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**LARGE FIGURES IN ALASKA**

Labor Receives High Wages Up There, but Correspondingly Big Prices Are Demanded for Produce.

Alaskan soil is spread with a thick mat of moss. This must be burned off before the northern agriculturists, who sell their oats and potatoes to the miners at stunning prices, can plant their seed and hustle through their crop ere the short summer is over. It is absolutely essential to burn this moss. If it is plowed under elements of the moss inimical to agricultural plans spoil the crops. The Alaskan farmers have invented a shallow plow with which they loosen up the moss and prepare it for the match.

Farming is expensive in Alaska, with hired hands getting \$6 to \$7.50 a day. But, on the other hand, hay sells for \$60 to \$100 per ton and strawberries at \$1.25 to \$2 a quart. J. P. Rickert, who has a greenhouse in Fairbanks, Alaska, sells tomatoes at 50 cents to \$1 a pound and cucumbers at \$2 to \$5 a dozen.

It is hard to generalize about what will grow in Alaska, because the climate is so diversified—with almost continuous rain, mild winters and fairly cool summers along stretches of the south coast, and short, hot summers with moderate rainfall and severe winters in the interior valleys. The frozen tundras of the north are out of the question for agriculture. At Kadiak, off the south coast, the minimum temperature was two degrees last winter.

To find and develop things which will thrive in Alaska the department of agriculture has three agricultural stations, at Sitka, Rampart and Fairbanks, and a dairy farm at Kadiak on the south coast.

One impediment to agriculture in Alaska is the big black ravens. C. C. Georgeson, the government special agent in charge, complains in his annual report that the birds have "an insatiable desire to destroy anything they believe useful to man." They tore up his strawberry plants, and he calls them a "veritable curse."

Among the plants which thrive in Alaska are currants, gooseberries, raspberries, salmonberries, radishes, lettuce and a strawberry hybridized with a native variety at Sitka; certain early maturing varieties of winter and spring wheat and rye, spring barley, spring oats and spring emmer at Rampart; potatoes, oats and other hardy grains at Fairbanks. Barleys imported from Pamir in Central Asia and from Yakoutsk, Siberia, matured at Rampart in 87 and 88 days, respectively.

**Cultivate Tact.**

If a woman is blessed with tact she has the supreme gift. It will bring her all the things she needs. To her it is a much more valuable asset than beauty or even genius. Tact is certainly the greatest of all gifts to a woman.

The girl's school in some far-distant Utopia is going to include a course in tact to correlate with its curriculum from the primary grades on through the post-graduate work. For when the day of enlightenment does come the sensible mother and the astute father will realize that a working knowledge of how to get along with people is more to be desired than much wisdom in so-called higher branches. Tact is more important than trigonometry. It stands a girl in place of beauty; it takes her further than talent; it brings the world to her feet to do her homage.

Tact! Speed the day when we shall appreciate the importance of this unconsidered trifle! Help us to realize that with it woman can wheedle the world out of anything it has to give; but with her feeble strength she can't wrestle with it and get anything!

**Can Opening.**

One of the smallest of the little girls in a Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself when she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the hastiness was a part of the operation. One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal.

She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it, and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say, 'Darn this can,' and finish it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."

**How Grant Swore.**

A Capitol Hill girl tells this story as having really happened at her home. Her father is a great believer in good manners. If the children don't act just so at the table he sends them away. Recently the family had a man up for dinner who was not quite as "high toned" as the man of the house desires his associates to be. The subject of war came up, and with it that of General Grant.

"Oh, he was a terribly profane man," said the guest to his host.

"Is that so?" replied the particular host.

"Yes, indeed," came from the guest. "He'd swear just as naturally as you open your mouth when the knife comes up."

The host had very little to say after that.—Denver Times.

**Overboard at Sea**

To be lost overboard on a dark night, hundreds of miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, with a strong wind blowing, and to live to tell the tale, does not happen to many sailors. William Galloway of the crew of the British ship Kikbrannan had such an experience several years ago, and told his story to a reporter of a San Francisco newspaper of the time, from which the following account is taken:

Galloway is a brown-faced Scotch laddie who says "mither" for mother, and everything about him, from the frayed bottoms of his jean trousers to the wry-looking tufts of hair which peep from beneath the front peak of his little fore-and-aft cap, betoken the rollicking, happy-go-lucky deep-sea sailor boy. Of his adventure, First Mate William Coalfeet said:

"It was eight o'clock in the evening. We were fifty-five days out from Philadelphia, bound for Hlogo, Japan, and near latitude forty-four one south, longitude fourteen forty-four east. A strong easterly wind was blowing. It was dark and bitter cold, and the sea was running very high.

"Galloway was half-way up the ratlines, unhooking a block from the main-sheet, when the ship gave a lurch and he fell into the sea.

"The captain threw him a life buoy. The ship was brought up in the wind as quickly as possible, and a boat lowered and manned. I took command of her.

"We heard the boy shout as we were lowering the boat, but he had yelled himself hoarse, and we had nothing to guide us as we pulled aimlessly about in the heavy sea.

"We pulled round for over an hour, and as we lost sight of the ship several times, and the night was getting rougher and thicker, I was about to give up the search in despair, when we heard a feeble moan, and straining our eyes, saw Galloway clinging to the lifebuoy, almost under our bow.

"We soon had him on board, but it took some slapping and rubbing to put warmth into his rigid limbs."

Galloway said to the reporter: "I am a good swimmer, and managed to ride the big seas that came along, but it was terribly cold, and my legs began to feel like lead. It was a good job for me that the water was so black, or I never could have seen the white lifebuoy as it came to me on the crest of a wave.

"I got it under my arms and stopped paddling. I was tired out. I shouted as long as I could, but my voice grew husky.

"The albatrosses and mollyhawks swooped down on me, and I kept waving my arms, thinking every moment that one of them would drive its beak through my skull.

"I lost all hope and thought of mother and my sisters in Glasgow. Then I saw the white hull of the mate's boat. I tried hard to shout. They heard me and I was soon hauled on board.

"The captain gave me medicine, and with plenty of warm blankets and hot coffee, I soon began to feel myself again."—American Home Monthly.

**CHEERS FOR THE ANIMALS**

Lecturer Annoyed by Being Interrupted by Cheers and Jeers While Delivering a Lecture.

The naturalist was delivering a lecture at West Point to the entire body of cadets, and he was telling them a big bear story. "At that moment," he said, "the mother bear—"

His remarks were interrupted and broken off short by a huge yell from the cadets, with clapping and stamping and cheers and jeers that gave him no opportunity to continue. He simply had to wait, nonplussed, until the noise had subsided. Then he took up his discourse again. "I don't know what I said," he remarked, "to bring forth such an outburst. I suppose it must have been something queer. If nobody tells me I'll simply have to go on and do the best I can without that salutary information. As I was saying, the mother bear—"

Again the yells broke forth, but this time they were brief and the lecturer was allowed to finish explaining about the antics of Lady Bruin. Then another slide was slipped into the stereopticon and a picture of a small animal was thrown on the screen. "This little fellow," the lecturer stated, "is often extremely annoying about camp. He is a porcupine—"

Howls and yells again broke out, and the lecturer shook his head in despair of being able to have his lecture received seriously by these militant youths of the country, who evidently knew something about animals that he did not know. Having been very much of a boy himself, however, some years previous, he knew the game well enough to join in with a cheerful grin, and after a time he completed his talk, though it was punctuated with yells and laughter as the wolf, the badger, the owl, the crane and even the malodorous skunk appeared on the screen and made their respective bows to the audience.

At the close of the talk the lecturer sought information from the officers. They smiled as one of them told him, "Nicknames. We have a fellow here that the boys call 'the mother bear,' another that goes by the name of 'porcupine,' and so on down your list. It is a wonder that you got through at all."

**LOOK AT SHILLINGS**

Why England's Big Race Track Proved a Failure.

Those in Control of Brooklands, Automobile Course, Have Experimented for Years in Attempt to Make Sports Pay.

London.—The problem of how to make Brooklands, England's big automobile track, pay, or at least prove self-supporting, at last seems near solution. For four years, ever since this, the largest racing track in the world, was opened to the public, those in control of it have been experimenting and out of bitter experience and the loss of much money they have slowly but surely learned that its appeal is not to the man in the street, however good a sportsman he may be, but to the rich and well-to-do.

When the track was first opened only automobile races were held on the great oval. Later on motorcycling was introduced and finally aviation. Now all three are combined at every meet. But attempts to get a popular class crowd to witness the events have been abandoned and the 2,000 or more men and women who gather to see the races are recruited almost entirely from the upper crust of English society—owners of motor cars and flying machines of their own. As a matter of fact many of the races put on are arranged for amateur drivers and airmen piloting their own machines.

Motorcycling has become a popular pastime in England and interest in racing is intense. If Brooklands were more accessible to London it is safe to say that the motorcycle races there would attract large crowds. But it is a 60-cent train ride from Waterloo station, there is another charge of 60 cents to enter the grounds and by the time a man has paid for his tea, a programme and a few other incidental expenses he has put the equivalent of a \$2 bill out of commission. The London sport can get so much for \$2, or eight shillings, it is not strange that he does not rush to Brooklands on meet days no matter how keen he may be on motorcycling.

These facts have their influence, of course, on the incentives that are offered to the riders who compete in the motorcycle races. In the United States the men race for substantial purses and hold out for them if they are not forthcoming. In England they are willing to race for a silver mug of little or no value or almost for a sheet of paper stating that they won such and such a race on such and such a day at Brooklands. That, of course, has been the trouble in trying to match De Rozier against Collier, the English champion rider. Quite naturally De Rozier wants to race for a fair sized purse, not being in business to collect mugs or diplomas of merit, and efforts are being made to get one of the clubs in England to put up a bag of sovereigns for a match between the Englishman and the American.

Of the three sports now in full swing at Brooklands aviation undoubtedly draws the largest crowd. It still possesses the elements of novelty and danger which have to a large extent disappeared from automobile racing and motorcycling. The flying contests held at the big track are not what one would call exciting. The flights made at each meeting are added to the distance covered by the same aviators at previous meets and the one who compiles the greatest total before the close of the season is to get the prize. Thus, unless one is keen enough to follow the progress of the several airmen from meet to meet the flying resolves itself into nothing more than an exhibition of aeroplaning. Nevertheless, it attracts a goodly crowd of spectators.

Interest has been added to the flying by the fact that a growing number of spectators have been up in the air themselves. When races are not being held at Brooklands there is a corps of professional aviators constantly on the grounds for the purpose of taking passengers on more or less lengthy flights. Booking offices have been opened in London as well as on the grounds and a flourishing business is done.

**STUDENTS EARN \$85 A MONTH**

New York University Men Also Devote Eighteen Hours Each Week to Different Classes.

New York.—Students of the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, according to a statement issued by Dr. George C. Sprague, the university registrar, earned during the year 1910 an average salary of \$85.58 a month. There are 1,150 students in attendance at the school and the total earnings of the student body amounted to \$1,181,000.

While earning this amount the students devoted an average of nine hours a week to classroom attendance and a like amount of time to preparation for recitations. Those who reported included bookkeepers, bank clerks, accountants, stenographers, teachers, salesmen and interpreters.

**Possibility of the Future.**

The nation is glad congress is going to investigate the steel trust and the woolen monopoly. If congress keeps trying and trying it may ultimately get a committee that will really investigate the subject assigned to it.

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