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THE RED CROSS TAGS

Nearly \$2,500,000 has been raised by Red Cross Christmas Seals in the last seven years, and yet many people who will buy these holiday stickers at this eighth annual sale do not know how the charity stamp idea originated.

It was war that brought forth the charity stamp—our Civil War of '61 to '65. Some of our grandmothers first played "postoffice" with stickers similar to Red Cross Seals "way back in 1862, when they conceived the idea of selling stamps at fairs for the benefit of the relief funds for the soldiers' hospitals in Brooklyn, Boston and elsewhere. Nearly \$1,000,000 was raised in this way before 1865. After the war this method of raising money was discontinued in this country for a generation, although it found vogue in Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, Denmark, France, Spain, Norway, Russia, Sweden and other European countries. There are now several thousands of different types of charity stamps used in all parts of the world, as many as forty being used in Austria for children's hospitals alone.

Stamps or seals were first used to get money for the anti-tuberculosis crusade in Norway and Sweden in 1904. To Jacob Riis, the well known social worker of New York, and to Miss Emily P. Bissell, the energetic secretary of the Delaware Red Cross, jointly belong the honor of originating our American Red Cross Christmas seal. In 1907 Mr. Riis's interest was aroused by the receipt of a Christmas tuberculosis stamp on a letter from Norway. He published an article about this queer looking stamp in the Outlook and suggested some possible uses for it in this country. Miss Bissell at once saw an opportunity here and prepared a stamp, from the sale of which her society realized \$3,000 for tuberculosis work. So impressed was she with this success that she induced the American Red Cross to take up the sale in 1908 on a national basis. With very little organization and with hardly any attempt at careful advertising the sale that year brought in over \$135,000 for anti-tuberculosis work in various parts of the United States. In 1909, with more thorough organization, the sale was increased to \$230,000, in 1910 to nearly \$310,000, in 1911

to over \$330,000 and in 1912 to over \$400,000. In 1913 the sale was increased to nearly \$450,000, and last year, in spite of war and hard times, 22 per cent more, or 55,000,000 seals were sold, totaling \$550,000 for the anti-tuberculosis war.

It is fitting to note that war, inhuman and cruel, was the mother of the Red Cross seal, and that now war for humanity against disease brings it back to its fullest usefulness.

WILLIAM J. FISHER DEAD.

William J. Fisher passed away at his home Tuesday morning at four o'clock. He had been very ill for about a month and no hope was entertained for his recovery for several days previous to his death.

Mr. Fisher lived in Loup City for thirty years, being engaged in the practice of law. He was taken ill while out in Wyoming working in the interests of a harvester company and returned here about the middle of last month. Since that time he failed steadily and nothing could be done that would help him, he being unconscious nearly all the time.

He is survived by a wife and three children, Blanche, Helen and Fred; three brothers, Lew, of Canada and Eli and John of Loup City and two sisters, one of whom lives in Indiana and the other in Iowa.

The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the M. E. Church. Rev. L. V. Stocumb will preach the sermon.

Mr. Fisher was well read in the practice of law and had a splendid education. He was a graduate of the law department of the Iowa state university. The family has the sincere sympathy of the community in the loss of husband and father.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends for their assistance during our late bereavement, the loss of our daughter, Eunice Eleanor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chase
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dale.

When a man has a few dollars his friends term him a financier. When he goes broke he is just a mortal and his friends melt away.

MOTHER KILL JOY



MISTAH EVANS EVAPORATES.

Charles Evans's shoe shining emporium has been dismantled and is deserted and Loup City's only colored inhabitant has departed for parts unknown, making his exit between two days.

The negro couldn't stand prosperity, evidently. He lit in Loup City last spring and immediately went to shining shoes and doing odd jobs around town, first putting in a shoe shining chair in the little space between the Central pool hall and James Bartunek's store. Later he rented the building west of the Ideal Bakery and had quite a pretentious establishment, buying a victrola and considerable other paraphernalia, mostly on credit.

But he was a sporty nigger, and run a crap game and poker games in his establishment, besides having plenty of liquid refreshments of various kinds to keep his guests from getting dry.

Marshal Burnett got onto this arrangement some time ago and had been watching the joint for some time. On Friday night about 12 o'clock he decided to make Charley's joint a call. The marshal found the front door locked and knocked, when immediately a great rush for the back door commenced. The room was cleared in rapid order and nigger Charley and his banjo have not been seen or heard from since. The next morning several people were busy hauling away their goods from the deserted shoe shining establishment and several citizens are stung for various amounts. As the negro was very thoroughly scared we suppose he is still running.

THE DOCTOR.

Who would wish to be a doctor—
A germ-infested, dope concoctor?
If he should want to take a nap
Someone upon his door does rap;
He's called upon by friend and foe
He's called in happiness and in woe
He's called in season and again
He's called at one a. m. or ten
At night, there's no excuse—
To cuss and rail-oh, what's the use!
To crown his pain, when pay-day's due
Your hand gets cramps—but doc is through.

The word "affinity" has been discarded by the devotees of free love. They are called "sex mates" now.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE LOUP CITY POSTOFFICE.

The Christmas rush is on at the postoffice and to assist the postoffice force in giving the best of service, you must do your part. Mail your parcels early, and don't wait until a few minutes before the delivery window closes down and rush in with a lot of parcels to be insured and expect to have them go out the same day. It takes time to insure parcels and unless you get them in early, the chances are that they will be delayed. It is my aim as postmaster, to give the best of service, but it requires the co-operation of the patrons to bring that about. When you call for stamps, have your money ready and don't keep the force waiting for the change, until you have placed the stamp on the letter and attended to various other things before paying for them. This is being a patron and a time loser. If the general public will do their part, I am sure that there will be no congestion at the postoffice during the holiday rush.

C. F. BEUSHAUSEN, P. M.

THE CHURCHES.

Baptist.

Dr. Wilson Mills of Omaha will preach both morning and evening at the Baptist church. While Dr. Mills has a humorous turn of mind, his sermons are also interesting and helpful. You will regret it if you do not attend both morning and evening.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Every Saturday evening at 7:30, Rosary devotion.
Services on Sundays as follows: Morning service at 10:30, Mass, and the usual Polish sermon, except the last Sunday of each month, when the English sermon is given instead of the Polish.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend all our services, and especially the English services.
The county fair association held a meeting Tuesday afternoon at the court house. All the old officers were re-elected and considerable business was transacted. The association is in good condition to take up the work for the next year.

FOR SALE.

Five or six acres of land, in alfalfa, fenced chicken tight. For terms and particulars see Alfred Anderson.

THE MERRY MINSTREL MAIDS.

Polly Primrose and her Merry Minstrel Maids coming to the opera house, Friday, December 17th, is an organization distinct in itself. The company is quite a large one, numbering some eighteen people. Each girl is an artist in her individual line and the novelty which is offered on this, their first visit to Loup City will leave theater goers talking for some time to come.

Miss Primrose has surrounded herself with some exceptionally clever people, among them Miss Billie Franklin, Miss Della Cella, Miss Marguerite Evans, Miss Lillian Colson, La Serranita, Madaline, the dancing violinist, Miss Melba Baker, and as fine a dancing and singing chorus as has ever been seen with any popular priced attraction. The costumes, wardrobe and electrical effects leave nothing to be desired.

The program consists of a minstrel first part, an eight act vaudeville Olio and a finale which introduces the entire company. The music is up-to-the-minute and catchy and, all in all, there are two hours of music, mirth and comedy. The street parade is indeed an innovation. This is the only company of its kind on the road today, consisting entirely of girls. Popular prices will prevail. Adults 50 cents, children 25 cents. All seats reserved.

BE A MAN.

Can you be a better man?
With God's loving care you can.
He will smooth away your sorrow,
There will be a brighter tomorrow.

When the clouds above you thicken
Call on God and stop your kicking,
He's the only one that can
Make you out and out a man.

He will keep you safe from falling,
If you're honest in your calling;
He will help you climb the mountain
To the ever-flowing fountain.

There are trials, cares and trouble,
Times when darkness seems to double,
God will safely guide you through,
If you only ask him to.

When the devil's on your track,
Be a man and fight him back;
You can down him. Yes, you can
Fight the devil. Be a man.
MISS PEARL KEELER.

ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

Madisonville, Ky.—"Uncle" Cy Carlisle has succeeded in raising a freak apple, although he has no name for it. Its upper half is a bright yellow in color, and the lower half a brilliant red.

Cape May Point, N. J.—Did she or didn't she? Mrs. Florence Lindsey, 49, declares she swallowed her husband's false teeth when she playfully put them in her mouth. X rays fail to disclose them in her stomach and she is suffering no pain. The teeth are missing—that's sure.

New York, N. Y.—Henry Troller, a chauffeur, was arrested on a charge of forgery. In order to make good the amount he obtained, he went to a hospital and sold a pint of his blood for \$15. The blood saved the life of Miss Sarah Wilson.

New York, N. Y.—Anthrax is a common disease among animals. When Sophia Rosen, 17, desiring to imitate her wealthy sisters, purchased a cheap fur collar and wore it, she contracted the disease from the fur. She died a few days later, the third victim this season of the same disease acquired in the same way.

Harlem, Ill.—Twenty-two years ago P. L. Johnson lost a gold ring, when he was farming in Ogle county. Recently he told William Barber of Leaf Ridge about the ring. Mr. Barber's daughter had found it and returned it to the owner.

Bellevue, Ia.—Two years ago a man was killed on a railroad. A friend believed the body to be that of Matt McAllister. The body was exhumed and wife, friends and relatives identified it, even to physical defects. The Court of Honor paid his widow \$1,000 insurance, and she bought a home. The other day Matt McAllister turned up well and hearty. He had been working on a ranch in Canada and knew nothing of the report of his death.

York, Pa.—People have avoided the old "haunted" house of S. B. Manifold. Many times during 15 years a mysterious buzzing of ghosts has been heard there. Recently workmen wrecked the house, and, after they had battled with the ghostly bees, those who were unshaken returned to find 200 pounds of honey stored in the walls.

Roxton, Tex.—At a birthday party

given by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watson in honor of their son, Rufus, a fruit cake graced the table which was cooked twenty years ago by Mrs. C. H. Shilling, of Paris, the young man's aunt. She gave it to his father and told him not to cut it until the boy was twenty-one years of age. The flavor was said to be fine.

REMEMBER YOUR NEIGHBORS.

We want to make one last plea before Christmas for the business interests of this town and community.

During the next few days you will all be putting the finishing touches to your Christmas shopping, and much money will be passing over some one's counters.

We ask you to remember the home merchant whenever you can do so without actual detriment to yourself. He is your neighbor, your friend, the man who has worked loyally with you to make this town what it is, to build up our schools, and our churches, and to create all of the other advantages of which we are so proud.

His money has always been ready to help along any laudable enterprise, and his voice and hands have ever been at work in the interest of you and yours, as well as his.

Spend as much of your money in this town, with our own people, as is possible this Christmas.

We are making this last plea in behalf of the business men of this town without their knowledge, and it goes to you without their sanction. We are doing it because we think you are all a just people, and that wherever possible you will spend your money in such a way that it will be of benefit to all of the people as well as yourself.

For this is our home town, and home, you know, will always be just what we make it.

Read the ads in this issue of the paper. They will guide you on the road to safe and economical buying for all of your holiday needs.

BROKE AN ARM.

Howard Starr fell and broke an arm Thursday morning while putting up a storm window at his home. The accident will lay him up for several weeks.

The Ideal Gift

The ideal Christmas gift is the one to which has been applied the Golden Rule—i. e., by putting yourself in the other one's place and thinking just what you would like to have under those circumstances.

Once upon a time it happened that a woman gave her washwoman a pair of pendant pearl earrings. If not pearl, they were near pearl and pretty enough for all purposes. This woman remembered having heard the servitor express a wish for them on a hot August day, a wish breathed without any hope of fulfillment. Joy was in one heart that Christmas, for, as the recipient expressed, "Everybody gave me aprons and underwear, but those earrings I do love!" And who shall say that the present was not appropriate? Gifts of sheer prettiness often mean the most, even when they are not expensive. Was it not a Frenchman who said, "Give me the luxuries of life and I can do without the necessities?" Who cannot think of the man who would rather have a subscription to a good magazine than a pair of much needed new gloves? A person will go shabby very contentedly if the heart is warm with the thought of some precious new possession which perhaps he did not really need. We must not forget that gorgeous gifts of frankincense and myrrh were given to the Christ Child in his lowly birthplace. A growing plant, even if nothing more than a blooming crimson geranium, will be a bright spot through many of the gray days of January and February. The dollar mark is no gauge for the ideal Christmas gift. What the boy wants, what the girl desires, what the older man or woman secretly wishes for—these are the things which shall make them happy, no matter if they do not seem appropriate or sensible.

Christmas Musings

There are warmer handshakings on this night than during the bypast twelve months. friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than at any other. Poverty and scanty clothing and fireless grates come home to the bosoms of the rich, and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's words, "The poor have ye always with you," wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire, when they remember the bright light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains 1,900 years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song "Peace on earth and good will toward men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfillment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas eve, but the whole year round men shall be brethren, owning one father in heaven.

SPECIAL SALE OF APPLES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915

Barrel Jonathan \$2.50

Barrel Ben Davis \$1.75

Barrel Wine Sap \$2.50

Last chance to get good barrel apples cheap for the winter

At Basement of the Opera House

A. Howard James, Jr.