

## Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.  
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The profits on tea must be immense

It would be more fitting to name that baby Oliver R. Iselin.

To guard his laurels Dan Patch will have to sleep in his racing harness.

Lillian Russell is a mother-in-law Good-by, Lillian, take care of yourself.

At last reports there was nothing the matter with a single one of Baer's four paws.

That Texas man who has had two appendices removed must feel like a new edition.

Bulgarians threaten to do Prince Ferdinand a favor by taking his throne away from him.

The big fight at San Francisco is a thing of the past, but the football season will open pretty soon.

When a woman begins to pay full fare for her children she realizes that she is getting along in years.

Colombia is ostensibly looking out for her sovereignty, but she isn't going to miss the sovereigns.

No man really feels his importance until after his wife called his attention to the fact that he is somebody.

The Kansas definition of a gold mine is "a hole in the ground owned by a man who is a liar."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Jim Scanlon has issued a challenge to Mr. Jim Jeffries. Mr. Scanlon is evidently looking for a large bunch of trouble.

The rise in the price of cod liver oil from \$22 to \$160 a barrel isn't due to the increased demand for it as a popular beverage.

A Kalamazoo woman jabbed her hat pin into the wrong man, with fatal results. She probably acknowledged that the joke is on her.

Following the fashion of dedicating books to one whom the author admires, the author of a book just out dedicates it to himself.

King Peter K. G. Vitch of Servia already is talking of abdicating. Whatever else his predecessor may have been, he wasn't a quitter.

The price of radium has been marked down from \$5,000,000 to \$2,721,555 a pound—but the manufacturer does not give trading stamps.

Illustrated invitations were issued to a hanging in Montana. Here is a suggestion to Newport society, which is looking for something novel.

The emperor of Austria has just snubbed the king of Belgium. Old Franz Josef acts like a person who never had a scandal in his house.

"You can't save your fellow-men unless you are willing to touch them," says Bishop Potter. And the contribution is always taken up in church.

Has Mr. Morgan run his course as a popular sensational idol? Just now it looks as if there wasn't a snap shotter so poor as to do him reverence.

The news of the discovery by Dr. Dunbar of Hamburg of an antitoxin to cure hay fever will make sundry summer resort landlords and landladies feel sad.

The time for a trip around the world has been reduced to 54 days, 8 hours, 39 minutes—which is evidence that Jules Verne was not an impracticable dreamer, after all.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Jeffries has not received as yet any offers from the editors of leading magazines for an article entitled "How I Licked Mr. Corbett."

A German actor has been sent to jail for getting off stage jokes about the emperor. If they were anything like the American stage jokes we can't blame the emperor for shutting him up.

Before Sir Thomas takes the Shamrock home it would be interesting to see what Capt. Barr and a Yankee crew could do with her, against the Reliance sailed by Capt. Wringe and his British crew.

The Japanese, who are talking of entering a yacht in next year's race, have a choice of several routes for getting it into American waters, but their quickest plan would be to have it built in this country.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is authority for the statement that thirty-six robberies at the point of revolvers have occurred in St. Louis since July 4. This is encouraging for those who are thinking of attending the exposition there next year.

"Any number of well shaped, well made stocks may be bought at almost any of the shops at 25 cents each," says the New York Times, and still everywhere around us the girls are making stocks at the expense of hours and hours and hours of valuable time.

# PLAN TO MAKE WASHINGTON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY

It is the intention to make Washington both the Paris and Berlin of America. Plans which have been considered by Congress for making the nation's capital grander, more beautiful and more splendid in every respect, call for the expenditure of millions upon millions.

The first step in this long-looked-for aggrandizement will be taken in earnest when the work on the Union Railway station is under way. This great building alone will cost \$20,000,000. Several years will be occupied

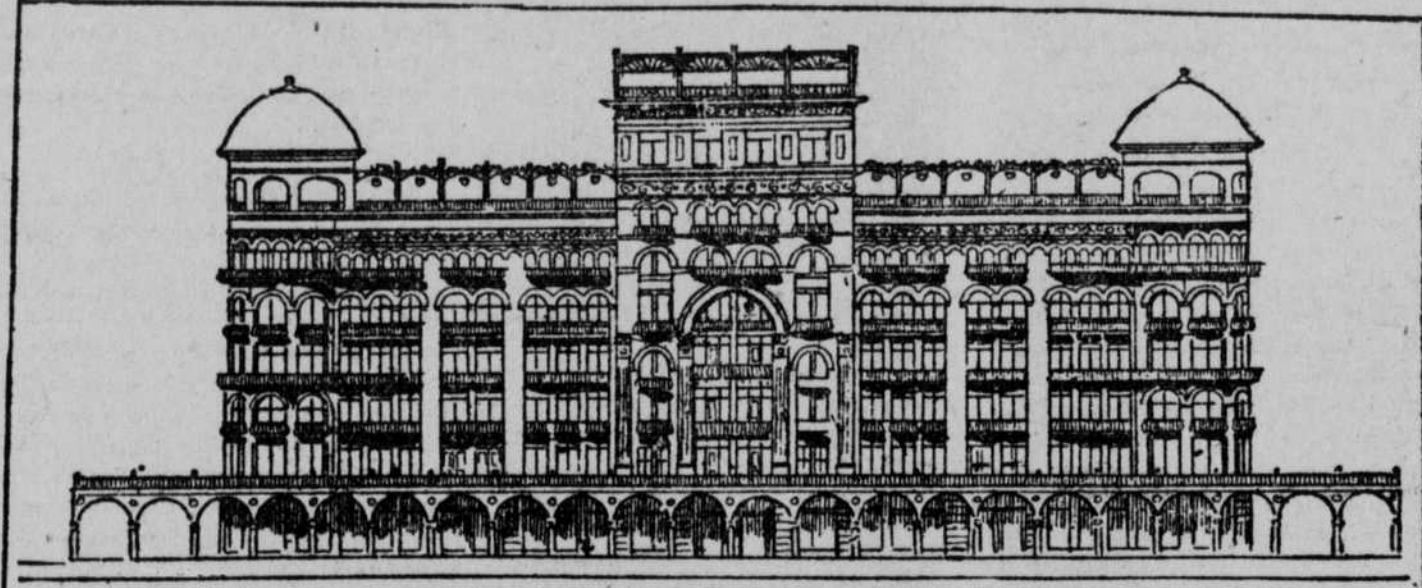
each home, accommodating all told 12,500 visitors at a time. In ten years it is believed that 12,500 at a time will demand the accommodation.

Designs have already been submitted to Congress for a National Pavilion, adjacent to the Homes of the States in National avenue, to contain open air and covered halls, restaurants, apartments and a roof garden. It is largely of glass, with casements to be closed for warmth in winter and open for pure air in summer through Venetian blinds.

the Naval Observatory and 100 acres of Potomac Park into a breathing spot, to be styled Istoria Park.

The third is a new White House, or Executive Mansion. The designs are drawn by Paul J. Pelz, architect of the new Congress Library. The present White House is to be preserved as a relic of the day when it was of a size commensurate with a population of 5,000,000. We are to-day 80,000,000.

A pavilion memorial bridge across the Potomac is the fourth aggran-



DESIGN FOR A NATIONAL PAVILION, ADJACENT TO HOMES OF THE STATES ON NATIONAL AVENUE

in its construction. The station will excel in size and magnificence everything of its class in the world. No railway can be barred from its facilities. The mileage represented will be about 41,000.

In keeping with this colossal undertaking will be the homes of the states on National avenue. This is a suggestion by a person whose name and identity have been searched for in vain. The idea is for the United States to give a tract of land 5,000 feet in length and 250 in breadth, the frontage to be allotted proportionately to the population of the differ-

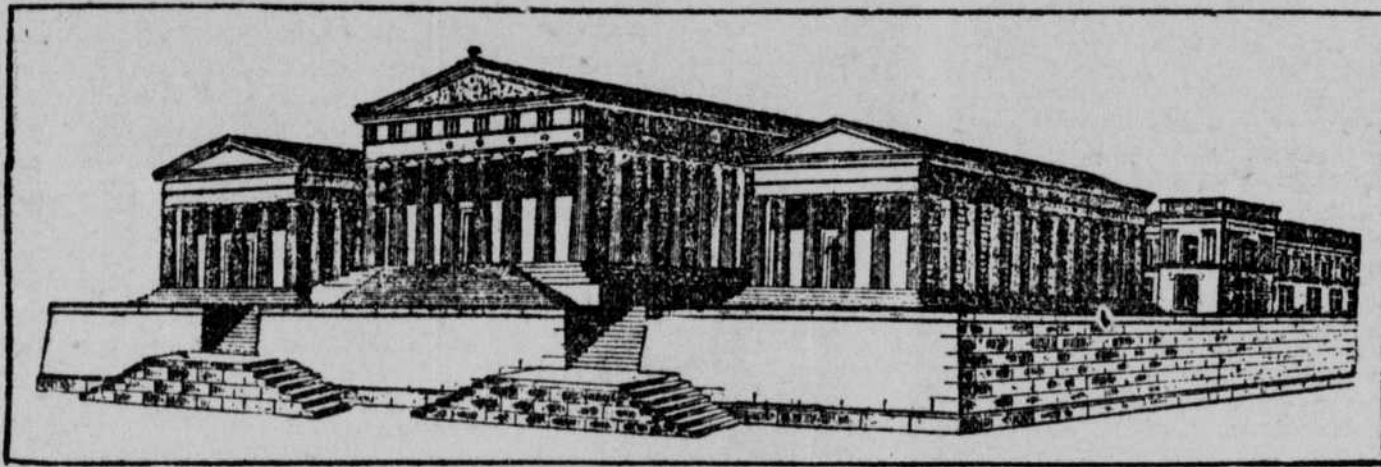
The aggrandizements planned are seventeen in number. Louis Napoleon wiped out miles of solidly built blocks in the heart of Paris for the glory of France; what, it is asked, is to hold the United States back from razing the rookeries that besmirch Washington?

The first aggrandizement is the improvement of Pennsylvania avenue. This broad, asphalted thoroughfare has a world-wide reputation, being fully as well known as the Champs Elysee and Unter den Linden, yet it is the ugliest street on earth so far as its architecture is concerned. There

is a Centennial avenue as a boulevard. The sixth is a series of ornamental porticoes for shelter and a luxurious promenade. The seventh involves the clearance of Sixteenth street of rookeries and its embellishment as a bisecting boulevard to be called Executive avenue.

The Park Istoria is the eighth aggrandizement, calling for the removal of museums and the construction of a street of dwellings of mankind through the ages. The ninth is the National avenue, for Homes of States, referred to at the outset.

The tenth aggrandizement is the



PROPOSED MEMORIAL HALL OF PRESIDENTS, AN AMERICAN WALKHALLA

ent states, and in the order of their admission into the Union.

The bestowal of this land by the government would be an exact division of the people's property among themselves, as Franklin Webster Smith points out. Speaker Reed thought the idea a fine one. Presently there will be fifty states in the Union. The fifty State Homes along National avenue will provide fifty reading rooms, fifty writing rooms, fifty sets of home newspapers, fifty bureaus of information, fifty halls of social converse, fifty places for business appointments, fifty trysting places for sweethearts, fifty public comforts. There will be 250 seats in

is but one respectable building between the Treasury and the Capitol. The rest would disgrace a third-class village. Most of the buildings are low, old, weatherbeaten and ramshackle.

Pennsylvania avenue, from the President's house to the Capitol, ought to be the finest of all streets. It has a few trees; it should have many more. When "Boss" Shepherd spent \$44,000,000 on the outskirts of Washington he sadly neglected important thoroughfares near the heart of the city. These have been eyesores for generations.

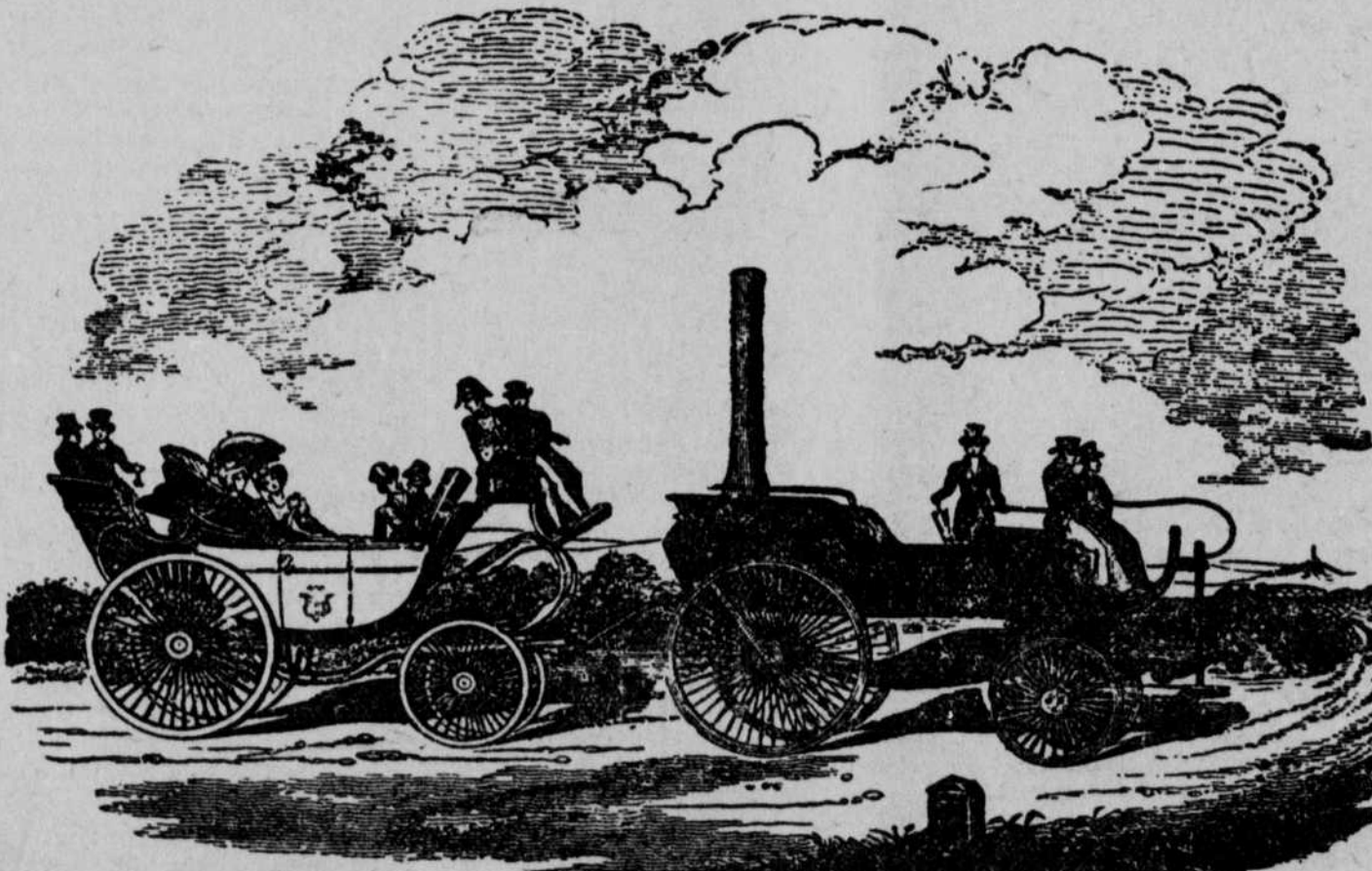
The second aggrandizement is the conversion of 220 acres adjacent to

beautifying of the banks of the Potomac. There will be terrace gardens and broad boulevards.

A National Hall of Fame is also planned. It will be in the colonnade of American Galleries on the Potomac.

Some of the designs that have been before Congress and met the approval of leading Senators and Representatives are published herewith. The whole country is waking up to the fact that residential Washington is superb, while municipal, or legislative, Washington is a shabby disgrace. All roads will lead to Washington. The city's aggrandizement should be a national hobby.—New York Times.

## PROGENITOR OF THE PRESENT AUTOMOBILE



An Automobile of 1829.

Some weeks ago an illustration was published in the Globe of Goldsworthy Gurney's automobile of 1827. The machine which two years afterward reached a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour is shown here with

It differed from the former in many particulars, the most noticeable change being that he put the motor in a separate carriage, since the popular prejudice was too strong to allow passengers in the same vehicle

with a steam engine. This motor carriage had curious drag shoes for brakes, and the engine was driven by steam from a tubular boiler. It weighed with water and coke about ten pounds.—Boston Globe

## TAMED WYATT EARP

WESTERN BAD MAN COWED IN DAWSON CITY.

Diminutive Member of Canada Mounted Police Too Much for Old-Time "Terror"—The Power of Rigidly Enforced Law.

Since Wyatt Earp, once famous as a gun fighter in Arizona and California, went up into the Klondike very little has been heard of him by the outside world. Earp was never a man who could easily be tamed, consequently a story told of his suppression a few weeks ago by a diminutive cockney member of the Canada mounted police will be interesting to some of his friends here.

"Earp drifted into Dawson several months ago full of a determination to get action," said a San Francisco man to some of Earp's old Western friends the other night. He discarded his store clothes, got himself a flannel shirt, a pair of leather trousers and a sombrero, stuck a gun in his belt, loaded up on bad whisky and went around the saloons and faro banks ballyragging everybody who would stand for his game, and taking a few shots at some men who resented it.

"Well, the fact that Earp was hitting it up got to the ears of a little five-foot cockney member of the Canada mounted police, one of whose duties it was to see that Dawson behaved itself. Now, Earp didn't know much about the Canada mounted police and the manner of men who compose it.

"Therefore when he was interrupted in the gentle amusement of cleaning out a faro bank in Dawson one night by this little chap coming up to him with a request that he give him his gun, he opened his mouth and his eyes very wide, swore a mighty round of oaths and asked the little fellow in riding boots and cap if he wanted to visit hades at once or wait a few hours.

"Earp was somewhat surprised when the little fellow simply smiled politely and said:

"You must give me the gun or bury it, sir, and extended his hand for the weapon.

"Earp swore some more, but not quite so eloquently, for all the while the little man was smiling calmly in his face. Finally, Earp, clean flustered by the situation pulled his gun from his belt and fired it three times into the ceiling, whereupon the little man, still smiling said:

"Now, you'll have to bury it or I'll have to take it away from you, sir."

"Take my gun away from me!" roared Earp.

"Exactly," said the little man. "Maybe you doubt I'll do it, sir?"

"The witnesses of this colloquy did not know what to expect from Earp, but they knew what would happen pretty soon if Earp became defiant, because in Dawson people know what to expect from the Canadian mounted police. They knew, too, that this little cockney had squelched every bad man who had ever come into Dawson, and they didn't doubt that he would attend to Earp.

"However, a crisis was averted by Earp's putting his gun back into his belt and starting to leave the place. Just as he got to the door the policeman walked over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but if you come out with a gun in sight to-morrow, I shall have to take it away from you."

"Earp turned purple with rage, but he had no nerve left when he confronted that politely smiling face. He roared a few oaths back at the amused crowd in the gambling house, and then went to the Golden Lion saloon, where he took a few drinks and proceeded to tell what he would do the next day when the cockney tried to take his gun.

"Why, I'll blow him full of holes," he said.

"Yes," said a listener, "but when you put a hole in him you put a hole in the British empire, which it will fill with two men. If you kill them, four will take their places. In the end, Earp, you will have the whole British army here if necessary just to put you out. Better let him alone."

"The next day, Earp, very sober and very thoughtful, appeared on the streets of Dawson in the store clothes he came to town with. Almost the first person he struck was the cockney, who had evidently been waiting for him, prepared to take his gun away if he showed it. As soon as he saw Earp he stepped up very politely and said:

"Thank you, sir," and then turned on his heel.

"Earp hasn't been deuce high as a bad man in Dawson since that incident. Incidentally, I might say, if he had elected to mix it up with the cockney he'd be sleeping under an epitaph to-night; for of all the real tough men I ever saw, either for or against law and order, those Canada mounted police are the limit."—New York Sun.

### A Leprosy Patrol.

The Hawaiian government employs agents who travel all over the islands looking for indications of leprosy in remote places. Banishment is so dreadful that frequently the family of a leper will keep him secreted for a year or two before discovery is made. A person who is supposed to have the disease is sent to the receiving station in Honolulu, where he is examined by five medical experts. If "a leper" be the verdict money, position, influence, race or color cannot change the decree which sends the patient to Molokai.

## SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

Completely Restored to Health. Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of J. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3114 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I experimented with doctors and medicines but got little if any relief. I actually believe the aching in my back and through the groin became worse. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. Finally, I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and got a box. After a few doses I told my husband that I was feeling much better and that the pills were doing me good. When I finished that box I felt like a different woman. I didn't stop at that, though. I continued the treatment until I had taken five boxes. There was no recurrence until a week ago, when I began to feel miserable again. I bought another box and three days' treatment restored me to health. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. I have recommended them to many people and will do so when opportunities present themselves.



A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mrs. Brunzel, 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 60 cents per box.

### The Nerve-Racking Piano.

The general belief that the piano was not only an instrument of percussion but of torture finds confirmation in the researches made recently by a Berlin nerve specialist. He asserts that out of 1,000 girls who began to play the piano before they were 14 no less than 600 were affected by some kind of nervous disease, while out of 1,000 girls who had not been put at playing scales only 100 were so affected. His recommendation is that girls should not begin to work on the piano until they are 16.

Waldon Fawcett describes in the September St. Nicolas the success of a savings bank experiment tried by a Washington, D. C., public school, a success which is likely to set other schools experimenting along the same lines. This school savings bank is conducted in every way just like a real bank. The principal makes himself responsible for the safe-keeping of the funds, and at the close of each day's business deposits the daily receipts in one of the city's ordinary commercial banking institutions. Pupils are tellers and bookkeepers, doing all the work involved; and the children's pennies foot up already to the respectable fund of two hundred dollars.

### Belonged to Electoral Commission.

It has been noted that only three of the fifteen members of the famous electoral commission of 1877 survive—ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Hoar and General Eppa Hunton of Virginia—the two last having been chosen on the part of the house of representatives. All of the five justices of the supreme court who sat on the commission long since passed away.

### PUNNAM FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

Some men are proud of their misdeeds and ashamed of their virtues.

### An's 70th Birthday.

The 70th birthday of the empress of China, which occurs next year, is to be celebrated in Peking with unprecedented splendor. If the present plans are carried out, the cost will amount to nearly \$5,000,000. One-half of this sum has already been put aside by the director of the treasury, Tshuan-lin; the remainder the provincial mandarins who owe their positions to the empress will be expected to provide.

Edwin L. Sabin's "The Match Game," announced for the September Century, will be the third in the Century's series of stories of village boy life, stories which bring nine out of every ten gray-haired men very close to their days of bare feet, careless grammar, and care-free fun. Frederic Dorr Steele will illustrate the story of the match between "our" nine and "their" nine with pictures of "You" and "Fat Day," "Billy Lunt" and "Spunk Carey," "Hen Schmidt" and "Chub Thornbury," "Doc Kennedy" and "Red Conroy," "Hod O'Shea," and the other nine lads who played that eventful names. The very names stir jolly memories.

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