LOUP CITY, - . NEBRASKA

Government-Built Warships.

The government builds the best ships that float. That is certain. The Connecticut is the finest vessel of her rate and size in the world, and she was built in a government navy yard. Government money is spent honestly. There are no fights and squabbles to get what the contracts call for. If it does cost a little more 'money it is worth it. In the progress of building up our navy for the last 21 years we are gradually getting to what is the nucleus of a very fair navy. We who are interested in the upbuilding of the navy, says Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N., in Leslie's Weekly, want more ships. We are to-day endeavoring to get what we have been quietly working for the last 15 years -that is, large ships with large batteries and great speed. But the seagoing classes and the merchants are conservative. It takes a long time to change them. Take, for instance, the case of the first monitor. It took the government a long time to adopt the plans. These monitors were intended for smooth water and not to go to sea. In the early days we were occupied in getting this type of vessels made into a battleship. We didn't want the monitors because they were unstable. It is only when we get the big battleships, whose movements are so slow and steady, that we get the best results for warfare.

#### The Actor and His Voice.

The supreme gift of the actor is his voice. A singer may or may not be vocally gifted. Yvette Guilbert gives all the effect of melody, even evokes the spirit of tragic horror, with vocal organs that are stiller and smaller than the proverbial voice of conscience. The most famous Carmen of our day is said on authority to be one of the worst singers. To the great actor, writes John Corbin in Appleton's Magazine, the essential is voice, again voice, always voice. Mr. Mansfield himself has said something of the kind very eloquently, in an address to the students of the Empire School of Acting. "Think of your voice as a color and as you paint your picture (the character you are painting, th€' scene you are portraying) mix your colors. You have on your palate (palette) a white voice, la voix blanche; a heavenly ethereal or blue voice, the voice of prayer; a disagreeable, jealous, or yellow voice; a steelgray voice for quiet sarcasm; a brown voice for hopelessness; a lurid, red a life-" voice for hot anger; a deep, thunderous voice for black; a cherry voice, the color of the green sea that a brisk breeze is crisping; and then there's a pretty little pink voice, and the shades of violet-but the subject is endless."

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the rafia palm, a product of the Island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value-whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonograph cylinartificial honey the bee is likely to be driven out of business.

The first building ever erected in the United States for the public use of the federal government, under the phia. Robert Morris, the patriotic financier of the war of independence. was first to bring up the question of a national mint, and it was he who worked with Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton to induce congress to adopt the decimal system of money arithmetic.

Mrs. George H. Gorham, a wellknown Washington woman, has just accomplished a herculean and unique task, which is the compilation of a French-English dictionary that affords the means for those desiring to learn either French or English to master those tongues sufficiently to converse and also to enjoy the literature of

A college girl out in New York is going into business this summer as an Adirondack guide. If the Maine girls ever follow her example, the guides now licensed for the Maine wilderness may have to cut rates in order to get business

The king of England is a publisher. He has the exclusive right to issue mariners' charts and English mariners are forbidden by law to use any charts but his. The copyright on these royal charts, furthermore, never runs

It is rather petulantly pointed out that most of his time since he has been in the army Peary has spent on leave. But if he brings home the north pole nobody will kick about the salary he gets.

Charles A. Eich, of Cohasset, Mass. now that Thomas Wigglesworth is dead, is Harvard's oldest living graduate. He was 18 years old when he was graduated in the class of '33. He is 92 years old, and has practised law nearly 70 years.

A Miss Farningham lays claim to or in America, and there are lots



CHAPTER V .-- Continued. sympathy.'

"More than all the others, I should

hesitation. "Yes," I said, wearily, "you have placed a placard on my back, as they used to put a high paper cap on the for there would be none to know that boys in school. On the cap the school- I had set out to find it. If it proved the page in which my photograph apmasters used to write the word 'Dunce;' on the placard you have tasy, I should at least have had the hand. written the word 'Coward.' And yet delicious excitement of seeking it, of I am not quite a coward. Do you refuse to see that I am simply one of those men whose fate it has been to boy or man. be tried to the uttermost? Forgive me; I am appealing to your sympathy cherishing the hope that just such an hips; the other stretched its white strange man. after all. You resent that. It is quite natural. It was a moment of weakness." Again I pushed back my chair.

She regarded me half curiously. Perhaps she noticed I was haggard and pale. Perhaps in spite of herself, she was a little sorry for me.

"Oh, I suppose," she said, very gently, "that there is something to be said in the defense of everyone. By and by I may feel less bitter toward you, Mr. Haddon. I shall remember that you did not spare yourself-that you might not have told me"--her voice fell to a whisper-"everything."

"Thank you for saying so much. If there were any reparation I would make it. You should know that."

"Reparation!" Her eyes flashed. "How can you speak of reparation?" "And is there no atonement possi-

ble, even for the most wretched?" She looked down at me almost sternly, for she had risen at the question. Then, as if a thin veil had been drawn from her face, I saw the gentle pity of womanhood reflected there. A strange sweetness came into her voice as she spoke slowly, almost unwillingly. It was a mystical message of comfort she was bringing to me. She was suggesting a way of hope after all.

"Because of you a life has been lost to the world. I leave out the personal loss to myself. Because of your weakness, to call it by the most charitable name, the world is the poorer for one strong soul."

"Yes," I said, humbly, "yes." "But if," she spoke more eagerly, "if through you a life were saved for the world-if it were to be a life for

A moment I stared at her, uncomprehending. She had suggested a way of escape so romantic that to one living in this twentieth century it may seem absurd. But the very audacity of the suggestion appealed to me.

"Yes," I cried, passionately, "I understand. It is to be a life for a life! In some way, no matter how, I am to save a life for the life that has been lost through me."

"At least that should restore your self-respect," she assented almost coldly. She wished me to understand that whatever I might or might not do was no concern of hers. But I was not to be discouraged.

"And if I am so fortunate as to accomplish this"-I held her eyes steadily-"will you, I should say rather, will the world, your world, remember that? Shall I then stand on ders, etc. Thus with artificial wax and | the same plane as other men in your respect? "I vouch nothing for the world, and

certainly not," she added, haughtily "for invself."

I felt an emotion that was very near that of triumph. It is extraordinary how in the most sacred of moments obtrudes itself. Henceforth, whether this woman would have it so or not, there was a bond between us. She had suggested a way of escape! I accepted it with passionate gratitude. I swore to myself, as I stood before her, that I would not rest until I'had accomplished the sacred task she had set me. I answered with a boldness that surprised even myself:

"From this day my one object in life shall be to make the reparation you have suggested. But when that is done you will know it."

I saw her hand tremble as she lightly touched her hair. It was not so much embarrassment that brought the slow blush to her cheek as anger. She turned from me without a word. I watched her disappear with a strange exultation.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Other Woman. There is no enemy that the aver age man must crush more ruthlessly beneath the iron heel than his imagination. The ties of home, of society, the necessity of earning his daily bread-these are barriers that hem him in the narrow rut of routine and And then, perhapsduty. He dare not look over the ro-

he dare, he must throw prudence and sometimes conscience to the wind. But occasionally a cataclysm, both physical and mental, thrusts one withcut the familiar landmarks. The habits of a lifetime are forgotten then. It is then that one dares the impossible, and refuses to see to what extravagant and fantastic extremes he

mance that beckon alluringly. Or, if

is recklessly plunging. From dreaming to action is but a step. It is true that the divine mad- red and blue had burned away long. to Robert Shackleton, writing in notably systematic, tells me that if ness too soon passes; the reaction comes; one is restored sharply to the of shadowy mountains, stirred gently normal poise by the rude awakening that comes with failure or with selfconsciousness. But sometimes consequences are already set in motion, and it is too late to draw back; there pression. is nothing for it but to be borne on-ward with the tide.

So it was with me. I might return Farningham lays claim to to America—take up the threads of and one were listening, wa No one has claimed the the newspaper accounts of the tragedy I was watched, and with America, and there are lots Journalists in this country, down. If I did that, I should know woman was seated at the

| could count upon just how much hap-"Like the others, you think I have piness would come to my life, how forfeited the right to one word of much interest routine and duty would vield me.

But my imagination had been set think," she answered calmly, without aflame. A world of chivalry and romance beckoned to me alluringly. And if I trod the mazes of that fairy world, there would be none to ridicule, to be only a world of dreams and fan- peared; I crushed it savagely in my playing make-believe-the most fas- I looked up, startled. It was the cinating game, after all is said, for woman again.

I had come to Europe secretly adventure would come to me as had happened to-night. The 33 years of ported her. my life had been passed in an atmo-

sphere unusally dead and prosaic. multi-millionaire who lived in an ob-But that is not life.

both hands the English journal in graphs in the hotel reading rooms! which my photograph had appeared. That is a new rule I shall have placed Our eyes met. I gazed at her stand- upon the walls to-morrow." ing perfectly still. It was not embarrassment or anger that held me; it "A beautiful and much-needed rule," was rather wonder. For on the face she murmured, her eyes sparkling. of this woman was the same intent, Then she came toward me a few steps curious surprise that had astonished and stood, a dazzling and fascinating me so much earlier in the evening, figure in the full light. Her eyes no when I first met Mrs. Brett and her longer mocked; they beseeched. daughter.

She clapped her hands delightedly.

"Forgive me. It was cruel to laugh.

"On the contrary, madam, I should

"Monsieur!" She came a step still

But her sympathy was too easily

awakened to be convincing. I under-

stood perfectly that she had been de-

termined to speak to me when I first

"Madam," I said cynically, "it is you

who are breaking a rule now-a rule

"Par example?" she demanded, her

"It is forbidden to show sympathy

She sighed her relief. Evidently

"But"-she made a gesture of con-

empt-"the canard of a newspaper!

"All the world, apparently," I an-

I regarded her, still cynical, and yet

was moved. Hers was the first

stinctively that it was the cheap and

who offered it for her own ends. She

would demand its price presently.

"And why do you not believe the

"You are a race of warriors. One

That she should mention them at all

bracelet about her arm, then looked up

"I am not even a friend," I said,

still more coldly. "Good night, mad-

is too astonished to make even the

physical effort of standing. For the

first time since she had spoken she

the door she stared after me, frown-

CHAPTER VII.

Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses.

yesterdays-why it promised eager

hopes and eager interests to be ful-

filled. Then I remembered, and my

pulses beat faster. Yesterday I de-

A woman had come into my life-

a goddess-Diana of the silver bow.

Chaste and cold as the snows on the

Alpine heights I could not see from

my window in the blue distance, yet

she had called, she had spoken to me.

Then, disdainfully cruel, she had gone

as she had come. But I was to pur-

The very audacity of my resolution

gave to it its charm. I was not to rest

until I had accomplished my uncertain

mission. That it was by its very na-

ture so incredibly difficult did not

daunt me. But how was I to set

about it? A life for a life. To save

to the world a strong and buoyant

soul for the strong and buoyant soul

that had perished because of my help-

lessness and my weakness. However

romantic, it was a tangible enough

But was I to wander about, like a

knight of medevial times, seeking to

succor one in peril and distress-to

rescue beautiful maidens from grim

ogres and terrible dragons? I smiled

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Good night, monsieur."

ing in her perplexity.

spaired; to-day I hoped.

swiftly-"you are not even a rela-

account of this newspaper?"

conviction.

wonderingly.

she protested.

annoved me.

half an hour ago?"

quietly.

"Well, I for one, do not."

she has expected from me a banality

eyes darkening.

A measure of surprise is natural But when I catch you, like a naughty enough, when the original of a photo- child-ah, that is too droll!" graph unexpectedly appears before one. But I knew that this fact alone thank you. It was my first laugh for did not explain the strained look of | weeks.' the woman at the open window. Defiance (or was it sheer anxiety?) nearer, her dress gleaming and glitflashed from the burning depths of tering as she moved. She looked at these eyes that held me fascinated. me pitifully. She stirred. I saw her toss the pa-

per lightly to the table. Then she disappeared. I entered the hotel. I paused un-

certainly in the hall, then walked entered the room. swiftly into the reading room. Apparently it was deserted.

I reached for the paper; I tore out of society."

There was a light, mocking laugh. to one who has been unfortunate."

She stood almost in shadow. 'One to the effect that society does not bare arm was placed lightly on her sanction a woman's speaking to length on the low mantel and sup-

There was something oriental in her | Who believes that?" magnificent costume. The dress was When I had left the university, I black velvet. About her neck hung a swered, amused at the vigor of her had acted as secretary to an uncle, a narrow stole of Eastern embroidery, denial. studded at intervals with turquoises. scure town of the middle West. I had From the extended arm draped a scarf trudged the dreary and stupid circle of shimmering gold thread. About the of business routine, my eyes bent som- left arm, both at the wrist and above sympathy shown to me. I felt inberly to earth. Success had come, or the elbow, were several bracelets of what world calls success-money and bizarre design. The corsage, too, insincere sympathy of an adventuress, a measure of respect that is given to flashed with gems as she breathed one with a substantial bank account. slowly and deeply. Her pose, as her costume, had something almost bar- And yet I was not ungrateful for her And then one day I awoke. I real- baric in its sensuous extravagance. interest. As for the price-well, is ized with a start that life was slip- The small head, exquisitely coiffured, anything quite gratuitous? Whether ping away from me; and with the was turned slightly, thrown back so the payment be in gold or gratitude hours the golden aspirations and detath that her white throat gleamed out of or love or obedience—we all have our lights that make life worth while. I the shadow. The lips were parted, price.

million the contraction of the c

It Was the Woman Again.

was simply a machine, rather a cog | still smiling; and more sensuous, more in the huge machine of business. I brilliant, more devouring than the rebelled. In one day I broke the gleam of the jewels about her person, shackles that bound me. I was free, was the flame that burned in her My life was at last my very own. I eyes. could do with it what I pleased. I She laughed again. It was impossi-

could go where I wished.

it charm and interest. I had searched diligently for the magic talisman in strange cities, and of course I had not found it. The blue flower is not to be plucked so easily. Instead of happiness and diversion, disgrace and misery had come. Should I return home, then, imbittered, averting the eyes? Or should I avail my- the papers from the reading room." I self of the way of escape which this read

woman had lightly suggested? And if I chose to consider it a quest a challenge, there was none, not even she, to forbid, though she, of all the people in the world, would be the last to consider it such. And if fortune annoy guests with offensive photoaided me, as it aids most adventurous souls, I would seek her out, though I searched the wide world for her.

I crushed in my hand the programme of music that lay on the table. Pshaw, it was the woman, then, that gave to this fantastic mission its vague thrill; not the idea of the mission itself! It was the woman whom

I sat quietly, still staring out into

Suddenly I became ill at ease. turned slowly in my seat. I looked furtively about me. It was as if I had spoken a secret thought aloud, I was watched, and with a curious intentness that was almost savage. A omas was seated at the window of

ble not to know that she was chal-

And so I had come to Europe. I lenging me. The pose, the look, the had hugged to my breast the common laugh-all were a challenge. But I but pathetic delusion that across the was in no mind to accept it, and seas I should find something-just glanced idly at the papers on the tawhat I did not know-something that ble. Presently I walked toward the would make life more joyous, give to door. Again her light laughter pursued me.

"Pardon, monsieur," she called, still mockingly. I turned and looked silently at my

Mischievously she pointed a jeweled finger to a placard on the wall. "Guests are forbidden to carry away

To assume a tragic mien at this delicious bit of badinage would have been absurd. I could not help laughing. But I answered with some pique: at the absurd resemblance of my un-"Hotel proprietors are forbidden to certain task to theirs.

Only a twelfth as large as Holland, look into our neighbor's heart, be that I had wronged, and who hated me, the little grand-duchy of Luxemburg neighbor man or woman, we might that called. She sat in the lists; in is one of the most delightful of Euro- find there cherished aspirations and her hands was the laurel wreath; for pean countries. Yet it is almost all fancies fantastically at variance with

scious of its nearness. Luxemburg is "A man I know, energetic, capable, the night. The lights of green and free and independent, and according effective, successful and in all his life ago. The lake, rocked in its cradle Harper's Magazine for January, it is he could do as he would like to do he quaint and fascinating. It boasts free would be a tramp. No less a person under the moon. The terrace was almost deserted, and still I lingered. Schools of commerce, philosophy, ticity and devotion, confides to me Disillusionment must come too soon, farming, gardening, manual training, that she always wanted to be an actand with the morrow inevitable de and housewifery. But with all its ress. Let us be grateful that actually modernity its ways are still old and its she chose to play her charming part

Avoiding Trouble.

"Do you have any trouble with your snitor?" asked Mrs. Flatleigh.

SENATOR BORAH DENIES WRONGDOING



SENATOR BORAH. Senator Borah of Idaho, who was in Washington last week, made the fol-

lowing statement: "The reports that indictments have been returned against me or my clients for alleged land frauds are simply rumors. I know nothing of any such indictments. The grand jury has not yet reported its findings and no one seems to have any official knowledge of the reported indictments.

### ARAB STEEDS SANS SPOTS.

#### Man Fresh from Desert Shattered Fond | Comments on Broken Mirror Much Tradition of Circus.

Homer Davenport, who is described n the woman's Home Companion as town the other night, and as the buildclares there is no such thing as a a gas radiator was supplied, says the spotted or piebald Arabian steed. | New York Press. Three hours later

says he. "A friend of mine owns a frame. with such blood in one's veins does not play the coward. No!" She struck to America.

her hand together to emphasize her "He said they were captured with "A race of warriors?" I repeated "Has not every English gentleman the blood of warriors in his veins?" "But I am an American," I said

"Impossible!" She looked at me, really bewildered now. "An American! But the ladies that you spoke to 'spotted Arabians' were bought at Al- this is only the first day." "And can an American not speak to bany, Ore. Englishwomen?" I demanded coldly.

"The most peculiar part of this spotted horse business is this, and it is

## THE WORST PART OF IT.

# Worse Than Actual Cost.

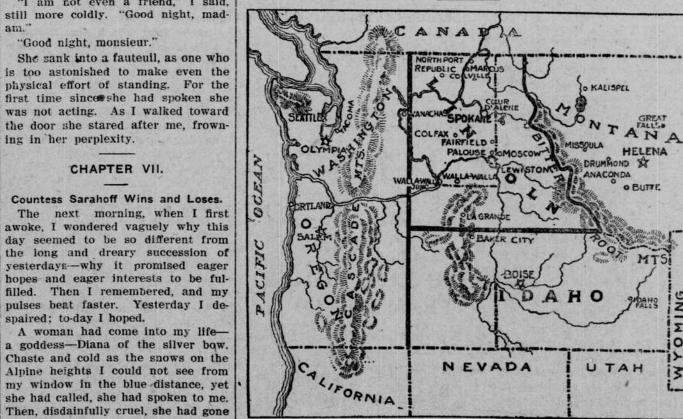
There was a cigar store opened up 'fresh from the Arabian desert," de- ing was not provided with steam heat "Circuses are perhaps more to a huge plate mirror directly behind blame for the misrepresentation of was cracked from top to bottom by the Arab horse than any other source," | the unequal expansion in a tight

circus, and I saw his posters a few Bad luck to have a mirror break." years ago, claiming to exhibit 18 or commented a customer as he stood 20 of the only Arabian horses brought at the eigar lighter. "You'll have seven years' bad luck."

"I don't mind the glass breaking. great difficulty and brought to New the cigar man explained to a friend York by a special permit of the sul- "I can pay for a new glass, and I'm tan; that they were of the family not superstitious, but I can't have the known in history as the Eagle Feath- new mirror for a week, and meantime ers horses, so much prized in the every man who comes in here is go-Queen of Sheba days; that they were ing to tell me it's bad luck to have the snow white, with big markings in glass smashed. Sure, it's bad luck. their spots of the tip of eagle feath. Don't I have to stand here and pretend I'm hearing that fool remark for "We don't have to believe every- the first time? I'm liable to kill some thing we read on the circus posters. one before the glass is replaced. I've In this case I am mighty certain these | heard it at least 50 times so far, and

Growth of Esperanto. From Breslau writes Consul H. T. not a very strange reason when you | Spenr about the spread of Esperanto:

## PLAN TO CREATE NEW STATE



Showing Boundary Lines of Proposed New State.

Academic as may have seemed to outsiders the discussion of plans to form a new state out of parts of Idaho, Washington and Oregon with Spokane as the center, the project has taken on definiteness and force as a result of a report of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, just made by its "new state" committee and given out to the public after adoption. The proposed state would comprise the panhandle of Idaho, northeastern Oregon and eastern Washington

of different breeds, and that likely acduced a spotted or piebald horse; possibly from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood.'

Carpets Hold Tenants. the landlord of a prospective tenant. "Carpets," said the woman.

"I'm glad of that," said the landlord. T've got so I always ask that ques- Esperanto articles." tion, and whenever possible I rent to the people who are so old-fashioned as to cling to carpets. There is nothing like a carpet to hold a tenant in a place. A lease isn't half so effective. Carpets are cut to fit the floors and it will require pretty big inducements and go some place else where the caragain. The advocate of rugs is held them will move every time he feels like it. Therefore, give me tenants I trust we shall meet over the river. with the carpet habit."

Providing for an old Dog. A Kentucky judge recently showed his affection for an old bird dog by formally committing him to the county farm, sending this order of commitment to the superintendent: "Dear Sir: You will please receive and safely keep the body of 'Dewey John-son.' He is a little old, but he has been raised a gentleman and has always kept the very best of company.

know it, that spotted anything is cre- "American manufacturers and dealers ated by a mixture of different races, should make use of this medium in their campaigns for trade with foreign counts for the fact that the Arabian countries. There are Esperanto groups desert in all its history has never pro- in the 24 leading cities of Germany and new ones are forming. There are in the world about 425 groups, besides 60 trade or scientific organizations, whose members either are all Esperantists, or use Esperanto when writing to a mem "Have you rugs or carpets?" asked ber in another country. Fourteen peri odicals are printed wholly in Esperanto, 17 partly and 19 well-known journals devote more or less space te

## Their Probable Next Meeting.

Gen. Booth, of the salvation army speaking in London of his visits to Norway and Sweden and Denmark, de scribed his interview with the king to get their owner to pull up stakes of Denmark: "At parting we shook hands again and again and his majes pets will have to be made all over ty said: 'Gen. Booth, we shall meet again, and wherever we do meet I down by no such considerations. Rugs shall be very happy to see you.' 'Yes. will fit any floor and the person using your majesty, I replied, 'we shall meet again-over the river, your majesty.

> Willing to Try. "Remember," said the lawyer, "you have undertaken to tell nothing but the truth."

He said: 'Yes, over the river.'

"I'll do my best," answered the expert witness, "but I won't know how far I have succeeded until I'm through with the cross-examination."

A Good Reason. "Do you believe old Millyuns' young

His associates have been governors, widow is really grieved over his generals, majors, judges, doctors, etc.
You will please credit the old gen"I know she is. Black is awfully tieman to magisterial district No. 9." unbecoming to her complexion."

# Luxemburg a Quaint Country

travels from Paris to Berlin uncon- meanor and orderly life. customs characteristic, including an on the Billtop household stage." annual official hunt for wild boar; and when the city bells ring out the hours, they play some operatic bit or a strain rem a gay song.

As to Dreams. exactly what would happen to me. I the writing room. She held rigidly in Billtops, "and I suppose if we could Chicago Record-Herald.

her I would endure the shock of bat- ways neglected by the tourist who the said neighbor's conventional de-

"Oh, no. Both my husband and I elleve in devoting all our spare mo-