

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 months75
Three months40

TELEPHONE 226.

Isn't the Missouri Pacific just a dear old thing?

The Missouri Pacific railway company placed an order some time ago for 100 new locomotives, the first twenty-five to be delivered in August.

President Taft will visit St. Louis during the last week in October and will take a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans to attend the meeting of the deep waterways congress. Twenty-five governors, representing as many states, urged the president to make the trip.

The Atchison Globe seems to get all of its information concerning the Missouri Pacific's operations at Falls City from any source but the right one. A great newspaper like the Globe ought to be able to get an interview with the M. P. officials and furnish accurate information. What "a man said" concerning the matter amounts to little—the man might have been drunk or crazy.

Some bilious and disgruntled folks we know of, not more than fifty miles from Falls City, talk as if all the Missouri Pacific's holdings and the head of the great system was bottled up somewhere near Atchison. The facts in the case are, the M. P. is something of a railroad system, and Atchison but an incident between Kansas City and Omaha; and unfortunately, not half-way between, either.

It was a pleasure to the people of Falls City to meet and listen to the Hon. F. D. Coburn, of Kansas, at the opening session of the chautauqua last Saturday. F. D. Coburn is a man that the average Nebraskan admires. We know his sterling worth up here in Nebraska, his superiority and usefulness, as compared to the professional politician who stands ready at any time to barter his soul for a seat in the United States senate.

Galveston's great sea wall was put to the severest test last week and the vindication of those who planned it and pushed it to completion, against great odds and howls of derision, was complete. Just another case where "interfering with nature" proved to be a success. There is a lesson in this for the street corner "knockers" who claim that taking the kinks out of the Nemaha and digging lateral ditches won't lessen the ravages of the annual overflow. There is a vast difference between "interfering with nature," and aiding and working in conjunction with nature.

Falls City's Chautauqua is in full blast. The elite of the chautauqua world are entertaining us and we are listening and learning, for while statistics show that we have the small percentage of illiteracy of any state in the union, the true Nebraskan yearns for more knowledge; hence whatever falls from the lips of the renowned Coburn, of Kansas, the inimitable "Billy" Sunday, or Capt. Hobson—he of Spanish war fame, and now a congressman from Alabama—and the others as well, will be listened to and treasured by as intelligent an audience as graces this fair old world of ours.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The best evidence that the country is again on a firm basis of prosperity is shown in the enormous purchases and bids for equipment and betterments by the railroads. These infallible articles of trade must speedily adjust themselves to the rising flood of business, and their orders mean additional prosperity for the mills and manufactories everywhere.

The Pullman Company of Chicago is now turning out a heavy order for the Santa Fe, the first passenger equipment purchased by that system since 1906. The Baltimore & Ohio is in the market for 6,000 new freight cars, and sixty-five locomotives, for immediate delivery. This order amounts to \$10,000,000.

The Chesapeake & Ohio road has ordered fifty new locomotives. The Chicago & Northwestern has placed orders for 400 box-cars and 500 gondolas and 500 ore cars. The Missouri Pacific will receive in August the first twenty-five of an order for 100 locomotives.

In addition to these there are miscellaneous orders placed in smaller lots for 2,000 mining cars and 5,000 other cars of all descriptions.

It is now considered practically certain that the country will produce enormous crops of everything, and these must be moved rapidly.

POLITICAL ADVERTISING.

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 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.

County Superintendent.

Having filed for the office of county superintendent, I wish to announce my candidacy, subject to the action of the republican voters at the primary, August 17. If nominated and subsequently elected, I shall endeavor to serve the school interests of the county to the best of my ability.

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.

Announcement.

I hereby announce to the voters of Richardson county, I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for county treasurer at the primary election. Having had long experience in the clerical work, both public and private, having lived in the county nearly all of my life, do assure all the people if nominated August 17th, 1909, and elected at the November election in 1909, will serve all the people to the best of my ability.

Yours respectfully,
GEORGE RIECHERS.

County Superintendent.

I wish to announce through The Tribune my candidacy for the office of county superintendent on the democratic 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.

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.

PRIVATE MONEY.

Private money to loan on Real Estate. Mortgages bought and sold.

A. J. WEAVER.

THE SULTAN'S OBLIGATION

By ARNOLD M. ANDERSON

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The Lukewater Bank of Commerce was in difficulties—overloaded, or some such matter; the books would not bear inspection and the bank examiner was expected momentarily. It is not to be even hinted that the institution was not perfectly sound, for indeed all its investments were sane and legitimate, but still there was lacking \$20,000 in its reserve, and at a time when the financial world was inclined to be panicky, this was a most distressing circumstance. If the shortage was detected, the state banking law—which expressly stipulated that a certain percentage of the deposits must be available—would undoubtedly be rigidly enforced. Though the bank was solvent, yet an exposure of even a slight nonconformity to the legal requirements might, under the circumstances, prove ruinous to its reputation and business.

What was to be done? The Lukewater bank is a small concern whose working force consists of a president, cashier, bookkeeper and a Japanese janitor; the existence or non-existence of the establishment would not perceptibly affect the progress of the world, yet for all that, it occupies a position of vital importance in the minds of these four officials who one day, after banking hours, had gathered in the president's tiny private office. On this occasion the big green shade had been pulled half way up over the plate glass window so as to exclude the interior from the gaze of passers-by—only the air of mystery was lacking to give the conference a dramatic tinge. The air of mystery was impossible because all four knew exactly why the meeting was called, namely: for the purpose of devising the ways and means of extricating the honorable institution from its embarrassing predicament.

It will not appear strange that Hakko, the Japanese janitor, was included in this company when it is learned that he, by reason of his cunning attentiveness, had come to know all the secrets of the bank, and furthermore, encumbered his present lowly position merely as a student of American finance. Anon the ambitious youth would be recalled to the Orient to assume the post of assistant secretary to the mikado's treasurer.

"Gentlemen," began Griswold, the president, as his colleagues were seated, "as you know, our confounded enterprise has led us into temptation. I'm surprised the bank examiner has not been here before this," said Clinton, the cashier, dismally. "Clinton," reproved the president, "we are not here to shed tears, but to find a way out of the difficulty. I am ready to hear suggestions. In the first place, can any of you raise any cash? How much have you that is not already on deposit here?"

The four glanced timidly from one to another and then each fished up from his pockets bills and coins of varying denominations, which altogether made up a total of \$78.85.

"Hakko," asked Mr. Griswold, noting the insufficient relief fund, "are you sure you haven't a pot of gold buried somewhere in the cellar?"

The smiling Jap's face took on an added illumination as he replied: "I have very little cash money, but I can make up my father. Perhaps he will cable me a loan."

"We want spot cash or gilt-edged collateral—we can't wait a day, and besides, your father would demand security. Our securities are already working overtime," said the cashier, who then asked: "Why can't you raise something on your real estate, Griswold?"

"My wife's real estate, you mean?" "But won't she consent to—"

"She won't have the chance! Mrs. Griswold is the last person I would trust with a business confidence. If I told her of this affair, or even hinted that I needed money for any other reason, there would be a run on the bank tomorrow. Keeping secrets is not one of my wife's virtues."

"I am not of a saving disposition," ventured Benson, the young bookkeeper, "and I am sorry—"

"Oh, we know you haven't anything!" interrupted the president; "in fact you have already overdrawn your salary, I believe."

"It looks to me," said the cashier, "as though it would be necessary for us to sacrifice some of our investments."

"Not in a thousand years!" cried Griswold, pounding the desk with his fist.

"Then we must borrow on our personal notes!"

"We won't give any notes, either!" affirmed the president, disdaining to give his reason.

"What shall we do then, I'd like to know?"

"Benson," said the president, "what would you suggest?"

"I can think of only two answers, and both of them are a little risky," said the bookkeeper, meekly.

"Well?" urged the cashier, as Benson hesitated.

"Take a few hundred dollars and try bribing the bank examiner or use that amount and try gambling for the stake in the stock market or in a gambling house. I guess there's a better show at poker than in speculating on margins."

At this reply the president and cashier looked at each other quizzically, then the latter announced sternly: "The Lukewater bank is a conservative institution. Whatever we do must be safe and honest."

The bookkeeper relapsed into his usual silence, and for a few moments the others, also, had nothing to say.

"Are you generally lucky at cards?" asked Griswold of Benson, at length.

"I will not consent; I positively will not consent to any such preposterous move!" objected the cashier, quickly, with a great show of emotion.

"Now, Clinton," rejoined the president, "don't jump at conclusions! I asked that question for an entirely different reason than you suppose. If Benson, here, is accustomed to spend his leisure hours in gambling, it is to the interest of the bank that we know a few particulars. Perhaps he is a dangerous person to intrust with the handling of money."

For half an hour longer one expedient after another was considered and rejected; at the end of that time they were no nearer the solution of the problem than at the outset, and even the optimistic Griswold began to lose heart—Clinton had already done so. The indifferent bookkeeper was yawning. It was at this juncture that Hakko, who had been deep in thought, suddenly exclaimed, his face beaming with assurance:

"Oh, now I see what we can do!" "Then for heaven's sake tell it!" commanded the despondent cashier.

"Why not draw a draft?" "A draft?" sneered Griswold, "a fake draft, I suppose you mean? You forget that we live in the age of telegraphs and the fraud could be exposed in 20 minutes."

"Not this draft," assured the Jap. "Nonsense! Upon whom could we draw for \$20,000 with any safety?"

"The sultan of Turkey!" "The sultan of Turkey?" gasped both Griswold and Clinton in a breath. Even the sleepy Benson opened his eyes in wonderment.

"It is very simple," explained the complacent janitor, "and I think it would go through all right. The bank examiner would never suspect anything was wrong. He would not suppose you would draw upon the sultan without the right, but if he should ask questions, you can tell him the draft was discounted by a Japanese merchant of this city. I will get one of them to agree to the use of his name. Don't you know it is very common to draw on the sultan—he is so slow to pay his debts. It would be nothing strange to the examiner."

"The idea looks good to me," commented Griswold. However, the officials interrogated Hakko minutely and discussed the scheme in its various aspects before they finally came to regard seriously the possibility of its adoption.

"There is positively no harm in the idea, even though it may be irregular," said the conscientious cashier; "besides in two weeks our accounts will have a different story to tell. No one will suffer by the innocent ruse. When the sultan inquires about the obligation, all we have to do is to write him that a mistake had been made in drawing upon him."

"It's a cinch the bank examiner will consider it good collateral," said the president.

Thus the matter was settled and the next day a satisfactory arrangement was concluded with a local Japanese merchant, a friend of Hakko's, and the \$20,000 draft, drawn on the sultan of Turkey, was dispatched to that mighty sovereign.

An hour after the paper had been mailed, Griswold, in his private office, startled a business acquaintance by bursting out laughing in his face, for no apparent reason. It had suddenly occurred to the president that the sending of the draft to the sultan was a piece of errand foolishness when the mere record of the transaction was all that could possibly concern the bank examiner.

When Clinton was told the joke he felt so chagrined at the stupidity that he lost all interest in his work for the remainder of the day.

Before the close of the week the unwelcome examiner made his call; inspected the bank's books and departed. He was evidently satisfied with affairs as he found them and the royal draft, if it excited his curiosity at all, elicited no inquiry from him.

According to the accepted notions, this narrative should close here, or at least after Hakko's salary had been doubled, but by chance the end is not yet.

Seven months passed and the incident of the sultan's draft had become almost forgotten history when one day a huge crackling envelope, emblazoned with mystic Oriental symbols, arrived at the bank. It was a communication from the minister of finance of the Turkish empire. With pompous surplusage of language the letter set forth that the draft for \$20,000 had been duly received and that, after careful deliberation, it was hereby honored by the sultan. The epistle stated further that the arrival of the document had caused considerable consternation among the secretaries of the royal household, for, be it confessed in all humbleness, no trace of the debt could be found on the books, which fact was undoubtedly due to carelessness on the part of the sultan's clerical force. In closing the minister, verbosely polite, begged to suggest that in the future, when the Lukewater Bank of Commerce had dealings with the exalted potentate of the heaven-blessed Turkish empire, it would be deemed a favor if they would kindly enclose with the draft, or other legal instrument necessary to the transaction, a statement showing in detail the precise nature of the obligation. By so obliging, he went on to explain, matters would be much simplified and the burden greatly lightened for the functionaries whose grievous duty it was to keep, with as much accuracy as possible, the sultan's intricate and eccentric private accounts.

Out in the Cold

Winkle Decided to Take the Fresh-Air Cure

"Health at last!"

Winkle, struggling with a large bundle, entered his wife's apartment, on his face a smile of supreme satisfaction.

As for Mrs. Winkle, she regarded the bundle with the suspicion born of long experience.

"What have you been doing now?" she asked.

"Nothing much—only preparing myself against all forms of insidious disease, fortifying myself against every known germ, building myself up, making a new man out of myself."

"Tell me the worst, at once, and please don't keep me in suspense."

Winkle stopped unfastening the bundle, and came over to where his wife sat.

"You have probably heard," he said, "of the fresh air cure. You know that now it is advocated—I mean insisted upon—by practically every health board in the country. Indeed, no intelligent person can afford to neglect it. Here—"

Winkle spread out about 25 feet of canvas—"is one of the latest and most approved appliances."

"You see," he went on with the air of an accomplished demonstrator, "this goes on the back piazza. You attach these ends to the side of the house. Then, by means of these pulleys, you lower the shades to suit yourself."

"Where do you sleep?" "In my little bed, of course. I came home early in order to move it out."

Mrs. Winkle was rapidly getting angry.

"Are you going to move your bed out on the piazza?" she demanded.

"I most certainly am."

Mrs. Winkle shivered slightly.

"I guess," she said, "that you will find it pretty cold out there on that piazza. My dear, you will catch your death."

Winkle had his coat off, and was already working at taking down his bed. In the course of an hour he had the whole apparatus rigged up on the rear porch. It certainly did look inviting. He dragged his wife out to view it.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that perfect? Just think, my dear girl, what this means to me."

"Umph! I'm thinking of what it will mean to me if you get cold, and I have to take care of you. My dear, don't be foolhardy. Take my advice, just this once, and don't make a fool of yourself. Remember, you are not used to it."

"Oh, I'll remember!"

Toward evening the thermometer began to drop. Outside the wind blew clear and sharp. Winkle and his wife sat down after dinner by the cozy fire, but it was evident that Winkle, even before their regular bedtime, was beginning to get uneasy, and as the hour approached his joyousness increased.

A few moments later, arrayed in a patent flannel robe that he had purchased for the occasion, he solemnly—and with as much dignity as his covering permitted—kissed her good-night. The door closed behind him. All was silence.

It was midnight. The door of Mrs. Winkle's room softly opened. A dark form stole silently in.

"Wake up!"

Mrs. Winkle, still drowsy, muttered: "Well, what is it?"

"I don't think," chattered Winkle, his teeth playing like castanets, "that I got that flap fixed just right. But I'll fix it up to-morrow. Brr. Guess I'll come in with you."

Mrs. Winkle began to awake to her peril.

"No, you won't!" she cried. "I'm nice and warm and cozy, and I'm oh so sleepy, too. You go away and don't bother me."

"Brr."

"Let me in, I say. I want to get warm."

Mrs. Winkle rose up in bed.

"Never! You go away. You've made your bed—you go and lie in it. Do you suppose I'm going to have you warm yourself at my expense? Never!"

"You're a heartless woman. I wouldn't turn away a dog on a night like this. Hear the wind howl! Brr!"

"You go away!"

"But, dearest! Sweetheart! I never was so cold in my life. I can feel pneumonia coming on."

"I don't care," she muttered, "you just go away and don't bother me. I wouldn't let you get in here for a million dollars."

And, shaking and shivering, the flannel-robbed specter silently stole away.

The next morning early Mrs. Winkle awoke with a start, a vague something on her mind and conscience. As she regained her senses repentance filled her soul. She sprang out of bed and ran through the house searching for her husband.

She found him at last, stretched before the grate fire, upon which he had evidently passed most of the night heaping wood—judging by the pile of ashes.

"Please forgive me," she cried, "but really I couldn't, I couldn't! It took too much moral courage last night."

Winkle threw off a bear-skin rug, a steamer blanket, an afghan and a knitted shawl and emerged.

"My dear," he said, "I wish I could forgive you. But when I think of that nice, warm bed, and me standing outside frozen to death, it's too much to ask of a man."—Life.

A Type of Love

By F. Harris Deans

Mrs. Wyvern watched me from over the edge of her hammock. Reluctantly I put the tumbler on the ground and faced her.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, somewhat fretfully.

"I want your opinion," she said, fanning herself with the paper.

"That's remarkably nice of you," I murmured, flattered. "But . . . why?"

"You needn't look so concealed. I'm only asking you because you happen to be a man."

"A happy accident," I said, well pleased.

"It's really a simple question," she informed me. "Of course, I know what you'll say."

"Then, why ask me?" I said, mildly.

"Oh, well . . . all men have the same taste. Otherwise, why do you all go to the same theater?"

"You argue very logically," I said, admiringly.

"Women can always argue better than men," she affirmed, boastfully.

"Yes," I assented cravenly.

"Still . . . what is your opinion?" "Of what?"

Mrs. Wyvern gave a despairing sigh. "What we've been talking about, of course. You are dull to-day. I believe it's the weather."

"It's good of you to put it down to that," I said, gratefully.

"What's he been doing wrong now?" demanded a voice from behind. "I can see you've been lecturing him, Mrs. Wyvern."

"She's my good angel, Miss Prescott," said I. "Wouldn't you rather have my seat? She tells me all my faults; that's why we're always so much to talk about."

"I've been trying to get him to use his brains," cried Mrs. Wyvern, "and he won't."

"What is it," questioned Miss Prescott, with the air of one in quest of knowledge, "obstinacy, or . . .?"

"Here, I say," I pleaded in alarm, "not two of you!"

"Be quiet," commanded Mrs. Wyvern.

"I want him to tell us what sort of woman he likes best, and he won't."

"Oh, do!" cried Miss Prescott, her eyes dancing; "it would be so interesting."

"Really," I protested, "I'm no Paris. I am forced to like the women who like me."

"Don't you believe him, Elsie," cried Mrs. Wyvern. "If it was true he would have—"

"What?" I interrupted defiantly.

"Never mind; but you'll be sorry some day. When you get old, and fat, and bald—"

"You're remarkably bad-tempered to-day, Mrs. Wyvern," I protested; "I never heard before of marriage as either an anti-fat, or a hair-restorer, or—"

"Don't be silly. I meant you'd wish you had married before it was too late. However, you needn't tell me if you don't want to, because I know the sort of girl you like."

"Do split," cried Miss Prescott.

"You don't," I denied quickly, "because one doesn't generalize on such a subject. One may admire a certain type in the abstract, but then one never—unless one is a poet with a living to get—loves in the abstract."

"I suppose not," agreed Mrs. Wyvern, who really—with all charity—ought to know.

"But surely," murmured Miss Prescott, "we're not discussing love; isn't it the type a man likes?"

"Likes!" I cried, scornfully; "a platonic term for love."

Mrs. Wyvern chuckled.

"Man," I went on, making the most of my opportunity, "is a creature of moods."

My listeners exchanged glances of wondering admiration.

"You're very clever," said Mrs. Wyvern.

"A lovely woman is not one of a type," I went on, much encouraged by this appreciation, "but the one who combines the most qualities of the various types. A good partner at tennis is all very well, but one doesn't marry her if she's no hand at anything else. In business it's the specialist who is in most demand, but in marriage it's the all-round person. That's where so many men come a cropper. They go out in a canoe with a girl who has specialized in the business, and come back engaged. And so he gets fed on cold mutton, and she loses his money at bridge."

I paused after this little harangue, and looked at Mrs. Wyvern suspiciously. She withdrew her hand from in front of her mouth in some confusion. Immediately afterwards she found, or said, she was wanted in the house. Miss Prescott and I sat in silence for a moment.

"So," she said at length, glancing at me from beneath her eye-lashes, "so you don't admire any type of woman."

"No," I agreed, "I prefer the girl without a label."