

The Point in Question

THE KINDLY CRITIC

"And now they are talking about paving Stone street," snorted Uncle Pewee Nobs. "Already eat up by taxes and they want us to shoulder more." Old acquaintances of Uncle Pewee say that he has been "agin" high taxes ever since he crossed the Missouri and squatted here. He's a regular "watchdog of the treasury," is Uncle Pewee, and he takes a most decided stand upon all questions affecting the town, state or universe when it pertains to finance. Uncle Pewee came to us empty-handed, and today he possesses one cow, one "hoss" and a dog—bred unknown—upon which he pays taxes.

An airship accomplished the feat of crossing the English Channel one day last week, making the trip from Calais to Dover in safety. Slowly but surely the problem of aerial navigation is being solved, and doubting Thomases are compelled to concede point after point. By the way, Falls City was the home of one of the earlier air crafts. It made its trial—and only—trip down upon the banks of the Nemaha, but like Darius Green's flying machine, it was when alighting that its occupants came to grief. Its promoters had the principle down "pat," but the wings would not act in perfect correlation with the air currents. Some day I'll tell about that machine and its great flight.

"Having lived most of my life upon a farm, I never truly appreciated the true worth of fried spring chicken until I moved to town and took up my residence." It was the retired farmer talking, and he was suffering with what is known as a "grouch." Said he, "out on the farm spring chicken seemed to us common enough fare, but here in town, why, its scandalous how rich a fare it is. Recently my wife's relatives visited us, and they hinted about fried chicken until there was nothing to do but gratify them. I thought three would be sufficient, but my wife said four—those people from the city certainly have an appetite when they come to see their country relatives. Now, I am no miser, but when one pays \$1.40 for four emaciated spring chickens, I balk, and until the price comes down city relatives, so far as I am concerned, can subsist on a vegetarian diet largely while visiting at my home. \$1.40 for four spring chickens! Why, I've seen the time I could buy a calf for that amount in Kansas."

I always call her the "Shakespeare Lady," for the reason that her conversation is invariably highly flavored with Shakespeare—not with quotations from the great bard, ah, no; but with ecstatic, creamy and superfluous eulogies upon the grandeur and beauty of his works. I have become suspicious of people who talk Shakespeare too loud or too long. I usually find their volume or volumes in splendid condition, showing little or no use, and upon one occasion I found the leaves uncut in a lady's copy—at Hamlet, too—Alas, poor Hamlet. My friend the "Shakespeare Lady," is loth to confess of the books she really does like, but I know—the annals of the public library furnishes some odd reversals of form in the choice of literature. I would not mention here what the "Shakespeare Lady" really calls for at the library, but if the immortal William could only know, it would cause him to sit up and exclaim, "Out of my sight, thou four-flusher!"

The joys of summer have been multiplied many times over by the creative genius of him who concocts the many tempting "soft drinks" to be had at the confectioners these hot days. And too, these creations are of a more healthful and wholesome nature than when the ice-cream soda and the doubtful phosphates reigned supreme. There are new drinks upon the market, good to look at and palatable, and these hot summer nights the ice-cream parlor is the mecca to which all the thirsty wend their way. Some of these new summer drinks have a tempting name; a name that calls for investigation and a trial of the ambrosial mixture that lurks therein. This is harvest time for mixers of summer drinks, and never before were the caterers to the athirst so busy.

Already real estate values have begun to perk up in Falls City, in anticipation of what the Missouri Pacific is to do here. Owners of vacant lots are taking a look now at their holdings, and owners of improved property have begun to talk values—a sure sign of a healthy real estate market. Even that class who show little interest in terminal talk have their ear close to the ground listening for any rumbling that shows for an increase in prices. And as it is today, so it will be years hence—men will stand on the street corners and tell of opportunities that the

year 1909 held out to them in Falls City, when the Missouri Pacific built the eighteen-stall round house.

The fact that Mary Baker Eddy, the founder and leader of the Christian Science church has passed her 88th milestone in the journey of life, seems to call forth considerable comment. Why? Is it such a rare sight to see a woman live to the ripe old age of 88? If one but looks about him he will find that the case of Mother Eddy has nothing of the miraculous about it whatever. In Southeast Nebraska, without the aid of Peruna or Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, it is a common thing to see women live beyond the age of 88 by many years.

The automobile is useful in more ways than one. It furnishes a splendid topic for conversation and argument. Uncle Pewee Nobs says they cost entirely too much and that the rubber tires could be dispensed with; and he has a plan or an idea he is working upon to reduce the weight of them more than one-half. Uncle Pewee, having an intense hatred for the Standard Oil Co., contemplates the use of a liquid other than gasoline, which he says is superior and is odorless and non-explosive. The acme of perfection, in automobile building has not been attained yet, it seems.

Laxatives today? Kerr's Pharmacy. Why not try Foley's Orino laxative. Why not try Foley's Orino laxative. Why not try Foley's Orino laxative. Why not try Foley's Orino laxative.

Just a Beginner.
Robbie—"Your Uncle George seems awful young to be a doctor." Elsie—"Yes, but he ain't a real growed-up doctor yet. I guess he's only tendin' to children first, so's to get some practice."—Philadelphia Press.

Playgrounds.
It's a good scheme to use the school yards as public playgrounds. They are convenient for all sections, and the plan will be indorsed by the people. A few portable swings, an awning with a few benches and a sand pile or two will fill the requirements. —Harrisburg Telegraph.

By the Greatest American Humorists

THE PERFECT BREW

By ED. MOTT

"Ah, exclaimed the head-brewer in his laboratory, holding the foaming glass up to the light, and gazing fondly at its amber transparency. 'Here is as fine a glass of beer as you will find in all this town! To look at it you would never suspect that it would not be quite so good as it is if it were not for the tausenguldenkraut and the kardobenediktenkraut that lend their invaluable aid in its composition, would you?'"

The lay taster of the beer admitted that he never would.

"And tasting of it," continued the brewery expert, after a sip at his glass, "few men, I think, would miss the starkezucker, the weidenschalen, or the hazelnuszplan, if I had forgotten to put them in."

He sipped again critically, and said: "But I haven't forgotten it! They are all there, safe enough! Do you detect the mousselpulver, the karaghenmoos, the laugensalz, and the kartoffel-zucker?"

The layman sampled a half glass or so of the beer and was obliged to



"The Expert Manipulator Paused."

confess that neither of those simples stuck to his palate so he couldn't notice it.

"No?" said the head brewer, seemingly surprised. "Why, that's odd! Let me see."

He sipped at his glass.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, looking pleased.

"They're all in. And how about the herbsteiflose, and the blisenkraut, and the schaffgarbe, and the buchen-spanne? Recognize those, don't you?"

The layman tried to but couldn't.

"Singular!" said the adept one. "None of 'em is missing. But you get the flavor of the kokelskorner, the ig natiusbohne, the medallsalze, the lakritzensaft, the pikrinsauer, the aies wurz, the tischlerlein, and the zucker-couler? You must have drunk beer enough to be familiar with those portions of the brew."

The lay beer-sipper said that he might have drunk beer enough, but if he had ever noticed any of those flavors he had forgotten it; and a fresh and ample quaff of beer, taken with the sole purpose of getting one of them, failing to give him even a suspicion of one, he told the head brewer so.

"What!" cried the brewer. "Don't they touch your palate, either? Why, you don't seem to know what a good glass of beer is!"

The brewer seemed disgusted. He pondered a while over his glass, and then said:

"Now, suppose there wasn't any koloquinten, or starkmahl, or wachholder, or bitterklee, or fichtennadeln, or gogel, or hausenblase, or suzien, or salcylsauear, or althopfenoeel, or waldmeister, in this glass of beer? Do you think you would like it? Not a bit of it! You would throw it away and call it slops! That's what you would do! When we make beer nowadays we've got to be mighty careful and not leave anything out, and here you don't know they are all in it, after all! Even such little things as Ingwer, natron, wermuth, koriander, mohn, kamomille and brechnuoz have to be put carefully in or we'll hear from it."

The expert manipulator of the brewery vats paused a while, and then, apparently as a forlorn hope, went for the layman again.

"Well," said he, "you recognize the hopefeubittersauer, the belladonna, the nux vomica, the tannin, the biercoleur, the malz-extract, the pepper, the potash, the gelatine, the quassia, the glycerine the soda and the aloes of course?"

The layman was almost sure that from the taste of the beer some of those ingredients had fallen into it somehow but he wasn't sure enough about it to say so, and he denied to the brewery adept that he could prove their presence by him.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the brewer. "Not one of 'em?"

"Not even one of 'em."

"A heap of satisfaction it is to brew a first-class, up-to-date glass of beer, I must say!" cried the expert, mad all the way through. "You don't even recognize the strychnine, the tannin, the aloes, or the belladonna! Pah!"

Apologetically and meekly the layman said:

"I thought it was the—the hops."

"Hops!" exclaimed the brewer's beer concoctor, staring at the layman. "Hops? Hops? What's hops?"

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The County in General

The "Doings" of Our Country Friends and Neighbors.

RULO.

Pauline Liberty is on the sick list. Will Wetzel is quite sick this week.

Ed. Davis was a St. Joe visitor one day last week.

Mrs. P. Frederick was a Falls City visitor Thursday.

Leonard Butrick visited relatives at Preston last week.

Mrs. J. J. Tackett was a Falls City Green Goolsby of Missouri was a Rulo visitor Tuesday.

Will Smith of Shickley spent Sunday with Rulo friends.

Harry Simon was a Falls City visitor one day last week.

Sam Goolsby of Missouri was a Rulo visitor this week.

Ed McCall of Kansas was a Rulo visitor one day last week.

Miss Leslie Inks was a Falls City visitor Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. James Ford is visiting her parents at Troy this week.

Chas. Cesna of White Cloud, Kas., was a Rulo visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Brown was a Falls City visitor one day last week.

N. B. Hinton helped clean the B. & M. water tanks here this week.

Wm. Graves repaired the brick platform at the depot last week.

Charles Arnold and wife were over from Kansas one day last week.

Bryan Harrison left for Ellis, Kas., to work at brick laying this summer.

Mrs. Bessie Brinegar and two children are camping at the chautauqua.

Ira Phillips of Wymore was a business visitor in this city last week.

Joe Butler of Fortescue came Sunday for a visit with his mother.

Charles Vastine of St. Joe spent last week with his mother in this city.

Jim Stewart of Highland was visiting Rulo friends the first of the week.

Bessie Miller went to Preston Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. Lewis Snell.

Miss Olney Graham is spending the week at the chautauqua, at Falls City.

Mrs. Will True was a business visitor to Falls City the last of the week.

Clyde Hart and Ed McVey worked for Charles Maze on the farm last week.

Grandma Wells returned last week from a three weeks' visit with Missouri friends.

Ira Boyd of Kansas City came up Monday to visit a few days with Rulo friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Foutz of St. Joe visited with relatives in this vicinity last week.

Robert Dunn of Missouri is working on riprap, north of the Missouri river bridge.

Mrs. Charlie Tangney of Sheridan, Wyoming, was called home by the death of her brother.

Will Craig and little daughter visited with relatives in this city the latter part of the week.

BARADA.

Chas. Ludwig was in Shubert Saturday.

William Kuhlman marketed hogs in Shubert Tuesday.

George Sailors and wife visited at Chester Stump's Saturday.

Mrs. Otis Spickler was the guest of Miss Lettie Langdon Saturday.

E. E. Bolejack spent Monday evening with John Ahern near Shubert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Spickler were shopping in Falls City Saturday.

Mrs. Laura Mitchell spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. Jacob Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Gushard spent Sunday with Levi Frederick and family in Falls City.

Herman Kelly, who has been attending a motoring school at Omaha, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Butler of Brownville, Mo., are visiting relatives in this vicinity this week.

W. G. Kuker purchased a new automobile from Morehead & Son the latter part of last week.

Rev. E. Martin of Peru, Neb., spent a few days with his nephews, C. H. and J. A. Martin of this place.

Mrs. Philip Markt and son, Maurice of Oregon, Mo., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Martin.

If people with symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble could realize their danger they would without loss of time commence taking Foley's Remedy. This great remedy stops the pain and irregularities, strengthens and builds up these organs and there is no danger of Bright's disease or other serious disorder. Do not disregard the early symptoms. Kerr's Pharmacy.

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