

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

Entered as second-class matter at Falls City, Nebraska, post office, January 12, 1904, under the Act of Congress on March 3 1879.

Published every Friday at Falls City Nebraska, by The Tribune Publishing Company

One year.....\$1.50
Six months......75
Three months......40

TELEPHONE 226.

RICHARDSON COUNTY
ABSTRACT CO.,
1610 Stone St.,
Falls City, Nebraska.

Bonded by American Surety Co. of New York in the sum of \$10,000.00



No Germs In Water Filtered by a Monmouth Simple Gravity Filter and Cooler.

This is one of the few filters that removes Germs—purifies as well as clears water. Analysis proves it 100 per cent efficient in removing the dreaded typhoid bacilli. It enables you to have clear, cool, refreshing Spring Water always on Tap because it filters just as spring water is filtered—through porous rock which leaves all impurities on top.

Filters Ice and Water which other filters will not do. Lasts a lifetime. There is nothing to break or wear out. Easily cleaned and a child can handle it. Capacity 8 gallons—enough for the daily needs of an average family. Ask your dealer or phone HECK & WAMSLEY, phone 396.

WANT AD COLUMN

RATES—1 cent per word for first insertion; ½ cent per word for each additional insertion. No ad taken for less than 10 cents.

FOR SALE modern home on the installment plan. Inquire of G. H. Fallstead. tf

STATIONERY printed artistically at reasonable prices at this office.

FOR SALE—Almost new Singer Sewing machine, at a bargain if taken at once. Inquire of E. S. Holmes, at Tribune office.

FOR SALE—Good fire proof safe.—Inquire at Cal & Harry Cafe. tf

WANTED: Stock to pasture. Have about 500 acres of bluff pasture. Drop me a card and I will call. C. E. Burgess, Barada, R. F. D. No. 1.

A FLYER AT ADVERTISING

IN THIS PAPER IS NOT AN AEROPLANE EXPERIMENT

Our rates are right—they let people know your goods and prices are right. Run a series of ads. in this paper. If results show, other conditions being equal, speak to us about a year's contract :: ::

THAT PLAN NEVER LOST A MERCHANT ONE PENNY

(Copyright, 1921, by W. N. U.)

ELECTRIC THEATRE

TO-NIGHT

At The White Man's Door.

A most entertaining drama of Frontier and Indian Life—Love, Jealousy and Revenge. This is one of the Vitograph life portrayals, and is a gem.

The Rival Sculptors

A story of ancient Greece. Magnificently mounted, staged and acted and is a long way out of the ordinary run of picture dramas. It is by the Edison Co.

"Oh You Clubwoman"

This is one of the best comedy dramas we have ever exhibited. It is a good clean comedy, beautifully photographed, well acted and—well, if you want a good laugh, see "Oh You Clubwoman."

The GRAND Theatre

U. S. Military Manuevers

3000 feet of films and all pictures to be lectured upon. These pictures were taken on the Mexican Border of this late war. Pictures are only seven weeks old. Don't fail to see it.

Admission 5 and 10 cents.

MARKET

Wheat	80
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Corn	45
Hogs	5-5½
Geese	5
Ducks	5
Roosters	8
Hens	10½
Potatoes	1.10
Butter	20
Lard	12½
Eggs	12

Cream Wanted

I am now in the market for cream and fresh eggs. Phone No. 468.

P. H. Hermes

HOUSE MOVING—W. T. Banseum, who recently bought the Jones House moving outfit, has established his permanent residence one block north of the old stand pipe. Phone 237 b. See him and get prices before placing your work. tf

U. S. Military Manuevers show their troops on the Mexican Border. 3000 feet of film all lectured. At the Grand Wednesday and Thursday. Don't miss this.

LOST: Chime whistle off automobile. Finder please notify E. E. Rumbaugh of Verdon, and receive reward.

You all know where you can obtain pure ice cream, Vanilla, chocolate and crushed strawberry, 15 cents per pint; 25 cents per quart at the Falls City Candy Kitchen.

U. S. Military Manuevers show their troops on the Mexican Border. 3000 feet of film all lectured. At the Grand Wednesday and Thursday. Don't miss this.

Read the Want Ads in to-day's paper.

Good two story barn for sale. Inquire at Tribune Office.

HER HELPLESSNESS

By MARY L. BRAY

(Copyright, 1921, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mildred had been shopping all morning, attending to some last little purchases for her trousseau, and now as she sat at a table, on what the management of this small but quietly fashionable cafe was pleased to call its terrace-garden, with a sense of accomplishment that lessened fatigue, she felt especially deserving of the refreshment of a dainty luncheon.

She drew off her gloves and amused herself by watching the heads of people, just visible through the lower part of the box-hedge as they passed in the avenue below; and the sudden thought that "Billy" might just possibly pass among them unconsciously brought soft color to her cheeks and a smile to her lips.

The waiter was pleasantly slow in bringing her order. The passing heads grew less interesting. Mildred leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content and observed the people around her. She was mentally commenting upon the amusing difference between the hats of two handsomely gowned women at a distant table, one hat being large, enough to throw a shadow over the table, and the other consisting of a twist of straw and an aigrette that extended some twenty inches into the air, when the words of a man behind her called her attention nearer home.

"Well," he was saying, cheerfully, "I suppose you know that Billy has done it."

"Yes," said his companion. "I saw the announcement this morning."

"You know," said the first man, meditatively turning his glass, "there is as clear an instance of a man making up his mind to a purpose and accomplishing it as any I have ever known."

"Opposition in the family?" the second suggested.

"Oh, no. I imagine everyone connected with the affair is pretty well pleased. Billy's rather a charming fellow, you know."

"No; I don't know," the other said stiffly. "Billy never made a great hit with me. He has too good an opinion of himself."

"Why shouldn't he have a good opinion of himself?" the first retorted. "He's a fine-looking fellow, fascinating talker, attractive personality, and a pretty good business man, too. The things that other men struggle for have always come easily to him. I've known Billy since the kindergarten age—almost; and he has always been about the same; easy-going, witty, good-humored, charming. His mother did her best to spoil him, and didn't quite succeed. In college he was too popular for his own good. And with the ladies—oh, the way that Billy captivates the ladies!"

The speaker laughed as if in great enjoyment at some recollections. "I've always thought there must be a good deal of character in Billy that he survived his early training. It was enough to make a cad of the average young man."

The silence of the second man seemed to intimate that he was not sure Billy had survived the training; and Mildred's cheeks grew hot with loyal resentment.

The waiter approached with an iced consommé. Mildred picked up her spoon, but presently put it down again. What was the determination that the man had spoken of?

As if in echo of her thought, she heard the question behind her:

"You haven't explained the determination you mentioned. Did he have to win the girl away from some other man?—Teach her to love him?"

"No," said the first man. "She was like the others—willing to learn. But—" his voice carried a note of surprise—"you know about Billy, don't you?"

"I don't know just what you're driving at," was the response.

"Why, everybody knows it. He never made it a secret. Billy was out to marry money. That is, money wasn't to be the whole thing, but a certain amount of it was to be an absolute condition."

"I said to him one day: 'Billy, why don't you get married? You've been frisking around long enough. The man who waits until he is an old bachelor before he marries is pretty sure to get the worst of the deal. Young, pretty, charming girls aren't looking for old bachelors—anyway, aren't loving them, any more than your kind are looking for old maids. There's no doubt about it, Billy,' I said. 'You're the last fellow I'd like to see follow my example. You ought to get married.'"

"Well, we had quite a talk on the subject. Billy had it all figured out, what he could do and what he was going to do. He said his income was only large enough to support himself in the style to which he had become accustomed; that a little more income would mean a little more style, so to speak, because he had no intention of stinting himself in the various perquisites and luxuries of a gentleman, as he viewed them; that he didn't see how he was ever going to be able to support a wife and family in the way he considered desirable for his wife and family; and that the girl he blessed with his name would have to be able to maintain herself, her children and the menage without drawing on him."

"Excellent," said the second man. "How manly of him not to plan for his maintenance at her expense, too."

"Oh, that's Billy," said the first,

laughing again. "He had a system of ethics all his own. And don't think for a moment that Billy was going to pursue any petticoat that was fringed with gold pieces. He said there were lovely women with money as well as without it, and it would be only one of these for him. Lord, Billy is too much of an artist to live with a homely woman. I never saw him with one who wouldn't make any escort proud."

"I tell you, Billy is a born captivator of the ladies! He knew he could do all he said. I'd bet within an ace of all I possess that this Syracuse girl is a dashing young woman. I'd trust Billy to pick out one for me!"

"Syracuse girl," is she?" the second man asked. "I'm sorry for her. I never did think much of Billy, and after what you've told me, I consider him the most cold-blooded, conceited, full-fledged cad—"

"Oh, pshaw!" the first exclaimed, with the same easy laugh of enjoyment. "It's a question what any girl is going to get in marriage. The girl who gets Billy will be the envy of her tribe. He'll stick to her, you know. There isn't a serious fault in his make-up."

"I disagree with you," said the other man.

Mildred heard their chairs pushed back from the table, heard their retreating footsteps, heard, last of all, the pleasant, diminishing laugh of the bachelor who had endeavored to persuade Billy not to follow his example.

The waiter had removed the consommé, which mademoiselle had evidently only cared to taste; and the rest of the light repast she had ordered was still before her. She tried for appearance's sake to eat, but the effort of swallowing was too hard.

So that had been Billy's determination, which he had carried out—openly discussed among his friends—men!

Billy had picked her out as nearest to his ideal, among the moneyed ones, and had won her—won her! It was bitter. And all of it was gossip among his friends. They were even ready to lay wagers upon her qualifications.

Mildred stared into the box hedge with an intensity that made her face look cruel. She was thinking, with terrible, definite accuracy, before her heart should begin to live again, and her brain to feel rather than to reason. After a while, she raised her head. She felt desperately that she must get to some place where she could cry her agony or that her heart would burst with pain, and she struggled to her feet.

"I will say to him," she told herself in a gasping, half-uttered whisper, "all that I know; and that I despise him. Oh, I am so glad that I found out in time—So glad! So glad!"

With a swift realization that her condition was becoming almost hysterical and therefore noticeable, she made a tremendous effort to be calm, resumed the seat which the obsequious waiter had already drawn away, and with trembling finger pulled on her gloves.

She saw that some one was approaching the table, probably the waiter bringing change—Mildred had nearly forgotten to pay her bill. The person stood beside her, but she did not look up, knowing that her eyes were blinded with tears.

"Mildred," said a voice, deep and beautiful to her ear as the music of a low cord.

Her hands dropped nervelessly into her lap.

The man seated himself opposite her and leaned across the table.

"Mildred, dear," he said, "what is the matter? Look at me."

"What is the matter?" she felt herself answering, though the words never left her throat. "You are base. I know you, and I despise you."

"My dear girl," he was saying, in a tone of concern. "Are you ill? You look all in. Do speak to me. I haven't offended you by coming in, have I? I was passing in a cab and caught a glimpse of you above the wall. I would know the turn of your head anywhere, if I saw it for a second." His tone changed now to one she knew so well, that made the pulses hammer in her ears. "You can't be angry with me for stopping instantly and coming in, just for a word with you—one look from your eyes—Mildred."

She grew steeper and raised her eyes, to give him one look, though not the look he craved; but when she met his eyes, deep-blue, so near to hers, so eloquent, her lids dropped again, and when once more they were raised, her eyes were overflowing with tears.

She only looked at him, at his clean-cut, masterful face, his fine shoulders, his perfect clothes, his strong, well-kept hand, and again his eyes.

"You are tired out, beloved, from shopping," he said. "I am going to take you home."

Unresisting, Mildred let him take her away, dimly conscious that every woman on the terrace was noting his perfect chivalry of manner, feeling that she wished she hated it.

He put her into the cab, swung into place beside her, and as the vehicle started off on its usual job, he drew one of her hands into his and held it there, low so that no one could see.

Billy looked straight ahead, for he was not one to exhibit love-making in a conspicuous place, in the daylight; but he held her hand in a clasp that seemed to make an electric circuit of their two arms.

"Say that you love me, Mildred," he said.

Twice she tried to answer him, but her voice broke and she could not.

She had known the happy triumph of conquest, the sweetness of surrender, but until now she had not known the weakness, the helplessness of love.

With quivering lips, she said:

"I love you, Billy."



From the reproduction in oil of the Cafe de la Paix, on the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. The Kirschbaum Spring and Summer models on the male figures in the foreground (reading from right to left) are the Strand and West End.

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