

## The Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

### WOMEN TAKE TO THE WATER

In Swimming, It Has Been Found, They Prove Stronger Than the Stronger Sex.

Swimming is the one outdoor exercise in which woman frequently excels man. The water is her heritage, but only in the last decade has she taken possession, says the New York Evening World. Plump little Rose Pitman, who covered the distance between East Twenty-sixth street, Manhattan, and Coney Island in eight hours and seven minutes, is one of a growing band of graceful, facile water maidens.

By virtue of physical perfection and stamina Annette Kellerman, the little Australian girl who essayed the English channel, is perhaps the leader of these. Other noteworthy figures are Elaine Golding, the powerfully built Bath beach champion; Eleanor Sears, the Newport society girl; Elsie Thiel, winner of many sprints; Adeline Trapp, a Brooklyn teacher who has conquered Hell Gate; Ethel, Vera and Beatrice Dow of Fort Hamilton, who have swum the Narrows and done still more difficult feats; Evelyn Howell, the Flushing school girl; Augusta Gallup and Clara Hurst, survivors in a race from Brooklyn bridge to Coney Island. Mme. Claire Gutenstein has competed on even terms with men Parisians in crossing the Seine. Mrs. Lena Brandenburg of St. Louis swam the five miles from Eads bridge to the Altheim just to prove that a woman of sixty is not an old woman.

Why, other things being equal, do women swim better than men? Because their conformation is well adapted for this exercise. Because there is usually more adipose tissue under the skin, this protects the body from invading cold. Because, as Doctor Sargent of Harvard says, "women always are and constitutionally ought to be rougher than men."

Origin of the Club. Infrequently women of wit direct their shafts against the clubs so beloved and frequented by mankind. In Ralph Nevill's story of "London Clubs" and their origin and uses are some examples of wit aimed in the opposite direction.

The original conception of a London club was a retreat to which West End men might betake themselves, certain that the troubles and worries of the outside world would not follow them into a building which they regarded as a temple of dignified seclusion and repose.

Perhaps the best description of a club, as it existed in former days, was that given by a witty bishop, who defined it as a place "where women ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest."

Another amusing definition was once given by George Augustus Sala. "A club," said Sala, "is a weapon used by savages to keep the white woman at a distance."—Youth's Companion.

History Repeated. It was at the Circus Maximus.

The Emperor Nero leaned forward in spite of his embodiment, and touched one of the emperor's ladies in walking on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, Agrippina," he said, in excellent Latin, "but would you mind taking down your corsage, so that I can get a look-in at the arena?" There's a massacre today that I'm particularly anxious to see.

Her only answer was a sneer of patrician scorn. Well she knew that Nero had come in on a press ticket, while an easy Roman sultan had paid real money for her seat.

A New Point of View.

A youngster had been very rude to his mother, and she had turned him over to his father to be disciplined. When the following conversation was overheard:

"Ted, did you say so and so to your mother?"

"Yes, dad."

"Well, you will have to settle that matter with her, because she is your mother and not mine. But she is my wife, and I will not allow any man, young or old, to be rude to her. Now you must apologize to me for being rude to my wife, and then you can settle with your mother for being rude to her."

Preparing for the Part.

The terrible storm had passed, and the angry waves, after engulfing many a gallant craft, had subsided.

The captain of the partially disabled steamship, as land hoar in sight, hung a clutch over the starboard bow.

"Merely a bit of stage business," he explained, "all the papers will say tomorrow morning that the great ocean liner came limping into port."

Took Him in Earnest.

A negro bricklayer in Macon, Ga., was lying down during the noon hour, sleeping in the hot sun. The clock struck one, the time to pick up his hod again. He rose, stretched, and grumbled: "I wish I was dead. 'Tain' nothin' but wuk, wuk from maw'nin' till night."

Another negro, a story abo, heard the complaint and dropped a brick on the grumbler's head.

Dazed, he looked up and said:

"De Lawd car' stan' no jokes. He jes' takes ev'rythin' in year'nist."

An Indirect Economy.

"I suppose you find living less expensive since you took to gathering your own mushrooms?"

"A little," replied Mr. Groucher. "We don't save anything on the mushrooms, but all our friends have quit accepting invitations to dinner."

This is Not a "Dafty."

Gilbo—Your wife seems to be a contrary sort of woman.

Lubbo—Contrary! Why, whenever I ask her to darn my stockings she builds her brow.

## ALASKA RICH IN OIL

Wells Choked With Debris to Prevent Natural Flow.

Conflicting Interests Have Long Sought to Control the Output of Petroleum in the Rich Katalalla District.

Seattle, Wash.—A strange story comes from the Katalalla region, in Alaska. Oil wells that were bored half a dozen years ago, and promised great returns in high grade petroleum, were never allowed to become producers because of conflicting interests that were seeking to drive each other out. Recently new owners have prevailed, and the four principal wells near the town of Katalalla were found to be choked with scrap iron, junk, and all sorts of debris. When the flow was taken out the wells flowed 2,100 barrels a day.

For two years or more the country has been discussing the Alaska coal problem, and on yet scarcely a word is ever said about the oil fields which border the great northern coal areas. The country at large hardly realizes that the Alaska oil fields are the newest to be developed on the American continent.

The Katalalla belt is a strip of land along the coast of Alaska adjoining the Copper River delta, and extending eastward toward Mt. St. Elias. To the north is the Bering Lake coal country, and through this territory oil seepages are to be found.

The Indians of that district had noticed these seepages, and had spoken of them to the traders along the coast, but it remained for Thomas White, a pioneer of Alaska even at that time, to make the actual discovery of petroleum. He was hunting on and on the trail of a bear, when he stumbled across one of these black pools. To assure himself that he had found oil he drew out a match, scratched it, and touched the surface of the pond. Instantly he was rewarded with proof. White made the first oil location in Alaska, and soon there was a quiet stampede to the



Oil Well Near Katalalla.

territory. That was 15 years ago.

White went to Alaska in 1889. He was a member of the Israel C. Russell geological expedition that made the first ascent of Mt. St. Elias. Again he climbed the mountain with the Duke d'Abruzzi, when the Italian nobleman wanted to ascend the highest mountain on the continent. That was before the discovery of Mt. McKinley, in the interior of Alaska.

A number of the early claimants organized an oil company which in turn leased to a second company—a Canadian concern—and this again leased to a third company, which finally did the well drilling. But he last company was to pay a big sum of money as soon as oil was discovered in commercial quantities.

The four wells drilled produced oil. How much the outside world did not know, because the three companies began their long struggle to "freeze" out each other. It was not long ago that a fourth company came and got possession of the "old English" property, as it was called, and opened up the choked wells. Two tons of stuff was taken from one bore, and the oil in its exuberance at being released, carried away the top of the derrick. Then it settled down to a steady flow of 720 barrels a day. Oil lost in two of the other wells, but it was found that when the flow was started with a pump, it continued at the same rate of its own accord.

Being so light and volatile, wood containers are useless in handling the Katalalla oil. Therefore iron and steel receptacles and conveyors were ordered, and now are being placed in position.

One tank of 30,000 barrels is being erected at tidewater on Conroller bay, and two others, one of 2,000 barrels and the other of 5,000 barrels, will stand at the wells, about eight miles from the big loading tank. The distance is covered by an iron pipe that will deliver 1,500 barrels a day.

### THIS FAMILY WITHOUT TEETH

False Molars, Used in Common by Indiana Couple, Broken in a Fight.

Elwood, Ind.—It is soup, hash and the like for the subsistence of Mary Myerly and her aged husband now, neither being able to eat solid food since their one set of false teeth, which they used in common, was broken in a fight between the two.

Called before the mayor to explain an attack on her helpmate, Mrs. Myerly said that her spouse was using the teeth when it came her time to eat supper and that he refused to give them up to her. She said that she then hit him over the head with a rolling pin. The much used molars fell from the old man's mouth and the plate was broken.

# NEW NEWS of YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

## First of Submarine Cables

Colonel Colt's Invention That Antedated That of Samuel Morse, but Was Dropped for Manufacture of Revolvers.

Not long ago I told the story of how General Zachary Taylor unconsciously made the revolver popular after its inventor, Samuel Colt, had failed to induce the army and the public to look kindly upon the new weapon. Colonel Colt always gave "Old Rough and Ready" full credit for making the revolver a commercial success, and to his intimate friends he sometimes declared that it was General Taylor, also, who perhaps kept him from being known to fame as the inventor of the transatlantic cable. One of the friends to whom he thus expressed himself was Marshall Jewell, who was a fellow townsman of Colt's, in Grant's cabinet as postmaster-general, before that minister to Russia and twice governor of Connecticut, and like Colt, for many years one of the leading manufacturers of Connecticut.

"When the country was going wild over the laying of the first Atlantic cable," said Governor Jewell, "and over the exchange of messages between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan, Colt told me that a number of years earlier—at about the time when Professor Morse was perfecting his telegraph system—he conceived the idea that it would be possible to lay a telegraph line upon the bed of a river or along the coast that would be successful, and he furthermore was of the opinion that there was nothing in science which stood in the way of laying a telegraph line upon the ocean bed from continent to continent.

"Now Sam Colt was a man who, when an idea occurred to him involving invention and experiment, never let it lapse unless he had tested it and found it wanting. So he had a good many talks with Professor Morse in the latter's little laboratory on the top floor of a building facing Washington Square, in New York, and he learned from Morse that the great obstacle that stood in the way of a submarine telegraph line was inability to secure an insulating medium. "That statement was sufficient to set Sam Colt at work experimenting to see whether or not he could find some inexpensive material which would serve as an insulator to a telegraph wire under water. He made a good many experiments. Rubber was out of the question; it was too costly. But it occurred to him that cotton yarn was cheap and that if he soaked the yarn in beeswax, which is a non-

conductor, and put it around a wire, protecting the whole with asphaltum, and then carried the wire thus insulated through a lead pipe, he would overcome the difficulty.

"This scheme of insulation worked perfectly in the laboratory; and Colt procuring a wire long enough to stretch from Fire Island to what is now Coney Island, N. Y., insulated it with his mixture, encased the whole in a lead pipe and sunk it beneath the waves. This was the first submarine telegraph cable laid; so far as transmission of electric signals was concerned it was successful, and Colt, after the Morse telegraph had been proved a commercial success a year or two later, determined to develop the submarine cable commercially, first by laying short ocean cables, and then a transatlantic one.

"But, 'curiously enough,' as Sam Colt used to put it to me, just when he was all but over the preliminary work, General Zachary Taylor, then fighting the Mexicans, sent in to him an order for a thousand revolvers, which Colt had ceased to make a number of years before because no one would buy the weapon—and Colt, seeing a splendid business chance in Taylor's order, at once set to work to fill it, the result being that a large demand soon grew up for the revolver. The meeting of this demand occupied all of Colonel Colt's time and energy, and as he saw a fortune rapidly growing out of the manufacture and sale of the weapon, he thought

## Chance Meeting of Enemies

How Isaiah Rhynders, Rabid Pro-Slavery Advocate, and William Lloyd Garrison, Leader of Abolitionists, Became Acquainted.

The present generation has forgotten Isaiah Rhynders. Yet in the antebellum days his name was a familiar one. It symbolized northern pro-slavery sentiment. Its bearer was regarded by the abolitionists as a sort of ogre, a man dominated by ferocity of political sentiment. He was, indeed, one of the most rabid of all the pro-slavery Democrats of the north, and as United States marshal for the southern district of New York, to which office he was appointed first by President Pierce, he bent his energies to running down fugitive slaves and returning them to their masters. I met Marshal Rhynders in 1875. To my surprise, I saw a man of slender build, a man of most gentle demeanor,

less and less of the submarine cable, finally dropping from his mind all his old plans in connection with it. "Perhaps, had he held to those plans, they might have been successful. Sam Colt to the day of his death always held that they would have been successful; and he likewise always believed that Cyrus W. Field got his first idea of submarine telegraphy from the little cable that was laid by Colt in New York harbor back in 1843."

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### Story of a \$50 Bill.

A most charming Philadelphia woman came to New York for the day and her husband handed her a fifty-dollar bill for tips and small change, relates the New York Telegraph.

At the station in Philadelphia she left the Pullman to buy a periodical, leaving her bag carelessly on the seat. There was another woman occupying the adjacent chair. Upon her return the Philadelphia woman opened her bag and found no fifty-dollar bill. She made no accusation, but when the other woman fell asleep she quietly opened her bag and abstracted the bill.

In New York they bowed amicably and parted. When the Philadelphia returned home her husband asked her if she had enjoyed the trip.

"Yes, but I spent all the money," she replied.

"All the money," said the husband. "Why, I was worrying over the fact that you left your fifty-dollar bill on your dressing table."

## WONDERS OF LONG LIFETIME

Michigan Nonagenarian Who Has Lived Through Ninety-one Most Marvelous Years.

Plainwell, Mich.—From the slow plodding of the saddle horse and the grating ponderosity of the ancient stage coach to the rapid rush of the great locomotive; from the lingering postman to the wireless message; from the crude sailing vessel to the airship of the present day—these are some of the changes witnessed by anyone who may have lived through the most of the past century—an epoch-making period—and Mrs. Sophia Bush of this village, who recently



passed her ninety-first birthday, remembers them all and her lively and unclouded mentality still maintains an interest in these great things of life, extraneous though they may be to her quiet ways of existence.

Grandma Bush, as she is commonly called, is a remarkable woman, silver of hair and benign of expression, and she scans her daily paper without the aid of spectacles.

She was born at Dingwall in the highlands of Scotland. It was a little town and during her girlhood she remembers seeing there Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell and William E. Gladstone, indeed the grandfather of the last named was mayor of the town. She remembers distinctly the festivities incidental to the coronation of Queen Victoria.

She came to America in 1839 by sailing vessel and the voyage took five weeks. The few steamboats of that day were considered entirely too dangerous to be trusted. From New York she came west via the Hudson river, Erie canal and the great lakes. At that time there were only two rail roads in the United States; one ran from Schenectady to Albany, N. Y., and the other from Detroit to Ann Arbor, Mich. By means of the latter railway, in a train that was plain, slow, cramped and jolty, she reached Ann Arbor. There a man and team were engaged and for days she rode through the dense forests to Gun Plains, Allegan county, where her home has since been.

In contrast to her latest journey, upon which she visited Chicago, boarding a parlor car at her home station, she reached the city without change, and an automobile took her to the home of her relatives. She is not at all nervous about the "devil wagons" and rather enjoys a little speed stunted down the boulevard. In going to the station upon her return home, she motored past Grant park, where a dozen aviators were clearing the air like birds, in close proximity of yet more wonderful modes of transportation.

### ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Olga Roosevelt, a Popular Young Washington Heiress, Soon to Be Married.

Washington.—Miss Olga Roosevelt, whose engagement to Dr. Breckinridge Bayne of Washington has just been announced, is the daughter of



Perhaps half an hour later William Lloyd Garrison came from the postmaster's room through the anteroom where he met us. His face was beaming. "I found Marshal Rhynders a most interesting and entertaining man," he said. "I am glad to have had the opportunity to meet and chat with him." Then he went away, and as he did so Marshal Rhynders stepped into the anteroom.

"Garrison is a great man and a good man," he said, earnestly, sincerely. "We became friends. I shall always remember the conversation I have just had with him, and I am glad to think that he may have obtained a different impression of me than he had in the days when slavery was a great issue."

"Oh, my darling is lost again!" she cried, as soon as he got into the house. "What little darling?" "You unfeeling monster! Our little darling."

"Oh, the scroot?" "Yes, if you must talk like a brute, the scroot—the mutt—anything you wish. And I want you to advertise for him."

He promised to do it, and this is the ad, as it appeared:

"Lost—A sausage shaped dog, answering, when hungry, to the name of Baby. A reward will be paid for his return to 35 Dash avenue, dead or alive."

# WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADDIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Who will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

### SECOND BIBLE A NECESSITY

Experienced Minister Knew What He Was Talking About When He Advised Junior.

"Now that you are married," said the experienced minister to the young curate, "you will have to stop using the church Bible for home study. Oh, yes, I know how it is. You get attached to a certain Bible, and can study better with that right under your nose, and would willingly pack it back and forth for the inspiration it affords. I've been through it. Used to do that very thing myself, but after half a dozen vols. and a pair of gloves and some little lacey things that I shall not attempt to specify floated down from the pulpit on Sunday mornings in view of the astonished and amused congregation, I accustomed myself to two Bibles. The women folk will put things into the Bible to press. It is a habit you can't break them of, and the first thing you know these feminine knickknacks go sailing away to humiliate you."

That night the curate turned the pages of his Bible carefully. A vell and a scrap of lace fell out. He sighed. The next day he began to cultivate an affection for a second Bible.

### THEN THE AGENT FLED.



Insurance Agent—I'd like to write a policy on your life.

Mr. Brighton Early—Better not. I was born under a lucky star. If you'd insure me today it's ten to one I'd die tomorrow.

Wifely Sarcasm. "I hear they are wearing nothing but old clothes at Plunkville-under-the-Peak. That's the place for you to go, wife."

"Yes. I can take seven trunks of old clothes. If old clothes are the racket, I can make a splash."

In Cold Storage. "I am afraid, your honor, this prisoner is a bad egg."

"H'm! Then we'd better put him in the cooler."

How About It? It may as well be true that the rolling moss gathers no rocks.

### The Flavour of Post Toasties

Is so distinctly pleasing that it has won the liking of both young and old who never before cared much for cereal food of any kind. Served direct from the package—crisp and fresh, and—

### "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

## The Last Hope

When Lemuel Gregg died, a cousin from a distant town appeared, saying he had come to settle the estate and take the residue, as Lemuel's only kinsman. He had a jaunty air at first, but at the end of a week he had acquired a watchful and anxious expression. When he stepped into the office of Lawyer Mears, on Saturday afternoon, he seemed to be extremely nervous.

"Well, how are you coming out?" asked the lawyer. "I suppose it's all clear sailing, isn't it?"

"Clear sailing!" echoed the executor. "Do you suppose I'd be here with a fee to pay if 'twas clear sailing? I'm desperate, I tell you!"

"There isn't a thing left of Cousin Lem's estate excepting a two-dollar bill and three pewter plates. I want to know if there's any way that I can oblige the town to accept those plates for the tax bill that sprung up on me after I thought I'd got every-

thing paid? If there is, I'll give you a dollar, and use the other half of that two-dollar bill to get back to where I came from, this very night."—Youth's Companion.

### Their Lost Darling.

"Oh, our darling is lost again!" she cried, as soon as he got into the house.

"What little darling?" "You unfeeling monster! Our little darling."

"Oh, the scroot?" "Yes, if you must talk like a brute, the scroot—the mutt—anything you wish. And I want you to advertise for him."

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### "The World's Mine Oyster."

Professor Deland had been favored with the acquaintance of most of the members of his son's class, and when the time of graduation from the high school approached, William and a delegation from the class asked the professor's advice as to a suitable design for the medallion.

"We want something to be mounted on a pin," said one of the boys, "and we thought a design that had a boy's figure and a globe would be about right, to show that the whole world is before us, you know."

"Of course the boy's figure would be the important thing," said William, hastily. "We thought perhaps the globe might be at the boy's feet. How does the idea strike you, father?"

"It is not wholly unfamiliar to me," said the professor. "But why have the globe at the boy's feet, William? Why not have it lying in the palm of his hand?"—Youth's Companion.

### The Combast.

"We are turning a lot of young lawyers out." "Don't worry. They'll get back at us by taking us in."