Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA

Dangerous Exhibitions.

The time has come for a note of warning regarding certain public exhibitions that are becoming increasingly popular—those where the performer earns his livelihood by deliberately risking his life. The interest to the onlookers in these performances arises from the fact that life for a moment hangs by a hair. Agility, muscularity, beauty of movement have become secondary, whether the feat is "looping the loop," riding the bicycle round and round the sloping sides of a huge basket with no bottom to it, or taking chances in a cage with some wild beast. It is one and the same appeal to something within us that craves unhealthy excitement. It is true that the "gladiator" in these days does generally escape with his life, but the quality of the amusement demanded proves us akin to those far-off ancestors whose one idea of a good holiday was a batch of Christians and plenty of wild beasts. Nothing grows so quickly by what it feeds on as this demand for excitement, and it is well understood by the caterers to the public taste that the "shocker" of to-day is the platitude of to-morrow. For a season we could hardly believe in "looping the loop," but the dish rapidly grew insipid, and tabasco had to be added, so the loop was looped in a motor-car, then in a motor-car with a piece of the track removed, and so on. The "thumbs down" of the ancients is represented to-day by the girl who stops chewing gum long enough to remark indifferently to her escort, "Well, ain't he got the nerve!" as the trainer enters his den of beasts still wearing the bandages left from his last encounter. If these things must be, let us at least spare the little children, urges the Youths' Companion. They need the placid quiet of their childhood, with its simple pleasures, just as they need bread and milk. Bad taste as well as good grows by what it feeds on, and your child does not really need to have Christians butchered for his holiday any more than he needs curried lobster and champagne.

Before Mr. Taft had retired from the head of the war department it was his privilege to direct the quartermaster general of the army to reserve a suitable plot in the National cemetery at Arlington for a monument to negro soldiers who lost their lives in the civil war. This action is taken in compliance with a request from the Colored Soldiers' Monument association, which is raising money for the purpose indicated, an object with which Secretary Taft is in full and cordial sympathy. It is most suitable that a memorial of the kind should be raised at Arlington, in sight of the capital of the nation and the seat of the government which thousands of negroes fought bravely to save.

Since Andrew Jackson, five vice-presidents have become presidents through the death of the incumbents of the White House. Some of them would have never been honored with second place on the ticket had this contingency been seriously considered. Tyler was nominated because of his lamentations over Clay's defeat. Fillmore got the job because Webster wouldn't take it. Johnson was picked by Lincoln, who made the mistake of his life. Arthur was chosen because Morton refused under the conviction that he could not win. Roosevelt was literally forced into the place from which fate led him to exalted preeminence.

If a "pied piper" who would entice away all the rats and leave the children should appear in the coast cities of the world, he would be welcomed by the sanitary authorities. The sanitary department of Cuba is the latest to start a crusade against rats. A quarantine against Venezuelan ports has been declared on account of the bubonic plague, and an appropriation has been made for the extermination of the Cuban rats.

Robert Vernon Harcourt, who was elected to the British parliament to succeed John Morley, elevated to the peerage, is half-American. His mother, the second wife of the late Sir William Harcourt, was the daugher of John Lothrop Motley, the historian of the Netherlands. There are in parliament a number of other Englishmen with American mothers, not the least conspicuous of whom is Winston Churchill, grandson of the late Leonard Jerome of New York.

What will the women say to the assertion recently made by John Burns, president of the British local government board, that the "servant problem" arises not so much from the scarcity of good servants, as from the incompetency of present-day mistresses to manage their help? Whether his charge is true or not, a girl without training for the work will find it as difficult to run her house and direct her servants as her husband would find if he tried to direct a business without first learning how.

Mark Twain has the right idea of living. He says: "I don't eat according to the food experts, and I don't do anything according to rule, but I take precious good care to do the things that agree with myself, and not the things that somebody else has found good for them."

Club women in Boston are about to solve every problem except those in regard to women's hats and garments. They leave such perplexing questions to the men

BEWARE! END OF THE WORLD ONLY 12,000,000 YEARS AWAY!

By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, A. M., LL. D.

Then the Sun Will Shrink, Lose Its Heat and Inhabitants of the Earth Will Freeze and Starve to Death.

High Browed Scientists Have It All Worked Out—"Things Are in a Bad Way," Warns Adherent of Nebular Hypothesis—World's Center Giving Forth Warmth May Save Us for a Time, But Ultimate Destruction Is Inevitable, Wise Ones Say.

REASONING from the principles of the pretty generally accepted nebular hypothesis, the end of the world is to be reached very gradually through the increasing reign of cold and the lengthening of the earth's day. For it is evident that the sun cannot keep on radiating heat at the present rate, or, indeed, at any rate, forever. As Lord Kelvin has well said, we know that the sun is cooling off just as certainly as we should know that a hot stone which we encountered in a field was cooling off, though we had not seen it long enough to measure the rate of its cooling. Heat is not a permanent quality of any known object. The sun must be losing its heat, and hence in time will become a cold and lifeless object.

If things continue to go on as they now do, astronomers tell us, the sun will lose its life-giving heat long before 12,000,000 years have elapsed. Like all other cooling bodies, the sun must be diminishing in size. Its diameter must be contracting. Newcomb estimates that in less than 5,000,000 years the sun's diameter will contract to one-half its present length, so that the sun will occupy only one-eighth of the space it now occupies. It is hardly possible for it after that to continue to furnish as much heat as it does now, but it must then cool off with great rapidity.

This reasoning is based on the supposition that the sun is not yet a solid body, but is so hot that its mass is still in a gaseous state. But the force of gravity upon the sun is so great that the gas is compressed into a much smaller proportionate compass than it is on the earth. The force of gravity on the surface of the sun is 27 times that on the earth, so that a man weighing 150 pounds on the earth would weigh nearly two tons on the sun. So great is this pressure of gravity on the gases of the sun that are they reduced to one-quarter the density of the solid nucleus of the earth. But so long as the nucleus of the sun continues to be gaseous it will continue to grow hotter as it diminishes in size. So soon, however, as it loses sufficient heat to allow the material to take on the solid form, a crust will be formed and the radiating heat will rapidly diminish. Probably, also, the heat radiated will diminish long before that time, even though the sun is growing hotter, because of the diminishing size of the globe.

The only way that the astronomers can see to avoid this slow paralysis of the sun, and so of the whole solar system, is that lately proposed by Prof. Langley in a sensational article depicting what would happen if a dark world moving at an incredible speed in space should come so near our sun that the two would collide. In this case the original heat of the sun might be restored, but the catastrophe would practically produce such an expansion of its volume and such an increase of its radiating power that everything on the earth would be burned up, producing about such phenomena as are described by the Apostle Peter. Indeed, the resemblance between the words of the apostle and the theory of the Washington astronomer was as striking as it was unexpected, so much so that some readers may not know from which source the following quotation is taken:

"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works therein shall be burned up."

But the suggestion of the astronomer was pure speculation. There are no apparent signs of any such approaching catastrophe as Dr. Langley suggests as possible. At any rate, we may settle down to the conclusion that so far as astronomical forces are concerned the present order of things will not be disturbed for three or four million years.

But an equally gloomy prospect is before the world in the distant future from another cause which is in slow operation. The length of the earth's day is slowly increasing through the retarding influence of the tides produced by the moon. To be sure, this effect is so slight that it has not been directly perceptible since accurate methods of measuring the time of the earth's revolution on its axis have been observed. But that it must be taking place is as sure as that friction will stop a railroad train when the steam is turned off.

The tides raised by the moon's attraction are distributed by the continents so as to present many anomalies, but when considered in themselves they act the same as a wave three feet high constantly running in an opposite direction to the revolution of the earth, and so by friction retarding its motion. Astronomers are agreed that similar tides produced on the moon have reduced her revolution on her axis to a period of 28 days. Eventually the revolution of the earth will be reduced so that our day will be several times longer than now. When that time comes the nights will be so cold that nothing can stand it, and if they could the days will be so hot that what was left by the cold would be destroyed by the heat. But that time, also, is so far in the future that the present generation may put it out of their minds. This catastrophe will not arrive for many million years yet. Indeed, before that time arrives the sun will have become so far cooled off that we shall be indifferent to everything else that happens.

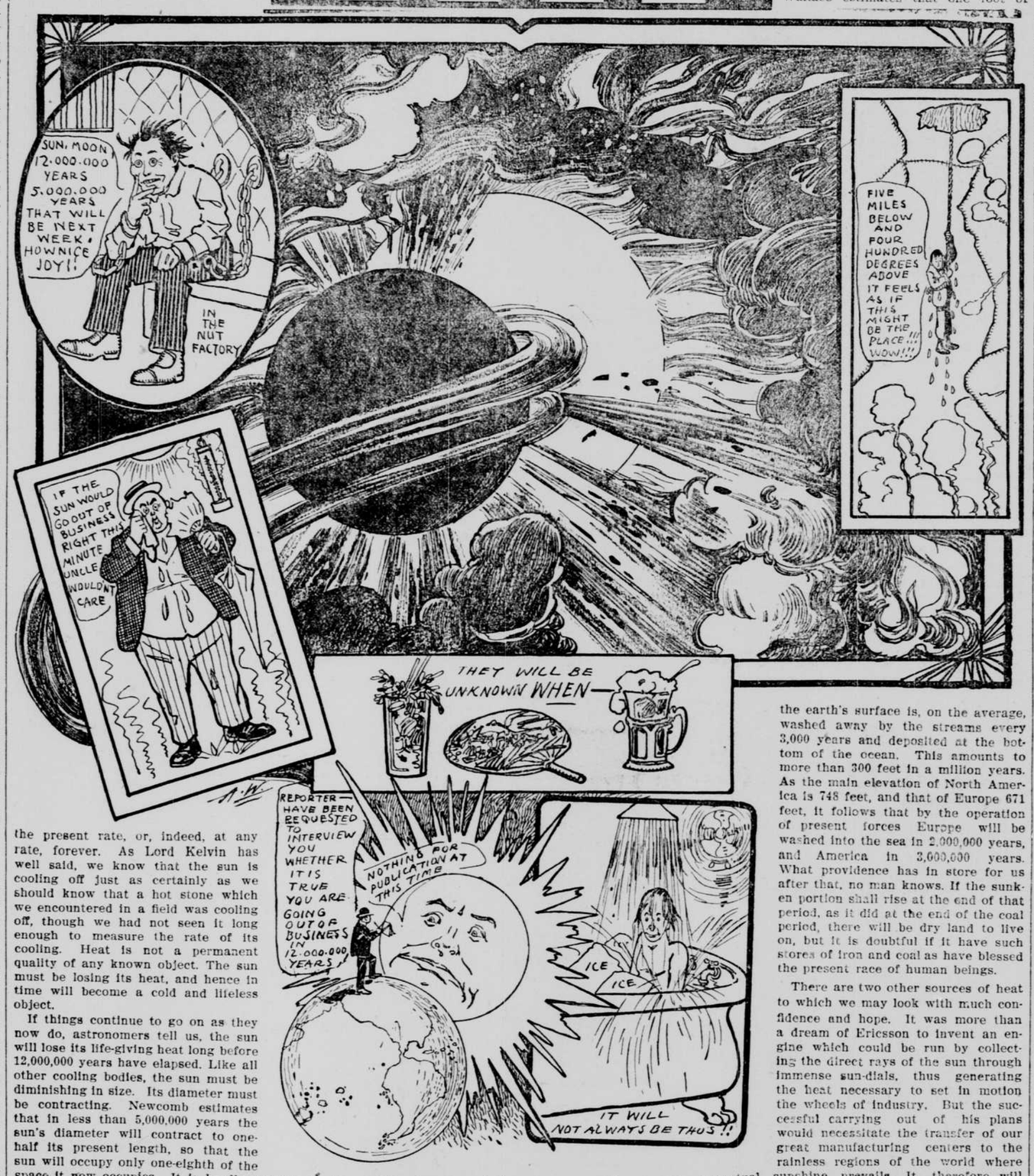
Another limit to the future of the habitable portion of the earth is brought to light by the rapid progress of erosion that is going on all over the land surface of the world. Wallace estimates that one foot of the earth's surface is, on the average, washed away by the streams every 3,000 years and deposited at the bottom of the ocean. This amounts to more than 300 feet in a million years. As the main elevation of North America is 748 feet, and that of Europe 671 feet, it follows that by the operation of present forces Europe will be washed into the sea in 2,000,000 years, and America in 3,000,000 years. What providence has in store for us after that, no man knows. If the sunken portion shall rise at the end of that period, as it did at the end of the coal period, there will be dry land to live on, but it is doubtful if it have such stores of iron and coal as have blessed the present race of human beings.

There are two other sources of heat to which we may look with much confidence and hope. It was more than a dream of Ericsson to invent an engine which could be run by collecting the direct rays of the sun through immense sun-dials, thus generating the heat necessary to set in motion the wheels of industry. But the successful carrying out of his plans would necessitate the transfer of our great manufacturing centers to the rainless regions of the world where sunshine prevails. It, therefore, will not be impossible that the desert of Sahara and the sandy wastes of Central Asia shall in the future usurp the place now assumed by the localities in proximity to the great coal fields of the world, while the latter become overgrown with briars and brambles like the mounds of many an ancient center of civilization.

Still another possible source from which we may draw infinite quantities of heat and power is to be found in the heated center of the earth. As we descend below the surface of the earth, the temperature rises on an average of one degree in 60 feet. At a depth of two miles, therefore, the temperature of boiling water would be reached, and at a depth of five miles a temperature of more than 400 degrees. It would, therefore, not seem by any means impossible to bore into the earth deep enough to make a portion of its heat available for all ordinary purposes.

The world, however, is concerned with impending catastrophes nearer at hand. The prosperity of the present time is largely due to the rapidity with which we are using up the reserved stores of nature upon or near the surface of the earth. Thus geology, while it opens up to mankind the stores of good that are buried for safekeeping in the depths of the earth, points to their limited quantity, and calls upon men to use them economically and leave as much as possible for future generations. Wastefulness of these limited stores is a sin. At the same time it gives the philosophical student of history a sobering view of the destiny of man. Nothing is more certain than that man has not been always on the earth, and that he is not always to stay here. The world is like a transcontinental railroad train and the human race like a passenger who gets on at one end and has to get off at the other. Out of mystery man came and into mystery he goes. The visible world is a passing show. All that is unchangeable lies in the world of the unseen.

(Copyright, 1903, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



RICHES AND TROUBLES.

Advice and Comment on the Subject by Philosophic Uncle Rufus.

"My frens," said Uncle Rufus, as he sat down in a sunny spot on the steps of the grocery, "make no mistake about riches. No man eber gits to be wuth a millyun dollars dat his trubbles don't begin de next day. He's got to git his h'ar cut once a week and shave once a day. He must keep his shoes blacked day and night, and if his necktie works around under his left ear he loses his posishun in society.

"You and me know dat two-shillin' suspenders hold up our trowsers as well as a p'ar costin' six dollars. De millyonaire knows it, too, but he's got to pay out $5.75 extra cause he's in de swim.

"In our mind's eye we see de rich man seated in a red velvet chair, "In all de y'ars dat I knowed a sartin rich man sunthin' was allus happenin' to him. While I was gwine on foot his hosses run away and broke his laig. While I was injoyin' my kitchen stove his steam pipes busted and killed his cook. While my cabin was too small game for thunderbolts one cum along and tore half de roof off his house. While me'n de old woman was grubbin' along by ourselves he had to have 16 of his relations in de house. My dawg wasn't wuth 15 cents, but he libed on. His dawg was wuth $250, and he was allus gittin' lost or pizened.

"Dat millyonaire had no show to eat onions, make lasses candy or popcorn. He nobber slid down hill, went rabbit huntin' nor drank cider out o' a jug. If he eber sot down of an evenin' wid his shoes off to take comfort his wife dragged him off to de theater or his barn took fire. While I saved up $100 in ten years, and am libin' to-day, he spent $20,000 a year to run his house fur de same time and died wishin' he could have had hoecake and bacon for breakfast and had de felicity of wearin' a patch on each knee and two behind him."

(Copyright 1908, by Byron Williams.)

In Passing.

The woods in the country now have their interesting quota of baby rabbits, just big enough to give you a merry chase before you can hold one of the soft, timid little creatures in your hands. And as you cuddle bunny to your face, he likes the heat and loses some of the fear with which his wild little eyes are eloquent. When you release him, he hops off through the brush as fast as his baby legs will propel his plump, tiny body, for bun is a creature of the wood, a being of the open, and you are not his kind. Instinct teaches him to fear you, and he goes. But wasn't he a dear, though?

☆ ☆ ☆

When Columbus landed in America, to express his gratitude he knelt upon the sand. Now when fortune hunters come to the land of the free, they kneel upon the Turkish rugs and have the sand to ask the hands and pocketbooks of our daughters. Columbus was a discoverer, but the later day adventurer is a joke—on the girl.

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An ex-politician has been appointed sexton of a New York cemetery and, as yet, not one of his present constituency has raised a voice in protest.

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The man who has no friends can get his sure thing tips on mining stock from mere acquaintances, and lose his money just the same.

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A man is doubly disappointed in love when he wants a divorce and cannot get it.

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In June.

She is garnishing her wagon
For attachment to a star
Where the Pleiades are twinkling
And the luminaries are.

Now upon the threshold standing,
With a stern, determined eye,
Rigged in taffeta and ribbons,
She is bound to do or die!

Ah, beyond Italian sunsets,
Lie the Alps her feet will scale,
For in her vocabulary
There is no such word as "fail!"

Oh, the world is but an oyster,
Cuddled neatly in a spoon,
For the graduate in ruffles
On Commencement Day—in June!

But the pretty little maiden
Who is hitching up her star,
Soon will quote another author,
Soon will guide another car.

Proud as Lucifer she'll guide it
Past the scrambling, worldly crew,
With a little duffer in it
Who is gaily singing, "Goo!"

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Trifles.

A javelin sometimes misses its mark, but a bouquet, never.

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Nowadays a $15 a week salary is a great preventive of dyspepsia.

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Some men make so much hay in the sunshine that they are sunstruck.

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It is better to pick your teeth in public than to pick a quarrel in private.

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It takes more money to make the automobile go than it ever did to make the mare do likewise.

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No man who spends all his salary, leaving nothing for a rainy day, has true love for his wife and babies.

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Most every woman, at some time or other, has donned man's clothes just to know how it feels to wear the trousers.

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A Boston girl named Birdie, and weighing 208 pounds, has just become the wife of a bean eater, weight 114, named Magnus. Speaking of incongruities, here's one.

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Joking.

You want to laugh again, you say?
And I must tickle you or bust?
Well, stick your funny bone my way
And I will do it if I must.
Tee hee!

I have a grouch today—a beaut—
And if I wasn't hired to joke,
I'd go out on a dreadful toot
And strike the high spots and go broke.
Whoop-ee!

I know of course you have to laugh,
That you have not a grouch today,
And so I ask: "Why is a calf
Unlike a load of clover hay?"
Oh, hey?

I knew you couldn't—in a year—
But, darn you, I will MAKE you laugh.
The difference is, it would appear,
Between a hay load and a calf—
Ba-rah!—

Is just because a kitten's tail—
I mean a black cat now, like soot—
Has never yet at any sale
Been auctioned off as licorice root!
Take that!

Byron Williams

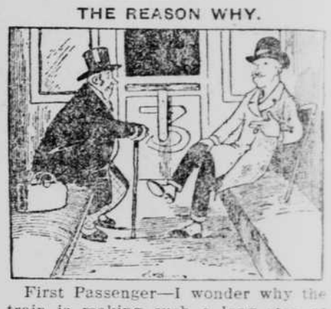
Life's Wisest Policy.

It is wiser to act than to ask "why;" safer to "keep your own key and your own counsel," and better policy to encourage a flexible opinion, taking the views of many and weighing them, with the possibility of changing your mind.

The Epworth League.

The Epworth league was formed by representatives of various young people societies of the Methodist Episcopal church of Cleveland, O., May 14, 1889.

THE REASON WHY.



First Passenger—I wonder why the train is making such a long stop at this station.

Second Passenger (experienced traveler)—I suppose it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train.

Weary Willie's Complaint.

William J. Ryan, president of the supreme council of public hackmen of New York, said the other day that the winter panic had reduced the hackmen's receipts considerably.

"We'll have to come down to English rates—12 cents a mile instead of 50 cents—if we have many more such panics," Mr. Ryan said. "Everybody felt the pinch. I overheard a tramp grumbling in a public square.

" 'The trade ain't like it used to be,' he said. 'Here ten times running to-day I've asked for a bit of bread, and what do they give me? Why, durn it, just a bit o' bread.' "—Exchange.

The Wife Did It All.

Hewitt—Couldn't you get the person you called up by telephone?

Jewett—Oh, yes.

Hewitt—But I didn't hear you say anything.

Jewett—It was my wife I called.

There is at least one woman in the world for every man in the world to think the world of.

Girls are partial to automobiles because they have sparkers.