

**The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal**  
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 The Journal, Established, 1877.  
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Lincoln is the biggest spot on the map today. Some how, however, the greatness which has suddenly been thrust upon that town is not of the lasting kind. That is evident from the way in which it faded from New York.

The Commercial club will hold a meeting at the city hall at 8 o'clock tonight which ought to be well attended. Every citizen of Norfolk, regardless of membership in the club, is invited to attend, and any ideas which may be presented for Norfolk's advancement will be cheerfully received, it is said. United effort toward Norfolk's upbuilding is needed, and it can only come about through these meetings.

Mr. Bryan does not suggest just how we are to pay for the railroads, nor how many billions of dollars we would assume as a debt in the purchase, nor how the state and federal lines are to run separately and yet jointly. That is immaterial. The fact is, according to his doctrine, that the government ought to own the railroads. How to get them and how to meet a hundred perplexing problems in connection with them, are superficial details.

Word came from Oyster Bay the day after the president's reform spelling announcement, stating that the president was withstanding the bombardment of criticism upon his action just as he once faced bullets at Don Juan. Now we have a dispatch telling us that he has written to the public printer to say that if the reform proves popular it will be maintained; if it is not popular, it will be discontinued. But what about withstanding the bombardment?

There is no need of worrying here in Norfolk in regard to the construction of the sewer, even though the contractor has not yet arrived. Mr. Herrick a few days ago sent to Norfolk a bond for \$19,000 to insure his carrying out the contract, so that it is a positively assured fact that he will come. Norfolk has no cause for cancelling the contract, and the work may be expected to begin in the not distant future.

The new system of semi-annual promotions in the Norfolk schools is a decided step in the right direction. Under the old system a slow student who chanced to fail in a final examination and the year's standing, was obliged to go back and do the entire year's work over again, thus losing a full term. Two or three such failures made that student somewhere near twenty years of age at graduation. Under the new system a miss will only require that a half year's work be repeated, so that there will not be such setbacks as there were before.

The assurance that Norfolk will very probably get a wholesale grocery house in the very near future, will come as good news to the people of Norfolk and it is only hoped that the promise may materialize. The fact that a representative of the house has just visited Norfolk for the purpose of inspecting the city and has gone over the situation thoroughly with Secretary Mathewson, and the further fact that he expressed himself as highly pleased with the prospects and has stated that he believes his firm will locate here, surely holds forth encouragement for those of Norfolk who have contended that there is a chance for the city's advancement if the present advantages of the town can only be got before the proper parties.

**HUMAN KINDNESS.**

Through the charity of persons whom the world does not recognize, a real funeral was given in Norfolk yesterday afternoon to a dead colored woman who otherwise would have been but roughly and indifferently buried. It was not a great thing, but it was a kindly act. A human being who has lived in a community for a third of a century, and whose father rendered service for his country's flag, no matter what her career may have been, is entitled to at least a decent burial after death, but there seemed no way of providing such a ceremony in this case until the matter was taken in hand by those from whom it might have been, perhaps, least expected.

Perhaps the incident does not justify a passing remark, but credit should be given where credit is due and when a kind act or a good deed comes shining out from the darkness, it is especially conspicuous because of the contrast with its environment.

It was not the amount of money that was raised with which to defray those funeral expenses, that counted. It

was simply the fact, undeniably expressed, that in the darkest of earth's corners there are to be found, sometimes, hearts that, at the bottom, contain still a drop of human kindness and of charity.  
 We seldom expect to find a rose or a violet blooming in the cinder crust of an alley way, but when those blossoms are found there, it tends to impress the fact upon the world that, if a flower of kindness will bloom in such a spot, much more of kindness and charity ought to grow in hearts that are given greater advantages by nature and environment than are those.

**CHARLES A. RANDALL.**

The republicans of the Eleventh senatorial district in Nebraska have nominated a candidate for the state legislature who deserves the respect and confidence of the people of his district and who is entitled to election at the polls this fall. Charles A. Randall of Newman Grove, one of the best known republicans in this part of the state, is a clean man, with a record as straight as a string, and there is no need of apology when the republican party asks the voters of the district to support him at the ballot box.

Mr. Randall is a banker at Newman Grove. He is progressive and constructive. He is a self made man who, through hard plodding, has won success in life. He was nominated by the republicans for this same office in 1896, a year when there was no hope of electing him against the fusion landslide, and because of the battle which he fought then at personal sacrifice for his party, he is entitled to the election now.

Mr. Randall was born in Herkimer county, New York, in 1858. He was educated in the rudiments of learning at country schools in that section and later at the academy at Saquoit, N. Y. He graduated from Bryant & Stratton's business college in Utica, N. Y., and then came west to grow up with the country.

Young Randall was not a plutocrat. He hunted up a job on a farm and worked by the month for two years near Fremont. Then he went to Newman Grove, in Madison county, and built the first building in the town. That was in 1886 and Mr. Randall engaged in the hardware business. In 1890 he sold the hardware store and started a bank the year afterward. He called it the Citizens National bank at that time but in 1900 changed the name to the First National bank. This was made possible by the enactment of a bill by the United States congress permitting banks of \$25,000 capital to become national banks.

Mr. Randall's bank was the first one in the United States to take advantage of the new act—a fact which is worthy of notice, showing energy and progressiveness.

Mr. Randall was married in 1879 and is the father of three children—two daughters and a son.

He holds the respect of his neighbors and the good will of his fellow men.

A vote for him for senator from this district will be cast in the proper place.

**NORFOLK INDUSTRIES.**

Norfolk has a good many industries which do much to keep the city up to its standard, and concerning which little in a definite way is known by the general public. The News has contended that, among other things which could be done to advantage by the Commercial club of the city and by every citizen in the town, the hearty co-operative support of those industries which are now here, would help materially.

Norfolk has many industries unknown to other towns in the farming region, by virtue of the fact that this city is a center of a vast territory. As a result of this location, these industries have been built up here, partly through the patronage of the city itself and partly through outside custom.

But Norfolk industries do not get all of the patronage of Norfolk people. Home industries will thrive more when Norfolk makes a united effort to keep as much trade in all lines at home, as can possibly be done. Industries here will benefit, too, by every bit of advertising which can be done for the town in general and for individual institutions in particular, in tributary territory.

These industries here are not in competition with the smaller towns. They could not live in any of the smaller towns and could not live in Norfolk, excepting as they are supported by towns in a very large territory. To build them up here, therefore, is to the interest of smaller towns because every time they help Norfolk as against Omaha or Sioux City, they help their own locality and increase the value of their own locations.

And so, for the sake of bringing before the people of Norfolk and the people of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota, a clearer idea of the industries here which are entitled to the support and the co-operation of all Norfolk and all this territory, The News begins today a series of Saturday articles which will try to do their

share toward helping to follow out its own suggestion that we make a systematic effort here in Norfolk to build up. These articles are to be published without pay, and will be, as it were, this paper's contribution toward a cause that it believes deserves attention.

As The News reaches practically everybody in Norfolk, nine out of ten of the farmers around Norfolk and the whole public in twenty-two counties of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota, it is confidently hoped that this effort may prove an entering wedge which can later be followed up to advantage by an energetic Commercial club.

**THE LABORING MAN, HIS DAY.**

This is the laboring man, his day. He owns it because the United States government has given it to him. It is the only national legal holiday that we Americans know. Today the laboring men of the great cities of this country are celebrating. They are taking a day off for the purpose of properly observing the day that has been dedicated to them. In the country towns we pay little attention to the holiday because there are not the vast numbers of labor organizations known to the more solidly settled communities. But for all that we may take time out today to give a little thought to the laboring man, whose day is this.

The man behind the gun in the industrial world is he, the man who keeps the wheels of manufacture whirling around and productive; indeed, he is the backbone of American society.

Time was when the laboring man of this country went without bread and butter. He marched, many thousand strong, across this continent and up to the very doors of the white house at Washington, demanding work. His children were starving, his wife was ill and he was out of work. The soup house was established to feed him through charity, but that was not enough. And the cries, the pitiful desperation, that went up from the laboring man's throat, have not yet been forgotten in this country.

Those were the days of '94. There are none who want those times repeated. Today the laboring man in this country has more work than he can do. There is so much of industry and prosperity that not enough men can be hired to build a sewer in Norfolk, and the contractor is three days overdue on this account, they say.

In view of the present "full dinner pail" times for the laboring man, this day is a great one in a national sense. We don't want these times to change back to those of the soup house.

William McKinley, the advocate of protective tariff, was one of the best friends the laboring men of this country have ever known. Under McKinley's protective tariff, these prosperous times have come.

The laboring man must have work to do in America, if we are to enjoy prosperity.

And if the laboring man is to have work, the industries which provide him with toil, must be protected to such an extent as will allow them to exist. It is better that an American should make hats sold in England at actual cost, thereby giving the American that work, than not to sell the hat and to deprive the American workman of his job.

After all, it is the American working man, he in the overalls and with the marks of toil on his face and his hands, whom this country wants to look out for, first of all.

**MR. BRYAN.**

Mr. Bryan's fireworks down in New York are about all shot off, and those who had hoped to see the peerless leader jump from that reception right into the presidential chair, begin to realize that the trick is not so easy.

Mr. Bryan is more radical today than he was in his free-silver campaign. Still maintaining his position on free silver, he has adopted a new revolutionary idea in regard to government ownership of railroads, which may look well enough when shot off in the air by way of a speech, but which could never come to pass successfully in this country.

The idea that the United States government ought to own trunk lines and the state governments their own state lines of railroad, would be most confusing and impossible. By this idea, however, Mr. Bryan hopes to satisfy all popular demand for government ownership and at the same time to satisfy the southern democrats, whom he has assured that the Jim Crow cars for colored people in the south would not be disturbed.

Government ownership sounds well enough theoretically, but it can never be made a success in this country. Even cities have tried it and found it a failure. It may work in a monarchy like Germany but a monarchy and a republic are two different things. It is pointed out that there are more than one million railway employees in this country. Every railway employee would be appointed by the administration in power, and the result would be an utter impossibility of ever

changing party administrations. Corruption would be due to follow.

Mr. Bryan also declares for a universal eight-hour law. This implies eight hours work with ten hours' pay. It sounds well and philanthropic, but Mr. Bryan neglects to remind the great masses of common people that, if wages were raised in this way for an eight hour's work, the consumers would have to pay the freight with increased prices on all products of labor. Eventually it would mean the reduction of wages in accordance with the reduction of time. And this is not helping, but hurting, the wage-earner.

Mr. Bryan's own party has been torn to pieces by his radical declarations. He is further from the nomination today than he has been in a year. The New York Times (democratic) declares Bryan is not a democrat, the New York World, democratic leader in New York, declares he is more radical than ever and that he has stolen Hearst's clothes. Col. Moses Wetmore, an intimate friend and adviser of Bryan, who accompanied the Nebraskan on his world tour, denounces Mr. Bryan's government ownership idea as undemocratic. More than this, financial men declare that if Mr. Bryan is even nominated for the presidency, money will tighten up in this country as it has not done in ten years.

It was a big reception in Manhattan, but a New York home-coming is a long way from the presidency.

**BRYAN CAMPAIGN BEGINS.**

Mr. Bryan will arrive in Nebraska today after a trip around the world. Tonight in Lincoln he will begin a campaign whose purpose it will be to carry Nebraska for the democratic party this fall. Already he has sounded the keynote of his campaign as "government ownership of trunk railway lines and state lines." An appeal is being made by Bryan organs in the state to elect the democratic ticket this fall just for Bryan's sake.

Personally, Mr. Bryan is respected by his Nebraska neighbors regardless of party politics. But politically, Mr. Bryan is too radical to carry the day in Nebraska. His own party is all split up over his new revolutionary doctrine, while such an idea is absolutely out of the question when considered from the republican viewpoint.

Mr. Bryan's government ownership idea is merely a grandstand play, and it will appeal to the galleries. But it will not appeal to the thinking men of this country, nor to those who have the interests of the country truly at heart.

In the first place, the government of this great republic never operates any business as economically as does a private proprietor. The government is extravagant. This can be seen right here in Nebraska with force. Hastings has a postoffice building that cost \$110,000. It is a magnificent building and Hastings is mighty glad to have it, but it must be conceded by all that such a structure is not absolutely essential to the conducting of the post-office business at that place. A private owner would not have spent more than \$10,000 for that postoffice, and would have been liberal at that. In other words, under government operation, \$100,000 was spent that need not have been, considered from an economically business viewpoint. Who pays the extra cost? The taxpayers of the United States. The result is that the postoffice department is not self supporting and there is constantly a deficit.

The same rule would apply, only with a thousandfold opportunity for extravagance, in a railroad ownership by the government. Millions would be spent needlessly where a dollar is spent now. There is no use saying that extravagance would not prevail, for this country knows too much about that sort of thing to be convinced now.

Again, government property is not taxed. Under government ownership, the railroads would not pay a penny of taxation, where they now pay much of the taxes of this country. And the property holders of America would pay the difference.

There are a million employees of railroads in this country. There would be more than that under government control, because of the political prestige to be had from appointments. There would be absolutely no way short of revolution to ever change parties in control of the administration, because the railroad offices would simply be one vast machine of votes.

It is a great gallery-appealing declaration which Mr. Bryan has made, but this radical and revolutionary doctrine is bound to cost him the presidency, if he ever did have any chance for it, and it may cost him the nomination.

It is much more radical than his ancient free-silver radicalism, which is now proving so embarrassing to him and his party.

**EDWARD ROSEWATER.**

"He made Omaha, and helped make Nebraska. Had it not been for Rosewater, Nebraska City would have been the metropolis of this state."

That was the tribute paid during

his lifetime by the late J. Sterling Morton to Edward Rosewater, Nebraska's best known editor and for more than a third of a century one of the most prominent figures in the life of this commonwealth. It was a great tribute, but it was a fit one.

Edward Rosewater has been removed from Nebraska life. His sudden passing away, following the recent hard campaign for the nomination as United States senator from Nebraska, came as a distinct shock to the people all over this state.

Pathos, and almost a touch of the tragic, attended the expiration of Mr. Rosewater, and for this reason the shock was felt all the more keenly by the state with which he has for so many years been conspicuously identified.

His personality, a dynamo of power and energy, built up through a long series of hard struggles one of the best known newspapers in the country, did much to build up Omaha and Nebraska, and kept the veteran editor an inseparable factor in the political life of his state until the very moment of his life's ending.

Edward Rosewater named his newspaper "the Bee." It was a fit term to apply to the institution in which he gave his life energy. For only by that constant, tireless and persistent industry which characterizes the constructive efforts of the honey-makers, did Rosewater build up his newspaper business into its recognized potency. The power of that journal and the splendor of the building which is its home in Omaha, stand side by side as monuments to his untiring zeal and industry.

The life of Edward Rosewater may well be taken by any young man ambitious for success, as one well worth considering. He came to Nebraska more than thirty-five years ago without funds but with brains and energy and hope.

He founded the Omaha Bee at that time. It is told of him that in the early days, when he lacked the money with which to buy telegraph news, he brought his ability as a telegraph operator into successful play by going out of town, climbing the telegraph poles and tapping the wires that sent news on out to the coast. That was enterprise, and Rosewater's enterprise is what made him. Years before he was able to build a handsome edifice for the Bee, Mr. Rosewater had his eye and his heart set upon the corner where now stands the Bee building. He would take his friends up past that corner and, pointing it out, announce that that spot would one day be the home of the Omaha Bee.

Edward Rosewater proved the advisability of going into debt. The Bee building was erected at a cost far beyond his means, and he borrowed money to put it up. He had kept his credit clean, and was thus enabled to get the loans desired. And so, for years, he has been under the burden of a constant debt, but that debt has given him constant motive for continued effort and has given his sons a work to do. And, with a quarter million dollars life insurance which he carried, that debt will now be lifted and the Bee building will come into the estate with a clear title.

Edward Rosewater was aggressive. He was never still, and he never allowed things to lag for one moment. He was also ambitious. The one bright hope in his life was that he might, at some time, represent the state of Nebraska as United States senator. But his aggressiveness and his ambition did not go well together. A politician who hopes to win can not take the aggressive life, it seems, and the results of training the Bee's guns on various politicians and public men whom he did not approve, cost the veteran editor the toga which he sought.

Not every man can be honored with the fierce opposition with which Edward Rosewater was assailed. The Fontanelle club was organized in Omaha to fight him to the last ditch in things political. And many a man who went into the recent republican state convention, had no other object in view than "to beat Rosewater." It was not because the ability of Rosewater was not recognized. None can be found who deny that he was powerful as a thinker and a doer. His enemies respected his brain, and feared his forceful pen. But, once jabbed by that pen, they were enemies always.

Mr. Rosewater was the logical nominee of the recent republican state convention, in which he made his last stand. For more than thirty years he had been the only persistent and consistent advocate of the reforms which the convention, through its candidate, made their ticket. He had been long in the field of national politics, and he would have made a powerful senator.

But he lost that nomination, and the disappointment of it, made more bitter by the realization that after all of these years of working and hoping, the one ambition of his life had slipped away from him forever, no doubt hastened his death.

But there are greater things in life than public office. Power at home is as enviable as power abroad, and to have made his personality so much a

factor in the public life of a commonwealth as did Edward Rosewater, should have compensated for the loss of public office.

Mr. Rosewater stood for the conservative in newspaper work and all through the yellow journal wave, which washed over many of the papers of the country, the Omaha Bee remained calm and retained its dignity.

Mr. Rosewater died in the building which he built, after a hard political campaign and after a hard day's work. Hard work, in fact, brought about that death, as hard work had brought about his success in life.

The Bee was the name of Mr. Rosewater's life effort. The Bee and Edward Rosewater were one.

And both stood for tireless industry.

The children are staying at grandpa's. Mama has gone down to the sea; Papa is at home working.  
 Keeping well with Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist.

**AROUND TOWN.**

A Madison county road overseer said today: "I am now out of public life."

What is the sign when a young man takes another girl to the theatre, while his "steady" goes with another man?

"Is this my train?" asked a passenger boarding a Norfolk train this morning.

"Not till Bryan is elected," replied the brakeman.

At the public meeting of the Commercial club last night there were just enough people to turn around and go home.

An old resident of Norfolk was asked Sunday to point out two of the prominent churches in town. He was forced to admit that he didn't know where either of them is.

There is this consolation for those who have to labor on Labor day: The bankers, who get a holiday, will have to do double duty tomorrow, following two holidays.

People living north of Pierce as far as Niobrara will undergo the experience of a daylight ride in a passenger train going south for the first time in their lives, tomorrow.

Jim Conley has invented a burglar, chicken thief proof hen house and is having one built after his plans. It consists of cement blocks with iron bars bedded in cement across all openings. This is hardly giving other chicken owners a fair chance.

Two young women of Norfolk took a horseback ride out near the insane hospital. Two of the violent inmates called out to them: "We know what you are looking for. You are looking for a man." It is said that these patients may be paroled because of evident returning sanity.

A couple of young men paused at the telegraph office for the latest bulletins of the big fight last night, but the fight was nowhere near the end. "Come on," said one, "let's go to the show." "But think," exclaimed the other, "of sitting through two whole hours without knowing how the fight came out!"

Death takes people quickly out of this world. A few months ago "Benney" King was a well known figure on the streets of Norfolk. He was looking for the strange and the unusual things of life and death in order to make news for these columns. He little realized that within three months his own death would go in to make up the daily grist of events. He wrote good "copy," but he has finished his last "story," and that at the age of twenty-four.

Are your bones aching, nerves tired, nights restless, kidney and liver trouble, energy low? These are signs of low vitality. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Ask your druggist.

**ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.**

Some men have more grievances than a dog has fleas.

When people "fuss" about a marriage engagement there is usually something the matter with it.

A man looks in a parlor for a wife and when he finds her demands that she be more at home in the kitchen.

If a man has a well, you can pay him no compliment that pleases him more than to praise the quality of the water.

"Well," said a greedy boy today, "it is at last safe to trust me with peaches. I have eaten so many that I have fuz all over me."

No matter how high a man's principles are he can not resist stealing grapes from the bunch of grapes in stores.

You hear a great deal of the "advantages" to be gained in living in a large city. We don't know what they are unless it is chasing street cars.

It's the only medicine known that penetrates into every organ of the body and stays there. It's the best tonic in the world—Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Ask your druggist.