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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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A GLORIOUS BIG EVENT

On the Banks of The Wabash

Was the Leininger Family Reunion. Attended by 200 People

In honor of John Leininger and family of Loup City, Nebraska, who having been visiting with relatives here the past month, a reunion of the Leininger families and relatives was held on August 1 in the Dan Leininger grove on the banks of the Wabash river.

At the noon hour a happy group of two hundred or more sat down to a bountiful dinner, as only farmers' wives know how to prepare. Those present were: John Leininger and family, Loup City, Nebraska; Adam Bollenbauber and wife, Victor Meyer and family, Mrs. John Meyer, John Knox and wife, Perry Knox and wife, J. L. Chapman and wife, W. E. Chapman and wife, A. J. Boice and family, Wm. Bastian and wife, Phil Bastian and wife and daughter Hazel, Charley Latimer and wife, Rockford; Samuel Leininger and family, David Fennig and family, Wm. Gibbons and family, Hugo Schaadt and family, Henry Brehm and family, John Kettering and family, Mrs. George Leininger and children, J. Powell and wife, Daniel Leininger and family, Wm. Kantzer and family, Ray Karr, Joe Rangbottom, Lily Rabe, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. John Spriggs and daughter LeYaun, Mrs. John Loudenbeck and daughters, Ollie and Trixie, Miss Mable Spriggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Heiby and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Spriggs, Mrs. Chas. Bobenmeyer and son. Mrs. Teetors and daughter Vida, Mrs. John Orr, Mrs. Gatus Betz, Andrew Harb and family, Fred Schaadt and family, Van Wert; Phillip Fennig and wife, James Fennig and family, George Fennig, Mrs. W. Schroyer and children, Elmer Fennig and wife, Chelle Runyon, Adam Kettering and wife, Mrs. Dr. Fishbaugh, Mrs. David Schroyer and daughter Cora, Mrs. Mart Gray, Mrs. Meyer and wife, Mrs. Wayne; Wm. Schroyer and family, John Fennig, John Boley and family, Chas. Rabe and wife, Jake Leininger, Monroeville; Oscar Hart, Wm. Seward, Celna; Martha, Callie and Mary Gibbons.

In the afternoon the "picture man," Wm. Enyart, was phoned for and several groups were taken. An organization was formed, and the following officers elected: President—John Spriggs. Secretary—Adam Bollenbauber. Asst. Secretary—Dee Leininger. All departing wished they might live to enjoy many returns of the day along the Wabash. The main object of interest at the feast was an immense cake on the top of which had been lettered by the fair hands of its maker; Leininger Reunion, 1913.

Mabel Boice, in a Salina, Ohio, paper

Ten-Year-Old Boy Has Finger Mashed

The little 10-year-old son of W. Jung last Wednesday in some manner mashed the fore finger of his right hand at the first joint, pulling the nail from that digit. Dr. Main was called and attended the little fellow who will escape without amputation, though the finger was put in very bad shape.

Thrashing Machine Destroyed by Fire

Last Thursday the steam thrasher owned by Pete Lewandowski, some few miles northeast of Loup City, was destroyed by fire. Just how the fire started is not known. The first noticed was a blaze under the machine, which ignited and burned the thrasher before it could be put out. Pete left Saturday morning eastward to secure a new machine. The loss will be upwards of several hundred dollars, covered by a little over one hundred dollars of insurance.

Bloomer Boy Will Eat Standing a Few Days

Last Wednesday evening while the Bloomer boy-girl aggregation was enroute from Rockville to Arcadia on the train to play ball, one of the boy portion of the aggregation plumped down in a seat covered with glass from a broken window, seriously interfering with his convenience in using his posterior anatomy for a few days. One of our physicians was advised to meet the train at the depot in Loup City as the train passed through and pick the bits of broken glass from his seat of intelligence, which was successfully done and the Bloomer passed on his way.

The Town's Representative

Have you ever thought how thoroughly representative a newspaper is of its home town? A newspaper is the only home institution that travels around to distant cities. Buildings and streets cannot be seen unless one visits a place. The newspaper goes as far as the mails. The home newspaper furnishes a means by which distant people gain an idea of the place where it is published. If a newspaper is newsy and clean typographically,

and has liberal advertising, every man from Los Angeles to the Atlantic who sees it gets the idea that the town is alive.

People have no idea how newspapers circulate away from their home town, says the Meridan (Conn.) Journal. Every publisher has a considerable list of subscribers who formerly lived where it is published, or are interested in the place for business reasons. And people send away many papers.

If you want your town to cut a good figure before the world, subscribe for the home paper, and advertise as much as your business will fairly warrant.

Aren't You Glad It Wasn't You?

Rain and accompanied wind storms are all right in their place, but when good people are placed in them, not by their own volition, and gain the experience of one of our physicians and his good wife, as was the case one day last week, they fail to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. During the big storm of last Tuesday, the aforesaid doctor and his better half, attempted to return to town from a call in the country, only to be caught in their auto just this side of the west bridge, their horseless carriage taking to the ditch and failing to respond to their desire to get home and out of the elements then raging. Abandoning the auto, they trapped through the mud and rain to the home of Will Engle in the west end of town only to find the doors and windows open, no one at home and the rain flooding the floors. Entering, the doctor's wife shoed the water to the outside, closed up the house properly and then, being drenched through and through found some dry clothing, and the rain refusing to quit business resumed their homeward way feeling and evidently looking anyway but prepared for a society function. However, in spite of the inconvenience they had passed through, no ills resulted, and they are able to ascribe their troubles as one of the incidents of a doctor's life.

Men Still Ahead. The hen lifted up her voice. "They are unscrupulous an omelot," she cried, but I'd like to see them unscackle a scackle."

Bryan's Inadequate Pay

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Inter-Ocean
Poor Bryan complains that he can't get along on \$33 a day
He sings a very disconsolate song
About his inadequate pay:
He doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink,
He's a dutiful Christian man,
Oh, where does his mney go, do you think?
Please make it clear, if you can.

He gets twelve thousand a year, and yet
His salary's far too small;
He says he's afraid he must run in debt—
Oh, what does he do with it all?
He finds he must lecture to make ends meet,
He is singing a doleful song;
His children are few and his ways are discreet
There is certainly something wrong.

Consider the case of Percival Parr,
Who is living next door to me,
He has a six-cylinder touring car,
And his habits are somewhat free;
He belongs to clubs, five or six, at least
And he and his well-dressed wife
Are inclined to rollick and revel and feast—
They are leading the glad, gay life.

And Percival Parr has an income which
May amount to say, sixty a week;
He indulges in all the pleasures the rich
The rich are inclined to seek;
No sign of worry distorts his face,
No troubles weigh on his mind
Nor is his case an exceptional case,
The country's full of his kind,

He orders wine, he smokes good cigars,
And he seems to be free from care;
We are all acquainted with Percival Parrs,
They are "going it" everywhere.
So, what is the matter with William J.
With his \$12,000 a year?
Why, the matter's as clear as the light of day;
He isn't a financier.

Harry K. Thaw Escapes from Prison

Harry Thaw, the notorious New York murderer of Stanford White and husband of the equally notorious Evelyn Thaw, and who was sentenced to life imprisonment in Matteawan hospital for the criminally insane, made his escape last Sunday morning at 7:45 in a big touring car and is supposed to be now on the ocean bound for foreign countries. Supposed confederates passed the asylum just as the guard opened the gate for the milkman to drive in and Thaw, who had the run of the grounds as a "trustee," and had evidently arose early and dressed for the escape, dashed through the open way and into the car, which whizzed out of sight before the guard could give the alarm. It was an admirably planned getaway. It is very probable the authorities will never get him again. However, many of the Thaw millions have been dissipated up to this last contretemps to justice.

A. N. Cook Suffers Broken Ankle Bone

During the big storm of last week, while A. N. Cook of this city was driving in a buggy near Comstock he was thrown out, badly spraining one ankle and fracturing one of the bones in that useful member of the body. Dr. Bowman was called and reduced the fracture and A. N. is getting along finely.

Grand Island Blaze Fireman Electrocuted

A fireman named Tony Fleischer was electrocuted and \$70,000 worth of property destroyed by fire at Grand Island last Sunday, and which at one time threatened to traverse the heart of the railroad section and cut a wide path through the city. The heat of the flames from a livery stable melted a wire of the electric company charged with 2,300 volts, dropped down on the fireman, coming in contact with the nozzle, blue flames shooting from the noz-as from a fountain, and the fireman fell with the nozzle under him and when pulled away life was found extinct.

Falls From Hay Stack Bad Ankle Results

Last Friday while Flo Lakeman was stacking hay for Bob Dinsdale, and was assisting on top of the stack, the stacker knocked him off, he falling some twenty feet to the ground. Luckily he struck on his feet, but with such force that he nearly dislocated his left ankle, that member being injured by severe strain, which will lay him up for a few days.

Mildred Callaham Meets With Accident

Last week Wednesday, while little Mildred Callaham, who, with her mother, Mrs. Gay Callaham, is visiting here, was out spending a few days with her uncle, Ed Angier, in Webster township, was attempting to get down from a seat on the binder, she in some way slipped, striking her right knee on the sickle guard cutting the flesh from the knee upwards on both sides some six inches, laying the knee cap open. Dr. Main was called and had to put in fourteen stitches to sew up the gaping wound. Later the little sufferer was brought to town and to the Main residence, where she is getting along nicely.

Chris Domgard Has Badly Mashed Finger

While helping in the work at the new laundry last week, Chris Domgard caught the forefinger of one hand in the ironer, mashing the joint of that digit to a fare-you-well, so to speak. It is thought the finger may be saved without amputation, but Chris is having a time with it all the same.

Fingers Mashed in a Hay Stacker

While Frank Kowalewski was working with a hay stacker last Thursday, he had the three last fingers on one hand badly crushed. He came in to see Dr. Bowman, who attended the injured man and he is getting along as well as the nature of the case will allow.

Wash Peters' Son Has Elbow Dislocated

Dr. Main was called last week Wednesday to the home of Wash Peters, in Washington township, to attend the injuries to Mr Peters' little son, who in some manner had suffered a dislocation of his right elbow. The doctor reduced the fracture and the little sufferer will be all right in a few days.



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