

The Loup City Northwestern

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FARM OR WORKHOUSE.

Kansas City has had one year of experience with a farm which was established to take the place of the municipal workhouse. The results of her first year's trial have been more satisfactory than the most sanguine advocates of the plan had dared hope, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The report shows that while the workhouse cost the city \$220 a year per prisoner, the farm has earned \$190 a year profit for each prisoner. In other words the actual loss of 60 cents a day per prisoner has been turned into a profit of 30 cents a day. The financial gain, however, is the smallest part of the advantage. The board of public welfare reports that the prisoners have taken the keenest interest in their work, have shown no desire to escape, and that many of them have hurried to the farms as soon as their sentences have been served. The men who, through discipline or the commission of minor offenses, have been sentenced to work on the farm have found the pleasure and health that comes from employment in the open. Men employed on the Kansas City farm have completed their sentences with coats of tan, instead of the pallid that usually marks the discharged prisoner. Their systems have been toned up until they are capable of doing an honest day's work and also have the desire to do it. They have learned that there is a moral, as well as a physical, curative in outdoor work.

As a French contemporary points out, one generally associates the capital of a country with the largest town, but in the United States this is not so, although the accepted idea prevails in regard to European countries or to most of them, says the London Globe. An exception, however, must be made in regard to Bern, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, the city of picturesque gates, bears, old churches, watch-making, the seat of the federal government, and the home of the Postal Union, where is to be found a collection of the stamps of the world which may be said to be unique. Bern is only a city of fourth-rate importance as regards population, with some 15,100 inhabitants, the principal towns of Switzerland being Zurich, with 188,930 souls; Bale, with 125,160, and Geneva, with 125,530. The Scottish capital, it may be observed, is only the second city in regard to population.

There is one convincing reason, even if there were no others, why a growing city should, as early as possible, extend its boundary lines in every direction so as to include territory that will not be solidly built for fifty or even a hundred years. The streetways of a city ought to be planned not merely with regard to the city that is, but with regard to the greater city that is to be. And as the greater city that is to be will spread beyond existing boundary lines and into new territory, it follows that the city should not delay in obtaining control of surrounding areas and planning the more extensive scheme of streets and avenues upon a uniform system.

The agitation against harem and trouser skirts has reached the border of the ridiculous. In Illinois a bill has been introduced in the legislature providing a fine of \$50 for wearing the obnoxious garments. American excitement over comparatively unimportant violations of established conventions might accomplish more if it did not so promptly get hysterical. The harem skirt is not in such danger of demoralizing the institutions of this free country as to necessitate attention given to a public enemy.

The movement among up-to-date Chinese to get rid of their queues will probably be hastened by the action of the New Jersey policeman who tied three Celestial prisoners together by their long plaits in such a tangle that only a sailor could undo the knots. The American ingenuity of finding such a use for them might prove too humorous in its general appeal for the safeguarding of the custom.

Pauline Wayne, the White House cow, is without a home. The war department, which takes care of the White House horses, refuses to provide a stall for her. All of which goes to show that the war department, as usual, is lacking in the milk of human kindness.

A woman tried to shoot up a restaurant in approved hold-up style because her steak was not ready in record time. And this display of primitive passion took place, not in the wild and woolly west, but in the intellectual midst of Boston.

One of the dancing masters alleges that New York women dance like chickens with their heads off. Perhaps he has been watching New York women who were trying to dance in hobble skirts.

Despite the protests of the small boy with the fishing rod, the hook and line, and the red flannel bait, it is the duty of our lawmakers to conserve the national resources, even in the matter of frogs.

IS HERE TO STAY

Control and Publicity for Public Service Corporations.

VERDICT OF PROMINENT MAN

Theodore N. Vail, President of Western Union and Telephone Companies, Recognizes Rights of the American Public.

Public regulation of public service corporations has come to stay. It ought to have come and it ought to stay. That is the flat and unequivocal assertion of Theodore N. Vail, president of both the American Telephone and Telegraph company and the Western Union Telegraph company. It came in the form of his annual report to the seventy thousand stockholders of the two great corporations. Although Mr. Vail's advocacy of full publicity in connection with the affairs of such concerns was well understood, nobody in financial circles had anticipated so frank an avowal of full public rights in the shaping of their general conduct. It came consequently as a surprise, not only because of its novelty and squareness, but also on account of the unqualified acquiescence of a board of directors comprising such eminent and conservative financiers as Robert Winslow, of Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Henry L. Higginson of Boston, Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Senator W. Murray Crane, George F. Baer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Norman W. Harris, John I. Waterbury and others.

President Vail's declaration is heralded as the first recognition by those in high corporate authority of the justice of the demand that the public be regarded as virtual partners in all matters that pertain to the common welfare. He goes directly to the point.

"Public control or regulation of public service corporations by permanent commissions," he says, "has come and come to stay. Control or regulation, to be effective, means publicity; it means semi-public discussion and consideration before action; it means everything which is the opposite of and inconsistent with effective competition. Competition—aggressive, effective competition—means strife, industrial warfare; it means contention; it oftentimes means taking advantage of or resorting to any means that the conscience of the contestants or the degree of the enforcement of the laws will permit.

"Aggressive competition means duplication of plant and investment. The ultimate object of such competition is the possession of the field wholly or partially; therefore it means either ultimate combination on such basis and with such prices as will cover past losses, or it means loss of return on investment, and eventual loss of capital. However it results, all costs of aggressive, uncontrolled competition are eventually borne, directly or indirectly, by the public. Competition which is not aggressive, presupposes co-operative action, understandings, agreements, which result in general uniformity or harmony of action, which, in fact, is not competition but is combination, unstable, but for the time effective. When thoroughly understood it will be found that 'control' will give more of the benefits and public advantages, which are expected to be obtained through such ownership, and will obtain them without the public burden of either the public office-holder or public debt or operating deficit.

"When through a wise and judicious state control and regulation all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of state ownership are secured, state ownership is doomed."

"If Mr. Vail is right," says Harper's Weekly, in a concise summing-up, "then it seems pretty plain that we are entered upon a new era in both economics and politics. And it is high time we did it. Evolution is to supplant revolution as an efficient force in the development of civilization."

Fighting Man.
It is his nature to fight. It is his merit to fight for what he believes to be right. Courage and bravery are not achieved by hiring a lawyer. A man who is not willing to fight to the death for the right or for his own is not as good or complete a man as one who is willing. But opinions about this are not so important as the fact that it is man's nature to fight, and that neither resolution nor legislative provision to get over all kinds of trouble in any other way than fighting will avail.—Ellwood Hendricks, in Atlantic.

More to the Purpose.
"Are you in favor of a ten-hour day?"
"I don't care anything about the days," replied young Rouserley, "but it would be a jolly good thing if we could have 24-hour nights."

Misguided Energy.
"I am bound to make a noise in the world," said the determined youth.
"But be careful how you go about it," replied Mr. Osage Spouter. "An amateur with a bass drum can spoil the finest symphony ever written."

Jovous Economist.
"You don't mind high prices?"
"No," replied the resolute philosopher. "When prices are high, think how much more you save every time you decide to get along without something."

No Great Matter.
"How do you like this grand opera, Bill?"
"I can't understand what they are saying."
"That's all right. You ain't missing no jokes."

So Unexpected.
"Your wife has received some sudden shock. What has happened?"
"I don't know, doctor. I came home early last night."
"Ah, that presumably accounts for it."

CAMORRA TRIAL EXCITES ALL ITALY



MONASTERY OF CARZI



THE 'CASE' IN WHICH THE ACCUSED SIT WHILE ON TRIAL

PILOTED BY AN EAGLE

Big Bird From Cebu Held by Twenty-Fathom Line.

Captured by American Naturalist After Two Weeks of Arduous Mountain Climbing and Watchfulness—Goes to Zoo.

New York.—Piloted by the bay by an immense American eagle, the steamship Pathan closed a two months' trip from Cebu, in the Philippine Islands. The eagle has a double claim to the title American. Its native eyrie in the mountains of Cebu is under the American flag, and the bird itself will make its permanent home hereafter in the Bronx Zoo.

After nearly two weeks of arduous mountain climbing and untiring watchfulness, the bird was trailed to its nest high upon the face of a precipitous cliff by Professor Kingcome, an American naturalist, who had a thrilling adventure making it captive. Accompanied by three Filipinos, he climbed the mountain by a roundabout trail, coming out on the cliff some 40 feet above the eagle's nest, at an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea. The face of the cliff was sheer and presented no foothold by which the bird hunter could descend.

Making a rope fast under his arms, and taking a turn with it around a tree, he instructed the little brown men how to lower him by slacking away easily. The descent was made all right, and the eagle, found asleep, was easily captured by means of a heavy net. Getting back to the top of the cliff was another proposition. The Filipinos are not noted for big muscles, and the professor, with the added weight of the eagle, proved too much for their strength. For more than an hour they tugged and pulled at the rope, only to give out entirely with the naturalist and his captive dangling in midair some 15 feet below the first foothold on the cliff.

For a time Professor Kingcome thought his aids had deserted him, as they made no reply to his shouted orders. Finally he made them pay attention, and under his instructions a bight of the line was lowered over the face of the cliff. This he made fast to the eagle, and leaving the bird swinging there, the professor climbed hand over hand to the top of the rock. After that it was a simple matter to haul up his prize.

Throughout the trip the big bird was at liberty daily at the end of a 20-foot line, and led the ship for hours at a time. The line, made fast to a shackle on the eagle's leg, working in a swivel to prevent jamming, did not seem to worry the captive. When liberated it would dart up into the air to the full length of the line; then, as it felt the restraint, would gradually settle down to about the position ahead of the ship for hours, keeping the line as taut as the hawser of a tug. When tired of playing, the bird would come aboard and make no

ABOLISH TITLES FOR WOMEN

German Mothers' Society of Berlin Calls "Fraulein" Antiquated Word—Reform Advocated.

Berlin.—The custom of distinguishing married from unmarried women by giving them different titles is antiquated and undignified, and must be abolished. This new reform is advocated by the German Mothers' society, one of the most influential of women's organizations in the empire. Leaders of the society declare that the distinction between "Miss," or the German equivalent, "Fraulein," and "Mrs.," or "Frau," is a relic of barbarous times.

In a resolution just adopted the promoters of the reform declare that in this age of woman's advancement the title "Miss" is simply a ridiculous anachronism.

"The worth of woman, as of man," the resolution continues, "depends upon her personality and achievements."

The classification of women into

FARMERETTES TO TILL SOIL

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Opens First Class in Agriculture for Young Women of New York.

New York.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont opened her first class in farming for girls the other day. Twenty young women "farmerettes," she calls them, garbed in blue bloomers, broad-brimmed hats and boys' shoes, are comfortably ensconced tonight in the farm house at "Brookholt," Mrs. Belmont's 1,000-acre estate on Long Island.

The young women were selected from 600 applicants from New York factories. They will first be instructed thoroughly in household duties upon a farm, and with the arrival of "planting time" in the spring will take up plowing, planting and poultry raising. Not a man will be on the premises, even to chop wood or tend the horses. The girls will receive \$4 a week during their two-months' course of instruction, and thereafter may purchase small farms from their benefactress, if they wish to do so, upon agreement to till the soil themselves.

HEN HAS MONKEY'S FACE

New Jersey Fowl, Marked in Its Egg-hood Days, Is Hatched Out a Real Nature Freak.

New York.—Moritz Adler has a country home and farm near Deal, N. J. He also has a Plymouth Rock chicken. He gave her a place in the back yard of the home, with a dry goods box for a coop.

Though perfectly normal in every other way, Rose—that's her name—has the shrewd face of a monkey. She drinks soup from a spoon held in the hand of her nurse. Having no beak, she does not peck at meat scraps, after the manner of fowl, but picks them up daintily with her strawberry-hued lips.

The facial expression of Rose is piquant. She has a rather set expression at the corner of her mouth, indicating firmness of character. Her nose is well defined. Rising from her rather broad forehead is a pompadour of feathers in the style that young girls affected with their hair a year ago, when Rose was a smooth white egg instead of a remarkable chicken.

The general contour of her face is somewhat like that of Susie, the funny little orang-outang from Borneo, who delights children at the Bronx zoo. Her snappy black eyes light up wonderfully when she sees cracked corn or oatmeal mush.

"She was born a year ago," said Adler. "I knew her mother well. She was a fine old fussy Plymouth Rock hen, who stuck steadily to the business of scratching gravel and producing eggs. She wasn't quite as progressive as some of the more flashy Brown Leghorn and Indiana game young ladies of the barnyard. She didn't take kindly to new-fangled ideas like women's rights. Nothing made her so mad as to see some other

hen strutting around and clucking about wanting a vote.

"An Italian organ grinder passed the farm one day with a funny little South American monkey. He gave old Mrs. Plymouth Rock quite a fright. The old lady disappeared, and three weeks afterward I found her nest under the haymow. Twelve little yellow chicks had just hatched out. The remaining egg was peeping sadly. All the other chicks had pecked their way out with their bills, but this one was trying to get out and couldn't.

"I broke the shell, and then I saw why—it didn't have any beak. And that's the way Rose came into the world. Because she was a freak the head farmer's wife took an interest in her and educated her, till now she is a lady all through. She talks all the time—her mouth is never still—and that's what makes me think she was marked prenatally by the suffragettes of the barnyard. But there's no way to tell."

Takes Wrong Suit Case.
Seattle, Wash.—A comedy of errors which probably will result in profuse apologies on the part of A. Walters of 1413 Charles street occurred in an exchange of suitcases on a Beacon hill street car.

Walters boarded a Beacon hill car on his way home from downtown. He sat beside a woman who also had a suit case. When Walters reached home he opened the case and discovered he had taken the woman's.

"These aren't mine," explained Walters to the desk sergeant at police headquarters.

"I can't wear these," as he drew forth a handful of lingerie and begged the police to assist him in locating the woman who now has a case of men's clothing.

HOME OF CROCKETT

Preserved as Memorial to Hero of the Alamo.

San Antonio, Where American Troops Concentrated, Former Home of One of Most Picturesque Frontiersmen of Nation.

The center of interest in America today is historic old San Antonio, which is the point of concentration for the bulk of troops that have gathered in Texas to be utilized in the present emergency. Just beyond Fort Sam Houston, which may be termed the citadel of San Antonio, is a grass covered plain, 800 acres in extent, where the great camp is situated. The troops are massed by regiments, which are encamped in squads, all facing in the direction of Gen. Cartier's headquarters, which are located on top of a little hill that is the only elevation to break the monotony of the landscape.

The interesting city of San Antonio consists of three parts: the old town, or San Antonio proper, between the San Pedro and the San Antonio rivers; Cibola, west of the San Pedro; and Alamo, east of the San Antonio. The old town is the business quarter and has in great part lost its Mexican character, having been almost entirely rebuilt since 1860. Cibola is almost exclusively Mexican in character and population. The houses are one story high, built partly of stone and partly of upright logs with cane roofs. Alamo is the largest quarter of the city, is considerably larger than the other two and is mostly inhabited by Germans.

In the north part is the Alamo plaza, with the fort of that name which, 64 years ago, was the scene of a savage and sanguinary encounter between a small company of Texans and Americans, and a greatly superior force of Mexicans, which resulted in the capture of the fort and the mas-



Davy Crockett Home.

sacre of the entire garrison. Among the valiant defenders was the famous Davy Crockett, who had gone to help the Texans in their fight for independence, and who fell surrounded by the bodies of those he had slain ere he was cut down.

The heroic valor of the garrison and the barbarity of the Mexicans thrilled the American people. The cry of "Remember the Alamo!" was heard throughout the country; and the feeling which it excited did much to bring on the war with Mexico, in which an American army swept triumphantly into the capital of the Montezumas.

Hard by this historic place is the old cabin of Davy Crockett, which has been preserved by the patriotic Texans as a lasting memorial to the hero, who lost his life in the sublime cause of liberty.

WHERE WOMEN ARE WANTED

Farmers of the Great Canadian Northwest Are Suffering From Loneliness.

Winnipeg, Man.—The farmers hang about the tiny stations that dot the great transcontinental railroad tracks between Winnipeg and the Rockies, waiting for a sight of the emigrant girls on the west-bound train that goes through once in 24 hours. Every one of them is on the lookout for a wife. Loneliness is not good for a man, and that is why one finds hundreds of young fellows who are derelicting the land of the great northwest eager to find a mate.

How scarce the right type of girl for domestic work in Canada is may be judged from the words uttered by the bishop of London a short time ago. "It is practically impossible," he said, "to get a servant in Canada for love or money. I could find places for 200 girls tomorrow if we had money to send them out."

Further proof of the dearth of women in Canada is furnished by Arthur M. Grenfell, son-in-law of Earl Grey, the governor general of Canada, who says: "There are eight men to every woman in the land. Domestic service of various kinds is to be had for the asking."

Just a word of warning, however. Girls must not expect to be snapped up by the first man that comes along and have a nice, easy time of it. Girls are only wanted who know how to work and who will work, and for them the wages range from \$10 a month for common help to \$30 and \$50 for specialists—that is, for instance, qualified cooks.

SMALL FAMILY IS DEFENDED

Lady Warwick Denounces Woman Who Populates World Recklessly as Social Nuisance.

London.—The Countess of Warwick justified the small families of today when she presided at the Actress' Franchise league and attributed the paucity of children to woman's increasing enlightenment.

Lady Warwick declared that where as formerly a woman thought nothing of bringing fifteen children into the world, today her intelligence forbids her to have so many children without the means of educating them and equipping them adequately for the struggle of life. The small family of today, Lady Warwick regards as a distinct step upward.

The woman who populates the world recklessly, said Lady Warwick, is a social nuisance.

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MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not gripe, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physical.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

"JUST FERNIST THE HILL"

Little Pointer for Those Who Feel a Desire to Seek the State of Matrimony.

The state of Matrimony is one of the United States. It is bounded by kissing and hugging on one side and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a Northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when equally weather commonly sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you see.—Exchange.

Grouch Still With Him.
When Brown died he left an old friend living, by the name of Jones, who always had a grouch. After Brown had been in heaven some time, he met Jones just coming through the gate, and as the newcomer did not look as happy and contented as he should, Brown asked him what was the matter. "Well," Jones said, "I got my feet wet coming across the river Styx and caught a nasty cold, broke my left wing and have to carry it in a sling, and my halo don't fit worth darn."

Vagaries of Finance.
"I understand you have paid the mortgage off your place."
"Yep," replied Farmer Cortnessel.
"Then why do you complain of hard times?"
"All the neighbors have done the same thing. That leaves me with money on my hands that nobody wants to borrow."

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.—Francis Duode Rochefoucauld.

It Does The Heart Good

To see how the little folks enjoy

Post Toasties

with cream

Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown.

"The Memory Lingers"

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