



I am trying to make a date with

WHITAKER

THE

AUCTIONEER

They tell me he is strictly up-to-date and well posted on all classes of domestic animals and also farm property in general.

He can certainly please you, as he has had sixteen years experience. He is also from Missouri, and if given the opportunity will "SHOW YOU"—results.

BEFORE ARRANGING DATE, WRITE, TELEPHONE or TELEGRAPH (at my expense)

J. G. WHITAKER

Phones 160-131-216

Falls City, Neb.

POOR LITTLE DICK

He Was the Subject of a Stormy Dispute

"Poor Dick!" said Mrs. Cozzens, looking at the canary.

"That bird wants exercise and fresh air," said John. "That's all he wants."

"No, he doesn't want exercise and fresh air," said Mrs. Cozzens. "He isn't feeling well; that's all."

"All right, then," said John. "Have it your own way."

And as for John, he threw his right leg over his left knee with considerable force and hid his face in his newspaper as though, for him, the subject was ended and the incident was closed.

"Poor Dick!" said Mrs. Cozzens. "O, make less noise!" cried John. "Can't you see that I'm trying to read?"

"Read! Yes!" cried Mrs. Cozzens, "and here this poor little bird is shedding his feathers right and left, and well you know that it isn't moulting season! And there you sit! Reading the paper! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, John Cozzens, and you know right well you had!"

"I tell you he wants exercise and a little fresh air!" cried Mr. Cozzens. "I tell you he doesn't!" cried Mrs. Cozzens.

"Doesn't, neither!" "I tell you he does!" "I tell you he doesn't! It's all your're good for; to let the poor little pet out of his cage and make him fly around the room, grinning like a fool and running after him with a bit of lettuce on one shoulder and a pinch of bird seed on the other. Making him pant again and scarring him half to death!"

"Well," grumbled John, shuffling his feet, "that's the way to tame them."

"Oh, that's the way to tame them, is it?" "Yes! That's the way to tame them, is it!"

"Tame them!" cried Mrs. Cozzens. "So he's wild, is he? Mercy sakes! Suppose he bit his way out of his cage some night and came and pecked us to death!"

"Don't be a fool!" urged John. "Don't you be a fool!" cried Mrs. Cozzens.

No!" said John, "it's you that's the fool!" "Oh, no, it isn't!" cried Mrs. Cozzens. "It's you that's the fool!" And having settled this mooted question she cried in a spirited voice: "You get your things on now and go to the bird store and get something to cure him!"

"Huh!" snorted John behind his paper, and he shuffled his feet as shuffle the feet of an army.

"Well," cried Mrs. Cozzens, "what are you hushing about?" "Huh!" snorted John again. "I'd like to see myself!"

"You put your hat and coat on," cried Mrs. Cozzens, "and out you go this very minute!"

"No, sir!" cried John. "No, sir! And if any one thinks that I'm going to be a messenger boy for a canary bird—well, they're mistaken, that's all I say!"

"O, that's all you say, is it?" cried Mrs. Cozzens.

"Yes," said John. "That's all I say." "Well, anyhow," said Mrs. Cozzens, "I'm going out to get him something. He hasn't lifted his little head or chirped for the last two hours and, rain or no rain, I'm going out."

She went out, too, and when she returned she heard Dick chirping the moment she entered the hall.

"The little pet," she cried, "he knows my step."

But as for John, John never spoke. "Pretty little Dick!" cried Mrs. Cozzens, advancing along the hall. "I've got something for him!"

And as for John, John assumed a serious cast of countenance and looked around for his hat. And as for Dick, I wish to say that the moment Mrs. Cozzens entered the room Richard jumped up in the corner of his cage that was nearest to her, and fixing his eye on his mistress, he relieved himself of such a series of indignant and outraged corks that Mrs. Cozzens viewed him with mingled pride and alarm.

"Why, what's the matter with Dick?" she cried.

"How do I know?" grumbled John. "I'm not a bird doctor, am I? Isn't he spry enough to suit you now?"

"Spry enough!" cried Mrs. Cozzens. "Why, he's all wet!"

"Well, a little rain won't hurt him," grumbled John, but all the same he carefully folded the newspaper and slowly arose from his chair.

"What have you been doing to him?" cried Mrs. Cozzens. "What have you been doing to that poor innocent little bird?"

"What do you suppose I've been doing to him?" cried the indignant Mr. Cozzens.

"John Cozzens, I demand to know! Did you put that birdcage out in the rain to get all wet?" "No, I didn't!" "Well, then, how did he get wet?" "Grrr! Flew outside! Grrr! Suppose he'd have flown away!" "Didn't I have a string around his leg?" demanded John, picking up his hat, but keeping a respectful eye on Mrs. Cozzens. "And didn't I pull him in when—"

Letting Them Alone

Things were as dull as they usually are at the small resort hotel where a few early comers have preceded the regular season. Therefore the arrival of the ridiculously young looking couple was a cause for the awakening of interest and speculation on the part of the small rocking-chair brigade.

It was given out as authentic by a charter member of the brigade that the young couple were bride and groom, who had come to that quiet little spot in the Wisconsin woods to pass their honeymoon.

By a sort of tacit understanding no one tried to inflict his or her company or friendship upon the youthful couple. For the first few days no one even stared at them, except very circumspcctly.

But then a practical joker appeared on the scene. Immediately the young things were pointed out to his observation.

"Does no one know them yet?" he inquired. "Strikes me that you are unsociable."

The romantic spinster dropped her drawn work disapprovingly. "Dear me! How can you be so lacking in sentiment?" she asked. "Why, they don't even see us. There doesn't exist any one else in the world for them just now—the dears!" And the spinster sighed.

The practical joker laughed. "Well, I think they look kind of lonesome," he said. "Didn't any one show them the Twin Springs and the Indian Trail? Oh, I say! I think that is a snobbish way to treat newcomers. I must stir things up."

"Don't look, don't look," murmured the spinster, excitedly. "Here they come now." She hurriedly dropped her eyes on her drawn work.

The young couple came slowly down the veranda, looked timidly at the romantic spinster and the practical joker, and then sauntered away to the lawn, where they started to play a game of croquet. The practical joker walked nonchalantly over to the croquet field. Soon peals of laughter came to the ears of the spinster where she sat on the porch with a number of others. Later on when dinner was well under way the bride and groom entered demurely.

An air of excitement and expectancy pervaded the dining room and no one seemed to have started eating. There was a murmur of subdued laughter as the young couple reached their chairs

and found them tied together with huge bows of white ribbon and decorated with green boughs and white blossoms. The laughter broke out in a storm when a peal of bells came from somewhere near the couple. Across from them the practical joker was working his arm back and forth suspiciously. Then the bride caught her foot in the string and the cowbells and sleighbells were discovered attached underneath her chair.

The bride laughed and blushed as a bride is expected to do and the groom grinned as idiotically as the occasion demanded. But the romantic spinster at the other end of the table had a shocked, hurt expression on her face.

Somehow, after all his trouble, the practical joker seemed to be the only one who would venture to intrude into Arcadia.

"Well, who told you they were bride and groom, anyway?" demanded the practical joker later, after he had listened with apparently good grace to the reproving lecture of the romantic spinster and the echoes of her words from the others.

"Any one with any sense would have known it," said the spinster sharply. "And only a person of no sentiment would have forced his society upon them and made the poor dears so uncomfortable."

"Yes," drawled the practical joker. "Then what am I, anyhow? The fact is that they've been married five years—eloped when she was 16 and he 20. They think it's a great joke that you people think they're just married. They helped me to fix up the dining room scene. They asked me to extend their apologies to you all for fooling you, for they are going home to the children to-morrow."

Without a word, in solemn dignity, the romantic spinster rose and left the porch, forgetting her beloved drawn-work, which later blew into the river.—Chicago Daily News.

TAKE YOUR HOME PAPER FIRST THEN SUBSCRIBE FOR THE KANSAS CITY STAR AND TIMES

The Star and Times, reporting the full twenty-four hours' news each day in thirteen issues of the paper each week, are furnished to regular subscribers at the rate of 10 cents per week.

As newspapers, The Star and The Times have no rivals. No other publisher furnishes his readers with the full day and night Associated Press reports, as does the Star and Times. This should recommend the papers especially to the progressive merchant and farmer.

I deliver both the Star and Times to the subscriber's door promptly on arrival of trains.

Give me a trial.

L. M. RICHARDSON, Distributor
GENERAL DELIVERY

BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

When you stop to think about it, doesn't your BANK BOOK tell much of the story of your life? You, who can read between its lines and analyze its figures, know the labor and sacrifice represented by each dollar deposited. Every entry is the happy ending of a thrilling chapter. Make your book grow—it is recording your history and telling the story of your success. If you have no bank book, bring in a deposit NOW and get one.

The Farmers' State Bank

PRESTON, NEBRASKA



YOU WILL SHARE OUR PRIDE

in dental work if you have need of our services and avail yourself of our skill, experience and facilities. We don't do half way work—it's all or nothing with us, as many people know to their own great gratification. Note, please, that we make no charge for expert examination.

DR. YUTZY

BERT WINDLE, D. D. S., Assistant
Falls City, Nebraska

Magnetic Healing

Miss Lizzie Heitland, a graduate of the Weltmer School of Magnetic Healing, of Nevada, Mo. I am prepared to treat diseases of all kinds. Phone 279. Located at Mrs. Burris' residence south of the convent. 4t

D. S. McCarthy

DRAY AND TRANSFER

Prompt attention given to the removal of household goods.

PHONE NO. 211

EDGAR R. MATHERS DENTIST

Phones: Nos. 177, 217
SAM'L WAHL BUILDING

R. P. ROBERTS DENTIST

Office over Kerr's Pharmacy
Office Phone 260 Residence Phone 271

DR. C. N. ALLISON DENTIST

Phone 248 Over Richardson County Bank.
FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

CLEAVER & SEBOLD INSURANCE

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS
NOTARY IN OFFICE

Passenger Trains

South Bound
Tr. 104—St. Louis Mail and Express 1:23 p. m.
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. x—Daily except Sunday

Local Frt. Trains Carrying Passengers
North Bound
Tr. 192x—To Atchison 11:10 a. m.
South Bound
Tr. 191x—To Auburn 1:23 p. m.
J. B. VARNER, Agent

Burlington Route



West Bound
No. 13—Denver Exp. 1:10 a. m.
No. 15—Denver Exp. (Local) 1:40 p. m.
No. 43—Portland Exp. 10:17 p. m.
No. 41—Portland Exp. 2:25 p. m.
No. 121—Lincoln Loc. via Nebraska City 5:00 a. m.

East Bound
No. 14—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 7:38 a. m.
No. 44—St. J., K. C. & St. L. (Local) 4:11 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:22 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. WHITFOED, Agent.

You Ought To Go Somewhere

To the East:—The lowest rates in years are daily in effect to all eastern resorts, including Lake trips, circuit tours of the East, the St. Lawrence region, Boston, New York, Atlantic City. Extremely attractive 30-day vacation tours of the East.

To the West:—The lowest rates in years for the Pacific Coast tour, including the Seattle Exposition; the greatest railroad journey in the world. \$50.00, round trip, \$15.00 more through California.

Yellowstone Park: August is the height of the Park season, either for side trips on a Coast journey, or for a tour of the Park. Inquire about the 18-day personally conducted Park camping tours made from Cody via the scenic entrance—a tour appealing to the highest class of travel.

Daily low rates to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Estes Park, Cody, Sheridan, Wyo., Hot Springs, S. D.
Get the habit of a Summer tour, and see your own country.

E. G. WHITFOED, Ticket Agent.

L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha.

10c Window 15c

No article in the window over 15c.

See the Glass and China on display at 10 and 15c. We will have a special-priced China and Glass Window for several weeks, taken from our regular stock.

Coffees our Specialty
Don't forget the Grocery Stock at

Chas. M. Wilson's

Seasonable Suggestions To be Found Here:

- Lowe Bros.' Paint
- Pittsburgh Electrically Welded Fencing
- Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods
- Alaska and White Frost Refrigerators

J. C. TANNER

Falls City Nebraska

Plumbing Hardware

We have an Expert Tinner Plumber and Furnace Man

Let Us Be Your Waiter



We never tire of helping others when they ask for good job printing. We can tickle the most exacting typographic appetite. People who have partaken of our excellent service come back for a second serving. Our prices are the most reasonable, too, and you can always depend on us giving your orders the most prompt and careful attention. Call at this office and look over our samples.