

Loup City Northwestern

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Ed. and Pub.

LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

After all, the corn crop is able to sit up and notice things.

The Turks seem determined to keep up the slaughter until they run out of Macedonians.

It would be a great joke if Boston should be obliged to send to the Philippines for codfish.

Sir Thomas lost his binnacle, but he will take his vermiform appendix back to England with him.

Secretary Chamberlain was all right until he became so well known that people called him "Joe."

Naturally the rural mail carriers object to country roads out of which the bottoms have dropped.

Connecticut will have to whittle its cigars out of something else this year. Its tobacco crop is a failure.

A woman who knows how to make good bread can lack a lot of brains and her family will never miss them.

Stuart Robson left \$31,992, mostly in cash in the bank—which is about the most satisfactory possession, after all.

Now for a rush of hunters to Alaska! Dr. Frizzell, government scientist, reports seeing fresh mammoth tracks up there.

The assets of the \$12,000,000 National Salt company have been sold for \$337,000. Evidently the salt mines were salted.

After submitting to an interview the sultan of Turkey has the nasty habit of turning the interviewer over to the executioner.

Perhaps Mrs. Peary was afraid that after another dash for the pole there would be no use trying to make Robert toe the mark.

A lack of expert management in the present crisis in European affairs is painfully evident. Where is Correspondent Creelman?

We learn by telegraph that a bath at Asbury Park was arrested for wearing a high hat into the water. If that was all, no wonder.

If Harry Lehr ever comes to grief in a financial way he can soon re-establish his fallen fortunes by starting a man-milliner shop.

When the United States army goes up against the football players of this country it will meet the fate that sooner or later comes to every champion.

Having sold the first two Shamrocks, perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton has got a quarter of the money that he will need to pay his expert doctors bills.

Capt. Wringe will make a first rate American citizen, but there are three or four available skippers between him and the job of sailing a cup defender.

Another American word, "nickel," has joined "bifteck" and "rosbif" in the French vocabulary. It is used in speaking of the new French five-cent nickel coin.

A daring Frenchman is coming across the Atlantic next May in an airship. Prof. Langley will meet him on the banks of the Potomac with an automobile.

With the friendly help of Mr. Rockefeller and other well-known citizens, young Cornelius Vanderbilt has just "made" \$10,000,000 in the stock market. Who lost it?

Following his plan of commemorating the army and navy in music, Mr. Sousa's next composition should be a spirited symphonic poem entitled "Uncharted Rocks."

Recklessly discharging a revolver at a concert at Middletown, N. Y., a man sent a bullet through the bass horn of a member of that band. Perhaps you can imagine what the band was playing.

An Eastern woman on the eve of her wedding wanted the word "obey" ruled out of the marriage service. But why couldn't she accept the word in a purely Pickwickian sense as the rest of 'em do?

Uncle Sam's income is over \$2,000,000 a day, which is somewhat larger than Mr. Rockefeller's income. But Mr. Rockefeller's percentage of profits is greater than Uncle Sam's. He has less competition.

The trouble with some well-meaning people is that they think religion and loud professions of piety synonymous. Religion is good conduct. Love and justice—this is the law and the prophets. This will be great news to some editors.

If the late Mr. Newton's theory of gravitation is false we are at last relieved to know that we haven't been walking around like flies on a ceiling after all. It always seemed an undignified proceeding and we're glad to be set right—and upright.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF PLANTS.

Professor Says They Have Traits Found in Human Beings.

That plants have intelligence is maintained by Prof. Shaler of Harvard university. After discussing the automata, he says in a thesis:

"We may accept as true the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature, and extend it by the observations that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then."

In summing up he uses the following:

"Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as

SOME GOOD



we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing there is reason to conclude plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

WILLING TO PAY MOODY.

Secretary Offered Cash Inducement to Secure Boarders.

"While I was up North last year," said Secretary Moody at a Washington dinner last month, "I ran across a pioneer's cabin situated in the woods and three miles from any other house. He got his well water from a frog pond, his baking powder and molasses from a store six miles away, and the two rooms in his cabin had to accommodate a family of eight. I was ready to move on when he said:

"Look here, mister, a good many Boston people come up North in the summer, don't they?"

"Yes, a good many."

"They spend lots of money and have a good time?"

"Yes."

"I've heard that they wasn't very particular about what they had to put up with so long's they got away from home."

"That may be true."

"Then lemme tell you sumthin', he went on, as he dropped his voice to a confidential tone; 'my wife and me have bin talkin' the thing over and we have decided that we can take three boarders next summer 'y sleep in' the children under the house, and if you can send em to us at \$7 a week apiece we'll make you a present of at least \$2 in cash."

"He was so earnest about it that I couldn't bear to dash his hopes, and I suppose he has been looking for those three boarders for a month past."—Boston Post.

SOME HOT WATER FISH.

Remarkable Species That Thrive in Hot Liquid.

Marcellin Pellet, a French writer, who has recently returned from Guatemala, describes a curious species of fish, the Pacilia dorri, which he found in the boiling lake of Amatitlan. It passes its days literally "in continual hot water." So hot is the water of this lake that it is said to thrust one's hand in it means scalded fingers. Ebulition is, however, somewhat tempered, as the really boiling water rises to the surface, leaving a temperature of 35 degrees centigrade at the level, where the fish are found, which is even then sufficiently warm for cold blooded creatures like fish.

Frank Buchland states in one of his works that the naturalist Brossounet found by experiments that some fresh water fish would live for several days in water so hot that a human being could not keep his hand in it for a minute.

De Saussure, the Swiss scientist, discovered living eels in the hot springs of Aix, the temperature of which averages 113 degrees Fahrenheit. Humboldt also saw living fish thrown up in a volcano in South America.

The Apeists in Society.

To ape anything is a sign of vacuity of mind; to ape the follies of those above you is one of the most offensive forms of vulgarity. Yet we see the follies of the uppermost classes steadily imitated all down the different sets of society, and the popularity of every book dealing with peevage is a proof, if one were needed, of what absorbing interest our failings are to the public. There is nothing we will not write upon to gratify this vulgar curiosity; nothing is in too bad taste if by its publication we can raise a little of the "needful." Our scandals, our intrigues, our inane conversation, our bills and even our menus are recorded for the benefit of a public which, while professing to be horrified, greedily cries for more.—A Countess in London Outlook.

SOME FADS WORTH WHILE.

Photography and Bookbinding in Place of Atraculous Fancy Work.

It is a pleasing sign of the times that society women are more and more interesting themselves in pursuits which are distinctly "useful."

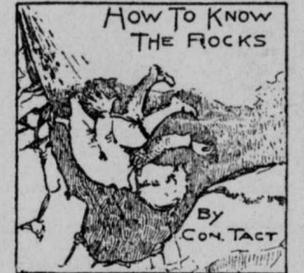
The day has gone by when polite accomplishments alone occupied the attention of ladies of position, and to be able to do anything more practical than warble indifferently, paint in water colors or "punch holes and sew them up again," as the process of embroidery was once described, was considered positively vulgar.

Nowadays women very rightly regard all this kind of thing as waste of time, unless music or painting or embroidery reaches a certain standard of excellence. So, happily, a woman with leisure and means and a desire to employ their fingers profitably, are seriously taking up such work as bookbinding and photography and the beautiful art of enameling.

Princess Charles of Denmark usually binds with her own hands, and in many pretty fashions, the books which she presents to her friends. Photography is a hobby which has been taken up by most of the ladies of our royal family, and is a delightful one for any girl to pursue.

But so far enameling is a fancy work practiced by few, though one cannot doubt that an exhibition recently held in London will do much to popularize it, for here were to be seen exquisite exhibits of this fascinat-

SUGGESTIONS



ating work done by men and women well known in social circles.

When one mentally compares the Berlin wool work atrocities and pallid and hopelessly incorrect flower studies and seascapes done by the early Victorian maid and matron with the beautiful art specimens shown as the work of the modern society woman, it is impossible to deny that we are a great improvement upon our predecessors, at any rate as far as artistic ability is concerned.—Gentlewoman.

JEFFERSON AND THE DUCKS.

Actor's Humorous Acknowledgment of the Misdeeds.

"Joe Jefferson," said an artistic friend who recently paid him a visit at his summer home on Buzzard's Bay, "beguiles his vacation by fishing, shooting, painting, reading, and correspondence. He has a studio fitted up over his stable and passes many hours there indulging his passion for sketching and painting, at which he has become an expert, although he modestly disavows any merit to his work."

While there the friend unearthed a canvas turned against the wall, upon which was painted a pair of ducks. The work was of such rare excellence that he was surprised into asking Mr. Jefferson if he painted them.

Mr. Jefferson looking up from his easel, hesitated a moment, and then, in his slow, gentle Rip Van Winkle tone, answered:

"Yes—I not only shot them, but I then added insult to injury by painting them."—New York Times.

NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

Destruction of Boston of No Particular Interest to New Yorker.

Ex-Sheriff "Tom" Dunn last week met Arthur Porter, who had just returned from spending his vacation in Boston and who was recounting the many changes in that "Hub of the Universe" since his former visit there. Among other things he said:

"Scientists there have made an alarming discovery. They declare that the land on which Boston stands is slowly sinking into the sea."

Dunn politely smothered a yawn. Irritated that so exciting a bit of information should be so indifferently received and unaware that the story had already appeared in the New York papers, Porter continued:

"Doesn't that strike you as interesting?"

"Not especially," drawled Dunn. "You see, all my cash is invested in New York."—New York World.

Why Congratulations?

Why congratulate a man on being 87 years old? Uncle Russel Sage objected to his friends noticing his natal day, and was quite grumpy about it, too, if rumor is correct; and he is right. It is nothing for him to be 87. Any other financier would have been killed by Wall street long ago, but it has preserved him. Besides, Mr. Sage hopes to be a rich man before he dies.—Boston Herald.

Baseball as a Pacification.

Taught to play ball, Latin-Americans would forego rebellion and bull fights and expend their energies in three-base hits and home runs. Already it has pacified whole provinces in our oriental archipelago. Let us take a hint and send, not mere teachers, soldiers and alleged statesmen to our colonies, but teams of professional ballplayers.

IRVING FORGOT HIS LINES.

No One But the Prompter Discovered the Mistake, However.

The best of actors are sometimes embarrassed by loss of memory. They forget lines with which they are perfectly familiar, and at critical times, too. Then the services of the prompter are appreciated. The following incident is related of Sir Henry Irving:

At a recent all-star performance of "The Merchant of Venice" Sir Henry and Ellen Terry were so overcome at appearing together once more in a favorite Shakespearean comedy that both forgot their lines.

Miss Terry improvised, as is her custom. Sir Henry, however, filled up the pauses in Shylock's lines with "Awws" and "Ughs," to the delight of the audience and his own evident anguish. At last, in a paroxysm of inspiration, he leaped into the trial scene with a long speech from his role in "Dante."

This was too much for the actor who was officiating in the prompter's box, and when Sir Henry stalked down to the footlights the prompter whispered, sepulchrally: "Good heavens, sir, that speech isn't in the book!"

Over the shoulder of Shylock the eye of the actor flashed a withering glance at the prompter and in a stage whisper Sir Henry said: "Aw-aw-aw—well, sir, it ought to be," and calmly continued to recite his Dante lines.

BUSINESS INSTINCT OF FAKIR.

Chose Appropriate Time for Disposal of His Wares.

Nothing in the world exceeds the enterprise of the street hawkers of Park Row. They provide umbrellas on rainy days, and when it comes to seasonable novelties they are always found in the right place at the right time. But the most sagacious of the whole tribe made his appearance one windy day last week. He was selling "safety hat strings," and he stationed himself at the intersection of Park Row, Nassau and Spruce streets. There the wind sweeps around the corners with the velocity of a lake breeze in Chicago. It comes in fitful blasts; there are little cen-

FOR FALL



ters of calm, and then the pedestrian is in the midst of a swirling eddy that almost lifts him off his feet, and straw hats fly in every direction.

The street fakir chose this corner to obtain a practical demonstration of the utility of his wares. As soon as a hat blew off he was after the unfortunate with the shrill cry:

"Buy a safety hat string—only ten cents!"

It was twice the usual price, but so timely was his proposition that he disposed of his whole stock in less than an hour, much to the envy of his rivals, who vainly endeavored to get rid of trolley guides and popular songs.—New York Press.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

Automobilists and Cattlemen Have an Encounter on the Road.

A farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road near Salinas the other day when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cattle would become frightened and stampeded, so he held up his hand and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd in shape. The men only laughed at him and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He applied the spurs to his horse, took down his riata from the saddle and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads when the courage of the occupants of the car waned and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers waited patiently while the cattlemen drove his herd to one side of the road and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.—San Francisco Arnonaut.

Filial Affection.

One of the foreign diplomats in our Washington society had been greatly troubled with his eyes, and found it necessary for a time to wear some very large smoked glasses, which occasioned great distress and fright in the mind of his 4-year-old son, who manifested it in a most discreet way by avoiding his father whenever he wore the glasses. One morning this benign dignitary overheard, as he was passing the nursery door: "Mother, if father is blind must we keep him?"

Australian Aborigines.

The census of 1901 reveals that the Australian aboriginal is dying out. In 1778, the year of settlement, Governor Phillips estimated the native population at 1,000,000. To-day it numbers only 47,000. The aboriginal is extinct in Tasmania, almost so in Victoria, and in New South Wales he numbers less than 4,000.

MANY GIRLS LEARN TO BOX.

Teacher Says Exercise Is Good for Fair Sex.

"It is just as essential for a girl to know how to use her fists in an emergency as it is for a man," said a teacher who advertises "boxing lessons for men and women." "It is not at all uncommon in New York for three or four women to join an evening class of boxing lessons, and some of them are quite proficient. Boxing is far more useful to a woman than fencing, although many of them do not seem to think so. I know several teachers who give private boxing lessons to women, but that is expensive. Any woman can learn all that she wants to know about boxing in a five-dollar course. The only thing then is practice and to remember what she has been taught when an emergency arises.

"Some women go in for boxing simply for the exercise. There is nothing better for teaching them agility on their feet and for reducing flesh on the shoulders, bust and hips. Women must be taught differently from men. They can't stand rough and tumble work. But they can be taught to hit hard and just where to land an effective blow when it is most needed.

"You will notice that the young women who have got into print lately for knocking down mashers knew just how to use their fists. We teach women effective blows for just such emergencies. It is not sufficient to aim for the point of a man's chin. The essential thing is to keep cool and watch the opportunity to hit on that spot when his teeth are clenched, as they are pretty sure to be if he is surprised or angry. Then any woman who knows the blow can knock him out."

COFFEE AS A STIMULANT.

An Antidote for Alcohol and is Otherwise Distinctly Beneficial.

One of the highest authorities among medical publications, the London Lancet, gives a few words of advice and comfort to the lovers of coffee and says that this most popular of all drinks is not harmful.

As an after-dinner drink it believes coffee is distinctly beneficial. Coffee also is an antidote for alcohol. The dyspeptic, it says, should not drink coffee or tea, because both are injurious to weak stomachs.

As a substitute for the hot drink, however, coffee jelly is recommended. In this form it can be taken into any stomach without injury, provided there is no stinting of the quantity of coffee in the jelly. It has a cooling effect, assuages the thirst and is generally beneficial.

Coffee, the Lancet declares, is a stimulant, like alcohol, but, unlike alcohol, it arouses muscular energy without the collapse which follows al-

BOOK COVERS

THE GREEN APPLE—HOW TO KNOW IT.



By A. PAYNE

coholic drinks. This is likely to prove grateful information to the thousands of Americans who think they cannot begin the day without a free indulgence in coffee and who often consume that beverage with each of the three daily meals.

FATHER HAD BEEN THERE.

His Experiences Was Valuable in Checking Son's Accounts.

Every one knows of the college student who, when he was "hard up," sent home a set of verses to which the governor replied in kind. The son pinner:

The rose is red,

The violet blue,

Send me fifty

P. D. Q.

This was the reply:

The rose is red,

And sometimes pink,

I'll send you fifty,

I don't think.

Another father was looking over his son's account, when he discovered an item he did not quite understand.

"Hm," he said, "thirty dollars for tennis; isn't that rather a large sum for such a game? How do you explain it, sir?"

"Oh," replied the hopeful, carelessly waving his hand, "that was just for a couple of rackets."

"Why not call them bats?" asked the knowing father.

Why He Changed Teams.

Lord Orford, an eccentric English nobleman, once had a team of red deer stags that he frequently drove to a light coach. All went well until one day there happened to be a pack of stag hounds on the road from London to Brighton, along which Lord Orford's picturesque team was merrily fleeing. There followed the strangest chase that ever mortal man witnessed. The hounds hunted the team and its owner hard to Newmarket and with such a smash into the "Ram" Inn yard the whole lot went that there was no more coach left and little more of driver. Lord Orford took to horses after that.

England's Shakespeare Society.

Sir Henry Irving has been chosen president of the British Empire Shakespeare society, an organization which aims to help the rising generation "not only to study Shakespeare's works, but to love them." The bishop of Ripon is one of the vice presidents, and numerous notables in the theater world are prominently associated. The society has about 1,000 members, its program being lectures, readings and presentations of entire plays.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy. "Have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy.—Mrs. N. H. Guilford, New Orleans, La."

An island is not exactly a mole on the face of the waters.

A free show is better than a liberal exhibition of temper.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

Some women are so vain that they are never happy unless making mischief between the husbands and wives of their friends.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 35c.

An act of the legislature—adjournment.

Applause in one thing that is not hurt by being handed around.

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

She may be a thing of beauty until you see her emerging from the surf.

A woman's mirror is her safest confidant.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES. Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, 5c. a package.

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Fast Color. Expensive work. Our \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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