

Funeral Reforms.

The National Association of Funeral Directors has petitioned Congress to stop the "inhuman practice" of burial at sea.

The National Association of Funeral Directors, to tell the truth, is simply trying to help its members by adding to their revenues.

The best thing the undertakers can do, however, is to keep still, and trust that public attention will not be drawn to them.

Who wants to haggle over the price of a coffin? Even were the bargain not driven in a time of intensest grief and distraction.

Aside from the undertakers extortion, this matter of funerals is cursed by other evils. As things are at present, our interment of the dead is only saved from ridiculousness by the tragedy of the fact itself.

We can't blame the people involved. Death is always attended by regret for things left undone, and a certain bitterness of self-reproach.

"Dear shall have as fine a funeral as money can buy."

Funeral fashions should be reformed just as other fashions have. There should be an end to this ghastly grandeur, this striving after effect.

The Vacation Problem.

With the month of June begins a period of special anxiety to parents. The school houses are closed, not to be reopened till they are aired and swept in readiness for the opening of school in the fall.

Vacation time is a critical period in child life, the more so that the fact is not generally understood. Mischievous idle hands to do abound on every side.

Frau Ble was awarded by the arbitration court \$2,750 for the loss of her husband through an accident on board of a ship.

Mrs. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight."

Private Money.

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MRS. BOB'S DILEMMA

It Was Lucky That the Restaurant Cashier Was a Woman

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Bob, as he drew on his slippers and settled himself for the evening.

Mrs. Bob choked back the tears perilously near the surface.

"I did, but you weren't there."

"Just like a woman, if you tell her to meet you east of the Masonic temple she will probably go to the west side of the board of trade."

"But why should she do that?"

"That's just the point. She shouldn't." Bob kicked the footstool energetically.

"Well, I didn't, dear. I never went near the board—"

"Exactly. I never said you did. What I did say was that you did not meet me at Hector's, where you asked me to meet you."

"Now, if you are going to scold—"

"There, my dear, please don't do a sprinkler turn," and Bob assumed a sympathetic air.

"Well, I went to the northeast table—"

"Great guns! I said that—"

"And you weren't there, as you said you would be, so I busied myself with the menu until the waiters looked at me as if they thought I was trying to make out a foreign language."

"I wish it had been," she sighed. "I ordered chicken salad, blue points, chocolate ice, and O, lots of things."

"Well, if I had not been running to the door every five minutes to see if you were mixed in your directions, I'd have enjoyed my lunch, too," sighed Bob.

"You wouldn't have enjoyed it, either, if you had figured it up—"

"Haug the expense," said Bob, recklessly.

"And hadn't but 25 cents in your purse," continued she.

"Gee whiz! but I gave you a tenner this morning."

"Oh, I bought the loveliest waist—"

"Never mind that. How did you fix things?"

"I lost my appetite for one thing. When they brought me that lovely luncheon I just felt as if I couldn't swallow a morsel—but of course I had to pretend."

"Yes?" asked Bob, impatiently.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to have him charge it to you, then I remembered you said you didn't often go there."

"So I walked to the desk as slowly as I could, wondering what I could say. The cashier took the check with a quick, businesslike air, and as I hesitated, she looked up at me so curiously that the shivers ran clear to my boots."

"Yes, dear?"

"I haven't any money," I began, and her frosty expression frightened me so I nearly wept—cashiers aren't very sympathetic, are they?"

"There is a resemblance to other creditors."

"Her look frightened me so that my wits came back and I remembered I had some money—except what I've got where I can't get at it," I added.

"I put it there because I intended to buy my husband a present, and I didn't want to spend it. Your bill is \$2.85, madam. It's in my—my stocking," I said. She told me to come right back of the desk.

"There is a resemblance to other creditors."

"Her look frightened me so that my wits came back and I remembered I had some money—except what I've got where I can't get at it," I added.

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Real Estate Transfers.

Steele Cemetery Association to Hanna A. Cornell, wd to n. 1/2 lt. 2, sec. 31, blk. C. \$20

About Fathers.

Song and poetry, history and fiction, for ages have told of the wonderful depth and surpassing tenderness of mother love.

All of the above being suggested by the death of William Jardine, banker, of New York, who sacrificed his own life to rescue his daughter from in front of a runaway motor car.

W. R. Ward, of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used Foley's Orino Laxative for chronic constipation, and it has proven without a doubt to be a thorough practical remedy for this trouble."

The contractor is just completing the cement floor in the new cattle barn on the State Fair Grounds at Lincoln. This barn is a mammoth building 174x255 and will have stalls for 636 head of cattle.

To stop any pain, anywhere in 20 minutes, simply take just one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets.

It would seem that the weather clerk is testing people's religion when he sends us rain for seven Sundays.

THE NIGHT MAGNIFIES

"You have lain awake at night," said a physician, "and heard a mouse gnawing at the woodwork somewhere down in a kitchen cupboard?"

"How loud did it sound to you—as loud as a burglar splintering the door jambs with a jimmy?"

"You have been awakened at 1:30 a. m. by the crying of a teething infant next door?"

"And it sounded like the hoarse murmurs and mingled ululations of a frenzied mob assembled outside to demand somebody's blood?"

"An involuntary slap. 'Did it sound like the screech of a planing mill turning out clapboards for a barn?'"

"Two nods. 'Would you have minded any of those sounds in the daytime?'"

"A shake of the head. 'Now, I have no doubt you think that the seeming loudness of these sounds was due to the contrasting silence of the night. But take another test. You have been in love?'"

"Um-um (without utterance.) 'And do you remember how much softer and warmer and more thrilling was the touch of your best girl's hand as you strolled with her on the way home from singing-school at the witching hour of half-past 9 p. m. than it was when you called in the forenoon to ask if you might escort her to the aforesaid vocal exercises?'"

"An unspoken yum yum. 'Was it the night silence, then, that added the finishing touch?'"

"It was not," the physician replied to his own question, noting his listener's look of uncertainty. "Take another instance: You think you know how to write—a little?"

"A smile of gratification. 'Well, you find yourself awake at night and thinking. A gem of an idea suddenly sparkles in the darkness. You surround it with epigrams and while elaborating the setting you fall asleep. What does this jewel amount to in the morning?'"

"A sigh. 'There you are. You recall the idea and some of the epigrams and a little of the setting, and all of it is so commonplace that you wouldn't think of trying to make anything presentable out of it.'"

"The fact is," the physician went on, "the night magnifies. At night our pleasures are more keen, our pains more distressing, our small successes are triumphs, our little failures are disasters, our faintly-cherished hopes appear before us as things realized, our small worries as overwhelming calamities."

"You find yourself awake in the night and your thoughts wander back to some time in your youth when in the presence of those older and wiser you—as you now see it—were guilty of some slight breach in deportment or of some little offense to good taste in speech, and you dwell upon the condemnation that must have fallen upon you. In the morning if what you were dwelling upon so seriously occurs to your mind at all you smile and say to yourself that if your fault was noticed by anybody at the time it was too trivial for any one but you to remember."

"The night magnifies," the physician repeated. "Such things as I have mentioned prove it. It is partly due to the silence, but more to ourselves. To account for the latter would keep me talking."

"But take it for granted that whatever your cause for worry at night it will look smaller by daylight, and refuse to dwell on it. If your anticipations are pleasant, nurse them, and you will fall asleep. In the morning you will not be downcast because your magnified hopes of the night seem unlikely to be realized."

"And the Cockney Fied. The father of the marquis of Bute had an amusing experience recently in the neighborhood of Rothesay. He met a cockney traveler who asked to be directed to a certain place. Deceived by the marquis' accent, the visitor took him for a Southron, and took occasion to make supercilious remarks about the barbarous islanders of Bute. He said: 'Blime me, I suppose you're like me, an Englishman?'"

"No," responded the marquis. "I'm a native of Bute, this island." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the Londoner, in amazement. "Then who in the dooce tamed yer?" Lord Bute assumed a fierce expression, and raising a ponderous cudgel he was carrying, said angrily: "Who says I'm tame?" The alarmed cockney turned and fled.

France Had Woman Warriors. The equestrian statue of Domestello Phyllis de la Charce de la Tour du Pin which the citizens of Grenoble in France have erected, remembering after 200 years what they owe to the lady, has recalled the fact there have been many warrior women of France besides Joan of Arc. Phyllis equipped a company of her vassals and rode against the duke of Savoy.

Count Tolstoy Criticises Dante. Count Tolstoy, criticising Dante, characterized the productions of the Italian poet as cloudy and unintelligible.

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