

LOUP CITY NORTH WESTERN.

VOL. XIV.

LOUP CITY, SHERMAN COUNTY, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1897.

NUMBER 52

THE NORTHWESTERN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
AT THE COUNTY SEAT,
GEO. E. BENSCHOTER,
Editor and Publisher.

TERMS—\$1.50 per Year, if Paid in Advance

Entered at the Loup City Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

It is H. M. Sullivan of Broken Bow for district judge instead of H. M. Mathew of Loup City.

The Sixth congressional district will have two representatives on the board of woman managers of the Trans-Mississippi exposition. The mass meeting was held at Broken Bow February 24 for the purpose of electing said delegates.

Eugene Moore, the only republican state officer that was ever well spoken of by the populists, has been found to be \$27,000 short in his accounts. The World-Herald says that he has been arrested and will be given an opportunity to state what he has done with the money.

There are yet a few offices for Governor Holcomb to fill by appointment. We suggest that it might be well for the governor to go to Custer county for material to fill out the balance of the list. There is lots of territory in Custer and from the amount of hungry office seekers she produces we apprehend that there will be but little difficulty in finding enough material to finish up the job.

The populists here are justly indignant over the action of Governor Holcomb appointing H. M. Sullivan (a republican) of Broken Bow judge of the Sixteenth district. They are not backward in saying that Sherman county should have been this time honored, especially when they came forward with a candidate with the recognized ability and fitness of R. J. Nightingale, who has been an ardent worker for the success of the party since its organization. Many of the populists are quoting Sullivan's speech delivered here during the campaign, in which he said he was a republican, and denounced the whole populist platform except the silver plank.

In another column appears a letter written by L. A. Rosseter and addressed to the Ord Quiz in answer to a very grave charge made against him in that paper. It seems that the wrath of the Quiz man was somewhat aroused by an article which appeared in the St. Paul Phonograph and written by Mr. Rosseter. The Phonograph article gave the Quiz a roast and we believe the Quiz man was perfectly justified in answering it. Rosseter should not have written the article in the first place, but being galled by being displaced by an inferior workman, he probably could not resist the temptation. But in answering, the Quiz man allowed his wrath to get the upperhand of him and made the charge that Rosseter was fired from the Quiz office for "systematically stealing money." Now for the purpose of placing Mr. Rosseter right we allow him space in this paper, and will add that we believe the charge to be founded purely upon animosity for two reasons. First, because we have known Mr. Rosseter for many years. His parents reside here and he has been in our employ a great deal and is at this writing second, because on February 2, 1897, Mr. Haskell, the Quiz editor, gave Mr. Rosseter a recommendation to the newspaper fraternity. Now if Mr. Rosseter is guilty of the charge preferred the Quiz owes an apology to the newspaper fraternity for having recommended him to their services.

MACHINE LUNCHEES.

THE GERMAN AUTOMATIC DISPENSER OF QUICK REPASTS.

The Slot Principle Applied to Restaurants. No Waiters to Fee or to Swear At—A Good Lunch Basket Scheme Used on German Railways.

Germany is showing the rest of the world how "quick lunches" may be served without employing waiters and how a hungry person may have just what he wants to eat and drink at a fixed price without paying an extra tip and without feeling himself called upon, no matter how particular he may be, to find fault with the service unless he is satisfied to make his complaint to a mechanical contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretense of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncomfortable or how badly served the hungry one may be. The contrivance, which has been perfected by the Quisiciana company of Berlin is so perfectly arranged that even those people who object to the manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places are deprived of their cause for complaint because every customer may supervise the cleaning of the cup which he will use, and if he is so inclined may attend to the duty himself.

The quick lunch stands are provided with automatic spraying nozzles for cleaning glass and china and insure perfect cleanliness. No rubber tubing is used to conduct liquids, silver tubes being employed for the purpose. The service is run by clockwork. In place of the ordinary counter there are sets of ornamental cabinets ranged along one side of the room, which have a shelf projecting at a convenient height, upon which glasses and cups are placed. Above these there are faucets and a number of slots to receive the coin. When the customer has decided what sort of a drink he wants—coffee, tea, chocolate or beef tea—he drops the coin in the slot and receives the regulation quantity. The cold drinks—lemonade, soda water and all sorts of "soft drinks"—are kept in glass vessels and the hot drinks in nickel tanks surrounded by a hot water bath, which is heated by gas.

But the establishment is not limited to drinks, and the hungry man may also be served. Sandwiches and cakes are kept in a glass stand, circular in shape, which is covered with a glass bell. Each bell contains about a dozen sandwiches, and the purchaser indicates his choice by dropping his coin into the slot opposite the kind he wants, and the stand revolves sufficiently to bring his sandwich to an opening where he may take it out. Stands similarly arranged provide hot beef, chicken and other meats.

The quick lunch is nothing new in Germany, though, as any person will know who has made a railroad trip between Berlin and Copenhagen by way of Warnemunde. A man who made the trip several years ago said:

"We were coming back from Denmark and stopped at a little place on the German frontier at about noon. Everybody was hungry, and the American contingent was disappointed when the conductor shouted, 'Funf Minuten aufenthal!' We knew that five minutes would not give us time for a meal, and we lost no time in leaving the coach as soon as it was unlocked. Everybody rushed pell-mell into the restaurant, where a lot of wire things that looked like old fashioned rattaps were piled up. Everybody grabbed a trap, paid about 25 cents for it and rushed back to the train.

"What looked like a trap was really an ingeniously contrived lunch basket having three compartments. In one was an ample portion of chicken; the next contained sandwiches, and the third a dainty piece of pastry and a small bottle of wine, over which a little drinking glass was fastened. Little salt and pepper shakers and a knife and fork were fastened to the sides, and the whole was covered with a Japanese paper napkin. The fact that we were all hungry and that the whole arrangement was unexpected may have had something to do with our enjoyment of the luncheon, but it was agreed that it was the most perfect of the 'quick' kind we had ever seen. The bottom of the wire lunch basket was covered with a piece of glass, and a paper beneath it bore the request in German, French and English to leave the empty basket with the train-hand."

Managers of quick lunch places say that the automatic restaurant would not be patronized sufficiently to make it pay in New York.

"The main object of the automatic arrangement," said one, "is to do away with waiters and save the outlay on that account. We have accomplished that end by making every man his own waiter, and I believe that breakage in machines, falling off in trade and counterfeit coins would make a change from our present system to the automatic an expensive experiment. As to the quick lunches for travelers on railway trains, such can be done, and no one knows that better than the traveler who is compelled to make a meal of what he can buy from the dealer in pies, apples and sandwiches who hawks his wares through the cars. The buffet and the dining cars have reduced his field of operation, but he is still in business, selling the same old sandwiches to the people who cannot afford to ride in drawing room cars, and to them the quick lunch on the plan of those which they have in some parts of Europe would be a blessing."—New York Tribune.

"A RENEGADE PROFLIGATE."

The Quiz exchanges, as a rule, with only the best class of papers those that are ably edited and neatly printed. But it has continued to exchange with the St. Paul Phonograph partly because it is a next-door neighbor. But it is never carefully read at the Quiz office and seldom even looked at. It was by accident only that we saw in its columns last week a long roast of the Quiz news bulletin. The article appeared as an editorial, but it was evidently written by that renegade profligate who was fired from the Quiz office for systematically stealing money. The ridiculousness of the article is so very pointedly put in the following paragraph taken from the St. Paul Republican this week:

"Funny mistakes frequently creep into print because of the endless hurry and rush of the newspaper business, but everything in that line that the writer has committed in the past is so completely premeditated if it has any premeditation, which we doubt deed of a local contemporary last week in criticising the typographical appearance and style of one of the acknowledged neatest papers in the state. The idea of such a journalistic scarecrow as the poor old Phonograph by the St. Paul Republican is a feat that is not only laudable but also a subject of its 'variegated style' is laughable indeed.

The 'renegade profligate' who was fired from the Quiz office for systematically stealing money" has been given the opportunity of answering the above, which was taken from the Ord Quiz of February 19, through the columns of this paper.

To W. W. Haskell, Ord, Neb.: This is from the fellow who went to work for you on the 18th day of May, 1896, on the magnificent salary of \$1.50 per day and the promise of a raise as soon as "times improved"; I am the fellow who put in thirty long weary days in distributing pi and dead jobs left by yourself and other blacksmith printers from 1893 to 1896; I am the one who brought back your waning job patronage and told his lies in ads through your paper to do it. I am the fellow who is considered by the citizens of Ord and yourself as the man who had done the most for you; I am the fellow who brought to you the trade of the young men around the town who gave dances and other entertainments and who formerly patronized the Journal office; I am the fellow who paid money from my own pocket for a boy to help me "blow out" and clean up your dirty office; in short I am the fellow who gave your office a touch of high life and got work you would never have received on your own accord.

You are the fellow who told me when I asked if I were going to get fired that you "didn't know," that you had not hired my successor permanently—just giving him a trial; you are the fellow who told me that you "hated" to fire me but that there were other considerations (profitableness, etc., I suppose); you are the fellow who admitted to me in the presence of people that my successor is a batch of a printer; you are the fellow who admitted to a certain hoozyer in Ord that the only thing you had against me was that I was addicted to "set" because I gave you a gentle call-down through the columns of the St. Paul Phonograph, which I should not have done had you not been so "set" on me; you are the fellow who made the statement that I was fired for "systematically stealing money."

You know, as does everybody else who are at all familiar with the Quiz office, that I did not have the handling of the money; you were at the office every morning before me and were usually the last one to go home. The only time I handled any of your money was during your absence, and then I didn't. I am the fellow who held out every cent of your money. Got my fingers on it wouldn't I have enough to "set" a "penny-ante" poker game. I recall one instance where during your absence, I sold one dollar's worth of chain manures to a boy residing in Erickson. I placed the money in the drawer and when the drayman came up I gave him 40 cents to pay the express on the week's groceries and some other stuff. When you returned I was telling you what had been done and what had not and pulled out the money box and showed it contained 60 cents, being the balance of the dollar. Close examination, however, revealed the fact that some of it I have forgotten how much had been paid before and who admitted that he had taken money from you before.

When I wrote the article in the St. Paul Phonograph I expected you would call me down pretty hard, but I thought it would be something in regard to my drinking habits, to which you are so strongly opposed. I may have caused a panic in the booze market of Ord on divers and sundry occasions. I am that was because they carried a small stock and a weak brand of liquors. Be that as it may.

If I am guilty of "systematically stealing money" why did you not arrest me instead of writing the following recommendation:

"This is to certify that L. A. Rosseter the bearer has been in my employ for a long while, and any printer will find him very near the top as a printer either in the job or newspaper composing rooms."

Why did you, when you handed me the recommendation in the Kohler hotel in Grand Island, say, "I hope you get a good job, Rosseter," why did you charge me with theft, instead of coming up in a fawning manner and saying that you would have to discharge me, but could not help it, why didn't you prosecute me for the "systematic stealing of money"? If I am thief, why do you recommend me to your brother publishers? Why did you ask Editor Gledhill of the Grand Island Independent to give me employment?

If I am guilty of "systematically stealing money" and drinking cocktails faster than Ord bartenders can mix them I shall come as near walking the gold standard streets of paradise as Mr. Quiz of the Ord Herald.

You are one of those ethical sticklers who worship on Sunday are for the remainder of the week are in close communion with Satan and that you will be surprised in eternity at the many inaccuracies that have crept in while drawing the boundary line between yourself and the eternal lost. But you will never be convinced that it is possible for you to err in judgment on matters spiritual or otherwise this side of eternity.

In your article you state that the Quiz exchanges with the best class of papers—just as though you thought the Quiz inferior and as cheap as the Virgin Star. I remember of you stating through your paper one week that the Quiz contained no objectionable advertisements, nothing that could be read before the best society. I call your attention to a poem you published just a short time before my discharge for "systematically stealing money" in which you spoke about "rubbing their dirty nose in it." Also the roast you gave Alexander Norman, your present county attorney, in which he was commended for the office to which he was elected by a handsome vote. And if I remember correctly, the republicans

Awarded Highest Honors, World's Fair.
DR. CRENSHAW'S
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Arsenic, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

told you to "hush up," and the Quiz did not say a word about the local election during the rest of the campaign, save telling the people to vote for some road overseer or some minor officer. Your paper has no more influence in a local campaign than Hostetter's Family Almanac and its power for good is no greater than the Police Gazette. You know it, as does every republican in Valley county.

I am not a newspaperman nor a "journalist." Nothing but a humble printer. But I desire fair treatment. I was raised in Sherman county and my parents still reside here. I have never been accused of stealing before and I am a conscientious, prolific and as you jumps up and accuses one of dishonesty it reminds one of a pickpocket yelling "stop thief." I expected a complimentary notice from you through your paper after my discharge, which might have helped me to find another position. But I did not. You were honorable (?) enough, however, to give me three days' notice of my discharge.

If the Ord Quiz was ever "one of the acknowledged neatest papers in the state" I made it so, and have pretty good evidence from the St. Paul Republican admitting it. Here is what the Republican says:

L. A. Rosseter, Ord, Neb.: Replying to yours of even date, will say that under the present conditions of business I very much regret that I cannot give you a position, but a somewhat familiar with your work, and I would be very glad indeed if I could feel justified in hiring you. I may be able to put you onto something before long, and if I am you may rest assured that I will do so, but at present I do not know of anything.

I might go on with this letter and tell other things I done for you, Mr. Haskell, and will give one more item, and that is that I am the one who placed the news bulletins, which you are so "touchy" about in your paper. But I did not mention patent medicine ads and other paid matter in them.

I think this will be sufficient to establish my identity. However, as a sort of a "peroration" I will state that I do not think anybody but a case wide or a Methodist could work for you any great length of time, and I nearly contracted the sweet caporal habit during my "blow out."

And to be a little more Bryanque I will say that you are mean enough to leave the cross from your 's and the dot from your 't to save ink, mean enough to ride on the back end of a train to save car fare, mean enough to use the wart on the back of your neck for a collar button, mean enough to put you into competition with you. Therefore I shall not be surprised at any accusation from you, and close by saying that you are a hypocrite, a liar and a member of the Mafia honorable citizens.

L. A. ROSSETER.

TREES AND PLANTS.

A full line Fruit Trees of best varieties at hard times prices. Small fruits in large supply. Millions of Strawberry plants very thrifty and well rooted. Get the best near home and save freight or express. Send for price list to NORTH BEND NURSERIES, North Bend Dodge County Nebraska.

The Nebraska Legislature.

It is a recognized fact among Nebraskans that no matter what other daily paper they read at other times, during the legislative sessions they must get the Lincoln State Journal if they want all the news. The Journal is right on the ground can get the latest doings of the law makers and frequently gives the news one day earlier than the Omaha papers. The Journal's Washington Correspondent, Mr. Annin keeps the Journal readers thoroughly posted on Matters of Interest to Nebraskans that are happening on the national capital. The Journal is mailed at 50 cents per month without Sunday or 65 cents per month with Sunday. It is a great payer.

Chicora, Pa., "Herald" Richard Venel reports One Minute Cough Cure the greatest success of medical science.

He told us that it cured his whole family of terrible coughs and colds, after all others so called cures had entirely failed. Mr. Venel said, it assisted his children through a very bad siege of measles One Minute Cough Cure makes expectation very easy and rapid. Oden-dahl Bros.

The Union Pacific System has inaugurated a thorough colonist sleeping car service between Council Bluffs and Portland.

This car leaves Co Bluffs on our train No 3 daily at 3 15 p m and passengers go through without change Berths in this car can be secured by request at this office. In addition to the above, we also run a thorough colonist car daily to San Francisco and a permanently conducted colonist car weekly every Friday to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Full information can be obtained by writing or calling on Frank W Cline, Agent.

T. S. NIGHTINGALE, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

LAWYER.

Does a General Law and Collection Business—A Notary Public, Stenographer and Typewriter in Office.

ONE DOOR NORTH OF FIRST BANK, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

W. J. FISHER, Attorney-at-Law.

AND NOTRY PUBLIC.

Will Defend in Foreclosure Cases ALSO DO A GENERAL REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.

Office in NORTHWESTERN Building LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

HERMANN KRUNZE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, ASHTON, NEBR.

T. INKS, PROP. OF EXPRESS AND GENERAL DELIVERY LINE.

All Express or Freight orders promptly attended to

Burlington Route TIME TABLE.

LOUP CITY, NEBR

Lincoln,	Denver,
Omaha,	Helena,
Chicago,	Butte,
St. Joseph,	Salt Lake City.
Kansas City,	Portland,
St. Louis,	San Francisco,
and all points	and all points
East and South	West

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

No. 54, Acem., daily except Sunday	for all points	11:15 a m
No. 53, Acem. daily, except Sunday	for Arendia	6:50 p m
Sleeping, dinner and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.		
For information, maps, time tables and tickets call on or write to A. F. Werts Agent, Or J. FRANCIS, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.		

U. P. RAILWAY.

Beginning Sunday, November 17th, trains will arrive and depart at this station as follows:

Leaves	Leaves
Monday, { 5.50	Tuesday, { 8.00
Wednesday, { a.m	Thursday, { a.m
Friday,	Saturday

Arrives at Loup City daily 6:15 p.m. daily.

Close connection at Grand Island for all points East and West.

F. W. CLINE, Agent.

Lost.—A dear little child, who made home happy by its smiles. And to think it might have been saved had the parents only kept in the house One Minute Cough Cure the infallible remedy for croup.

We want one good man (having horse), as permanent superintendent for Sherman county, to attend to our business, on salary. Must send along with application, strong letters of recommendation as to honesty, integrity, and ability. State occupation. Address P. O. Box 1632, Phila., Pa.

D. C. DOE, Vice-President.

A. P. CULLEY, Cashier.

FIRST BANK OF LOUP CITY.

General Banking Business Transacted.

Capital Stock, \$50,000.

Loans on improved farms at NINE per cent. Best Company and best terms to be had in the west.

CORRESPONDENTS:—Chemical National Bank, New York City, N. Y.; Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Nebraska.

W. J. FISHER, Attorney and Notary Public.

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Publisher LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

FISHER & BENSCHOTER, REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Town Lots, Wild, Cultivated and Irrigated Lands for Sale

ADAM SCHAUPP,

Will pay the highest market price for

All Kinds of Grain at

McAlpine, Loup City, Schaupp, and Ashton. Also highest prices paid for hogs and cattle at Loup City.