

From Picturesque California

The Beauty and Grandeur of the Elks' Parade, the Flower Parade and of Mountain and Valley, as Seen and Written of by a Falls City Boy.

Los Angeles, Cal.—My Dear Mother:—I am still enjoying myself immensely. Am busy from daylight until dark; I get rather tired sometimes but I am feeling fine—never felt better in my life and eat to "beat the band"—some days I have only two meals and some days four, according to the amount of tramping we do and the time we have.

Wednesday we spent the day at Long Beach and to me, the sight was wonderful—the long extent of coast line with the rolling and dashing of the foam capped waves was a delight to one from so far in the interior where a freshet on the Nemaha bottoms furnishes the largest body of water near us. It wasn't long before I joined the hundreds of surf bathers and had the time of my life. But you should have seen me the morning after—sun-burned to a finish, and it was painful too, I don't enjoy that part, though a coat of tan is the proper thing here.

The city is beautifully decorated for the Elks convention—all in purple and white, one large store has a frieze of mission clocks, pointing the hour of eleven. The clocks are white trimmed in gilt and purple, and at night they are so brilliant it is dazzling.

One store has in its window an old stray elk, lost in a snow storm. The artificial flakes of snow are blown by electric fans under logs, and makes a very realistic storm. Another store has an old mission built into the street, with old bells that toll every hour. In the window of one hotel are three live elks and there are elk heads in very nook and corner available.

Thursday morning was their first parade, they called it a massed parade. The Los Angeles lodge led, then came New York lodge No. 1—then Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and so on. Every city that had a delegation present was represented—each in some characteristic uniform. Cincinnati delegates wore golf suits—Boston wore Pilgrims attire—Spokane colonial suits, and so on, but I think Santa Barbara was the best, they wore brown monk gowns and had an old mission made of flowers—it certainly was splendid.

Then in the evening was an electric parade, consisting of fifteen floats—each one seemed better than the one before—they called it a circus parade as each float was an animal, fearfully and wonderfully made. To me it was a great pleasure for it was different from anything I ever saw.

On Friday came the regular California flower parade, that was beautiful beyond my power of describing and I wouldn't have acted as judge either, as the one that appeared to me the most beautiful of anything I ever thought of, didn't get first prize—it was a touring car decorated with pink sweet peas, not one spot of the auto but was covered with the flowers and the ladies in it wore pink—it certainly was dainty and pretty as one can imagine. Another was trimmed in bamboo sticks and Japanese flowers, the color scheme was rather elaborate and the ladies wore kimonos. There were a great many very pretty ones as you will know when I tell you the parade was three hours in passing—the length of it was the only marring feature as you would forget the ones passing before—and besides one tires of standing so long. This is surely a land of flowers as was illustrated by the number used in the decorations for the parade, yet you couldn't miss them from the numbers on the lawns and about the beautiful homes of this most beautiful city.

Sunday Uncle Frank's folks, Uncle John and I went up Mt. Lowe, this is a delightful trip to take. The mountain is 1325 feet high, the first half of the trip up is made in a car that climbs an incline of sixty-two degrees, it seems like it is straight up when you are in the car. It is not a cog road but is operated with a cable, when you reach the top of this road you take a trolley car and go a long way further up—in the ascent they go through places so narrow that there seemed hardly room for the car. There is a circular bridge way up in mid-air, that makes a complete circle, it is the only one of the kind in the world. The engineering on that road is wonderful, anyone interested in that line of work should see it, for it is marvelous to anyone, whether interested or not. This is the most picturesque place I have seen. It is so cool and shady and so far away from the busy world that it seemed like dreamland. If there had been a fishing stream there, no more ideal spot for absolute rest could be found, I'm sure. We ate our lunch on an artistic rustic porch and I wish I could describe the scene to you, but I can't so

want try. These things must be lived to be understood. It was getting towards evening when we started back to the city, all of us reluctant to leave that delightful spot.

The next day we, the whole bunch of us, went to San Gabriel mission—a wonderland to me—it made me think of Ramona, it seemed to me I could see the little fugitive Indian girl and her lover hurrying to just such a mission, maybe this one—anyway it seemed to me it might be this one. It is a long adobe building erected in 1771. It is still white in places, but in others it is worn by the weather and curious tourist. The walls in most places are five feet thick but at the buttress they are nine feet. You know it was built for a fort as well as a church. When it was erected they had a million acres of land, that one mission alone, but the King of Spain, in his greed took it all but 200. This has been sold at various times for charity and aids of different kinds until they now have but six acres left. At the far end is an old stone stair way, covered with a grape vine, the steps are so worn that it is really difficult to step upon them. They lead to the choir loft at the back and are used only by the singers—think of the many, many singers it took to wear away those stones. It seemed to me we ought to hear the chanting of their voices as they have sung there for two centuries.

In the rear are some of the original doors, some of them are new, but the old ones are on display. They were left hanging until tourists nearly ruined them taking pieces for souvenirs. We entered a low, damp apartment, formerly the home of the priests but now just a display part, in here are many old relics, among which is a case of books published many years ago. One was published in 1489 and is in fairly good condition, it was one of the first books brought to America. There is also a collection of robes in this room that are hundreds of years old, but everything is locked up. It is only a recent thing that these robes were put under lock and key, visitors were allowed to handle them until they got so destructive that it was necessary to protect them. One tourist actually cut a piece from an old robe and tore an altar cloth just to add to a collection of souvenirs. The original floor still remains in part of the mission, it is made of a dull tiling and is in good condition. In the church proper the original altar, pulpit and pictures and images, which were brought to America before the days of civilization. They are the worse for the wear and are very highly colored, as Indians were the first members of this church in the early day. I suppose that accounts for the brilliant coloring. The walls are lined with pictures of the apostles, some are good and some are not. In a little ante-room is the baptismal font, where 15,403 people have received the ordinance of baptism. By the side of this in some cement is the print of a little foot, possibly a little Indian's, but it is so old no one knows a thing about it. I don't believe any one could enter this mission without a feeling of reverence, it fairly took my breath as I went in and a flood of thoughts came over me, of the many pilgrims to this shrine and the faithful priests that lived and died, though five of whom are sleeping under the altar. One priest lived there for thirty-five years and never during that time did he miss a day in ringing the old mission bells, five of them. They have become a little discordant in sound but every day since 1771 they have chimed their message to the children of men.

An old cemetery is back of the church, there is no system observed here whatever, in some places the graves are five deep; as soon as the mission is able the cemetery is to be redeemed.

There is a new mission house or rather a home for the priests that is the exact reproduction of the mission in Spain, where Columbus, Queen Isabelle and Ferdinand said their prayers for a safe journey to America. We did not go through there as that is a private home of the priests but we looked at it carefully. As I said before Ramona was with me constantly as I visited these places.

From the mission we went to the ostrich farm. I wish you could see some of the beautiful plumes on these homely birds. They are positively ugly in appearance but the value grows on one as you know something of them. It takes forty days for an egg to hatch, the male bird makes the nest while the eggs are accumulating, usually fifteen are used for a setting. The female sets by day and the male by night. After the egg is hatched the young is abandoned by

the parent birds. The diet for the first two weeks is pebbles, after that for four weeks it is alfalfa, they grow a foot a month and at eight months are plucked, the feathers are cut off three inches from the body and after two months more the stubs are pulled out, this causes the bird no pain at all. Every six months the plucking is done, after the first the birds are put in the mating pen where they remain until they are four years old. By that time they have paired off and then they are put in separate pens, here they remain together until death, it is impossible to separate them while both are living but if one dies the other will mate again. They distinguish them by their color, the male is black and has the best white plumes on the tips of his wing, the female is gray with a dirty white feather, but it can be bleached—perhaps this isn't news to you but it was to me and interesting to.

I met Mrs. John Oswald on the street the other day. She is delighted with this country and would like to stay in Los Angeles. Next to Falls City I guess it is the B. P. O. E.

Uncle Frank's folks will soon leave for San Francisco. I don't know when I will go, I am happy right here I've seen Mr. Hurst a number of times and went over to Venice and Long Beach with him.

I suppose the division is all the talk at home, I'm mighty glad we landed it this time.

REAVIS GIST.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and the castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by all druggists.

She Knew.

"Miss Sharpe—er—Vera," he stammered, "you must know why I've been calling here so much; why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night—" "I suppose, Mr. Kloseman," the girl interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than take me out anywhere."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Good Work Has Slow Growth.

Bancroft spent 26 years on his history and Webster 36 on his dictionary. 'Tis the same with the great inventions. It took years of study and experiment to perfect them. Everything must have a foundation, otherwise it cannot stand, and the more solid the foundation the safer is the structure.

A Labor-Saving Scheme.

"John," said the newly married business man. "Yessir," responded the office boy. "Call up my wife every 15 minutes, and mumble lovey-dovey, tootsey-wootsey, about seven or eight times."—Exchange.

Slightly Different.

The request was made in a public library for the rather remarkable little "Wait a Minute." After some detective work on the part of the librarian it was found the book wanted was "Tarry Thou Till I Come."

Only Two Kinds.

There are, after all, only two kinds of people in the world—those who are trying to keep their names out of the newspapers and those who are trying to get theirs in.

What Piety Is.

In the course of a discussion on hygiene in one of the local medical societies a speaker, in illustrating his remarks, said: "Many a man thinks he is pious when he is only bilious."

Rheumatism

Do you want to get rid of it? If so, take Dr. Miles Nerve modified as directed in pamphlet around bottle. In addition to the direct curative properties it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system by which the rheumatic pains are controlled, and rest and sleep assured. It has made many cures of this painful disease, some of them after years of suffering. If it will cure others why not you. If your case is complicated, write us for advice, it costs you nothing and may save you prolonged suffering.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

Jennie R. Pyle, Plaintiff, v. Edward S. Pyle, Defendant.

To Edward S. Pyle, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that the plaintiff, Jennie R. Pyle, did on the 19th day of July, 1909, file her petition in the district court of Richardson County, state of Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony now existing between her and you upon the grounds of desertion for more than two years continuously and for non-support during said time, and praying for a further decree giving her the custody of the two children named in her petition as the fruit of said marriage who are both minors and of tender age. You are further notified that said plaintiff has asked in her said petition that the court grant an order of sequestration of certain real estate owned by you in Richardson County, Nebraska, to wit: part of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 20, Town 1, Range 17, containing about twelve acres, and a final decree assigning said real estate to her for her support and that of her children and that the decree making such assignment shall stand as a conveyance of your title therein to the plaintiff, Jennie R. Pyle, and a further prayer for such other and further relief as plaintiff may be entitled to, agreeable to the equities of her case.

You are further notified that unless you plead, answer or demur to the petition of plaintiff filed in said cause on or before the 6th day of September, 1909, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree entered in favor of plaintiff accordingly.

REAVIS & REAVIS, Attorneys for Plaintiff. First publication July 23—4 times.

Sheriff's Sale

Peter Frederick, Sr., Plaintiff, vs. Jacob Gebhart, The Uncle Sam Oil Co., Peter H. Goebel, Trustee in Bankruptcy of the Uncle Sam Oil Co., Samuel Leiby, Fred Patchen, and Martha C. Gray, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 31st day of July, 1909, I will offer for sale at the west door of the court house, in Falls City, Richardson County, State of Nebraska, at the hour of one o'clock on said day, the following described real estate:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the land deeded by Towle and Crook to J. H. Ramel in the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 15, township 1, range 16, recorded in book 7, page 286, Richardson County, Nebraska. Deed Records. Thence running south 75 feet, thence west 125 feet, thence north 75 feet, thence east 125 feet to the place of beginning, except that part heretofore sold to the Uncle Sam Oil Company, also lots 20-21-22-23 and 24, in block 23, in the City of Falls City, Nebraska. Also a tract of land situated in Falls City, Nebraska, commencing at a point 75 feet south of the southeast corner of the land deeded by Crook and Towle to J. W. Ramel, in the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 15, township 1, north of range 16 east, thence running south from that point 37 feet, thence north 112 feet to J. W. Ramel's corner, thence due east 145 feet, thence south 75 feet, thence east 120 feet to place of beginning, and belonging to defendant, Jacob Gebhart, and seized by me as sheriff of Richardson County on the order of sale issued out of the district court of Richardson County, State of Nebraska, and under the seal thereof, and which will be sold in pursuance of said order to satisfy a decree of foreclosure entered in said cause in favor of the plaintiff, Peter Frederick, Sr., and other claimants named as defendants therein. Terms of sale cash. W. T. FEXTON, Sheriff. REAVIS & REAVIS, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Tr. 106—Kansas City Exp., 3:41 a. m.
Tr. 132 x—K. C. local leaves . . . 7:30 a. m.
Tr. 138 x—Falls City arrives 9:00 p. m.
x—Daily except Sunday

North Bound

Tr. 103—Nebraska Mail and Express 1:52 p. m.
Tr. 105—Omaha Express 2:23 a. m.
Tr. 137 x—Omaha local leaves 6:15 a. m.
Tr. 131 x—Falls City local arrives 8:45 p. m.
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South Bound

Tr. 191x—To Auburn 1:23 p. m.

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No. 43—Portland Exp. 10:17 p. m.
No. 41—Portland Exp. 2:29 p. m.
No. 121—Lincoln Loc. via Nebraska City 5:00 a. m.

East Bound

No. 14—St. J., K. C. & St. L. . . . 7:41 a. m.
No. 44—St. J., K. C. & St. L. (Local) 4:11 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L. . . . 4:27 p. m.
No. 42—St. J., K. C. & St. L. . . . 7:00 p. m.
No. 122—From Lincoln, via Nebraska City 8:45 p. m.
E. G. WHITFORD, Agent.