

**THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE**

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By  
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**REPUBLICAN TICKET.**

For Congress:

ELMER J. BURKETT, Lincoln.

For Members of the Legislature.

R. E. GRINSTEAD, Salem  
GEORGE SMITH, Dawson  
W. H. HOGREFE, Stella

For County Attorney.

W. H. MORROW, Shubert

**REVENGE**

A. L. Bixby, the philosopher of the Nebraska State Journal asked his readers this question: "After you have obtained revenge, how much better do you feel?" It is a very pertinent question and one that few, if any of us, have ever asked ourselves.

Perhaps at times when you had claimed your revenge and were fired with the first thrill of exultation; when you had demanded and received of your enemy an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth, you have cried aloud, "After you have obtained revenge, how much better do you feel!"—but you have ended the expression with an exclamation point. But after the first sense of gratification has passed away, and your enemies tears no longer fall and his sighs are hushed; after every thing has been said and done, have you exclaimed, "After you have obtained revenge, how much better do you feel?" and ended it with an interrogation point, and made it a pertinent and searching question unto yourself? The next time that you have obtained revenge, ask yourself this question and you will be surprised at the answer you will receive.

How much better do you feel? Has it brought you that peace that nothing else could have brought? Has the game been worth the candle? If you are honest with yourself; if you have asked these things of your conscience in the spirit of one who honestly seeks information, the answer must always be a negative. Your conscience will remind you of all the evil thoughts of all the unreasoning hatred, of all the hours wasted in the malicious planning of evil, of all your contemptible plotting, and your conscience will upbraid you and when conscience calls any man to account, how much better does he feel? Does an outraged conscience allow in any case a peaceful mind? There are those

who hold that hell is but eternal accusation on the part of conscience. Is there any peace of mind in hell? When the cards have all been played and you have robbed your victim of his all, was the stake of tears and the wager of sighs worth the time and the candle? Were it gold you had won it might buy you momentary joy and fleeting pleasure, but what can you buy with another's tears? As you turn from the table over which the tear-stained cards are scattered, and go back to your life work how much better do you feel?

**EATING DOGS.**

Considerable furore has been raised because the savage Igorotes who have been transported from their native wilds to St. Louis for exposition purposes, insist on having dog meat served as rations. The effete civilization of St. Louis stands aghast at the thought of human beings regaling themselves on canine flesh. But after all it is only a matter of taste. The Igorote stomach probably craves dog-meat in much the same manner as the civilized stomach craves beef or mutton or pork, and why should not that appetite be gratified? The humane organizations threaten to interfere, but unless it is proposed to subject the dogs to torture, the interference is unwarranted. The killing of dogs for food would be no more brutal than the slaughter of sheep and steers and hogs as it takes place in our big packing houses every day. The sheep is the symbol of innocence, but the humane organizations do not seek to interfere every time a lamb is led to the slaughter. This is because civilized man likes his lamb chops. The colored man delights in eating the flesh of the fatted opossum, while but few white men care to partake thereof, yet there is no particular objection to the son of Ham pursuing, killing and devouring the opossum if he so desires. If a civilized man should decide to have Fido served for his Sunday dinner and should he kill the beast as humanely as he would kill the fatted calf, his neighbors might question his taste, but they would hardly question his right so to do.

Without making much fuss about it, Falls City is going to do considerable growing this summer.

When two things happen, the republicans in this neck of the woods will feel mighty good. These two things are the appointment of Harry Lindsay to clerk of the supreme court, and the selection of C. B. Dempster to be delegate-at-large to the national convention.

## HOLT'S Shoe Store

Falls City, Neb.

**SHOES** | Men,  
for | Women and  
Children

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Warm Lined Shoes for Old Folks.  
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**Want to Phone?  
Call 23.**

A man is more liable to suffer for the truth than a liar is for his lies.

Assessor Jorn demands that the motto of each deputy assessor shall be "Equality before the new revenue law."

Just now the paramount question is not, who will be the next president of the United States, or the next United States senator from Nebraska but who will be the next chief of police of Falls City?

The senatorial convention will be held at Pawnee City tomorrow. The convention will endorse Hon. E. A. Tucker for state senator and then adjourn. Mr. Tuckers election will be practically assured from the start and as a sequence this district will be assured of the most able of representation in the upper house of the next legislature.

When it came to appointing a successor to Judge Baxter the newly made district attorney Governor Mickey took the reins in his own hands and named Edmund M. Bartlett to fill the vacant district judge-ship. The appointment is conceded by most everyone to be a good one, and it is also generally understood that the prompt action on the part of the governor prevented a lively factional scrap over the plum.

The Journal has again attacked C. F. Reavis, this time charging him with having fought Falloon. The inference is that he supported the prohibition candidate. It has only been a short time since these same people were sending out circulars denouncing Reavis as a drunkard. The various editors of that misguided periodical should get together and compare systems. The Tribune has no reason to believe that Mr. Reavis

fought Falloon, but he had a perfect right so to do if he desired. Mr. Reavis was not even present at the citizens convention and having taken no part therein was not bound to support the ticket. Furthermore on the day that the city election was held Mr. Reavis went to Omaha to argue a case, and probably took no part in the election further than to cast his ballot. But there is a standing rule in the Journal office that when copy runs short the editor nearest the desk shall grab a pen and roast Reavis.

Unless the unexpected happens the entire republican county ticket will be elected this fall. We have heard democrats comment on the strength of the ticket and have heard them freely admit that it is a hard combination to beat. This is not saying that they will not make an attempt to beat it but it will not be as energetic and as enthusiastic an attempt as it would have been had the republicans nominated anybody else but Smith, Grinstead, Hogrefe and Morrow.

THE BEST IS NONE TO GOOD

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