

If you take any part in the celebration of Decoration Day, if only as a spectator of what others do, better be well dressed.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

make some unusually good blue serge suits for us; styles correct, qualities all wool; prices right. We have other fabrics, of course; grays, browns, tans; of all styles.

SUITS \$18.00 and up

Hot Weather Shirts, Suits, Hats and all Furnishings For Men

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

HART'S

One Price Clothing Store 13th Street

HE SAW ALL THE REAL SIGHTS

Wonderful Things Uncle Timrod Witnessed in the City Did Not Include Museums.

"Well, Uncle Timrod," says the nephew after breakfast, "I wish I could take you around to see the sights of the city today, but I've got a lot of important business on hand; so I'll have to let you run around by yourself. Here's a list of the museums, city hall, public buildings, parks and things like that, with directions how to get to each one."

"That evening Uncle Timrod comes home weary, but satisfied. "Well," asked the nephew, "did you have any trouble finding your way around?"

"No, I got on fine," says Uncle Timrod, contentedly. "And did you think the public buildings and museums and parks were as fine as you expected?"

"Well, Jimmy, I tell you. I got so interested in seeing sights that I never got to one of them places. I saw a machine in a window that pulls taffy, and a whole lot of fancy knives in another, and one place I saw a clock that tells the time anywhere on earth, and I saw a whole window full of canary birds and a pup, and I looked into a barber shop that had women barbers, and I seen the fire engines run and the patrol wagon comes and takes a fellow to jail, and a street car run into a roundabout, and a trolley train whizzing round and round in another window, and a high speed train of apples in front of a store, and a compass in a window, and a place where they cut oysters open for you, and a dozen right there, and a fellow painting pictures in a window and sellin' 'em frames and all for a dollar an' two bits apiece, and—Oh, laws! I can't begin to tell ye all th' sights I seen. I'm clean tuckered out, an' my neck hurts because I watched two fellows washin' windows 'way up 15 floors from th' ground. I counted it three times. Twice I made it 19 an' once 20, so I guess I'm on th' safe side. Yep, I certainly have been seein' th' sights, Jimmy."—Judge.

DEIGHTFULLY SITUATED.

Jeremy Sanderson, the well-known sociologist of Duluth, was condemning an international marriage that gives an American girl's beauty and millions to some elderly and withered nobleman.

"Those mercenary foreign hounds that flesh our girls," said Mr. Sanderson, bitterly, "are well off—well off, I mean, in the Calhoun use of the term."

"H. Clay Calhoun, testifying in an assault case, spoke of one Washington White as well off."

"Now, witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "when you declare White to be well off, what do you mean? Is he worth \$10,000?"

"No, sah. Oh, no, sah," said Calhoun.

"Is he worth \$5,000?"

"No, sah. Mah gracious, no."

"Is he worth \$1,000?"

"No, sah; he ain't wurr 17 cents."

"Then, how is he well off?"

"Bekase, sah, his wife an' an A. No. 1 washlady and keeps de hull family in bang-up style."

ASSEMBLYMAN STRUCKENBUCK.

The farmer-blacksmith of San Joaquin, Cal., is devoting a great deal of his time to getting votes for his bill to permit the shooting of meadow larks. He says that the birds destroy not only grain, but have lately developed a fondness for melons, that is proving disastrous to the cantaloupe crop.

One of the strongest bits of evidence cited by Struckenburg is that when the agricultural demonstration train of the University of California was sent through the state to teach the farmers how to raise their crops on scientific principles the meadow lark, properly stuffed and mounted, occupied a dishonored place among the exhibits as a "pest."

Observation in the fields has also shown that the bird is too busy picking up the farmers' grain to devote any time to singing. He claims that the lark, whose rippling melody, which was once the harbinger of spring and the inspiration of rhymesters, has now become an ordinary thief.

NOTED WOMAN SCULPTOR.

Mlle. Jane Poupelet is one of the three women sculptors who have been awarded a bourse de voyage or traveling scholarship by the French government. She was awarded a bronze medal at the Paris exposition in 1909 and her work is beginning to be well known in France, where it appears regularly in the Salon.

FASHION NOTE.

"This slim craze has its disadvantages."

"As to haw?"

"The narrower a girl is the less display space she has for diamonds."

DRUMMER OF ARCOLA

LITTLE FRENCH LAD PUTS AUSTRIAN ARMY TO FLIGHT.

Napoleon's Great Career Built Upon Heroic Episode Which Illustrates Extraordinary Military Value of Spirit-Stirring Drum.

There stands in the French town of Cadene, his native place, a monument to the memory of "The Little Drummer of Arcola," Andre Estienne, the hero of one of the most romantic episodes in French history. It was an episode that illustrated the extraordinary military value, so often attested by what Othello called the "spirit-stirring drum." It may be said, curiously enough, that Napoleon Bonaparte's great career was built upon a drum, for the battle of Arcola was won by the beating of Estienne's drum, and the Corsican himself always dated his confidence in his own fortune from this battle, won in 1796. The circumstances were the following:

Bonaparte, hemmed in with a small army at Verona, between two greatly superior forces, sallied out at night, made a forced march, and with 14,000 men fell upon the rear of 50,000 Austrians. The battle lasted seventy-two hours. On the second day of the fighting the Austrians obtained such a position that they completely and murderously swept the bridge of Arcola, which the French had gained, and which they must hold if they expected to win the battle.

It was an unlooked-for movement. No officer was near, but Andre Estienne, the little drummer, was there. He went to his sergeant and told him that he should cross the bridge with his drum, and beat it on the other side.

"But," protested the sergeant, "before you place one foot upon the bridge you will be killed. No man on earth could live on that bridge. How ever, can you swim?"

"I can," said the drummer. "Then swim across with your drum." "Impossible!" returned Estienne. "Should the drum become water-soaked, I could not beat it on the other side."

But the sergeant was equal to this difficulty. Being himself a fine swimmer, he plunged into the river, bade Andre mount upon his shoulders and hold his drum clear of the water. In this way the two crossed the river, Andre beating his drum lustily all the way. Once on the other side, he pounded it in a way to well-nigh wake the dead. The Austrians were massed near where nearly all raw recruits. Hearing what they took to be the drums of an advancing force of French, and remembering the terrible French onslaught of the day before, they fled. This left the bridge clear, and the French began to pour across. Andre was joined by other drummers. The Austrian flight became a rout. The French swept on, with Andre Estienne, still drumming at their head. The whole Austrian force was retreating, utterly beaten.

Tears into Estienne's heroic act was celebrated by being represented in stone on the front of the Pantheon at Paris. The funeral of the little drummer of Arcola was attended by a great concourse of French officers and soldiers.

HOW THE BURGLAR BREAKS IN

Window Is His Usual Point of Entrance, and Early Morning His Best Time.

Nearly all burglars get in, not through the door, which the householder is so careful to bolt and chain, but through the window. In London in one year 357 burglars got in through windows, only 85 entered through doors, 15 through fireplaces and 11 by "breaking out." False keys were used 25 times. The favorite hours are two to six in the morning. The householder falls into his soundest sleep about an hour after dozing off, and is least likely to hear a burglar, say, between one and three o'clock. But the policeman on duty since ten o'clock, must be growing tired by cock-crow, and that seems why the burglar selects the later hours.

The housebreaker chooses either the very early morning, when the family is likely to be out, or the dinner hour, when persons are not apt to be thinking of him. Between six and eight o'clock in the morning there are 383 cases of housebreaking. Then, during the next five hours, from eight to ten o'clock, the total is only 114.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A HUGE EARTH DAM.

The big Belle Fourche irrigation dam in South Dakota, which is the largest earth embankment in the world, is nearing completion. Construction of the project was authorized by congress on May 10, 1904, at a cost of \$5,000,000.

From an engineering standpoint the Belle Fourche project is one of the most interesting which the government has yet undertaken. Its principal structure is the earthen dam. This wonderful dike, which closes the lowest depressions in the rim of a natural basin, is 6,200 feet long, 20 feet wide on top and 115 high in the highest place.

The inside face of this structure, which has a slope of two to one, will be protected from wave and ice action by two feet of screened gravel, on which will be placed concrete blocks, each 4 by 6 feet and 8 inches thick. The cubical contents of this dike will be 42,700,000 cubic feet, or about half of the famous pyramid of Cheops. The reservoir created by this dam will cover about 9,000 acres, and will be the largest lake in the state.—Popular Mechanics.

RAISED THE PRICE.

Judge Hiram C. Flack of West Liberty said the other day to the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, speaking of the notorious disfranchised vote sellers of his native Ohio:

"Some of these men, I understand, even claimed that they didn't know it was wrong to sell one's vote. They were worse, then, than the voters of Cashel."

"All the voters of Cashel used to sell their votes, and a reform candidate once got the preachers of the town to preach against the sin of such scandalous conduct."

"The day after these sermons the reform candidate said to a party leader:

"Well, how will the election go?"

"It will be close and difficult and expensive, sir," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" said the candidate.

"Well," said the party leader, "the boys didn't understand that vote selling was a sin before, and they always let their votes go for \$2 apiece; but now they know eternal damnation is awaiting them, I understand that every man jack of them has put up his price to \$4."

TEACHERS TO GO ABROAD.

American and German-American school-teachers will go abroad next summer in great numbers, and already 300 reservations have been made under the auspices of the National German-American Teachers' association, which is to hold the convention of 1912 in Berlin. Both countries are interested in the convention.

Baby Contest

DURING the month of May we give pictures away, 1 dozen best cabinet photos to the prettiest boy baby, prettiest girl baby, and fattest baby, one year and under. Every baby entered will get one picture free. Gallery north of Thurston hotel. Competent judges will be chosen.

GERMANS CHEATED IN BEER

Short Measure Costs the Thirty \$12-500,000 a Year, Says a Munich Statistician.

A Munich statistician estimates that Germans last year were swindled out of \$12,500,000 worth of beer, all through getting short measure, and this it seems has been going on systematically for years. No wonder that the beer drinkers of the fatherland are in a ferment of excitement about it.

The discovery arose out of the prosecution in the courts of Munich, where beer drinkers gathered at the original fount of a big beerhall proprietor and his staff of waiters who were accused of habitually serving short measure with intent and malice aforethought; that is, their liter and half liter steins never contained the quantity fixed by law.

The prosecution alleged that the brewery which stood behind the beerhall made \$72,500 a year extra profit by giving false measure.

The case resulted in a conviction, but the defendants brought scores of witnesses to prove that in Munich, Berlin, Leipzig and other German cities, and also in Vienna, short measure was always served.

"No German in his life," said one witness, "has ever drunk an honest measure of beer."

Needless to say this revelation has made a painful impression.—New York Sun.

LIKE TO WALK IN PUDDLES

A Grown-Up Man Tries to Ascribe a Reason for This Fancy of Boys.

"It may not be a matter of grave moment," said a grown-up man, "but I would rather like to know why small boys like to walk in mud puddles."

"I don't refer now to the boy in rubber boots; his motives in wading in puddles and in deeper water I can understand. He is proud of his waterproof boots and he likes to surf himself with the delightful consciousness and proof that they are waterproof; he likes to brave and pass unscathed the perils of the deep waterways of the gutters after a heavy rain; though with his first boots anyway he is likely to overdo this a little, to keep on trying to see how deep he can go till at last he steps into a place a little deeper than the rest and gets his boots filled."

"Still, I can understand the boy and his rubber boots, but I don't quite see through his fancy for walking or stepping in puddles generally when he has leather shoes on. Maybe here too it is because he likes to take risks, or perhaps it is because of his innate defiance of rule and convention."

"A bunch of small boys will one after another jump over a puddle, die to see if they can clear it, and then sooner or later one is sure to come down within the edge of the water. But that doesn't disturb him; on the contrary he rather enjoys that experience, and then you may see the bunch wind up by all running or walking through the water. Why do they do this, getting their shoes wet and muddy and getting them wet causing them to wear out the sooner, to say nothing of causing their mothers care and worry not only over shoes but stockings? But all boys like to slush through mud puddles, and for that matter so do some older people, too."

"Like myself when I have on rubber boots to walk right ahead regardless of the pools of water on the sidewalk. In fact I am likely to step in them deliberately if they are not too deep, so that I may get the water over my rubbers to wet my feet. I like to slush ahead unhampered and really in doing this simple little free action I find enjoyment. And I guess it is a sense of this sort that makes the boy find a pleasure in scampering or stamping or walking through mud puddles; he likes to take the risk and see how much water he can get into without getting his feet wet, but the thing he likes best about it is its defiant unfettered freedom."

MAN A BACK NUMBER.

It is the year 2000. The famous and successful lady orator is addressing a large and enthusiastic audience. At the end of her speech she says:

"I believe that this is the time for me to publicly acknowledge my indebtedness to one who has been my companion, my counsellor, and my guide who has upheld my weary hands when the task seemed too great for my strength, who has cheered me with loving words when I returned worn and weary from my arduous duties in club and on platform, who has by thoughtful, constant ministrations given me the blessed knowledge that always there is for me a haven of refuge and rest, a harbor of comfort and cheer—my home. All that I am, and all that I have, I owe to that inestimable man my husband."

At the back of the hall sat a little pale-faced man, whose face, as those gracious words fell on his ears, brightened wonderfully. This was her husband. All his patience and self-sacrifice were rewarded at last.

PERFUMES AS ANTISEPTICS.

New York dandies who perfume themselves are laughed at, and yet a scientist, writing in the Student, says that sweet odors are conducive to health and are harmless. He asserts positive antiseptic properties are possessed by the oils of lavender, eucalyptus, clove, rose, and other plants; moreover, they possess the power to destroy bacteria. And does not the doctor recommend the air of a sun-lit pine wood? It has been said by a famous writer that whenever the sun shines on the fragrant herbs they express their gratefulness in health-giving ozone. Lavender water, eau de cologne and attar of roses drive off the headaches and invigorate the jaded mind.

Even to robust persons it does steady health, says Sir William Temple, the effect of certain sweet odors is to stimulate the mental faculties and give positive pleasure to their exercise. They counteract or combat mental disease, have a beneficial influence on temperament.

HE IS GETTING THE RESCUE HABIT.

Elsie Radford, the young man who rescued a small boy skater who had fallen through the ice in a deep pond has again appeared in the role of rescuer. Thirteen-year-old Margaret Weston was dared to cross the thin ice to a little island that poked its head up through the ice about one hundred feet from shore. Margaret wouldn't take a dare, and in a few minutes she had crawled stealthily over to the island, and then started back. Almost at the first step the ice began to crackle under her, she lost her courage and retreated to the island, where she sat down to wait.

Radford saw her predicament, and putting on a pair of hip boots, went to the rescue. He waded in and made his way through the broken ice and water to the island; hoisting the maid to his shoulder, he waded back to the waist deep, and carried her to dry land.—Philadelphia Times.

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Ladies' and Men's Fine Tailor Made Suits and Top Coats

612 West 12th St. Columbus, Nebraska

COL. GREEN'S SPORTY OFFER

How the Good-Natured Financier Got the Best of the Confidence Man.

Just because Col. E. H. R. Green is fat and looks good-natured, and has a sort of out-of-door air, some of the sharper in New York had him sized up as easy when he first returned from Texas to take care of the properties of his mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, writes a correspondent. It may be, too, that the colonel's breezy candor and kind of coaxed the boys along a bit. He will talk on any subject when he feels like talking, with a frankness unusual in the banking fraternity. "Here's my old friend, Mr. Hinks," said the colonel the other night, at his hotel, grabbing at a well-dressed man, who was walking by without speaking. His old friend, Mr. Hinks, shrunk into himself and was obviously embarrassed. After a moment's talk he got away, and the colonel's well-padded sides shook. "Hinks is one of 'em," said he. "I'd just landed in town when Hinks came up to me one night in the hotel. He had met me in Texas, he said, and so had introduced him. I didn't remember him, but the name he mentioned was that of a good friend of mine, and I thought maybe my memory was at fault. By and by he opened the trap. He told me of the good thing he had under cover, and that I could make a million dollars if I'd just put in a few thousands. It was a gold mine, and he had the gaudiest maps and prospectuses I have ever seen. I listened to him until he got through. 'Hinks,' said I, 'just between friends, I've got a gold mine of my own that I want to sell. Now, I won't buy a mine, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll draw cards with you, the winner take both. That's all either is fit for.'" Colonel Green got another good laugh out of it. "There's a free masonry among these fellows, I think," said he. "No one has offered me a gold mine since."

MAKES \$30,000 IN A DAY

"Telephone Boy" May Cause Stampede of Wall Street Plunkers if He Luck.

As the result of the passage through bankruptcy of a local firm of stock brokers, James R. Keene's plunging "telephone boy" has been hauled into the limelight. An acrimonious controversy occurred in court as to whether he had made \$30,000 or \$50,000 by taking advantage of the so-called Hocking pool. The "boy" insisted that he "cleaned up" only \$30,000 on that deal, and stuck to this statement. The airing of his market dealings is likely to cause a stampede into the "telephone boy" business, and give new encouragement to the thousands of plunkers who bury their spare money in Wall street graves, selected through tips, secret information and sophisticated rumors. It seems a pity therefore that there couldn't have come out along with Mr. Keene's telephone boy's story a few dozen stories about the other telephone boys whose market operations have accumulated nothing for them but a series of diminutive tombstones. There are 999 of them to every successful plunker. Indeed, if statistics mean anything, the man who puts his money into chicken-farming—almost hopelessly hazardous as the occupation is known to be—has a better chance of getting out whole than the telephone boy plunger and his associated speculationists. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the example of one successful clean-up has more weight with this endlessly recruited band of idealists than a hundred thousand failures.—New York Press.

QUICK TRAVELING.

Every one in eastern Oregon calls State Senator Bowerman "Jay," and thinks that when it comes to trying a hard fought criminal case there is none better. Not long ago the late candidate for governor defended a participant in a shooting scrape at Fossil and a material point in the case hinged upon the testimony of an aged Tennessean.

"Where were you when this shot was fired?" queried counsel for the defense.

"I were about ten feet behind the fellow what got shot."

"And were you there when the marshal arrived?"

"No, sah; I wa'n't nowhere nigh the place."

"You must have traveled pretty fast," suggested Mr. Bowerman.

The witness projected his goatee over the rail of the witness stand and in a confidential tone of voice said:

"Well, Jay, I'll tell ye; I made jest three tracks between Knott's livery barn and the cotehouse."—Portland Oregonian.

JUSTICE AND JUDGES.

A New York judge, it will be remembered, recently declared unconstitutional the new law that an automobilist, having run over a pedestrian, must stop and leave his name. The judge said that the automobilist had a perfect right to run away and leave his mangled victim to bleed to death alone for the reason that, in criminal cases, no man is obliged to bear witness against himself.

James Halden Wilkes, president of the Street Defense society of Atlanta, discussed this legal decision at the society's last meeting.

"And that," he cried, hotly, "is called justice. Well, indeed, it was a search after justice once defined as a blind man looking into a dark room for a black hat that isn't there."

Iron Clad

See that Stripe!

That is distinctive of Cooper, Wells & Co.'s Style No. 69

One of the best known 25 cent stockings made.

2-ply Combed yarn with sufficient twist to give most wear.

We recommend No. 69 to our patrons because we believe in it.

Comes in black only. Sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2.

Try It

Not Iron But Lots of Hard Wear in Them.

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Successor to Brunken & Haney

BOTH PHONES 26

Special for Saturday, May 13, Only

Ferdell

CANNED GOODS

Ferdell Special, Wax Beans, regular price 20c, Saturday price..... 15c
Ferdell String Beans, regular price 20c, Saturday price..... 15c
Ferdell Pumpkin, regular price 16c Saturday price..... 12c
Ferdell Salad, regular price 25c, Saturday price..... 20c
Ferdell Plum Pudding, regular price 30c, Saturday price..... 25c
Sliced Peaches, regular price 35c, Saturday price..... 30c
Apricots, regular price 35c, Saturday price..... 30c

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