

The Point in Question

THE KINDLY CRITIC

There is a big difference between the autumn leaves of the city and of the woods. Walking along the streets at this season of the year one sees men laboriously at work sweeping and raking up the fallen leaves and burning them in heaps in the gutter lest they accumulate and prove unsightly, and the smell of burning mingled with perfume of cooking cabbage on the block, and the soul of man whose province it is to pass by is made sad. But out in the woods it is different. Who cares how many leaves fall? The great trees have lost most of the leaves they once possessed, and seem, like some great vessel, to be taking in sail for the approaching winter winds. The smaller trees and bushes cling still to their leafy covering, now flaming scarlet, or vivid yellow, and between the aisles Nature has made in the woods the brown and golden leaves, the red and russet leaves, the purple and green leaves are massed into a soft carpet that rustles as one walks upon it, sending up a perfume that is unlike anything on earth. The sky of winter is seen through a net work of bare branches that seem like fairy lacework. The clatter of some squirrel, the pat of some dropped nut breaks the stillness. The far-off cry of some bird follows, and all is still again. And about one's feet—the perfumed leaves of autumn curl and rustle, for these are the glorious leaves of the woods, and not the miserable, dirty, little bon-fire leaves of the town.

Thanksgiving! Did you enter into the spirit of the occasion, or did you carelessly remark that you had nothing to be thankful for? It may be that a visit to an institution for the blind would help you to realize what a good old world it is, or that weary weeks under the care of a physician is necessary to make you see cause for giving thanks. One has to but look about him to see reasons for feeling thankful. Your neighbor on the right has a cough, he on the left has a sorrow; down the street is one with a wayward offspring, up the street is one with a family sorrow that will never heal—and you, why, all is sunshine for you, if you look up, and your only grievance is the question of money, money, money. But isn't it a fact that there are rich men in Falls City of whom you could and do say, in all sincerity, "I do not envy their lot in life!"

A pretty girl at the cigar counter no doubt increases the sale of cigars. One of our hotels is trying the experiment, and it is said that several inveterate pipe smokers have laid their strong pipes aside and now walk up to the cigar counter and invest their nickles and dimes just like real "sports," at the same time engaging the pretty saleslady in a conversation concerning the weather or the peculiarities and shortcomings of "our town." And if perchance you should prefer "shaking" for the cigars there is a pretty hand at your service that can roll out sixes and aces in a manner that clinches the deal for the house. Oh, we are progressing, in our town.

"Fifty-cent butter by Christmas," declares the dairymen of the state. Exorbitant butter prices only hastens the day when people will become accustomed to oleomargarine and butterine. In Falls City the hotels, or at least some of them have organized oleomargarine squads (regular boarders), whose taste has become so perverted by hotel fare that they eat oleo with avidity, and like it and Oliver Twist-like, ask for more; and saddest of all, some of the squad grow chesky at the generous allowance of oleo, thinking they are being regaled with pure creamery. But after all, grease is but grease.

The merchant is happy these days here in Falls City. A touch of frosty weather and its accompanying snow, sent the buyers scurrying hither and yon for the needs of winter, and the clerks have been busy in consequence. To procrastinate, where the expenditure of money is involved, is human, and with many it is not until the winds whistle around the corners of the house and chill the marrow and nip the ears, that they hike for flannels, gloves, mittens, mufflers, and heavy footwear. True, the catnippler and the squirrel said, by the usual signs, "mild winter," but even those who "bank" on the catnippler and squirrel as weather forecasters, are influenced to part with a little money when chattering teeth proclaim that real winter is here, or at least close at hand.

The moving picture show has become a fixed institution in every town and city, and in a measure, is a source of instruction and education, as well as entertaining. Where good order is maintained the best people become regular patrons; where the comfort of patrons is sacrificed to

the rough element, who fail to appreciate the true worth of the production, and make themselves obnoxious to others, people who would like to tend are discouraged from so doing. Good order is most essential wherever ladies and children congregate, and a lack of that element simply hastens the day when moving picture shows will become unpopular as a place for women and children.

MARKET LETTER.

Letter From our Regular Correspondent at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Nov. 22, 1909.—Cattle supplies last week were of about the same volume as previous week, although receipts on Monday were very light. Range cattle came in freely, and railroads deliver these cattle on the market when it suits their convenience, without regard to special market days. Prices did not make much net change during the week, although the feeling was firm all week on killing grades and the outlet good. Stockers and feeders sold higher first of the week but closed very little different from close of previous week. The run today is 20,000 head here, including 2,000 calves, almost twice as many cattle as were here a week ago, and the liberal supply, together with excessive runs at other markets, naturally has to sell a little lower, steers around 10 lower, she stuff 10 to 15 lower. The heavy run of range cattle now coming and the desire of parties in nearby territory to dispose of as many cattle as possible before winter sets in, accounts for the liberal supply today. Buyers complain of lack of quality in cattle from native territory, indicating anxiety of owners to unload hastily. Prime fed steers have been an unknown quantity here the past ten days, good to choice fed steers selling at \$6.25 to \$7.75, some steers and heifers mixed today at \$6.85, fair to medium fed steers \$5.00 to \$8.00, heavy fed cows \$4.00 to \$4.75, cows \$3.25 to \$4.75, bulls \$2.90 to \$4.00, calves \$4.00 to \$7.25, stock steers \$3.00 to \$5.00, feeders \$4.25 to \$5.25. One or two lots of fancy Colorado stockers reached \$6.25 lately; and high bred heifer calves weighing around 300 pounds sell at \$4.25 to \$5.25.

Hogs are coming sparingly, run last week less than previous week, although packers persist in predicting a heavier run. The market has had an upward tendency, although not without interruption, and the 13,000 head here today is selling 5 to 10 lower, top \$8.10, bulk \$7.60 to \$8.05, including all weights, those above 200 pounds at \$7.80 and upwards. Investment buying provisions dropped off last week, and lack of this crop partly accounts for whatever weakness there is in hogs. With the half-hearted support provisions are now getting, and the probability of fairly good runs of hogs this week, a moderate decline in prices should not occasion surprise.

Sheep and lambs held about steady last week, but the market is 10 lower today, supply 10,000 head. Range shipments are falling off, and more fed stuff is coming, top lambs today fed westerns, at \$7.40 and fed yearlings, 71 pounds, selling at \$7.65. Wethers are worth up to \$5.50, ewes \$5.00. Feeding stock is in demand, lambs worth \$6.25 to \$6.5, and breeding ewes always wanted at prices up to \$5.50.

WILLING TO LET HIM DRAW.

Had Withdrew Complaint Against Fellow Member After He Had Heard Him Talk.

Pellegrini was an artist with an extremely liberal vocabulary, upon which he would draw freely for the amusement of the Beefsteak club, of which he was a member. There was a fellow member of the club, says "The Carr" in a book called "Some Emphatic Victorians," who was wont to enliven the table with little impromptu sketches, which he executed with a certain degree of facility.

This innocent display of artistic power offended Pellegrini, who, possibly moved by a measure of jealousy, that any one should encroach upon his special province, insisted with some vehemence that a club was not the place for such exercises. "I like the boy," he said to me one evening, "and when he talks, I listen, but 'tis pity he draw."

It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of the crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's increasing flow of conversation.

In a momentary pause he turned to me, and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment: "Joe, I've made big mistake. 'Tis better he draw."—Youth's Companion.

TAKING HIS TIME

Bobby knew he would marry Beth eventually. He had known it for a year—ever since that night Beth unexpectedly passed through the doorway where he was lazily leaning, waiting for something interesting to happen.

"Who is she?" asked Bobby, suddenly alert.

"My cousin Beth," said the hostess.

"Introduce me to her," said Bobby.

"I want to ask her to marry me."

The hostess laughed. She was used to Bobby's extravaganzas.

Bobby met Beth later in the evening. Her eyes shone on him mischievously and her mouth curved as if she expected to laugh at any moment.

"Are you going to ask me to marry you at once?" she inquired of him sweetly.

Bobby smiled. "I am glad you overheard what I said to your cousin," he replied. "Now you are prepared for the inevitable."

That was a year ago and the inevitable, in the shape of a proposal of marriage from Bobby, had not come. He knew he would become engaged to her eventually, but for the time being things were very comfortable just as they were.

He monopolized Beth's evenings when she stayed at home. He was her constant escort when she was out. He felt all the satisfaction of proprietorship. Still he was not bound. He could come and go as he pleased. He took time for his club. He could pass an occasional leisurely evening at home with his pipe.

One night, however, he met with reverses. Beth wore a cream lace gown that night and—was ravishing. They had been invited to meet an eastern man who was being introduced to a good many persons. That is to say, he was introduced until he met the cream lace gown containing Beth. Then he courteously declined to be introduced any further. He remained beside the cream lace gown for the rest of the evening.

"You had every appearance of liking it," said Bobby in a rage as he was taking Beth home.

"I did like it very much. I have asked him to come to see me."

For some time after that Bobby's club knew him not. Until the eastern man departed he passed no leisurely evenings at home with his pipe. In fact, the eastern man gave Bobby what is sometimes called a run for his money.

"I am glad he's gone," acknowledged Bobby, one evening about a week after the eastern man had departed.

"Are you?" said Beth softly. "Then I am glad too."

But Bobby did not take warning from the eastern man. When Beth said that soft little "Then I am glad, too," he did not ask her to marry him and save him further alarms. He only relaxed, with great tranquility of soul and continued to monopolize her evenings when she stayed at home, to be her constant escort when she went out, to give the world to understand that she was his property—to be very comfortable, in a word, with the idea of eventually asking her to marry him.

Bobby took a fishing trip. For six weeks he fished. He did not write to Beth very often; it was too hard to write when one was roughing it.

"I should have to write her every day if we were engaged," thought Bobby.

He sent her his biggest catch, however, and felt considerable surprise and some resentment when she did not write enthusiastically to thank him.

At eight o'clock the first night after Bobby's return he rushed up Beth's front steps. He wanted to see her very badly. He had been gone six weeks.

Beth's mother was sitting alone on the porch.

"How is Beth?" eagerly asked Bobby. "And where is she?"

"She was married last night," said Beth's mother, quietly. "They left on a late train. They are going abroad for their honeymoon."

"Married!" exclaimed Bobby dully. "Married?"

"It was all very sudden. Beth met him the week you left. He was exceedingly eager. Think of it! Married six weeks after they first saw each other!"

Tears stood in Beth's mother's eyes. She was wishing that daughters did not have to grow up and get married.

Alone in his room that night Bobby smoked long and hard. He thought of many things. When he finally shook the last ashes out of his pipe he said one word to himself.

"Fool!" said Bobby.

He was feeling very wretched.—Chicago Daily News.

Not Qualified.

The two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a home-made strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

"Isn't a home-made cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"In don't know," he said. "I board."

Shaky.

"I have been the architect of my own fortune, sir."

"And so," he began the build-

ing of his fortune, and while you

School Sanitation

The following excellent article on the above subject, by Mrs. Falloon, was read at the last meeting of Sorosis:

School sanitation, like charity, should commence at home. If a wise and intelligent supervision over the health of the child is maintained at home, there will be but little complaint made for lack of hygienic conditions in our public schools. Many fevers are due to the use of impure water and the germs of diseases are sometimes taken into our system in our food. Many a child has gone to an early grave owing to the use of impure water or impure food. The germ theory of disease teaches us that health is a struggle, as has sometimes been described, between "host and parasite" and "men and microbe." Therefore, if the entrance of our children into our public schools is healthful, we must as mothers see that the water and food we use is pure and free from germs of disease. Exposed and decayed fruit should not be brought from the grocery to the home and all fruit obtained in the market should be thoroughly cooked before used.

The surrounding conditions that either produce or prevent diseases in our schools are largely under the control of our city fathers. Whether the water the pupil uses is healthful or not depends upon the judgment and intelligence of these officials. Too often our officials lack in patriotic sentiment and are not chosen for an efficient administration of government, but for private ends and like many of our school boards are mere auditing officers who have had but little or no experience in the administrative affairs of government.

At present we are unfortunate in our water that is used by our school children. It has a muddy taste and is unfit for drinking. Could it not be improved by sedimentation and filtration? By sedimentation, I mean that our water should be pumped at the "station" into large reservoirs or cisterns and allowed to settle before used. Much of its impurity would be found in the sediment and its exposure to air would relieve it of its muddy odor. Then if the water was filtered through sand, there is little doubt but that the water used in our schools would be healthful and palatable. This method of purification of water is in general use in Europe and in some two hundred cities in the United States.

During his school days the parent divides the care of her child with the teacher and whether the room in which he studies is properly ventilated and kept at a healthful temperature depends upon the interest and integrity of the faithful teacher. The room should be kept thoroughly clean and should be so sunny as to be absolutely free from must. The health of the pupil is contingent not only on healthful exercise and proper hygienic conditions of the school room but freedom from too close confinement. Nothing is more baneful to the health of a child than that tyranny of the heartless teacher which makes it keep perfectly still. To compel children to sit in seats where their feet do not reach the floor, impedes the circulation in the legs. To make them sit absolutely still on the pain of punishment is to distress them mentally, weaken the back and sometimes produce curva-

ture of the spine. Children should not be compelled to recite in their study seats, but should be given that relaxation and exercise which they obtain in going from seat to recitation. A pupil should never be nagged. Continual fault-finding in a school room destroys the pleasure of school life and drives from the school room that cheer that is so essential to good health.

"Youth will never live to age unless they keep in health with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness." A teacher should be a model of health and an example in deportment.

It is said that a wise physician is a John Baptist who recognizes that his only mission is to prepare the way for a greater than himself. Every mother must be a real forerunner of health, if she wishes to pave

the way for the improved sanitation of our schools. For it is the mother's child with its goodness, intelligence, health or peevishness, with all its perfections or imperfections that may become the future teacher.

—Wanted—A million bushels of apples at the Leo Cider & Vinegar Co's. new plant.



Means Much

To the level-headed young man, a bank account, added to the determination to make it larger means much. The names of many such are on our books.

Young man, young woman, if your name is not on the list would it not be wise to open an account at once and keep adding to it? It's the right thing to do. The amount may be small at first—but all things must have a beginning.

THE Falls City State Bank

And commence the saving habit now

Nov. 26, 1909.
Dear Friend:
We have nice cakes for breakfast every morning ever since we found some nice syrup to put on them. We must use a gallon every two weeks.

Pure Maple Syrup at

Schmitt's

Meat Market & Grocery

Special Sale of Cut Glass Samples

We have purchased Cut Glass Samples of one of the best houses in the business, and offer them to you next week

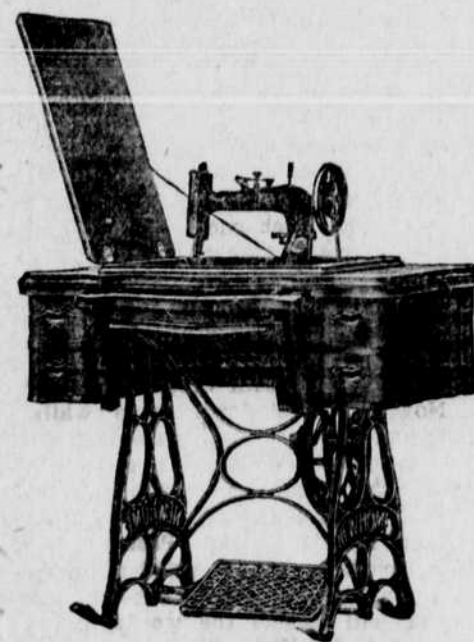
At Prices Much Below their Real Value

They will be displayed in our south window. A saving to you. See the line of hand-painted and rail plates, at

Chas. M. Wilson's

DEMONSTRATION OF THE CELEBRATED

New Home Sewing Machine



On DECEMBER FIRST, 1909, for ONE DAY ONLY, Mr. P. J. Bulliss, State Traveler for the New Home Sewing Machine Co., will be with us and help demonstrate the merits of the world's greatest sewing machine. The New Home Machine is no stranger among us, having been sold in the state of Nebraska as many years as we can remember. We carry an extensive line of these machines and we

wish everyone needing a machine would witness these demonstrations. We have them in all styles of woodwork, both Rotary and Vibrating Shuttlers. We will be pleased to tell you how to buy these machines on easy terms. A souvenir will be given to the ladies attending this demonstration. Everyone cordially invited.

Davies & Owens

RELIABLE JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA