

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

Entered as second-class matter at Falls City, Nebraska, post office, January 12, 1904, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Published every Friday at Falls City, Nebraska, by

The Tribune Publishing Company E. F. Sharris, Manager

One year \$1.00 Six months .60 Three months .35 TELEPHONE 226.

THE GOSPEL OF DISCONTENT.

"The man who is satisfied with things as they are, never makes them better.

Doing today just what he did yesterday—and this year just what he did last—dead to the opportunities around him; he rests and rusts—the self satisfied worker.

Discontent is the never-ceasing current of reproach that refuses to let the stream of energy pause and stagnate. It counteracts inertia; vanishes smug satisfaction; jeers at 'little' achievement.

Discontent is the generator of action. It conceives and fosters all incentive. It prods the laggard; spurs the incompetent; stimulates the small to be great, and the great to be greater.

Because Stephenson was discontent with the power of man, he discovered the power of steam. John Wanamaker, dissatisfied with the possibilities of a one-line store, introduced the department store. And every comfort or convenience you and I enjoy today was inspired and created by the stimulus of discontent.

Keep going—keep going—keep going.

That is the voice of conscience in the soul of the truly great."

The above quotation is one you may well ponder in these first days of a new year. You have probably read it carelessly, therefore return to it and read it understandingly. "And every comfort and convenience you and I enjoy today was inspired and created by the stimulus of discontent." Look about you and see what that means. Ages ago some fellow arose in the morning from his couch of earth with a lame back. From his discontent has come the bed. Tell me the time of day. Sometime back in the centuries gone the fellow who used to map the constellations on the sky and trace the path of the sun to find out whether it was time for dinner or supper, got mad and discontented and probably said something in a strange language that would sound much like "dam such a way of telling time" in our tongue, so he got busy—discontented and went to work. Then the man who divided the zodiac got busy, and following him the first artificer in metals; the inventor of arabic numerals; the inventor of the hour glass, the horologe and the dial. The sum total of their discontent with existing conditions and the labor it inspired, is your watch with which you tell me the time of day. Did you ever think about it? How for thousands of years men have been working for you?

The most contented man I ever saw was a Crow Indian in Montana in a drunken sleep on the sunny side of a tepee, while his squaw was doing the work. Let well enough alone is all right when well enough is as good as conditions permit. Get out of the rut. The world wants results not excuses. Men would rather hear you say, "it is done," than to listen to reasons why it is not done. Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts it in this way:

"I asked the rock beside the road what joy existence lent. It answered, "For a million years my heart has been content."

I asked the truffle-seeking swine, as rooting by he went, "What is the keynote of your life?" He grunted out, "Content."

I asked a slave, who toiled and sang, just what his singing meant. He plodded on his changeless way, and said, "I am content."

GOES EASILY

How easily goes the money when you have it about you. But there's Economy, Safety and Satisfaction in putting it away in the Falls City State Bank. This bank pays interest on Children's Accounts and Time Deposits.

Falls City State Bank

I asked a plutocrat of greed, on what his thoughts were bent. He chinked the silver in his purse, and said, "I am content."

I asked the mighty forest tree from where its force was sent. Its thousand branches spoke as one, and said, "From Discontent."

I asked the message speeding on, by what great law was sent. God's secret from the waves of space. It said, "From discontent."

I asked the marble, where the work of God and man were blent. What brought the statue from the block. It answered "Discontent."

I asked an angel, looking down on earth with gaze intent. How man should rise to larger growth. Quoth he, "Through discontent."

Discontent means progress. Content means stagnation. The seed might be content with its bed in the cool earth. Its discontent produces the glorious fruition. You will never be bigger if you are content with your present size. Keep that in mind during 1907.

"But I am old," you say. "The journey is nearly done, why should I fret myself with discontent?" These lines are not for you unless they deal with retrospection. Discontent in youth means labor, a youth of labor should spell an age of ease. If in your youth you were ambitious, were discontented and labored for better things, your many years are lighter therefor. For you the gospel of discontent is not preached. For you we have the old wish, "A few books, a few friends and pleasant memories." For you we would say as Ben Franklin wrote to an old friend: "We love and still love one another; we have grown gray together, and yet it is too early to part. Let us sit till the evening of life is spent. The last hours are always the most joyous. When we can stay no longer it is time enough then to bid each other good night, separate and go quietly to bed."

If the board of supervisors drags this county into an expensive lawsuit simply to gratify the Journal, the members will have to answer to their constituents. A perfectly valid contract was entered into with the Gilligan company, and that contract must be obeyed or the county, like an individual must answer for breaking its word. If the county wants to build its own bridges, not do a little repair work as it is doing, but really try the experiment of building bridges, let it observe its contract until its expiration and thereby keep out of law suits, and then try to build bridges and see how it works.

The legislature is off for the session. We will get some needed legislation from this body and will probably get many laws that might as well be dispensed with. For it has been the history of every legislative body that every crank in the state puts some hobby in the form of a bill and presents it for passage. That some of them get through is disclosed by the statutes of Nebraska.

MORE PATENT MEDICINE.

Several installments of drugs and nostrums have been distributed in Falls City door yards since our last issue. If the council does not prohibit this dangerous practice we are going to get up some morning and hear of the death of some child. This trifling with the lives of our little ones is a serious business and if the administration doesn't do something to prevent these fakirs from throwing their wares somebody may be bearing an awful responsibility.

SEEN AT THE DEPOT GATES

There Are Frequent Blockades When Women Hunt for Their Tickets.

E. J. Sanford, president of the Union Depot company, is in a mood to supply a stocking room for women travelers. He has nearly reached this conclusion because of many rather embarrassing incidents which have occurred in the passageways leading to exit gates, reports the Kansas City Star. "For," as he says, "women don't have many pockets, and they hide their tickets and money in so many places about their clothing. When they go after their valuables, it takes time to reach them. Gate-men don't have to tell them to 'hurry,' because it is usually the hurry that delays them."

A few days ago, a young woman walked to the gate operated by Curtis Reeves, expecting to take a Santa Fe limited train for New Mexico. The gateman politely asked to see her ticket. "Why, do you have to see it?" she asked. "Yes, madam," Reeves replied. "There are two Santa Fe trains out there, and I want to see how your ticket is routed."

The young woman blushed. She carried several bundles in her arms, and she looked at them, looked at the gateman, and looked appealingly to a woman near.

"Come, hurry!" Reeves insisted. "There are others behind you waiting to get out."

By this time the young woman's face and neck had taken on a carmine hue. She clung to her bundles. A crowd had collected behind her and persons were becoming impatient. Slowly the young woman laid her bundles down beside her and reached for her ticket and took it from her stocking.

Not long ago John Wallenstrom, train crier, while doing extra duty at a gate, was confronted by a young woman going to Chicago. Wallenstrom asked for her ticket, and she "made a face" at him. She insisted that she be allowed on the platform without first showing her transportation.

"Sorry, madam," he said, "but orders are to make everyone show a ticket. You'll have to either get yours or go back in the waiting room."

The young woman saw he was in earnest. "All right," she replied. She laid her grip beside her, took hold of the bottom of her skirts and went after the ticket. In a dainty little pocket attached to a garter she had it. And she was so nervous she couldn't open the clasp on the purse. She became excited. "I'm getting nervous," she said.

But she got the purse open and showed her ticket. She was angry and "said things" about the depot and about the gateman.

"They carry their tickets, sometimes," Wallenstrom said, "in places where they have great difficulty in getting them. One woman came to a gate and when she learned she had to show her ticket, she began digging in her bustle. She worked and worked, but no ticket. Finally, she became frightened, believing she had lost it. I didn't know what would happen, so to avoid further embarrassment I sent her to Mrs. Shull, the matron. They found it just where she had fastened it—in her bustle."

"There is hardly a day passes that women do not come to the gates with their tickets concealed in their stockings. Some of them think we mistreat them when we ask that the tickets be shown."

Many of these cases have been reported to Mr. Sanford. Gate-men have suggested that a stocking room be provided. "It would help the women," Mr. Sanford said.

Advertisement for Samuel Wahl featuring a cartoon of a girl named Mary Jane and a dog. Text includes: 'RESOLVED THAT SNOW IS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT FALLS THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. OUR PRICES ARE COMING DOWN ON SOME OF OUR VERY BEST VALUES. WE DONT WANT ANY LEFT-OVERS BUSTER' and 'YES, OUR PRICES HAVE FALLEN BUT THEY HAVE NOT FALLEN ON SHIPPED IN "FAKE" STUFF. THEY HAVE FALLEN ON WHAT WE HAVE LEFT OF THE REGULAR LINES OF GOOD MERCHANDISE. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE YOU KNOW TO BUY JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SELL AND NO MORE. WHAT WE HAVE LEFT OF OUR WINTER GOODS WE SHALL SELL AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES: ALL SHORT LENGTHS OF WOOL DRESS GOODS, VARYING IN LENGTH FROM 2 TO 5 YARDS, ALL THESE REMNANTS WILL GO FOR LESS THAN ONE-HALF PRICE. WE ALSO HAVE A FEW COTTON BLANKETS LEFT THAT WE ARE MAKING REDUCTION ON TO CLOSE. YOU WILL NEED THESE BEFORE THE WINTER IS OVER. RESPECTFULLY, FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA SAMUEL WAHL'

Removal Notice!

I have moved my office over Cleveland's store, where I am pleased to see anyone wanting Insurance.

The Mutual Insurance

Movement started in Richardson county twenty years ago, has kept millions of Nebraska dollars from going east. Too much is still going to Hartford, New York and Europe. No one in this city or county can show any good reason why he should send another dollar out of the state for insurance.

THE RICHARDSON COUNTY MUTUAL

Has one and a half million on its books and is continually growing. It is free from debt and has money on hand. Call and see me.

Samuel Lichty, The Mutual Insurance Man.

Opportunity for Making Money.

To the man who can develop PERSONALITY, CHEERFULNESS and ENTHUSIASM; he must have self-confidence and a determination to advance.

We want ten men to begin work at once, between the age of 20 and 40 years. Will pay guaranteed salary and commissions. Easy line to sell. All applications must be received within five days. State present occupation. Lock Box 185.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for children; safe, sure. No opiates

Advertisement for The Kansas City Star. Text includes: 'The Great Paper of the Great West', 'The Kansas City Star', 'Everywhere recognized as the strongest and most reliable newspaper in the most prosperous region of the United States.', 'Wherein it Leads.', 'Its Unexcelled News Service embraces the continuous report of the Associated Press, with dispatches every hour; the general and special service of the New York Herald; the Hearst transcontinental leased wire service and special correspondence from THE STAR'S own representatives in Washington, D. C.; Jefferson City, Mo.; Topeka, Ks., and Guthrie, Ok., in addition to the large grist of news that comes daily from several hundred other alert representatives.', 'Its Market Reports and Comments have an authoritative value that causes them to be telegraphed to all parts of the United States the moment THE STAR comes from the press. No western man even indirectly interested in the value of food products, stocks and securities can afford to be without THE STAR'S daily record of prices and conditions.', 'Its Special Features include The Chaperon's column, in which are answered questions pertaining to beauty aids and social customs and affairs, a department for inquiries on other subjects and a wide range of miscellaneous articles throwing side lights upon the world's most interesting people and events—these in addition to a vigorous editorial page, absolutely independent politically, and a Sunday issue that is full of live special matter and human interest.', '13 Papers Each week for 10 cents', 'The Kansas City Star was the first—and is still the only newspaper to deliver a complete morning paper, THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, to its subscribers without increase in the subscription price.'

Advertisement for The Falls City Roller Mills. Text includes: 'The Falls City Roller Mills', 'Does a general milling business, and manufactures the following brands of flour: SUNFLOWER MAGNOLIA CROWN', 'The above brands are guaranteed to be of the highest possible quality. We also manufacture all mill products and conduct a general', 'Grain, Live Stock and Coal Business and solicit a share of your patronage', 'P. S. Heacock & Son, Falls City, Neb.'

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE FOR NEWS, AT \$1 PER YEAR