

Loup City Northwestern

GEORGE E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Shamrock doesn't seem to be a very lucky name for a yacht.

As a good spring tonic a medium-sized garden spade is not bad.

Japan is convinced that Russia is trying to arrange an open trapdoor.

'Tis a poor woman that can't get the best of an argument with a man.

This is the time in the baseball season that the pennant is most easily won.

Misfortune is a hard road to travel. Lord Barrington has gone from buffets to a buffet.

Feather beds, it is asserted, are coming in again, but the statement may be taken on tick.

The man who conceals his failures will in the end triumph over the man who trumpets his successes.

If Hetty Green had only been Russell Sage's wife, then both of them would now be satisfied with life.

The testimony regarding the death of Mr. and Mrs. Fair ought to be a warning to all reckless automobilists.

A New York woman has just paid \$1,650 for her spring hat. What a joy it must be to husband a woman like that!

Although the air is free Marconi has increased the capitalization of his company from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000.

Terrible Terry is now plain Mr. McGovern of Brooklyn. But he's young enough to go out and get another reputation.

It is wise for the Red Cross Society to patch up its difficulties while there is nothing else doing in the way of hostilities.

The legislature sits sixty days. This by no means includes the nights the members put in sitting up with those sick friends.

Russia is indeed unselfish. She declares that the door will be kept open even if she has to stand in the doorway to keep it so.

Wisconsin steps to the front by raising the limit for child labor to 16 years, and without a dissenting vote in the legislature.

A boy in Appleton City, Mo., named Salad, has received the nickname Chicken. It is hoped that he will not turn out to be a lobster.

Sooner than see the British authorities humiliated by the disclosure of his innocence Whitaker Wright will fight against extradition to the very end.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell thinks he has solved the air ship problem. It is to be hoped, however, that Prof. Bell will get some cheap man to make the first trip.

May starts out for the organized workman with a nine-hour day and a prospective aggregate increase in wages for this year and in Chicago alone of \$1,500,000.

If, as a new scientist maintains, man originated at the North pole, he seems to be employing the well-known maxim, "Never go home so long as you can go any place else."

The name of the first typewriter artist installed on a transatlantic steamer is Miss Casey. Passengers will find letter writing a mere pastime with Miss Casey at the keyboard.

This is a copy of a notice on the beach at Asbury park: "In cases of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing, and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

Sir Thomas Lipton will please take notice that there is now another vessel in the drink, upon which we place our reliance for the detention of the cup on this side thereof, barring flukes.

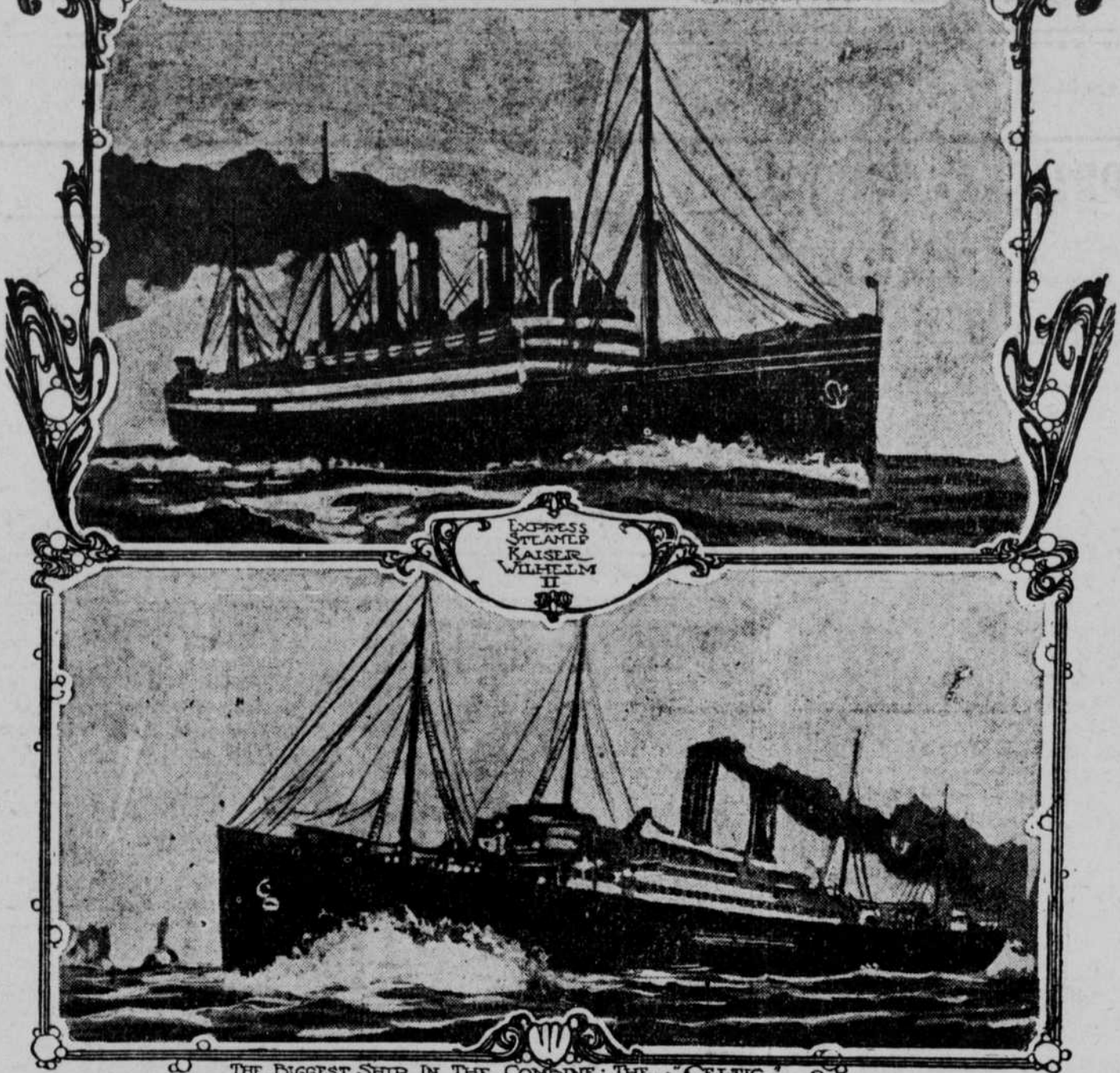
Under the West Point rules cadets must not have tobacco in their possession, but it is difficult to understand why the faculty didn't include cigarettes while they were about the formulation of rules.

The number of leaves on a large sixty-foot high oak tree has been counted and found to exceed 6,000,000, declares an exchange. Which goes to show that some people have time for almost anything.

A locomotive combine has been formed in Great Britain embracing works that employ 7,000 men and turn out 600 locomotives a year. And its capital stock is only \$10,000,000! There must be a severe drought over there.

A boy can lug an old shot gun about all day without firing at a living thing, and be under the impression that he is having a good time; but all attempts to induce him to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is sawing wood have proved futile.

FIGHT FOR THE LEAD IN MIGHTY OCEAN LINERS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY



THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE COMBINE: THE KAITIC

The Kaiser Wilhelm II, the big new North German Lloyd steamship, arrived at quarantine at New York, on its maiden voyage, April 21. The Kaiser left Cherbourg at half past 1 o'clock April 16, being delayed at Southampton to take on 700 tons of fresh water.

Although on its trial trip the liner attained a speed of 23.80 knots an hour, it did not maintain any such record as this, the maiden westward passage of the Atlantic, the time being five days and twenty-three hours from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook over a course of 3,160 miles, which is seven hours and fourteen minutes behind the Deutschland's maiden record.

The liner Celtic was passed April 20, and also an Allan liner. It was found necessary to keep to the northerly route on account of ice. Four icebergs were passed April 19. The ship proved an excellent sea boat and exceptionally steady, with only slight vibration.

The Cedric, the last great addition to the White Star fleet, combines steadiness of keel with vastness of bulk, but she has no pretensions in the way of speed. Now comes this German craft, whose builders not only claim unprecedented speed for their creation, but who are willing to guarantee a reasonable amount of steadiness in a seaway, and to the voyager who wants but little in the way of food a fair insurance against the little's loss.

For the last dozen or so years it has been very much a game of see-saw between the various lines which have been competing for the lead. First one has had it, then the other. For a time the British White Star was in the ascendant, the Teutonic and the Majestic of that line having no rivals save the two Inman racers,

the City of Paris and the City of New York. This almost evenly matched quartet were still striving for supremacy when the Cunard company sent along the then unmatched Lucania and Company. These ebbed and flowed, suddenly, a German competitor appeared—one with the imposing name of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

It was not known what this new champion was to do, but she showed it on her first trip, crossing the bar with three broken records in her wake—that for sustained high speed during the voyage, for the best single day's run and for the fastest maiden trip ever made across the Atlantic.

Following this vessel came the Deutschland, and then the speedy Kronprinz Wilhelm, both of which made a few records of their own in the way of speed.

And now comes from a German shipyard this third racer, a vessel for which the unequalled speed of twenty-four knots an hour is claimed. Forty thousand is the indicated horse power of the new champion. To give an idea of this steam wrought energy, it has been estimated that in order to obtain a like force by human effort 40,000 men would each have to move 165 pounds a distance of 3 feet 3/4 inches per second.

To supply this power to the engines nineteen boilers have been placed in the vessel, these having a total heating surface of 107,839 square feet, equivalent to two and a half acres. The bunker capacity is 5,700 tons, a quantity sufficient to supply 5,700 families with fuel for a fortnight, but fed into the glowing maw of this huge vessel the quantity is insufficient for even one round trip between New York and Bremen.

Another unique feature is a complete telephone system, which extends throughout the ship, with a "central" and all its appurtenances. Mr. Jones, engaged in a poker game in the smoking room, may be able to call up his spouse and explain to her just why it is that he will be home late; while Mr. Smith, who is looking on at the game, can call up the wine steward, and tell him just what he thinks about him and that last deception that he furnished. The vessel has also wireless telegraphy. As the steamer is to carry the imperial and United States mail, a special postoffice has been fitted up according to government instructions. In this postoffice several higher and subordinate officials will be busily engaged with the sorting of the mail, so that it may be distributed immediately after the arrival at the port of destination.

Of course, steamships never race, at least their captains always deny that they ever do; but whenever vessels of rival lines happen to be near each other, and moving in the same direction, it unfailingly happens that they are handled so as to create an impression among the passengers that each is striving to do a little better than her best.

Coming to a description of the Kaiser Wilhelm II., it may be said that she has accommodations for 775 saloon passengers, 343 second class and 770 steerage passengers. The crew consists of 600 all told, making a total of 2,488 for whom accommodations are provided. A unique innovation in this "express" liner is the installation of what the company describes as "imperial rooms," "luxury apartments" and "state cabins," three grades hitherto unknown to the sea voyagers.

George Rutledge Gibson, the banker, is the story goes, at his country home in Tuxedo Park, spent a night a few years ago at the Country club at Westchester with two members of the Stock exchange. They met at breakfast in the morning and the conversation naturally turned to the subject of mosquitoes, which had been the principal circulating medium the night before. The large and tall member of the exchange remarked that they had not molested him, but the little man protested that he had been devoured by them and he energetically questioned the judgment of Long Island mosquitoes who would thus attack a small man when a large one was under the same roof, and he demanded an explanation. This was Mr. Gibson's opportunity, and he coolly and exasperatedly said:

"That's easy; I suppose they were not very hungry and only wanted half a portion!"—New York Times.

HEIRESSSES TO BE SERVANTS.

Curious Conditions in the Will of a Bachelor.

The curious will case about which there was much talk in Munich last week savors more of the good old fairy-tale days of "once upon a time" than of this modern and undomestic generation. Herr X. was an eccentric old bachelor who lived in a country town in Bavaria. When he died he left a will with instructions that it was not to be opened until five years after his death.

His nearest relatives—a brother and sister, with a school girl daughter apiece—waited with impatience till the time should elapse, for it was known that the old gentleman had amassed a small fortune by successful lottery speculations. At last the will was opened and the contents made known to the expectant families. A certain proportion of the money was left to various charities; the rest was to be divided equally between the two nieces on condition that each of the girls became maid servants in a respectable Munich family and remained in service for a year, at the end of which time the legacies were to be paid over, provided the would-be heiresses were able to produce an excellent character from the mistresses they had served during the year of probation.

One of the nieces has made a virtue of necessity, and is serving her kitchen apprenticeship with a good grace; the other, unable to support the ignominy of donning the cap and apron, has refused to fulfill the conditions of the will, and her father is disputing its validity on the ground of the old man's insanity.—London Tatler.

HOTEL LIFE IN EUROPE.

Some Experiences of Travelers on the Continent.

Mr. C. E. Johnstone in Travel says that experienced wanderers in out-of-the-way places are thankful for what they can get, and he instances a traveler who was proposing to pass the night at Njagus, a tiny village in Montenegro.

"Have you succeeded in finding a room?" asked Mr. Johnstone. "N—not bad. There are three other people going to sleep in it."

"Oh, well, that's all right. Is the bed clean?" "N—no, I don't know that the bed is clean. But then one can get clean beds at home!"

In one continental hotel a German lady summoned the waiter in the dining-room and said: "Close that window or I shall die."

"Garcon!" exclaimed an English lady, sharply, "leave it open or I shall expire."

At this point a Frenchman interposed politely: "Leave it open till the German lady has died, and then close it till the English lady has expired. Then we shall be able to do as we like!"

It was in Rome that an English schoolboy was asked what sight-seeing he had been doing that day. "Oh, churches."

"And what were their names?" "Well," said the boy, slowly. "I am not quite certain, but I think one was called Vietato fumare Maggiore (Smoking-Is-Forbidden the Greater), and the other was called Santa Marie si prega di non sputare" (St. Mary You-Are-Requested-Not-to-Spit). He had at least read the notices on the walls!

WENT WITH THE DOG.

Senator Depew Overlooked Part of the Bargain.

At this point we pressed Senator Depew to tell us a funny story. He was taken somewhat aback, and hesitated for a moment.

"I haven't had time to think up any new ones recently," he said. "Tuesday I was in Newport, Wednesday I was in Albany, and to-day I start for Biltmore, N. C. But I will tell you an old one."

"When I was a boy in Poughkeepsie the coach dog (the white dog with black polka-dot spots) was all the rage, and all my boyish soul yearned for one."

"I heard a man in town had one which he would sell for \$5. Five dollars was a lot of money in those days, but I scraped it together and bought the dog."

"He was a handsome fellow, spotted as blackly and neatly as heart could wish, and I, with my purchase on a leash, started proudly home."

"It was just such weather as we have had this week. I was half way home with the coach dog when we were caught in a fierce downpour of rain. The dog stopped still, and the spots commenced to run. He had been painted, and not with waterproof paint at that."

"In ten minutes the dog was white all over, and so was I—he with rain and I with rage."

"I hastened back to the bunko man. 'Look at this dog!' I cried. 'You've cheated me!'"

"No, I haven't, Chauncey," was the fellow's reply, "but I did forget to tell you that there is an umbrella goes with that dog."—Roy L. McCardell in New York World.

BE SWELL, EVEN IF IT HURTS

Illustration of the Social Manners of the Day.

That the advice, "Watch how others do and then do likewise," is not always good to social aspirants was illustrated the other evening at a dinner given by a young matron in honor of a guest of acknowledged social standing.

When coffee was served, and with it the indispensable chocolate mints, the guest was seen to take one of the sweets and toy with it gracefully over her coffee cup. Instantly every woman at the table did likewise. Evidently some new wrinkle of fashion was about to be exhibited. Every eye was on the guest and on the mint drop. Determination to follow the leader and give no sign that they were not in the habit of doing this new trick every day was written on every face. The sudden calm caused the guest to look up, and as she did so she inadvertently dropped her mint into the tiny cup. To her surprise a series of links ran around the table as each of the rural ones followed her mistake.

Appreciating the situation, the guest hastily gulped down her coffee to hide her mirth.

Later in the evening she heard one woman remark to another:

"I don't care if it is swell, I don't like mint in my coffee."

"Oh, dear," replied the other loftily, "it is really delicious. I never think of taking my demi-tasse without it."

—Chicago Tribune.

NOT WHAT THEY WANTED.

How Mayor Low Incurred Enmity of Newspaper Men.

On the dark and stormy election night there were a dozen newspaper men ordered to the house of the mayor-elect to inform him of his victory and get a few salutatory wise saws from his lips, says the New York Tribune. The elated mayor met them in the hallway, saw their bedraggled and frenched condition, and took pity on them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am particularly beholden to you for coming up here through the awful storm to inform me of the victory, and now that I have spoken my little say, allow me to invite you all"—and here the thirteenth of the twelve men good and true waxed truly ponderous—"to the dining room below"—six men with chattering teeth and visions of rare old Scotch bulging their eyes—"where, if you are so inclined"—no need to say that; they were all desperately inclined—"we will have a little"—three men broke ranks in sheer avidity—"ice cream!" "Ice cream!" shrieked out one of the Park Row gorillas, in an agony of despair. "Waow!" And forthwith vanished into the bleak and bitter night. The eleven followed sadly and filed to the nearest Dutch hostelry to predict fireful things for the new administration.

MOSQUITOES WERE ALL RIGHT.

One Satisfactory Explanation of Their Action.

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"That's easy; I suppose they were not very hungry and only wanted half a portion!"—New York Times.

An Emperor's Whims.

Emperor Frederick William of Prussia sometimes would signify his rejection of what he considered an absurd petition by drawing on the margin an ass' head and ears. One day, a baron of ancient patent having complained of another baron taking precedence of him, the king wrote on the petition: "Mere folly; whether a man sits above me or below me, my birth remains the same." Oftentimes he would ask people in the streets who they were, a peculiarity which made nervous people evade the royal presence. One day when a man saw the king approaching he took to his heels and ran, but Frederick William pursued him in hot haste and when he overtook him asked: "Why did you run away from me?" "From fear," answered the man, whereupon his majesty gave him a thwack with his cane and said that he "wished himself to be loved and not to be feared."

The Desire.

Give me no mansions ivory white, Nor palaces of pearl and gold; Give me a child for all delight Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine, Nor showy raiment, fold on fold, Give me a little boy all mine Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown, Nor harps, nor palm-branches unrolled, Give me a nestling head of brown Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach, Two arms to clasp me from the cold, and all my heaven's within my reach Just four years old.

Dear God, you give me from your skies A little paradise to hold, as Mary once her paradise, Just four years old. —Katharine Tynan, in The Spectator.

TIRED BACKS.

Come to all who overtax the kidneys.

Do not neglect the aching back.

Many dangerous kidney troubles follow in its wake.

Mrs. C. B.

Pare of Columbia avenue, Glasgow, Kentucky,

wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: "When

Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a

complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a

great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other

times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a

scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secre-

tions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which

caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound

and I feel much better in every way.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare

will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents

per box.

HERRICK REFRIGERATORS
 4 1/2 door room, 1/2 less ice. White Spruce, Enamel, or Opal Glass Linings. Ask your dealer for them or write for catalogue and prices. HERRICK REFRIGERATOR CO., WATERLOO, IOWA.

In the Spring Pass the Glass of **Hires Rootbeer**
 and keep passing it, nothing else so healthful. A package makes five. Sold every where, or by mail for 50 cents. CHARLES E. HIRES, CO., Baltimore, Pa.

SOZODONT
 BETTER THAN GOLD
 for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

SAVES YOUR TEETH
Wet Work
 has no terrors for the man who wears **SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Suits and Slickers**
 Warranted waterproof. On the ground. Look for trade mark. If your dealer doesn't have them, write for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

When a man is in love he imagines that he neither eats nor sleeps.

The Best Results in Starching can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

Ever think of the time you waste in useless talk.

I am sure Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Remember that a great many good things cost more than they are worth.

Defiance Starch should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

Of course pot-luck is the poker player's favorite brand.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

Money talks—but generally through a long-distance phone.

When You Buy Starch buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

A bagpipe furnishes about as much music as a bass drum.

FITS permanently cured. No fee or appointment after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 50-cent trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KING, Ltd., 23 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A good man isn't necessarily a desirable neighbor.

Insist on Getting It. Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

There are thousands of theories, but only a few reliable rules.