

The County in General

The "Doings" of Our Country Friends and Neighbors.

BARADA

The Christian Endeavor entertained their friends at a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Martin on Saturday evening. More than forty guests were in attendance. The entertainment provided was an indoor field meet. Six colleges were represented and took part in the contest. The college yells given by the several colleges in the confines of a private home were quite thrilling. Light refreshments were served. The jolly good time enjoyed by all reflects credit on the social committee who directed affairs. It is planned to make these social functions of the Endeavor a regular part of the work of the society.

Mrs. Hattie Lilly came down from Peru and spent the week end with Mrs. J. A. Martin and other friends. Mrs. I. S. Prosser visited this week in St. Joseph with her son, Jesse.

F. Hendricks and wife came down from Nebraska City and are visiting with the former's mother, Mrs. Jas. Stephenson.

Harry Hendricks returned last week from his visit with relatives at Gillian, Mo.

Mrs. Harry Bridgeman is quite ill with pneumonia.

Walter Hoss of Garden, who is visiting Rudolph Fallor and other friends is just convalescing from pneumonia. Ed Luhn of Grand Island is visiting friends hereabout.

Wilson Wamsley and Jacob Peters were in Shubert one day last week.

Alice Sailors ran into a braved wire fence and cut a deep gash in her throat. Dr. Andrews was called and stopped the flow of blood and stitched up the wound, she is doing nicely.

Mrs. Olive Kuker and children returned last week from an extended visit with relatives and friends at Versailles, Ill.

Harley and Kittie Buttler were in the city on Saturday.

Jesse Buchholz is confined at home with a gripe.

Messrs Martin and Wixon of Stella were in town one day last week.

Mrs. M. M. Hendricks and son, Neddie were on the sick list this week.

Harley and Kittie Butler attended services at Maple Grove Sunday.

William Mount's babies are just over a spell of fever.

Bernice Bridgeman is having a fever the result of a bad cold.

STELLA

M. H. Vandeventer and wife were called to Aspinwall Friday to attend the funeral of an old friend.

W. E. Pritts is seriously ill with an abscess on his tongue.

Gene Plasters visited with his sister and brother at the state university at Lincoln Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoville of Nemaha have decided to locate in Stella and will occupy the Frank Hinkle residence in the east part of town.

James Farmer and wife of Peru visited over Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Farmer.

Mrs. Joshua Curtis and little daughter went to Humboldt Sunday for a few days visit with her parents.

Mrs. F. K. Fankell has been quite sick the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Young and two little sons of Auburn visited Mrs. Young's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Curtis last Saturday.

Dean Culp, who has been attending a business college at Omaha, came home last Friday quite sick, it afterwards developed that he had the measles.

Mrs. E. A. Kroh is quite sick this week, her sister, Miss Neva Cowell came down from Howe Monday to care for her.

Milton Hinkle of Pawhatan, Kansas visited his parents the first of last week.

J. M. Goodloe was in Kansas City the first of the week.

Wm. Stultz shipped three car load of stock to Kansas City Monday evening.

Miss Oua Hill has been dangerously sick with measles, the past week, but is now improving. There are five children sick with measles at the Hill home.

D. H. Hull accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. E. Malone and her son, Darwin Malone of Oklahoma City arrived last Wednesday to attend the funeral of Dr. J. A. W. Hull. They remained and visited old Stella friends until Monday.

Mart Hill and wife of Shubert were in Stella Thursday to attend the funeral of Dr. Hull.

John Evans of Shubert assisted the Masons with their ceremonies at the burial of Dr. Hull last Friday.

Mrs. Fred Gilbert and baby, Lyle, have been quite sick with catarrhal fever but are better at this writing.

J. G. McBride returned to Verdon

Monday after visiting his family a few days.

Elder Sapp was called to Nemaha Friday and Aspinwall Saturday to officiate at a funeral at each place.

CHANGES AT STATE BANK

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MET MONDAY EVENING

T. J. Gist Resigns As Vice President and L. P. Wirth Takes His Place

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Falls City State Bank last evening in the bank rooms, Mr. T. J. Gist tendered his resignation as vice-president to take effect March 1st. His resignation was accepted and Mr. L. P. Wirth was elected to that position. After March 1st, Mr. Wirth will devote his entire time to the banking business.

Mr. Gist retains his interest in the bank and remains on the board of directors. In the future he expects to devote most of his time and attention to the interests of The Leo Cider & Vinegar Co., as the business has assumed such proportions that one man can no longer look after its many details.

SURVEYORS AT WORK

ACTIVE WORK BEGUN EARLY THIS MORNING

City Realizes There Must Be Slight Changes In The Grade Before Paving Is Commenced

Last week a representative of the firm of Grant & Lutton, expert surveyors of Lincoln was here at the request of the city officials to consult with them regarding the grade level of Stone Street. This morning Mr. Grant, senior member of the firm, and D. P. Weeks appeared on the street and began the active work of surveying.

The city realizes that there must be a slight change in the grade before the paving is commenced and it has been decided that the work must be pushed. The city will control all paving contracts, giving the property holders the opportunity of paying out on easy payments. The original plan of allowing each property owner to contract with the paving contractor for his own holdings, has proven unsatisfactory and the city will contract all paving and assume all responsibility, making the payments from the property holders on as easy annual payments as possible. It is hoped that just as soon as the unsettled spring weather is passed the work can be pushed rapidly.

There is hardly a citizen in the town, unless he be an old fogey or a tightwad but what is anxious to see the work finished and will stand by the city and see it through. The time is passed when a public improvement or benefit can be controlled or held up by a few for their own special interests. There has been aroused a strong public sentiment for a general good and the city officials will work to that end. The right spirit is in the air and if we strive for harmony and work together you will see Falls City grow and prosper as never before. We will DO things.

Killed Near Alliance, Neb.

Robert Patton, a former citizen of Humboldt, who for several years has resided near Alliance, Neb., was killed the last of the week by being kicked by a horse. The remains were taken to Humboldt yesterday and interment made in the city cemetery.

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A Newspaper Serial

It Was Written For One Purpose, But Accomplished Two Purposes

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"What we want," said the managing editor, "in our serials is plot. We must have our characters or some one of them at the end of an installment hanging over a precipice a thousand feet deep, to be rescued in the next, tumbled overboard in midocean, left to drown, rescued again, etc. And you needn't bring it all out happily in the end. Kill the hero if you like. There's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, who was strung up at the end of the story, and the whole world read it and wept over it. Big sales, large profits."

"You want it true to life, don't you?" "Truth is stranger than fiction. If you'll strike a plot that every one says couldn't possibly have happened you'll get a selling story. The critics will call it 'rot,' but the people will want to read it. Try to do something startling. My object is to put the paper on its feet. Many a newspaper has been made by an ingenious serial."

I had no confidence in the paper's being established by any serial I could write, however improbable I should make it, and I told Heaton so, but he told me to get out and do as he had instructed. He had no more time to talk about the matter. "You know what we want," he said; "go and do it."

I puzzled for a considerable time over a plot, but could invent nothing original. Then it occurred to me that there is nothing original except in real incidents that occur from time to time, and even these repeat themselves. After all, the novel Heaton had quoted had nothing startling in the plot. It was the writing of it and the tragedy at the end. I determined to be content with a commonplace plan and rely on hanging somebody to do the rest. I would drag in all the horrid details of an execution, and I hoped in this way to serve the managing editor's purpose to a limited extent. In order to make the story more harrowing I determined that the man who dangled at the end of a rope should be the innocent victim of circumstances.

Haycroft was my hero, Gwendolin Montclaveries my heroine. They loved. Haycroft was a distant connection to a millionaire who was a bachelor, and, since Haycroft was the only child of several generations or older children descending from the millionaire's only brother (or sister, that matters), in case the millionaire died without will Haycroft would inherit all his property. Pitblado, the villain of the story, also loved Gwendolin, and I must invent some plan for him to get Haycroft out of the way. It was very easy for me to kill the rich man under suspicious circumstances—at least I had Pitblado manufacture the circumstances—which went to show that Haycroft had poisoned the old gentleman to get his money. The ingenuity required was to weave a lot of circumstances that would convict Haycroft and yet he must be innocent.

Nothing very original about that, you say. Well, if there is any originality in the matter at all I didn't supply it. Fate lays all the plots for stories, and all we scribblers do is to write them up. Nevertheless, though I didn't know it, I was doing the biggest job of my life. And do you know while I thought I was writing a blood and thunder love tragedy I was turning bitterness and gall in a real household into a great happiness.

The story was coming out, the installments appearing once a week. I had convicted the hero, and he was waiting the result of an appeal which I intended to have denied by a merciless judge. I was writing the description of the hanging and intended as soon as it was over to drive the heroine insane and conclude with her shrieks dying away gradually as doors were closing behind her in a madhouse. The issue of the paper had appeared containing an explanation of that chain of circumstances which had convicted the murderer. Though they were not to save him, I felt bound to show my skill in finding a key to them which if brought to light would save the victim. But, relying as I did on a double tragedy at the end, I proposed to bring out the key when it was too late to do any good. You see, I didn't intend to spoil the tragic effect by being chicken hearted, especially as the people involved were merely creatures of my own brain. Besides, I remembered the instructions of the managing editor, and I was to attract the attention of the reading public, which increases the circulation of the paper and brings in the advertisements, the ultimate object of the whole thing.

About a week after the appearance of the issue containing the explanation of the incidents that had proved Haycroft guilty, while I was engaged writing the removal of Gwendolin to a madhouse, a servant knocked at my door to say that a man was downstairs who wished to see me.

"Get out of here," I cried, "and tell the man to get out too! I'm doing work that must not be interrupted."

The maid went away and returned to say that she thought the man was having a fit. It required something of the sort to cause me to break off from

my work, and, throwing down my pen, I hastened away. The man had buried his face in the lounge pillows and was giving way to violent spasmodic convulsions. Hearing me enter, he arose and faced me. I never saw greater agony on any face. He looked from me to the maid and pointed to the door. I told her to leave us and closed the door behind her. Then I turned to my visitor.

"How did you get on to it?" he asked, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Get on to what?"

"My making up that prescription wrong."

"What prescription?"

"That killed the man in your story."

"Killed the man in my story?" I repeated, my eyes bulging with astonishment. I had been writing of an imaginary lunatic, and my first impression was that I had a real one before me.

"You called him Chesterton."

"Well?"

"Oh, my God! He was Middleton. You might as well have given the real name as one so like it."

I stood staring at the man for awhile, then said to him:

"My friend, you must pardon me for excusing myself, but I have no time to devote to cranks. I am putting the finishing touches to the serial you speak of, and the copy must be ready this afternoon. The hero has been executed, the girl who loved him has gone mad, and—"

I didn't finish the sentence, for the fellow fell in a fit true enough. I picked him up and laid him on the lounge. As soon as he quieted down a bit he started up and began to talk in a hoarse whisper just as people on the dramatic stage do when they have something harrowing to communicate.

"I'm a drug clerk. One day a prescription came in and I put it up. Hours after it had gone out I found a small vial of deadly poison standing on the board where I had mixed the medicine. I had taken it up by mistake and put enough to kill any one into the mixture. I darted out to stop the patient from taking it. A boy rushed past me selling newspapers and crying, 'Sudden death of Banker Middleton!' That was the name given when the medicine was called for."

"I went back to the store, told my employer that my mother was dying and left town within an hour. My secret has preyed on me, but I never dreamed it would involve another life."

The man had given the key to the circumstances that had convicted an innocent man as I had concocted it for my novel. I saw at once that it was fate and not I who had been writing a detective story, the parts of which fate had evolved in its way, not mine.

In a distant town the drug clerk had picked up a copy of our paper containing that installment of my story which gave my concocted key, it being identical with his own act. Later his eye met a newspaper item that the man who had poisoned Middleton for his money would be executed in three weeks. He had come to me as the author of the story, supposing that I had his secret.

In this sequel to the product of my brain I saw what the story itself would not produce. I am a newspaper man, and my newspaper instincts came to the front.

"You come with me," I said. "Put yourself in the hands of our paper, and we'll give you the best outcome to your fatal mistake one can secure for you."

He assented, and, taking him to the office, I told the story to Heaton.

"Shake!" he said, thrusting out his hand and grasping mine in an iron grip. "The paper's made!"

Then I called the drug clerk in and introduced him to the managing editor. Heaton gave him what money he wanted and told him to go where he liked—leaving his address, of course—and keep his mouth shut. The next morning out came scare heads announcing that a remarkable combination detective-fiction exploit had led to the discovery that George Barton, the man who had been convicted of the murder of Banker Middleton, was innocent. This set everybody agog for the next issue.

In the morning we announced that the paper had produced a drug clerk whose mistake had caused the poisoning of Middleton. A hint was thrown out that an author-detective who wrote exclusively for the paper had built a theory of his own as to the cause of Middleton's death and had written the story with the intent of bringing out the real culprit.

And so it came about that an innocent man was saved from a hanging because people like to read about such tragedies and because I was instructed to hang an imaginary character. But, after all, did it not come about on the principal of an ad?

We got the drug clerk off with light punishment and had Barton up in our editorial rooms, where I was introduced to him as the man who had saved him from a felon's death. He asked me if I had really written the story on the theory that Middleton had been poisoned by the mistake of a drug clerk. The look of noncommittal wisdom I put on was a stroke of genius. It claimed nothing for me, but helped the paper.

There was another coincidence which I have left to the last, for it is the touching part. Barton was engaged to a very lovely girl. She had stood by him during his trial, confident in his innocence. Barton asked me to go to see her, and I did so. The interview was very affecting. She told me that if her fiance had been executed she believed she would have gone mad, as did the heroine of my story. Then I realized that better things had been accomplished by my serial than the building up of a newspaper.

You may not have time to read about the excellencies of



OLD GOLDEN COFFEE

but you've got time to drink it—you'll take time to linger over an extra cup after you're acquainted with the joy it brings your palate.

At Grocers—30c a pound.
Tone Bros., Des Moines, Iowa
Millers of the Famous Tone Bros. Spices

How To Stop Stubborn Cough

We don't mean just stop the irritation in your throat—but cure the underlying cause.

Cough syrups cannot do this. It takes a constitutional tonic body builder to do the work properly—and cure you to stay cured. Vinol is the remedy you need.

HERE IS PROOF

Mrs. Minnie Osgood, of Glens Falls, N. Y., writes: "After trying several remedies for a bad cough and cold without benefit, I was asked to try Vinol. It worked like magic. It cured my cold and cough and I gained in health and strength. I consider Vinol the most wonderful tonic and invigorator I ever saw."

If we cannot stop that cough with VINOL—our delicious cod liver and iron tonic—which is made without oil—we will not charge you a cent for the medicine you buy. This seems like a pretty fair proposition—and ought to be accepted. Don't you think so? With this understanding we ask you to try a bottle of VINOL.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all dealers.



Old Dutch Cleanser

It Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes.

Pots, kettles, pans, boilers, sinks and flat-irons; milk pails and separators; wood floors, etc., easier, quicker and better.

Some cleaners are harmful. Avoid caustic and acid. Use this **One** handy, all-round cleanser for **all** your cleaning—a time and labor saver throughout the house.

TO CLEAN FLOORS— Wood, Linoleum or Stone

Wet—sprinkle with Old Dutch Cleanser and rub with mop or scrubbing brush; then mop with clean water. This will give you quick, unusual and most satisfactory results.

LARGE SIFTER CAN 10¢

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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.

RICHARD WYLER, Distributor

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Fresh meat of all kinds may be had of Mack & Nixon, either at the Market in Barada or at the Mack farm. Good Beef, 8c and 9c per pound. Pork dressed 11c. Will deliver if not too far out.

Mack & Nixon, Barada, Nebr.

C. A. Heck

Buy Watertown, Wisconsin Rye Flour, Gold Coin Flour. Get some Tankage for your hogs. I also have Oil Meal, Rock Salt, Barrel and Sack Salt. Give me your order for

Coal and Wood

I also handle Feed, Baled Hay and Straw and all kinds of Grain. Give me a trial.

C. A. Heck



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