

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

Entered as second-class matter at Falls City, Nebraska, post office, January 12, 1904, under the Act of Congress on March 3, 1879.

Published every Friday at Falls City, Nebraska, by

The Tribune Publishing Company E. F. SHARTS, Manager

One year.....\$1.50 Six months..... .75 Three months..... .40

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 cautious 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.

Announcement.

I wish to take this means of letting the voters of Richardson county know 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. Boas 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 Chautauqua 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 seal 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 Wannamaker, when he was postmaster-general. Mr. Wannamaker 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 than 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 found 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 Wannamaker's idea of prohibition against literature not of his liking.

SOME INVENTIONS.

Chargem Lotts, the well-known ice man, has perfected his ice box and refrigerator 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. Whizzan 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 Soth-ed'n's, and a chin like Nat Goodwin's, and eyes like James K. Hack-ett'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.

Meber & Resbit.

By the Greatest American Humorists

Puzzle Letter: Find John

By J. W. FOLEY

Dear Aunt: I promised to let you know as soon as I was comfortably settled and had steady work and I am now permitted to write you to that effect. I have a place with one of the big, public institutions in the west and unless something unforeseen happens, I shall stay here for two years at least. The position I have now came to me unsought and I am under a sort of contract with the state to stay my two years. If I see a good opening I may leave before my time is up and get into something else, but nothing has offered itself so far. The people here are anxious for me to stay and while there are, of course, some features of my present situation that I do not altogether care for, I presume that is true of almost any place, and I shall not complain.

There are several hundred of us here, all engaged for various periods. Many of the men here have been with



"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-dress, 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 Howse Breaker. (Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

LISA A Sketch of Spanish California By Eleanor G. Walton (Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Lisa, mia bonita, bring thy guitar and sing to me, I am weary, my child, and would have they voice to soothe me."

The little village of San Gabriel was drowsy with the feeling of a perpetual summer afternoon. Long shadows and a golden summer atmosphere were over all. There was a faint droning as of bees. There was nothing doing.

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 nearer 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 little 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



Little 'Lisa, His Only Treasure.

hard, drawn features which soften only when his eyes turn to the beautiful child near him.

Little 'Lisa, his only treasure. The child of his Marie, the laughing child of Spain, his bride, who had died in his arms 18 years ago, leaving little 'Lisa, a babe with no dower save her peerless beauty, and a voice like that of the song birds. Oldest and poorest of the poor in the old Spanish village, Spicca had for eight years spent his earnings on 'Lisa—'Lisa with roses in her hair and cheeks—'Lisa, who danced, laughed, prayed, and cried with an inconsistency that was bewitching. The tinkle of the guitar and a silvery voice ring out. Old Spicca listens and dreams and is content.

'Lisa must marry. Some handsome caballero would come along and take this flower—the gem of his old life—to a happy home. She would be a wife—a mother; but now, this little one must cheer his old days. Her sweet voice must sing to him and drown the voice of misery that would come up in his old hardened heart. Her bright face must be before him to shut out the dark scenes that age, poverty, and sickness bring before his eyes. He would not be here long. He would work for her, work with his old, rough hands to buy the laces, the flowers, the little trinkets that she loves. He would—

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.

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 calling thee. 'Lisa, 'Lisa, where art thou?"

The bed has not been touched. 'Lisa cannot be found. No one has seen her.

Only the little red dress and a comb thrown carelessly near the door and—what is that? A glistening object, a bright gold piece, the kind the tall, insinuating American yesterday offered Spicca for a draught of native wine. Poor Spicca is alone. A fever seizes him. Death loiters around the adobe door, and Spicca rises a mere shadow of the man he once was. His first cry is: "Lisa, 'Lisa, my little one, let me find thee."

The way is long and rough to the great city, but old Spicca starts out,

An Acre Profit OF \$50.00 PER YEAR

on land costing originally \$40. Can you beat it? Our alfalfa, sugar beet, potato and farm lands in the Denver and Greeley districts will produce a net profit of \$50 the acre annually, on lands costing you \$40. Part cash, balance easy terms. Send for our folders. Local agents wanted.

The Hayes Land Co. 815 IDEAL BLDG. DENVER, COLO.

begging and working as best he can. For five years we hear of his wandering about the great city, living—God knows how. A poor, bent cripple, haunting the cafes and the plazas, searching vainly for the dear, lost face. He kneels upon the stone floor of the great churches, hoping to hear the sweet familiar voice. "Mother of Christ! Holy Virgin! guide me to my 'Lisa."

It is night. Bowed by grief and other weariness, he creeps past the gay plaza, where, coquetting and laughing, are women clad in rich satin of bright colors, sparkling with gems, their white shoulders peeping above the lace; and rich caballeros with fiery eyes looking out beneath their black sombreros.

Dragging his limbs along, he crouches in the shadows of the walls of a palatial house in the rich American quarter of the city. A ray of light from the window falls upon his drawn face as he sleeps on the hard, cold stones.

Hark! Can it be—the beloved voice—the rich, deep tones? Madre de Dios, look!

Staggering to his feet, with wild eyes he gazes in at the open window.

He sees a brilliantly lighted room filled with luxurious works of oriental art, a table with luscious wines, and roses, weary with the artificial heat of the room, crowded upon it. Half a dozen men, their faces showing the wine they have drunk and the lives they have led, are sitting about. Before them is a woman, once beautiful, but now hollow-eyed and hardened, whose rouged cheeks and blackened eyes and fanned dress tell their own story.

She sings—holding her wine-glass high—a seductive love song of old Spain.

The men cheer and drink again. The old man totters against the wall.

"'Lisa, 'Lisa, Mother of Christ! why did I find thee?"

In the cold gray dawn the wine-sleepy revellers reel from the house. They stumble over an old man near the gate—dead, his hands clasping his beads, his eyes fixed as though in prayer.

Delry in taking Foley's Kidney Remedy if you have backache, kidney or bladder trouble, fastens the disease upon you and makes a cure most difficult. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today and you will soon be well. Why risk a serious malady? Kerr's Pharmacy.

The Buyers' Guide

The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

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.



Oxfords for Everyone

We Have Your Size THE H. M. JENNE SHOE STORE

Worth Thinking About

"Every dollar put by today comes to you as a gift tomorrow." "Those who save soon cease to starve." "Get is a good servant, but Keep is a better one." "Of all glad words of pen or tongue, the gladdest are these—'I saved when young.'" "The greatest pay'streak is the saving streak."

Get one of these Vest Pocket Savings Banks at

THE Falls City State Bank

And commence the saving habit now

Spring and Summer Suits

Our line is still complete and we can fit any form



Hats, Caps, Gloves, Shirts, Ties, Trunks, Valises, etc.

Free Chautauqua Tickets

We will give a Chautauqua ticket FREE to every CASH PURCHASER of \$2.00 worth of merchandise, from July 17th to 24th inclusive.

Wahl & Parchen

WE KEEP OPEN UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK