

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Sultan Tosoon should have his name changed to Toosoon.

Geronimo probably has confessed that he was an old chief of sinners.

Jamaica should be a good market for cyclone cellars during the next few months.

"I sleep like a babe," says Corbett. What poetic language these hard-fisted fighters use!

Apparently Mount Vesuvius' grudge against the existing order of things is deep and lasting.

The new college of journalism is primarily intended, however, to produce newspaper men.

Undoubtedly Russia and Japan are merely bluffing. Neither has begun to invest in Missouri mules.

It would be well worth going many miles to see Mr. Jeffries and a good swift red devil collide head-on.

Thomas Cooksey Ward, "The Sage of Maryland," is dead at the age of 111. It takes a sage to reach that age.

A St. Paul girl tried the old reliable test to discover if they were mushrooms or toadstools. It worked.

California regrets to report that she has not pruned enough this year to create trouble in even the Hungarian diet.

Literary people should live as near as possible to nature without getting too far away from the publishers.—Puck.

Perhaps if they had allowed Mr. Corbett to take an ax into the ring with him the result might have been different.

Prof. Langley should not be discouraged. If his machine will not fly perhaps it will be a success as a submarine boat.

A Chicago professor has undertaken the task of writing six large books about money. That's his scheme for getting money.

If a man will only keep on making love to a woman after he has married her they can keep on fooling themselves indefinitely.

Live shells were fired at a French warship without any apparent effect upon it. However, Dewey's men were not behind the guns.

Unfortunately the people of the world would like most to be rid of are never the ones who get mixed up in those tunnel accidents.

Lawrence, Kas., had a wind storm the other day that made some of the old settlers think for the moment that Quantrell had come again.

How would it do for the nations, before further increasing their navies, to have a few of the rocks dug out of the oceans, so the boats will have room?

"The sheep which were imprisoned in the turret of the French cruiser Suffren"—that's just what they were doing, even if they were not seriously injured.

It is generally known that potatoes contain a large percentage of alcohol but are we to infer that this is most generously liberated in the process of mashing?

There is a man at Laurel, L. I., who claims that in the sixty years of his life he has eaten 87,000 pancakes. Some people don't seem to have any sense of shame.

Representative Baker of Brooklyn, who will neither accept railroad passes nor appoint cadets to Annapolis, must have got into politics by mistake.—Buffalo Express.

That man in Mount Vernon who let his wife compel him to sleep for a month in the chicken coop has shown unconsciously that it takes a wife to measure accurately the dimensions of her husband.

The San Francisco earthquake and the eruption of Mt. Colima, following the outburst from Vesuvius, afford ample evidence that the disturbance inside the great round ball on which we live has not been settled yet.

"If you are bitten by a rattlesnake," says an authority, "and can't get whisky, eat tobacco—a pound if necessary. It will cure you." Life is sweet, and there are men, doubtless, who would pay even this price for it.

The Toledo Blade says: "Miss Fairy Titmarsh has a pair of calves that can not be beat in this section of our glorious republic." Perhaps somebody will write a poem about them, as somebody did about Mary's little lamb.

Some immense waterspouts have been seen in Nome, and it has been hailing blocks of ice in Colorado, but not a solitary sea-serpent has shown up at any of the seaside resorts this summer. The sea-serpent liar must be taking a vacation this year.

ENTERTAINING NATURE'S CHILDREN



Pink Teas to the Bug and Bird Select

they are ready to fly and gives them a home, which, if not the equal of the woods, is wonderfully adapted, nevertheless, to their wants and peculiarities. As soon as a specimen has been studied carefully both in habit and song and markings, it is permitted to go, while in Miss Marvin's books another sketch is made and another biography completed.

"You would naturally suppose," said Miss Marvin to a visitor, "that the birds once freed would never again wish to see the artificial life I have prepared for them, but this is not always the case. Not long ago, for instance, I liberated a Baltimore oriole after he had grown up and I had finished studying him. Early in the following morning my maid heard a terrific flapping of wings on the window pane in the back room, and she called to me that two birds were trying to get in. One of these visitors proved to be my old oriole and he had brought back with him a mate. Although at first obviously ill at ease, this new acquaintance to my ranks soon adjusted herself to her new surroundings. The old oriole feels his authority, being perhaps the 'oldest inhabitant,' and his impertinent conduct while on morning parade is most amusing."

The large cage is like an ever-changing kaleidoscope of color. The brown and red of the robins and the flashing bluebirds' wings mingle with the more sober hues of the teal, the flycatcher and the meadow lark, and conspicuous through all is the restless scarlet oriole, a living spot of fire.

"Are there ever any misunderstandings between your animals that you are called upon to settle?" Miss Marvin was asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a smile. "I am often compelled to don the cap and cloak and arbitrate in their quarrels. Even the smallest animals, if patiently trained, can be made to learn the lesson of obedience to mankind. For an entire year, my first in New Jersey, I fed the birds out of that east window every morning. Now I can't keep them away. Promptly at half after six—we are early risers, you see—the clatter begins beneath the window. My appearance upon the scene is the signal for a noisy morning greeting. Up they come in swarms not even waiting for me to throw the food on the ground for them. Sometimes there are as many as twenty birds, all noisy, all hungry, in a feathery ball around the bread pan."

"I have known stragglers who had not received their portion to fly against the window after it had been closed in an attempt to tell me that they had been forgotten, while in the summer, when the window is left open, they will come six and seven at a time to line themselves on the table and pick up remnants."

"It is interesting to see the signals that are exchanged between the free and the captive birds. On pleasant days I roll back the glass roof so that the animals may get the warm sun and air, and it is not uncommon for free birds that I have fed to fly down into the room and with fluttering wings cry out discordant challenges to the prisoners."

"Once every week on the same day I give a little informal 'pink tea,' as it were, on my front lawn. There is spread a suitable feast, and I have known squirrels and even the shy woodchuck to come unbidden from the stone fence and partake gingerly of my bounty, braving the danger of the open road and my pet dachshund Creole, who entertains, I imagine, feelings of great jealousy."—New York Press.

Although wealthy and really pretty Miss Genevieve Hoadley Marvin cares not for social success among her fellow human beings. It is true that she has indulged in a more or less mad scramble to get into society, but it is the society of the birds and beetles and small animals that haunt the verdant woods around the picturesque little cottage, near Whippany, N. J., where she and her mother live, to which she is "at home."

It seems impossible that your servant should bring in a card marked "A Raccoon," but that is almost what takes place in the Marvin household any summer day.

"Please ma'am says Miss Marvin's maid, "a raccoon is at the front door and would like to see you. He says he's hungry."

A scramble follows and Miss Marvin immediately descends to the lower floor, where her strange visitor is charmingly entertained with steak and potatoes.

Love for all things, great and small, is the only credential that will admit you to animal society, says Miss Marvin, and no one is better qualified to speak in this connection, for her home is a small zoo and nearly 200 creatures of the nearby fields and forest enjoy her hospitality.

So persistently has Miss Marvin demonstrated her friendliness for animals by innumerable acts of thoughtful kindness that squirrels for a mile around know her and will come from the thickets at her call, while raccoons, field mice, weazels, woodchucks and even many of the birds follow her as she takes her morning walk through the woodland.

This has not been accomplished without much labor. For many months Miss Marvin battled against the nat-

ural and inherent timidity of the "people of the wild," and day after day she threw bread crumbs to the birds and left tempting bones and bits of meat in her front yard for the larger animals; she coaxed and begged and wheedled, and made it a rule always to wear the same bright red outing jacket when she went forth to win the confidence of her tiny friends. The wearing of this particular jacket, she explains, was to impress upon the animals her distinction from the confusion of farm hands and other persons living in the neighborhood. Even to this day she wears the red jacket while out in the woods, and she confesses with evident regret that she is afraid many of her pets would not know her if she were to appear in any other color.

The proverbial "happy families" of the big zoos and circuses cannot be compared to the amazing collection of animals all under one roof in the Marvin cottage. A room jutting out into the shaded back yard, with one side well grown with plant life, is the summer recreation spot and district hospital of 150 different creatures of various kinds, ranging from the ordinary pinching bug to the bullfrog. You are dimly conscious of an incessant hopping, twittering and jumping when you step into this stationary ark. A large cage, closed in with wire, takes up the left corner of the room, and in this cheerfully abide some thirty-five specimens of the bird families of New Jersey.

It is by no means a part of Miss Marvin's scheme to imprison these songsters for a lifetime. Indeed, none of them has been kept longer than eight months in the cage. Thoroughly conversant with the many different nests and their broods, she takes the best specimens just before

Population of China.

So much has been said of the "teeming millions" of China that the official census recently published by the imperial treasury department of China is of no little interest, since it furnishes a method of determining just how many "teeming millions" there are. It appears that the celestial empire contains 428,000,000 inhabitants, and that China proper—the eighteen provinces—contains 407,000,000. The number of inhabitants per square kilometer varies from 201 in Honan to 32 in Kansu and is on the average 103 in the eighteen provinces. In Mongolia, the number is 7, in Manchuria 9, in Tibet 5, and in Turkestan 8. For comparison it may be recalled that Germany has 105 inhabitants per square kilometer, Belgium 220 and the United Kingdom 130.

The Wild Ostrich.

There are just four regions in which the wild African ostrich is now found. He lives in considerable numbers in Arabia, where he has been little hunted. In Africa his most northern habitat is the Sudan and the southern part of the Sahara, from the Red Sea almost to the Atlantic ocean. He does not live in the excessively moist regions of central Africa, but in the drier countries between the Indian ocean and the Nile he is found in considerable numbers. His fourth home in Africa is in the great dry districts of German West Africa, from the Atlantic ocean more than half way across the continent.

Human Ball Between Locomotives.

While crossing the Pennsylvania railway tracks at York, Pa., Saturday night, 12-year-old Harry Amig was struck by the train he had not seen and tossed in front of the engine he was seeking to avoid. This one promptly pitched him back, with the regulation curves, but engine number one played hot ball in return and for the third time the boy was sent whizzing through the air. Fortunately he landed between the tracks this time, where he was quickly surrounded by a group of horrified spectators. The surprise of the crowd and the joy of the youngster when it was discovered that he had not even a scratch to show for his dangerous experience is better left to the imagination than otherwise. The experiment, however, will not bear repetition.

What Could She Do.

"I am glad," said the wealthy merchant, "that the baby is a girl."
"Wouldn't you rather have a boy that you could train to succeed you in business?"
"No, indeed," replied the wealthy merchant. "A boy would go to college, learn to play baseball and probably become a member of one of the professional leagues. He would be of no business advantage to me whatever. But a girl—"
"What can a girl do?"
"Why, she can marry the confidential clerk who is gradually stealing everything I've got, and so keep the money in the family."

Argument Had Effect.

Rev. Sanford Olmsted, the new Episcopalian Bishop of Colorado, is noted for the skill with which he can collect money for charity. St. Asaph's church, at Bala, Pa., was Bishop Olmsted's last charge, and this church, under his pastorate, actually had more money than it could spend. Here is an instance of Bishop Olmsted's address as a collector. He called on a man one day who was well to do, but somewhat close. He asked for money for a worthy charity, and the man said:
"I'd give something gladly, but the fact is I've only \$300 by me in cash—\$300 that I've put aside for my funeral."
"You trust God with your soul," said Bishop Olmsted, "but you're afraid to trust Him with your funeral, eh?"
This comment gained the bishop a generous contribution.

Learning Foreign Languages.

One of the most interesting features of the social life of Antwerp is the polyglot clubs for the mutual teaching of foreign languages, especially English, German and Spanish. Members meet every week, and all the proceedings—lectures, reading, and conversation—are conducted in languages other than French or Flemish. Mistakes of pronunciation are corrected by those present in the most friendly manner. These clubs have given a great stimulus to the acquirement of foreign languages.

Lochinvar



As Revised by Santos-Dumont

"Will you fly with me, my darling, to some happier distant clime, Where the only cruel parent is relentless Father Time? Seven Summers have departed since the blessed day I knew That in all the Solar System there was none like unto you. 'Tis your photogenic pater who has ever held me back. Coldly sneering as he shovels coupons in a bulging sack. And he swears in shocking phrases that he'll never consent to me As a member of his household till I've heaped up millions three. Now, I'm shy two million ducats, and a half a million more. We must die or fly together, let the King of Finance roar!"

Then she spoke: "We'll wait no longer, let us go this very night. Are you sure the airship's ready and the engine's working right? I will meet you in the garden when the stroke of midnight rings. Now be good, and leave me, darling. I must go and pack my things."

When a winged phantom sweeping with a hissing, sighing rush, Settled gently in the shadows of the sleeping garden's hush, There were whispers: "Test the current, oil the fans and steering wheel; Try the motors, shift some ballast for ward of the sliding keel." There's a flutter and a rustle, and a stifled, sobbing cry: "Hurry, George, all is discovered; oh, I know that I shall die." As a mighty wind of Autumn sings among the tossing trees, So the airship *Hurricane* swept her pinions to the breeze, Rising slowly till the city faded in a smudge of black. Then she winged her hurtling passage o'er the moonlit southern track. Engines throbbed, the ship was vibrant. Said the Captain: "That'll do. Eighty knots, sir; any harder, and she'll shake herself in two." But behind, portentous looming, growing larger all the while, Showed a shadow that meant trouble in another flying mile. Said the Captain: "That's the flagship of the Aerial express. She can do an easy hundred, and a trifle more, I guess. In a moment o'er the quarry flashed a searchlight's blinding glare. While the maiden shrieked, half fainting, in the depths of her despair. "Clear the rapid-firing rifle that we keep for pirate crews. Load," said George, "and blow him out of both his wicked shoes." "Tis my father!" cried the maiden. "Spare him, for he loves me so!" "All right, Gunner, only wing her—bet or aim a trifle low. And you'll smash a shaft or engine that will cripple the machine, And your father, darling Nora, will be in the soup toreen." While the maiden shrieked, half fainting, in the depths of her side, As a broken-winged eagle eddies, stricken in his pride. "They'll not perish—little danger, turn our searchlight!" called the mate. "Manning parachute preservers." "See 'em hustle!" "Ain't it great?" Soon there dropped a round object, like a fat pear from a tree. Falling gently, kicking wildly, shouting language black and free. "Good-bye, father, keep your hat on, and be careful where you light!" Laughed the maiden, while the sailors yelled a jubilant "Good night!"

Where the palm trees droop 'neath tropic skies this modern pair were wed, And the airship's thirty sailors made the isle a vivid red. But the aspic-like falling star came down upon a fence. And in his cushioned frame were knocked some rather painful dents. He lives alone, and mourns the day he ever did pursue That wilful daughter, her young man and *Hurricane's* crew. —RALPH D. PAINE in New York Times.

Had "Money to Burn."

"Money to burn" is a phrase that one is likely to regard as belonging to modern slang, and of recent origin, but it was used more than fifty years ago, with a slightly different meaning, by a farmer living in western New Hampshire.

This man—who may be called Smith, as that happened to be his name—was sued for a debt which he declared that he did not owe, and he contested the charge hotly, but nevertheless judgment was found against him. Smith said the evidence was false, and vowed he would never pay the amount. As the law at that time allowed imprisonment for debt, he moved over the line into Vermont to escape arrest.

Now, Mr. Smith had always prided himself upon being an honest, law-abiding citizen, who paid his taxes and owed no man a penny, and the injustice of the action against him rankled in his soul. He wished to show his utter contempt for the decree and the court that had made such a travesty of justice, and to outwit its officers in their effort to take him into custody. So every Sunday old

Smith crossed over the Connecticut river from Vermont and paid a visit to his old neighbor, Abner Crain. He made no secret of his coming, secure in the knowledge that the law could not reach him on Sunday, and he took good care to get back before the hour which ushered in the legal weekdays.

After dinner Mr. Crain and he used to take a stroll about the place to look at the crops, and then settle themselves comfortably in chairs on the shady porch and take out their pipes for a quiet smoke. This was Smith's happiest moment. Reaching down into his trousers pocket, he would pull out a big roll of banknotes and peel one off the bunch. Leisurely folding the note lengthwise into a spill, he would then reach over and light it at the pipe Mr. Crain was already puffing, and, as he applied the burning paper to his own, he would remark in complacent tones between the puffs:

"I've got money to burn, neighbor; money to burn; but I'll never pay that judgment with it, never! I'll burn it all first!"

"Cash" Clay's Black Look.

The following story is related of Gen. Clay's power as an orator:

A man was once being tried for murder, and his case looked hopeless indeed. He had, without any seeming provocation, murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister.

The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was roused, and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted.

Then came a trial the like of which has seldom been seen. Clay looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self-defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence.

The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, and laid all the proof before them in a masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look, and carrying the most undying hatred in it ever seen—"gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this, what would you do?"

That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled, and some even quailed in their seats. The judge moved uneasily on his bench. After some fifteen minutes the jury fled slowly back with a "Not guilty, your Honor." The victory was complete.

When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory he said:

"It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most obtrusive case."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Told by "Mother" Jones.

"Mother" Jones, her small band of strikers about her, sat sewing in a lodging house in Jersey City. She was mending the clothes of the men and boys of her army.

"I am used to roughing it," said "Mother" Jones. "I am an American of the old style. I date back to the times when everybody dined at noon, and pie was our only dessert."

"Tell us about those times," said a reporter.

"Well," said "Mother" Jones, "I'll tell you about the Lake Superior steamers of the old days. I rode on one of those steamers in my girlhood. Everything was primitive.

"I remember how the captain of this steamer on a Sunday morn-

gath-tered the passengers about him, held up his hand for silence, and began:

"I want to let you know that a meetin' will commence at once in the aft cabin. Good mornin' and all welcome. I would also state that I have got up, in accordance with the wishes of several passengers, an Indian foot-race on shore for a barrel of flour. Select your own amusement, friends."

"I," said "Mother" Jones, "selected the meeting, and so did all the other women passengers. It was well for us, too, that we did; for we learned afterward that, though the footrace was a great success, one of the Indians entered it with nothing on but a calico shirt and ended minus even that."

Fast Automobile Travel. An Englishman has covered 427 miles in 21 hours and 16 minutes with his automobile.