

Loup City Northwestern

SUPPLEMENT

The Loup City Northwestern

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If the signs of the times are not far wrong, the Roosevelt wave is beginning to recede rapidly. One of the signs is the growing moroseness of the hero of San Juan, in his missionary trip over the country preaching for votes. The sight of a Taft man, Taft banner or Taft button, makes the sole owner of the wingless party fly into a tangent and engage in a tirade of abuse of the man who is afflicted with Taftitis, and he is at once designated as a thief, or at least as a receiver of stolen goods, if not the actual culprit. And this is very unpretty and with corresponding loss of dignity in one who aspires so high. It is generally accepted that the fellow who is in the wrong, and knows it, is the one who loses his temper first. Then, too, Mr. Roosevelt in his wanderings has not met with the crowds and enthusiasm he expected. The crowds attracted seem too unresponsive and lacking in interest, appearing quiet and curious, with utmost indifference showing in their face. In fact the general apathy is so apparent even to the colonel that the nearer he gets to the goal of defeat, the more his usually iron nerve shows signs of breaking. Even many of those who at first insisted he would surely be elected have weakened to the point that he will come in a good second, while others are getting behind the assertion that he does not expect election, but is merely in the forefront to organize a new political movement which shall sweep the country four years hence, making him the immortal John Brown of this latter day. Too bad! is the expression of genuine regret heard on all side, that Theodore Roosevelt ever descended from the exalted throne on which an American people had placed him, and gotten down where he was found to be just a common mixture of clay and ambition, just like the rest of us. Our American joss has evidently beheaded himself.

Saturday of this week comes the mass meeting of Roosevelt followers in this city. If you are a Mooser, come out and show your colors. God hates a coward. Line up. We want to see how many of you boys there are, even if we can't just feel like "rooting" for you.

Which is more unendurable a thin-skinned democrat or a thin-skinned editor?

John Minshull returned home last Saturday from an extended trip to the Pacific Coast, returning by way of Canadian points. John denied having accumulated any land holdings during his absence, returning fancy free.

There will be a reception given by the churches of our city to the teachers of our city schools and all teachers residing in our city, on Friday evening of this week, Sept. 27, at 8 o'clock, at the Methodist church. All invited.

HORSE OWNERS ATTENTION: We have been experimenting with a new remedy for the horse disease, designed to be given after the horse has taken sick, and so far, we are pleased to report good results in the majority of cases. Come in and we will be pleased to tell you about it. **THE REXALL STORE.** Vaughn & Hinman.

Mr. A. L. Zimmerman received a telegram last Saturday announcing the death of his oldest sister, Mrs. F. A. Whitmore, that morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. H. Seymour, at Swanton, Neb. The funeral occurred on Monday of this week, but it was impossible for Mr. Zimmerman to reach there in time for the obsequies. Mrs. Whitmore will be remembered as the pleasant little silver-haired lady who visited here some three years ago, making friends of all whom she met. Her death came as a sad surprise to the brother as he had had no intimation of even her illness. She was about 72 years of age.

Mrs. English, who comes to Loup City for her great Prison Story, Oct. 2nd, has just returned from a very successful Chautauqua season in Iowa, where she spoke to more than 35,000 people. At several places this story of Prison life drew the record breaking crowds. This story will be given in the Presbyterian church. Admission 35c, 25 and 20c.

Mrs. English also gives talks to women and girls, and the ladies of Loup City have asked her to remain over and give two of these lectures, and if the way opens, she will do so. Speaking on Thursday evening, Oct. 3rd, on The Young Girl and Her Problems, to which all girls over 13 years, and all women are invited.

On Friday evening, Oct. 4th, she will speak on Health and Beauty, a subject of vital interest to all women. This lecture will be given in a gymnasium suit, and exercises will be given to reduce flesh, to build up and strengthen the body, etc. How to stand, sit and walk will also be given, also care of the complexion, etc. This talk has attracted thousands of women. More than 1000 per day being present in Mrs. English's Chautauqua work. Costing, as it has, many hundreds of dollars to get her lecture together, the ladies of the community will do well to avail themselves of Mrs. English's experience. She believes in a sound mind, a sound body and in her own splendid physique has demonstrated her theories. Admission, to women only, 25c.

Editor Chas. T. Miller of the Can- nelton (Ind.) Enquirer, accompanied by his wife, arrived last evening in this city and are guests of Banker W. F. Mason and family. Mrs. Miller is in quite poor health, and the trip to the west is hoped to of great benefit to her. They expect to continue their visit a fortnight or more.

The light and illumination of the amphitheater of Hastings will be one of the beautiful features of every night during the exhibition of Palm's fireworks spectacle, "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," which will appear here the week of October 7th.

The grounds will be brilliantly lighted throughout. The grandstand and the stage of Pompeii requires thirty arc lights. In addition to this there are fifty calcium and spot lights being used for illumination of the stage in the scenic city. This is sufficient lights in itself to light an ordinary city of four or five thousand. The grounds and buildings will be excellently policed, and everything possible done by the management for the comfort and safety of the crowds expected.

An elaborate specialty bill is rendered during the progress of the fete day in Pompeii, and immediately following the earthquake an eruption of mimic volcano, a big fireworks program will be presented nightly, introducing the latest device known to the pyrotechnic artist, and special set piece appropriate to the various occasions.

LARGE ONLY IN THE CHEST

Physically Small Man, With Shrewd Hear, Had the Laugh on the Big Fellow.

Being a large man—bodily, that is—Singleton generally gives us the pip. He has a nasty habit of inflating his two-yard chest and glaring pityingly at us, the smaller fry. The staff held a whist drive last week, and there was hardly anything else in it but Singleton for quite a while.

Then Mydleton came in. Mydleton's our quiet man; little chap; generally comes in late everywhere, but comes in just the same. The conversation got to brawn and muscle. It generally goes where Singleton is. At last Mydleton chipped in.

"Look here, Singleton, I'll wager you an even half-quad I measure more round the waist than you do."

We all stared, and Singleton nearly choked.

"I'll take you," he grinned, "and give you five to one, if you like."

"Done!" said Mydleton.

Then, in the dressing-room Singleton ran the tape round Mydleton, and cried contemptuously:

"Thirty-four inches! As broad across the shoulders as a herring across the forehead."

Mydleton's face fell, but he picked it up again, and, placing the tape round Singleton he called loudly:

"Fifty-nine inches!" Then, to the stakeholder, "I'll take that three pounds, please."

"But how?" Singleton said.

"Well," said Mydleton, "the big chest was yours, but I measured round it!"

There's been an awful shrinkage in Singleton.—London Tit-Bits.