

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881. The Journal, Established 1877. THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY. W. N. Huse, N. A. Huse, President, 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. 11 22.

Once more American troops are planning to evacuate Cuba.

The latest modification of the admission to shop early is to shop often.

The house has not decided to prosecute President Roosevelt for libelling the government.

Santa Claus and General Prosperity are said to be twins. They are certainly a couple of hummers.

Pat Crowe's success as an evangelist may lead to a course in kidnapping at theological seminaries.

The United States imports 80,000,000 pounds of tea annually. Just about a pound for each inhabitant.

The policy of the administration to put doctors in command of hospital ships is not working very satisfactorily.

Fortunately the controversy concerning the Panama canal doesn't hinder the men who are working down there from making the dirt fly.

The Indian who recently purchased an automobile and eloped with a charming young woman has certainly become thoroughly Americanized.

The man who remains a bachelor on January 1, gives evidence of having learned to say "no" in his early youth.

Germany is America's principal competitor in the exportation of locomotives and Italy is her principal customer.

At all events Mr. Pulitzer has the satisfaction of knowing that there are two sides to the expense account attached to a libel suit.

J. Pierpont Morgan has a wonderful collection of books valued at \$40,000,000. They are said to include all the books that nobody ever reads.

Why not let the little folks enjoy the harmless idea of Santa Claus' annual visits as long as they can? The happy myth will become transparent soon enough.

Lord Roberts wants an army of one million men in England to guard against a German invasion. Is there an army in England for so large an army?

It is astonishing what poor memories such men as Rockefeller, Archbold and Harriman have. Other people, however, have no trouble in remembering.

An enthusiastic prohibitionist has discovered that the Prince of Wales is a teetotaler, but he didn't catch the water habit from his father, King Edward.

Geologists differ as to the age of Niagara Falls. One thinks it is about 7,000 years old, and another 150,000 years old. After all, geologists are just about as good guessers as other people.

The Commoner announces that Mr. Bryan will continue in his chosen life work—the study of the science of government. Now if Mr. Bryan will be content with the study and let the practice alone, all will be well.

If John Milton could express his appreciation for the many fine things that have been said about him by American newspapers on the three hundredth anniversary of his birthday, he would no doubt give the United States a big boost.

John Burroughs in his new book on "Literary Values" says many thoughtful things. Among them this: "An enduring fame is of slow growth. The man of the moment is rarely the man of the sternities. If your name is up on all men's tongues today some other name is likely to be there tomorrow."

On the beautiful library of Columbus, Ohio, this message is given: "My Treasures are Within." The passer by who is tempted to pass the building with an admiring glance at the artistic lines of the architecture is reminded by this message of the high purpose of the structure which is to enfold a soul—the books.

General William Booth has just had an operation performed on his eyes and it is hoped that he will fully recover his eyesight. General Booth's sight may have failed him but his insight, stirred by heart impulses, continues unabated. He is one of the grand old men of the century. Few men of any age have ever had a more

humanity—and few men have ever more worthily obeyed the vision.

It was a year ago that the Atlantic fleet of battleships began its voyage around the world. It has been a great year for the American navy. In its journey it has everywhere received glad welcome and exalted the dignity of the republic. When the laddies come home to Hampton roads in February they will be given a royal reception.

The shortest day in the year has once more arrived and we shall probably soon be repeating the old-time saying, "When the days begin to lengthen, then the cold begins to strengthen." Old Winter has dealt very gently with us so far and the weather has been as favorable to the coal bin as could be expected. There have been unusually few cold days preceding the Christmas time.

A piece of ice growled when a big leeborg collided with an ocean steamer on its way to this country the other day and the growl proved to come from a polar bear who had taken passage from the Arctic on the floating ice palace. He was on his way to New York evidently to visit his Wall street relatives. Glad he didn't arrive. If he had there would certainly have been a panic.

President Finley of the College of the City of New York gives a new reason for the country boys succeeding so much better than the city boy. He argues that the country boy gains a sense of confidence in his own ability and a feeling of self importance from his environment; that handling the farm animals and predominating over the obstacles nature places in his way gives him the self reliance necessary to overcome obstacles in the business and political world. This seems like good reasoning.

An Oklahoma paper says that labor in that new state with its liberal labor laws is in the position of a hungry man with a fine china plate, but nothing to eat on it. Capital and industrial business enterprise have decided to wait awhile before venturing into a state where such fearfully and wonderfully made laws obtain. Labor has its laws—now let the next legislature assure it employment by pursuing a policy of sanity that will encourage the industrial development of the state.

Bishop Bristol of the Methodist church at a banquet given him in Chicago recently said: "Some criticism of the commercialism of the age, saying that it only stands for things, not thoughts. As well say that the trees and hills and oceans are only things. They are the thoughts of the divine Creator. There is a lot of nonsense about the coffee mother used to make. We live in the best age of all the past. We have the best men, the best educators, the best ministers, the best laymen."

Miss Clara A. Grace, a young English woman, holds the record for the fastest round trip ever made between New York and London. Miss Grace made the trip from London to New York and back in a little more than twelve days, but she spent only twenty-four minutes in transacting the important business which called her to New York. She called up the parties she wished to meet in New York by wireless while out at sea and the business was transacted while riding in an automobile from the pier of the steamer from which she had just landed to the pier of the outgoing steamer which bore her back to London. That is what an American girl would call going some.

Everybody wants to get the most possible happiness out of life. An exchange very aptly gives this advice which it will be well to follow: "If you want to go to Joyville take the Smiling high-road past Gladstone creek. Keep to the right all the way. If you meet a young woman with a basket, carry it for her. When you meet a man say 'howdy.' If you stub your toe whistle. If it rains, croon a song. If you are cold, run a little and think of something that will make your heart glow. If the way is long, recall how you trudged every Sunday up to your best girl's house and never tired. If a dog barks at you, don't throw a stone at him. Snap your fingers and say 'good doggie.' If you feel like crying, laugh instead. If you can do all this, you'll get to Joyville all right—and it's about the only way you will ever get there."

Norfolk can not afford to lose such men as A. J. Durland, who is understood to have been contemplating, during his western trip, plans to leave this city for the Pacific coast. One of the progressive, live, constructive citizens of the community and a man who has done a very great deal for Norfolk, Mr. Durland is of a type of citizen to be kept here if any possible persuasion can be brought to bear. For more than twenty years A. J. Durland has been an important factor in the upbuilding of Norfolk. He laid out and developed one of the best residence portions of the city. He

to Norfolk. He has been liberally public spirited and eminently progressive. The News hopes, as it knows Norfolk does, that Mr. Durland may yet determine to remain permanently here and continue to make his home in the city that he has helped so materially to build.

A story is told of Mr. Newberry, the new secretary of the navy, to the effect that when the Michigan naval reserves volunteered for service in the Spanish war and were assigned to the Yosemite, Mr. Newberry who was then rated as a "landsman" was busy swabbing down the deck one day when two officers came by and got into a discussion as to the identity of a certain yacht lying in the stream near the Yosemite. Finally one of the officers, who was Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, said to Newberry, "What yacht is that, my man?" "Mine, sir," replied Newberry with a salute and went on swabbing the deck.

It has been questioned with considerable levity, how President Roosevelt's commission could improve the condition of the American farmers. For whether the farmer is surrounded by the comforts of civilization or not depends upon his income, and his income depends largely upon himself and the weather. But the sessions of the country life commission have been instrumental in bringing for the many interesting points and in arousing agricultural communities to a realizing sense of their needs and the possibilities for their betterment. The commission has not been a failure. Good seed has been sown which will bring forth future fruit.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS ASSURED.

That Norfolk and the balance of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota will spend a merry, merry Christmas this year is already assured. Bounteous crops that have come to all this section during the past year, with prevailing high prices, have given a prosperity to this region not to be found in any other section of the United States at this time.

While the east is still suffering materially from the effects of the panic of a year ago, the middle west, and particularly Nebraska and South Dakota, have tasted of the horn of plenty during the past twelvemonth and never before has there been occasion for such widespread good feeling as at the present.

The warm weather during the first half of December has been unfavorable to early Christmas shopping, lacking the snap and zest required for genuine holiday buying, but now, with only four shopping days left in which to make selections, it is highly probable that merchants will be on the jump up until the night before Christmas.

Indications in Norfolk are that this will be the greatest Christmas shopping season yet known to the town, and from this business gauge it may be reasoned that the new northwest will enjoy a merry, merry Christmas next Friday.

WILL HOPE FOR DENIAL.

The American people will regret the fact that thus far, at least, there has been no denial from the president of the story sent out from Washington to the effect that he has been guilty, on a recent occasion, of treating a number of seminary girls quite unchivalrously.

Miss E. I. Sisson, one of the instructors at the exclusive school, allows herself to be freely quoted to the effect that President Roosevelt, angered at being passed on the road by a horseback party of seminary girls, spurred his steed to a gallop and overtook the young women at a narrow point in the road.

She asserts that one of the girls came near being insinuated by the collision between her stirrup and part of the president's saddle equipment. She further believes that Mr. Roosevelt struck the young woman's horse with his riding crop as he went by, for the animal plunged with fright and pain. Once past the seminary riding party the president is alleged to have turned squarely about in his saddle and delivered a short but savage lecture to the young women for daring to pass him on the road.

Secretary Loeb, when shown the story of the president's meeting with the seminary girls on that occasion, remarked that it surely was untrue. Later in the afternoon when questioned as to whether he had shown it to the president he said he had not; that Mr. Roosevelt was too busy handling other small controversies about his actions to look over any new stories just then.

Miss Sisson, the seminary instructor, says the president rode by herself and three of the young women for whom she was acting as chaperon a fierce gallop, and as he passed he turned and said:

"You know that you should not go ahead of our party."

Miss Sisson would not divulge the names of the young women, but said that two of them were daughters of wealthy and influential men of Chicago and Texas. She asserted that the president's action was intended as a rebuke for the young women and her-

presidential party and had taken the road ahead of them instead of following behind.

"We had been riding in the park for some time," said Miss Sisson, "and about noon were trotting along the regular road, not the bridle path, near Forest Glen entrance. When we made a turn in the road we saw ahead of us a party of four—two women, a man and the President. Behind them rode an attendant.

"We were riding spirited horses and for some distance rode behind the presidential party until we found difficulty in keeping our mounts in practically a walk. Then we gave our horses rein and passed those ahead of us. We proceeded at a good clip for a little distance, slowing our horses down again, and then we heard the pounding of hoofs behind us. The girls and I were riding two abreast and the road is not wide at that point.

"Before we were aware of it the president, apparently angry, and his party were beside us, making four abreast in the roadway, which crowded us not a little.

"As he brushed past his horse struck the foot of the young woman beside me, knocking it from the stirrup and, at the same time, a blow from the president's crop fell on the horse's flank. The young woman's horse reared and but for her coolness and admirable horsemanship she might have been thrown beneath the feet of the horses.

"Mr. Roosevelt looked at us squarely.

"You know that you should not go ahead of our party," he said, his teeth showing.

"Then he pounded off with his companions. The girls and myself were too much mortified to reply. We rode back to the seminary, and while all of us believed the matter should be given all the light possible, because we think that the action of the president was unwarranted and unprecedented, the girls were reluctant to have their names appear, because they are highly connected and they know that their parents dislike the notoriety attendant upon such an affair."

The president's temper has at various times met applause at the hands of the public, but the people of America will sincerely hope that the president may yet take occasion to disprove the charge that he had so far forgotten himself as to thus ungalantly mistreat these young women.

Only one more.

How would you like to be the mail man?

There are times when all theories fail.

Notice how much longer the days are becoming?

The Madison Star-Mail issued a corking Christmas edition with colored cover.

There's no more Christmas shopping. It's Christmas buying from this time henceforth.

How would you like to be a woman and spend seven days preceding Christmas, ten hours a day, baking cookies for your home-coming family?

Better late than never.

It's the shortest day in all the year.

It's a pretty race—that vote-game. And there's one good feature about it—nobody will lose.

When a woman gets a Christmas present in advance with the admonition not to open it, she's sure to do that very thing.

Norfolk is this winter, for the first time, experiencing the comfortable feeling of satisfaction which comes from knowledge that, even if there is no ice crop, we'll be taken care of. There's an artificial ice plant in the town that does away with the necessity of freezing weather, and if the weather man cares to, he is at liberty to turn on the spring sap at any old time.

A good story is told on a Norfolk man who formerly grazed a northern Nebraska district court bench and who once served as attorney general in the state. The name is withheld. The judge was advised to wear union suits, but objected. Finally he was induced to go into a store to investigate. "I never wore union suits," he said. "Once you do, you'll never wear anything else," said the salesman. The judge turned white and, declaring that if such was the case he wouldn't think of wearing them, hastily made his getaway.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Popular men are as jealous of each other as popular girls.

Every man believes his friends make a wailing place of him.

As a rule, the climate doesn't make much difference, if your digestion is good.

No use talking; on a dull rainy Sunday, when a hack drives up to a neighbor's, it is a diversion.

A number of Atchison children met Saturday and organized a society for the training of step parents.

A man can be married or divorced,

get, and quit talking about him.

During every dry spell the thought occurs to us that if we could rain, and everybody wanted us to, we'd do it.

When there are ten girls at the depot, it means that one is going away and nine have come down to see her off.

Your friends will remember what you didn't give them Christmas a good deal longer than they will remember what they got.

The man who keeps a Christmas list may be regarded as an ideal man by the women, but other men regard him as the real sissy with curls.

A great deal of fun is made of the family album. But there is nothing more interesting. Most families make a mistake in not keeping a more complete collection of photographs.

When an old fashioned woman wants to say that anyone, who wishes to get married, she uses this expression: "No matter how crooked the pot you can find a lid."

What has become of the tender hearted woman who furnished a roosting place for the flies by slicing her apples and hanging them up on strings from the ceiling to dry?

We like a woman who looks at her husband's bunch of office keys with awe, and who thinks that financial battles are fought and won behind the door of his office that is marked "Private."

It is said that if you swallow a single seed in eating a watermelon you will have fits. There is nothing in it. We will bet that a boy can eat all the seeds in a watermelon, in addition to the rind and vine, and never mind it.

When you go into a house between noon and Christmas and find a cross, tired looking woman viciously putting her needle in and out of a dainty piece of work you may know that the joyous Christmas tide is at hand and the stormy faced woman is working on her Christmas presents.

Ballade of Christmas Buying.

Don't say you don't know what to get. It's such a foolish thing to say. There is no need for you to fret.

With such a glittering array. At any price you want to pay.

As through department stores you drift.

You'll see them in profusion gay. You soon may pick a Christmas gift.

Well, how about a toilet set?

What's wrong with bedroom slippers, pray?

A holder for a cigarette, A fountain pen, a lacquered tray.

A dressing gown in blue or gray. A silver shaker, salt to sift?

Be finicky, as e'er you may. You soon may pick a Christmas gift.

Then buy a rainproof cravenette—The money won't be thrown away.

The season's likely to be wet. And spring at least will come some day.

Gloves, handkerchiefs—the women they still cling to these, whatever they shift.

And always there's a grand display. You soon may pick a Christmas gift.

Get busy, then, without delay. Throw to the winds all thoughts of thrift.

You'll see, as through the stores you stray, You soon may pick a Christmas gift.

—Chicago News.

Went Too Far.

Sioux City Tribune: President Roosevelt's zeal for purity in government, his jealousy of the good name of his administration, and, possibly, and to a lesser extent, his family pride, touched by the connection of the name of Mr. Robinson, his brother-in-law, with the "Panama scandal," while it fully justified his honest indignation as a citizen, carried him too far when, in his capacity as chief executive, he assailed the character of a prominent newspaper publisher and pilloried him as a criminal in a message to congress.

Mr. Pulitzer is the owner of the New York World. His paper printed in its news columns a story, originating in Paris, saying that a syndicate of Americans had bought at heavy discount the shares of stock of the Panama company prior to the sale of the canal to the United States and had profited greatly by the deal. It gave the names of some of these persons. There was immediate and emphatic denials by the individuals named, except Mr. Robinson, who, doubtless, felt his reputation required no denial. In its essence the story alleged that sundry shrewd Americans had engineered the purchase and then, through agents in France, bought the canal stock at a discount and got par for it out of the \$40,000,000 paid. The president assumes that it was charged that the government was implicated in this transaction. We find no direct statement to that effect.

What Mr. Pulitzer's World did, every newspaper that is a newspaper did. The president's characterization of Mr. Pulitzer covers the publishers of every paper that reprinted the news story. It was legitimate news. It carried plausibility. Comment on it in editorials varied, but it was regarded as warranting editorial comment. Neither the World nor the newspapers that reprinted the story are "villifiers," "blackeners of reputations," or assailants of their government. They printed the denials of individuals and they gave space to the president's letter to Mr. Foulke.

Johnny Dumper Says Buster Brown In Sunday Papers Needs a Spanking.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 19.—To the editor of The News: Are there any Buster Browns in Norfolk? There's one here at this hotel. He's the meanest little cuss you ever see. He's the only boy or girl of his papa and mama and they've always lived at a hotel and he's good looking and smart and curly haired and the borders at the hotel make a lot of fuss over him till he got to be such a smart clik and the traveling men in the office use to give him cigars and teach him to blow smoke rings and use teeze him to hear him swear, and they say he can drink beer just like a man and he's only six or seven.

I heard his mama telling a lady friend she brot down to dinner one day that she just hated to keep hous and that she didn't believe it was good for boys to bring them up too close in a home where they didn't meet people much, for they'd grow up to be bashful and wudent no what to do when they was out.

"Now look at Buster," she ses, "He's just a wonder to everybody. He can take care of himself just like a man and he's bent afraid of anybody."

Buster ses, "Yer rite there, Mommy. Yer just bet I ain't!"

He's getting so his folks can't do a thing with him and the clerk sed if he didn't cut out sum of his fool habits pretty soon he'd haf to ask them to leave, but he hated to for they're rich and hav a sweet of rooms on the second story.

He got so mean that the traveling men passt the wurd around not to pay enny attenshun to him, and that seems to make him meener'n ever.

He's bin playing tricks on Uncle Oscar and another build hedded traveling man that sits over at another table, and Uncle Oscar voved last time he'd fix that kid if he ever tride enny of his munky-shinez agen.

Yesterday noon Buster cum down with a big black immitashun spider hanging on a string from a stick and while that traveling man was eating his dinner Buster stole up behind him and hung that spider rite in front of his eyes. He's a sort of nurvus man and when he saw that awful looking insect he jumpt backwards clean over his chair and spilt his coffee all over hisself and neerly lit on Buster. My but he was mad, and a lot of other folks was mad too, and he sed to the waiter he was going to tell the clerk if he didn't remove that public nuisance he wud institoot a boycaunt on the hotel.

Buster ran back to his mother lafing like a wild boy, and she ses, "Why Buster, aren't you ashamed, giv Mama that awful looking spider befor you giv sumbody a fit of nurvus preserashun!"

Buster ses, "Nt, Mommy, wait'll after dinner!"

His Papa ses, "Buster, you giv Mama that spider rite away or I'll tan you to a finish!"

Buster ses, "Wow! He's just a kiddin' me aint he Mommy?"

His Mama ses, "Buster!"

Then they didn't say enny more and after a while they got to talking about sumthing and Buster slipt away and went behind Uncle Oscar and held the spider over in front of his face.

Yours, Johnny Dumper.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

How would you like to be rich, Like Morgan, Mr. Morgan? To be able to burn What other folks earn.

Like Morgan, Mr. Morgan? To familly drop economy's bars, To ride in magnificent private cars, And twiddle your long five-dollar cigars.

Like Morgan, Mr. Morgan? How would you like to stop panics, Like Morgan, Mr. Morgan? Preventable panics Of money mechanics.

Like Morgan, Mr. Morgan? He has at his beck such millions of plunks, If he says "Thanks up!" then industry jumps, If he says "Thanks down!" we're all in the dumps, This semi-omnipotent Morgan!

How would you like a forgetter, Like John D. Rockefeller, The grand old man Of the coal oil can.

Great John D. Rockefeller! His memory is trained till it shifts to the shade The ruin he wrought by his kerosene raid And he only remembers the friends that he made, Shrewd John D. Rockefeller!

How would you like to control, Like old man Weyerhaeuser, All available trees From the lakes to the seas? That lumbering Weyerhaeuser! With owning our lumber he'll not be content, For the lumbering interests are certainly bent On boosting the prices of Portland cement To help poor Weyerhaeuser!

How would you like to change The cursed industrial system Which forces a man To grab all he can If he would not himself be the victim? We've listened to so-called solutions galore: We're as far from agreement as ever before: All hail to the savior who brings to our door An equable, workable system!

—RICHARD F. MARWOOD.

press of the country which has done, what it did in this instance, gave publicity to statements affecting private and official action. When they printed Tulloch's story of venality in the postoffice department and Postmaster General Payne characterized it as "hot air" and the president was impurported to give it no attention lest it "hurt the party," he set an investigation going that sent several to prison and smirched even some congressmen, and the press gave him hearty support.

ing that because he knows of no syndicate to buy up Panama shares in anticipation of the sale, there was none. He would have gone far enough if he had called the attention of congress to the statements and asked it to direct an inquiry through our minister to France, if it deemed the matter worthy of investigation. One may sympathize with his feelings of indignation without sharing his conclusions or approving his course in directing the attorney general to see if some relic of the old sedition law does not