

# Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLINGHAM, Publisher.  
LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA

## MACHINERY WANTED.

It is perhaps an example of the irony of fate that Russia, our most formidable competitor in some branches of agriculture, should be obliged to depend, to a considerable degree, on American machinery for her success in the competition, says the Manchester Union. It is a fact no less interesting, though not unnatural, that American manufacturers of agricultural machinery are getting themselves in readiness to send to Russia all the machinery she is willing to pay for, provided she will make the trade an object to them by way of duty concessions. The Russian National Organization of Traders in Agricultural Machinery and Implements has laid before its government resolutions advocating the continuance of agricultural machinery on the free list, and the removal of the present duty on locomotives imported with threshing machines and steam plows. In these resolutions American manufacturers of agricultural machinery are naturally interested. They know that the Russian government earnestly desires the development of the southern part of its country into a corn-growing area, the fertility of the soil making this especially desirable; and they are quite reasonable in hoping and expecting that this consideration will be a factor in the Russian acceptance of the proposition to admit free of duty all staples and machinery required in the cultivation of the product.

There are two sides to every question. Dean Bailey of the College of Agriculture at Cornell, presented the other side of a much-discussed matter when he talked to the fruit growers of the state at Sedus on the subject of abandoned farms. It is often declared that there is great loss of potential wealth in the abandoned farms. But Prof. Bailey says that much sentiment has been wasted on so-called abandoned farms; that farming has been suspended on some lands for good economic reasons, and that farming will not begin again upon them until conditions demand it. All this is true, of course. Buying an abandoned farm does not always open the road to prosperity for the buyer. The new owner may find conditions such that he cannot get along any better than the old owner who left the place. There is gold in sea water, but no profitable way has been found to extract it. There is land lying unused in abandoned farms—though the state agricultural department showed not long ago that there are fewer farms of this kind than the average person supposed.

While we have French, Italian, Chinese and Spanish restaurants, and one or two chop houses which would be quite English were it not for their German waiters, it would be difficult to name a single kitchen in the town that excels in the preparation of our homely American dishes in the very best fashion, says the New York Herald. Sad as it is to tell it, not one of our famous bonifaces makes a serious effort to preserve the noble traditions of native cookery that are embodied in corned beef hash, pork and beans with a little molasses, fish cakes made from fresh cod, Indian pudding and chicken gumbo, not to mention such costly delicacies as terrapin and canvasback.

A suggestion has been made in New York, following the statement that the fire waste of the country is \$500 a minute, that a course of fire-lighting and prevention be established at one of the prominent colleges. The suggestion points to the fact that not one man or woman in a hundred thinks seriously of the ever-constant danger of fire until it is at hand, when the great majority promptly lose their heads at a time when every second counts. Training can develop that useful faculty called presence of mind, and there are many hints which would doubtless prove highly effective in both prevention and the salvation of life and property were they matters of common knowledge.

A woman in St. Louis, according to revelations in a divorce suit, was going to take the most unique revenge on her husband on record. She intended to take a lot of brunette hair found in his valise and bake it into a pie for his delectation. Only the imagination of a woman scorned could have conceived such a retaliatory scheme.

Maine reports that 12,299 hunters killed 5,551 deer in the state during the hunting season just closed. Next year there will probably be enough of them to surround the game and choke it to death.

Telephone girls with sweet voices and manners marry rapidly, and in Spokane they are required to obligate themselves to stay single six months. That is unconstitutional, but the poor girls have to stand it in Spokane.

The Burbanking of vegetables was all right, but it's rather disquieting to learn that a Harvard scientist is attempting the same thing among animals. A green carnation is amusing, but a green horse is outrageous.

Pittsburg philanthropists are planning to serve lunches at a cent each to pupils in the public schools of that city. Evidently there are people in Pittsburg who do not want school children to become obsolete.

# WON BRIDE WHILE IN "THE AIR"

NEW YORK. — "I needed about 100 pounds or so extra weight, and so, when I saw her in the crowd as we were getting ready to go up in the balloon, I asked her to take the trip with me—I had known for a long time that she wanted to have a flight in the air."

And so Dr. Sidney S. Stowell took Miss Blanche Edith Hulse "up 'n a balloon, boys," proposed to her when they were 10,000 feet in the air while the other man in the basket was looking the other way; and now they are married!

Dr. Stowell tried something different. He might have proposed to her in an automobile, or on the deck of a yacht by moonlight, or even in the hammock on the back porch; in other words, he might have proposed just as millions of other men have proposed. But on the spur of the moment he chose the air as the scene in which to bring his wooing to a climax—and won out.

When his good airship landed in a rocky pasture he had the promise; the rest was easy, thanks to this new way of winning her. "The 100 pounds or so of ballast" is now Mrs. Stowell.

At the beginning it looked as if Dr. Stowell stood little chance. Miss Hulse, daughter of Schuyler Hulse, of Pittsfield, Mass., was one of the belles of the Berkshires. Dr. Stowell practised in Pittsfield too, and one day he met Miss Hulse.

Lure of the City Felt.

At length he gained the coveted invitation to call. The handsome young physician took the very first opportunity. The visits continued until one day the young woman remarked in a very off-hand manner, "I'm going to New York to study nursing."

"What?" answered Dr. Stowell, barely stifling a gasp.

"Yes," rattled on Miss Hulse, "it's all arranged. I'm going to Bellevue hospital there and I shall take the full course. Won't it be fine?"

Miss Hulse left Pittsfield soon afterward and Dr. Stowell never got the chance he longed for. He stayed at home while Miss Hulse went to New York. Automobiling had always been his hobby, but folks had the balloon fever in Pittsfield. Just then and Dr. Stowell got it, too. He joined the Aero Club of Pittsfield—the premier place for the sport in the east, with its big gas works and its host of aerostats. Soon he had the "bug," as they say.

"I'm going to qualify as an air-pilot," declared Dr. Stowell to his friends, and he went about it in a matter-of-fact formal way, with each flight, making his records and studying the science of aeronautics as if he intended to make it his life work.

He essayed the air for the first time, going up as a passenger with William Van Siet. The wind was high and the pair were blown to Tyngsboro, Mass., but they landed in safety after a wild trip through the clouds. That started his qualification for air-pilot.

Under the rules of the Aero Club of Pittsfield a candidate must make six flights with at least one passenger, and one of the flights must be at night. All these Dr. Stowell made, but not without peril.

Peril in Night Flight.

The night flight was punctuated by a terrific thunderstorm in which the balloon was in momentary peril of being struck by lightning. In another flight he was blown across the State of Massachusetts, dipped down till he hit the waters of the Hudson river, only to rise again and bang against the rock-bound sides of the Palisades. But, on by one, the flights were made. There was but one left, and then he would become a full-fledged captain of the air. He could fly alone now, if he chose, or take a person.

He decided that his first passenger should be John P. Manning of Pittsfield. It chanced that day that Miss Hulse was in Pittsfield, on leave of absence from the hospital in New York. She went to see the balloon flight and was in the crowd that gathered about the tugging thing of silk and gas that half a hundred men could barely hold down.

They had chatted and laughed together before things were ready, and Miss Hulse stood close to the basket to see the cast-off. Dr. Stowell was busy setting things to rights and getting everything ship-shape when he noted that his airship seemed even too buoyant. It was plain to his ex-

## SYSTEM NEEDS MUCH WATER

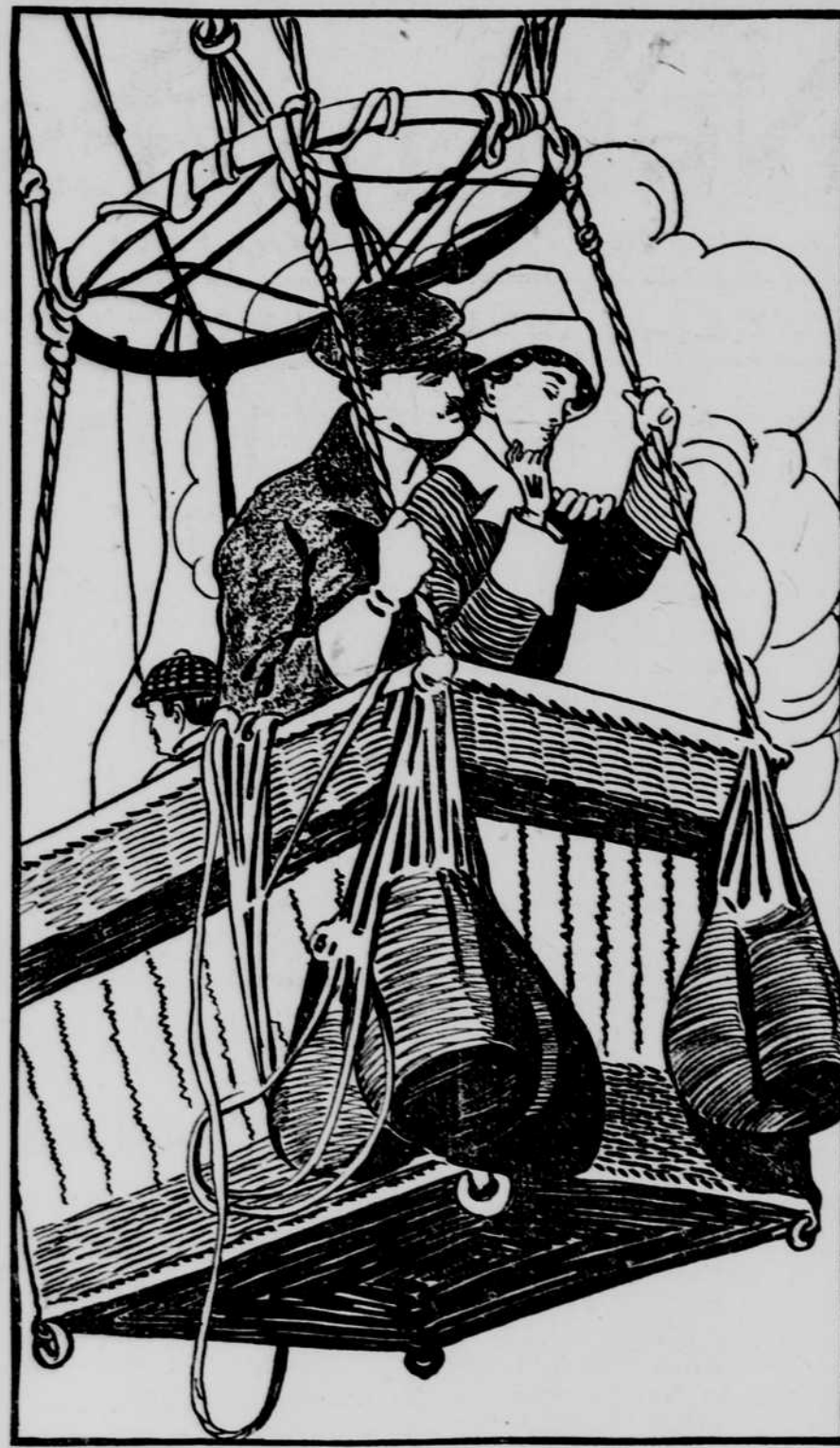
Also as Aid to Beauty and Health, it is One of the Finest Things Imaginable.

Two great aids to beauty and health in the world are the simplest and least often followed. A woman who will not fail to take obnoxious medicine recommended by her doctor, at the most inconvenient times, finds it too difficult to adopt these two remedies—fresh air and quantities of pure water.

Even those who have successfully educated themselves in the fresh air cult still neglect the equally important habit of drinking plenty of pure water. They daily bathe the body externally without a thought of the necessity of internal bathing.

Any doctor will tell you that a certain quantity of water should be taken daily; a pint and a half is the very least that one is supposed to drink. Yet there are many people who never drink water at all.

When one thinks of the cleansing power of water upon the body applied



terned eye that she would shoot up in the air like a rocket—something that every aeronaut dreams.

He glanced about. There was no more ballast—yes, there was Miss Hulse, who stood smiling by the side of the basket to watch Dr. Stowell make his upward shot into the air. Perhaps something else beside mere ballast was in his mind too.

"Perhaps there was something in a pair of merry eyes!"

Invitation Accepted.

Anyway, the budding man of the air made up his mind right then and there. The helpers were ready to let go and cast off.

"Oh, Miss Hulse," sang out Dr. Stowell, "just a minute, please. Remember what you asked me the other day? Here's your chance. We need a little ballast. Want to come along?"

"In a minute!" laughed Miss Hulse. Her mother was there, and several of her friends. They protested. Why, there were two in the basket of the balloon already, and a trip in the air was most dangerous, and the sky looked threatening and—oh, it was altogether too perilous.

For answer to all these objections the pretty girl let herself be helped into the wicker basket that hung under the swaying bag of gas, and in a minute more the lines were loosed. Up, up, shot the airship into the blue. The crowd cheered for a moment, but held its breath when the balloon hit into a cross current and barely missed ending its trip then and there. It missed the tall chimney of a factory, just escaping disaster by a foot or two. Then began in earnest the flight into the turquoise of the sky.

In a jiffy the balloon was only a dot among the clouds. The last of the crowd saw them, the new-fledged pilot and his two passengers were leaning over the side of the basket waving their hands at the people below—three midgets moving under a big blue bowl.

Landing Safely Made.

That night a wire to the club brought the news that a landing had been made safely 25 miles away, at Shelburne Falls, but nothing was said of the really important feature of the trip. Nor was Dr. Stowell's "ascension card," any more enlightening. In view of subsequent events, however, this card, which he filed with the records of the club as required by the rules, is of interest. If an airman of the future were to find this card in looking up the records of ballooning in the early twentieth century he would find that it was to all appearances a most uneventful trip.

As the card runs:

"Ascension, No. 7.

"Balloon, Pittsfield, Heart of Berkshires.

"From, Pittsfield.

"To, Shelburne Falls.

"Time up, 10:25 a. m. Down 1 p. m.

"In air, 2 hours 35 minutes. Miles, 25.

"Altitude, 10,000 feet.

Not as Bad as He Had Feared.

"You are as false," she cried, "as false as—as—"

"As false as what?" he tauntingly asked.

"As false as hell!" she hissed.

"Oh, I was afraid you were going to call me as false as the complexion you are wearing."—Exchange.

externally one is astonished that it is not more universally used as an internal cleanser.

A woman whose complexion was the envy of all drank thirteen glasses of pure water a day between meals and slept with every window in her bedroom wide open. While she was fortunate enough to start life with a good complexion, she attributes all the freshness and youth of her looks to these simple causes.

The morning bath has become a necessity to all who indulge in the niceties of life, and it would be well if the morning drink would also be adopted by women. Nothing is so good for one as to take a glass or two of water immediately after one's bath; or the first thing when one rises. If cold water gives one a feeling of nausea, and it does to many, take hot water. This should be drunk as hot as one can bear it and in as great a quantity as one can stand. The juice of half a lemon in it works wonders for the complexion and the health.

Every woman should take all reasonable precautions to keep herself well,

"Weather, fair. Temperature, 78. Wind, southwest. Course, northwest. Passengers, Miss Blanche Hulse, John Parker Manning. Pilot, Dr. Sidney S. Stowell."

As far as ballooning went, that gave Dr. Stowell an ample record. The miles made, the hours of flight, the carrying of passengers were now all down in black and white, but certain details quite important, were wholly omitted.

"I was too busy leaning over the side of the basket taking my photographs," said Mr. Manning, "to guess what was going on. But I could divine without more than a look that my attention to things on earth would be appreciated by the other passengers."

Of this Dr. Stowell says: "Whatever John Manning may say about it, if he admits he looked over the edge of the basket, that eliminates him as the only witness of whatever proposition I submitted to the then Miss Hulse. We were up about two miles, and so with his observation accounted for I think we can safely say we were beyond the attention of unsympathetic third parties."

Just "Ballast."

As for inviting Miss Hulse, that is simple enough. I needed about 100 pounds or so extra weight, and so when I saw her in the crowd as we were getting ready to go up I asked her to take the trip with me, for I had known for a long time that she wished the experience of a flight. It was an ideal day for it, and we sailed over some of the most beautiful spots in the Berkshires, including the estate of Senator Crane, in the town of Windsor.

The most interesting part of the flight? Well, I dropped from the altitude of 10,000 feet by loosening the appendix cord instead of pulling the rip cord, and let the balloon come down in mushroom shape as a parachute. My passengers didn't mind, and we landed gently on the Nelson farm, only seven miles from the railroad station at Shelburne Falls. Miss Hulse was a first rate air sailor, and as Mrs. Stowell she will accompany me on flights this summer."

The marriage was performed by Rev. C. Rexford Raymon, pastor of the South Congregational church in Brooklyn. As for the honeymoon, the bride says:

"I shall be glad to go up again with the coming of warm weather. I enjoy flying. Afraid? Why, that never entered my head when Dr. Stowell was the pilot."—New York World.

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because ill health saps vitality. Each time one is ill a tiny bit of youth and freshness is sacrificed. One's reserve force is lowered, and every illness acts against the preservation of one's good looks.

Begin at once to throw open all your windows and to drink water all during the day, and you will be astonished to see how much younger you will look and how much prettier you will be. And youth—in face and figure—is now the aim and desire of every woman. She strives for its slim freshness as she used to strive for beauty.

Hardly in His Line.

Sad Looking Man—I see you have a sign out, "Maker of Women's Habits." Do you mean it?

Ladies' Tailor—Certainly I do?

Sad Looking Man—Well, since my wife's been going to the club she's lost all the good ones she had, and I wish you'd make her a complete new set regardless of expense. And please include the habit of staying at home once in a while and mending my clothes.—Stray Stories.

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

THE mind may feed on fancy, but the matter-of-fact stomach imperiously demands something more substantial.

## The Kitchen.

Much has been said and written about the modern up-to-date kitchen. The ideal kitchen is not within the means of the everyday housekeeper; but it is possible to have one that is both convenient and attractive with small cost. Have the kitchen on the ground floor, if possible. The north and east exposure is considered the best, with plenty of air and light. If the window light is not sufficient, paint the walls and woodwork in light tints. The walls should be of hard finish, which can be cleaned.

Most housekeepers like a pine floor covered with linoleum, the soft wood being easier for the feet than a hard wood floor.

To preserve linoleum, varnish it each fall and spring. After it is hopelessly worn off it may be painted in a solid color with a border of some contrasting hue, if desired.

Kitchen tables are best covered with zinc, which saves the constant scrubbing. When it is necessary to set a hot dish down the table need not be injured.

The sink and drain pipes should be carefully flushed every day with boiling water. Washing soda should be used frequently in the hot water to dissolve the grease gathered in the pipes.

A cupful of hot copperas water is a good disinfectant, as is chloride of lime.

All kitchen refuse should be burned when possible.

If the zinc table becomes stained, scour it with bath brick and kerosene.

Rinse the tea towels in cold water, then in hot soap suds and again in cold water. Hang in the sun and air to dry.

To clean linoleum or oil cloth, wipe with a cloth wrung out of warm water, to which a little milk has been added.

Much of the flavor, delicacy and wholesomeness of food depends upon the care of the utensils used. Good coffee cannot be made in a pot that is simply rinsed out and put back on the stove. A coffee pot must be washed, scalded and cared for just as carefully as the milk dishes. Sun the pot every day. The sun is a good germicide.

ILL we are built like the

With hammer and chisel and pen, We will work for ourselves and a woman, for ever and ever.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## National Salads.

The following salads may be properly termed national, as they are the favorite salads of the people in the several countries the name of which is given the salad.

German Salad With Sausage.—Boil four frankfort sausages twenty minutes, cut in half-inch pieces. Boil half a pound of sauer kraut ten minutes, drain and cool and mix with the sausage. Cut up two winter radishes and arrange around the salad. Sprinkle with minced onion or shallot, pickles and capers, chill and serve with French salad dressing.

Russian Tomato Salad.—Arrange a bed of torn lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. Peel four tomatoes of medium size, cut fine and mix with six sardines chopped, after skin and bones are removed. Place on lettuce and serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

Cuban Salad.—Break up four dry soda crackers, shred two sweet Spanish peppers, removing core and seeds. Slice very thin one Spanish onion, skin, bone and mince six anchovies and mix all together. Serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Montese Salad.—Bake four mild flavored onions until tender, remove the tops and put a lump of butter on each. Season with salt and when cold cut in quarters. Add four quartered eggs and six sardines, chopped. Add parsley and mix a teaspoonful of curry with mayonnaise or boiled dressing, and serve.

American Salad.—Mix equal parts of finely cut celery and apple, half the amount of broken nut meats and serve with a boiled or mayonnaise dressing.

ABOUT the time a man goes

into politics, his wife starts to keeping boarders.

Fish Salads for Lent.

Any kind of fish can be acceptably served as a salad, that which is boiled being generally preferred. In boiling, add a small quantity of vinegar, it will make the flesh more firm and tender. Fish salads require the addition of acids, lemon juice being the most acceptable addition.

Cucumber salad is a good accompaniment to salmon, with a plain dressing.

TOO MUCH EVAPORATION.

The old man came out of the lunch-room and met his wife, Samantha, who had been shopping.

"Samantha," he began enthusiastically, "you may talk about your canned goods all you please, but these here evaporated dishes have them beaten to a frazzle."

"Evaporated dishes, Sile?"

"Yes, I just had evaporated spinach and evaporated asparagus."

"Do tell!"

"Then came evaporated kale as a side dish" an evaporated pears as dessert.

With a far-away look in his eyes the old man fished through his pockets.

"Where be your change, Sile?" demanded the thrifty wife.

"Blamed if I know, Mandy," he drawled in a bewildered sort of way; "reckon that evaporated, too."

More Easily Recognized.

Pleasure always knocks louder than Opportunity.

# Sticky Sweating Palms

after taking salts or cathartic waters—did you ever notice that weary all gone feeling—the palms of your hands sweat—and rotten taste in your mouth—Cathartics only move by sweating your bowels—Do a lot of hurt—Try a CASCA-RET and see how much easier the job is done—how much better you feel.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

## COMING EVENT



He—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?

She—I think he will if you don't pretty soon!

## SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

A speedy and economical treatment for disfiguring pimples is the following: Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, do not rub. Wash off the ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and bathe freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use hot water and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable. Cuticura soap and ointment are equally successful for itching, burning, scaly and crusted humors of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, usually affording instant relief, when all else fails. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for the latest Cuticura book on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp.

## A Fairly Wet World.

The Pacific ocean covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 940,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its water weighs 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

## A Dry Wash.

Representative Livingston of Georgia, who, disgusted at the bath-tub debate in the house recently, proposed that a little money might be made by renting the bath tubs out, said recently, apropos of this subject:

"We are now a good deal like Bill Spriggins on a zero morning.

"Bill's valet entered his bedroom one January morning and said with a shiver:

"Will you take your bath hot or cold, sir?"

"Thank you," said Bill; "I'll take it for granted."

Woman as Bank Cashier.

Miss Ethel Boynton is cashier of the National Bank of Bayside, L. I., the only woman in the state holding such a position. She says that to be trustworthy, a man or woman must first be kind, then he cannot find it in his heart to betray the trust that is reposed in him.

Commercial Anxiety.

"A clockmaker must be the most uneasy of manufacturers."

"Because there is always the prospect of a strike in his works."

## IT'S FOOD

That Restores and Makes Health Possible.

There are stomach specialists as well as eye and ear and other specialists.

One of these told a young lady, of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says: "For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation."

"I took quantities of medicine, and had an idea I was dieting, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter."

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life."

"I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest, and that the cereals which I had tried had been too heavy. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality."

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel restful. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.