

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.
LOUP CITY - - - NEBRASKA

The flying dust we have with us, always.

Temper and a pistol make a bad combination.

It is popular to have "the brain storm" after you get caught.

An oak tree in Minneapolis committed suicide. No one will blame it.

One of the best things about the joy ride is that it so often turns out to be its own punishment.

It is feared that all the convicts in the various penitentiaries will at once begin writing poetry.

It is queer how these people who are going to be probed insist on a thorough examination of everything.

South American republics manage to have a scrap often enough to keep the limelight trained in that direction.

Another youth has gone wrong under the influence of dime novels. A little reading is still a dangerous thing.

"At this time of the year green is the unrivaled color," says the Boston Herald. Particularly if it is long green.

The end-seat bog is now fortified by a judicial decision, and he will no doubt hold tenaciously to all the seats he first gets.

One cannot at present secure a divorce at Reno, Nev., by telephone, but possibly Reno's facilities will be enlarged and broadened.

A newspaper story says that the bunco games in Mexico are the greatest in the world. Can the author have overlooked our own dear Wall street?

A bandit in Springfield, Mass., says that he committed his crimes because there was something the matter with his head. There generally is.

A Cincinnati man failed with liabilities of \$1,200,000 and assets of \$400. No Wall street financier would look upon such an accomplishment as that as a failure.

Some eastern New York farmers are selling their cows and replacing them with Angora goats. It might be asked if this is a case of butting in or butting 'em out.

A large majority of the schoolboys of this country are earnestly hoping something dreadful may happen to William Sidis of Boston because of his unorthodox propensity to acquire knowledge.

Announcement comes from fashion sources that "women's hats are larger." Of course this is a matter on which man has no vote, and what he may say or think does not count. But really is it necessary?

If conscription for army service in China were based upon the German plan an army of 22,000,000 soldiers could be put in the field, says the Philadelphia Record. Also, by the same plan, this nation would have an army of 5,500,000. But there is no sign that either the Chinese people or those of the United States would accept the plan.

The deaths from bubonic plague of two young women, daughters of the postmaster at Honolulu, Hawaii, offer convincing evidence that the germs of the plague linger on the islands, where the sanitary officials should toll unceasingly in order to suppress them. The same danger undoubtedly exists on the southern Pacific slope, where the rats should be made objects of unrelenting warfare.

That young Cambridge mathematician prodigy says in the fullness of his youthful wisdom that he is quite convinced he could construct a flying machine with which he could reach Venus in twenty minutes. He would use radium as a motive power. But it is noted that he has not said how much radium he would need or how much it would cost. There are other brilliant persons who could tell of the many wonderful things they might do if they could get the stuff to do it with. And so long as it cannot be disproved, the proposition is safe in stating his belief.

Rear Admiral Bacon of the British navy advocates the construction of larger battleships because in his opinion, with proper subdivision of the hull, they are not as likely to be sunk as a result of torpedo attack as the smaller ship. There is something in this, as the weight of armament carried by a large ship is not proportionately as large as that on the smaller ship. But it must not be overlooked that the torpedo is becoming more powerful under the development of inventors, and the damage they inflict may be beyond the ability of even the best of compartmented hulls to withstand.

A wild deer in the vicinity of Three Lakes, Wash., locked horns with a stuffed specimen and was shot. Both of them must have been dummies.

The latest and one of the biggest of the British battleships of the Dreadnought type is built largely after American plans, particularly as regards the construction and operation of the turrets. Whether or not "blood is thicker than water," it is becoming evident that the greatest naval power in the world finds "Yankee" ideas worth adopting.

"Too brilliant headlights are bad things to go by," says a professor. We have noted the phenomenon about persons as well as about locomotives.

"From now on," says an esteemed contemporary, "all British veterinarians must give immediate notification of all cases of cattle plague and other contagious diseases to which domestic animals are liable." Seems like a good idea. Presume the custom heretofore has been to keep all such things secret—sort of a family affair.

ANTILIMELIGHT

LOWELL ON THE PILGRIMS



President Lowell of Harvard university, with a single blow, has shattered and shattered the traditions of Plymouth rock, upon whose barren surface, we have long been led to believe, were scattered the seeds which later sprang up and sprouted into American family trees.

Every boy and girl in the United States knows before he or she has attended school many weeks the story of the Pilgrim fathers and their landing at Plymouth rock, so it was rather a rude shock that the eminent head of the great educational institution delivered when he declared the story a myth.

Dear old Plymouth rock, after which those big spotted chickens are named, of course can't realize how hard it has been hit by the Harvard hammer, but school teachers and story book writers, to say nothing of the historians of the country, certainly will be wanting to know why President Lowell comes along and "knocks" the pretty tale that has long been accepted as true in this and other countries.

President Lowell is the head of the educational institution which stands more than anything else for the aristocracy of New England, but his words cast doubt upon the existence of the sacred landing place of the Pilgrim fathers.

President Lowell also expressed doubt that the Washington elm, long told of in legends as shading the spot where the general received the command of the Continental army, ever existed.

The aspersions cast upon the totems of New England have added the last straw to the load of historical "knocking" borne by classic Boston. Recently Paul Revere's ride was declared to have taken place largely in the imagination of the poet Longfellow, but never before has anyone dared to deal a blow at Plymouth rock or the Washington elm.

President Lowell was addressing a mass meeting of 3,000 teachers who had gathered to discuss plans for the reception of President Taft when he goes to Harvard to address the National Educational association from the stadium.

MARRIES BRYAN'S DAUGHTER



Lieut. Reginald A. Owen, of the Royal engineers, British army, is William J. Bryan's new son-in-law. So far as is known, the "lieutenant" had never done anything to distinguish himself until he met and wooed the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the great American commoner.

Careful perusal of the big newspapers that are accustomed to print biographies of persons who get themselves into the limelight fails to show that Lieutenant Owen is anything more than the 26-year-old son of a London business man and is detailed with the Royal engineers stationed in Jamaica, where he has taken his bride.

Great Britain has many officers who have never had an opportunity for distinguishing themselves, but are aching for the chance. Owen is among them. No doubt he to Colonel Bryan, should the opportunity come.

The wedding of the British officer and Mrs. Leavitt was a quiet affair with the exception of the mums the bride's former husband attempted to kick up. The former husband is an artist and met Ruth Bryan when he went to her father's house to paint the Democratic leader's picture. Colonel Bryan didn't want his daughter to marry, but she was a little headstrong, like her father, so the parental objection was withdrawn. It wasn't a happy marriage, as is quite well known in this country, and the divorce court was called upon to sever the marital ties.

Mrs. Leavitt went to Europe and met Lieutenant Owen. He was smitten by her charms and their engagement followed. It was not until a few days before the marriage ceremony took place at Fairview, the Bryan home at Lincoln, Neb., that anyone but members of the family knew of the intention of Mrs. Leavitt to wed again.

Lieutenant Owen is a fine-looking officer and those who have met him have been favorably impressed. Under the rules of his government he will have to serve in Jamaica three years and then he will return to London with his wife.

HEADS BRIBE PROBE JURY



William H. Lake is foreman of the special Cook county grand jury which has been investigating the charges of bribery in the Illinois legislature. Under the guidance of State's Attorney Wayman it did not take Mr. Lake long to get his jury to work on the cases and the developments which followed have caused a sensation that has reached beyond the borders of the state.

When Representative Charles A. White of O'Fallon, Ill., in a signed story in a Chicago newspaper, confessed that he had received \$1,000 for voting for William Lorimer as United States senator and that \$900 had been paid to him from a "jack pot" made up for "the boys" by persons who got the kind of legislation they wanted or had killed some that they didn't want, there came a cry at once for action by the grand jury.

State's Attorney Wayman immediately had the court impanel a special jury and Mr. Lake was chosen as foreman. Mr. Lake has been engaged in the commission business in Chicago for more than 30 years. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Produce exchange, the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce and the St. Louis Merchants' exchange.

Being foreman of the grand jury in case of such important investigations is no mean task and requires ability above the ordinary. This, say his friends, Mr. Lake has in abundance, and when the jury got down to work it was conducted with the dispatch of a great business organization.

CLAPP GRILLS WICKERSHAM



There seems to have been some misapprehension or a crossing of wires in Washington recently when it was announced that Senator Dolliver would be the gunner who would fire a 13-inch shell in answer to Attorney General Wickersham's smash at the insurgents.

Senator Dolliver fired only a 10-inch gun. The manipulation of a 13-incher was left to Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota. The echo of that shot is still heard around the country and it will take a national election before it is stilled.

Senator Clapp used to be an attorney general himself in his home state and he knows something about the proper things for an A. G. to do. He didn't think it was proper for Mr. Wickersham to read anybody out of the Republican party and he said so in words something like this:

"Who commissioned the attorney general to read men out of the party because they would not follow blindly the things I have pointed out in this proposed legislation of his—the railroad bill?"

"Who ever heard of him as a Republican until he entered the president's cabinet? And who are the men that he would read out of the party? They are men who for 25 years have borne the brunt of the battle."

"It took no courage to talk protective tariff at Delmonico's, where the first fruits of such policy were on display, but it did take courage to talk it to the men living in huts in the far west. And because some of us did not accept the dictum of this man we are called free traders and are told that we must get out of the party organization."

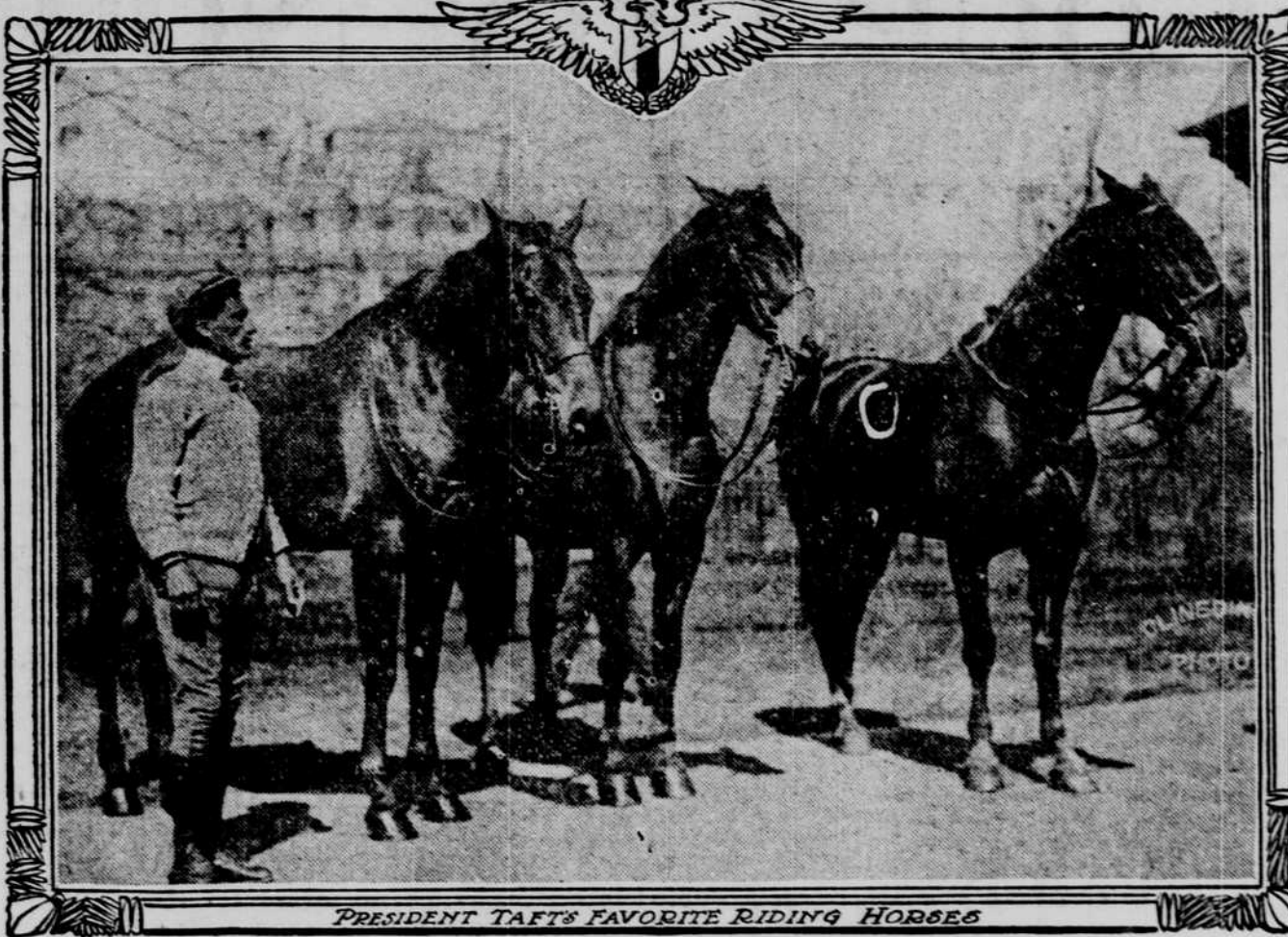
"I would like to see the warrant for this reading out authority. There is only one way for this little minority that he represents to read us out of their party and that is for them to get out themselves. There are a few of us who won't get out, and I predict that the attorney general never will attempt his experiment again."

Senator Clapp is a native of Indiana, having been born in 1861 at Delphi. He is a lawyer and was elected to the senate first in 1901 and again in 1905. His term will expire next year and he intends to run for the office again.

Average Weight of Humanity.
The average weight of a man five feet six inches in height at the age of thirty-five to forty years is 147 pounds. The feminine average is five pounds less.

English Letter Writers Lead.
Of 12,000,000 letters written in a year by the world at large, 8,000,000, 000 are in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and only 1,000,000,000 in French.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S HORSES HAVE A REST



PRESIDENT TAFT'S FAVORITE RIDING HORSES

Washington.—While President Taft was making a little trip through the middle west, his saddle horses were getting a good rest. The grooms of the presidential stable say the steeds needed the vacation, for Mr. Taft is very fond of riding, and, as everyone knows, he is not a light-weight. The chief executive's three favorite saddle horses are strong, steady fellows, of gentle disposition though not remarkable for their speed qualities.

ASK FOR FREE EGGS

Offer of Kansas College Brings a Deluge of Requests.

"Something-for-Nothing" Spirit Awakened by Effort of Agricultural College to Improve Grade of Poultry of State.

Manhattan, Kan.—When the poultry department of the Kansas State Agricultural college made the offer of free settings of eggs to the farmers of Kansas it never dreamed of the consequences that this offer has brought.

The offer was made by a little notice in the newspapers to the effect that "the poultry department of the agricultural college is desirous of sending out over the state eggs from pure bred poultry free of charge. Any one wishing to take advantage of this opportunity to add some pure bred stock to his present flock should address the poultry department, Kansas State Agricultural college."

Now, that little notice appeared in the newspapers about the time the price of eggs was soaring around the highest pinnacle, and consequently it was read by every one who reads newspapers, especially as the editors made it conspicuous by placing it under headlines like "What! Eggs Free of Charge?" or "K. S. A. C. Giving Away Eggs," etc.

The ink of the press notices was hardly dry before the inquiries began pouring in to the poultry department concerning those "free eggs."

From all over the state at first the letters arrived, and later this onslaught of questioning missives from Kansas was added to from Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Colorado and other states. It became a national affair.

The letters arrived at the rate of about 500 a day. Finally, as the number of inquiries rapidly approached the 4,000 mark, and as hundreds were arriving every day, the philanthropic department, realizing that it would be almost impossible to even answer so many letters and certainly impossible to supply so many farmers with eggs, hurried off dispatches to the newspapers, stating that the department was swamped with requests for free settings and requesting that no more inquiries be sent in.

The object of the department in making this offer was threefold: First, to give the farmers a chance to get a start with pure-bred chickens; second, to enlarge the college flock; and third, to get the names of the farmers who are interested in poultry raising.

The desire to get a list of farmers interested in poultry raising certainly has been satisfied, and the prospects for the realization of the other objects are bright.

Stenographers attacked the pile of letters and postal cards, and for several days were busy with these interrogations. The universal question was, "How can we get them?" and the department answered this by sending out 2,500 replies stating the conditions under which the free eggs would be sent out.

It was impossible to answer more queries except by postal cards telling them that their requests had been received too late. Farmers who already

have good pure stock will not be supplied. Here are the conditions that the farmer must agree to before the eggs will be sent to him:

The farmer must agree to keep a record of the fertility and hatchability of the eggs, and give one chicken out of every four raised to September 1 to the college.

The majority of the letters received were from farmers who wanted to get free eggs for the purpose of improving the stock of their flock, but many of those who wrote were merely curious and showed a "something for nothing" spirit.

Swift and Hurry.

New York.—Lawrence Swift and Elizabeth Hurry got their license to marry the other day in just two minutes by Mr. Swift's chronometer. The bride's father is a member of the law firm of Hurry & Galloup.

HORSELESS FUNERAL

Big Automobile Serves as Hearse and Coach for Mourners.

So Unusual Was Scene That Everybody Gave It Some Attention—Fits Nicely in Case of Long-Distance Funeral Affairs.

New York.—There was a horseless funeral at the Grand Central station the other day. So unusual was the scene that almost everybody seemed to give it some attention, and even the horses sniffed at the strange looking vehicle, perhaps with feelings of jealousy at this latest evidence of the passing of their usefulness.

The center of interest was the funeral car, a big black automobile built somewhat on the lines of a Fifth avenue motor bus. It was an immense machine, and as it drew up silently at a side entrance other traffic had to halt. The solemn black of its big limousine body proclaimed its purpose in a way, but except for the fact that the driver's seat was unusually high it might have passed for an extraordinarily large limousine car.

As soon as the car had reached the curb the driver alighted and stood deferentially at the front end of the machine. A moment later there appeared the funeral party, led by the undertaker and his men bearing the coffin.

The mourners, a party of ten, took their seats in the car, these seats being individual chairs of black leather. Then the front of the machine underneath the driver's seat was opened, the coffin was lifted up and slid in. Next some flowers were put in the hearse part of the car and the front doors closed.

Then the driver and the undertaker mounted the front seat, there was the sharp ring of a warning bell, and as quietly swung around and into Forty-second street.

This funeral car had seats for 12 mourners in its limousine part and could carry three on the driver's seat.

GIRLS' MATRIMONY SCHOOL

Prime Essentials of Wedded Happiness Taught in Modern Boston Training Institution.

Boston.—A school of matrimony in which the prime essentials of wedded happiness are now being taught is the latest innovation among Boston's most modern training institutions.

In this school a group of girls, including those from many of the best families in society, are being trained five days a week in the arts which will equip them to become ideal wives, mothers and home-makers.

The matrimonial course includes the following subjects, with which the student must be entirely familiar before she is accredited competent to be a home-maker: Literature, ethics, child study, household arts, house building, textiles and sewing, hand work and design, music in the home, literature for children, home economics, chemistry, biology, social economics, hygiene, dental hygiene, home nursing and the care of delinquent children.

REDUCTION

The Critic—That picture looks like 30 cents.

Poor Artist—I'll take a quarter cash for it.

HELP FOR THE AGED.
No Need to Longer Suffer from Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, 1712 Moffatt St., Joplin, Mo., says: "Like most elderly people, I suffered from kidney trouble for years. My back ached intensely and there was a feeling of numbness in my spine. My hands cramped and the urinary passages were profuse. Doctors prescribed for me but I was not benefited. At last I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They drove my troubles away, and I now enjoy excellent health."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Future.
Ella—What did your aged suitor say when he proposed to you?
Stella—Will you be my widow?

FERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER
Cures the pain and inflammation from one-strings and insect bites. Soothes and allays the awful itching of mosquito bites. 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

There may be people who think they always get their money's worth, but we never met any of them.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They are small, easy to take. No griping.

It is the aim of the man behind the gun to make his mark.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

Is what you are worrying about really worth while?

Valuable Violin for Sale.
It is announced that the "Emperor" violin which is part of the Hadcock collection in London will soon be sold. Its value is estimated at \$50,000. It is claimed to be the best specimen of the work of Antonio Stradivari (1649-1737).

The Bearer of Treasure.
"I understand," said Miss Miami Brown, "that you have a position of great trust and responsibility."
"Yes," replied Mr. Erastus Pinky, "they lets me carry de potterhouse steaks all de way fum de kitchen to de dinin' room."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today. In usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 Doses \$1.

DROVE HUSBAND FROM HOME

Act of Militant Suffragette That Was Too Arbitrary to Be Upheld by the Court.

The results that may ensue from being married to a suffragette were revealed the other day in a London (Eng.) suburban police court. Mrs. Tumelliffe took up the cause and was not able to spend much time at home. When the husband remonstrated she simply commanded her daughter to pack her father's grip-sack and there and then ordered him out of the house.

He went and then the lady sued him for desertion and demanded alimony. "But surely you did not take it so feebly?" asked the magistrate of the husband.

"It was no use objecting," was the answer. "She wanted to be master and said that if I annoyed her she would lock me up. I was only too anxious to go back home, but she would not let me."

The case was dismissed.

PROMINENT FARMER SET FREE

United Doctors Release Mr. Pflug From Disease After Five Years of Suffering.

Jacob Pflug, one of the most prosperous and influential farmers of eastern Nebraska, makes a statement in regard to the United Doctors, those expert medical specialists who have their Omaha institute at 232 Neville block, that is worth the attention of every sick person. Anyone who is in doubt about this matter should write to Mr. Pflug, or to the bank at Papillion, to ask about Mr. Pflug's standing and reliability. Here is his statement:

Papillion, Neb., July 29, 1908.

I want to say to sick people that for fifty years I was a farmer living near Sarpay Mills. Five years ago I began to run down, got rheumatism, and it got so bad I couldn't walk. My stomach would not digest the food I ate. I was bloated all the time; my liver would not do its work properly, and I was dizzy and sick to my stomach. I was so nervous that I could not sleep nights. The muscles all over my body would jerk, and finally I became so bad that I was unable to attend to any of my business.

I had taken treatment during all this time from the best physicians I could find in Omaha and the towns surrounding my home, all of whom did me no good and I continued to get worse until finally my wife helped me to the office of the United Doctors in the Neville block, corner Sixteenth and Harney streets. This was on the eighteenth day of April. The doctor gave me a thorough examination and told me he could not make me a boy again, but would make me lots better. I commenced treatment at once. Within four weeks I had begun to improve, and now, at the end of three months, I am feeling well in every respect and do all the work about the farm. Yesterday I dug potatoes and painted six rods of fence in half a day, and my wife and I put up two tons of alfalfa by ourselves.

I cannot say enough in praise of the United Doctors and what they have done for me. Jacob Pflug.

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