

THE COMERS AND GOERS

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST TO YOU AND ME.

What Your Friends and Their Friends Have Been Doing the Past Week.

Arthur Lichty was over from Sabetha Tuesday.

John Strauss of Straussville was on our streets Monday.

See Clarence Heck for your coal this fall. Phone 101.

—For Sale—My horse, buggy and harness.—Harry Custer.

J. B. Ramel and wife were Verdon visitors Thursday last.

Miss Lucile Ross was the guest of Miss Florence Parthen this week.

Levi Cheney of Stella was transacting business in this city Monday.

Ray Graham returned home from the western part of the state Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Keeling is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Sweeney, at Golden, Colo.

J. F. Walsh of Humboldt was mixing with the democrats down here Monday.

Mrs. Georgia Cummings of St. Joe visited this week with relatives in this city.

Miss Jesse Withee of Stella is in this city visiting at the home of Jno. Hossack.

Charles Hosford of Humboldt was mixing with the democracy in this city Monday.

Miss Alice Jaquet is spending the week with college schoolmates, who live at Topeka.

Joseph Lollman, who had been ill for a few days is now able to be up and around again.

Miss Hattie Elting who had been visiting at Nebraska City a few days returned home Friday.

Mrs. Frank McDermand of Kansas City is spending this week with relatives and friends here.

Otto Kotouc, democratic representative of Humboldt, was attending the convention here Monday.

Rex Oliver was "mussed up" a little the first of the week, the result of a fall off his bicycle.

Mrs. D. C. Kirkpatrick was called to Hiawatha the first of the week by the illness of her mother.

What's more aggravating to the housewife than to have the pan under the refrigerator overflow?

H. C. Rountree of Omaha was in this city Monday, transacting business at the office of Cleaver & Sebald.

The Misses Gehling entertained Mrs. Matthew Huber of Vermillion, Kas., at their home the first of the week.

Lloyd Morris and wife of Bethany, Neb., are visiting with her parents, D. P. Lowe and wife, in this city.

Wm. Carico and wife of Diller, Neb., came in Saturday for a visit with relatives and to attend the chautauqua.

After spending a week at Verdon with relatives and friends, Miss Vera Ramel returned home to Falls City.

Mrs. Dr. D. G. Griffiths and son, Heath, are spending a short time with the former's sister at Kearney, Neb.

Miss Mamie Palmer is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Charles Baldwin, in the western part of the state this week.

Mrs. Frank Clegg of Excelsior Springs, Mo., visited with her parents, Wm. Gossett and wife, the first of the week.

Col. M. W. Harding, Humboldt's pioneer auctioneer, accompanied by his son, Brooks B. Harding, were in Falls City Tuesday.

Miss Josephine Graves returned to Falls City from Wayne, Neb., where she had been teaching school. She will spend the summer here.

In a special to the State Journal, July 25th, from Table Rock we find the following: "The third petition for a saloon license has been filed with the village clerk by Francis M. Hinkle who, it is understood, comes here from Stella, Neb. It was filed last week and contains thirty names. The hearing is set for August 9th. Both of the previous petitions were knocked out. It is said that another remonstrance will be filed the coming week."

The hearing of the remonstrance against granting a saloon license at Table Rock came up before the village board last Friday, and, after a few witnesses had been heard the petitioner, Carl Severns, withdrew his application, although no ruling on the case had been made. We understand a new petition is being circulated, and that another effort will be made to open the saloon.—Pawnee Chief.

John Hendricks came in Tuesday and subscribed for The Tribune, which will keep him posted on Richardson county news while he is in Brooklyn, New York, visiting. He thinks that perhaps he will locate there permanently if he likes the place.

The weeds on the Central school yard and surrounding property are still uncut. The city cut them up to the curb line, now why should the board of education set such an example of shiftlessness by allowing the weeds to cover the sidewalk?

H. L. Darner returned Monday from Wakefield, Kas., where he had been attending the funeral of his sister's two children, who died from complications resulting from the whooping-cough. One of the children was a boy and the other was a girl.

Louie Davidson returned Monday from the northwest country, where he had been looking for a location. Old Nebraska looks too good for Louie to leave, so he has concluded to stay here.

John Mosiman, of the firm of Werner & Mosiman, of Falls City was down Saturday evening putting into trim a gasoline engine on the Hosford farm.—Rulo Register.

Mrs. Tom Jenkins is entertaining her parents, D. M. Watts and wife of Leavenworth, Kas., at her home in this city this week.

Mrs. George Coddington and daughter of Auburn visited at the home of Wm. Crook the first of the week.

Mrs. Tom Davies entertained Misses Minnie Petraskek, Gladys Boyd and Mrs. Dr. Wolf of Humboldt at her home in this city this week.

R. C. James returned from Excelsior Springs Monday, where he had been taking a little outing.

Mrs. George Jennings' mother and sister, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. McLane of Salem are spending the week with her in this city.

Mrs. Wm. Cornford and children of Litchfield, Neb., are visiting in this city this week with her parents, John Cornford and wife.

David Meyers, wife and daughter, Miss Maude, and Miss Millroy of Ill., were the guests of N. Musselman and family.

Albert Brigman and wife of Kansas City visited this week with the former's father, Isaac Brigman.

Ambrose Parsons, Errett Crouch and Homer Auxier were Verdon visitors to our city Tuesday.

Miss Anna Mason is entertaining Miss Reba Eversole of Elk Creek, at her home in this city.

A. J. Baldwin, Esburn Wheeler and Al Wixon of Stella attended the ball game in this city Wednesday.

Mrs. Willard Davis was a Salem visitor to this city Tuesday. The chautauqua attracted her attention.

Henry Sandrock and family returned this week from their visit of a few weeks at Abeline, Kansas.

Clarence Yoder and family are among the Morrill people who attended the chautauqua Tuesday.

J. C. Tanner, Ed. Morgan, H. C. Lapp and Frank Cook left Monday for the exposition at Seattle.

Among the Salem people on the chautauqua grounds Tuesday were M. L. Dowell and wife.

Jerre Fenton of Dawson was the guest of his son, Sheriff Fenton, and family Wednesday.

Mark Williamson of Humboldt is working on the new Presbyterian church in this city.

A. Daniels and J. P. Mooney were Rulo delegates to the democratic convention Monday.

Mrs. Samuel Flickinger of Morrill, Kas., is a guest at the home of Samuel Lichty.

Mrs. G. L. Neide and daughters are visiting this week in St. Joseph with Mrs. Ford.

Paul Weaver has rented the Wilson house and will soon move his family thereto.

Mrs. John Gilligan is entertaining Miss Lillith Waggener of Humboldt this week.

The Misses Kleckner of Auburn are visiting relatives in this city this week.

James Whitney and wife of Salem were chautauqua visitors to this city this week.

Max Warner and wife of Nebraska City are visiting in the city this week.

Fred Barr left for England Monday. J. S. Lord has a new six cylinder automobile.

Richard Gaston was a Morrill visitor to this city Tuesday.

Rev. G. L. Neide was a Tecumseh visitor Sunday.

James Kelly was down from Dawson Monday.

Wm. Barstler was a Stella visitor to this city Friday last.

"Ham" Willard was on the sick list a few days this week.

Wesley Halderman of Shubert was a Falls City visitor Thursday.

Chas. Prater and wife of Hamlin, Kas., were in the city Monday.

Joseph Whindle of Salem was on the chautauqua grounds Tuesday.

Millard Lichty and wife of Morrill were Falls City visitors Monday.

Dr. I. M. Houston returned home, after a few days spent in Lincoln.

Graham Jones from up near Salem had business in Falls City Monday.

Lloyd Kinsey was one of the Dawsonites at the chautauqua Monday.

Mrs. A. Keller visited a part of this week with Mrs. Ed May at Auburn.

Miss Louise Rule is entertaining Miss Helen Jackson of St. Joseph this week.

Phillip Shouse of Illinois is the guest of his brother John in this city.

Robert Gantt came in Friday from Oklahoma for a visit with his father and family.

Mrs. Maude Shulshull of Marysville, is visiting with Mrs. John Thompson this week.

Miss Maude Graham returned Saturday from her outing over to the Missouri Lakes.

Messrs Kentopp and Carl Butman, with their families, went to Excelsior Springs Monday.

H. C. Smith transacted business with A. B. Cochman of Salem, in this city Friday.

Mrs. Bruno Hansen of Omaha is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Kerr, in this city this week.

John Martin and family returned to their home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, after spending several days here.

Miss Ora Fishback of Glasgow, Kentucky, is visiting with the family of her cousin, T. J. Gist, in this city.

C. L. Marts, wife and child of Wyomere visited this week with his parents, Sam Marts and wife in this city.

Mrs. Whistler, son Clifford and Mrs. E. R. Shelton of Morrill spent the past week visiting relatives at this place.

Miss Grace Saylor, who had been visiting in Kansas City for a short time, returned to her home in Falls City Monday.

Among the republicans in Falls City Saturday were Marion Arnold, of Ohio and Vincent Arnold of Liberty precincts.

Thomas Martin, who attended the funeral of his father in this city last week, returned Saturday to his home in Terre Haute, Indiana.

Edward Tierney and family of Kansas City visited this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Quiett, and also her sister, Mrs. Geo. Wahl.

Lois Wirth, Ward Knight, and H. C. Davis and Joe Frederick returned from their fishing trip in Minnesota. They are now telling all kinds of "fish stories."

Superintendent Woods and family have arrived in town and will be at home to Falls City people in the house recently vacated by Prof. E. L. Tobie and family.

Frank Blita, a schoolmate and a friend of Harry Cain, spent a few days with him in this city this week. He was on his way home from the northwest country.

S. O. Briggs one of the drainage ditch contractors, will soon move his family into the Prichard cottage recently vacated by the removal of W. F. Primley and family to Lincoln.

On Monday Mrs. J. R. Wilhite will leave for Paonia, Col., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Abner McKee. On the same train Misses May Maddox and Alice Keeling leave for Seattle and Miss Clara Tanner will go to Salt Lake City to visit Mrs. Mary Rowley.

The Churching of Grandma Pleasant

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

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It was Seraphiny Higgins who first heard her, and she really could not believe her ears, but when she heard her again, Seraphiny was sure that she could not be mistaken. Her kitchen window let right out on Mrs. Pleasant's back porch, and there was no doubt that there was someone sitting there and singing "Comin' Through the Rye."

That was too much for Seraphiny, and she broke out of the house and went for Mrs. Gillam and Mrs. Warner to come and hear. She fairly flew, because she was afraid the old lady would stop again before she got back, but, as luck would have it, when they got back to the house the old lady was still a-singin', and had switched into one of the old plantation songs that they used to sing right on to 50 years ago, and it had a regular devil's jig into the tune of it.

"Well," Mrs. Gillam says, "who would have thought it?"

Mrs. Warner's breath was clean gone, but Seraphiny she "lowed that it was the old lady's Maryland blood, and what else could you expect of folks that had once owned slaves. She wouldn't put it past her to see her settin' down smokin' a pipe an' a-fiddlin'."

The other women gasped at such bold speech, although they knew that Seraphiny had always been possessed of a sharp tongue. Meanwhile, the old lady had turned into a half-religious tune, "Singin' in the Skies," but a most unreligious patting of her foot went with it, and the horrified women behind the shades of Seraphiny's house believed that there must have been a time when Gramma Pleasant had even danced.

"It ought to be reported in session," says Seraphiny.

"But la, Seraphiny," replied Mrs. Warner, "Gramma Pleasant is so old."

"She is high on to 80," added Mrs. Gillam.

"All the worse for her to be a-comittin' such frivolity an' a-settin' a bad example before the younger members of the flock," says Seraphiny, grimly.

"It 'ud break her heart if she was turned out of the church at this time of life," Mrs. Warner returned.

"Sometimes it's good to break a heart in order to save a soul," was the stern response, and so these calm religious spies stood and listened to the old woman childishly voicing her joy, until Nathan Foster came up to the gate and stopped also to listen. Finally, he opened the gate and went in. There was a broad grin on his face. Seraphiny gasped.

"Jest look at Nathan Foster," she says, "a-grinnin' at them songs, and he supposed to be such a strong man in Israel. Mebbe he's grinnin' jest to catch her."

But Nathan came up to the porch where the old lady sat and gave a hearty, unforced laugh.

"There, there now, Granny, I ketchted you."

The old woman laughed and said: "Go 'way now, Nathan, you ain't a-goin' to tell on me?"

"What's the use o' tellin'?" he said. "There ain't no harm in that, I jest tell you them old-time songs kind o' stirrs up things in ye that ye ain't felt for a long while, and I vum I like 'em."

The three women behind the window-shades grasped one another's aprons and stared, horror-stricken. Then the vitrolic Seraphiny whispered, tragically:

"Nathan Foster a-sayin' he likes them songs! The old hypocrite. If I don't do anything to Gramma Pleasant I'll have him up before session anyhow," and the others solemnly shook their heads in acquiescence and dumb amazement. The very foundation of their belief had been shaken. All the traditions of their narrow religious life had been uprooted, and they could not have been more disturbed, more disconcerted, more utterly unsettled in mind, had they seen the parson dancing.

It is only an evidence of how news may travel when one comes to know that the story of Gramma Pleasant's defection was soon rumored all over town. Seraphiny says it was not she who told it, Mrs. Warner that it was not she who told it, and Mrs. Gillam swears with all the Methodist oaths that she never mentioned a word of it to anybody. Well, it wasn't Nathan Foster, because he was mixed up in the affair.

Everything might have gone right, but Mr. Simpson, the pastor of the church, got wind of it, and he was an awful strict man—all Dorbury was strict—and he just determined that he was going to make an example of those people. He said just what Seraphiny said, that it was all the worse because Gramma Pleasant was old enough, after reaching 80 years, to know better, and that he did want to save the young lambs of the flock from the demoralizing influence of the old eyes, so the Rev. Mr. Simpson rubbed his bony hands and decided that there must be a church meeting to set upon the case of Gramma Pleasant.

The envelope which bore her name was addressed in a very strong, fine hand, and Gramma was immensely proud at receiving the letter. Her daughter Hannah read it, and Gramma was not so pleased. It was a call to a church meeting, where Sister Ann Maria Pleasant was the culprit, under

the charge of "conduct unbecoming a Christian."

The old lady was hardly cognizant of what it really meant and worked her gums nervously as she tried to make it all out. Her daughter was in tears to think that at that age Gramma had been doing something that she really oughtn't to do, but Gramma kept on gumming and kept calmer than most of the rest of the folk.

The basement of the church where these spiritual executions were held was crowded with people who counted themselves on the Lord's side. The preacher, gaunt, grim, and gray, sat stern at the little desk which did duty as a prisoner's dock. Gramma Pleasant was very near his side and was smiling at the honor that had been done her in setting her near the preacher at this meeting.

The meeting hung fire; no one seemed willing to accuse until one old lady who was said to be weak-minded, and hardly accountable for what she said, started up a half song, half chant:

"Here, thou poor criminal, where's thine accusers?"

Then the Rev. Mr. Simpson arose. He put his hands together with the ends of his fingers very carefully joined and began:

"My dear brethren and sisters, we have met here upon a very important occasion."

Gramma Pleasant went on gumming and smiling.

"We have assembled ourselves together for the purpose of making an example to the young members of the flock of one of the old mothers in Israel."

Gramma Pleasant grew anxious and alert.

"We can forgive," and here the minister raised his eyes piously, "the shortcomings of the young, but when it comes to frivolity—frivolity, I say," and he stretched his long arms far out of his coat-sleeves, "in our older members, we feel that the time has come to call a halt—I say, to call a halt. Mother Pleasant has been among us for many a long year, and we have looked up to and esteemed her, but it comes to us upon good authority that lately—yes, even within the present week—she has been heard by those in good standing in the church singing upon her own porch 'Comin' Through the Rye' and 'Hoe Corn and Dig Potatoes,' and we feel that it is our clerical duty to ask the church's opinion upon this matter."

There was a gasp of astonishment on the part of the church, with the exception of Seraphiny, Mrs. Gillam and Mrs. Warner, and then one old soured sister arose and said:

"I move that Sister Pleasant, old as she is, be disciplined for the good of the younger members, for what she will do, they will do and wuss."

Someone equally sour seconded the motion, and then way back in the church a slender form arose and the preacher said:

"I recognize Brother Nathan Foster."

Nathan cleared his throat. "I ain't no speaker," he said, "but I just tell you I wish to the Lord you had a-heard Gramma Pleasant a-singin' them songs. You kin call it 'conduct unbecom' a Christian if ye want to, but it give me a mighty Christian feelin', and I ain't goin' to tell no lie at that, and I went home and tried to sing 'em to the widdler, but the widdler made me stop 'cause I never could carry a tune."

"What was she singin'?" somebody asked.

Then Seraphiny had to up and speak:

"The first I heard her singin' was 'Comin' Through the Rye,' and then Sandy Sanderson, the only Scotchman in the community, rose slowly and unfolded his gaunt length.

"If there is any moon here that takes exception to that song, 'Comin' Through the Rye,' he can just come out of the dure w' me," and he sat down.

No one accepted the cordial invitation of Sandy, and then Gramma Pleasant got up and plead for herself. She did not know, nor did she care, that Rye was a river and not a field of grain; it was all one to her; it was the music, it was the swing of it, it was the love of melody in her old age, and she said:

"Well, brethren and sisters, if ye want to turn me out, all right, but I don't know that a body could be any closer to Gawd than by bein' closer to what Gawd made, and I didn't know that there was any difference in singin' 'Comin' Through the Rye' an' 'When All Thy Mercies, Oh My Lord.' That's the reason I sang it. I thought I was gettin' clost to the Lord, but if you people feel that you're clost, why, jest shet the gate on me, an' I reckon sometime the Lord himself's goin' to open it."

Nobody knows whether it was old man Jenkins or Nathan Foster that started "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," but someone did, and Gramma Pleasant found herself standing up by the preacher's side getting right the right hand of fellowship.

Cooper Was Canny.

Cooper, the artist, was so easily copied that many spurious Coopers flooded the market, and the wary old Canterbury painter made a charge for giving his guarantee to his own works. One dealer to whom Cooper owed a grudge traveled down to Canterbury with a "Cooper" under his arm. He had just sold it for a good price, but required a guarantee.

"You have no objection to obliging me?" said the dealer.

"Not at all," replied Cooper, "but first pay my fee—five guineas—thanks. Now, sir, you go home and burn that, for I never painted it."

Compensation

Ethelinda was pretty as a pink in a florist's window. She had real gold hair, a dimple in one cheek and the kind of a neck you can wear low collars with. She was little and dainty and gentle—and not so very capable from the office manager's point of view. Of course, if the manager had been younger and not married Ethelinda wouldn't have lost her job. But he was oldish, bald and married, and didn't like the mistakes Ethelinda made in addressing letters. Hence she received the blue slip in her salary envelope on Saturday night.

Lena Nagel, on the other hand, didn't remind you at all of a pink in a florist's window. Not that Lena wasn't attractive in her way, but it was more the way a nice granite iron-ware cake pan in a house furnishing shop attracts you. That is to say, she was neat, smooth and useful-looking, and a little square at the corners. But Lena could always get a job and keep it. There was one other thing about Lena that didn't show at first glance, and that was her kind heart and a good part of its affection was placed on Ethelinda.

On a certain Monday noon, Ethelinda not having appeared at the special table where the two girls ate their oyster sandwiches at lunch time, Lena was greatly worried. Likewise on the next day she was yet more worried, for Ethelinda still came not. Accordingly, on her way home at five o'clock Lena stopped at the big trust company and inquired what had become of her golden-haired chum.

The news of her dismissal was a genuine grief to Lena's honest heart, and with characteristic kindness she set her mind straight to work to find a way to help her. She thought and thought and thought. There was no vacancy in her own office, and it was the very worst time of all the year to find a place. People were weeding out their forces rather than taking on help. And remember, Ethelinda did make mistakes in spelling and couldn't be given the very highest kind of an A1 recommendation. So Lena kept on thinking.

Some days went by and Ethelinda stopped in to see Lena at lunch time. Her face was a shade less rosy than usual, her dimple was out of commission and in her eyes was the pitiful look of discouragement that comes after you've tramped through the agencies and from one office to another with a bunch of cut-out advertisements in your purse, finding nothing—but a chance to copy lists of names on the typewriter at six a week.

As Lena saw her friend into the elevator out from the same stepped the chief clerk, who gazed so hard over his shoulder at the little gold-and-pink vision that he ran into the ice cooler and acutely barked his shin. Lena marked the gaze, and a plan for the solution of the difficulty flashed like lightning into her mind.

That evening she paid another visit to the Trust Company and applied for Miss Dimple's vacant desk. The manager scanned her neat German braids, her powderless nose and her generally unadorned appearance. He made a quick mental calculation of how much time probably would be saved to the office in consequence of these details, not to mention an economy in telephone calls and a vacation for the office mirror. She got the place.

This being settled, the rest seemed easy, and she could hardly possess her practical soul in patience until she could put her plan in operation. Next morning she hunted out the chief clerk bright and early.

"But why do you want to leave us, Miss Nagel?" he queried, when she had plunged through her resignation, "We're very busy just now, you know, and I don't see—"

"Oh, I can send some one right away to take my place," she interrupted. "She's a special friend of mine, too, and—why, you may possibly have noticed her here yesterday; she stopped in to see me?"

The chief clerk's hand reminiscently raised itself to adjust the managerial tie, and he thoughtfully regarded the green sock that adorned his barked shin. A change came o'er the spirit of his words.

"Oh, was that—er—was she—ahem—do you refer to the young lady I caught sight of as I stepped off the elevator? She certainly appeared very intelligent—er—and very neat—and—er—quite so. Well, of course, Miss Nagel, if you are obliged to leave us—"

And so Ethelinda came and Lena departed.

"Oh, you darling girl! How can you be so good to me! I don't see how you ever thought out such a wonderful scheme. I was so discouraged, Lena! But I know I'll never be clever enough to take your place here."

"Don't you worry about that. The chief clerk knows what he's doing—take my word for it."

"But Lena," persisted Goldlocks in an unsteady small voice, "you're going to get a dollar a week less over at the Trust Company, and I'm ashamed to let you make such a sacrifice."

The businesslike Lena firmly grasped her friend's wrist and drew her close.

"Listen while I tell you something. It's no sacrifice—it's selfishness. My Heinrich is the elevator starter over at the Trust Company building. Maybe that's worth the dollar a week to me, what?"

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."

"A dollar in the bank does you more good than a hundred spent."

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