

Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher.

LOUP CITY, - - - NEBRASKA.

The Ostler Fallacy.

Dr. Osler's fatal philosophy regarding the comparative uselessness of men after 40 years of age has been followed by a fearful wave of discouragement and depression among those who have reached middle life or later without gaining a competence or achieving anything like material success. The extent of the harm which Dr. Osler has done—inocently, I believe—can hardly be estimated, writes Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine. His words have come like a death sentence into thousands of homes! They have taken away hope and left despair in thousands of aching hearts. "What is the use of trying," these unfortunates say, "when one of the greatest authorities in the world has pronounced the verdict against us?" Gov. Allen, of Ohio, in commenting upon the edict of some of the railroad companies and other corporations that men over 35 should not be employed, said, "It is not how long a man has lived that counts, it is what's left in him." This is the secret of the whole thing. It depends altogether on how much is left in a man as to whether he is old or young, whether his fires have burned out or are still alive. What the employer wants is vitality, resourcefulness, alertness, freshness and openness of mind. It does not matter so much about the years. It is rather a question of energy, of reserve power. It is foolish to fix an age at which men become comparatively useless. Some men are young at 70, others are old at 35. One of the worst delusions that ever crept into a middle-aged man's mind is the conviction that he has done his best work, that he is growing older and must soon give place to younger men. Do not be discouraged or allow yourself to be influenced by Dr. Osler's "fixed ideas," for he is himself, at 56, a direct contradiction of his own theory.

Carnivorous Diet.

Is meat going out of fashion? There has been a twofold conclusion in the results of the recent experiments made—that we eat too much meat, and that, generally speaking, we take too much food. The experimenters, led by Prof. Clifton, of Yale university, for several months, and in some instances for more than a year, reduced their meat diet by one-half, and yet maintained as good or better health than before. The muscular power of the athletes was increased and mental activity undiminished. A banana and a cup of coffee was one bill of fare for breakfast. Strictly scientific experiments carried on in America, Germany and France have unanimously resulted in the conclusion that health and strength can be maintained with a much less proportion of nitrogenous food than meat eating peoples deem necessary. The distinct teaching of science is that, except the extremely poor, most people eat about twice as much as is needful, and that the superfluous amount is not merely waste but becomes the fruitful cause of disease and suffering. The rice eating Japanese and Chinese practically confirm the scientific doctrine.

Occasionally some foreign publications assert that there is such an unworthy thing as an "American language." Our slang phrases and our dialect stories worry them no little. So far as dialect is concerned, remarks, a wise contemporary, we have no advantage over our British brethren. They have novels written in a jargon which no one not initiated into the mysteries can understand. It is not denied that the United States have contributed many "Americanisms" to the language of John Bull. We are a resourceful people, much given to invention, and if we want a word that is not in the dictionary we do not hesitate to coin one. This may be in very bad taste, but we have a great country and are entitled to make occasional innovations.

Theoretically the promotion of universal peace through the medium of international agreements offers an ideal solution of differences arising between nations. The practical results have not been such as to arouse any vast degree of enthusiasm, however. At the Hague convention England's objection to the Transvaal being given a voice in the deliberations was sustained. The provisions relating to arbitration proved distasteful to several of the powers represented and it was only on the broader proposals that the signatures of those present were obtained.

Dr. Robert E. Minahan, mayor of Green Bay, Wis., has declared war on the street masher, or "the ahem man," as he calls that pest. His honor has observed that it is unsafe for an unescorted woman to be about the streets after dark, so he makes this public declaration: "I am going to get rid of the ahem man in Green Bay. They say it can't be done. I do not know positively that the evil can be eradicated. But I know this much—I am going to give that fellow the best run for his money he ever had."

A man who got among the curbstone brokers in Philadelphia, shut his eyes and prayed for the mob was sent to the asylum. The probate court felt that a man who would shut his eyes in that crowd was, to say the least, mentally unbalanced.

If you are puzzling your brains to think where you are going to get the necessary supply of coal next winter, it may encourage you to know that the doctors say that great mental activity is conducive to long life.

IN THE METROPOLIS

IF NEW YORK WERE SHAKEN BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

SO FAR VERY FORTUNATE.

The Thoroughly Up-to-Date Attractions at Coney Island—A Theatrical Bradstreet—The Public Over "Done."



NEW YORK.—Every town in America has had time to seriously consider what it would do with an earthquake—after the earthquake had done with it. New York has seemed to be particularly prolific of guesses. On the whole the metropolis seems to have decided that skyscrapers are not such a bad thing in an event of an earth shiver.

It is figured out that the steel-frame buildings in San Francisco behaved very well considering. The construction companies point out that even a certain substantial vibration would not shake out the stone or brick. A Fuller company expert allows an oscillation of 20 inches in flat iron building, for example. "But," he says, "I am figuring on a regular motion. If there was an eccentric jolt I'd rather not be on the top floor."

The geologists say that New York, built on solid rock, would be ruined by a much lighter shock than that which devastated San Francisco. The water mains would go with a shock even at some miles distant.

Disaster as a Show.

Of course the earthquake is to be turned to account by those ingenious gentlemen who run that greatest show on earth—Coney Island. It will displace Mount Pelée Pompeii—the old one (there will be a revised version, doubtless) Port Arthur and other ancient history. Coney Island must be up to date. And so the pyrotechnic people are already at work—have been for a week. No one can deny that there is good material, for only a trifling stretch of the imagination may find spectacular material in the heterogeneous elements of life at the Golden Gate and in the stupendous disaster which overtook them.

There are to be other remarkable things at Coney Island which will be in full swing in another week. Moving pictures are being made from a balloon and these are to be shown on a horizontal sheet which you will scrutinize from a make-believe balloon basket at Luna park. In this way you will seem actually to be making a balloon voyage over Coney Island and New York.

There is to be another thriller more thrilling than the chutes for you are to go over a real cascade (without rollers) in a real boat. There is an artificial "wave maker" guaranteed to produce surf on the mildest days. Nothing cheers, stimulates and excites the New Yorker like being able to do something in an artificial way. Perhaps we are all just grown-up children who like "make believe" better than the real thing, the fire engine on the stage better than on the street, the surf made by a machine better than the breakers made in the good old way by the ocean itself.

I have said no thing about a proposal to have a darling lady (undoubtedly from France) turn two somersaults in an automobile. The single somersault is already an old story.

Beauty in the "Card Index."

A big theatrical syndicate—not the "great trust" by the way—has invented a simple device that creates one of the most entertaining curiosities in New York. The new device takes the place of much more elaborate systems of learning "who's who" in chorus girls. It is quite necessary to know "who's who" and sometimes in a hurry. Where does she live? Has she a good figure? Can she sing? Has she had experience? Is she trustworthy? See if these questions are answered in a big card index just like the card index of a library. On one side is the portrait of the lady. As to whether or not she is pretty you may judge for yourself. Turning the card you find a printed form on the back filled in with name and address. You learn that her figure is "fair," her voice "good," "very good," or only "fair" also; that she had a month's experience in "Happily," that she is "reliable," or that she is not, that she "left after a quarrel with the stage manager," that she "faints frequently," and so on. I saw one very beautiful face whose history on the back of the card was quite satisfactory I should judge, but one of the agents of the syndicate pointed out a single drawback. It was in the last line. "Will not leave New York." It is not thought to be worth while in many instances to train and equip a girl who will not afterward go "on the road."

In no case did the card index seem to be flattering. "Good" is practically the limit of laudation. "Fair" is much the average characterization. Some of the candidates for honor in this theatrical Bradstreet are no longer young, or at least very young. I saw one record which said that the lady's first work had been done in 1887. She may still find an opportunity in the chorus of Italian opera.



Books and Pictures. IR GEORGE DARWIN, son of the author of the "Origin of Species," was the guest of ex-Ambassador Choate while in New York. He is at work on a scientific book of unquestionable importance, but he would not talk further than to say that he had no opinions about earthquakes—everybody having assumed that he would have opinions about earthquakes.

H. G. Wells is another reticent British visitor. Folks wanted to know what the author of "The War of the Worlds," "Anticipations" and the "Utopia" book thought about the future of the United States, but Mr. Wells will tell later on. This remarkable prophet, who has outdone Jules Verne, is one of the "everest talkers" of all the Englishmen I have met in New York. Like all Englishmen he did not seem to understand why we should say "apartment" when we mean "flat," from which I judge that he is taking notice of small things as well as big things. Mr. Wells will sail for England—he lives at Folkestone—about May 20.

The publishers continue to insist that there are no more "big sales" and you might fancy there never will be any more. Forty thousand is now a big sale. Have the "David Harum" and "Eben Hazard" days gone for good? When you ask the reason the publishers simply say the thing was overdone. I suppose they mean that the public was over "done."

Likewise are the picture dealers complaining. No more big prices, they say, except for the pen artists like Gibson—and he is in Italy painting! "Gibson was right," said an old painter the other day. "He earned his competence at the thing that pays, and now he is going into deeper art with real comfort."

Peacocks and Superstition.

HE artist must not make any derogative peacock feather in introducing this paragraph. I insist upon respecting tradition, even while I am helping to destroy it, and it is the tradition, of course, that peacock feathers are unlucky. No one seems to know how it started, but it is well established and has flourished in New York perhaps more vigorously than anywhere else.

And now there is rebellion. Fashion cries for peacock feathers. Peacock hats are actually in the show windows. People stare as if they refused to believe their eyes. There has been headbaking on all sides. Nothing but an earthquake will satisfy the superstitious. According to the alarmists peacock feathers and calamity go together.

I know one man who yesterday said: "If my wife dares to put a peacock feather in her hat or bring one into the house, I'll divorce her!" But there is one thing this man didn't know. To take the curse off the fateful feathers they are dyed. If you stain them nothing happens. And this is the way the matter stands. OWEN LANGDON.

PROFIT IN WINDOW POSING

Professional Who Can Keep the Same Attitude Almost Two Hours at a Time.

Of the many curious ways of making a living not one is more unique than that which a St. Louis man has adopted as a profession. He is a window poser, and has made such a success of the work that his wife and a seven-year-old daughter assist him. This man began to pose in the windows of business houses about ten years ago. But his work was commonplace enough and he shared the honors of it with many others.

But one night in a dream he saw himself striking attitudes to display wearing apparel before a crowd. The dream impressed him and he began practicing the pose. He found he could hold some of them a long time, and the more he practiced the more expert he became.

Finally he went to a clothing store and offered to pose in a window for a certain wage. He drew a crowd. People were perplexed to know whether he was a real man or an inanimate model. They tried to make him laugh. They tapped on the window. The boys particularly delighted in experiments to ascertain what the man in the window was like. The man says they did not disconnect him in the least.

He explains his motionless periods by saying that he concentrates his mind upon what he is doing and does not permit it to rove to anything else. He says he has even his little seven-year-old girl can imitate him and do the trick as well as he can. The "artist" and his wife go to a store at ten o'clock and stay till four in the afternoon. During this time they will assume a number of attitudes, holding some of them as long as one hour and 40 minutes.

A Sure Sign.

"What makes you sure that this is at last the girl you really love? You know you have gone with a dozen different girls, and thought you loved each of them."

"I know it; but I can't help spending money on this one."—Houston Post.

LATEST PICTURE OF THE LITTLE HEIR TO RUSSIAN THRONE.



Photograph of Tsarevitch Alexis which shows that the stormy period through which he has passed since his birth, August 12, 1904, has not interfered with his development.

NO SENTIMENT IN SIGHING

Simply Caused by Desire for More Breath, Says a Physician.

The sigh, which from time immemorial and by all the poets whoever sung has been regarded as a matter of sentiment and connected with the emotions, is declared by physicians to be as purely a physical phenomenon as is the sneeze or cough. A well-known doctor of this city, speaking of this the other day, explained that the sigh is nature's method of making one take a deep breath. When the lungs have been getting insufficient air a sigh is the means by which they are replenished, or when the air has been impure the sigh which one often takes in stepping out into the open air is from the same cause.

The doctor admitted that people sometimes sigh from sorrow or other mental ill, but maintained that this is partly because it has been accepted as the expression of grief through ages as long as kissing and handshaking have been accepted as signs of affection or friendship. Another reason why a sigh follows a sorrowful thought is that such thoughts are often concentrated and intense enough to cause insufficient breathing. When the lungs suffer for a certain time from this insufficiency, the sigh follows. Sighs are often caused, too, says the same authority, by certain sorts of indigestion.

NO LONGER A CURIOSITY.

Scientists Are Not Now Regarded as Lions by Captains of Industry.

Exit the traditional scientific man with the traditional Yankee of the stage! Prof. Darlow, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, writes that scientific leaders now sit with the cap-

ELEPHANTS AND DRESS.

Animals Chosen to Lead Royal Processions in India Splendidly Garbed.

Elephants are fond of finery and delight to see themselves decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them. The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being placed on one which had up to that time occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted at its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeaks and kicks of pleasure that general attention was attracted to it.

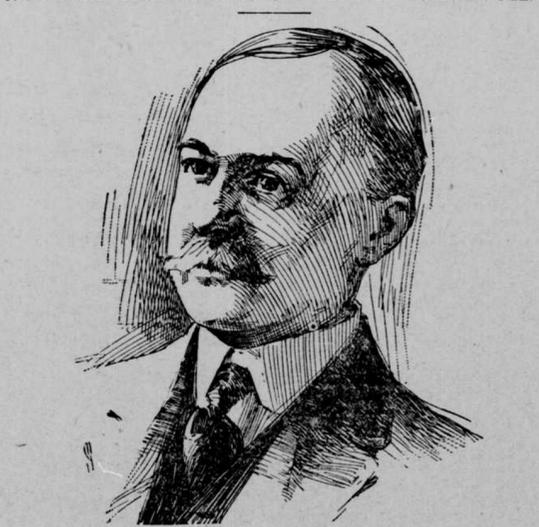
Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold cloths, being restored to health, took its accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded beast, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was with great difficulty restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

DEPOPULATING IRELAND.

Wholesale Departure of the People for the United States.

The deserted island is the land of Erin. During the last summer whole villages in Cavan, Galway and Donegal have been depopulated and vast country strifes in Mayo and Roscommon have been stripped of the remnants of their old time hosts of farm laborers. Everywhere are wholesale departures for the United States. Even in the remotest rural hamlets the old people can be

WILL MAKE OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRIP TO THE POLE.



Maj. H. B. Hersey, head of the weather bureau at Milwaukee, Wis., who has been assigned to accompany Walter Wellman on his arctic voyage in search of the North pole.

tains of industry, not as lions to be stared at but as representatives of science not only applied but pure. The conception of a scientific man as a captain of industry means simply the acknowledgment that science has a practical relation with the world and that fortunately the public has advanced far enough to see that pure science sooner or later develops into applied science.

The leaders of science are to be placed in the class of organizers, managers of a sort of scientific trust. This is science to date. While science is organization its basis is the power of investigating. An organizer is of no use until there is something to organize. And the materials on which the organizer in science must work are not made by machinery, but by the brains of individual workers.

Harry's Advantage.

Pearl—Helen married? Why, she told me that she wouldn't accept the best man that walked.

Ruby—Well, Harry don't have to walk. He owns an automobile.—Chicago Daily News.

TRANS-PACIFIC RACE

AMERICAN AND HAWAIIAN YACHTS TO CONTEST.

Course Laid Out from Golden Gate Harbor to the Famous Islands Far Out in the Pacific Ocean.

The first trans-Pacific yacht race on record will take place from the Pacific coast to Honolulu within the next six weeks, probably, unless the recent destruction of San Francisco should delay the event. It had been planned that the start should be made from the Golden Gate harbor, but conditions which have arisen may change the programme somewhat. The yachting fraternity all along the Pacific coast and in the Hawaiian islands have been in a furor of excitement over the contest, and it is likely that seven or eight yachts will enter as competitors for the beautiful cup offered by the Hawaiian promotion committee.

When the ocean race was projected Hawaiians saw a chance for a great sporting victory on the sea and a craft was sought to represent them. There was the La Palma, which had won the race after race at home. But could she stand the stress of 2,100 miles of sea? Her owner thought so, and entered her in the race.

Yachtsmen on this side of the continent would ridicule the idea of a



THE HANDSOME PRIZE CUP.

small a craft attempting such a voyage, especially in racing trim. She is a mere pigmy compared with the great Atlantic, which won the ocean race from Sandy Hook to the Lizard last May, and could be carried on the decks of most of the vessels in that contest. But she is a seaworthy little craft and despite her size is worrying the California yachtsmen who are not sure but the honor of winning the first yacht race across the Pacific will go to the little boat and her daring owner.

Commodore H. H. Sinclair, of the San Francisco Yacht club, was the first to realize the possibilities of the prize going away from the coast and entered his schooner, Lurline, in the contest. On her are based the hopes of the California yachtsmen.

There is another yacht in the race, however, which those in the east believe will prove faster than all the others. She is the Anemone, owned by C. L. Tuttle. She will fly the flag of the New York Yacht club. John Murray Mitchell was her former owner. She is an auxiliary with ketch rig, of 88.16 net tons, and 112 feet over all. Her speed under sail is only moderate, but she is a splendid sea boat. If the usually peaceful Pacific should get wrathful the Anemone would revel in it. Just now she is working her way up the coast after a long voyage from Sag Harbor, L. I., around Cape Horn.

The cup which has been offered as a prize is one of beauty, being shaped after the style of the calabash or native Hawaiian bowl. It is to be constructed of solid silver and the base will be of native Hawaiian wood, which resembles mahogany to a certain extent.

The design on the bowl is very unique. The harbor of Hawaii is pictured here, and the great volcano can be seen in the distance. On the opposite side will be the picture of the winning yacht, with its name engraved underneath. The cup will cost \$500. The Hawaiian citizens are endeavoring to have another cup donated for a race from Honolulu immediately following.

On the arrival of the yachts in Honolulu the owners and guests will be royally entertained. It is proposed to give the visitors an old-time luau, or Hawaiian feast, and they will be introduced to "poi," the Hawaiian staff of life—fish, game, pig, bread and fruit—cooked under ground. It will be the character of the entertainment formerly offered by the kings and queens of Hawaii to favored visitors.

More Ambitious.

Phroogle—If you want to get ahead, why don't you cut down your personal expenses?

Wrounder—Because anybody can do that. I'm trying to get ahead without cutting down my personal expenses, and let me tell you, old fellow, that's something that requires genius.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Morning, Judge.

"Who's dat old guy?"

"Dat's me old friend, Judge Whelan."

Ver old friend!

"I s'pose you ain't 'visitin' acquaintance, eh?"

"No, merely speaking acquaintances. I know him well enough ter say Good mornin' to him every few weeks."—Cleveland Leader.

Getting Ready.

Mrs. Bacon—Where's your husband?

Mrs. Egbert—In the other room, under the sofa.

"What in the world is he doing under the sofa?"

"Why, he's going to get an automobile next week, and he wants to get used to it before it comes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Absent-Minded.

Smith—Brown is getting to be quite absent-minded of late, isn't he?

Griffin—Why, I haven't noticed it.

Smith—Well, he is. The other day he happened to look in a mirror at home, and he asked his wife what she was doing with that fellow's picture in the house.—Tit-Bits.

Epidemic of Cancer. In one of the counties of England, Somersetshire, cancer is increasing so much that should the present rate continue there will be soon one case of it in every third Somersetshire family. The last returns show 452 deaths in the half million inhabitants.

Hunt in Storm. Followers of the hounds in Leicestershire, England, had the unusual experience recently of hunting in a heavy snowstorm to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning.

Confession.

Prominent men advise young men to go into politics. Lord Acton said: "Politics comes nearer religion with me—a party more like a church, error more like heresy, prejudice more like sin—than I find it to be with better men."

Population of Morocco.

The population of Morocco can only be guessed. No census has ever been taken. The best authorities estimate the inhabitants to number about 7,500,000.

Eminent Doctors Praise Its Ingredients.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of The Eclectic Medical Review says of Unicorn root (*Hemionus officinalis*) is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a tonic, invigorates the normal activity of the entire reproductive system. He continues 'in Helonia we have a medicinal which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedy.' Dr. Fyfe further says: 'The following are among the leading indications for Helonia (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhoea, atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), dysmenorrhoea (painful menstruation) or abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anemic (thin blood) dragging sensations, in the extreme lower part of the abdomen.'"

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonia, and the medicinal properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says: "It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions, and general debility, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root: "In relation to its general action on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such a general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal: "Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhoea (painful menstruation)."
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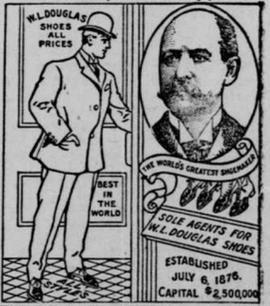
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