

**The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal**  
 The News, Established, 1881.  
 The Journal, Established, 1877.  
**THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 W. N. Huse, President.  
 N. A. Huse, Secretary.  
 Every Friday. By mail per year, \$1.50.

Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Neb., as second class matter.  
 Telephone: Editorial Department, No. 22, Business Office and Job Rooms, No. 1122.  
 Russell is himself again.

Some how, the big stick was cracked that time.

We hate to mention it to T. R., but we told him so right under the gun.

"Good roads" would be a good road for the Commercial club to be led over.

Pollard is having a hard time to put it back. To save trouble, he might keep it.

Congress wants its pay raised. It earned a raise when it clung to the old form of spelling.

Now that the president has reversed his order in regard to deformed spelling, will Ross Hammond reverse his smaller one?

Mrs. Storer is a relative of Nicholas Longworth. Perchance the president is partially indebted to her for the match-making of Alice.

The methods of holding federal court in this state are very much of a farce which in effect at least are that court is held in but two cities, Omaha and Lincoln. Norfolk is a federal court town with a \$100,000 court house in which to hold sessions, well furnished and equipped for that purpose, and yet not a single real session of federal court has ever been held here. Two terms of court are scheduled for Norfolk during the year, but the nearest that we have ever come to it has been when the judge and their officers occasionally arrive in the city on a late train at night, pay a visit to the court room and have the bailiff announce in stentorian terms that court is now adjourned, then leave town on the first train out. While this is a farce yet it maintains the letter of the law if not the spirit. The matter is now agitating the Nebraska representatives in congress and it begins to look as though things might be different after awhile.

Rural mail carriers will make regular trips on Christmas the same as any other day, not being allowed the benefit of the holiday by the government. And on Christmas day would be a pretty good time to remember the carrier who is obliged to make his trip in all seasons and under all conditions, rain or shine, heat or cold. Patrons of the rural routes who appreciate the advantages of having mail brought to their doors every day could do a nice thing to drop into the mail carrier's wagon a bushel of potatoes, a sack of corn, a ham, goose or turkey, on Christmas morning, or any other article which would prove of use to man or beast. These carriers work for a salary of \$60 a month and to earn this amount every thirty days the carrier must not only put in his whole time but he must keep at least three horses and his wagon, all an item of expense and constantly cutting into his wages. A Christmas present to the mail carrier would certainly be the right thing to do and would no doubt be appreciated. Anent the same subject, the city carriers could also be remembered on Christmas day in such a manner that they would not forget the number on your house for many moons to come.

**BISHOP McCABE.**

Bishop McCabe, who passed away in a New York hospital Wednesday morning, following an attack of apoplexy, was one of the most prominent men in the Methodist church, and one of the most loved by the people of that denomination. Several years ago when he was in Norfolk presiding over a district conference, he made hosts of friends in this locality, who will sincerely regret that his useful life has been brought to an end. Bishop McCabe became known formerly as "Chaplain" McCabe because of his service during the civil war in the One Hundred and Twenty-second regiment of Ohio volunteers.

After the war he acquired a national reputation by his lectures on army life and his book, "The Sunny Side of Libby Prison," in which institution the chaplain spent four months.

His conversion was in the old Zion Methodist church in Burlington at 1 o'clock January 1, 1851, after a most exciting revival. His mother is buried there.

Deceased was born in Athens, O., October 11, 1836. He entered the Ohio conference of the Methodist church in 1860, and two years later became chaplain. He was captured in the battle of Winchester and spent four months in Libby prison. His experiences as a prisoner of war were later recounted on the lecture platform.

Following the war he became pastor of the church in Portsmouth, O., and later was associated as assistant sec-

retary with the board of church extension. While engaged in this work he originated the rally cry, "We are building a church every day."

His success as a money raiser was remarkable. He was a singer and his songs were a feature of his pleas for funds. Mr. McCabe was chosen chancellor of the American university in Washington December 10, 1902.

**WHITE FLAG AT WHITE HOUSE.**

Well, President Roosevelt has backed down. Reformed spelling is no more enforced from the white house. It was several moons ago that an order from Oyster Bay came out to the world in favor of reformed spelling. A list of 200 words was sent to us from the president, and the public printer was ordered to use the new kind in preference to the old. It was a gigantic attempt on the part of spelling reformers, to force the issue. They enlisted the aid of the president and the president believing that his word would "go," issued the imperial edict. The next day or two saw many words in many places objecting to the order. But the president stood pat. A telegram from Oyster Bay informed us that he was paying as little attention to attacks upon his order as he did to bullets that rained about his head in the San Juan attack. But that was a bluff. The public kept up its roar, of shells and finally Oyster Bay hung up a white flag. "If this order proves unpopular," came the word, "it will not be enforced." That was about the weakest thing Roosevelt had ever done. He is not accustomed to backing down.

Congress met. Congress conquered. The order has been withdrawn. It is unconditional surrender.

Webster protested against the "lem-un" that was tendered it, and the president has taken it back. What's more, it is only a plain lemon today.

The old way was good enough for the United States. If the spelling is to be reformed, it must be done gradually—not by a sweep of the pen. That isn't the way to do things in this land of the free. We can't stand for all these reforms at once. If all of them were carried out, the world would wake up some fine morning and find that it had turned a complete somersault. So the country stood pat. It had listened with patience to edicts in regard to how many children it should have; it had heard with endurance how bad it was; it had been scolded for some of the things that it did, and scolded for some of the things that it did not; it had had its ears boxed for this, that and the other—but when it came to obeying a revolutionary order as to how it should spell its own name, the world (not world) just got up and stood pat—and the white house has hung up a flag to match itself. It was a pretty severe come-down for the hero of San Juan, but he had made a mistake.

**YOUTHFUL INDIFFERENCE.**

It is an axiom that in the final test a man's rights depend upon his strong right arm. It seems a sad commentary on government that this is true but nevertheless it proves the case. The offender may be called to account and he may be punished if—and here comes the changing mode of public opinion—the court or jury do not find justification for the deed. The man who goes to law to maintain his rights receives about the same consideration that a boy receives, who tells his teacher.

Boys interfere with the operation of a theater manager's business, but when patience ceases to be a virtue and he ejects one of them, then a court says he must suffer pecuniary loss.

Youths under twenty are too much in the habit of rushing along head downward, brushing aside whom they will, and without considering the rights of society. And when the law fails to protect the public from this youthful indifference and ruffianism, the public must protect itself. That's only fair.

Dwellers inside any city or town will bear out the statement that it is practically useless to attempt to raise fruit on their premises. Ruthless, inconsiderate youths, apparently itching to do damage, strip the trees of their products just as they strip flower bushes in the spring time. And the public endures it with the thought that "boys will be boys."

There are boys and boys. Everybody's boy is all right, but everybody will admit that there is a heap of devilment in the neighbor's offspring. The fact that they are boys protects them from many an assault where a man would be attacked. But human endurance sometimes fails, patience ceases to be a virtue, and something violent happens. When that something does happen, it depends upon the opinion of a jury or a court as to the justification, whether or not punishment shall be meted out to the man who lost his temper.

And when the mischief and disturbance and "cussedness" of growing youths becomes unendurable to the public either the law should take speedy action to demonstrate that it means business in protecting the public, or it should acquit the man who

takes such action as is necessary to defend himself and his property.

**UNIVERSITY FARMING.**

That experimental farming is a real thing and not a dream, and that it can equip sons of farmers with so much good sense that they will make more money off the farm than they otherwise could, has come to be an established fact. The success of Nebraska university live stock in the international live stock exposition shows that scientific knowledge gets results. The following circular, just issued from the university, carries material that should be thoughtfully pondered by farmers of this state:

All Nebraska will be interested to know that the exhibit of fat cattle sent to Chicago from the State University farm was again successful in winning several of the highest prizes offered by this, the largest live stock show in the world. Of the nine steers exhibited by our university, six were prize winners, one of them a nine-months calf, bred on the University farm, winning the Grade Angus Championship over all ages, and another, the College championship over the cattle of all breeds and ages exhibited by the various state universities and agricultural colleges. Had Mr. Turner, who came from Herefordshire, England, to judge the grades, and award the grand championship, judged the pure-bred steers, the university would have won on "Ruby"—a two-year-old Angus (pure bred)—the same honor that came to Challenger in 1903, viz., the grand championship plum. "Ruby" under the English judge in the college classes was placed ahead of the two steers that had defeated him under a Chicago judge and was pronounced by the English judge the best steer in the show. This, however, was after the grand championship had been awarded to a breeder from Illinois. "Ruby" was sold to "The Fair" department store at fifteen cents per pound live weight, the top price of the show for single individuals, bringing for beef \$273.00. On the yearling steers entered in the carcass contest, the University of Nebraska won both first and second prizes, which is a strong testimonial for the system of feeding practiced at our state farm.

The exhibit this year, nine head, was the largest ever made by the University of Nebraska and a total of \$450.00 in prizes was won, to say nothing of the high prices received for the beef. One of the prize winners was selected from a carload of calves at the South Omaha stock yards nearly two years ago when a party of students were being instructed by Prof. Smith on the selection of feeding steers.

During the past few years the University has won \$1,500 in prizes at the international stock show on fifteen steers, one of the number, Challenger, winning \$430.00 in 1903. The high prices received for the beef have more than paid the expenses for exhibiting and the prize money has therefore been net profit to the state. The steers being fed for next year are even better prospects than those shown last week. These cattle are kept primarily for use as models in the student judging classes. Considerable care is exercised in their selection though many of the steers are purchased at low prices. The Champion Challenger, selected from a Nebraska farmer's feed lot, cost the university five cents per pound, six months later selling for twenty-six cents per pound.

The University of Nebraska has been further recognized by the fact that the book on judging and feeding live stock recently written for farmers and stockmen by H. R. Smith, professor of animal husbandry, has been adopted as a textbook in the universities and agricultural colleges of twenty states and the Dominion of Canada.

**MILLIONAIREPHOBIA.**

Chancellor Day of Syracuse university again comes back and denounces warmly in the forthcoming issue of Leelle's, the mighty spasm in which the country seems at present to be involved, and which he terms "millionairephobia." He says in part:

"For some time we have been in the grip of this mighty spasm over corporate wealth and swollen fortunes. These current phrases are from high sources. All of our national ills are being stated in this formula. Down with the rich! Puncture the swollen fortunes! Make the rich poor and all the poor will be rich! Destroy the corporations, hamper them, obstruct them, sue them in the courts! Assault them in the press! Tie the strings of the Lilliputians to them in congress and bind them and the individual can have a chance!

"Make the returns of great businesses sufficiently small and uncertain by petty legislative restrictions and control and we shall not be troubled by the genius of a Rockefeller, a Hill, a Moran, a Carnegie, an Armour or a Swift. The little men will be big enough for the little things remaining to be done. It is a crime for several men to have developed the power of giving employment to 50,000 or 150,000 men."

Fortunes are not the only things that have swollen, he says, but salaries and wages as well, while hours of labor have shrunk, which is another way of swelling wages. He says the men who would reduce these fortunes had nothing to do with swelling them and could not manage them if they had them; that those who are chattering about predatory wealth would not refuse to take over corporations, stock, even to Rockefeller proportions. Destructive regulation should be preceded by government ownership. If the government owned the property it is proposed to supervise "we can take the consequences of our blundering."

He adds: "Probably no men in this country are more disqualified for the control and supervision of the corporations or swollen fortunes than the majority of legislators. Any proposition from that source to supervise and control the wealth of the land is a waste of time and energy. It is to be hoped that some day the courts of justice will be able to drag the chancellors, 'are dragged into subservency to executive authority, men

being condemned without conviction and told to clear themselves after they are condemned if they want mercy. Commerce, traffic, transportation, manufacture, all are placed under espionage and hauled before courts and threatened with regulation by socialistic law until men no longer know what property is or the rights of business, as interpreted by those principles which were supposed to have been established by the wisdom of centuries.

"I predict," he says in conclusion, "that we are passing through an epoch that will stand in future times to our everlasting disgrace and shame. We are phenomenally blessed by providence. We are steadied by the calm confidence and signal ability of the greatest men ever known in the commercial world. But if this mania continues, it is not far on to a crash that will carry down all confidence, confuse all property rights, block the wheels of all progress and wreck not only the millionaire's fortune, but the laborer's cottage. The demand of the hour is control of the controller. Swollen fortunes are a thousand fold less dangerous to our land and people than swollen demagoguery."

**KEEP CHEERED UP.**

A commercial traveler who makes his headquarters in Norfolk, and who spends Sundays here, receives each week a letter from his "house," giving him changes in prices which he is to quote during the ensuing few days, and other essential instructions. At the close of every one of these letters "the boss" tenders this bit of advice to his salesman: "Before you attempt to do any work in the morning, be sure you are feeling well. Pay attention to your health. No man can sell goods when he is tired out and unwell."

That "old man," as he is affectionally termed by the drummers who work for him and who look up to him as a father, wants his "boys" to feel well in order that they may sell the goods. He realizes that more money will come into the house in the course of a year if his salesmen are getting plenty of sleep, plenty of rest and, more than all else, plenty of cheerful recreation. He wants them to shake off the routine worry of their work during a certain portion of every day, and to loaf around for a couple of hours or so, with no thought of business in their heads, and with no object in life at those particular moments excepting personal enjoyment. He wants them to keep up their good cheer and their spirits.

What a broad view that wholesale man, with all of these commercial travelers under his supervision, takes of life! And yet it acts as a boomerang and comes back to him in dollars and cents every day in the year.

To do one's best work, one must be good to himself.

To create new ideas for development, to do quickly what is to be done, and to be able to keep on increasing the constructive work every day, every man must see to it, first of all, that his health is just as it should be.

To accomplish the most with one's energy, one must take time out from routine detail to sharpen the brain-ax by means of cheerful recreation. What food is to the stomach, recreation of a cheerful sort is to the mind, and both are essential to maximum achievement. The brain, like the stomach, can be dulled to the need of this food, but at a costly sacrifice in the long run.

The tendency of the times in labor and industry is to shorten the hours. It is being demonstrated that a man working ten hours a day, and no more, can turn out so much more of the finished product within a given week or a given year, than he who works overtime and dulls his faculties, that it is a paying investment for the employer to force his men to quit working and take a rest during a certain portion of every day. Time was when men worked eighteen hours a day as a steady thing, but hours were lopped off as the true value of recreation was impressed upon employers.

And the workman is accomplishing much more today, in his shorter hours, than he formerly did in eighteen hours of labor.

It is natural for man to believe that he can gain a lap in life's race by putting in hours at toil while the rest of the world is dancing and laughing at the theatrical comedian and playing whist. But it is a fallacy long since exploded. No man was ever made who could cheat Nature in the long run—and Nature demands that human beings rest and romp just as she demands that the rest of her creatures, the animals and the plants, shall enjoy a certain period of cheerful and interest-filled recreation between one day's rising sun and the next.

And there is more to think of, even at that, than the mere accomplishment of work. We work, after all, only as a means to an end—only as a means to life's enjoyment. And to find all enjoyment in toiling, with little in other things, is not a normal tendency. It is a bent tendency that needs straightening.

Men are apt, in these arduous days of business and industrial competition, to give over their minds and their very selves to their work and worry. It is a wrong relinquishment because it robs their families of the best that is in them—the aggressive cheerfulness

that is needed to make home home. There is no need of letting business go to the dogs, in order to forget it during a fair portion of life, for business will branch out with intensified energy, born and kept alive day in and day out by good cheer and absolute recreation, as the motive power when the machinery is at work.

**AROUND TOWN.**

Only one more week.

Only a very few more days.

If you can't say something good about people, keep still.

Sunday schools have been crowded during the past two weeks.

It's a wonder Santa Claus doesn't freeze his fingers in this kind of weather.

How would you like to be a boy and have to dress in a cold room these days?

People just begin to enjoy the autumn's cider when cold weather shuts off the drinks.

Well, it begins to look as if the Yankton & Norfolk outfit really meant business this time.

At the present price of eggs, town women are searching for cake recipes which require none of the ellipsoids.

A sensible person will begin to train his stomach this week, so that the Christmas fruit cake won't leave such a bad effect.

People can always endure a good deal colder weather in their own homes than they can stand for in anybody else's house.

Now that the "turkey dip" dance has been doomed by the band management, those who never heard of it will break their necks to find out what it was.

The governor did ache to take a shot at the Norfolk hospital; and he took it. Then he backed down. Now he admits that the west wing was mighty well built.

Governor Mickey was apparently trying to emulate President Roosevelt. Wholesale criticism may get space in the newspapers, but the man who gives the utterance bears a responsibility which few of the so-called reformers seem to appreciate, but which is really a grave one.

There is a man in Norfolk who is quoted as saying that he likes to have a certain domestic in the house because her quiet ways have a good influence on his wife.

This era of reforming the public conscience is accompanied by a lot of knocking, done for knocking's sake, which inevitably does damage and which can have no good end, in the first place.

The \$1,000 which has been accumulated by the Commercial club would go a long way toward making better roads out of Norfolk, and doing other things that ought to be done.

The same article of the Commercial club constitution which provides for the annual election on the first Friday of January, also provides for meetings at stated dates throughout the year.

Tastes in boys are keeping up with the times and a toy automobile that runs creates no more of an impression this year upon a small boy than a stick of striped candy did fifty years ago.

Wanted—A mascot with ability to remove the Sick Hoodoo that has menaced The News office for months, keeping one or more members of the force under its influence practically all the time. A new deal is needed.

One young man in Norfolk wanted to know what he could buy as a Christmas gift for his sweetheart, but refused to ask his sister's advice because he considered that her judgment was so poor with regard to men that it must be equally poor with regard to gifts.

The man who is putting out poison for those fine dogs at Bassett, ought to get a taste of it himself. The cur dogs will pass up the poison, while the finer bred animals, with keen noses, will smell the stuff a block away and always are the victims.

All the enemies we have, were made on Monday. No difference how well we behave on Sunday, we feel like the Old Harry on Monday. We try to be a lovely character six days of the week, but can't make it on Monday. And anyone who will hate a man because he is cross on Monday, would hit a child.

There is rejoicing in the Sturgeon family over the return of a lost turkey, and the prospects that there will be a feast instead of famine in the household are good. An ad. in The News last evening located the turkey at the home of a neighbor, and the bird is again in the Sturgeon barn awaiting the holiday festivities.

The great trouble with indiscriminate criticism of things in general is that the censure is pretty nearly always misconstrued. Governor Mickey didn't intend to do any injustice to anybody when he took occasion to criticize construction work on the Nor-

folk insane hospital tunnel. That he did injustice to the contractors and architect who had just finished an entirely different job at that institution. A surety bond company got cold feet and wanted an explanation from the contractors, when as a matter of fact, these contractors, who built the west wing and did it well, had nothing in the world to do with that old tunnel, built two years ago. The governor now says just what he did mean. There was nothing to gain by his attack in the first place and some of the injury can not be repaired.

Reed Smoot, United States senator from Utah, is going to hold his job in Washington because of his striking personality. And he is "there with the goods" on personality. It was just a year ago that Reed Smoot passed through Omaha to Salt Lake for his Christmas vacation. He traveled on the initial trip of the new Los Angeles Limited train, the most luxuriant train on wheels. On that train were a party of thirty-five newspaper men who were guests of the Northwestern, Union Pacific and San Pedro companies on this first trip down through the great Death Valley desert, whose route cuts off eighteen hours in the trip to southern California. At Salt Lake Senator Smoot left the train. He had made friends with the newspaper men on the train and they were sorry to lose him. He was a jolly good fellow and one of the polite sort of men who impress you magnetically from the start. So intimate had the senator grown that he only laughed when, on leaving the train, one of the newspaper men (a fellow from Pittsburg) called after him, "Goodbye, Smootie, old boy." "Smootie" took it with a laugh—and that laugh is going to save him his seat in the United States senate.

**ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.**

Perhaps one reason they call it "high finance" is because it resembles a hold-up.

It is hard to satisfy people. When the weather is good for duck hunting it's bad for rheumatism.

During the average boy's career he encounters almost everything in the trouble line but insomnia.

From the present prospect, the woman with a new fur coat is going to get more enjoyment out of life this winter than she did last.

"I just adore noodle soup," said an Atchison woman today. It seems to us that is pretty strong language for noodle soup.

Some showmen put out expensive lithographs that make fun of the show. The advertising is damaging instead of helpful. Do you do advertising that does you harm instead of good?

The pathos in the bill board shows does exactly what the funny papers fail to do—makes people laugh. There is a show on the boards now, headed in large type with the following: "Sweet, pathetic, heart touching." One picture shows a prison scene, and one of the prisoners has a woman in a ball dress down on the floor choking her. In another picture, a man in a dress suit is lying on the floor, flat on his stomach, with a look of terrible agony on his face and bending over him, with her gloved hand resting on his back, is a woman in an elegant reception gown, and large picture hat. One heart touching picture shows an impudent looking boy in a loud checked suit, saying to a tramp wearing striped trousers and a red shirt: "Father, you're a bum."

We lately spent an evening with a divorced man. He was in a confidential mood, and said: "I am a whitened sepulchre, and make no claims to goodness, but I enjoy being a grass widower. For years I didn't get along with my former wife although she was a good woman. I could find no fault with her except that she expected too much of me. Occasionally I took a shot gun on a snowy Sunday and went to look for rabbits. It horrified her. She didn't want to shoot rabbits on Sunday, and couldn't understand why I should want to do such a dreadful thing. When anything went wrong around our house and nearly everything went wrong, she could prove that I was to blame, although it seemed to me I was not always to blame. I became so tired of the struggle that I almost screamed with agony every time I thought of our unhappiness. Now that it is all over, I am almost willing to accept the blame. Certainly, I have no ill-feeling toward my former wife. But every day I am grateful that finally she couldn't stand me any longer, and got a divorce. I enjoy freedom as I never enjoyed anything before. I get along better than I ever did, in every respect. And, mind you, I was married to a good woman. She regarded me as a lump of impure clay to be moulded a certain way, and she was always at me. There never was a moment when I was not delicately reminded of my great wickedness; of my impure mind; of my lack of respect for higher things. And it is a curious fact that I stand higher with my fellow men, and behave better, as a grass widower than I ever did as a married man. My former wife's life work was to reform me; to save me. She was conscientious in trying to make me a better man, but the only result of her work was to annoy me, and make me worse. As I said awhile ago, I never was so grateful for anything as I am for freedom, and nothing would induce me to run the risk again."