

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY • • • NEBRASKA

STEEL TRUST AS CAT BUYER.

A rat got tangled up in one of the dynamos which supply power for the great blast furnace mill of the United States Steel corporation at Gary, Ind., says Louisville Courier-Journal. It required several hours to separate the rat's remains from the dynamo and in the meantime the corporation was losing money at the rate of a thousand dollars a minute. Now the steel trust is advertising for cats. Advertisements have been inserted in the Gary newspapers, offering 50 cents apiece, with no limitations as to age, sex, size, pedigree or character. Fifty cents a head is a good price for cats and the officials of the steel trust are likely to have to contend with an embarrassment of offerings. When the news percolates to all the cities and small towns of Indiana there will be a rush of feline shipments to Gary and the steel trust will find itself with a surplus of cats scarcely less troublesome than the surplus of rats with which it has been contending heretofore. Hundreds of Indiana families will willingly part with all their feline possessions at a compensation of 50 cents per cat. Some thousands of small boys will explore the alleys and woodsheds until the last backyard fence is detoured.

The report from Pisa that royal engineers state that the inclination of the leaning tower at that place has increased eight inches and that the structure is likely to collapse will tend to further increase the number of those who believe that the tower was never intended to be a freak of masonry, but that it became a wonder by the yielding of its foundation on one side. As a "drawing card" for tourists the famous leaning tower has had value in addition to the historic considerations, and if it should fall there would doubtless be a demand for its reconstruction. A modern builder could give Pisa a leaning tower of greater inclination by using an anchored steel skeleton and clothing it with well fastened veneer.

A speaker at a meeting of a medical society in New Jersey declared that some of the greatest surgeons living had left sponges, forceps and other instruments in the abdominal cavities of persons operated upon, and that the practice was "excusable." This makes cheerful reading for the lay public, especially that portion of it that has hospital experience in prospect; but the statement of the existence of this practice is also puzzling from the fact that it must be a more or less expensive practise to the surgeons themselves to be so careless about losing good instruments.

A New York woman was fined five dollars for getting drunk in public and using the large "D" to a policeman. New York seems to be doing something to keep the cost of the necessities of life on the Great White Way within reason.

An Englishman has paid \$700 for a 60-year-old alphabet. He could have got a new one for nothing, but these Britons are so conservative!

St. Louis is howling for a barrel of free ice water at each corner. Will ice cool that concrete composition fondly thought to be water in St. Louis?

Doctor Wiley says that there's nothing especially dangerous in kissing—except the prospect of marriage, we presume.

Some one has discovered 41,000,000 germs in a malaga grape. Still, for all that, malaga grapes are pretty good eating.

An eighty-three-year-old Pennsylvania dame took her first ride on a train. She couldn't learn any younger.

Even in hot weather some self-sacrificing, hard-working correspondent manages to sweat out a war scare.

States Island has seen the first sea serpent, and now the lid ought to be put on S. I.

Two Dreadnaughts will cost \$23,000,000, but that can't scare a dread naught.

Forty-four scrubwomen have been laid off by the city of New York. New York's economy fad knows no bounds.

Down in Pittsburg the overcoat makers have gone on a strike. This may be the psychological moment for an overcoat strike, but who'd have thought it?

Aviating and ballooning kill a man every day or two just to prove that the air is a long way from being conquered yet.

Excellent hot weather exercise is watching a tennis match.

Texas are carrying shotguns these days. The mosquito season has arrived.

If Texas doesn't stop raising so much corn she will get herself disliked by Kansas.

Getting back from a picnic is the real test of the kind of time you had.

Aviators are falling like the leaves of the forest.

A Transfigured Foe

By MARY BARRETT HOWARD

Peggy stood at bay with shamed, defiant eyes, while Jack Travers, pausing at intervals to read aloud brief extracts from a tiny red-covered book, crested about her with derisive whoops of laughter.

"I should think that even a girl in the D class might know enough to spell supper with two p's—supper—'Oh, Gee!'"

"I must read it, Peg, so's to be sure I'm returning it to the right owner," the boy said.

As he spoke, his eyes fell on several underlined entries, and he whooped again as he read scoffingly:

"Freddy Simpson took me out to supper at Evelyn Starr's party yesterday. 'Freddy walked home from school with me tonight.' 'Freddy gave me a simply grand American Beauty rose at recess!'"

"By giner, Peggy, before I'd be soft on a sissy boy like Freddy Simpson!"

A blaze of wrath swept the shame from Peggy's brown eyes.

"Freddy! We girls all think he's perfectly fine and his neckties are dreams. He doesn't go round without a hat till he's black as an Italian, wearing clothes that aren't fit for a tramp!"

Jack Travers, like all normal boys, hated to "dress up," and he stiffened defiantly as he glanced down at the somewhat disreputable costume which had seemed to him just the thing for a warm summer's day. The blue eyes which contrasted so oddly with his bronzed face, flashed and Peggy noted with malicious satisfaction the deep flush that suffused his very ears as he retorted:

"Oh, yes, Pinky's a winner! He's pink and white, an' he's got curly yellow hair and he dresses to beat the band. But I'll tell you what it is, Peggy, you'll find out, some day, that Freddy Simpson's no good. A fellow who's afraid to play football and afraid to go in swimming unless the water's boiling! And he's a regular kisser, too. He's got Maude Herrick and Evelyn Starr and about 'steen other girls goin' just the way he has you."

"He hasn't—I'm not," Peggy stammered. "Oh, Jack Travers, I hate—hate—hate you!"

Her voice rose in a screech of despairing rage, and as automatically as the figures in a Dutch clock, two women appeared on the porches of two houses on opposite sides of the street, calling:

"Peggy, come here!"

"Jack Travers, come here this instant!"

The boy hastily thrust the bone of contention into Peggy's hands.

is not an unmitigated affliction taken in connection with a pair of big brown eyes and a skin whose rose and snow is accentuated rather than marred by a freckle or two on the tip of a spirited nose.

"I'll send Nora for you at ten, dear," Mrs. Porter said, as Peggy set out through the long June twilight.

"Oh, mumsey, not at ten!" Peggy expostulated in tragic tones.

"Well, 11," her mother relented. "But don't keep Nora waiting—11 is very late for a child of your age to be out of bed."

The imposing pile of stone and brick which had sprung into existence, mushroom-like, by the magic power of unlimited wealth, towered grandly above the less pretentious structures around it, and Peggy, who had never before been within its charmed precincts, quite held her breath as she entered a great drawing-room furnished with barbaric splendor.

Freddy Simpson, in evening clothes which made the other boys' "Sunday best" look, as the most independent of them secretly acknowledged, "like thirty cents," seemed to Peggy's dazzled eyes a fairy pink and white prettiness which had gained him the sobriquet of "Pinky," was also of a capriciousness. He responded to Peggy's shy greeting with brusque indifference and the next instant had turned his back squarely upon her to resume a whispered conversation with Evelyn Starr, who wore flame-colored silk.

Notwithstanding his pink and white softness of aspect, Freddy had inherited that parental capacity for riding roughshod over the rights and feelings of others which had no notably assisted his father in his race for riches; and it was soon obvious to all beholders that for this evening, at least, dark-haired Evelyn was the object of his pursuit. It was Evelyn to whom he directed all his words and his smiles; Evelyn whom he called out in all the games, Evelyn in a state of giggling elation, who occupied the seat of honor beside him at the supper table, and the wistful wonder in a certain pair of big brown eyes moved him not one jot.

Peggy never lacked for cavaliers, and she joined in all the merry-making with apparent zest. But through it all the one drop of comfort in her bitter cup was the fact that Jack Travers, who never went to parties except under coercion, had early in the evening with a few other kindred spirits retired to a room which went by the name of "Freddy's den," there to amuse themselves with a marvellous collection of mechanical toys.

At supper time she shrank back as far as possible behind a big palm and a small escort to elude the mocking glance of a pair of big eyes looking out from a bronzed face.

But Jack was devoting himself to his supper with the enthusiasm of a hungry, hearty boy, did not seem to notice her humble position in an obscure corner, ignored and deserted by the fascinating young host, and as he again withdrew to the attractions of the den the girl drew a long sigh of relief.

"Now he's safe for the rest of the evening," she exulted. "I can stand being slighted by Freddy if only Jack doesn't know."

But Peggy was destined to undergo an ordeal that made the other experiences of this trying night fade into insignificance; for in the midst of the after-supper hilarity, Pinky Simpson, taking up his station near a door, announced loudly:

"Ma's gone to bed, an' she's left a big basket of favors that cost a lot for me to give the girls. But I'm not agoin' to give 'em to any but the pretty girls. Them that I call the names of may go into the l'brary. The basket's on the table, but nobody dast to touch it till I come—I'm agoin' to give the nicest ones to Evelyn, 'cause she's my honey. Now, Evelyn, you go first."

Evelyn departed giggling in hysterical enjoyment of the situation. "An' Maude Herrick, you may go—an' you—an' you—an' you—an' you!"

One by one the girls designated by the young autocrat left the room, and then, with a nonchalance which some of his father's business associates would have had no difficulty in recognizing, Freddy prepared to close the door in the faces of the unfortunate remainder.

The boys present, although some of them were swelling with generous wrath, seemed stunned into inactivity by the brutal frankness of their host, while most of the girls, belonging to the hopelessly plain sisterhood and injured from their cradles to such "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," accepted their fate with indignant resignation.

Not so Peggy. As name after name was called she began to quiver with suspense. Her throat grew dry, her hands cold, and as she saw the door of the library closing her pride broke down altogether.

"O Freddy, Freddy—aren't you going to let me in?" she wailed like the pet at the gate of Paradise.

"Now," Pinky responded without emotion. "You ain't pretty, Peggy Porter—you got red hair."

"Lord save us! What's allin' the child!" Nora exclaimed at Peggy's wild, distraught appearance.

"O Nora, take me home!" Peggy moaned.

"An' where's yer cloak?" demanded Nora.

"I don't know, I don't care—I just won't go back to that house again!" Peggy wailed.

The exigencies of his profession had accustomed Mr. Goggin to agitated persons of the female sex, and his tactfully soothing ministrations had reduced Peggy to a semblance of calm by the time Nora returned with the cloak.

The question of social precedence was not one often mooted in the little country town, and Peggy was unaware that convention demanded that the maid who acted as her escort should follow her at a respectful distance. As a matter of fact, she usually held fast to Nora's hand while she regaled the friendly girl with an account of the evening's gaiety, or else on the not infrequent occasions when they were joined by Mr. Goggin, she "tagged on behind" admiring the officer's form and lordly manner in which he swung his club.

But tonight she was far too distracted by her recent humiliation to watch the lovers strolling along in front of her, or to hear the sound of rapid footsteps pounding along the walk behind her, and she started violently as Jack panted in her ear:

"I'd caught up with you sooner, Peggy, but just as I was startin' for home I heard what Pinky Simpson had been up to an' I went back to lick the stuffin' out of him. Those guys in uniform pulled me off before I'd given him what was comin' to him," he added regretfully, "but I guess what he got will hold him for a while."

"Oh, Jack!" Peggy gasped. "Did you thrash Freddy because—because he—"

"Sure I did—why wouldn't I?" interjected the boy.

"Oh, Jack!" Peggy breathed again.

Jack's bronzed face looked pale in the moonlight and his blue eyes shot forth sparks of fire. He was exactly like the picture of St. George after he'd killed the dragon, Peggy thought.

"I told you Pinky was no good," her champion reminded her. "But he must have bats in his belfry to say you're not pretty. Why, Peggy, you're a peach, and I think red hair is great."

Peggy edged nearer in grateful, unbounded amazement.

"Oh, Jack," she asked shyly, "did you thrash Freddy because of me? And do you honestly think I'm pretty?"

"You bet," Jack replied succinctly, but with unmistakable sincerity.

A soft little hand slipped into a sinewy brown one and Peggy snuggled to the side of her ancient adversary.

"Say, Peggy," the boy whispered, "I liked you all the time."

PROMINENT PEOPLE

GOVERNOR STUBBS OF KANSAS



Governor Walter Roscoe Stubbs, who was renominated at the Republican primaries of the state, has had a short career in politics, compared with most leaders. It is only seven years since he began to interest himself at all actively in public affairs, and now the governor's ambition is to succeed Senator Charles Curtis, whose term expires in March, 1913, and whose successor will be chosen two years hence.

Stubbs is red headed, like that other insurgent leader of Kansas Republicans, Victor Murdock. Red hair means energy. Oddly enough, he comes of Quaker stock. His parents, who lived in Richmond, Ind., when he was born, were very poor. Now fifty-two years old, the governor is wealthy as a result of many years of hard work as a contractor, mostly in railroad building. Thus he has an intimate acquaintance with one feature of railroad affairs, the cost of new lines.

A big man physically, Stubbs has a face that is often borishly emotional, though it can change into granite hardness when his fighting spirit is aroused. His talk is homely and direct. He frankly admits that he is ambitious to go high in politics. He has hardly any "book learning," and he does not pretend to have any. He has been, however, a very good friend to the state's educational institutions and appreciates education.

Stubbs began his political career in 1903 by going to the legislature. In 1904 he became chairman of the Republican state committee and remained such for four years. He nominated Edward Wallis Hoch for governor, after Hoch had refused to accept the nomination. Stubbs hired two good talkers to use the long-distance telephone from Topeka on every farmer in the state who had a phone in his home. It cost a good deal of money, but Stubbs was satisfied with the result. "They wouldn't have worried about a letter," he said, "but when they got a long-distance call they knew that meant something."

As governor, Stubbs sought unsuccessfully last year to have passed a two-cent passenger-rate law, declaring the statute permitting a three-cent rate to be a hump. The legislature adopted the report of the railroad commission, recommending that the two-cent bill be not passed.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AT 76



James, Cardinal Gibbons, who recently celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth, is noted among churchmen and is head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States. He was born in Baltimore, but at an early age was taken by his parents to their former home in Ireland, where his education began. Upon returning to the United States he lived for a while in New Orleans. He studied first at St. Charles college and later at St. Mary's seminary in Baltimore, and in 1861 he was ordained to the priesthood. In a short time he was made private secretary to Archbishop Spalding and chancellor of the archdiocese. In 1863 he was raised to the episcopate and in 1877 was created coadjutor archbishop of Baltimore. A few months later he succeeded to the see, and on June 30, 1888, he was invested with the insignia of cardinal. Cardinal Gibbons presided at the third national council of the church, held in Baltimore in 1884. He has written books and pamphlets on religious subjects and is noted for his charitable work.

In the course of a general conversation with the cardinal recently, the subject of divorce came up and he at once opened up on it with all his batteries. The evils of divorce are ever uppermost in his thoughts. "Divorce is a canker which is eating into the very vitals of our life," he said in the interview, in which he also urged young men to enter politics. "Society—our whole civilization appears itself upon the sanctity of the home and the unity of the family. When you attack the family you attack government itself. And government to protect and perpetuate itself must expunge from its statutes the criminal divorce laws which the best of our life abhors."

"I pray for the time when men and women may be persuaded to understand the seriousness of marriage. Regardless of religious convictions, they should understand that they are entering upon a contract which is not of a day or a month, but of a lifetime. They should know that they must bear and forbear. The husband cannot pull one way and the wife another. They must pull in the traces together."

WILL GIVE AWAY MILLIONS



With the announcement that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has resigned from the directorate of the Standard Oil company and has relinquished other large business interests to assume charge of the work of giving away his father's vast fortune, a new public interest in this young man has arisen. Now thirty-three years old, he has been looked upon for many years as the heir apparent of the elder Rockefeller's habits of acquisitiveness and frugality. His talks to his Sunday school class have been keenly watched and reported in the newspapers, and their tone has been considered, by a good part of the public at least, that of unctuous, self-satisfied piety. But now everything is changed; both the father and the son are preparing to demonstrate their belief that "faith without works is void," and the works are to be great indeed if all that is promised of the Rockefeller Foundation shall be carried out.

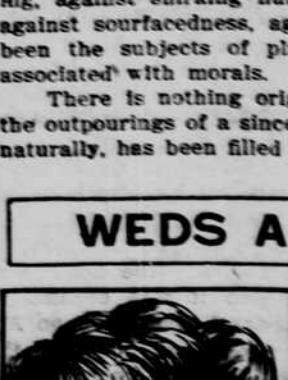
Those who have come closely in contact with young Mr. Rockefeller say he has a serious mind and probably would have entered the ministry had he not been destined for great business affairs as the only son of the oil magnate. Born and bred in Cleveland, he was trained in early life, like all the Rockefeller children, to simple living and industry with the intention, it is said, of keeping him from the temptations of larger and more fashionable institutions of learning. Brown university, of course, has Baptist antecedents and affiliations, and all the Rockefellers are of that denomination. As a student Mr. Rockefeller mingled freely with his fellow students, though he was not given to social pleasures.

October 1, 1901, Mr. Rockefeller married Abby Green Aldrich, daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. The marriage, which took place in Providence, was a great society event, and was attended by 1,000 guests. The gifts were valued at \$700,000. Three children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller.

Gradually the younger Rockefeller has been relinquishing his responsibilities as a director in large corporations. As a Sunday school teacher Mr. Rockefeller has been an utterer of many precepts for the guidance of his fellow young men. He has advised against living beyond one's means, against borrowing money on friendship, against drinking anything intoxicating, against shirking humble work, against discontent because of poverty, against sourfacedness, against timidity and several other things that have been the subjects of platitudes and homilies since religion began to be associated with morals.

There is nothing original in his remarks, though they undoubtedly are the outpourings of a sincere, if conventional, mind. His Sunday school class, naturally, has been filled with young men eager to learn the way to success.

WEDS A JAP WAR ADMIRAL



Miss Florence M. Roche, the only daughter of the late James Jeffrey Roche, the famous poet and author, was recently married in Boston to Read Admiral Henry Walton Grinnell, formerly the "Yankee admiral" of the Japanese navy, and they are now touring Europe. They have been friends for years. The admiral was a friend of the young woman's father while he was editor of the Pilot. During last winter the two were brought together a great deal at St. Augustine and their long friendship strengthened by constant association, led to their engagement.

Miss Roche is about 25 years old and has lived in Boston virtually all her life up to the time that her father was appointed consul to Genoa by President Roosevelt in 1905, when she gave up her work and joined him. Mr. Roche died two years ago. Admiral Grinnell entered the United States navy at an early age and rose to the rank of lieutenant.

Just before the Chinese-Japanese war Japan asked for an American naval officer in helping to build up and organize its navy. Grinnell was made the choice of the navy board. He was given the rank of rear admiral by the Japanese government and remained in its employ for several years in an advisory capacity.

DRIVEN ALMOST CRAZY.

Bakersfield, Cal., Woman's Awful Suffering.

Mrs. H. W. Heagy, 1515 L St., Bakersfield, Cal., says: "Doctors failed to help me and I was in despair. The kidney secretions scalded terribly and passed too freely. I often staggered as if drunk. I could not lie in bed over half an hour. My side was numb, sight affected, and a tingling sensation covered my body. It actually seemed as if I would go crazy. I was saved from fatal Bright's disease by Doan's Kidney Pills and my health improved wonderfully."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In the Desert.

Here is a glimpse of the horrors of a western desert, taken from the Goldfield (Nev.) News: "Another desert victim is reported, and Archie Campbell, manager of the Last Chance mining property near Death valley, came to Goldfield yesterday to endeavor to establish the identity of the unfortunate."

"Mr. Campbell encountered the unknown man on the desert in a frightful condition. He was in the last stages of desert exhaustion, devoid of clothing, sunburned, blistered and crazed, with his tongue swollen enormously, a pitiable object, and unable to speak."

"He was tenderly conveyed to camp and everything possible done for him, but kind aid came too late, for an hour after he had absorbed the first cup of water he expired."

Doll House Library.

A search for a child's short story, "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," in a volume all by itself revealed to a persistent city shopper the thought and money that are expended on the furnishing of dolls' houses. Book stores had not the story in a single volume, but in a department store one young woman interviewed had recently been transferred from the toy department and was able to contribute a helpful hint.

"I think," she said, "you can find it in one of the dolls' houses downstairs."

Curiosity had by that time become a sauce to literature, so the shopper hurried downstairs to inspect the doll houses. Three of the most expensive houses contained libraries consisting of a score of diminutive books and each book contained a child's story complete. One of them was "The Griffin and the Minor Canon."

Keeping it Dry.

An old woman of a wealthy New Jersey family was going visiting. The coachman, who had not been in this country long, had just been equipped with a new uniform and a new silk hat. Before they had gone far it began to sprinkle, and the old woman told the coachman to fasten down the side curtains of the wagonette.

He drove up to a hitching post beside the road and, dismounting, hung his new hat on the post, and began to fasten the curtains.

The old woman noticed his bare head and asked him where his hat was.

"Oh, took it off me head, mum, so as it wouldn't get wet," the coachman replied.

A Bernhardt Trick.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is supposed to be something of an artist as well as an actress, was recently called upon in one of her marvelous creations to enact the role of a sculptor, and to model a certain bust in view of the audience. This fairly electrified the critics, but when going into rhapsodies over the technical skill in handling the clay which Mme. Bernhardt exhibited they showed that they knew little of the artistic tricks of actors and actresses; as a matter of fact, she does nothing of the kind. The bust is modeled and baked, and over it is placed damp clay of the same color. This the talented actress merely pulls off, exposing the beautifully modeled head underneath.

Opinions Aired.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."

Game.

The Creditor—Will you pay this bill now, or never?

The Debtor—Mighty nice of you to give me my choice, old scout. I choose never.

Convenient For Any Meal Post Toasties

Are always ready to serve right from the box with the addition of cream or milk.

Especially pleasing with berries or fresh fruit.

Delicious, wholesome, economical food which saves a lot of cooking in hot weather.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.