

W. F. MASON, President

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The Seasons Greetings

AND A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW YEARS GIFT

What are you going to give that Boy or Girl of yours for a New Year's Present.

Why not a Bank Book with the Entry of the First Deposit Therein?

It is a gift that will last and prove more beneficial as the years go by.

Give them an Early start in the saving habit and they will never regret.

With the Compliments of the Season and Best Wishes We are Yours to Command.

First National Bank

Loup City, Nebraska.

We Pay 5 per cent on Time Deposits.

E. P. Daily Furniture Co

Sells for Less, and Pays the Freight
Furniture, Rugs and Linoleum
Loup City, Nebraska

If You Can Pay \$320.00 Now

and \$680.00 March 1st 1915 we can sell you your choice of 10 quarter sections of fine Nebraska valley land, near town, and give you 9 years time on the balance at 6 per cent. This land is all in one body and you can buy one or more quarters on the same terms, or families, friends or relatives can locate together. WHY RENT LAND when you can own a home on terms like this? Come in and talk this over with us at once.

FIRST TRUST COMPANY, Loup City, Nebr.

LOUP CITY FLOUR

Why buy Flour shipped here by outside mills when you can get

Loup City White Satin Flour

for less money, and every sack guaranteed. All dealers handle our flour.

LOUP CITY MILL & LIGHT CO.

Notice

THE MOVING PICTURE SHOW
At the New Opera House
Will Run Every Other Night in
Week Hereafter
A 4-Reel Show
Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
Change of Program

Nothing but the best pictures will be shown here. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

THOMAS DADDOW

We do all kinds of Job Work with neatness and dispatch. Give us your order.

NATION'S LABOR PROBLEM

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF WOMEN WORK AS FARM HANDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

Our government never faced so tremendous a problem as that now lying dormant at the doors of congress and the legislatures, and which, when aroused, will shake this nation from center to circumference, and make civilization hide its face in shame. That problem is—women in the field.

The last federal census reports show we now have 1,514,000 women working in the field, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. There were approximately a million negro slaves working in the fields when liberated by the emancipation proclamation. We have freed our slaves and our women have taken their places in bondage. We have broken the shackles off the negroes and welded them upon our daughters. The Chain-Gang of Civilization. A million women in bondage in the southern fields form the chain-gang of civilization—the industrial tragedy of the age. There is no overseer quite so cruel as that of unrestrained greed, no whip that stings like the lash of suborned destitute, and no auctioneer's block quite so revolting as that of organized avarice.

The president of the United States was recently lauded by the press, and very properly so, for suggesting mediation between the engineers and railroad managers in adjusting their schedule of time and pay. The engineers threatened to strike if their wages were not increased from approximately ten to eleven dollars per day and service reduced from ten to eight hours and a similar readjustment of the overtime schedule. Our women are working in the field, many of them barefooted, for less than 50 cents per day, and their schedule is the rising sun and the evening star, and after the day's work is over they milk the cows, slop the hogs and rock the baby to sleep. Is anyone mediating over their problems, and to whom shall they threaten a strike?

Congress has listened approvingly to those who toll at the forge and behind the counter, and many of our statesmen have smiled at the threats and have fanned the flame of unrest among industrial laborers. But women are as surely the final victims of industrial warfare as they are the burden-bearers in the war between nations, and those who arbitrate and mediate the differences between capital and labor should not forget that when the expenses of any industry are unnecessarily increased, society foots the bill by drafting a new consignment of women from the home to the field. Pinch no Crumb From Women's Bread.

No financial award can be made without someone footing the bill, and we commend to those who accept the responsibility of the distribution of industrial justice, the still small voice of the woman in the field as she pleads for mercy, and we beg that they pinch no crumb from her crust of bread or put another patch upon her ragged garments.

We beg that they listen to the scream of horror from the eagle on every American dollar that is wrung from the brow of toiling women and see the Goddess of Justice hiss at a verdict that increases the want of woman to satisfy the greed of man.

The women behind the counter and in the factory cry aloud for sympathy and the press thunders out in their defense and the pulpit pleads for mercy, but how about the woman in the field? Will not these powerful exponents of human rights turn their talent, energies and influence to her relief? Will the Goddess of Liberty enthroned at Washington hold the calloused hand and soothe the feverish brow of her sex who sows and reaps the nation's harvest or will she permit the male of the species to shove women—weak and weary—from the bread-line of industry to the back alleys of poverty?

Women and Children First. The census enumerators tell us that of the 1,514,000 women who work in the fields as farm hands 409,000 are sixteen years of age and under. What is the final destiny of a nation whose future mothers spend their girlhood days behind the plow, pitching hay and hauling manure, and what is to become of womanly culture and refinement that grace the home, charm society and enthrone man to leap to glory in noble achievements if our daughters are raised in the society of the ox and the companionship of the plow?

In that strata between the ages of sixteen and forty-five are 850,000 women working as farm hands and many of them with suckling babes tugging at their breasts, as drenched in perspiration, they wield the scythe and guide the plow. What is to become of that nation where poverty breaks the crowns of the queens of the home, despair hurls a mother's love from its throne and hunger drives innocent children from the schoolroom to the hoe?

The census bureau shows that 155,000 of these women are forty-five years of age and over. There is no more pitiful sight in civilization than these saintly mothers of Israel stooped with age, drudging in the field from sun until sun and at night drenching their dingy pillows with the tears of despair as their aching hearts take it all to God in prayer. Civilization strikes them a blow when it should give them a crown, and their only friend is he who broke bread with beggars and said: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, America! The land of the free and the home of the brave, the world's custodian of chivalry, the champion of human rights and the defender of the oppressed—shall we permit our maidens fair to be torn from the hearthstone by the ruthless hand of destiny and chained to the plow? Shall we permit our faithful wives, whom we covenanted with God to cherish

and protect, to be hurled from the home to the harvest field, and our mothers dear to be driven from the old arm chair to the cotton patch?

In rescuing our citizens from the forces of civilization, can we not apply to our fair Dixieland the rule of the sea—"women and children first?"

There must be a readjustment of the wage scale of industry so that the women can be taken from the field or given a reasonable wage for her services. Perhaps the issue has never been fairly raised, but the Farmers' Union, with a membership of ten million, puts its organized forces squarely behind the issue and we now enter upon the docket of civilization the case of "The Woman in the Field" and demand an immediate trial.

Professional Cards

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Resident 3 blocks north and 1 block west of Catholic church.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Irene Bomer is here from Columbus for the holiday season at the home of her aunt Mrs. Viola Odendahl.

Read my Free Suit adv. in this issue. Loup City Tailor Shop.

Burr Robbins is sporting a fine overcoat made from the hide of the Shetland pony he lost last summer. It's a dandy.

Leave orders for John McDonald dray at either lumber yard, or at E. G. Taylor's, or Phone Red 104.

Jess Marvel and wife were down from their Custer county farm last Thursday for Christmas cheer at the home of Mrs. Marvel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ohlsen.

If you want a dray, phone A. L. Enderlee, Black 63, or leave your order with either lumber yard or E. G. Taylor. Best of service guaranteed.

Burr Robbins last week brought up a couple of cars of feeders to add to the bunch he is feeding on his farm up the valley. Burr is feeding upwards of 100 head of young cattle.

Pure country sorghum, by the barrel, shipped direct from the mills of Illinois: 80c per gallon. Loup City Mer. Co.

Herman Ohlsen, who was home from David City for the holidays, orders the Northwestern to visit him there the coming year, where he will be in charge of the Ohlsen brickyard. Herman is one of Loup City's brightest young business men.

Winter will soon be here. You better fill your coal bins while you can get good coal we have several kinds on hand our prices are right at Taylor's Elevator.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Brandt wishes the Northwestern to return their heartfelt thanks for the bright Christmas cheer brought to their home by generous friends on that date in quantities of the necessities of life. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

IF YOU HAVE \$1000 to invest see our advertisement in another column. First Trust Company.

Jim McDonald and wife arrived last Wednesday evening from Edgewood, Iowa, and will remain for an extended visit here with relatives and friends. Jim says he hardly misses the two fingers he lost in a circular saw last summer, and is able to do work almost as easily as before.

L. H. Spahr cleans and repairs all kinds of sewing machines and guns at the L. B. Hale Hardware store.

An alarm of fire last Saturday afternoon, about 2:30 from the home of John Fisher brought out the hose cart in quick order, but the incipient blaze was extinguished before the fire ladders reached the scene. We understand that children playing with matches set a gunny sack on fire, but was not allowed to spread to any great extent, the loss being only some \$35.

I am repairing all kinds of shoes at reasonable prices at J. J. Slominski's Feed Store. John A. Galus.

Here is one of the pathetic incidents coming out of the shambles of Europe: Two wounded soldiers—one French, one German—lay side by side on the battlefield. The former passed his water bottle to the wounded German. The German sipped a little, kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy, and said: "There will be no war on the other side."

Kid Gloves and Furs cleaned at the Loup City Tailor Shop.

Public Sale, 4 miles northeast of Ashton and 6 miles east of Schaupp, on Tuesday, Jan. 5th, 1915 commencing at 10 a. m. sharp. 7 head of horses, 7 cows, 20 head of hogs, farm machinery. Free lunch, 10 months at 10 per cent. Tony Szyszak, owner; Col. Tony S. John, auctioneer; S. S. Polski, clerk.

Gasoline, only 15c per gallon, at the Loup City Mer. Co.'s.

Simultaneous with the printing of the Omaha Nebraskan wherein Bryan is lauded copiously there is published in the daily press the bull made by Bryan in rushing to the British with the declaration that a certain bill, which has not yet got the first reading, was not an administration measure. If anyone had any doubt that Great Britain is running the Wilson administration they ought to see the lion's (Bryan's) tail now. Any way the just criticism of Bryan's too glib tongue does not go with the nice things Metcalf is saying of him—for the sake of peace.—Ord Quiz.

The Seasons Greetings for
A Prosperous New Year
to
All Our Patrons

and
Hereby wish to thank you
for Your
Liberal patronage in the past
and Respectfully solicit
a continuation of
the same in the future.

THE HUB
Victor Viner, Proprietor.

WHEN LOOKING FOR A SQUARE MEAL
DROP IN AT THE

Ideal Bakery & Restaurant

SOUTH SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE
Meals, Lunches and Short Orders at all Hours
We Also Carry a Full Line of Bakery Goods.
Careful Attention Given all Special Orders.

NOTICE TO FARMERS

I have on hand a quantity of the Council Bluffs Remedy and would be glad to figure with you on your spring supply of Stock Remedy. All of the big feeders are good feeders of the Council Bluffs goods. Phone or see

Alfred N. Cook, Loup City, Nebr.

Dreamland Theater

Changes Pictures Every

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Only the best pictures shown. Everyone passed on by Board of Censorship.

For an Evenings Fun and Pleasure

Meet Me In Dreamland.

JOHN OLTMAN, OWNER

JANUARY TRAVEL SPECIALTIES

One of the big events of Nebraska is the Annual Convention and Exposition of

Organized Agriculture, Lincoln

January 18 to 23, 1915

This is the convocation of the Agricultural, Horticultural, Live-stock, Dairy, Floral, Good Roads, and Home Economics Societies; it interests farmers, orchardists, live-stock men, business men and bankers.

The Best Apple Show and Corn Show of the Middle West during this Period.

Over twenty-five associations interested in the development and improvement of Nebraska's agricultural, live-stock and dairy interests and allied subjects will hold conventions that will interest every inhabitant of Nebraska.



For official programs, information, etc, apply to
W. R. Mellor, President
Geo. W. Kline, Secretary
Lincoln, Nebraska

Compare our Job Work with others
a word to the wise is sufficient.