

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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TELEPHONE 226.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the choice of Republican voters of Richardson county.

W. P. FERGUS.

Dolliver, of Iowa, seems to be the bright and shining star of the senate these days. There are other stars, but just now they are obscured by clouds—dark clouds.

The generation of today in Falls City certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the forethought and worthy efforts of those who planted shade trees in the town's young days. The leafy shade so plentiful these June days is one of Falls City's main attractions, and a source of keen enjoyment and pride.

"The Best Newspaper in America," is the title of an article in the current number of The World's Work, by Charles H. Grasty. The paper referred to is the Kansas City Star. There might be a difference of opinion as to the Star being the best paper in America, but all will agree that if not the best in America, it is only outdistanced by an eyelash.

The position taken and the argument adduced, that the absence of saloons in a town paralyzes the "business interests" of the town so situated, would be more tenable if it emanated from the "business interests." There are some mighty "punk" specimens of humanity that persist in speaking for the "business interests."

It matters little how often in years past and gone the Missouri Pacific company may have flirted with our beautiful little city, nor how fickle she proved to be. Those scars and heart aches have long since healed, and today Falls City has a smile—a winning smile—and a heart receptive for her old flame and yearns to come into closer communion and dwell with her in harmony and prosperity.

It is now positively asserted that William Jennings Bryan is a candidate for United States Senator from Nebraska. We admit that state pride for this statesman, when a candidate for the presidency, gave him a most astonishing vote. But will Nebraska's republican majority be willing to sacrifice itself upon this altar and place him in the senate? It is altogether a different proposition. We hardly think it possible.

The public in general might infer, from the frequency with which Ewing Herbert's auto comes to grief in our county, that he was a "scorcher," or a "speeder," or that the State of Richardson tolerated bad roads; but neither is the case. Mr. Herbert just glides along on our smooth roads at a dignified pace, and his two accidents were unavoidable. Even the planets, once in a while, swerve from their course and collide with and "bark the shins" of a sister planet.

So far June has been a glorious month in Southeastern Nebraska. Gentle rains and soaking rains, in their turn have fallen upon the acres of the just and the unjust when needed, and now vegetation seems to be working overtime to insure a bounteous harvest this fall. But the season is young yet; from June till October is a far cry when the elements, bugs, worms, and the fickle Nemaha are taken into consideration. But we can hope that all will be well.

What an easy occupation people have who find plenty of time to find fault with every public move that is mentioned. They never advance an idea that would be of public benefit to the community in which they live—that would require time and sober thought—but when any progressive suggestion is made, they are ever ready with their hammer. It is one thing to be a natural leader of men with the ability to accomplish things, and altogether another to be a would-be leader, with no ability but to "knock." The world today is looking for men who do things in their community; with a good word for every public improvement, whether he made the suggestion and was instrumental in the first move or not. A half-dozen such men will make a city out of a hamlet.

It is certainly a beautiful and most appropriate custom of these latter days, for various fraternal orders to

annually decorate the graves of departed brothers after an appropriate program has been rendered. But what of the life side of this picture? Must we wait until the departure of a brother before casting a bouquet? Many a poor soul has traveled thru life wearing a crown of thorns, but no brother plucked one from his brow during life. Now that he has gone to his last reward, his grave is decked with flowers—but do they cover the prints of the thorns he wore through life—perhaps pressed a trifle deeper into his flesh by a brother? The great need of the world today is charity. We are an impulsive people, not careful enough of the feelings of those about us. Can you sit in lodge and for some trivial cause pass a brother without the slightest recognition. Is that fraternity, brotherly love or in keeping with ritualistic work of any order? Do these unkind actions promote the growth or standing of fraternity? Where brotherly love abideth you will see no thorns in the pathway of life—a kind word and a pleasant smile will buoy the struggler on and lighten the burden of life, while neither costs but an effort. These trifles in life are worth more than beds of flowers while we sleep the long eternal sleep.

REFORM THE REFORMERS.

The woods, so to speak, are full of so-called reformers. This is essentially an age of reform, and in our own immediate section of the country and in our state, we are "long" on reform of various kinds and covering numerous faults and shortcomings of society.

The true reformer studies his subject and wastes not his ammunition. The true reformer works from conviction—not for lucre—and the fruits of his efforts can be seen with the naked eye.

Within the past few years, volume upon volume has been written upon the subject of the "great white plague" (tuberculosis), how to suppress it; how to lessen its ravages; as to segregation and isolation, diet, outdoor life, etc., etc. The daily papers and magazines fairly teem with advanced thought along this line, and the reader is led to believe that this common scourge has met its master—has been roped and branded, and is under perfect control. Here is where the "faddist" deludes us; here is where theory supplants action; where actual results are lost sight of and much of this war upon tuberculosis is upon paper only.

A visitor to Falls City the past week—a reputable gentleman, whose veracity is not to be questioned—reports that recently while traveling through a portion of Nebraska, he encountered eighteen tubercular patients in one Pullman car and fifteen in the chair car, all enroute to Colorado points, seeking relief. These people were taking advantage of a low rate to the mountains, and represented no small per cent of the personnel of the train. Numerous travelers abandoned the Pullman, our informant being among the number.

Can one conceive, in the face of all that has been written concerning the necessity of segregation of tubercular patients, anything that smacks more of recklessness, foolhardiness and utter disregard for the public's welfare? A veritable pestilential train sweeping across the country, peopled with afflicted ones seeking relief in a new climate, spreading disease germs as it went—that is, if much that has been written on the subject of segregation can be depended upon as being correct. If segregation is a good thing in the home, in the city, on paper and in bound book with costly binding, it is a good thing to practice upon a railroad train.

The best reforms are brought about by law. Fear of the law makes a fool wise, and a bad man docile. You can reform some reformers by process of law, and if it were not for this same strong arm of the law "faddists" would butt their brains out every day.

It would seem that the war upon the "great white plague" was but in its incipency, was still in its swaddling clothes, and merely serves as a topic for fake reformers and silly "faddists." Some day, when the length of bed sheets shall have been established in the state of Nebraska, to the satisfaction of all, possibly the subject of the segregation of tubercular patients upon railway trains will be taken up by the legislatures and fashioned into law, thus giving protection to the non-affected, checking the spread of the disease and gaining a reputation for inaugurating a reform that reformers; a reform that protects its people at home, abroad and upon the Pullman and chair cars.

THEN AND NOW.

"We demand an immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs," and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

So read the free lumber plank in the last democratic national platform. When it came to a vote—that final, inevitable moment, when the partici-

pants in the game are compelled to "show their hands"—the result was startling, to say the least. The bill was defeated by a vote of 54 to 25, ten men not voting. Sixteen democrats—sixteen, mind you—voted squarely against the pledge of the party.

There is an object lesson in this episode. Voters must begin to realize that platforms are not always made to stand upon—some are for ornamental and pyrotechnical display only.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, we will refund your money. It is up to you to try it. Sold by all druggists.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

Finance Committee Reported to the Council.

The finance committee of the city council submitted the following report on Friday evening:

"We have checked up the books of the water-commissioner, N. T. Van Winkle, for the municipal year, ending May 6, 1909, and find that his report submitted to this council, and which we re-submit for further consideration, is substantially correct.

"We find the total amount collected on water amounts to \$4,907.29.

"Amount collected on lights, \$19,277.12.

"Total amount collected, \$15,184.41.

"The above report is respectfully submitted for adoption or rejection.

C. C. DAVIS,
L. L. ALDRICH,
Finance Committee."

Work Uplifts.

All business and all work should lift up, and not hold down; it should make free and not enslave; it should ennoble, and not degrade. It is as honorable to make shoes or anchors as it is to paint pictures or write books. The shoemaker should learn the secret through his work of finding the sandals of manhood for his own feet. The blacksmith should learn, through the making of anchors for his great ships, to find the anchor that is to hold his own soul to the truth amid the storms of life.—Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D.

School for Dogs.

A school for dogs has been established in Paris. The object is to teach them politeness. The animals are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves the dog accompanies him to the door, constantly wagging his tail and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained, likewise, to pick up a handkerchief, glove or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner.

Aesop's Fables.

Fable springs from the universal need of men to express their thoughts by concrete images and emblems, and is practically coeval with humanity itself—the east, the land of myth, is the natural home of the fable. From Hindustan the Sanskrit fables passed to China, Thibet and Persia, reaching Greece at an early period, since it is now known that many of the fables which passed as Aesop's are identical with those of the east.—New York American.

Rule of Character.

Our own problem looks exceptional to us, but it is not. The next man we meet has an equally hard sum on his slate and is working it out or giving it up, quite in our own fashion. We think, perhaps, that riches would solve our difficulty for us in no time, or pleasure would soften it, or change would substitute an easier one. But in reality there is only one rule by which to work it out—the rule of character.

Claim Ancient Lineage.

Native historians of Afghanistan assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghana, who was the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of a King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghana is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

Large Churches.

The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches in the world: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence cathedral, 20,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, 2,500, with standing room for 8,000.

Swallowed Her Week's Wages.

A Dundee (Scotland) girl swallowed a week's wages recently. To safeguard her money, which consisted of one gold and two silver coins, she carried it in her mouth. The accident was caused by her laughing heartily at a joke.

Sleep as Aid to Beauty.

One of the best remedies for dark circles or hollows under the eyes is eight hours of good sound sleep every night.

SCHEME THAT WORKED WELL.

Doctor's Diplomatic Stroke That Settled All Question of Unpaid Fees.

A physician complained recently to a fellow-practitioner that he had great difficulty procuring his fee from fathers of new-born babes. His friend found a remedy for this state of affairs. On attending a case shortly afterward, and being asked if it would be quite as convenient were he to be paid his fee in a week's time, he replied:

"Quite, for I never lose any money on these cases."

"Indeed!" said the parent.

"Well," said the doctor, "it is becoming a well-established superstition, based upon facts, that parents who allow their infant boy to start in life with a debt hanging over his head are sure to have a ne'er-do-well son, and the girl in such a predicament is sure to marry a pauper."

The feelings of the anxious mother could not bear this awful strain, and the fee was duly paid.—London Tit-Bits.

BARNYARD COMFORT.



Gaspard Goat—It's no use, I'm about discouraged. There's always a "but" in what I try to accomplish. I'm ashamed to talk about it, but I'm everybody's scapegoat.

Peregrine Pig—Pshaw! I don't like to squeal on a friend, but Sylvester Steer confessed to me yesterday that all he has gained by beefing. So cheer up. All of us expect to get into a pickle some time.

THE SKEPTIC.

Alderman Frank L. Dowling of New York was talking about his widely praised ordinance to make it a crime for chauffeurs to take out their masters' motor cars without leave.

"So many accidents have accompanied these stolen rides," said Alderman Dowling, "that the chauffeur has come to be regarded very skeptically. Of course, the great majority of chauffeurs are all right, but there is among them a small majority, a small working minority, which we must treat as a Hoboken grocer treats his trade.

"This grocer is a cash grocer only. If you ask him for credit he says: 'No, sir; no, siree. I wouldn't even trust my own feelings.'"

ARMS, LEGS, AND THE MAN.

How many of us have noticed that we walk with our arms as well as with our legs; sitting on a grassy slope overlooking a seaside promenade the other day I was struck by the mechanical swing of the arms of the stream of passers-by—the right arm always keeping position with the left leg and the left arm with the right leg. By attempting to reverse the order of the swing I found that I had a tendency to progress like a crab, while the effort to keep them fixed by the side was like shutting off steam from the engine. Arms and the man must be amended to arms, legs and the man!—London Chronicle.

POPULAR ENGLISH WOMEN.

Who are the six most popular women in England, excluding Queen Alexandra, who, of course, is hors concours? The question is answered by readers, who place Florence Nightingale at the head of the list. Princess Christian, whose personal charm and boundless energy in the cause of philanthropy are well known, comes next; the remaining four in their order being the princess of Wales, Miss Ellen Terry, the countess of Warwick and Mme. Patti, who has never been able really to change the name she made her own, though she has made three attempts.—London Woman.

HOW TO USE IODINE.

If it is necessary to use iodine for painting the skin in medical treatment it is worth remembering that the painting should be done in the dark or in a red light such as is used in photography.

RIDICULE ALWAYS A POWER.

Even Eloquence Bows Before the Light Shafts That Can Wound So Deeply.

President Hadley of Yale in his last annual report said that the idle rich were as great a curse to a college as to a community.

"Ridicule, could it but be employed, would turn the idle rich undergraduate to industry," said President Hadley at a dinner in New Haven, "but unfortunately this young man, with his panoply of motor cars, hunters and bulldogs, is not very vulnerable to ridicule. Riches, alas, are not so easily ridiculed as—say—low stature."

He smiled.

"A tiny, decadent poet," he resumed, "launched at a Philadelphia literary club into a passionate tirade against marriage. It was great nonsense, that tirade, but the little poet was eloquent, and his younger auditors were visibly impressed.

"With a contemptuous smile a robust novelist of the wholesome type watched the spouting poet pace the room and at the end of an impressive period the novelist chuckled and said:

"Sit down, Brown; sit down. You look taller sitting down."

WHAT HE SAID.

Attorney—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know everything that passed between you and Mr. Gibson on the occasion to which you refer.

Reluctant Witness—I've told you everything of any consequence.

"You have told me what you said to him: 'Gibson, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now I want to know what he said in reply."

"Well, he said: 'Chumley, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snooping little bee-hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and 16 pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'—Tit-Bits.

A QUEER CHASER.

Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, New York's authority on hypnotism, was discussing at his beautiful New Hampshire estate on Lake Sunapee the absurdity of dreams.

"You must have noticed," said Dr. Quackenbos, "the absurd, the causeless terror that a dream will sometimes give you.

"I know a man who, still but half awake, ran into his wife's room in the middle of the night, all shaken with fear, all wet with the cold sweat of an overpowering terror.

"Oh," he moaned, "I have had such a dreadful dream. I've been chased round and round my room for hours and hours by a piece of blotting paper."

SEA LIONS CAPTURE GULLS.

The sea lion displays no little skill and cunning in capturing gulls. When in pursuit the sea lion dives deeply under water and swims some distance from where it disappeared; then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose along the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion. The unwary bird near by alights to catch the object, while the sea lion at the same moment settles beneath the waves and at one bound, with extended jaws, seizes its screaming prey and instantly devours it.

REMOVES INK, NOT PINK.

"I had a sheer pink silk waist, on which I unfortunately spilled some ink. I took some peroxide of hydrogen and wet the goods with it, then put it in the sun for a little while.

"In about half an hour ink spots were gone and the color remained intact. Peroxide of hydrogen can be used on the most delicate color and it will take stains out admirably. I have also used it with great success on my fine white lawn waists."—Harper's Bazar.

HYMN 333.

A youth named Harry Jordan sat at a recent examination at one of the eastern colleges. When he learned the result, he telegraphed to his people:

"Hymn 333, verse 5, last two lines. Harry."

The anxious father turned to his hymn book and read the comforting couplet:

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."

ROTHSCHILD MARRIAGES.

Number of Unions Between Cousins Belonging to the Famous Family.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amschel of the Red Shield, dying in 1812, exhausted his five sons, engaged as loanmongers under him in Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples, not only to remain faithful to the law of Moses and stand ever united, but to undertake nothing of importance without first consulting their mother.

Nathan, founder of the London branch, also was so convinced of the business capacities of his wife, a Cohen, that he not only left the huge residue of his fortune at her disposal, but added instruction that his sons were to engage in no undertaking of moment without her consent.

How far the instruction was observed one is not in a position to say, but it is certain the Rothschilds have done their best to live in family unity, for from the gentile point of view the number that have married cousins is appalling. Of the five children of the great Nathan each married a cousin.

And coming to contemporaries, Lord Rothschild is the son of cousins and the husband of a cousin. Returning to Nathan, the Sidonia of "Coningsby," though his offspring married cousins, a reaction followed in the next generation, for three of his granddaughters, two of whom have been already named, married not only out of the family, but out of the faith.

COLONY WITHOUT CRIME.

St. Helena, our little Napoleonic colony in mid-Atlantic, is a model community. Its governor, Col. Galloway, is also its judge, but in the latter capacity he has little or nothing to do. He holds court at stated times, but the only business is the presentation of white gloves.

Nevertheless St. Helena has an "inspector of police," and as the withdrawal of the garrison, hitherto the chief consumer of local products, has adversely affected the finances the St. Helena Guardian urges the abolition of this "unnecessary official who has practically nothing to do." His salary should go to a "much wanted assistant surgeon." There is only one surgeon in St. Helena, and if he became incapacitated the little community on the lonely Napoleonic rock would be in a parlous state.

SCOTCH HOSPITALITY.

George Conklin, the famous animal trainer, was talking to a reporter at the circus in New York.

"The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs.

"Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland."

Mr. Conklin smiled.

"We trainers," he said, "supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said:

"Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coot's two muffins ahead o' ye.'"—Rochester Herald.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SAYINGS.

Thunder is mighty good at hollerin', but it's de lightnin' dat gits dar an' tends ter business.

Ef you got ter have compny on de road you travelin', be sho' dat Trouble don't take up wid you an' make believe he's Happiness in disguise.

W'en jedgmint day comes some er de lazy folks will sho' say dat de Angel Gabrul blowed dat trumpet too soon.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN URGENT CALL.

A doctor spending a rare and somewhat dull night at his own fireside received the following message from three fellow practitioners: "Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of whist." "Jane, dear," he said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already."—London News.

ERROR IN THE FIGURES.

Teacher—"What is wrong about this sentence: 'I am 20 my last birthday?'" Little Johnny—"It should be '40' instead of '20.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.