

## THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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### GLORY FOR NEBRASKA.

Nebraska in 1909 produced corn more valuable than all the gold mined in the United States and Alaska, and worth more than our total tobacco crop. She produced wheat worth more than the total sugar production of the United States; live stock worth more than the crude petroleum of the whole United States; live stock grain, poultry, butter, eggs and fruit worth more than the coal in the United States outside of Illinois; hay worth more than all the gold and silver produced in Alaska; cereals worth more than the product of all our copper mines; grass and grain and live stock worth more than all the iron ore. This is according to the report of the committee of the legislature and other reports made by the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics. To be a little more frivolous, if the eggs laid by Nebraska hens in 1909 were placed in a double row end to end they would be three times as long as the railroad mileage built in the United States in 1908. If the permanent school fund of Nebraska were converted into dollar bills and laid end to end the line would reach from Omaha to Salt Lake City, but it probably would not be left for very long. Less than half of the tillable land in Nebraska was frequently designated upon the maps of school geographies as part of "The Great American Desert."—Collier's Weekly

### BOOST FOR HOME TRADE.

Much complaint is made by local tradesmen that customers buy so largely from mail order houses, and out of town. No doubt there are good grounds for the complaint. Its natural for economically inclined people to buy in the market that appears to offer them the most for their money. Naturally the home field belongs to the local merchant. He is on the ground. Why then does he not remain in possession. Why is it possible for a house 500 miles away to take his trade away from his door? There is a reason. What is it? Goods are goods no matter where you buy them. They have a certain value because of the cost of the raw material, the expense of manufacturing, the transportation and the dealers commission. If all parties were fair the item of cost should be approximately the same for an article whether purchased in New York, Chicago, Omaha or Falls City, when laid down to the buyer all charges paid. Why then cannot our dealers sell as cheaply as others? They can and they do. There are tricks in all trades. And here is just one of them as a sample. The reader will readily recall others equally catchy worked upon the unsuspecting buyer. Recently one of the big houses in Omaha offered in their toy department doll buggies, the cheapest were 25 cents apiece, actually worth 40 cents each when sold in dozen lots. The house actually lost money on every buggy of this kind they sold. But they didn't lose much on them, because they sold very few. This they expected when the price was cut, but next grade of buggies were marked \$1.50 worth about \$7.50 per dozen. On every one of these they sold they doubled their money. And they sold a dozen of the dearer ones to one of the cheaper ones. The cheap buggies were simply used as the bait to catch the unsophisticated customers and scores were caught.

Last Saturday a young man purchased from a clothier in Falls City a good, substantial winter suit, in one of the latest styles and fabrics. He came near refusing the suit because the price was considerable low-

er than he had expected it would be. Because it was not marked high the suit at once fell in his estimation. So much are we dependent upon the price of a thing when judging of its quality or usefulness to us.

Mail order houses have made a careful study of the whims, eccentricities and frailties of their customers and they make their appeals along those lines. They are great users of printers ink. They know how to advertise. They have learned to talk trade most convincingly, and they keep everlastingly at it. And they have results, it pays. They get the trade.

The home merchant has one way out. He must fight fire with fire. He must meet them on their own ground. He must talk shop. He must advertise, not trickily but on the square, and if he does it wisely, if he offers good quality at fair prices he will win out in time. But he must be up and doing. He must boost for the home market. He must cry up his business. He must advertise and press home to the people the important fact that he is here for their good, and that the goods he handles are the goods they need. Every merchant cannot do this. But, then, every man in business is not a business man.

Business is not as brisk at present as merchants and dealers might wish it to be. Ever since money tightened up in the spring buying has been slow. But especially has this been so since the general slump in the prices of farm products. The lateness of the corn harvest this fall has something to do with keeping country people away from town. This fine weather they are exceedingly anxious to get their corn all gathered, and are straining every available resource to accomplish their object. As a consequence few of the farmers find time to come to town, and fall shopping is pushed off for a more convenient season. This does not necessarily mean that the country people will buy less than usual. But it does mean that their buying this fall will be largely confined to the weeks just preceding the holidays. Last year the extremely bad weather delayed the buying so that the bulk of the goods were purchased the two weeks immediately preceding Christmas. This year the supremely fine weather is working the same effect and trade will suffer until the holiday rush, when more goods will leave the stores and more money go into the hands of our merchants than ever before.

Any observant person must remark sooner or later that we, the people of Richardson County are indeed a peculiar people. There is no denying that we are just different from most other people. The facts are here to prove our culpability. We are queer. Now listen! Do we ever thank any public benefactor for his disinterested service? Of course we don't. Yes, we do appreciate their benefactions, but admit it? not on your life. There is our mayor for example. He gives many times more of his time to the public weal than he ever gets pay for. Ever thank him for his sacrifice? Of course not. Might make him proud. Shy a rotten egg at him, rather, to keep him humble. Then there are the city fathers and the rest. Some expression of good will and appreciation from the citizens for service rendered would not be out of place at this particular time. There are the teacher in school and Sunday school who are giving of their very life for the uplift and advancement of the community. Did you plan to stop over this Thanksgiving and with a warm hand-clasp say thank you a bit mellow like. Then there are the clerks and all the long array of public service people, who wait upon you so royally, will you thank them for once? Richardson County folks are queer, they do things, and giving thanks is one of them.

Give thanks unto the Lord for He is kind and His mercy endureth forever.—Bible.

You can do us a favor by telling your merchant that you saw his "ad" in The Tribune.



Christmas is coming! Begin early to get ready for it. Cultivate a Christmas disposition. Get the otherward outlook. Its a season of good cheer. See to it that you get that grouch hog tied. Hide your hand if you can't show good will. Train your thoughts along the lines that make for peace. Be grateful. Tell somebody you like him or (her). And break that false modesty that inclines you to prefer to show your vinegary side always. Be sweet, and work it. Begin this Thanksgiving day by making some one glad. You can do it. Humans have souls. And souls cannot fatten on bread. They crave appreciation, love and fellowship. Pass it on. Be a human. Let Christmas cheer have way. Get ready, its coming!

### BARKING AT THUNDER.

The first time our young dog heard thunder it startled him. He leaped up gazed around and began to bark at the disturber of his peace. When the next crash came he grew furious and flew around the room seeking to tear to pieces the intruder who dared thus to defy him. It was an odd scene. The yelping dog pitted against the artillery of heaven. Poor foolish creature, to think his bark could silence the thunder clap, or intimidate the tempest? What was he like? His imitators are not far to seek. Among us are men of exceeding doggish breed, who go about howling at their maker. They endeavor to bark the Almighty out of existence; to silence the voice of his warnings. They defy their Maker today, but maybe crushed beneath His righteous indignation tomorrow. This is the very opposite of true Thanksgiving.—Selected.

### THANKSGIVING MUSCLES.

Men take pains in developing their muscles. They are proud of powerful thighs and big biceps. They are eager to show their skill in leaping and running and wrestling and swimming. But how careless we all are concerning the muscles of the soul!

How little attention we pay to developing them!

Take the Thanksgiving muscles that grasp occasions for gratitude, that lay hold of our mercies, that wrestle with the blues and throw them! They are the singing muscles. They are the muscles that leap and run. When they are crippled these Thanksgiving muscles, we go limping and crawling through the world, our heads hanging down and our backs bent.

Oh for a Thanksgiving gymnasium and oh, for a set of gratitude dumbbells, and good cheer Indian clubs, and praiseful parallel bars. For in some way or other I must put myself in training for the singing and rejoicing hosts of heaven.—Amos R. Wells.

### Boil it Down.

(A Hint to Contributors)

If you've got a thought that's happy,

Boil it down.

Make it short and crisp and snappy,

Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,

Down the page your pen has sprinted,

If you want your efforts printed,

Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter,

Boil it down.

Fewer syllables the better,

Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain, express it

So we'll know, not merely guess it.

Then, my friend, ere you address it,

Boil it down.

Boil out the extra trimmings,

Boil it down.

Skim it well, and skim the skimmings,

Boil it down.

Boil it down.

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to

Put another sentence into,

Send it on, and we'll begin to

Boil it down. —Selected.

# A Great Sacrifice

## To Close all our Choice Ladies Tailored Suits and Skirts.

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Bring in your produce. I want it.

# R. A. Dittmar

When ten months ago, I undertook E. F. Shart's interest in The Tribune I had no expectation of assuming the entire responsibility under any circumstances. Now that the unexpected has happened, I wish to express my gratefulness to those who have made it possible. I feel especially under obligations to the powers that help us up and on for having enabled The Tribune under its new management to find its own place so quickly and with so little difficulty and loss. That our efforts these past ten months have not been in vain, and that our propaganda was measurably effective to say the least, is shown in the election returns. Richardson county instead of going solidly for Dahlman, gave Aldrich a handsome majority and Falls City escaped only by a very narrow margin. For the little our influence has been permitted to tell in the decisions of the people we are profoundly grateful. For the loyal support given us by our many subscribers and patrons we are appreciatively grateful and shall lend our best endeavors toward making The Tribune of the future worthy of this patronage. As this is the season when the bulk of the subscriptions fall due we take this opportune time to thank our friends who will be making our hearts glad by sending in the price of their subscription for another year.

Mrs. John W. Powell went to Sabetha, Kansas Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. S. Metz.

Miss Lela Powell and Blain Yoder will go to St. Joseph Thursday to spend Thanksgiving with Miss Helen Jackson.

Mrs. Charles M. Wilson went to Kansas City Wednesday for a Thanksgiving visit with friends.

Miss Goldie Yocam is spending her Thanksgiving vacation with friends in St. Joe.

Captain Annis and family arrived the first of the week from Wichita. Mr. Annis will have charge of the East Side pool hall.

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CREAM  
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A pure, wholesome, reliable Grape Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

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