

## THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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TELEPHONE 226.

### POLITICAL ADVERTISING.

County Superintendent.

I wish to announce through The Tribune my candidacy for the office of county superintendent on the non-partisan ticket, to be voted for at the coming election. I can truthfully say that this office to me will be strictly non-partisan in the fullest sense, and if I am elected I will fill the office to the best of my ability.

MISS CORA B. HILL.

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 accomodating 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 community 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.

Announcement.

I wish to take this means of telling the voters of Richardson county that I will be a candidate for county superintendent at the coming election. My only pledge shall be absolute fairness to all. Your support will be appreciated.

Albert D. Sargent.

County Recorder.

I wish to take this method of telling the voters of Richardson county that I am a candidate for the office of county recorder, subject to the dictate of the primary election, August 17th.

If nominated and subsequently elected to the office to which I aspire I pledge myself to give all a square deal and the office my entire time and attention. FRANK M. BOSS.

Oh, Patriotism, how many foolish stunts are committed in thy name.

The glorious Fourth has come and

gone—now for the statistics of casualties.

George Holland, chairman of the county central committee, has called a meeting of the committee for Saturday, July 10th.

F. M. Boss has announced himself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of recorder of deeds on the republican ticket.

Of the bright stars in the Chanqua firmament, Falls City certainly has secured its share for this year's entertainment.

### FORBIDDEN FRUIT

President Taft and party left a Washington theatre recently on account of the vulgarity and suggestiveness of the play, and now the management of the play is hanging out the S. R. O. sign every night. The president simply advertised the play by his action; at least that is the result so far. It may be, however, that his seat of disapproval upon a play of this nature, will have a wholesome effect in the long run, and serve to help manure, scour and disinfect the stage of today.

This recalls to mind the "stunt" of John Wanamaker, when he was postmaster-general. Mr. Wanamaker read Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata" written in the noonday of the great Russian author's life; long before he had met our W. J. Bryan, now his sponsor in this country. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was rank, in spots, even from a Russian standpoint, and our Puritan-like postmaster-general prohibited its transmission through the mails. The edict to this effect had not any more than gone forth when it became difficult to supply the demand for the book. Small boys yearned for it, women fought for it, and the question on everyone's lips was, "Have you read the Kreutzer Sonata?" The pulpit took it up—a little more advertising; public libraries spurned it—still more advertising fond mothers read it, careful fathers "looked it over," and warned their offspring against it—you see, in order to condemn a book, one must needs to read it. Were the truth known, it is possible that Tolstoy's fortune—for he is not poor, even though he affects the blouse and rough grub—is largely due to John Wanamaker's idea of prohibition against literature not of his liking.

### SOME INVENTIONS.

Charem Lotts, the well-known ice man, has perfected his ice box and refrigerator on which he has been working for several years. The invention is not only ingenious, but remarkable in its way. Beneath the ice chamber is placed a flat fire box, which has a smokestack running up the back of the refrigerator. In the fire box may be burned coal or wood, or if desired a gas burner may be connected. Mr. Lotts figures that by its use a hundred-pound cake of ice may be melted in two hours.

Mr. Whizzen Bump, the renowned auto manufacturer, has completed his new phonograph attachment for his 1907 model. The phonograph is concealed in the body of the machine, and is so regulated that whenever a break-down occurs it will begin by saying "Isn't this aggravating?" and will then go right along from "Can't you find out what is wrong?" to "Will we ever get home?" A concealed switch, known only to the chauffeur, makes it possible to turn on a cylinder of sotto voce profanity.

A. Strapp Hanger announces that he has devised a means of insuring comfort for those who have to ride on crowded trolleys. The invention consists of two full-size dummies, made of rubber, which are to be inflated and carried by the passenger. On boarding the car he will place one dummy in front and the other behind him, hooking them to the straps.

N. O. Buddy has applied for a patent on his "Model After-Dinner Speech." His claims for this speech are that it does not begin with "When the toastmaster advised me that I was to speak upon this topic I was filled with trepidations," nor does it contain the phrases, "With so many brilliant speakers on the list," "In my own weak way," "I am reminded of the story," or "Thanking you kindly."

### Descriptive.

"You saw the men who picked up the purse?" they ask of the matinee girl.

"Yes," she replies.  
"Could you describe him?"

"I think so. I observed him closely. He had hair like Harry Woodruff's and a nose like Edward Sothern's, and a chin like Nat Goodwin's, and eyes like James K. Hatchett's, and he wore a coat like George Cohan's. And—O, yes. When he ran away he ran like Francis Wilson does."

### The Banquet in Bamboola.

The Ancient and Honorable Order of Cannibals, in Bamboola, Central Africa, having given its annual dinner in honor of the new missionary, the toastmaster arose with his customary grace and ease, and, rapping for order, and gazing at the vacant seat of the erstwhile guest of honor, remarked:

"Gentlemen, we have in our midst to-night," etc.

*Melvin Dresbit.*

## By the Greatest American Humorists

### Puzzle Letter: Find John

By J. W. FOLEY

## LISA

A Sketch of Spanish California

By Eleanor G. Walton

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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"The People Here Are Anxious for Me to Stay."

the same institution for years and show no signs of leaving so you must know that a position here is, in a measure, permanent.

I got my new fall suit the day I went to work for my present employers. It is a stripe and I fear you would think it a little too loud, but is the prevailing style where I am and they insist upon your being dressed in the style here. It lends the employees of the institution a certain distinction that is at times highly valuable to our employers. I am, as you cautioned me to be when I left the old home, careful of my clothes and I shall probably not have another suit this winter. It is not expensive living here. The institution operates a boarding house and our meals, while plain, are sufficient and do not cost much. Our laundry is done here also, so that altogether I shall probably live as cheaply as I could anywhere. Nothing has been said to me yet about salary but I suppose I will get that in time.

I know you will be pleased to know that I am keeping good hours. The nature of our engagements here is such that we must be in bed early and rise early. I am in bed at nine o'clock every night and rise at six o'clock every morning. I have left off drinking entirely as it would not be tolerated for a minute by the management, and they discourage the use of tobacco as far as possible.

I intended to come and see you about Thanksgiving but I do not see how I shall be able to get away. The management will not hear of me going at this time so I will have to give up my intended visit. I shall think of you, and at my Thanksgiving dinner I know I shall wish devoutly that I were back with you again.

I do not remember to have told you how I came into my present situation. You know, my funds were at low ebb when I came here and I resolved to take anything that offered. In doing a little moving of household goods

early one morning I slipped while carrying some stuff out of a back window and the lady in whose house I was doing the moving, finding me with a broken leg under the window, insisted upon my coming here, where I could have steady employment and the treatment that I needed. I have become so attached to the place and they look after us so carefully that it is hard to break away from the surroundings. Indeed, several who have left before their terms of service expired, have come back to finish out their terms and in every case have taken another term of service.

You spoke of sending me some clothes, but as I told you, I think I have all I shall be able to wear this winter. My room is small and there is no clothes press, so they would only be in the way. The suit I have was made for me by our tailor here. His stock of goods was limited, so I took the best pattern I could get, but I am sure I look as well dressed as any one here.

About my work: I have gone in for architecture a little and now I am making plans for an exit from our main dormitory. If I am successful in getting these plans matured I shall probably not finish my work here, as it will give me the opportunity I have sought to go elsewhere and begin work for myself again.

Address me when you write, No. 333, Overtheroad. My number is 333, and be sure to address me so, in order that the letter does not miscarry.

As ever,  
Jack Howe Breaker.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

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There are few things worth striving for in this world. Peace alone is worth the struggle. The peace which, to some degree, may be in this life is realized in idealization in these old Franciscan missions among the olive lands of California than anywhere else. The peace there cannot be put into words. It is in the air, and it is like the breath of a sainted nun. The dust lies thick in the crooked paths, the solemn old mission overlooks all, and one almost expects to find the print of sandals and to hear the chant of the "Te Deum."

The voice of the natives, inherited from their Spanish ancestors, is soft and musical. Bright scarfs cover raven tresses. There are glimpses of feet in high-heeled slippers, tawdry lace and cheap jewelry, the love of ornament inherited from mother Spain.

There was no wind and no noise until evening came on, bringing the cool breeze that stirred the beautiful palm and pepper trees that all through the hot day had remained motionless.

The rambling and roofless adobe with its brown walls crumbling with age was near the mission. The padre's dwelling, a litter better than the others, was on the bank of the murmuring river.

"Sing to me, caro mio." This from a swarthy ranchero, bent and old, with

the same institution for years and show no signs of leaving so you must know that a position here is, in a measure, permanent.

I got my new fall suit the day I went to work for my present employers. It is a stripe and I fear you would think it a little too loud, but is the prevailing style where I am and they insist upon your being dressed in the style here. It lends the employees of the institution a certain distinction that is at times highly valuable to our employers. I am, as you cautioned me to be when I left the old home, careful of my clothes and I shall probably not have another suit this winter. It is not expensive living here. The institution operates a boarding house and our meals, while plain, are sufficient and do not cost much. Our laundry is done here also, so that altogether I shall probably live as cheaply as I could anywhere. Nothing has been said to me yet about salary but I suppose I will get that in time.

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The fierce sun pours down again; the old man drags his weary limbs about to prepare the breakfast of fruit and milk. He steps softly towards Lisa's bed. "Lisa, Lisa, sweet one, the birds are still, the echo of the vesper bell is heard in the distance.

The song dies away on the soft evening breeze. Spicca sleep peacefully with a smile on his face. The birds are still, the echo of the vesper bell is heard in the distance.

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