

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.

Announcement.
 I hereby announce myself a candidate on the democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the primary election which will be held on August 17th, 1909. If successful in the nomination and if I am elected I promise to give my undivided attention to the office and transact the duties of the office to the best of my ability.
 L. C. EDWARDS.

Announcement.
 My friends having filed a petition asking that my name be placed on the primary ballot for sheriff on the democratic ticket, I have decided to grant their wishes. I promise that if successful at the polls I will give my entire time and attention to the office. Thanking the voters of the county for past favors, I remain, yours very truly,
 W. T. FENTON.

Announcement.
 I hereby announce myself a democratic candidate for nomination to the office of County Clerk, at the primary election, which will be held on August the 17th, 1909. If nominated and elected I promise to give to the office my entire time and attention; to all courteous and fair treatment, together with all the accuracy my ability warrants.
 GEO. W. MORRIS.

An Announcement.
 I desire to announce to the voters of Richardson county that I am a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Treasurer at the primary election. It has been my pleasure to serve the public in a county office for a few years and this experience and acquaintance with the county affairs will enable me to administer the affairs of the office more efficiently. If I am given the nomination I earnestly ask the support of all voters, at the November election, irrespective of party and I pledge myself to serve the tax payers of this county in a faithful and accommodating manner. Yours respectfully,
 JOHN H. HUTCHINGS.

County Clerk.
 My friends having persuaded me to allow my name to be placed on the primary ballot as a candidate for the office of County Clerk on the republican ticket, I take this method of introducing myself to those in the county who are not already acquainted with me. In case I am elected to the office, I promise to do my very best to please the public and to do the office justice. ROY W. DAGGETT.

Burkett and Brown are giving splendid service to the people of the state, and are being given nation-wide credit for the fight they are making for the consumer.

Roy Daggett of Salem is being urged to permit the use of his name for county clerk. Mr. Daggett is universally popular and would make one of the most competent officers the county has ever had.

We are informed that Dan Riley will be unable to leave his business interests to become a candidate for county treasurer. Dan's many friends ardently hoped that he would permit his name to be used, but knowing the situation as they do they are inclined to let Dan have his way. Rob Cain is being talked of by the local politicians, and no better candidate could be chosen.

The county central committee of the county should provide some sort of meeting that could be attended by republicans from all over the county, in order that an exchange of views may be had concerning candidates in particular and the situation in general. There was never a better opportunity to carry the county than now. With the opposition ticket made up of candidates who have held office all the way from two to four terms, the issue should be simple and the victory certain.

Falls City's democratic leaders seem to have the slate pretty securely fixed. Dick James has been relegated to the rear for county

Judge, George Morris was told where to "get off" when he had the temerity to want to run for treasurer, and all the "little fellows" have received their orders to whom it up for the "never give ups." Morris has been allowed to become a candidate for clerk and James seems to think that the voters throughout the county should have something to say about the matter and is inclined to stick for county judge.

Altogether it is an amusing situation and one that the rank and file of the democratic party would find very interesting if they could see the inside of the deal.

It usually takes an evangelist to make a community realize how vile they are. You see the evangelist is only with us for a brief time and does not care for our scowl or condemnation, so he hits right and left. He points out the sins of A and B, and we say "sick 'em; they deserve it." Then C, D, E and F come in for a roast, and we say, "isn't it just too true?" G, H, I, J and K then get a punch in the solar plexus, and we yell with delight—we've always wanted to see that Mrs. K "taken down a peg." "Yes," we say, "the evangelist is doing some noble work." But finally he gets down to X—we're in X. It seems as though he dwells unusually long on the sins of X, and intimates that X is "hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the bottomless pit." "He's a faker," we say, "too sensational; he's a grafter." The average evangelist can afford to call a spade a spade; he tells you many things you already know, but he does not whisper it, and that alone never yet failed to draw a crowd. It's a trick of the trade, and no doubt brings good results.

Man is vile, in about the same proportion in Falls City as in other towns. Human nature differs little in Nebraska towns—we're no better nor no worse than the average town of our size, and the old Sam Jones method of placing each town he visited in the same class with hades, is, among intelligent people, a stale trick and has out-lived its usefulness—if it ever had any.

WHAT ABOUT FALLS CITY?
 A subscriber for many years has stopped taking the Republican. He is angry because this paper thinks saloons ought to be abolished, and he has a building which he is renting at a good rent to a saloon. He says he does not use liquor himself, and hopes he never will, but that it is not his business to keep others from taking a drink if they want to. He confesses that he is not a friend to the business when he says that he does not patronize it. He would have no use for it and would be willing to see it abolished under other circumstances. He knows it is bad for men, and confessor to that knowledge by abstaining from it himself. Yet he is willing that men shall have a bad thing dealt out to them just because the saloon furnishes a profitable tenant for his building.—York Republican.

"Nebraska is coming more and more to look like certain districts of rural England," says Regent Coupland. "This is particularly true of the southeastern corner of the state. In Richardson county I can imagine myself in the old country again." Regent Coupland is full of enthusiasm over the possibilities of Nebraska agriculture. "If the people would plan for permanent occupation of the land as the best place to live," he says "we would have here the best farm conditions in the world." His zeal in pushing the agriculture college of the state university springs from his firm belief in the scientific development of the great natural resources of the state.—State Journal.

THE NEVER GIVE-UPS.
 We haven't a word to say against the character of any of the democratic candidates. Campaigns of slander and abuse must be left to those better fitted than The Tribune. But as apostles of the theory of "never give up a good thing," commend us to the democratic candidates.

Judge Gannon has held the office of county judge eight out of the last twelve years, and is now a candidate for his fifth term, and his third successive term.

William Fenton has been sheriff for two terms and now asks a third term.

Prof. Oliver has held the office of county superintendent for two terms, and is now a candidate for a third term.

John Hutchings has been county clerk for two terms and now is a candidate for treasurer.

L. C. Edwards has been county recorder for one term of four years, and now wants four years more. The voters of this county are not much in favor of "hogging" it and have repeatedly defeated men who tried to get more than their share. We know of no law that prevents these gentlemen from being candidates as long as they want to, but it seems to a "man up a tree" that four years in public office is about enough, to say nothing of eight or ten.

A CEREAL STORY
 By Melville F. Ferguson
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"I remember that when I was a boy, and laboriously traced the maxim graven at the top of my copy-book, variety was reputed to be the spice of life," casually remarked the Man, gravely contemplating the steaming breakfast food before him. "How times have changed! How fickle the fashion in spices! Pass the cream, please."

His wife cast a sidelong glance at him over the top of the coffee-urn. She was used to his circuitous method of attack, and more than suspected what was coming. Therefore she held her peace.

"This—er—pasty substance," said he, holding up a spoonful and allowing it to plump back into his bowl in a long elastic gob—"haven't I seen something like this before? Didn't we have it yesterday? Didn't we have it day before yesterday? Has there been any day this month, or last month, or the month before, when we didn't have it?"

"I thought you were so fond of cereals!" deprecated the woman.

"Cereals—yes. This particular cereal, to the exclusion of all others—no. Come, now, be honest. What's the prize? Tell me about the premium. Enlighten me as to the generous offer of the philanthropic manufacturer. What is it?"

"Oh, I dare say it's very amusing," retorted his wife, with an ominous snap in her voice. "You're an ingrate. But for my interest in the things you sneer at you wouldn't have the coat you've got on."

It was true. He wished he hadn't. He was attired in a vivid green smoking-jacket tastefully trimmed with purple walls of Troy about the collar,



His Desk Was Full of Oats.

cuffs, and tall. It was a nightmare his thoughtful helpmeet had brought upon him by succumbing to the offer of what was described as a "magnificent \$20 house-coat to be given away absolutely free" with a thousand cigars—of awful memory. He sat in a chair to obtain which as a "gift" his better half had made herself obnoxious throughout the neighborhood by forcing upon unwilling friends and acquaintances unbelievable quantities of soap, starch, and perfumery that they didn't need and didn't want. He ate from dishes that had been procured by the assiduous collection of reams of vari-colored trading-stamps. The abortive urn in which was served the morning ration of coffee represented weeks of nauseating effort to dispose of the ten pounds of chicory and charred peanuts with which it had been presented. Mustering these fortifying facts in martial array in his mind, he returned to the charge.

"What are we going to get for nothing this time?" he demanded. "Come, tell me how it works."

"I just knew you'd be perfectly horrid about it," said she. "It's a beautiful gilt boudoir clock—something I've wanted for ages and ages. You see, there is a little pasteboard letter in every box, and when you get enough to spell the cereal people's name they give you the clock as a present. It's grand; Mrs. James has one, and it didn't cost her a penny. I wish you could see it."

"Didn't cost her a penny, eh? No, I can't see it," rejoined the Man, with sinister double entendre. "How much do you pay for this stuff? Fifteen cents a box? And we've been using three packages a week for say twenty weeks—that's nine dollars. Seems to me you must have bought enough letters to get two or three clocks. The fellows who got up this scheme must have a name long enough to reach all the way around the box and lap over some at that. What do they call themselves?"

"It's the name of the food you have to spell—not the company's. The letters are P-r-e-t-t-y-m-a-n-s P-r-e-d-i-g-e-s-t-e-d O-a-t-s, and I have them all but one. I've four or five of some of them."

"Well," said the Man, glancing at his watch and shedding his giddy house-coat hurriedly, preparatory to the usual rush for his train, "if your heart is set on getting this clock for nothing, let us hope you find the missing letter before I am bankrupted—that's all."

Oats was a dangerous topic for many days. The Man absorbed his fodder in silence morning after morning, leaving a constantly increasing quantity in his bowl on the plea of allowing himself more time to reach the station.

THE ONLOOKER
 WILBUR D. NESSBIT

THE LAZY MAN



A lazy man is Amos Brown—
 The laziest man that lives in town.
 He has a son who dreams of fame
 Because Leander is his name.
 But that is not the point at all—
 'Tis this: When Brown his son would call

He goes into the yard, does he,
 And shakes the elder tree.
 Why does he do that? Can't you guess?
 He's calling: "O, Leander." Yes.
 But isn't he a lazy man?
 Some people call him a "crazy man!"

Another freak of Amos Brown—
 That has been told all over town
 Is this: He has a dogwood tree
 Close to his house, where all may see.
 And he is timid in the night—
 Afraid, you know, of sudden fright.
 So, if bold burglars prowl around,
 Brown never makes the slightest sound;
 Because he knows the dogwood bark.
 Oh, isn't he a lazy man?
 Some people call him "crazy man!"

And, worst of all, I've heard it said,
 He had an oak tree that was dead,
 Or nearly dead—but falling limb
 Nor crashing bough affected him.
 And he would never cut it down
 For he was lazy Amos Brown.
 He said he guessed he'd let it stay;
 It was too big to cut away.
 "Let it alone," he sighed, "the thing
 As like as not will leave next spring!"
 Now, wasn't he a lazy man?
 Some people call him "crazy man!"

THE SUMMER MAN.

My son, consider now the summer man.
 He that hath trousers which seem even as though they had been fashioned for the elephant.

For great is the fullness thereof, and likewise great is the emptiness of the fullness;
 They flap about his knees, and at his ankles they roll up even as a scroll;

And his coat, it hath buttons up the sides thereof, even unto his armpits, and the waist is pinched in upon him, and the tails of his coat stick out even as a shelf;

Yea, and he weareth socks that make a louder sound than the glass crash in "Lohengrin;" and his necktie and his handkerchief, do they not match for hue?

And his hat, hath it not a band of many colors, like unto the festive barber pole?
 And he buyeth soda water and talketh in a loud voice of golf, and eke of automobilizing;

And the mosquito biteth him not, for it is afraid.
 My son, when men speak unto thee against the summer woman and tell thee that the peckaboo and the squintaboo hosiery is wrong,

Listen not unto them, but tell them to be on their way and to beat it and to skiddoodle.
 For the summer man taketh the badge.

Yet is he glad, for some one hath told him that he looketh like unto an actor who acteth in the slapstick melodrama.
 And his heart is large within him. And he studieth the thermometer and the mirror.

Is it not so, even as we have told it from the inner consciousness of this typewriter with the strabismus of the I key?
 Even so.
 Selah.

Exactly.
 My uncle Ted
 Is very odd—
 He calls a bed
 A quadruped!

But soon we find
 He'll change his mind.
 "This feather tick,"
 He says, "is thick—
 Upon my word
 The bed's a bird!"

A Bulwark of Strength.
 "England," said the timorous man, "is building ten new battle ships, each bigger than anything now in existence and capable of firing broadsides aggregating 40,000,000-foot pounds of force; Germany is adding to her navy ships that will discharge missiles equivalent to 30,000,000-foot pounds; France, Japan, Russia and all the other countries are doing the same. What are we doing? What have we to compete with that?"

"My dear sir," said the calm man. "You forget that we have the never-failing supply of Missouri mules. The annual muster of Missouri mules could combine and kick all the navies in the world clear through the Milky Way."

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Sea Snakes Hard to Get.
 Collecting sea snakes for the scientific institutions is a difficult process. If the collector is to obtain anything like a fair proportion of the 50 odd species he must cruise through Malayan seas in a small boat and be ever on the watch. The only way to obtain a series of the species is to shoot them. Sea snakes come regularly to the surface for air, but the collector is lucky if he gets one out of every ten snakes he sees.

The Basis of Good Society.
 "Society," like everything else which is collectively human, is just what its units allow it to be, and this is as true inside the church as anywhere else. The need of the day is no new one—it is for men and women whose example will make them lights and beacons in our politics, our churches, our educational establishments, our "society," and in all our human relations.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In Any Case It Was the Cat.
 Two Columbia students rooming together cook some of their meals themselves and take turns in doing the marketing. One of them brought home two chops the other night, intending them for breakfast. Some time in the night a cat stole one of the chops. This brought about the first quarrel that had arisen between the young men. They could not decide the question "Whose chop did the cat eat?"

Rely on Yourself.
 All things come to him who hustles while he waits. Don't sit down with folded hands or stand with arms akimbo set until the occasion tells you what to do; don't wait for something to turn up or somebody to come along and take you by the hand to lead you up, without any labor on your part, to the heights others have gained by push and perseverance.

Larry's Dig.
 Two riveters were working on the big skyscraper. "Do yez think thoz'll be a war?" said Larry. "O! don't know," replied Denny, as he lit his pipe, "but if thoz is O'll be at th' front." "Thoz's what yez will be, me bye. At th' front window watching th' throops pass by." And then Larry dodged a rivet.

Perseverance Essential.
 There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it.—P. G. Hamerton.

News.
 Some persons are disturbed by the fact that evil deeds seem to predominate in the news. Of course! It is necessary that evil be exposed, but good conduct, which is the rule, does not particularly call for the limelight of publicity.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
 Sealed bids for the erection of the superstructure of a new Catholic church at Falls City, Neb., will be received by the building committee of the Catholic church up to
THE EIGHTH OF JULY
 at eight o'clock p. m.
 Plans and specifications may be seen at the hardware store of Wirth & Winterbottom, and at the Catholic parsonage.
 The building committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
 See Catholic Church committee.
FATHER BEX, Pastor.



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