

Loup City Northwestern

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

Lou Dillon, 1:58 1/2, insists that the mare is still the better horse.

Every girl is fond of a love story when the right man tells it to her.

Bankers who meddle with the buzz-saw of speculation must expect to get sawt.

As to the other battleships, the Missouri proceeded to "show them" her heels.

Elderly gentlemen who wish to get married should join the United States senate.

It may be, of course, that no charming young widow really wants David Bennett Hill.

There is no doubt that the ship-building trust was engulfed in a sea of its own making.

Paris, not satisfied with her reputation for race suicide, has adopted the motor baby carriage.

There are several old men in the Senate, however, who can't marry young wives—just yet.

We cannot understand why the reported illness of the Sultan of Turkey should "give rise to alarm."

If Japan cannot get into a scrimmage any other way some lively football team might accommodate it.

There are even some girls who do not think that it is a terrible crime for the right young man to kiss them.

The sultan declares that the Macedonian rebellion has been entirely suppressed, and oh, how he hopes he's right!

And yet this youngest of all British cabinets isn't so doocid young. Fifty-one isn't a juvenile average age, by any means.

It will not take argument to prove that the defaulting Princeton bank cashier was respected and trusted by business men.

Several carloads of splendid scenery accompanied by Sir Henry Irving have arrived in New York preparatory to a tour of the country.

Lord Rosebery's remark that "you cannot prevent a storm by sitting on the barometer" is one that Mr. Morgan will fully appreciate.

Patti says that her coming tour is positively her last. Of course. No Patti farewell tour would be genuine lacking this announcement.

It is said that swamp mud, when suitably prepared, makes a good substitute for coal. Thus far, we believe, no swamp mud trust has been organized.

The Chicago professor who wants to see prayer meetings enlivened by an occasional college yell seems to be a good subject for fervent prayer himself.

Joseph Leiter is paying his debts at the rate of half a million dollars a year, but what credit is it to a man to pay his debts when he makes half a million a year?

A Russian newspaper has struck Uncle Sam a sharp blow on the wrist by making disparaging remarks about his navy. But the old man has not noticed the slap.

Germany wants to dig the Panama canal. The man who is looking for a sure thing to bet on will make no mistake in acting in accordance with the "tip" that she went.

If Russia should deem it necessary to call on France for aid in the little unpleasantness that is likely to occur in the far East the reform in the British army will not have been made too soon.

"New York is just like Sodom of old," declares the lady who is known in Zion City as Mother Grinwald. "I don't believe you can find ten just men in it." Well, there's Russell Sage, for one.

Will the New York clergyman who advocates euthanasia in the case of hopelessly incurable and suffering patients kindly indicate what he expects to do with the existing statutes regarding homicide?

Those Northwestern university co-eds may be willing to give up cream puffs and chocolate eclairs but if they are like other girls it is going to take a superhuman effort to wrest their fudges away from them.

The British soldier's discovery that he could get intoxicated by eating charges of cartridges containing cordite gives a new danger to war. The devil has evidently been at work during the summer trying to evade the canteen law.

Yes, Ann is 18 and Mary 24. Now, Ann's beau is as old as Mary was when Ann lacked six years of being as old as her beau now is, and the difference between Ann's age and that of her beau is one-seventh of her beau's age. How old is he?

MAKING NAVAL HEROES.

An Officer's Training is One Which Never Ends.

The education and training of an officer of the United States Navy, says Success, have in view the single purpose of fitting him to exercise, properly and without flinching, command in battle. His education is obtained at the Naval Academy; his training never ends. Upon the completion of four years of study at Annapolis, where he learns the theory and some practical knowledge of his future profession, he spends two years at sea, acquiring information which will be useful when he places his foot upon the first rung of commissioned rank. Returning to Annapolis, he receives his commission, and then is sent back to sea, an "inset" among his seniors, but an ensign and an officer to his family and his friends. As a midshipman he has performed the duties of an enlisted man, and as an ensign he is consequently equipped to drill the division placed under his command. He imparts to the men the intricacies of their calling, displaying patience surprising to a civilian unused to the ways of the service. While recently on board the United States ship *Prairie*, a training ship for landsmen, I saw Lieutenant Edward H. Watson, one of the young watch and division officers, teach a man how to tie a knot. The knot was simple, but the man was dull. Again and again Watson took the rope and twisted it, directing attention to each stage of the operation as he advanced. At last the student grasped the idea. Duric; the afternoon when free from other duties, he occupied his time in perfecting himself in his lesson. When next he was asked by Lieutenant Watson to tie the knot, there was celerity in the movement which brought forth a word of commendation. The pride that flushed the landsman's face repaid the trouble his officer had taken.

When Philip Was Called Down.

The late Captain Philip was fond of relating an experience he once had when he was stationed at the Cramps shipyard in Philadelphia as inspector of the cruiser *New York*, which was then building there. One day, when work was stopped for the noon hour, he saw a soldierly looking man come aboard with some ladies, and proceed to show them about the ship with as much authority as if he were the designer and builder. The soldierly man stopped beside a couple of ventilators which were lying on deck ready to be put in place, and touching one of them with his little cane, remarked, with an air of profound wisdom: "These are the smokepipes," and approaching the hammock nettings and putting out his gloved hand, he added: "This is the place where the heavy armor is put on. This is to be one of the armored fighting ships, you know." This was too much for Captain Philip, and so he approached the party, and touched his cap as he said: "Excuse me, sir, that is not the place for the armor. That is a hammock netting, where the men stow away their hammocks during the day. And there are not smokepipes, but ventilators." The military man drew himself up to his greatest height and surveyed the man in dungarees with glacial dignity. "Excuse me," he said, with heavy emphasis on the me, "but I am Captain Blank, of the army, and I think I know a smokepipe when I see one." Captain Philip declared that it would have been almost a crime to take down a conceit like that, and he made no reply to the military man whatever; but turned and went about his work, leaving Captain Blank to finish explaining the intricacies of the cruiser to his friends.—*Argonaut*.

What Paris Does For Poor Children.

In Harper's Magazine Stoddard Dewey gives some interesting facts concerning the fresh air colony maintained by the municipality of Paris for the children of the poor: "In 1880 there were 200 children to profit by this colony of Mandres-sur-Vair; now there are 1000 each year, and the property has been handed over permanently to the Eleventh Ward. The movement has become general in the Paris schools, and the municipality has come to the aid of the insufficient ward school funds. In 1891 the city raised its contribution for these school colonies to 200,000 francs, and the school funds of the twenty wards gave 94,000 more; and 5330 children, under the care of 209 teachers, had their summer outing. Mandres is the largest of these colonies; the total expense of journey back and forth and three weeks' stay is fifty-three francs and eighteen centimes for each child—a little over \$10, as exchange goes."

A British Floating Exhibition.

A scheme is reported to be on foot for the organization of a floating exhibition of British manufactures, which will make a tour of the British Empire. The plan is to fit out a large ship with samples of all classes of manufactured articles which Great Britain supplies or can supply to her colonies, including even fairly heavy machinery. Austria did the same thing some time ago, when a steamer carrying all kinds of samples left Trieste for the Far East, Australia, etc., but in the end the enterprise was an absolute failure.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A widow and her fun are soon started. The thing that interests a woman most about a joke is trying to see the point. A man's stomach has a lot more to do with reforming him than his conscience. The wonderful thing about a woman making love to a man is that when she is doing it she acts as if he were.—*New York Press*.

GETTING TOGETHER

HARMONY RESTORED AMONG IOWA REPUBLICANS.

Speeches of Governor Cummins, Senator Allison and Congressman Lacey Show the Party to Be United on the Paramount Issues of the Day.

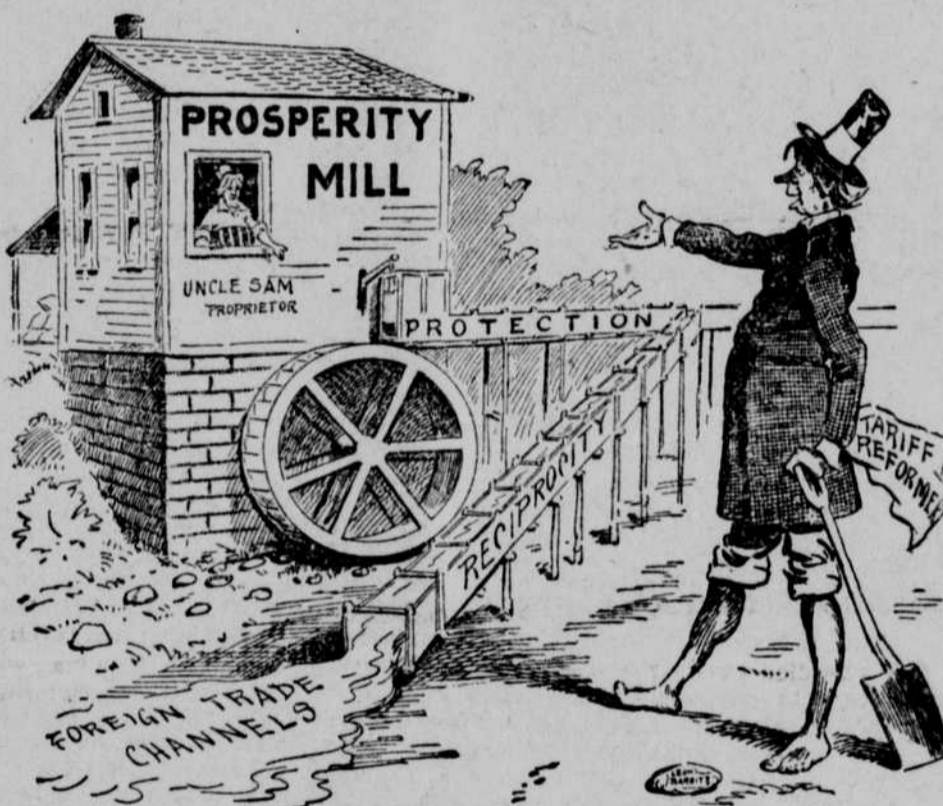
An encouraging sign of the times, a gratifying indication of the persistence of the right and the weakening of the wrong, is to be found in three notable Republican speeches delivered in the state of Iowa. In the first of these speeches, that of Gov. Cummins, at Des Moines, Sept. 26, one naturally looks for the reappearance of the "Iowa idea." But it is not there. You will not find a single allusion to the "monopoly-sheltering tariff," not a word about the immediate necessity for tariff revision; no insistence upon "potential competition" as a means of bringing in an era of lowering prices; "domestic competition if possible, foreign competition if necessary." None of these things which Gov. Cummins has urged so strenuously in the past two years appears in the speech of Sept. 26. The "Iowa idea" is seemingly laid away and forgotten. For the most part the speech is sound in its Republicanism and stalwart in its protection as "the best adjustment that we can make within ourselves to enlarge the production of the country," yet yet favors, through reciprocity, the larger admission of competitive goods from foreign countries, and the inevitable decrease of domestic production that must follow in the lines of industry selected for slaughter. Is it not astonishing that intelligent men should in one breath dilate

must frame no reciprocity arrangements that will do injustice to friendly countries—for example, Great Britain—and that in securing concessions we must do it "without impairing the protective policy in our own country." By these wise and intelligent standards we can never have reciprocity in competitive products. It is an impossibility. Senator Allison has strengthened his reputation for big brains and profound political sagacity. The third of the great group of Iowa speeches was that of Congressman John F. Lacey at Allerton, Oct. 13. Here was a fine, old-fashioned, straightforward Republican speech. We do not find in it any reciprocity foolishness. It does not deal with that question at all. Mr. Lacey devoted himself wholly to the practical issue of Republican tariff making versus Democratic tariff making. He sketched in bold outlines our tariff history from the organization of the government up to the present day, and clearly demonstrated the invariable value of the protective policy and the invariable blight and curse attending our occasional lapses into or toward free trade. That is the point to be kept in view: Under whose scheme of tariff making, that of the protectionists or that of the free traders, has the country prospered most? That is the issue now, just as it has been the issue every time the Democratic party has undertaken to regain control of national affairs, just as it is going to be the issue next year. It is well that men of Congressman Lacey's great ability should make genuine, orthodox Republican speeches. The country needs them, "Lest we forget."

Shall We Abolish It?

Mr. Chamberlain is presenting some sad pictures of British industrial de-

TARIFF REFORM'S GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.



Tariff Reformer—You see, Mr. Miller, dividing the stream cannot take anything from the force and power of Protection. Uncle Sam (Miller)—Say, but you're a chump. Don't you see the wheel has stopped going round?

upon the tremendous blessings and advantages of protection and in the next breath advocate the purchase of a greatly increased volume of foreign competitive goods? Yet that is precisely the attitude of Gov. Cummins. From the standpoint of sound and logical economics it is the attitude of a schoolboy!

Senator Allison, in his speech at Clinton, on the 10th of October, was much wiser and shrewder. He did not put both feet in the reciprocity trap. After telling his hearers that tariff revision must not be thought of at least until after the election next year, "not until the voters have again passed upon the policy that should prevail in our tariff laws," the discreet and level-headed senator took care, sensible ground regarding reciprocity. Thus:

"It is probable that in the future provisions for such trade will be largely made by modifying our tariff on condition that such countries modify their laws so as to give us an equivalent and so that we will receive as well as grant benefits. This will be done so as not to impair our protective policy."

If done at all—which it never will be or can be under a Republican administration—"this will be done so as not to impair our protective policy." That was McKinley's stand in the speech at Buffalo in 1901 that has been and still is being so flagrantly distorted and perverted. It is the stand of all sound Republicans: "Not to impair our protective policy." If our protective policy is not to be impaired, there can be no such thing as reciprocity in competitive products.

Again said Senator Allison, always insisting upon safe and consistent qualifications:

"In making these reciprocal arrangements, whether by law or treaty, with any country, care must be taken not to do injustice which would involve us in difficulty with other friendly countries with which we have treaties, or which have already given us great advantage in their laws for the free export of our products to such countries. Great Britain is an illustration of an open market for all our products.

"In making modifications of our tariff in the future the possibilities of reciprocal legislation should be utilized so far as practicable, securing thereby valuable concessions without impairing the protective policy in our own country, and without doing injustice to countries that already give us free access to their markets, or access to them upon favorable terms." Note the saving clauses that we

cline. In his speech at Greenock he said: "The sugar trade has gone, the iron trade is threatened, and the turn of the cotton trade is coming next." Yet the Democratic party would make our protective tariff the paramount issue in 1904. "The wicked tariff, the tariff which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, which fosters trusts, which gives no real prosperity, let's abolish it," they say. Yes, let's abolish it. Let's forget the experience of 1893. Let's get a taste of this industrial decline which has opened the eyes of our British cousins to the fact that the protective nations have prospered amazingly, while Great Britain has gone backward.—*Springfield Union*.

Sugar Trust's Latest Move.

The active efforts of the Sugar trust to buy up the beet sugar factories in the West ought to result in improving the prospect of a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. The American Sugar Refining Company, as the trust is known, is said to have obtained a controlling interest in the following Michigan factories: Sebawaing Sugar Refining Co., Sebawaing; Sanita C. Sugar Refining Co., Crosswell; Peninsula Sugar Co., Caro; Tawas Sugar Co., East Tawas, Mich.; Michigan Sugar Co., Bay City; Alma Sugar Co., Alma; Saginaw Sugar Co., Saginaw; Valley River Sugar Co., Saginaw; Menominee River Sugar Co., Menominee. It is expected that as soon as the beet sugar season is over the management of the factories will be placed under one head. The combined capitalization of the companies absorbed by the American Sugar Refining Co. is placed at \$6,350,000.—*Hartford Times*.

The Outcome of Protection.

Says Mr. Mosely, in summing up the Report of the Industrial Commission to this country from England: "My personal conclusion is that the true-born American is a better educated, better housed, better fed, better clothed and more energetic man than his British brother, and infinitely more sober; and, as a natural consequence, he is more capable of using his brains as well as his hands." And it is all due to American wages, the outcome of protection which has built up and maintains our home market.

Not Yet.

The beet sugar output next year will be enormous if—but we will not borrow trouble. The Cuban treaty is not in operation yet.



Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, and probably few wives have better deserved such homage. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy lover; and I plead guilty. For never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I; but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling—the sweetest, most helpful angel who ever stooped to bless a man." Has there ever, we wonder, lived a wife, to whom a more delicate and beautiful tribute was paid than those verses, of which the burden is, "I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say."

"I want thee much" Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to his wife, many years after his long patience had won for him the flower "that was lent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. And now I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman."

Sophia Hawthorne was little better than a chronic invalid; and it may be that this physical weakness woke all the deep chivalry and tenderness of the man. And he reaped a rich reward for an almost unrivaled devotion in the "atmosphere of love and happiness and inspiration" with which his delicate wife always surrounded him.

The wedded life of Wordsworth with his cousin, "the phantom of delight," was a poem more exquisitely beautiful than any his pen ever wrote. Mrs. Wordsworth was never fair to look upon, but she had that priceless and rarer beauty of soul which made her life "a center of sweetness" to all around her. "All that she has been to me," the poet once said in his latter days, "none but God and myself can ever know"; and it would be difficult to find a more touching and beautiful picture in the gallery of great men's lives than that of Wordsworth and his wife, both bowed under the burden of many years and almost blind, "walking hand in hand together in the garden with all the blissful ab-

sorption and tender confidence of youthful lovers."

It never needed "the welding touch of a great sorrow" to make the lives of Archbishop Tait and his devoted wife "a perfect whole." Speaking of her many years after she had been taken from him, he said: "To part from her, if only for a day, was a pain only less intense than the pleasure with which I returned to her; and when I took her with me it was one of the purest joys given to man to watch the meeting between her and our children."

When David Livingstone had passed his thirtieth birthday with barely a thought for such "an indulgence as wooing and wedding," he declared humorously that when he was a little less busy he would send home an advertisement for a wife, "preferably a decent sort of widow"; and yet so unconsciously near was his fate that only a year later he was introducing his bride, Mary Moffat, to the home he had built, largely with his own hands, at Mabotsa. From that "supremely happy hour" to the day when, eighteen years later, he received her "last faint whisperings" at Shupanga, no man ever had a more self-sacrificing, brave, devoted wife than the missionary's daughter.

In fact, they were more like two happy, light-hearted children than sedate married folk, and under the magic of their merriment the hardships and dangers of life in the heart of the dark continent were stripped of all their terrors.

Jean Paul Richter confessed that he never even suspected the potentialities of human happiness until he met Caroline Mayer, "that sweetest and most gifted of women," when he was fast approaching his fortieth year; and that he had no monopoly of the resultant happiness is proved by his wife's declaration that "Richter is the purest, the holiest, the most godlike man that lives." "To be the wife of such a man is the greatest glory that can fall to a woman"; while of his wife Richter once wrote: "I thought when I married her that I had sounded the depths of human love; but I have since realized how unfathomable is the heart in which a noble woman has her shrine."

Some Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

There is considerable learned discussion and poring over statistics in progress to ascertain whether or not college women marry as generally as they ought to, and, if not, why not. The government seems inclined to punish matrimony among its employes by discharging the guilty woman. New York and some other cities have gone to the courts to find out if they cannot discharge a woman teacher who so far loses her self-respect as to marry. Shall we ever reach the happy day when it will be nobody's business whether a woman marries or not?

As to the allegations that college women do not marry as generally as they might, could and should, it may be because they don't want to, and then again it may be because men don't like educated women.

College women may not marry, but you can usually trust all the female idiots to get two husbands apiece.

Much of a man's success in life depends on the degree of loyalty he is capable of inspiring.

If modern male writers would study Shakespeare more they would know more about women.

First love is ardent, but indiscriminate. It is merely a matter of proximity. Almost anybody will do.

It is wonderful how much the reputation of some men depends on what other people think they know.

The "nagging woman" and the "outdoor woman" do not trot in the same class.

No self-respecting woman ought to want to be a White Man's Burden.

The woman with a history may not have loved and lost. She may have got him.

If man has a broader sense of justice than woman, as he likes to claim, it is because he has always been out in the crowd where this particular virtue was instilled into him at the point of a club. "Justice was born in the marketplace."

Most people have loved at least three times. If they haven't they have missed a lot of educational experience.

If there is anything a man hates it

is a woman who is eternally discussing her own achievements. Yet that is what women have always had to stand from men in the most charming of all their roles—that of listener.

A man is always sorry for the woman he didn't marry.

Mrs. Russel Sage discusses the difficulties of housekeeping in a current periodical. After saying that she has three servants in her house who have been with her for periods varying from ten to thirty years, Mrs. Sage soberly remarks: "Cooks are difficult to keep, as they are more in demand in marriage. Men like to marry cooks. They feel that the food question is settled then, whereas chambermaids and waitresses do not appeal as closely to a man's interests." This is better than anything the bachelor girl ever reflected.

Men have always been devoted to tobacco, which soothes the nerves, and women to tea, which harrows them up. Savants who make mankind their special study should find food for thought in this fact.

There is a lot of nonsense written by blithering idiots about "understanding women." They set up a sphinx and call it a woman and then make a great fuss over "analyzing" her. As a matter of fact the lines of marked difference in character between men and women are much smaller and less conspicuous than the broad, underlying traits which are common to humanity.

We are more apt to remember our puppy-loves with a smile than a tear

How Zebras Are Caught.

Zebras are captured in German East Africa by the natives, who surround them. When they discover a herd quietly grazing they inclose it on every side, the man standing about 100 or 200 yards away from each other, in an immense circle, probably ten or a dozen miles in circumference. These men have each a stick to which is attached a piece of cloth or flag. They flutter these sticks in the breeze and drive the animals into a kind of corral. At a recent drive fully 400 zebras were surrounded, besides a number of antelopes, some of the latter being entirely new variety. As the corral was not big enough the larger part of these animals were allowed to escape. Finally eighty-five zebras and fifteen antelopes were secured.