

# The Loup City Northwestern

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## BUILT AN EIGHTY-TON SHIP

South Sea Missionary Who Wanted to Reach His Island Home Proved His Ingenuity.

A person engaged in missionary work in the South seas has had to show the ingenuity of an American missionary in the Society islands, who, though he knew next to nothing of ship carpentry and was, besides, almost destitute of tools, once accomplished the construction of a vessel of 80 tons' burden. It should be added, however, that a his youth this missionary had been apprenticed to an ironmaker.

It appears that, being desirous to reach more distant tribes, this missionary left his home in Raiatea and took passage on a trading vessel for Rarotonga, 800 miles distant. He learned soon after his arrival that ships rarely touched port at that island; and when his visit had extended over several months with no sign of a sail he began to wonder how he should ever get back. Finally, impelled by the stress of his situation, he determined to make a ship by which he could leave the island. The novelty and audacity of this plan amazed and fascinated the natives, who helped him with a will. Pieces of old metal from wrecks and an auger and carpenter's pincers, with several hatchets and knives, trophies of former bargainings by the islanders with white sailors, made up his whole outfit of iron and tools.

First he erected a stone forge and anvil and tried to equip his establishment with a goatskin bellows, but as it was impossible to protect the leather from the rats he substituted a kind of rude air pump, an apparatus that he natives greatly admired. He never lacked hands to blow it. He found plenty of timber—cocoanut and banyan. Having no saw he made his planks by splitting trees and the splinters smoothed them after a fashion with the hatchets and knives. Wood with a natural crook supplied the knees, wooden pins served for nails and the caulking of the seams was done with banana stumps and cocoanut fiber in place of oakum.

After long and patient toil the missionary and his native assistants launched a craft that rode the water. Somehow he contrived, with his amateur native crew, to navigate the vessel safely to his Raiatea home.

### New Use for Sour Milk.

It is now pretty generally believed that sour milk has certain medicinal qualities not possessed by sweet milk. The lactic acid organisms which it contains seem to act as purifiers and disinfectants. It is therapeutic as well as nourishing, and, according to Elie Metchnikoff, promotes a healthy old age and long life.

The fact that the Iowa agricultural experiment station has recently developed a new sour milk food in the shape of lactic acid ice cream is of interest, therefore, to the hygienists as well as the confectioners and soda fountain folks. It is made just as is ordinary ice cream, except that sour milk is substituted for sweet milk. According to the inventors, lactic acid ice cream is very palatable and possesses a certain pleasant twang which renders it peculiarly grateful in hot weather. They see "no reason why lactic acid should not, within a reasonable time become just as popular as sherbet."

### Making It All Right.

Marks—I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night.

Parks—Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you.

### Another Blow at the Sex.

"Men," said the city salesman, "have a lot more sentiment than women. The photographs on the desks of people I visit on business prove that. In the course of a day I talk to about an equal number of men and women. Many of the men keep the picture of the only woman in the world standing in plain view on the desk, but not one woman in a thousand gladders her soul with the photograph of the only man."

### Reply Unexpected.

Wordsworth on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when, "as you know, I was better looking."

"But, my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."—Scribner's Magazine.

### Never Could See It Here.

The little Chicago girl had returned from her first vacation.

"You see lots of funny things when you're in the country," she said. "Out there when it's dark the sky's got a great white streak across it they call the milky way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Different.

"I saw a man the other day at hard labor working out his sentence."

"Ah, an unfortunate criminal."

"No, an anxious author."

### Dibbs Had Noticed It.

Gibbs—"What an aggravating habit Jones has of answering a question by asking another." Dibbs—"Yes, I've noticed that. Last night I asked him if he'd loan me \$5 and he replied by asking me if I took him for a darned fool."

### The Difference.

"A bird is different from all other birds."

"In what respect?"

"What must live by die, but he doesn't die."

## SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIAL IN VIRGINIA



THE trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr. for the murder of his young wife, which is now in progress at Chestersfield, Va., is replete with thrills and sensations. The actual standing of the accused, the circumstances surrounding the killing and the flippant bearing of the alleged murderer have already made the trial a cause celebre. In the picture above are seen (1) Judge Watson, before whom the trial is taking place; (2) the interior of the cell that is occupied by the prisoner; (3) Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., the father of the accused; (4) Sheriff Gill, left; Captain Pollock, center; Beattie with his straw hat partially concealing his face; (5) crowd outside the little court house trying to obtain an entrance; (6) profile view of Beattie.

## BITTEN BY RATTLE SNAKE

### Experience of Oregon Stockman While at Spring.

Struck on Right Arm Between Wrist and Elbow by Snake, Man Makes Desperate Run for Medical Assistance.

Antelope, Ore.—William J. McCreer, who three weeks ago was bitten by a rattlesnake and all but lost his life, is one of the few men in Oregon who have received severe bites and been able to describe in detail how it felt. McCreer was riding the range for horses eight miles east of Antelope. He is a Clarno (Ore.) stockman. He dismounted at a spring to drink and was bitten in the arm. He has nearly recovered, and his story, as printed in Crook county newspapers is as follows:

"Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right; but the snake did as a result of his indiscretion. I've ridden the range so long that no reptile that bites me can survive.

"You can say for me—and I'm an expert now—that rattlers don't always rattle before they strike. This one didn't. I had just got into position to drink from the spring in Gallier canyon when the cuss struck me on the right arm between the wrist and elbow. It felt as though some one had given my arm a hard jerk. The snake hung on by his fangs. I knocked him off with my left hand and killed him. He had six rattles and was about 18 inches long.

"I immediately tore my handkerchief into strips and bound the arm tight at wrist and elbow. I reached for my knife, expecting to cut the wound. When I found I did not have it with me, I was scared. My arm did not pain me then—it was in between my shoulders. That negro was right who said it was 'no disgrace to run when you're scared, so I got on my horse and lit out for Antelope, about eight miles away. By the time I reached a mud hole about a mile from the spring, I was having excruciating pains all over my body, as though my muscles were all contracting. I dismounted and plunged my swelling arm into the mud.

"I think I must have been crazed by the pain, for here I turned my horse loose and started on foot for Billy Malone's house, a distance of four miles. The only thing I remember from the time I left the mud hole till I got to Malone's house, was eating tobacco. My chaps were found later about two miles from the spring, but my hat hasn't been found yet.

"The horse I was riding was a good one, and if I had stuck to him he would have landed me in Antelope in 20 minutes from the time I was struck.

"However, as soon as I arrived at Malone's ranch John Malone cut open the wound and Jack Brogan sucked out as much of the poison blood as he could. Undoubtedly this service is all that saved my life until Dr. Bower arrived from Antelope, which was about

15 minutes after they telephoned for him. A drummer (whose name I do not know, but who has my sincere thanks), brought the doctor out in an automobile.

"It was some time after the doctor arrived until he got my arm to bleeding. I was suffering indescribable agony and my arm was swollen to an immense size and was a glassy blue color. Dr. Bower worked with me all night and I understand took two quarts of blood from my arm. The doctor and Jack Brogan took me to Antelope the next morning, where the treatment was continued through the day. My brothers, George and Ed, had come over from Clarno and looked after me during that night, and then I was under the care of two trained nurses from The Dalles.

"I believe I was bitten about seven o'clock and arrived at Malone's about 9:30. So it was at least two and a half hours before I received medical attention."

**Finds Prehistoric Skull.**  
Laramie, Wyo.—E. B. Adair of Lost Spring, near Douglas, has unearthed a human skull imbedded in stone and believed by archeologists to have antedated the biblical flood. The skull is well preserved.

**Record of Madame Jenny Porchet During Husband's Illness for Three Years, Makes Her Choice for Place.**

Berlin.—Women's rights, indeed! What more could the most ardent suffragette desire than to control the liberties of scores of more men. That is the privilege of Mme. Jenny Porchet, aged 51—the only official woman jailer in the world.

Her prison lies in the pretty town of Aigue, with a population of 4,000, in the valley of Rhone. It forms part of an imposing range of castellated buildings, the most conspicuous in that region.

Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the Aigue prison. When her husband became seriously ill she acted in his place without the local authorities being aware of the fact. Then after three years' illness, Porchet died and the place of chief warden becoming vacant applications were filed. Several men applied for the post, which is fairly well paid and many of them had excellent credentials. Mme. Porchet, however, presented herself before the local commission, explained that during the three years' illness of her husband she had carried on his duties so as not to lose the place, had introduced several minor reforms which had strengthened discipline,

and at the same time made the prisoners more contented. She concluded that she could carry on the same work without fear or favor if the commission would support her.

"I know it is an unusual request to make, for a woman to rule male prisoners and keep them in order, but I am not frightened of a man or half a dozen of them."

This statement brought smiles and nods of approval from the members of the commission, for Mme. Porchet is a hearty, powerfully built, and in the prime of health. Her face shows a character as strong as her frame.

"Gentlemen," she continued, "you may still think that if I were attacked by a prisoner I would be helpless. Will you kindly ask the heaviest guard on the premises to step here so that I can demonstrate to you what I could and would do with a man who dared to attack me."

The president asked Mme. Porchet to retire and after the commission had considered the matter for a quarter of an hour she was informed that it was unanimously agreed to give her a year's trial and if she gave satisfaction the post would be a permanent one.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "and I am sure that I will give you every satisfaction. I did not want to appeal to your sympathies as I have seven children to bring up and the loss of the position would have meant much to them and me."

**Sheep Has Too Many Legs.**  
Petalinga, Cal.—On the early morning train from Geyersville a six-legged sheep was brought to this city. The animal was consigned to J. L. Campbell, and has attracted much attention wherever it has been seen. The animal has four front feet, two extra feet with perfectly formed hoofs, protruding from the shoulders of the front legs. These do not reach anywhere near the ground, and, consequently, do not interfere with the sheep when walking. The animal is a decided freak of nature, and may be placed on exhibition in a menagerie in the near future. The sheep was raised in the Geyersville section.

**John Smith a Bride.**  
Milwaukee, Wis.—A certificate that Harry J. Raals and John W. Smith were united in marriage here caused some astonishment when it reached the health department bureau of vital statistics. It was explained that Miss Smith's father, in disappointment at her sex, had given her a masculine name at birth. The couple are from Beaumont, Tex.

**Daily Thought.**  
Our lives are truly at an end when we are loved no longer.—Lander.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is THAT commends me to my own content, Commends me to the things I cannot get.—Shakespeare.

"To market, to market to buy a fat pig." Birth does not determine destiny. All things are possible to a sound body.

### WE GO A MARKETING.

It is wise to decide before making the visit to the market just what and how much is wanted. There will be plenty of opportunity to change the mind when you find there is nothing in the market that you had planned for.

It is not always possible to visit the market yourself, but it pays in quality and it pays in price when those visits can be made.

The experienced buyer notices the amount of bone, gristle and other waste which certain cuts have, and she will consider the family to be served, the amount likely to be consumed and what may be done with the left-over meat.

If you see the meat cut and weighed you will then know what you have bought.

The one who takes the trouble to do her marketing in person has the pick of the choice things, and those who telephone must take what is left.

Beef to be good should be a bright color, the grain of the meat fine and the fat, yellowish white. Meat that has a fat, mottled appearance is doubtful. The snout of a good animal is white. Good beef is elastic to the touch and will not leave the impress of the finger when removed, although very tender beef may be easily pierced by the finger when pressed too hard.

If you have a good-natured butcher, he will not object to your looking over the meat; they appreciate an intelligent buyer, and the wiser they are in their business the more they enjoy a customer who wants to learn to buy intelligently. Mutton is known at a glance. Bright, crimson red, the fat white and firm. If you can get a sight of the liver it will tell of the state of health better than any other test.

Veal should never be eaten when hung more than a few days in summer, as it taints very quickly. If eaten too fresh it is apt to be tough and 'should be at least an animal of six weeks before marketing.

In testing fowls, a pliable breast bone is a good test if it isn't broken, a test some butchers use to deceive. The skin should be clean, the fowl plump and the legs and feet pliable, and the spurs short in young fowls.

Practice makes perfect in marketing as in other things.

**H. IT is excellent To have a giant's strength; but To use it like a giant. —Shakespeare.**

**DISHES NEW OR UNUSUAL.**  
We are constantly looking for new dishes to vary the monotony of our diet. The following are some that will appeal to the tastes of some.

**A Farmers' Dainty Dish.**—The size of the pot will depend upon the size of the family and its appetite. Peel and slice five potatoes and one small onion; take half a pound of sweet salt pork, cut in thin slices, a pound of veal or beef cut in small pieces; shorten some bread dough and line the bottom of a greased stew pan, put in a few slices of pork, then a layer of meat, potatoes and onion; dust with pepper and salt and cover with a layer of bread dough. Repeat until the dish is full; finish with a crust on top and pour over sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook at the simmering temperature until the vegetables are soft.

The season for venison will soon be here. Just try this when you are fortunate enough to have a steak: Rub the steak with a little butter, and lay it in a hot pan; when cooked on one side turn it over and add a tablespoonful of orange juice and two of currant jelly. Simmer gently for about twelve minutes. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

This is a nice dish for a chafing dish party and can be easily prepared at the table.

**Rabbit With Herbs.**—Cut a rabbit in pieces and place it in a stew pan with butter, parsley, chives, mushrooms, bayleaf and thyme chopped fine. Add sufficient water to cook, and simmer until the rabbit is tender. When ready to serve add a spoonful of flour to the gravy to thicken it.

Wild duck are delicious roasted without stuffing, using instead a bunch of celery in each bird. Do not serve the celery.

Will duck is better served a little more underdone than tame duck.

**Oxtail Soup.**—Take two tails and put into a kettle with a gallon of water and a little salt. When the meat is well cooked take out the bones, add onion, carrot and tomatoes and boil an hour longer.

**Flowers of the Sea.**  
The sea has flowers as the land has, but the most brilliant of the sea flowers bloom not upon plants, but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty which in richness and vividness of color and variety and grace of form rivals the splendor of a garden of flowers.

The finding of the body in the position as seen in the dream is singular.—Hartford Courant.

**Pride in the Family.**  
Tip heard one dark-skinned citizen call another a liar, and looked around to see where he might hide when the razors began to fly. But there was no carving. Instead came this prompt answer: "Deed, I is a liar, but I's de onliest liah in mah family, and I've de whole family iz liahs." Right there the argument ended.

**Singular.**  
We noted yesterday the drowning of a boy named Johnny Ward in Mill river, and stated his body had not been found. That night a man who is familiar with the circumstances of the case had a dream in which he saw the boy, so he states, clinging to a post under a building. Yesterday a careful search for the body was made, and it was found under Daniels' mill on Mill street, the arms of the lad firmly clasped about a piece of timber used for a support to the building.

## SPEED LURE KILLS

### Two Unfortunate Victims at the Chicago Aero Meet.

#### St. Croix Johnstone and "Billy" Badger, Young Aviators Who Lost Their Lives, Were Skilled and Very Popular.

Chicago.—The two aviators who lost their lives while taking part in the fourth day's program of the international aero meet here had careers filled with thrills and comparatively short as bird-men. A desire to attain a record for speed in travel lured both young men into the aviation game.

St. Croix Johnstone was a Chicago boy. He came here a few years after his birth in Toronto, Ont., and was the only son of Dr. Stuart Johnstone of this city. Having won honors in other parts of America and across the sea, the aviator, just twenty-four years old, had returned to his home city to distinguish himself further. It was his first appearance in Chicago as an air pilot since he had obtained his license.

Johnstone obtained his education in the Chicago public schools, later taking a course of instruction at Lewis institute. While subsequently employed in the advertising business the young man became a motorcycle enthusiast and at eighteen was known as a "crack" rider.

Johnstone decided to enter aviation two years ago. He went to Pay, France, and became a student in the Bleriot school. Upon completion of this course he purchased two monoplane planes from Count de Lesseps and gave several exhibitions on the continent. Last October Johnstone went to England to study aeroplanes. He became a licensed air pilot on December 30, 1910, the day before John B. Moisant lost his life at New Orleans.

The young aviator came to America last spring and before his return to Chicago had appeared at Long Island, Detroit, Havana and Toronto. He was for some time a teammate of Harry N. Atwood, the long distance flyer.

Johnstone's flight at Havana is considered the most daring feat of his career as an aviator. He soared over

the narrow streets, where there was no possible landing place had an accident occurred.

Johnstone was married three years ago. His wife had been present at the meet here each day and was among the last ones to give up hope when word from the rescue party out in the lake was awaited.

"Billy" Badger, a native of Pittsburg, was only twenty-four years old in his home city he was popular among his associates. He was unmarried, and following the death of both parents, became a resident at the Pittsburg Athletic club. He inherited \$250,000 from the Badger estate when he became of age three years ago.

The Badger fortune is said to have been amassed by the young aviator's grandfather, Dr. Thomas Badger, as herb doctor. Badger's father conducted a cigar store in Pittsburg. He died several years ago and the aviator's mother, subsequently married to John Goettmann, a restaurant man, died last winter.

Badger was a graduate of Princeton. He had prepared for Princeton at the Lawrenceville academy, at Lawrenceville, N. Y. He seemed contented to get as much speed as possible out of automobiles, until last summer, when an aviation meet was held in Pittsburg. Then he determined to attempt flying.

The young man decided to buy an aeroplane and try for an aviator's license. He bought a machine and practiced for months. Finally he made several successful flights at Mineola, L. I., thus obtaining his license from the Aero Club of America. He had planned, upon the close of the Chicago air meet, to return to Pittsburg and make a fight in his home city.

### FIRST TRACE OF LOST CHILD

Watch Found in the Stomach of an Alligator Indicates Girl Was Eaten.

Forsyth, Ga.—The finding of an initial gold watch and chain in the stomach of a large alligator that died in a pond near here is believed to solve the mystery of the disappearance of 12-year-old Janet Thompson from the home of her parents at Island Grove, Fla., two years ago. The alligator was captured near Island Grove some weeks after the girl disappeared and was brought to this place.

The little girl has never been heard from since she disappeared. When last seen she was standing on the banks of the lake where the alligator was caught, and she was wearing at the time a gold watch with her initials engraved on the case.

It is believed that while the girl was playing on the bank of the lake the alligator devoured her. The parents have been notified, and the watch will be returned to them.

### Warmed-Over Coffee Kills Two.

Brookfield, Mo.—From drinking coffee which had been brewed twelve hours before and left standing over night, two children of A. F. Ferris, a farmer living near here, are dead.

