

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

Consolidations—Falls City Tribune, Humboldt Enterprise, Rulo Record, Crocker's Educational Journal and Dawson Outlook.

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The weekly Tribune will continue to be published every Friday as heretofore. Subscribers to the weekly who prefer to take the Daily Tribune can have their subscription transferred.

If you fail to get your weekly Tribune it is not because it is not being published, but because you are in arrears on subscription. We are not allowed by law to give more than a limited time to subscribers to pay up, after which we are compelled to stop the paper. Kindly remit very promptly and save yourself and us any unpleasantness.

Vice President Sherman decided three tie votes in the senate within a half hour. The history of the senate does not disclose the fact that any vice president, during the last half century at least, ever was called upon three times to cast the deciding vote in that body. That he should enjoy this privilege within the short space of half an hour in one eventful day is without parallel. Through one of the vice-president's votes the senate passed the ship subsidy bill. This was the first time the vice president has cast a vote since January 1899, when a tie vote was cast on the resolution of Senator Bacon declaring it to be the policy of the United States not to retain the Philippines permanently and announcing it to be the purpose of the United States ultimately to turn the government of those islands over to the people thereof. The treaty of Paris then was under consideration and the sentiment of Congress was divided as to the duty of the government with regard to those islands.

We are just in receipt of a letter from our good friend, J. O. Shroyer, farmer and journalist of Humboldt. He has looked over the issues of the Daily Tribune and feels assured of the success of an effort along this line. "If Falls City has a daily, it ought to be the best between Lincoln and St. Joe. In fact there is nothing to hinder it from being better than either city at Ford's." We appreciate Bro. Shroyer's encouraging words. Now, if our friends will all lend us their support, the thing will soon be a reality. There is no reason why Falls City should not have a first class daily, an honor to the town and a source of strength to the community. The Daily Tribune offers the opportunity. It remains for everyone interested in the present progress of things local, to do his part. The publisher can only do a fraction of work that goes with successful paper building. Much remains for the public to do.

A copy of Webster's New International dictionary recently came to our office. It is the latest edition, just off the press. It is a mammoth book of 2,700 quarto pages. It is a wonder of the bookmakers art, being from the standpoint of the printer without spot or blemish. According to the publishers printed statement this remarkable volume contains 400,000 words and phrases, and over 6,000 illustrations. The mind is not capable of grasping the significance of anything so huge and comprehensive. Webster's Dictionary is still the old reliable standard in most offices, shops and places where the best and most reliable information is appreciated. It still is the dictionary of authority with the scholarly and most of the literature of the day that is worth while uses Webster's spelling and system of definitions. No home library should be without this volume. It is a library in itself, and quickly available for all purposes. C. & G. Merriam, of Springfield, Massachusetts, are the well known publishers and will be pleased to furnish any desired information to prospective purchasers.

WILL PAY FOR GOOD ROADS

Hiawatha motor owners and motor owners living near Hiawatha and Horton will gladly pay farmers to keep the roads dragged about their farms. Communicate with Hiawatha auto dealers.—Hiawatha World.

Most farmers would not be unwilling to care for the roads adjoining

their own property if they felt that they were getting value in return for their work. They see other people use the roads more than they do and feel—and not unjustly either—that they are asked to do more than their share in the maintenance of the "Good Roads" idea. Now if motor owners would generally come to the farmers relief, the road problem would soon solve itself. No doubt autoists in Richardson county would freely do their part in a proposition of this kind, if the matter was taken in hand and organized. Real progress was made on road improvement last year, and it is to be hoped that much greater progress will be made this year. However this can only be done by concerted action on the part of city people who use the roads and the farmers who are expected to care for them. The problem of "Good Roads" is largely one of mutual fairness on all sides. When all road users are willing to do their share toward road improvement, there will be no more really bad road beds.

WINTER BLESSINGS

When winds are cold and ice is on, and sleet is piled over walk and lawn, and we must bundle up or freeze, must have the grip, and cough and sneeze, we're apt to sigh for good old days, get sentimental over hazee, and wish that summer were on new; we'd like to hoe and rake and plow. But stop a moment, friend and think, before you let your heart thus sink. For instance think of flies and gnats; the howling dogs and fighting cats, and photographs—for windows wide just to draw night sound inside. And then those busy little ants that o'er your food so swiftly prance; and don't forget those "jiggers" fierce, which your anatomy will pierce. A million score of insects sing, that land on you and try to sting. With these, mosquitoes, your old friends, that love to use their probing ends; and heat and drouth, hot dust galore; lawn-mowing, too, until you're sore. Though you like weather awful warm, may move down south to miss the storm; Nebraska suits us to a "T", no climate better, seems to me.—Harold Neibling.

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AUCTION SALE.

On the Matt Schulenberg Farm. Monday, Feb 27th, a complete closing out sale will be held on the Matt Schulenberg farm, located three miles south of Barada, 8 miles north and one mile east of Falls City. Horses, stock, hogs, machinery and house hold effects will be sold at public auction. Col. Marion and N. E. Horstman, Auctioneers.

To The Public

You are hereby notified that we have discontinued our agency with the Morsman Pharmacy, Falls City, Neb., and that the stock is being shipped back to Omaha. We hope to have a new connection in your city soon, but in the meantime any parties wanting high grade paints, varnishes, arsenate lead—Lime sulphur solution etc, are urged to correspond with us direct.—The Sherwin Williams Co., Cor 10th & Douglas Sts., Omaha, Neb. 13-3t

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The French Canadian story. This is by the Kalem Co., and is superbly acted and full of stirring interest—the setting and photography are perfect. See the ride for life.

A DOG ON BUSINESS

A snappy farce comedy with a scream in every foot—"weary" gets a hunch that would be worth a couple of thousands to an "ad" man and make use of it. You will seldom find a picture so genuinely funny. It is by the Essanay Co. See it.

A RACE FOR A WIFE

The Girl Gave Answer in Lapland Fashion to a Proposal

By ELEANOR L. BRITTON

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Spitzburger was a great traveler. He had visited every country on the globe, and I verily believe that if aviation had come up in his day he would have sailed up beyond the clouds to find others: When I made his acquaintance he had settled down in a place he called by a jawbreaking name signifying "dwelling" that he had picked up among the Eskimos or some other benighted people. It was in the country situated on the top of a hill and looked more like a Chinese pagoda than any other structure. Spitzburger was a widower, with one child, a daughter. She was twenty years old and for half her life had traveled during half of each year—the summer season—with her father. Heredity and travel had made her as odd as he. Rather she was unique. She was of medium height, lithe, wiry—indeed, a feminine athlete of the featherweight type. Her hair was black and straight as an Indian's; her eyes large black ones, with lashes of the Spanish type. I wondered if her mother had not been some dusky semicivilized creature her father had picked up on the underside of the world. But he told me his wife had been an American creole.

The inside of the house in which these two lived was as curious as the outside. The furniture and ornamental articles had apparently been gathered from all points of the globe, ranging from the south sea islands to Greenland. There was a mill for grinding from the Holy Land similar to those used in Bible times, a wheel from India to spin fax on, and the bathtub had been the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy.

The reason for my making the Spitzburgers' acquaintance was this: I was taking a postgraduate course at the time, studying the customs of different races of men, the causes and effects which shape them and their relationship. Desiring some information as to the people of Tibet, a land forbidden to foreigners and therefore little known, I was recommended to Spitzburger as one who had penetrated to the interior of that country. I went to see him, and my visit led to my studying with him.

How long I remained there doesn't matter, but it was sufficient for my enthusiasm by that "little savage," as I called his daughter, Irene. Not that there was any outward intimation on my part that I was coming under a spell, and, as for the girl, I had no idea that I was any more to her than another man. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that she might have left her heart in New Zealand, Kamchatka or some other barbarous land. Whether Spitzburger suspected the drift of my inclinations I don't know, but one day he took occasion to mention with approbation the marriage customs in Lapland, where one who marries a girl without her parents' consent is adjudged guilty of a crime next below murder and is punished accordingly. I thought that he looked at me very hard, but "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," and I may have attached more meaning to his words than they covered.

The only thing to indicate that Irene and I were drifting together as lovers was that we took long walks together. I made an excuse for this that in her company I could both exercise and study. This was true. I could get from her certain information of the domestic habits of the people she had visited that I could not get from her father. One day while we were on one of these walks I said to her:

"Your father tells me that in Lapland to marry a girl without her parents' consent is punished as a crime. Please tell me how a man in that country does his courting."

"He doesn't do any courting."

"Then how does he proceed?"

"He goes to her parents and asks for her. If he is refused there is no hope for him. If they approve of his suit they tell the girl of it. She may or may not have seen the lover, but the process is the same in either case. Her parents give a feast at which they, the girl, her suitor and mutual friends are present. The two principals are placed opposite each other at table, where they can observe and talk with each other all they like."

"Well, then what? I suppose the girl has something to say in the matter, else this looking over her suitor would be useless."

"Yes, she has a good deal to say about it, but she doesn't yet make it known. She indicates her decision later. After the feast all go to an open space suitable for running a race. A course is marked off—a quarter of a mile usually—and the girl is given a handicap of a third of the distance. The handicap is intended to enable her to win the race easily if she wishes, and if she wins that indicates her refusal of the offer. But if, on the contrary, she purposely lags and her suitor catches her, that indicates she accepts him for her husband."

When Irene finished giving me this bit of a lecture on Lapland customs I walked for some distance without speaking.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I am thinking how popular this method would be at our universities, where athletics are so much in vogue. Every undergraduate would be married before the end of his course."

It was a month after this that, having got all out of Spitzburger in the line of my studies that I desired, I began to think of leaving. A singular something there was in Irene had continued to grow upon me, and—well I wanted her. Remembering what her father had said on the subject, I went to him and asked him for his daughter.

"I will inform her of the honor you do her," he said. I waited a day for a reply, and as I received none the suspense threw me into an awful fret. At the end of the second day, the situation being the same, I was almost demented. On the morning of the third, determined to have the matter out with Irene, I asked her to go for a walk with me, the last we would take together before my departure. She assented and went up to her room for her wraps. She was some time getting them, and when she came down what was my surprise to see that she had put on a skirt reaching but little below the knees, and instead of a hat she had wrapped a veil about her head.

I didn't dream for awhile what this meant, but when she led me along a path and across a stile to a space used in season for pasture I suspected at once that she proposed to satisfy a whim by giving me an answer to my proposal after the Lapland custom. I was too hungry for it to object to the terms and was quite ready to run for my answer. Indeed, so impatient was I that I opened the subject myself.

"A good place for a race," I remarked.

"Splendid."

"And a fine morning for it too. The air is crisp and full of ozone."

"I love to snuff it in and get the odor."

"Do you see that tree yonder?"

"The oak split into two trunks near the ground?"

"Yes. I have a mind to race you for it."

"How much advantage will you give me?"

"What you like."

She pulled off a fur jacket and threw it on the ground, and I saw at once that she had divested herself of her corsets—indeed, there was nothing to interfere with any movement. Her short skirt, a tight fitting jersey and the veil about her head made an excellent racing costume.

But these preparations appalled me. What could they mean but that she desired every advantage that she might surely beat me in the race?

"I wish no handicap," she said. "I think I can beat you on equal terms. I will go over to that stump, which is about the same distance from the tree as we are here. One race would be little fun. Let us make it the best two in three. You give the signal."

"Agreed," I said, and she went off to the stump.

"One, two, three—go!" I cried.

She ran like a deer; but, spurred by love, I kept an equal pace with her. I won that race.

The second race was very different. Irene permitted me at first to gain a few yards on her, but before we had traversed two-thirds of the distance she forged ahead and reached the tree full ten feet ahead of me.

I knew now that she could beat me if she wished. Nevertheless I deemed it my proper part to do the best I could in the third and deciding race. Burning to know my fate, I wished to start at once. But she declined to go until she got her breath. While we waited I endeavored to see something encouraging in her eyes—something to indicate that these races were the answer I was expecting. But there was nothing in her expression to indicate that we were running for any purpose except pastime. She studiously ignored every other consideration.

Finally, when my patience was nearly exhausted, she signified a willingness to start. I gave the signal, and for the first half the distance she seemed determined to win. Surely she could not have put forth greater effort. I saw her glance aside to see where I was, and she dashed on, seemingly bound to reach the goal before me. But when within ten yards of it, my distance being twenty, she tripped and fell. I ran on to the tree, touched it and then back to her. Raising her, I said impatiently:

"I suppose we must try this one over."

"No," she said; "I couldn't run again."

I still held her in my arms, and, taking this for the answer I craved, I wound them about her, covering her face with kisses.

Supposing that my love had been injured by her fall, I proposed to carry her home, but she stepped out quite readily.

"How about that tripping?" I asked. She looked at the ground, but made no reply, and I knew she had tripped on purpose.

When we returned to the house Spitzburger looked at us both curiously. I knew at once that he was aware that his daughter had given me my answer and that she had given it in accordance with the Lapland custom. He first scanned her face, but receiving no satisfaction there bent his gaze upon mine.

He did not require a long examination of my features to know that I had been made very happy, and the cause was evident. I took Irene by the hand and, leading her to her father, told him the story.

When I came to the part where Irene stumbled and fell he burst into a laugh, saying that she could run for hours without a stumble or a misstep.

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