

# Loop City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY - NEBRASKA

## OLDAGE PENSIONS.

The expected has happened. A bill for old-age pensions has been introduced in the house of representatives. The introducer is William Baughman, of Bloomington, Pa., former coal miner, former international secretary of the United Mine Workers of America, who now makes a living for his ten children on a farm, when he is not lucky enough to be drawing a representative's salary. Broodless Eagle. The provisions of the bill give \$120 a year to each man or woman over the age of sixty-five who has neither property worth \$1,000 nor an income of over \$150 a year. Modesty is to be expected of an entering wedge. But Wilson's measure is too modest by half. This is a rich country. How can it expect a person over sixty-five years old to live comfortably on \$120 a year? If the old-age pension in each case were fixed at, say \$5,000 a year, more money would be put in circulation and anyone would have a motive for seeking longevity. Nobody would be silly enough to nurse thrift or to pursue industry any farther than would be needed to keep life going till the age of sixty-five should be reached. For that matter, why not make the age forty? This is an era of humanitarian experimentation.

The mosquito season is at hand, and New Jersey, where the objectionable insect most abounds, is moving in the matter of destroying the pest. Bayonne is one of the towns in which energetic and organized action has been taken. Infested sections are to be culled and ditched, and it is believed that by the methods employed millions of larvae will be killed and thus grave consequences will be averted. It has been shown that combined and systematic effort, including the most scientific means of fighting the evil, can be very effective, and New Jersey, which has been a great sufferer from the ravages of the mosquito, may add vastly to health and comfort by general war aimed at exterminating the mosquito.

Is Cuba to furnish the means of safeguarding the forests and producing paper at a moderate cost? It is announced from that island that experiments in manufacturing paper from sugar-cane fiber have proved entirely successful, and that the product can be turned out at much less cost than from wood pulp. Of course the cane is what is left after the sugar has been extracted, and thus another by-product comes into play. It has also been asserted that American cornstalks may be converted into paper. As there is practically an unlimited supply of such material, making good the assertion should be a very important step in conservation.

Crossing the English channel in an airship seems to have become almost a habit. Louis Bleriot led the way nearly a year ago—and was followed by Jacques de Lesseps May 21 last. Both those aviators were Frenchmen, and they flew from France to England. Now Charles Stewart Rolls, an Englishman, has made the trip from England to France and back again without a stop, and therefore holds the record in this particular line of achievement. And he did the trick in a Wright aeroplane, so America gets at least part of the credit.

Dispatches from Seattle report an almost unprecedented rush to the gold fields of Alaska. This does not look as though there were general acceptance of that story that a Scranton chemist has discovered a method of transmitting laser materials into gold and silver, which, if actually done, would inevitably minimize the value of the yellow and white metals. In short, the modern prospector or speculator has no use for the philosopher's stone, so eagerly sought by the ancients.

The movement for the devising of sanitary rules for all passenger trains and railroad stations is not aimed at the carrying operations, because it originated among them, and was suggested by Dr. W. A. Applegate, chief surgeon of the Southern railway. The railroads have always been leaders in promoting the safety and comfort of the traveling public, and they will cooperate earnestly with the United States public health and marine hospital service in combating germ diseases.

How will coming generations get their physical exercise in outdoor recreations? The motorcycle has played hob with the bicycle, and the power boat has the sailing boat and the oarsmen on the run. A tiny motor now pushes the light Indian canoe over the shallow lakes and streams, and for some the paddle is too strenuous or too slow. Shall we next see the pedestrian tuck a motor in his pocket and get over the ground without the labor of moving his feet?

Down in Connecticut recently a woman died because a fortune had been left to her. People who are waiting for rich uncles to pass away will agree that her action was wholly unjustifiable.

A Boston gentleman has succeeded in breeding a blue rabbit. In other towns, certain men have been able to produce polka-dotted ones, without having a single Burbank up their sleeves.

# The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD Editor

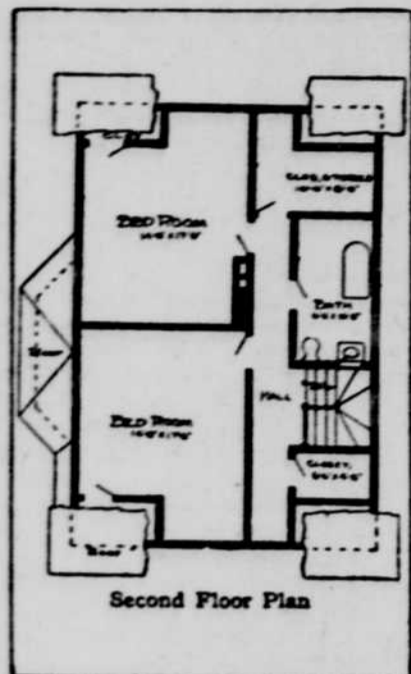
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 24 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is generally conceded that the employment of concrete in construction has added a marked impetus to architectural study in recent years, especially in that branch of it relating to home architecture. The pliability of cement mortar makes it readily adaptable to any form the architect may evolve. In many parts of the country architects are applying themselves to this subject and beautiful sheets have been produced. Charles D. Watson has been giving much study to the problems connected with home architecture. He says:

"Progress in concrete construction has recently been notable along the lines of improvements in its appearance, to enable it to be used for face work in the higher class of buildings where good architectural effect is essential. For many years the unsatisfactory appearance of structures built of this material has prohibited its use for facing of high-class structures, and this difficulty in the use of a material which is otherwise superior to the majority of other materials used for a similar purpose, on account of its durability, has long been lamented by architects and engineers. It is only in the past few years that much progress has been made in devising means for an improvement in its appearance and to do

These are factors that should be taken into consideration in building a house. It is a fine thing to have windows in a house and a still finer thing to have something to look at out of the windows.

This house has a width of 28 feet 6 inches, and a length of 28 feet 6 inches, exclusive of porches. Entrance is had directly to the living

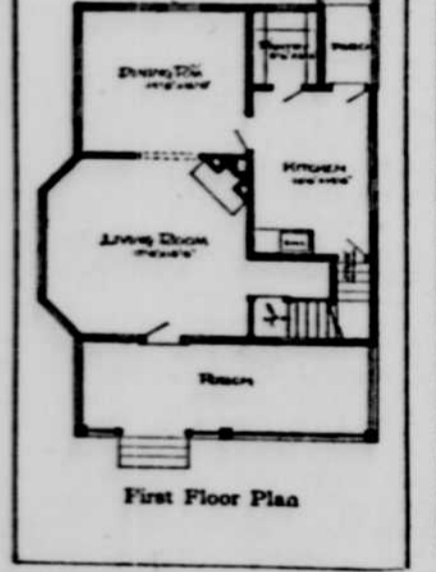


room, which is 17 by 15 feet in size. The ceiling of this room may be paneled at the pleasure of the owner. The exposed side of this room has a bay effect and in one corner is a large fireplace. The dining room, immediately back of the living room, is 14 by 12



away with the objections. First, design; second, execution. By far the most important of the two factors is that of design, which comes entirely within the jurisdiction of the architect, while the execution depends upon the builder. To produce the best results, therefore, we must have cooperation between the architect and the builder.

One of the most acceptable forms in which cement is employed in home construction, as well as the most economical, is its use for the exterior coating over lath. Color effects can be produced to harmonize with any desired tint of the wooden trim, by the addition of mineral coloring matter to the cement before it is mixed. Then the surface may either be troweled smooth or may be given a rough pebble dash finish.



The design of the house here shown is typical of the style we mention. This house would have a highly artistic appearance finished with a coat of dark gray cement in which a small percentage of lamp black has been introduced. With the porch, the bay window and the window frames painted white it would be most attractive. It will be noted that the porch of this house is included under the roof of the main structure. This gives a compact appearance and an effect of coziness. This residence is of a design admirably adapted either to suburban or county location on a large lot where there will be ample room for trees, shrubbery and formal garden.

No Competition. Squire Durmitt (of Lonelyville)—Our town's got the four biggest liars in the state.

Uncle Welby Gosh (of Drearyhurst)—I guess that's right. You're three of 'em. Who's the fourth?

Suspicious. Stubb—But why have you strong doubts as to whether either Cook or Peary ever reached the north pole? Penn—Because they never sent any souvenir post cards from there.

feet in dimensions. The kitchen and pantry are conveniently arranged. The stairway leading to the second floor has provision also for a hall tree, as will be noticed. A hall on the second floor leads through the entire building, and with windows at each end provides for plenty of cool air on hot summer nights. There are two chambers, each 14 feet by 17 feet 6 inches in dimensions. The bathroom is placed at one side in the central part of the structure and is convenient to both bedrooms. It will be noticed that the space over the porch has been utilized for closet room and for storage purposes.

The cost of this house should be well within \$2,500, depending upon location, price of materials and the cost of labor.

**GOT HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE**  
Cost Observant Individual Car Fare to Give Helpful Hint to the Conductor.

"There is a woman in the front of the car that hasn't paid her fare," said the conductor to the "man on the rear seat, "but I can't place her."

"Perhaps I can give you a pointer," said the helpful man. "Pick out the woman that fingers her hatpins all the time. That is the latest wrinkle of the female street pirate. Reading her neighbor's newspaper and gazing into futurity are out of date. Everybody got on to those tricks. But the woman who beats her way has to do something to hide her guilt, so she fiddles with her hatpins."

"Maybe you're right," said the conductor. "Anyhow, I'll try."

After a little he reported to the helpful man.

"That worked all right," he said. "She owned up. She said you would pay for her."

"No!" exclaimed the helpful man. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything, apparently. She happened to look back and said she knew you and that it would be all right. There she is now, standing up and nodding at you. Know her?"

"Yes," said the helpful man, weakly. "She is my wife."

**Keeping a Secret.**  
"She promised not to breathe a word of it."  
"And did she keep her promise?"  
"Literally, yes; but she sat right down and wrote 27 notes about it."

**Real Water Style.**  
Pearl—Yes, we are going to pass the winter at Palm Beach and I am out pricing bathing suits. I want something real chic.

Ruby—Gracious, dear, I should think something real duck would be better for a bathing suit.

**A Question.**  
"Say, maw!"  
"Yes, son."  
"Where do the mumps and measles go when I haven't got 'em?"

# RIVAL OF WESTON

Septuagenarian Walks 13 Miles Before Breakfast Daily.

Capt. N. M. Chittenden at 70, Takes Long "Hike" Every Morning—Has Many Friends Among the Indians.

New York—The sight of a gaunt and bearded man in sombrero and corduroys who daily turns in his tracks at the New Jersey end of the Fort Lee ferry, has awakened the curiosity of dwellers in the vicinity.

The appearance of the man is decidedly "Wild West," and the youngsters near the ferry who are astray at about seven o'clock mornings have had visions of redskins and buffaloes lately when the stranger has rewarded their vigils by coming on the scene.

The western-looking one is Capt. Newton H. Chittenden, the first explorer of the Queen Charlotte islands, who, although 70 years old, walks from Alpine, N. J., to the ferry, a distance of 13 miles, regularly before eight o'clock each morning as a "constitutional."

That Captain Chittenden deserves a nicely ornamented spot in the walkway section of the Hall of Fame along with Colonel Weston and Mayor Gaynor is evident from his exploits.

In 1858 and 1859 he broke the record for long walks by making a continuous journey on foot diagonally across the continent from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance, in-

cluding several hundred miles of side expeditions, amounting to 3,350 miles. He was accompanied by a pack burro.

The trip was for archeological and ethnological research, and Captain Chittenden considers it one of the severest of his career. He estimates that he dragged his donkey more than five miles through the overflowed bottoms of Louisiana.

Of the more than 200,000 miles which Captain Chittenden has covered in his 49 years of traveling, 25,000 miles have been on foot. Testimony of his researches are found in most of the famous museums in this country and in museums of Canada and England as well.

Among American pathfinders it is said that this explorer has devoted more severe labor to the accomplishment of his many expeditions than any other ten men of this country. His donations to museums have included many valuable relics and much data pertaining to the Indian tribes and prehistoric Americans.

Captain Chittenden has visited practically every Indian tribe on the continent and has lived with some of the distinguished old chiefs as long as six months, or a year. He has consequently become versed in several Indian languages. It is an interesting fact that, save on one or two occasions when protection from border ruffians demanded it, he never carried a weapon.

Chief Edonsau of the Queen Charlotte tribe was Captain Chittenden's great friend. Poundmaker, chief of the Saskatchewan Cree, whom he visited during the Riel rebellion, was another intimate. Others were American Horse, a great war chief of the Sioux; Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Two Strike, and the noted Chief Joseph, who came to see him in camp on the Spokane river in the early days.

In the winter of 1908-09 upon visiting Chief Manuel of the Cahulla and Serano Indians of southern California he was invited to address the tribe at their fiesta, and he remained in camp with them for 40 days.

As evidence of his pedestrian habits, Captain Chittenden in 1882, when provided with free transportation to and from the gold fields of Caribou, left the stage in the interior and proceeded 300 miles alone on foot among the various Indian tribes inhabiting that portion of British Columbia. Two years later, in the dead of winter, with the thermometer reaching 15 degrees below zero and the snow in places 15 feet deep, he walked alone over the mountains into the gold fields of Coeur d'Alene and then crossed the Bitter Root range into Montana a distance altogether of more than 300 miles.

Country roads are child's play to Captain Chittenden, whose pedestrianism has been devoted to rougher travel than that which his rivals have experienced. He attributes his unusual degree of endurance to inheritance and careful living. He has never smoked nor taken a drop of liquor, wine, or beer, and has not drunk a cup of tea or coffee in 40 years.

**Gives Aid to Birds.**  
New York—Mrs. Russell Sage the other day gave \$15,000 to the National Association of Audubon societies for their work in the south. Earlier in the week she gave \$500 to the association. The \$15,000 is to be used in educational work in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, North Carolina and South Carolina.

The \$500 was given to start a special "Robin protective fund" to protect the robin from extermination in this country.

# Cupid and the Proprietaries

By Catherine M. Patterson

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Monday morning was drawing perilously near and the party had just broken up. It was one of Patricia Norton's regular Sunday night supper parties, whose guest list never numbered more than eight and usually less—and the Falwells and Jimmie Brent were the latest stayers. Mrs. Falwell and her husband were just leaving. Mrs. Falwell and her husband! It was always that way, not that Mrs. Falwell was the more important of the two or was the possessor of any mental, moral or physical superiority, but it just naturally was. Yet every one liked Mr. Falwell and he himself seemed quite content with things as they were.

Jimmie Brent had risen with the Falwells, but after they had gone he still remained. In his hand he held a half smoked cigar.

"May I stay until I finish this?" he inquired, indicating his weed.

"Surely," said Patricia.

"Brent promptly knocked off not only the ashes, but the live end of the cigar. Patricia's eyebrows went up inquiringly.

"Your motive, Jimmie?" she questioned.

"You said I should stay until I finished this cigar," holding it off and admiring its proud, brown beauty.

"But I don't expect you to be forever doing it."

"Forever?" mused Jimmie. "I'd like to make this last forever."  
"Jimmie Brent, you are coming back to a forbidden subject. Finish that cigar in five minutes—for then out you go."

"Do you mean that, Patricia?" making no move to light his cigar and—if possible—settling himself still more comfortably in his chair. "May I ask how you are going to do it? You can't use brute force, you know."  
"I shan't attempt to do it myself," she said, with dignity. "I shall call Aunt Nancy, and if she can't accomplish it she will call the janitor."  
"Call Aunt Nancy? Good. She thinks you are making the mistake of

all the many mistakes of your life in so persistently refusing to marry me. Call Aunt Nancy in if you wish, she is on my side."

"I should say she is. She made the coffee so strong tonight that if it had wanted to do so it could have walked off bodily with this entire apartment. And all that because 'Mar'se Brent he likes his coffee dat strong dat if de cup was ter brek de coffee would most stand up alone.'"

"All of which goes to prove my point. As for the janitor, nice sort of a name you would have if one of your Sunday nights ended in a disgraceful brawl between the janitor and one of your guests."

"Nice sort of name I'll have, anyway, if you stay here much later," muttered Patricia, glancing at the clock. "Those new people across the hall are taking a lively interest in me as it is."

"I think they are horrid. I've seen only two members of the family, but they are enough. There is an old, gray-haired woman, so lean and angular you could use her for a costumer. She owns a barbed-wire voice that corresponds perfectly with her hatchet-face."

"Barbed-wire voice, hatchet-face," repeated Jimmie. "She is perfectly safe from me. But what sort of person is she? Your description doesn't reveal that little detail."

"Oh, doesn't it? Then perhaps the fact that she discusses the other people in the apartment building with the servants may throw some light on the subject."

"It does help some. But what has she said about—about—well, about you, for instance?"  
"Well, she said that if I were not—"

Patricia stopped in the middle of her speech, and her face flushed.

"Go on. What did she say?"  
"She said," repeated Patricia, with an effort, "that if I was not engaged to you I ought to be, and—"

"My sentiments exactly. The lady of the hatchet-face is not such a bad sort, after all. But to go on. What else?"

"She said it was disgraceful the number of times that you come here, and the lateness of your stay is always perfectly shocking. And those are my sentiments, Jimmie; you simply must go."

"Not until you have promised to become Mrs. J. Brent before the year is over."

"I'd never do that."

"Very well, then, here I'll sit. meantime, take heed unto yourself and remember the hour."

"I am remembering it, Jimmie. Please, please go. Finish your cigar as you cross the park."

"No, thank you; that isn't included in my campaign plans. Tell me more about these interesting people. Who is the second member of the family that you know?"

"A horrid, freckled boy, who is the most ubiquitous person with whom it has ever been my misfortune to come in contact. He is always in the halls and lately he has insisted on posting my letters for me. Fairly snatches them out of my hand and races off like mad. I can't stir any more without finding him at my heels."

"You seem to have made a conquest, and, after the manner of womankind in general, you don't appreciate it. By the way, how did all these remarks of the hatchet-faced one reach your ears? That point isn't quite clear to me."

"Aunt Nancy told me. The woman herself and the janitor, to whom my most estimable neighbor across the way has also been talking, it seems, told Aunt Nancy."

"But, Patricia, what was that you said about people listening to tales from servants, and talking to them?"  
"Jimmie, you are horrid. It is different with Aunt Nancy. She is—"

"A dear, as I have always maintained," interrupted Jimmie. "But come, Patricia. Aren't you going to accept me this time?"

"No, I am not. Oh, Jimmie, it is one o'clock. Please go."

"I will not until you promise to be my wife, Patricia," and, rising quickly, Brent crossed to Patricia, who also had risen. He took her in his arms. Patricia attempted to free herself.

"Promise me, Patricia, that you will be my wife," coaxed Jimmie, gently, but there was underneath it all a stern tone that implied that the man would brook delay no longer.

"Will you go at once if I do promise?"  
"I'll go in five minutes. I want to tell you something first. Is it a bargain?"  
"Yes, Jimmie, I will marry you."  
"Before the year is over?"  
"Yes."

Brent bent and kissed her before he asked: "On your word of honor, in spite of what I am going to tell you? Oh, I promise you I haven't committed a penal offense or disgraced the family in any way."

"Tell me. You have my word, and that once given holds good for all time."

Brent bent and kissed the face he held between his hands before he spoke. "Patricia, I am the main part of the new family that has just moved into the apartment across the hall."  
"You?" gasped Patricia. "And, and the woman with the awful face and voice? They are dreadful, even if she is related to you."  
"But she isn't a relation of mine, so don't look so distressed. She will not come to pay us long visits. She is a most estimable woman, however, and my—housekeeper."  
"And the boy?"  
"The 'horrid imp' which I believe was the affectionate and tender term you used in conjunction with him, is my young brother, who, by the way, thinks that you are the one woman. And all those tales were purely my own invention, carried to the right person by my faithful housekeeper. You see, dear, I was getting desperate. Remember, you have promised, on your word of honor, to marry me; so there is to be no retraction."  
"Marry you? Certainly will," said Patricia, positively. "If for no other reason than to keep my eye on you in the future and prevent your doing something still worse. But do you remember your own promise to go?"  
"Yes; and I'll go," said Jimmie, snatching up his cigar from the chimney piece. "Only I'll smoke this, not as I cross the park, but as I cross the hall."

# TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad as again. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look



and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. WILLIAM EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestioned testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## THE BIGGEST.



She—What is the biggest fish story you ever heard?  
He—Jonah and the whale.

**Up to Date Milking Scene.**  
"What's going on around here?" asked the surprised visitor. "Is this a hospital?"  
"Oh, no," answered the tall man in the silk hat; "this is the stage setting for a New England farm drama. The next act will be the milking scene."

"But I thought the young lady in the antiseptic apron was a trained nurse?"  
"Oh, no; she is the milkmaid. The young man in the rubber gloves that you thought was a doctor is the farm boy, as soon as they bring in the sterilized stool and the pasteurized pails and find the cow's tooth brush the milking scene will begin."

**Degrees of Misery.**  
Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other, "excepting, perhaps, six children and a trombone."

**Dangerous Job.**  
Kind Lady—Here is a rhubarb pie, my poor man. How did you get that wound on your arm? Tired Tim—I was a lookout, mum. Kind Lady—Ah, a lookout on a steamer and there was a collision? Tired Tim—No, mum, a lookout for a second-story man an' de watchman winged me, mum.

**A Serious Jundred.**  
"Yes," said the drug clerk. "I am called up occasionally to compound prescriptions at night."  
"Isn't a man apt to make mistakes working in semi-darkness?"  
"You bet he is. I took a plugged quarter once."

**Penalized for Holding.**  
Maud—Do you believe in palmistry? Ethel—In a way. I've known it to work splendid as a starter when the young man was shy.

# Inventor of Diving Armor

Parts of His Device That Have Not Been Improved Upon From the First.

Among pioneer inventors to whom the diving dress in its present perfected form owes so much was William H. Taylor. The previous nit or glass attempts were superseded by the Taylor patent of June 20, 1838, in which the essential feature was the valve allowing the emission of consumed air without an influx of water.

Previous to this time, the Scientific American says, there had been the diving chest and the diving bell, of which the latter, introduced by Smeaton in 1778, was the safest and most practical device for submarine exploration. The diving bell has been developed alongside of the diving dress and is still in use.

The general appearance of Taylor's diving armor was like that of a knight's suit of mail, except for a prominent bulge in the body piece. A large pipe

coming down from the surface and penetrating the body piece at the bulge supplied the fresh air, while a short pipe entered the body piece on the other side, and was provided with a valve which carried off the exhaust. Although diving armor has now reached its perfected state, this valve has never been materially improved upon.

**Appreciative Irishman.**  
The English travelers complain that they are so much hurried in our hotels and so little in our stage coaches. An Irish traveler took a different view of the case. Honest Pat came in at one o'clock, and was called up in a half an hour. "And what will ye charge for the lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An sure twa kind of ye to call me so airy; if I'd slept until the morning, I'd not had the money to pay the bill!"

# A Pleasing Combination Post Toasties

with Cream and Sugar.

Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a fascination that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers"  
Sold by Grocers,  
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