence. He subscribes freely to improvements for road improvement, the digging of drainage ditches, where cooperation is called for, and often of his own initiative he develops a market for a new and more profitable product. The price of farm land is advancing. It is no longer an easy thing for a farm hand to make a venture into independence without capital. The practical farmer is less inclined to let parts of his possession lie idle, because he realizes he would be getting nothing from property of high value and upon which he must pay as high taxes as upon that which is under cultivation. But this moving influence to production does not strike the rich man at all. His income, being from other sources, he can afford to let fields grow up in weeds. A rich owner will park a wood lot and thus keep down all new growth. He will put in meadow for the most fallow of soil. In short, his tendencies, in the majority of instances, to cut down the average production of the section in which he has his country home.—Toledo Blade.

WHERE WAS MULLEN THEN?

The last Nebraska legislature is little by little getting into history as a blundering body. Ever since its adjournment evidence of its inaccuracy has been coming out before the public in the form of court decisions citing its technical mistakes. Oil Inspector Mullen, chosen by Governor Shallenberger as legal adviser of the session, a faithful worker so far as he understood the work assigned him, has tried to defend the misdeeds laws, charging the courts that set them aside with party bias. Even Governor Shallenberger himself has tried to make this excuse. But now comes a democratic member of this same legislature, Victor E. Wilson, and filing a complaint before the state railway commission, asking the reduction of freight charges on oil, cites in his complaint that a bill introduced for this purpose in the last legislature failed to become a law, after it had passed both houses, through an "inadvertence or mistake."

A senate amendment, he says, was omitted from the engrossed bill. The error was not discovered until the bill was approved by the governor and the legislature had adjourned. "Consequently," says Mr. Wilson, "the bill failed to become a law." And this too under the direction of Oil Inspector Mullen, who gave his entire time during the session to the preparing of bills and the overseeing of the legislative work.—Sioux City Journal.

AN IOWA POPCORN KING.

A good many persons might be disposed to look upon the industry of popcorn as a small business. However, there is a lot of popcorn consumed in the United States and somebody has to raise it—else the devotees thereof will experience a longfelt want. These facts were realized a number of years ago by an Iowa man, A. H. Reuber by name, and he set about making a specialty of popcorn. He planted twenty-five acres to start with and the result was so satisfactory that he steadily increased the size of his crop from year to year. He acquired more land and planted more popcorn and found no trouble in disposing of all he could raise at a good price.

Some of Mr. Reuber's neighbors observed that he seemed to be making a good thing out of his venture and they set about trying it on their own account. By that time Reuber had established a reputation as a popcorn grower and was receiving more orders than he could fill. So he bought the crops of his neighbors as they matured. People kept on getting interested in popcorn until the little town of Odebolt, with a population of 1,000, claims to be the popcorn center of the world. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were produced within a radius of fifteen miles of the town and more of it grown every year. Reuber is popcorn king and Odebolt is headquarters for popcorn.

The average profit of the crop is said to be about \$50 to the acre, though there are instances of larger profits being made. One farmer near Odebolt received \$3,780 for the output of forty acres, and others have done approximately as well. In the meantime Mr. Reuber is handling vast quantities of the grain and is encouraging all his farmer friends to raise more of it, as the demand is constantly increasing. Popcorn has now been introduced in Europe, and the people like it. Foreign orders are piling up at Odebolt and if the excitement keeps up the whole state of Iowa is likely to catch the infection and go to raising popcorn for the crowned heads, and for the crownless ones at home as well.

The farmer who adopts a specialty and devotes thought and energy to it is a level-headed man will more than likely reap the reward of his efforts. There is more money in a field of popcorn well tended than in a large volume and variety of products which must needs suffer at times for lack of proper cultivation. To one who would make farming a life vocation there is a good deal in the career of Iowa's popcorn king that may be profitably studied and emulated.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PRIZE FIGHT.

Believe what one may about the "battle of the century" and the prize fighting game in general the fact remains that the gayety of nations has been perceptibly added to. The complete seriousness with which the gentlemen of the sport fraternity have spoken of the fight as hinging the supremacy of the white race is a contribution to essential humor not to be lightly prized. One has gotten a peep, too, into mental processes of a considerable proportion of the population. Most of these manifestations are hopeful. Some of them are not. It is wholly encouraging, for example, that, whatever may be the moral height in other respects of the "fight game" and of those who support it, it is based on individual squareness. Nothing kills the standing of a "sport" or a "pug" quicker than to be known as a faker.

And gameness is honored. In casting up the accounts let not those qualities be overlooked. They have good cheer in them.

How much meaning there is in the indubitably widespread interest in such events as the Jeffries Johnson fight presents a question. The conclusion that this interest proves that the fighting itself is approved of seems to be somewhat rashly jumped to. It is probable that almost any rightfully forbidden thing would evoke great interest if the rules of society were for once in abeyance and the event were heralded broadly. Yet people would not approve. If a duel to the death with swords were to be fought a disapproving public would await the happening and follow it with eager concern. At the same time, there is a wholesomely primeval interest in contests of strength, endurance and grit which gives a basis of fact for the hasty conclusion.

People seem to be reaching for a plane for the pugilistic side of athletics which will satisfy this worthy pride in fundamental virtues and yet not encourage the degrading accompaniments of such exhibitions. Perhaps they will reach it. Perhaps, on the other hand, to make the boxing game a fighting game will always arouse chiefly brutal instincts. Maybe the game can never have better effects than the Reno "sidelights" provoked. Then it will die out—if it is not already dead.—Kansas City Star.

FATHER'S DAY.

"Father's Day" has been inaugurated in Spokane, Washington, by Rev. Dr. William J. Hindley, pastor of a Congregational church. In founding it Dr. Hindley said he wanted to give everybody "a chance to speak a few kind words for the 'old man' who surely needs sympathy." The few kind words were said last Sunday, and, perhaps, the "old man" felt better for them. When the movement spreads throughout the country, as the founder and his followers believe it will, papa probably will begin to chirp up and feel that he is appreciated at something approaching his own estimate of his real worth. Mother already has her day and its observance, we hope, brings joy to her dear old soul, but father has been rather a negligible quantity in the household scheme. It is true he is permitted to provide the money to pay the bills, but what does it profit a man to own a palatial home and supply the table with the fat of the land if he must adjourn to the cellar or back steps to smoke his pipe or cigar because tobacco smoke is injurious to the lace curtains he did not select, but had to pay for? Nor does it add to the joys of his outcast nicotineous vigil to listen to the strains of "Everybody Works but Father," as played and sung by the young hopefuls amid the comfortable surroundings from which he has been banished. Surely father needs a little sympathy, and perhaps a little more consideration.—Springfield Union.

WHEN GRANT WHITTLED AT A BATTLE'S HEIGHT.

This story of when Gen. Ulysses S. Grant whittled at the real crisis of his first great battle in Virginia was told to me by the late Gen. George H. Sharpe, who, in the last years of the civil war, was a member of Gen. George H. Meade's staff. Later I received unexpected confirmation of the anecdote from two sources, Gen. Alexander S. Webb and U. S. Grant, Jr. "We all know now," prefaced Gen. Sharpe, "that Grant's real purpose at the battle of the Wilderness, about which my story relates, was to let it be known throughout the North that he intended to hang on to Gen. Lee's army until he captured it. You surely must remember how greatly the country was thrilled with his dispatch from the battlefield to President Lincoln: 'I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'"

THE "BULL."

The origin of the word "bull" as the definition of a confused utterance is doubtful. Some philologists say it comes from the French boue—"fraud"—and others that it is derived from the Icelandic bull—"nonsense." Many definitions have been attempted, but the best probably is that of Sydney Smith. Writing of the difference between wit and "bulls," he says: "Wit discovers real relations that are apparent; 'bulls' admit apparent relations that are not real. The stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas the greater the surprise and the better the 'bull.'"

Where Looks Don't Matter.

Appropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plain American girl a New Yorker said: "The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency. 'A man called at a matrimonial agency. 'I am interested,' he said, 'in the young lady who has \$250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?' 'No; that is not the custom,' the agent replied. 'In any case over \$100,000 the photograph is never asked for.'"

Malayan Tree Dwellers.

The Sakals, or tree dwellers, of the Malay peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan. These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

Hunting.

"Do you enjoy hunting?" "No." "Perhaps you have never had favorable opportunities for enjoying the sport. What have you hunted mostly?" "Before I was married I generally hunted for a boarding place. Since then most of my hunting has been for flats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Putting it Gently.

Mr. Henpeck—I hear that young Jones and his wife are not getting along very well. Mrs. Henpeck (authoritatively)—Jones should never have married when he did. He was too young to realize the step he was taking. Mr. Henpeck—Yes, I know. But I like the boy. We have many things in common. Grief is crowned with consolation.—Shakespeare.

tion was Gen. Grant. You know, at that time our Eastern officers were not so familiar with his peculiarities as we became later. This was the first battle we had been in with him.

"There sat the great general, actually whittling on a piece of pine, and apparently perfectly unconcerned as to the outcome of the attack on Sedgwick or the fortunes of battle anywhere else along our front. I think Meade also must have observed Grant's apparent indifference, for at last he approached him, and the rest of us went with Meade. As we neared the tree, I noticed that Grant wore no uniform which would distinguish his rank. He had on a private's blouse and thick boots and, so far as I could see, wore no stars.

"He looked up as Meade came within speaking distance and waited patiently for the latter to speak. I did not catch exactly what Meade said, but I know its purport, Meade intimating to Grant that he was very apprehensive that Lee was turning our right, and it seemed to him that reinforcements should be sent to Sedgwick.

"Grant stopped whittling, with the knife blade buried half way down the wood. 'I don't believe it,' he said, slowly, quietly and very decisively. Then he began whittling again.

"Gen. Meade and the rest of us drew off a few paces, but after a minute or two Meade repeated his anxiety to Grant, who once more stopped shaving down the piece of pine just long enough to repeat in the same quiet, determined way: 'I don't believe it.'

"But despite this assurance from our commander we still stood around apprehensively, and Grant, finally noticing our doubt, apparently added a few words to his stock sentence as he whittled away. 'Don't worry about our right,' he said. 'Sedgwick is there. No one will be able to turn him; nobody can get by him. Besides, Lee can't afford to send reinforcements from other parts of his army to his left. Don't worry, gentlemen.'

"I could see that Gen. Meade was not at all convinced, that he was, in fact, beginning to lose his temper—you know, he was a quick-tempered man. But just then occurred an extraordinary accident. An officer rode up, saluted Gen. Grant, and the next moment was declaring that he had the honor of reporting for Sedgwick that the right was holding its own and was in no danger.

"I thought so," said Grant, quietly, more to himself than to us, as he resumed whittling. "I think that from that moment we never lost our confidence in the accuracy of Gen. Grant's judgment.—E. J. Edwards in Globe-Democrat.

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CHAUTAUQUA SCENE
MAKE EARLY PLANS TO ATTEND CHAUTAUQUA

There should. Fritz, the gardener, was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in, and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I thank you," said Fritz as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it. The baggage man spring to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door and said, with no wrath in his voice: "There should here be some steps."—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Feat.

In its review of Pierre de Vassiere's book "Le Mort du Roi" the Neueste Nachrichten dwells upon the account of the last seven minutes of Louis XVI, as described in the book. These were between 10:15, when the king arrived at the foot of the guillotine, and 10:22, when a shot fired at the end of the Champs Elysees, no one knows by whom, gave notice that the head had fallen. The review calls attention to the statement by the author that the king's hands had been plighted behind him by the executioner while Louis was putting on the coat which he was to wear at the end and that when he reached the platform of the instrument of death he rushed unassisted to the upright farthest from the stairway, "slapping the face of one of the assistant executioners who tried to stop him." With hands fastened at his back, the reviewer asks, "How did the doomed monarch manage to perform the operation?"

Etiquette by Precedent.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent there can be no better reference than to the lord chamberlain's office in London. There in quiet rooms day after day men learned in state etiquette, court dress and royal functions reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the court costume under various circumstances are ready to their hands. Is the shah of Persia coming? Is the Kaiser soon to arrive? Is the King going to receive the monarch of Siam? Is one of the royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happens the officials at the lord chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

Eccentricities in Palaces.

The Russian Empress Anne built a great palace of ice and on occasions when the fancy seized her punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death. The Czar Paul constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors where he spent hours walking to and fro in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia. One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway, and the Indian despot Tipoo Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.

A Guess at it.

Teacher (of class in grammar)—What do you understand by "parts of speech?" Tommy—It's—it's when a man stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

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There is Hope. Spellbinder (on the stump)—Gentlemen, in all my career I have never been approached with a bribe. Voice From the Rear—Cheer up, old man! Your luck may change.—Brooklyn Life.



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