

The Loup City Northwestern

J. W. BURLEIGH, Publisher
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA

Is it not about time for the ice crop to begin failing?

We must, of course, expect a little cold weather now and then.

Oklahoma had a financier who kept his fortune, \$10,000, in his wooden leg.

Judging from the obituaries most of the really good people must be dead.

Firing gunmen the limit whenever found should do much to make them disarm.

Dr. Owen has proved that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—that is, to his own satisfaction.

Men shake hands with a great deal more warmth than women exhibit when they kiss each other.

Dr. Wiley is assailing on sanitary grounds whiskers and mince pie, both well grounded in the public mind.

A girl learns more just pretending she can't understand it than a man does pretending he knows it all.

Scientists tell us that the price of platinum is going up. Another blow for the downtrodden workman.

English royalty, when it fell into the sea the other day, was bright enough to discover that the water was wet.

When an aeroplane swoops down on a motorcycle one cannot blame the innocent bystander for chortling in his joy.

When China, containing 423,532,000 people becomes a republic, the count of the vote will be no light task.

Thus far nothing but failure has attended the efforts of any man who has tried to put a halo on the affinity business.

Even at the risk of incurring the enmity of the coal man we must say that this has been a pretty nice winter so far.

A picture of himself, taken in his cherub days, is no inspiration to the man who is trying to shave with a dull razor.

The beauty of picking a list of twenty greatest men or women is that everybody is entitled to his or her own opinion.

A statistician tells us that Russia has fewer physicians than any civilized country. But when did Russia ever become civilized?

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is a hardened office holder. He went into office on December 2, 1848, and he has been there ever since.

An Ohio man, immediately after marrying, has requested to be committed to an insane asylum. We firmly refuse to discuss the matter.

There was a man in Michigan who in the course of his life changed his complexion six times. A man, you notice. Now, if it had been a woman—

Three school teachers, we are told, walked 207 miles from Burlington, Ia., to Chicago. Why should anybody go to all that trouble to reach Chicago?

A Boston man wants the women to do the proposing. That would never do. It would be harder for a man to say "no" than it is for women to say "yes."

A prominent highbrow asks: "What do we learn from reading novels?" That's easy. We learn that a good many novelists gain money under false pretenses.

Edison cheerfully admits that he likes dime novels because they put no tax on his mind. But in this respect they have nothing on some of the best sellers.

Trying to show how he had lost one finger in a buzz saw, a workman lost another. Yet presumably he will be able to vote the straight ticket next time as usual.

The wife of a New York bank cashier has sued him for divorce because he allows her only a dollar a day for household expenses. Some women are so unreasonable!

Minneapolis high school girls are to be taught to make their own hats, and no doubt their future husbands will value this accomplishment more highly than they would any kind of mental gymnastics with tables of logarithms.

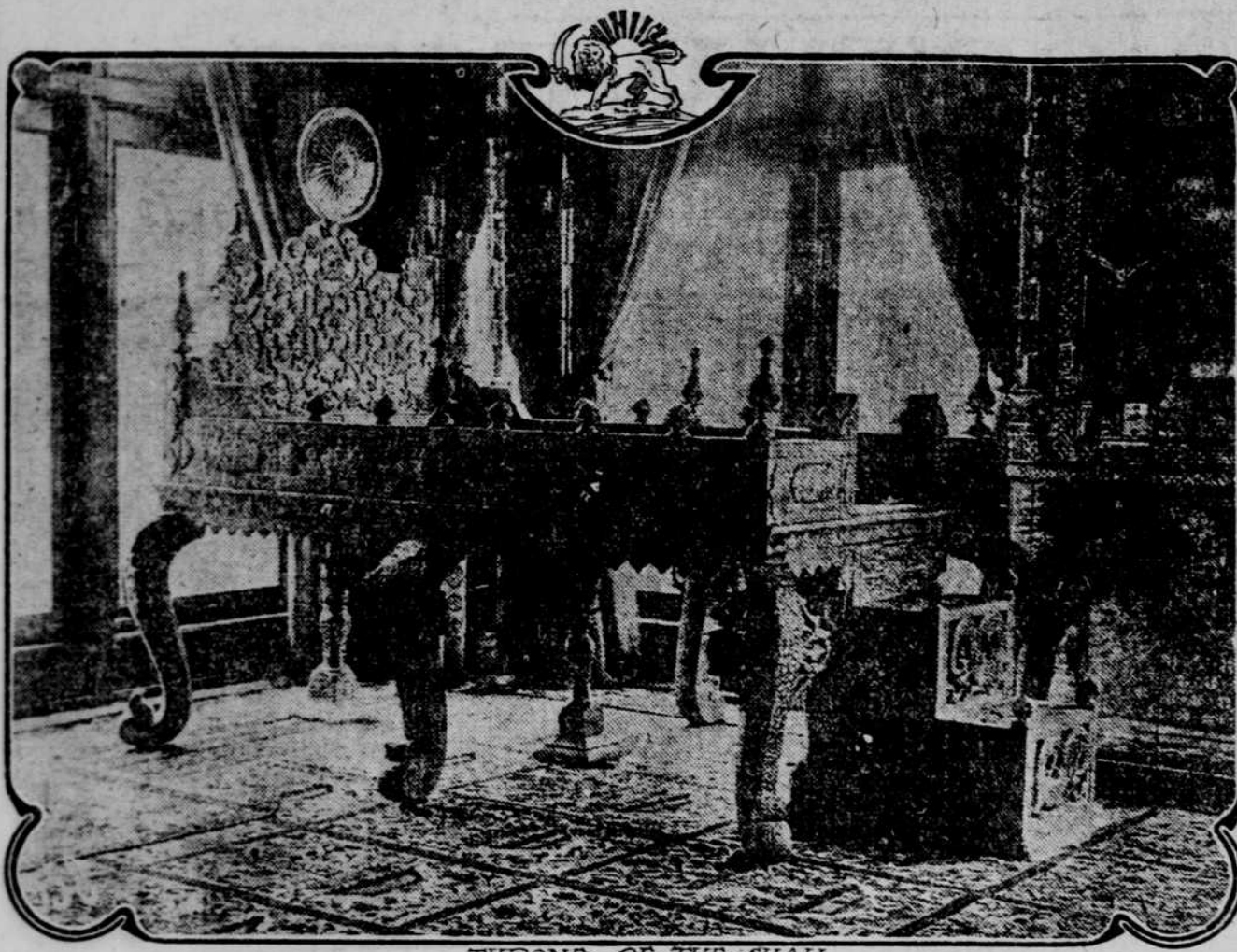
We are told that the mosquito is being successfully fought in the Panama zone. If the governor of Panama ever runs for office in New Jersey he will be elected unanimously.

The Infanta Eulalie has reconsidered her declarations of independence and has apologized to her nephew, King Alfonso, though he did not send her the quick punishment she requested. But his counselors were wise. They know that the hand which holds the purse strings has no need to wield the club.

"More women would marry if there were more men," says an exchange. Probably on the assumption that the additional men would be less particular than those now in existence.

Good conscience, good appetite and good will, says Hettie Green, are essential to longevity. And having just celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday this successful, if eccentric financier, may be presumed to know whereof she speaks, though she might have added one other essential—a good bank account.

UNEASY SEAT OF THE BOY SHAH OF PERSIA



THRONE OF THE SHAH

PERSIA'S harassed child monarch has for his throne in the palace at Teheran what is said to be the most costly piece of furniture in the world. It is of ebony, magnificently inlaid and adorned with gems and is valued at \$1,250,000.

WAS ALWAYS THIEF

New York "Raffles" Relates Experiences Amidst Society.

Was Inmate of Reformatory—Characterizes Institution to Which He Was Sent When a Boy, as a "Crooks' College."

New York.—I've been a thief ever since I was 12 years old. In the last seven months I have attended various functions at Newport, Narragansett, Beverly and Providence. I have made in that time 35 successful "busts."

I am going to tell how I did it, and how by similar methods other crooks, working for the same man that trained me and for themselves, have been doing the same thing for the last ten years or more.

This isn't a "squeal," said the criminal in his confession. I'm not going to give away the man I worked for nor the man I worked with.

I wasn't born anywhere near society. I'll have to go a bit into my history to make it clear how easy society is to manipulate. I was born in Fall River, Mass. My parents, both hard working, respectable weavers, still live there. I made my first break playing bookie.

They tried to send me away for it, and while the case was still pending I stole a pair of rabbits, and that finished me. I went to Lyman reform school in Massachusetts for a year and six months.

One afternoon while walking through the common, I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was an ex-convict whom I knew.

"Gone home!" he laughed. "I guess you'll be back to work soon."

"I've got a job for you, and I want to give you a chance. I'll give you a five spot to go to Providence and give a man there a letter."

I didn't see how I could lose, and I took him up. That letter was my initiation into society. The providence man was a big merchant. He told me point blank that he wanted me to turn some tricks for him. I still wanted to be straight. He showed me I couldn't be. I believed him. After a week the chief told me that he had got hold of an invitation for me to attend a ball given by the patrons of some charity or other and to be held in Boston.

The card had to be presented at the door. There was to be a very select crowd. About nine o'clock I presented my card and walked right in with the crowd. When I got into the ballroom, I was dazed. It was the first thing of the kind I had ever seen any way near—for the theaters after all are public.

The swarm of beautiful women in evening dress, the decorations, the music, the brilliant lighting, were all new to me.

The chief had told me that a "Mrs. Judson" would be there. That's not her name. I'm not giving the real names in any case. This "Mrs. Judson" was expected to wear a very valuable diamond stomacher. The chief didn't expect her to wear it long after I met her. I had a lot of "dope" about this "Mrs. Judson," and I was all prepared to talk to her about acquaintances and intimates. I hadn't been in the place many minutes before I ran across "Mrs. Judson." She was very haughty and very beautiful. I was afraid of her. Twice I went up to her, determined to address her, to claim ac-

quaintanceship, and each time my courage failed.

Then I got the idea that I was discovered, that the guests had sized me up. I lost my nerve completely. A young chap—I afterward found out that he was one of the Winthrop's of Boston—sauntered up to me, and asked me to take a drink with him, saying: "I'm sure I met you at the back-ebors' ball in Philadelphia last year!"

A day or two after he gave me another chance. It was a big affair at Beverly. One of the guests owned a very valuable sunburst of diamonds, and I was to get it.

I got into the place easily, and in a very few minutes I located "Mrs. Fisher"—we'll call her that. She wore the sunburst. At the earliest opportunity I brushed against her and knocked her fan from her hand. "A thousand pardons, Mrs. Fisher!" I exclaimed, stooping to pick up the fan, and as I came up and handed her the fan with my left hand I procured the diamond sunburst with my right.

Bowing in my best manner I edged away and made my way slowly out the doors.

POLICE CHIEF HELD IN CELL

Boy Who Releases Official Not Entirely Sure That He Is Not a Regular Prisoner.

Wenatchee, Wash.—Chief of Police W. W. Gideon was unknowingly locked in the city jail and was imprisoned an hour before he got the attention of a

small boy who was passing and succeeded in regaining his liberty.

The chief had gone into the jail to make his usual inspection of the interior. Officer W. P. Clay came along and, noticing the door was open, closed it and went on.

The chief found himself a prisoner. Some of the prisoners proposed a game of seven-up until an officer should show up, but the chief's uneasiness aroused him to the point of keeping a constant watch through the bars for passersby.

A small boy heard the plaintive call of the head of the police department and stopped. It took considerable persuasion on the part of the prisoner to convince theurchin that he was chief of police and not a prisoner.

FINE FOR SOCIALIST SPEAKER

Remarks About Queen Victoria Cost Man \$10—Crowd Threatened to Whip and Shoot Him.

London.—John Bonnar Thompson, a Socialist speaker, of Kemble street, Drury lane, who was said to have made disgraceful reflections on the character of Queen Victoria, was fined \$10 at the Marlborough street police court for "an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace."

Witnesses stated that Thompson made insulting remarks about Queen Victoria, with the result that the crowd around him became disorderly. Some of the audience shouted out that he ought to be locked up, whipped and shot.

"I am a Socialist," returned Thompson, "and I claim the right to criticize every institution in the land. I have no ill feeling against royalty."

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

NEW MAYOR ON THE LID

"Corrupt and contented" no longer describes the condition of Philadelphia. The new administration of Mayor Blankenburg is purifying the city and vice is already on the run, seeking cover.



The other Sunday for the first time in 30 years the saloons of the city were closed and all of Philadelphia from center to circumference was as dry as a bone. Not only were the saloons closed, but even the unincorporated clubs shut their doors, and the various speak-easies, of which there are more than 1,000 in the city, were in the main as quiet as a graveyard. The few that opened were promptly raided. The doom of the speak-easies has been sounded in Philadelphia, for not only is the administration opposed to their existence, but the brewers and licensed saloonkeepers are also making war on them and soon their names will be only a memory.

But the reform administration of Mayor Blankenburg has gone further, and disreputable resorts of all kinds are under the ban. Fully 600 of these vile dens have already closed their doors and their proprietors are looking for quarters in other cities. The gambling joints also have put up their shutters, and the man has to be well posted to find a place where he can buck the tiger.

The closing of saloons, however, on Sunday has given offense to a large German element, which consider the use of beer as much a right on Sunday as upon week days, and they feel particularly displeased because it is a German who is depriving them of what they consider their rights. But the mayor's position has been taken, and from now until the end of his administration it is his determination to make Philadelphia one of the best governed cities in the land and one of the cleanest morally.

FRENCH CHIEF WITH TAFT

President Taft's efforts to secure the ratification of arbitration treaties with France and Great Britain was the special theme of an official speech made recently by President Fallieres at the New Year's reception to the diplomatic corps at the Elysee palace in Paris. There was a large attendance of diplomats at the function, among them being Robert Bacon, the American ambassador.

Sir Francis L. Bertie, the British ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, presented to the French executive the New Year felicitations of the foreign representatives. He declared that he and the other members of the corps felt certain that France would continue to be a powerful ally in every work having in view the progress of civilization. He added that this permitted the hope that the generous initiative of the president of the United States in favor of the extension of arbitration to international questions would be productive of larger results during the coming year.

"The countries we represent," continued Sir Francis, "know that they are sure to find in France a powerful auxiliary with which to obtain these results."

Responding, President Fallieres assured the diplomats that France would labor in behalf of progress. France, he said, already could with modest claim her part in the initiatives that have been taken and from which civilization is reaping benefits.

"Like you, Mr. Ambassador," the President continued, "we congratulate ourselves that we have seen during the past year the president of the United States give his precious adhesion to the principle of arbitration. It may be repeated that the application of this principle will determine for men and things a decisive method for the pacific solution of international differences."

IS HEAD OF POSTAL BANKS

Theodore L. Weed, chief clerk of the postoffice department and Postmaster General Hitchcock's principal executive assistant in the management of the department, has been appointed director of the postal savings system at \$5,000 a year. He will assume his duties immediately.

The extraordinary development of the postal savings system caused Mr. Hitchcock to organize a special bureau to take up the work.

Mr. Weed was appointed to the government service from Connecticut in 1898.

Mr. Hitchcock predicts that before the end of the current fiscal year the postal savings deposits will exceed \$50,000,000 and that the system not only will be self-sustaining but a source of profit to the government.

Already the deposits have reached a total in excess of \$15,000,000.

Of the four important offices that opened for business August 1 last, Chicago on November 30, the date of the last available statistics, led with deposits of \$577,842, New York being second with \$411,763. Boston third with \$162,464 and St. Louis fourth with \$119,606.

Preparations now are being made to establish postal banks in about 40,000 fourth-class postoffices that do a money-order business.

GOVERNOR ENGAGED TO MARRY

Robert Perkins Bass, governor of Hampshire, is engaged to be married to Miss Edith Bird, daughter of Charles S. Bird of East Walpole, and a granddaughter of the late Francis W. Bird. She is well known in the Norfolk Hunt club and for her exploits in the hunting field. For the last two or three years she has made her home in New York. She is a brilliant conversationalist and a young woman of striking personality.

Mr. Bass is the first public primary governor of New Hampshire. He was nominated in 1910 over Bertram Ellis of Keene in a state-wide primary in which the old organization supported Ellis and the so-called Progressives, who had grown up around the Winston Churchill candidacy, voted for Bass. He was elected in November, 1910. He was one of the speakers at the recent meeting of Progressive Republicans in Tremont Temple, in Boston, with George L. Record of New Jersey and Gifford Pinchot of New York. It is understood that Governor Bass is likely to represent the east as the vice-presidential nominee on the ticket in the event the Progressives control the next Republican convention.

Mr. Bass has long been interested in forestry and is president of the New Hampshire Forestry association. Through his efforts in a small part is due the acquisition by the state of the Crawford Notch. He is a brother of John Foster Bass, the celebrated war correspondent. Robert P. Bass was born in Chicago September 1, 1873; graduated from Harvard in the class of 1896, and from the Harvard law school two years later. His home is at Peterboro, N. H.

Strange. Mrs. Highup—How was the charity ball? Mrs. Blase—All right, but it's a wonder they made anything when you consider the small amount they spent on it. Their expenses were actually less than their receipts.—Puck.

Agreed at Last. "I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, and couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."

Or When She's Sessick. No woman loves her husband when she has sick headache.—Unidentified.

Hem Concealed Aunt's Will

Unique Contest in Probating Strange Testament Begins in Pennsylvania Courts.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A will, most singularly discovered sewn in the hem of her black dress months after her death, may upset the disposal of a \$50,000 estate left by Mrs. Margaret J. Durkee, when she died in this city on May 1 last. Those who have in the interval divided up the estate by process of administration, not knowing that there was any will, are contesting the testament's validity, and a hearing of the case under oath was held in the law office of Hargest & Hargest here.

Among the effects left by Mrs. Durkee were a number of pictures and silk dresses, all of which were disposed of at public sale. Among the purchasers was Mrs. Minnie Moores of Baltimore, a niece of the deceased, who had her purchases shipped to Baltimore. Several weeks ago Mrs. Moores' husband was hanging one of the pictures, and he noticed that the back of it was loose. In it he found a small piece of paper, rolled tightly, alleged to be Mrs. Durkee's handwriting, and saying:

"Look in the hem of my black silk dress."

It happened that among the garments purchased at the sale by Mrs. Moores was this identical black silk dress, and she at once got out the dress and began an examination. To her unbounded astonishment she found concealed therein a manuscript.

At the point of a revolver, the priest captured his man at the church door, after an electric alarm the clergyman had installed in every collection box in the edifice had sounded in the parsonage adjoining. Father Goff rigged the alarm after the boxes were robbed a month ago.

When the bell sounded in his study in the afternoon the priest armed himself and hurried to the church door, calling to his housekeeper to summon the police. As the thief saw the priest he dropped to his knees as if in prayer. Father Goff waited until the fellow arose and moved toward the door, then ordered him to halt.

The robber tried to attack the priest, but Father Goff drew his revolver and held him in the vestibule until Officer Barton appeared and took the man to the city jail. He said he was Harry Johnson of Cincinnati. Magistrate Zelger held him for the grand jury. Money from the box was found in his pockets.

PRIEST ACTS AS THIEF TAKER

Alarm on Charity Boxes Betrays Mean Robber—Clergyman Holds Bandit for Police.

Riverside, N. J.—Science and pluck aided Father Goff, pastor of the Catholic church, in the capture of a charity box thief, whom county authorities believe they have identified as a leader of a gang of robbers who have terrorized this section for six weeks.

White Woman Weds Jap

Oriental Restaurant Owner Marries Connecticut Girl—Courtship is Brief.

Portland.—A marriage license was issued at the county auditor's office to a Japanese man and a white woman—Harry Hosoda, twenty-six years old, of Deer Lodge, Mont., and Georgia Franklin, twenty-three years old, of Roxbury, Conn.

The county auditor's force did not feel that it was the proper thing to do, in granting the license, although the two were well appearing, but there was no alternative, as the law specifies that any one having the required amount of money and no nearer of kin than second cousins may marry. Providing further there are no prohibitions from diseases and no divorces from former marriages.

The couple were married at All Saints' Episcopal parish house by Very Rev. William C. Hicks, dean of the cathedral.

FREE

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Elysee Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thresher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the Elysee Homestead Lands of Western Canada.

This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values in Saskatchewan are high. Grain growing, mixed farming, stock raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emptive tracts in certain areas. Schools and churches in every section. Climate unexcelled, soil rich in wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and "Last Best West," and other information, write to the nearest agent, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Colonization Co., Ltd., W. V. BENNETT, Room 408 Bldg. Omaha, Neb.

Please write to the agent nearest you

PISO'S

Best for COUGHS & COLDS

Fax Mundi.

Adam bit into the apple.

"The first peace dinner," he cried.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolicaine is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Chorus Girl Repartee.

Trizle—O, you're not such a muck! Zaza—No? I don't see any Pittsburgh millionaire's picture on your bureau, either!—Christmas Puck.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Gravel. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our oculists—not a "Patent Medicine" but two in one. It is the best eye remedy for many years. Now delivered to the public and sold by druggists at 25c and 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Mandy's Idea of It.

Mistress—What! Going to leave me to get married? Whom are you going to marry?

Mandy—Ah's done goin' to marry Ling Chung, the Chinese laundryman. He's a good man, he is.

"But, Mandy, think of what your children would be!"

"Yes, mum, Ah has. Ah knows de poor little things'll be Mexicans, but Ah loves him just'de same!"

Entire Country Interested.

On January 1, 1910, there were about 150 different agencies engaged in anti-tuberculosis work, of which number 111 were sanatoria. The increase to over 2,000 agencies has emphasized the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis points out, the importance of the campaign for the prevention of consumption being carried on in all parts of the country.

When the Flag Looks Good.

"I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carrying upon their heads a burden that no man would like to carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands. And those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer I said to myself: 'After all, my country is the best in the world.' And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying in the air, it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossom."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

SURPRISED DOCTOR.

Illustrating the Effect of Food.

The remarkable adaptability of Grape-Nuts food to stomachs so disordered that they will reject everything else, is illustrated by the case of a woman in Racine, Wis.

"Two years ago," she says, "I was attacked by a stomach trouble so serious that for a long time I could not take much of any sort of food. Even the various kinds prescribed by the doctor produced most acute pain.

"We then got some Grape-Nuts food, and you can imagine my surprise and delight when I found that I could eat it with a relish and without the slightest distress.

"When the doctor heard of it he told me to take several small portions each day, because he feared I would grow tired of it as I had of all other food.

"But to his surprise, (and that of everybody else), I did not tire of Grape-Nuts, and became better day by day, till, after some weeks, my stomach entirely recovered and I was able to eat anything my appetite craved.

"My nerves, which had become so weakened that I feared I would become insane, were also restored by the Grape-Nuts food in connection with Postum which has become our table beverage. I appreciate most gratefully and thankfully the good that your food preparations have done me, and shall be glad to answer any letters inquiring as to my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Every reader the above letter! A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.