

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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TELEPHONE 226.

Congress is again in session.

We predict sixty-five cent corn locally by March 1st.

The kids, old and young, had a great time skating during the moonlight nights of last week.

Congressman Pollard is writing letters throughout the district seeking pledges for two years hence.

Your Christmas will be a merry one if you help some of your less fortunate friends to a merry Christmas.

Out of nineteen teams standing along the south side of the court house square Saturday afternoon, all were blanketed save one.

If you want to see and hear pure delight just stop and watch and listen to a crowd of little girls looking at the dolls in the store windows.

The holiday shoppers should buy early and not only get the best selection but assist the tired clerks as well. Don't procrastinate, which means get busy.

The Tribune furnishes the best medium for merchants to reach the buyers. We can guarantee that more Tribunes are read by the patrons of Falls City than any other paper.

There are only five towns in Nebraska having a population of 2,000 or more which have no public library. Auburn is one. Our sister city should wake up and get a public library.

Do your Christmas shopping early. By so doing you will avoid the rush and have first selection. The reporter went through some of our local stores last week and found the largest stocks ever laid in for the holiday trade.

President elect Taft is going to insist on a tariff revision that will keep every promise made by the national platform. Of course the principle of protection will be applied wherever necessary, but that an honest revision of the tariff will ensue is apparent.

The Tribune is also the best county paper. We publish four times as much county correspondence as any other local paper. All this costs money to secure, to set up and to print, but we pay the bills promptly and cheerfully to the end that the Tribune may continue the best and biggest paper in the county.

It is said that a Richardson county teacher recently asked her class who was the first president. "George Washington," replied the youngsters in unison. "If there was a political campaign that year, who ran against Washington?" asked the teacher. There was silence for a moment, then a little Irish lad answered up, "William Jennings Bryan."

Judge Sullivan has broken all records in this state inasmuch as he is the only democratic office holder who ever resigned a job. Seriously, however, the resignation of Judge Sullivan is to be regretted as he is one of the ablest lawyers our supreme bench has ever had. Gov. Sheldon would have done well to have appointed the judge for the long term and let some of the less experienced appointees take the one year term.

State Warden Beemer advises the erection of another state penitentiary as the old one is filled and more room is needed. He also states that there are now confined in the penitentiary 200 young fellows between the ages of 18 and 23 years. A large percent of these young men are high school graduates and are exceptionally bright and well read. An education should cause young men to turn their backs on the penitentiary instead of causing them to face it and rap for admission. Book learning is good, but it is not the only valuable learning. The principles of morality, honesty, and integrity should be taught, and their importance impressed upon youthful minds. They should be taught that it is noble to labor, and that no labor is any more noble than physical labor.

It would be well for the republicans of the county to give a big "get together" banquet. There should be a morfriendly feeling among republicans throughout the country. The way to foster such a feeling is for all of us to confer about matters in general, and the best way to confer is to get together.

Do you know you are not fooling the public by belittling your adversary? You are not always taken at your own valuation and the people usually guess right on the question of motives. Do your stunt, you don't know how much fun it is to mind your own business until you have tried.

The official count shows Taft's plurality in the state of Ohio over W. J. Bryan is 69,591—a majority greater than was received by Wm. McKinley in either of his presidential campaigns. Taft made no mistake by refusing to tie up with Senator Fraker.

Why not pass an ordinance putting a penalty upon the selling of morphine and kindred drugs without a physician's prescription. There are more "dope fiends" in Falls City than is believed by the general public.

Speaking of stories, why not read the message of the president in this issue. It is the last communication President Roosevelt will make to congress and the nation. He is going after bigger game.

You, who are getting sample copies of the Tribune, will confer a favor on the management by comparing the paper both as to appearance and news with the other papers you may be taking.

Mr. Bryan has bought a ranch in Texas, and the way Bert Whitaker is selling Texas land it looks like about half the state of Nebraska is following suit.

Did you read the first chapter of our story which begun in last week's issue? If not hunt up the paper for you will find the story worth while.

One of the speakers at the Elk's memorial service gave some good advice on life when he said, "Take the cards that are dealt you, and play the game."

If our democratic brethren get rid of the cumbersome, expensive and unnecessary primary law, The Tribune agrees to kick.

Do you know of some needy person, whose life could be made a little brighter through your instrumentality? Then get busy.

What has become of the Haskell-Hearst libel suit? Was it simply campaign thunder? We hear nothing more of it.

The small boys and girls are now ready for Santa Claus stories. These are happy days for the little folks.



W HAT a lot of things can happen between July and Christmas!" Kate said it to herself and said it aloud, so loudly that it startled her. For she was alone.

Mother was off on an eleventh-hour and unsatisfactory wrestle with the Christmas shopping problem. Sis had chosen this gray afternoon to call on a chum home from college. So Kate had opportunity to make herself as miserable as she desired.

It was now six weeks since Jack had called—and six weeks is a long time when a man is 25 and a girl is 20, and each is very much interested in the other. Just how much Kate was interested was something unsuspected. Once Jack thought he knew, but now all he knew was that he did not know. When Jack suddenly disappeared from Kate's perspective no one noticed his absence from the picture. To most people Jack had seemed a part of Kate's social background. Some who had seen them together at Grand Traverse had advanced him to the middle distance. But of the foreground no one thought.

What happened in July was this: The Wilsons were no more than firmly established in their cottage, which looks over Grand Traverse bay, than Jack appeared at the hotel, which looks over them both. That was not remarkable, for all had been members of that particular summer colony for years. Then, the day of the picnic on the Point, Jack and Kate found themselves sitting at the green fringe of the forest looking out over the blue expanse of the bay. A hundred yards in front of them Mrs. Wilson was gathering up the tablecloth and things.

There was a little sense of chill in the air—a harbinger of autumn. And there was a change in the atmosphere between the two. The girl's lips were tremulous. The man was agitated, and strangely tender and brutal in his speech.

"It will not interest you," he said, "but I am going down to-morrow."

"But why so tragic? We will be back in town in a week ourselves—and yet I do not feel so horribly blue about it."

"Well, things down there are different."

"Yes, they are different, but not unpleasant when you first get back to them. I shall miss the canna in front of your hotel; but I have no doubt the fall millinery on State street will be quite as gorgeous."

"You are clever, and, like most clever people, a little heartless. You know how things are different down there. The people are different—why, we are different ourselves. And it is just the difference of which you speak—the difference between these flowers and flowers of silk and satin, between those lilies out there and lily stems of wire and paper."

"You are a little unkind, Jack," she said, gently.

Give to both enemies and friends the best you have.

If you can't find what you want in the Tribune's advertising columns you are hopeless.

A transient automobile passed through town Tuesday with a siren that sounded like a pipe organ.

The man who feels that he "can't afford to advertise" is the very man who needs advertising most.

The Tribune is just twice its usual size this week and every inch of it is full of good reading matter. We would ask you to compare it in its appearance, the character of business it advertises, its news matter both as to the matter and the manner in which it is written, as well as in all other features with other weekly newspapers that come to your notice.

The soft reproof, more suggestive of tears than anger, brought the story to his very lips. He wondered how he should tell it. Then an old schoolboy trick came back to him. He brought out his penknife. Beside them was a little spruce and in the soft, flaky bark he carved a heart. Within its lines he dug deeply the initials of two people. The girl caught her breath and blushed a little, which are the proper and customary things for a girl to do at such a time.

Then he told her what was in his mind. It left her a little panic-stricken and she took the refuge her sisters always have taken—she asked him to wait for his answer.

In such a case there is but one thing for the man to do, and that is to wait—until to-morrow. But when a man is terribly in earnest he takes people seriously.

"When I see this carving of yours again then we will talk about this, Jack—if you still think this way."

She thought she was putting him on a most proper probation. It was only a woman's reluctance to give up her freedom.

But he took her at her word. Next day he went away.

Back in town again, at first he saw her often. His restraint she imagined was resentment. In November, a month of storms and dreary skies, they quarreled. That was six weeks ago.

All that six weeks he pondered the matter by lonely fires and over breakfasts late and bad. Then he resolved to end the suspense and still keep his word.

One day a young man, whom the natives were satisfied was most certainly insane, stepped off the train into a snowdrift. He wanted a team, a guide, a shovel and an ax. As he had money and determination he got them.

This crazy young man drove four miles and waded through two more



On the Point, now bleak with winter he stopped by a tiny spruce protruding from the snow and began digging as furiously as if he were hunting for buried treasure.

A half dozen little trees he uncovered. At last, with a boyish laugh, he laid the ax at the foot of one until the chips flew.

That night the crazy man who had come 300 miles for a Christmas tree started homeward again. Christmas eve the man and the Christmas tree mounted the steps of the Wilson residence and rang the door bell violently.

Well, what else could she do? That night they went out into the Christmas crowds together and bought the tinsel for the first Christmas tree Kate had had in years—and the very best. (Copyright, 1908, by Wright A. Patterson.)



We haven't been talking long and loud about our Christmas issue but we think this paper will compare very favorably with those who are so given to boasting. Our Christmas issue will be published next week, wait for it.

The Tribune is very glad to be able to publish the splendid address delivered by Mr. Weaver at the Elk's memorial last Sunday night. You will find it in another part of this paper and it is well worthy of your attention.

Do you remember when the Tribune was a little magazine sheet and its opponents were predicting its early death? Look at it this issue and see what you think of its opponents as prophets.

Quite a list of Nebraska towns are on the list for appropriations for government buildings. How nice it would be if Falls City was one of them.

Big Clothing Sale

Store Open Evenings

Save 25% on Clothing

We are selling bright, new and up-to-date clothing of Standard and high grade quality at less than manufacturers' prices.

The stock must be reduced in the next two weeks—the big cut will do it. It will pay you to visit our store before making Christmas purchases for men or boys.

M. SEFF

Four Doors South of Richardson Co. Bank

PARCEL POST SYSTEM

The Postmaster General Discusses The Parcel Post System

The postoffice deficit for the present fiscal year is nearly \$17,000,000. When the causes of this deficit are considered, it is nothing short of a national disgrace. The postoffice establishment ought to pay the government at least \$17,000,000 yearly instead of bringing it that much in debt. The rural free delivery does not pay, but it is universally known that it can be made to pay handsomely. The postmaster general recommends a limited local parcels post system on the rural routes to make them self-sustaining as well as a blessing to the farmer and the country merchant and to that great and constantly increasing class of people who, owing to improved transportation, live all or part of the year in the country. He suggests as a rate, 5c for one pound and 2c for each additional pound up to 11 pounds. Nearly all rural carriers use horses and wagons. An average burden of only 55 pounds a trip would amount annually to over \$15,000,000, nearly all of which would be profit. No man or concern would hesitate to act on such a plain business like proposition. There are four reasons, however, why the government of the United States does not act. The four reasons are the four express companies, viz: American express company, Adams express company, Wells, Fargo express company and the United States express company. They are not legitimate reasons, but they are very stubborn and potent ones. The postmaster general would like a general and unlimited parcels post system and the reason why he recommends a limited system is because he has no hope of getting what he wants and what the country is entitled to and what every other civilized nation in the world has.—Pawnee City Republican.

Good Morning

WANTED

Book-keepers, Stenographers, Clerks, Cashiers, and all eye workers, to know that our optical work is scientific.

Geo. W. Reneker, O. D., M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Falls City, Neb.

A Good Father

STARTS HIS CHILDREN ON THE RIGHT ROAD



by opening a bank account for them. It's a little thing to do.

DEPOSIT ONE DOLLAR

for your child today. Ask for one of our pocket banks, give it to your child and

WATCH THE RESULTS

Do something definite. A little start is all they will ever need. Give them a chance—they will do the rest.

THE Falls City State Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$70,000.00

JEWELRY

Is always suitable for wife, mother, father, sister, brother, aunt, uncle or friend. Here are a few suggestions:

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| FOR MEN | FOR WOMEN |
| Watch | Watch |
| Ring | Bracelets |
| Fob | Fancy Hat Pin |
| Charm | Belt Pin |
| Stick Pin | Locket and Chain |
| Cuff Buttons | Ring |
| Razor Strop | Jewel Cases |
| Shaving Set | Cut Glass |
| Fountain Pen | Silverware |

These are only a few of the many useful and beautiful things we carry that would make an excellent present at a moderate price.

R. B. SIMPSON
JEWELER

North Window Kerr's Pharmacy