

A Sunday Afternoon

What a splendid feeling of buoyancy, of satisfaction, of hopefulness pervades little old Falls City! We have hoped for the things that "ought to be" so long, that now our dreams are coming true it makes one feel like sitting down and feeling good.

Labor never before was so fully and remuneratively employed; the merchant goes to his home at night tired, but contented, as the result of a very busy day; the property owner looks upon his houses all full with satisfied and paying tenants; the lumbermen and contractors point to new buildings springing up in every part of the city; the base ball fan looks at the new grand stand and says, "something doing this year;" the booster points to the round house, the track layers, the new poultry plant, the vinegar factory, and says, "watch us grow."

Oh, I guess this is a poor town. NOT!

On Sunday afternoon, in order to keep, or become, acquainted with the town I started on a walk that took me into corners of the city where I had not been for years. I walked all through the additions to the north and saw the hundreds of beautifully kept homes. Ten years ago or so this section was a grassy hillside, used for pasturage or strawberriery, or kid base ball games. Now it is probably the most sightly and beautiful part of the city. The town looks like a forest from this location. Trees are everywhere. And beyond the trees lies the glorious valley of the Nemaha, warm and green till it blends into the great purple hills beyond.

Do you know, I thought Sunday afternoon, as I looked upon this glorious panorama spread before me, that probably it was just as well that his Satanic Majesty did not invite the Lord to this hillside to tempt him, for surely no place in all this world is more beautiful than the scenes from the hillside on the north to the hills beyond the valley of the old river.

In the changed order of things the Third ward has come into its own, as well. The vinegar factory, owned entirely by local capital, is a mighty inviting sight to a Falls City man. The men behind this are not great advertisers; they haven't been tooting their horns from the house-tops. But, nevertheless, they are doing a fine thing for the city.

Do you realize that this company has invested Fifty thousand dollars in this plant? That there is more than an acre of floor space in the building? That its present capacity is five hundred thousand gallons, and is shortly to be increased to a million? Just consider for a moment what the institution means to this city.

The cull apples that for years have rotted in Richardson county orchards, a total loss, are now hauled into the city and sold at profitable prices. Falls City labor turns these apples into vinegar. The vinegar is bought all over the United States. In its last analysis this means that the United States is buying the waste apples from the Richardson county farmer. But it means more than that, it means that for every barrel of vinegar sold by the company so much new money is added to the wealth of Falls City.

The local capitalist who lends his money and gets his interest doesn't add a dollar of wealth to the town. If The Tribune earns \$25 on subscription and pays it to the meat market, and the meat market buys dry goods with it of the merchant, and the merchant buys advertising space of The Tribune, the community is not a dollar better off than it was before. But, when the vinegar company sells a barrel of vinegar to parties in St. Louis it means that so much St. Louis money, new money if you please, has been added to the wealth of our city.

The new money from the Klondike has made Seattle, the new money for steel has made Pittsburgh, the new money from the southwest is making Kansas City, and if other Falls City men would invest their capital in productive enterprises, such as the vinegar plant, Falls City's future would be even more glorious than is now promised.

The new poultry plant now nearing completion is such an institution. Its product will be sold abroad and the money from the other fellow will be brought in to pay the farmer, to employ local labor, to be expended with local merchants and put in local circulation. And every dollar, so brought in will add so much to our local wealth.

This poultry plant is soon to add a ten thousand dollar cold storage plant, it is said, and the grounds will

soon be prepared for that purpose.

The only thing that now seems in the way of the poultry plant is the unreasonable attitude of Mayor Keeling. It is essential that the plant have day lights. The city lights close down at midnight. Schmelzel & Grush are willing to expend the money to run a line to the plant and furnish it with such lights as it needs until the city adopts a day system. The mayor, however, for reasons best known to himself, forbids Schmelzel & Grush to furnish the lights. This is so petty as to be ridiculous if it were not that it is a serious inconvenience and an obstacle to the poultry plant which has come into our city seeking this investment.

Then there is the round-house, that great structure about which is clustered so many of our hopes.

Have you seen this lately? If not, go down Sunday and look it over.

The work is progressing rapidly and very soon now the building will be filled with engines, the yards will be filled with cars and the city will be filled with employees who have come to make their homes with us.

It is gratifying to the Falls City man to ride upon a train and watch the people gaze from the windows at the improvements, and then turn to the conductor and say, "conductor, what place is this?" We have them all sitting up and taking notice, for little old Falls City is on the map of progressive cities, and it is on there to stay.

And so from dinner until evening I wandered about getting acquainted with the new Falls City. I strolled from the railroad yards up on "hungry hill" in the southeast part of town. I saw the little homes of the laboring man, one with a new porch, another with a new roof, still another with a new fence, but all with the atmosphere of prosperity about them. For the masters of these homes are busy now, and the wages they earn are ample for them to share in the new order of things.

In the yards the families were gathered, for the day of rest was waving its close. The boy and the girl, (for in this there is no new order of things, nor will be while the world lasts), were seated in the secluded corner of the porch. Far off I could hear distinctly the voices of children at play, as one who stands on the shore of a lake and hears the far off voices on the water as a night settles upon them. The vesper bells of the convent tinkled in the distance, and the shadows of evening deepened into night.

It was a good day. It was a good walk. It was,—it is a good town,—little old Falls City.

MARKET LETTER.

Letter From our Regular Correspondent at Kansas City.

Kansas City Stock Yards, May 2, 1910. The cattle market underwent a gradual softening last week, and closing prices were off 20 to 35 cents on most all kinds, with heifers showing even a greater decline sometimes. Feeders did not lose quite as much, as there is a good demand in the country for young cattle to feed, and bulls also held up almost steady. Calves fluctuated a good deal, but closed in a rut, with all their advance wiped out. The run today is 10,000 head, quite an increase over a week ago, and with other market supplies in proportion, the natural results is lower prices today, steers 5 to 15 lower, cows and heifers steady to a shade lower. As usual on Monday, stockers and feeders are in good demand and prices are firm today. The top on heavy steers today is \$7.90, in the native division, and a drove of 1,100 pound steers in the quarantine division also brought \$7.90. Oklahoma corn fed steers, Medium class steers bring \$6.50 to \$7.65, and cake fed cattle from the south sell at \$6.00 to \$6.65 mostly and some meal fed steers today at \$7.25.

Hog receipts were at minimum figures all of last week and although prices advanced 15 cents, it was a devoid of the buying impulse for ten days, as they claim demand for fresh meats is slack, and that they do not need the hogs. The run today is 7,000 head, market 10 to 20 lower, heavy hogs at \$9.20 to \$9.35, medium weights \$9.10 to \$9.25, and light hogs up to \$9.20. The extraordinary slim receipts last week were abnormal, and unless a much wider outlet develops in the fresh meat trade, increased supplies will meet some hard knocks.

J. A. RICKART,
Live Stock Cor.

—Ladies. Save Money! Make finest of perfumes at home for one-fifth what you are now paying. Ten guaranteed recipes for 50c. Home Supply Co., Princeton, Indiana.

MAJE.
Story Awarded Second Prize in April Contest of Our Dumb Animals.

A group of firemen was gathered around the stove in the engine house, smoking and recalling the glories of "Hose Company, Number One" for the benefit of a chance visitor. The perils of fire-fighting and the heroic deeds of different firemen had all been discussed.

"Well, I'll tell you who's got as much sense at a fire as anyone in the company," drawled the engineer, "and that's Maje." He jerked his thumb toward one of the stalls in the rear of the engines where the head of a magnificent bay horse could be seen, nosing over the hay, and pausing now and then to glance sociably toward the group around the stove.

"I can remember when he was nothing but a green country horse, filled to the brim with skittishness and devilry," continued the engineer, "but it didn't take him long to get onto the ropes. Do you remember that fire down at the car shops, Bill? Well, sir, Maje had only been in training six months when we had that call. The flames had such a start that we needed every man and there wasn't a soul to stay with the horses. 'Twas an awful winter's night—most as bad as this one," he added, as the wind howled around the corner.

"Yet that horse stood out there in the snow till after midnight. Trains would go roaring by and he would just tremble with fright, but he never moved an inch from his tracks till he came to hitch on again. Since then he's been our standby. We never bother to look after the team he's in. They're dead sure to be right where we left them, every time. That horse hasn't missed a fire in three years! You can't keep him in, he's so—"

The brazen clamor of the fire gong broke in upon his speech. Instantly every man was on his feet. Before the signal had finished striking, each one was flying to his place, struggling into his boots and coat and on the way.

As the locks on the stall doors were thrown back the horses sprang out. "Maje" was first, his neck arched high and his nostrils distended with excitement. He crashed down the hall and wheeled into his place in front of the engine, where he stood fairly shivering with impatience till the harness was buckled on. Then they whirled out into the night. A driving blast of snow and wind struck them, and the pavement was a glare of ice beneath the eager hoofs. The grizzled driver tightened his hold on the tugging reins. "Hope nothin' happens," he muttered.

Before them lay a long down grade, at the end of which a burning factory threw its glowing flames dully through the flying snow. The horses were going at full gallop, their mighty bodies thrilling with eagerness. They were almost there.

Suddenly Maje slipped, struggled in vain to keep his footing, and fell with a sickening thud. The other horse was dragged down with him. Instantly the men were beside the struggling team. The other horse got to his feet, but Maje half arose, only to fall back again. After a mighty effort he scrambled to his feet. He started forward, but one leg hung limp and broken. Before the men could stop him he struggled ahead, almost groaning with pain, yet with his eyes fixed on the blazing fire beyond. Hopping and slipping, he battled on for a few paces and then fell for the last time. Nothing could be done save to put him out of his misery, yet, as he lay on the pavement, his last feeble struggle was toward the fire—that goal he had striven so bravely to reach.

Soon everything was over. The fire was checked. The half-dozen men were back in the engine house. But they were strangely silent. The usual rejoicing over a well-fought battle was lacking. One by one they crept up to bed, and as they passed, each man cast a lonely glance at the empty stall that had once held the most loyal soldier of them all—Maje of "Hose Company Number One."

THE BOY AND THE CARPET
And the Gentle Springtime That Deceys Us All From the Stern Paths of Duty.

When the spring housecleaning comes and the carpet is hung on the line the boy of the family is ordered to beat out the dust.

He spends 20 minutes looking for a stick.

He spends ten more wondering if it is the right stick.

When he has finally decided he advances to the carpet and hauls off—

Yes, he hauls off and looks to see if there are any boys on the alley fence watching him.

Then he wonders why his father didn't beat the carpet and let him go fishing.

Then he spits on his hands and wonders what time it is.

Then he thinks he hears another boy in the alley and he goes to the fence to see.

When he returns he wonders why carpets have to be beaten, but seeing his mother in the back door he picks up the stick and gives a whack that would surely break the leg of a fly. It tires him.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

His wrist aches. His shoulder aches. He has certainly sprained his back.

Two more feeble whacks and then he drops his stick and sits down with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?" asks the mother, as she comes out.

"It's my—my heart!"

"Why, you poor boy! I'd forgotten all about your weak heart. Run away and play shiny and climb trees and kick football and I'll beat the carpet myself!"

FATAL FLAW IN HIS THEORY
Dr. Gulick's Arguments for Matrimonial Felicity Overturned by Application of Logic.

When Dr. Luther H. Gulick, of certain honorable connection with the Russell Sage foundation, allows himself to speculate fondly on the possible domestic felicities which might result from the adoption of a masculine style of dress buttoning up the back instead of the front, he forgets an important particular. That relates to the time when it required more than the services of what is known now to wives as a "kind hooker" to get the head of the family into his trousers—when a couple of squires, an armorer, a tinsmith and a blacksmith or two were needed to equip the business man for his day's work, with the fair wife on the side to get the helmet on straight and to strap the loved one's sword about his manly waist.

Dr. Gulick will be sensible of his own confusion when he recalls that this co-operation did not make for the perfect domestic tranquillity so much to be desired in perfectly respectable communities. He will admit he was in error in his theory that if the husband were as dependent on the wife in the matter of hooks as the wife is dependent on him—or maid or neighbor—there would be fewer divorces.

Birthplace of a Great Musician.

Seven cities contend for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and several towns in Italy claim the right for his association with them of commemorating Guido Monico, or Guido d'Arezzo, as he is more commonly known. The little town of Tallia, near Carentino, has set up a monument to mark his birthplace, but it is doubtful if the claim can be substantiated against the claim of Arezzo. It is generally conceded that Guido was a Benedictine monk, and that he was a great writer on music of the eleventh century. The claim is set up that he was born near Paris, and migrated to Arezzo. He wrote the "Micrologus," but Grove discards many of the pretensions which have been formulated concerning Guido's achievements. It appears, says Grove, that Guido invented the principle upon which the construction of the staff is based and the F and C clefs, but that he did not invent the complete four lined stanza itself.

Ancient Superstition.

Parat, an apothecary of Paris, jealous of his wife, compelled her under fear of death to run needles through a wax image of the suspected lover. "Thus was there a continuance of an old practice known to Scillians in the days of Theocritus. Thus are we reminded of Rossetti's "Sister Helen," and a tragic scene in "The Return of the Native." We read not long ago that this spell of the wax image was still practised in counties of England. Was it ever practised in New England? Are such dolls now made in this country, and melted so that with it a rival or an enemy may waste away?"

Time's Sad Changes.

"I met a gentle but entirely unrec-structured native during a recent trip through North Carolina," said a northern tourist, according to Browning's Magazine, "and he was in constant lamentation over what he regarded the deterioration of things down there from what they were in ante-bellum days. His regretful comparisons of things then with their condition now, to the disadvantage of the latter, were striking. One evening, admiring a brilliant and beautiful setting of the sun, I exclaimed enthusiastically: 'What a magnificent sunset—splendid! gorgeous!' The unreconstructed native, gazing at it a moment, said, in melancholy tone and with a deep sigh: 'Yes, but, ah! you should have seen it before the war!'"

St. Anthony
A High Grade Percheron

Foaled April, 1903. Has a seal brown color; wt. 1700 lbs. Is a perfect individual with a good disposition and has proven himself a sire of size, quality, disposition and style, his colts always selling high.

Will stand during the season of 1910 at the Weaver farm, seven miles southwest of Falls City, five and one-half miles southeast of Salem, six miles north of Morrill.

Jay Caffery

Is a large, heavy-boned trotter with extra style and action, showing a clean, rapid gait; a strawberry color; 16½ hands high; wt. 1300 lbs; has a good disposition. Was sired by Glaser; he by Jaybird, who stood for \$500 service fee. Dan by Charles Caffery; he by General Knox.

Further breeding given on application

Will stand during the season of 1910, Mondays and Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at Weaver Farm; Wednesdays and Thursdays at Sa-Salem.

TERMS

\$12.00, payable when colt stands up and sucks. If mare changes owners, or is removed from the community, fee becomes due at once. Mare and colt to guarantee service. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. No service on Sunday.

J. W. CROOK

—Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency. It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. Sold by all druggists.

Uncle Ezra Says:
"Stick to the farm, but don't necessarily, when you are away from home, let the farm stick to you."

A Broad Choice of Vacation Tours

To the Pacific Coast—From June 1st only \$60.00 round trip, direct route, and, on special dates in May, June and July, only \$50.00; \$15.00 additional via Shasta Route.

To the East—Ask nearest agent about the various special rates to be in effect, commencing May, to principal eastern cities.

Yellowstone Park—All kinds of tourist rates to this wonderland, including diverse tours through scenic Colorado, Yellowstone and Gardiner entrances; also to Cody, (eastern entrance), in connection with Holm's personally conducted camping tours through the Park, July 29, Aug. 19 and Sept. 9. Apply early.

Mountain Tours—To Denver, Estes Park, Salt Lake, Hot Springs, S. D., Sheridan and Ranchester, Wyo., (for the Big Horn region), and Thermopolis, Wyo., the coming wonderful sanitarium—18 million gallons of hot water daily at 130 degrees.

Call or Write describing your proposed trip and let us advise you fully.

L. W. WAKELEY, General Passenger Agent
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
E. G. WHITFORD, Ticket Agent, Falls City, Neb.

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Money to Loan at 5 and 6 per cent interest on good real estate security. Also money to loan on good chattel security.
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Passenger Trains 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. 4:11 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:22 p. m. (Local)
No. 42—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 6:52 p. m.
No. 122—From Lincoln, via Nebraska City 8:45 p. m.
E. G. WHITFORD, Agent.
—We have some fresh Red Seal flour in now. Come and get a sack.—C. A. Heck.