

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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It is already settled that this winter is no molly coddle.

Doctors only prescribe raw eggs for millionaire patients, now-a-days.

What many states really need is more initiative and not so much referendum.

Let the state legislature take notice that Norfolk is the ideal spot for the state capitol.

President-Elect Taft is busily engaged in the winning of the south. Success to him.

The child who defined a smile as the whisper of a laugh expressed a rarely beautiful thought.

It is the opinion of some good military critics that Brigadier Tillman is making a very ragged retreat.

Mr. Carnegie gave away \$91,000,000 last year, but the recipients worked hard to get it, you may be sure.

It is reported that President-Elect Taft has a taste for rag time music. Another reason for his popularity.

The man who is enjoying the blessings of poverty doesn't appreciate them as John D. and Andrew Carnegie do.

If the Roosevelt messages continue right up to March 4, there is danger that the Taft inaugural may be overlooked.

Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina are saloonless since the beginning of the new year, but they all have drug stores.

Perhaps "Honest Ben Tillman" will be a little more cautious about challenging the motives and integrity of others so viciously hereafter.

The president's messages come so thick nowadays that some of them have to be dismissed with a paragraph of space, to get them all on the wire.

More than one-fourth of the world's yield of zinc is produced in the United States and more than half the yield in the United States is in Missouri.

The British, French, Russian and Italian war ships have done good service this last week. Why not turn all the navies over to the Red Cross society?

The construction of every skyscraper claims at least three victims, and of the 19,000,000 industrial workers in this country 500,000 are killed or maimed every year.

A consolidation of moving picture manufacturers and operators has taken place for the philanthropic purpose of elevating the class of pictures. They will find plenty of work along that line.

The Hallus family are threatened with bankruptcy. The financial resources are being swallowed up in the family's defense. High class murder is coming to be an expensive if not fatal luxury.

Panama croakers are requested to note that the receipts of the Suez canal are increasing at the rate of \$1,500,000 a year and the dividends are never less than 20 per cent.

The Northern Pacific has purchased a brewery but denies its employees the privilege of drinking beer. They are not going into the brewing industry, but will turn the building into a freight depot.

The city of Messina will not be restored, but in all probability many of the poorer people will build their shacks on the old sites. Strange as it seems after passing through such horrors they still cling to the spot.

In many states the problem of better state roads is being discussed. Iowa wants to build good state roads, taxing saloons for the purpose. Kansas is getting up to the point of good roads legislation. Nebraska ought to get busy along the same line.

Miss Roosevelt has made her bow to Washington society and been formally received. Her "coming out party" was a very beautiful and elaborate affair at which several hundred guests, including Miss Roosevelt's friends and the younger people in the official set helped the daughter of the president dance her way into the social world.

Fate seems to have marked John W. Kern for defeat. He is even denied the consolation of a seat in the United States senate as balm for the wounds inflicted upon his body politic in the scraps he has gone through. He has been defeated for governor, defeated for United States senator, defeated

for president of the senate. With a record like this, he is able to sympathize with Mr. Bryan.

The bishop of London gets the same salary as the president of the United States. However, it is safe to bet that the future occupant of the White House would not trade berths with the reverend bishop.

Lillian Russell announces her intention of publishing her love letters in autobiographical form. It has been suggested that she entitle the volume, "Some Husbands I have Lived With" and have it securely bound in asbestos.

The kaiser says he was never so short of money in his life. There are many who can sympathize with him in his financial straits. Why couldn't the emperor get into the "dollar a word" class and pick up a little pocket money that way.

Before the restraining hand of America has fairly been withdrawn from the Cuban governmental affairs, there comes the announcement that one of the first measures to be introduced after the inauguration of Senor Gomez would be bills establishing a national lottery and legalizing cock fighting. This is not a very encouraging augury for a high grade of government in Cuba, but it is characteristically Latin at any rate.

The number of Mexicans employed in the United States is rapidly increasing. Lack of education and of natural initiative confine most of these immigrants to unskilled labor. They compete little, if at all, with native or the better class of immigrant labor. They work and are contented in the desert where Americans and Europeans are unable to withstand the climate. Except in Texas or California few become permanent residents.

The Indiana man who, while feeding corn into a corn crusher came within a hair's breadth of feeding in a stick of dynamite which had somehow become mixed with the corn, felt that life was at best a mighty uncertain proposition and was impressed with a growing respect for the man who has managed to evade its pitfalls for ninety years and more.

This country cannot be cleansed of its political and commercial crookedness until it is willing to place the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker in the same class and mete out to them the same punishment. While the bribe-taker is sent to jail and the bribe-giver continues to sit in church, wear his halo and sail in society, there will continue to be a deal of injustice in public affairs.

The German Review tells a curious story of the capture of a wireless message by an electric lamp. A Brunswick man had an electric lamp in his laboratory and was attracted by the varying brilliancy of light which occurred with the unmistakable rhythm of Morse signals. With a little effort he was able to decipher a message which was being sent from a station two miles away.

Mary Anderson, who once held first rank among American actresses, after enjoying the success and fame which she had honestly earned, accepted the love and honor of a worthy man and left the stage for a happy home, is now visiting this country. She says she thinks more of her home and husband and little daughter than of the plaudits of the multitude. Mary is one of fortune's special favorites.

Edwin Markham, a philosopher of more than ordinary insight into human sentiments, says that the noblest resolution it is possible for any man or woman to make at the beginning of the new year, is to live more faithfully according to the Golden Rule. Were this rule universally lived up to, it would solve all the vexatious questions of politics, of economics, of social life. There would be no more poverty, no more strife.

The voters of the country have expressed their desire that the Roosevelt policies should be continued but the youngsters have gone back on the Teddy bear. Two years ago it was impossible to supply the demand for these toys, and now the bottom has fallen out of the market. To some extent the billiken has taken the place of Teddy and the fact that the funny looking little thing is supposed to bring good luck adds to its popularity.

Like Banquo's ghost the specter of a sea level canal at Panama will not down. Judge Taft will take to Panama the best engineering experts of the country to see present conditions for themselves and advise him as to future work. But we believe the intention is rather to ascertain and overcome difficulties in the present plan than to change it to a sea level canal. That question was thoroughly threshed out before. There can hardly be any new light on the subject without carrying on actual experiments with both plans.

The region of country devastated by the recent earthquake is the garden spot of Italy and by far its richest section. Added to the grains of all kinds, live stock and fruits which are raised in quantities sufficient to

provide a large surplus for export, the mountains yield marble, alabaster, sypsum, salt and copper. But the chief dependence of the million and a half of people who occupy the three devastated provinces is agricultural. Thousands of tourists visit the country annually and there are many sad homes in Europe and America who lost dear ones in this awful calamity.

President Gates of Roberts college, Constantinople, writing in the "Outlook" of the great transformation which has taken place in Turkey, says: "The situation in Turkey is a very difficult one, and I hope I have also made it clear that there are men here working with great wisdom and splendid self abnegation for the best interests of their own land. It is a spectacle which ought to shame self-seeking and partisan politics out of sight." It seems at times as though a work might be done in America by young Turks or young Americans, who cared more for the honor and right-ousness of their country than for their own self interest.

The choices made by Missouri and Ohio for United States senator offer good food for reflection to those who insist upon the election of senators by direct vote of the people. In Missouri Governor Folk, whose record for ability, sincerity, integrity, patriotism and honesty none could refute, was turned down for a wily politician although these are the qualities which the people claim to desire in the candidate for whom they vote. In Ohio, where the legislators elected the senator neither the political intrigue or Foraker, backed by wealth nor the political prestige of Taft, brother of the president and master of the party machine, could win against the man who was best fitted for the position by ability, temperament and experience. Burton had neither money nor machine, but he won out.

This country has no desire to harbor criminals or invite them to find refuge here from abroad. We have enough undesirable citizens of our own. But criminal charges brought against refugees who have sought asylums here should be subjected to the closest scrutiny, especially when, as in the case of the Russian refugees now under the protection of this country, such charges are preferred by a government which is known to be relentless and utterly unscrupulous in its pursuit of its political offenders, and which is known, moreover, to have repeatedly trumped up similar charges, without the slightest foundation in fact, in order to secure the person of those who have dared to love liberty well enough to give their best thought and energy to promote it. Popular sympathy is with the Russians-Christian Radovitz and Ivan Poureou who fled from Russia, because it was too hot for them on account of their political activities. Their case is being considered in appeal in Washington and it is hoped that the government will refuse to give them up.

DON'T NEED AN "ARREST EDITOR" The suit against the New York World brought by the federal government on a charge of "libeling the government," is arousing keen interest in legal circles. It has generally been accepted as law that a government can not be libeled. If the government were to win its case, corruption would gain a very mighty point. If a newspaper editor were to be in constant fear of being sent to jail for unfriendly criticism against the government, many a shady transaction might be put through without objection from the press, because no single editor would care to risk his liberty and take chances of a "frame-up" against him in the courts. In Japan each newspaper has an "arrest editor." It is the duty of the "arrest editor" to go to jail whenever the paper libels the government, or whenever the government accuses the paper of libeling it. For the sake of keeping this government straight and for the sake of keeping down additional salary expenses, it is to be hoped that American newspapers may not be forced to employ "arrest editors."

If facts were incorrectly stated in the Panama case, let the government produce the evidence to disprove the published reports. That would probably serve quite as well, and would leave the press free to criticize where criticism should be made.

COMMERCIAL CLUB CONVENTION. The suggestions that Norfolk will gain from the forthcoming convention of state commercial clubs, will, alone, be worth the effort. The state's most active and successful city-builders will be here and many valuable suggestions will without question be gained for Norfolk.

Example is a great teacher and the town that is ready to quickly take up valuable new ideas is the town that gets ahead. Norfolk needs growth and any suggestion on how to bring that growth about will be worth while. In this connection it is remembered that Secretary Hanson of the Fremont club—who has done wonders, by the way, in the upbuilding of Fremont—gave us many mighty worthy suggestions when he spoke here three years ago. Fortunately Mr. Hanson will be back. Indeed from Fremont methods

Norfolk might even now take an example. Yesterday's Sioux City Journal contained a little item of significance in this connection. It told of Mr. Hanson's visit to that city. He went to Sioux City to interview the Johnson Brothers Cracker company in the hope of interesting them in a new factory to be built at Fremont.

For some time the possibilities of a cracker factory have been suggested for Norfolk. With the abandoned candy factory an opportunity should be afforded to some such firm as Johnson Brothers. At all events, the plan of Fremont to keep everlastingly after every possible new industry, has been successful in making the past year a record-breaker for development in that town.

Fremont has spent money in good roads. One good main road has been built in every direction so that farmers are now trading there who used to trade in Fremont thirty years ago and then were weened away to new small towns, principally because of the roads. The merchants of Fremont are using newspaper columns to draw in these people from many miles—using newspaper pages, it might better be said. And Mr. Hanson declared that good roads and continuous newspaper advertising were the two greatest factors in building up the retail business of that city.

His activity in going after new industries, such as is illustrated by the Sioux City incident, should furnish ample inspiration to those who have faith in the possibilities of Norfolk's future.

THE MISSION OF THE FIREMEN. Norfolk once again takes pleasure in welcoming the state convention of Volunteer Firemen of Nebraska. No class of men give such unselfish and useful service to the community as these unpaid yet ever willing fire fighters in the smaller cities. They are entitled to a community's constant appreciation.

The firemen are helping to reduce the tremendous fire losses that annually sweep America.

This "cloud of smoke by day and pillar of fire by night" has cost us on an average in the United States during the past ten years six hundred millions of dollars a year, and in the years when the ravages by flames have been unusually large there have been as high as sixty-five hundred lives sacrificed.

Six hundred million dollars we put into our annual national bonfire. Think of what this means! It only takes half a billion dollars worth of fuel to keep our factories and business enterprises going and make our homes comfortably warm. Germany we charge as being overwhelmed by militarism and yet what America burns up each year would pay Germany's army and navy expense and leave a surplus of some millions.

In thirty of the largest European cities the per capita loss by the fire demon is sixty-one cents while in more than two hundred and fifty American cities the destruction per capita was over three dollars.

And yet nowhere else is there so much money expended in fire protection. Berlin, for instance, pays its fire department about \$300,000 and Chicago pays out for the same purpose over three millions.

What is needed in America today is not only a conservation of our forests, our waterways, and our natural resources, but a greater care of our property interests. Happily fire proof buildings and appliances are more and more being built. Laws in regard to construction are also more restrictive and the days are approaching when fireproof schools and fireproof houses will be relegated to the past.

We are still a long way from the goal. We want to get rid of that old foggy notion long since worn to a frazzle, that there are necessary evils to be borne. They are every one of them due to the stupidity of men and it is for the men of the twentieth century to blot them out. There is no sense in burning up \$600,000,000 worth of property by fire. It is a sheer waste and even free, prosperous America cannot afford it.

Not only in the great cities but in every progressive town there is call for better building laws, street enforcement and a more careful attitude on the part of all. We have no money to burn. There is a better use for it. And if every man in the country put forth the energy that is unselfishly given by the volunteer firemen, there would not be such losses to record.

AROUND TOWN. Who is Johnny Dumper?

This is Gregory's day to rejoice and be glad.

How would you like to be a gargoyle, brother?

Have you noticed that most of the firemen smoke? Congressman Willett is a Wall street man, they say. How many dozen firemen's badges have you succeeded in capturing? Dallas and Gregory have each had a

taste of good fortune in their short lives.

Roosevelt will march forth to slaughter elephants immediately after March fourth.

There are nights when the devotee to fresh air methods, and who insists upon sleeping with all windows wide open, gets what's coming to him.

Talcum powder on a girl's cheek tastes better than any other known preparation.

Every small boy has an ambition to be either a locomotive engineer or a passenger conductor.

Firemen, horsemen, physicians, bank robbers—Norfolk had a cosmopolitan throng in town Tuesday.

When you steal a horse you are pretty sure to go to the penitentiary. But bank robbing seems to be a safe, pleasant and altogether profitable avocation.

Sam Rosenthal went to Sioux City yesterday. When he came back last night he found the hand playing at the train as he stepped off the car. "I really didn't expect it," Sam said.

One woman living on a rural telephone line out of Norfolk claims that it's common custom to "rubber" over the telephone, and says there's lots of interesting stuff goes over the wire, too.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. Everything comes back in time except the shawl.

When you don't like cold weather, it's a sign you are old.

Some people become so busy that they have no time to do anything.

Who is first in bed at your house every night? We bet it is father.

An Atchison woman recently said: "No one will believe I am forty." O, yes they will.

What a nuisance farmers must be to their wives on cold days, as they sit around kitchen stoves!

It sometimes happens that when children behave well at a table, it is because there is nothing on the table they particularly want.

Owing to the strange names given girls in Topeka, the society columns of the Topeka papers sound like descriptions of breakfast foods.

If a man doesn't run to politics, he is probably given to religious conventions, or lodge reunions. No one entirely escapes the parade idea.

You often hear this said of a man: "He's a Dead One." That is, he is slow, and doesn't amount to anything. Look yourself over; are YOU a Dead One?

The women have struck a new scheme; they advertise for "housekeepers" instead of for "girls." "Housekeeper" has less of a tin pan sound to it.

Gossips are as particular whom they talk about as many people are with whom they associate, selecting only those with some pretensions to position and style.

Questions for the Lancaster Literary Society: When a man's wife runs away, and takes with her the family wallet, what is it that worries the man? Is it the loss of the money or the loss of the woman?

Men will think, and think, and think, trying to study out some plan of attracting unusual attention, in the hope of making big money. One man thought, and thought, and thought, and decided that it would be a popular novelty to put on a play in which a man shows his bare feet to the audience. And he did it! What a curious, unreliable thing the human mind is.

OVER NORTHWESTERN PRAIRIES. The citizens of Herrick enjoyed a 'possum supper last week.

As a result of the fire which threatened the Elgin racket store, the Elgin Review again calls attention to Elgin's need of a good water works system.

Nothing but bare prairie now remains of what was once the thriving little inland town of Lyman in Lyman county, South Dakota. Its last inhabitant has moved over to Kennebec.

Republican Legislator's Speech. (With apologies to the immortal William—not Bryan.) Friends, Republicans, Countrymen, lend me your ears, for mine are worn out hearing the hum of Democrats!

I came not to be buried at Lincoln but to talk myself.

The evil that is off lived after them, the good is me interred with their bones—so let it be with Democrats two years hence!

My nimble enemies have told you that I'm a bit ambitious. If it be so, it were a grievous fault, and grievously I'm forced to answer it. If the legislature be young ambition's ladder, deliver me from climbing it again. As well to be a dog, and bay the moon as a Republican in such a setting.

But break, my heart, for I must hold by tongue! But yesterday the name Republican could have stood against the world—now who so poor to do us reverence?

JOHNNY DUMPER VISITS STATE HOUSE

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 15.—To the Editor of The News: Hasnet it bin awful wether to be out of a job in? Gess I no how Gov. Sheldon feels to loose his job the coldest snap of the year. Bet he thinks its no snap. Wunder if he's got another yet? I aint!

It happened this way. The boss had it in for me enyway becuss I spelt cat-soup that way, and he was just waiting for another mistake in spelling or sunthing to fire me.

Well a week ago tonite I forgot and left the cheese case open and the store got, that they keep to catch mice with, got in and of a corner off the cheese and must have slept there for she left cat-hare all over.

Next morning the little girl of one of our best customers was in to get sum cheese and it was kind of dark and I never noticed that the cat had bin there and I cut off the very pece the cat had bin nibbling at and rappt it up for her. She came back in about an our and giv the cheese to the boss and told him her mama wanted him to send up their bill at once, that they wasnt going to trade with a grocery that sold cat-cheese eny-more. The boss was madder'n a mad-don and he wudent even giv me a letter of recomendashun.

That's why I'm over to Lincoln hunting a job, and bording with Uncle Oscar and helping him and Mr. Bryan pass a bank guarantee law.

Uncle Oscar tuck me to see the legislashure. I was awful disappointed. I thot legislashure was men like Andrew Jackson and Samwell Addams and James Buckhannan and all them fellers we see in the pickures in the history of the United States. I thot they'd be awful smart looking men but they aint eny smart-er looking than you or Mr. Sturgeon or Mr. Mages or a lot of men in Norfolk, and most of 'em dont look like they know no much. There didnt seem to be much a doing when I was there. Uncle Oscar sed most of the work was done in committee.

I saw Mr. Bryan too. The first time I've seen him since he run first time more than twelve years ago and I was just a little kid about now he and pa (who's the doc now) tuck me to see Bryan speak and I had a big 16 to 1 button on my cots lapel and after Mr. Bryan got dunn pa and me went up to shake hands with all the rest, and Mr. Bryan shuck my hand and ses "Well my little man, who are you for?" and I ses, "I'm for Bryan and flea shiver!" (At least pa told me after I got bigger that was what I sed) and Mr. Bryan and everybody round lafed and he ses "That's rite, my little man!" But he's forgot all about me for when I saw him the other day he didnt even no me. But I gess even Mr. Taft didnt remember all the kids he's shuck hands with.

I've bin looking for a job ever since I came here and watching the news-papers. I answered one advertisement for a boy wanted over on "P" St. You no the streets are all lettered insted of numbered one way. Wun-

der what they'll do when they get to "2" St., and want another one. Well I went up to that house on "P" St. and ast them what they wanted a boy to do and among other things they wanted him to milk a cow and I ses I wasent no cow-boy.

Uncle Oscar wants me to take a short-course in agriculture over to the agricultural college and get a job with sum farmer this spring. He ses the blessed soil of the country is calling for educated and willing hands to cultivate it and its a shame to waist my time hunting round a city where there's already too many young fellers looking for work. But no short course in agriculture for Johnny, thank you! I had ad the course in agriculture I wanted when Pa was living and it wasn't a short one eether. My, if I had a dollar for every cocklebur I've pulled on a'a's old farm I cud giv away more libarles than Andreu Carnegie ever giv.

My, it must be awful for a man with a family to be out of work in winter! I just thot yesterday that while I was pretty bad off as 's is, just pose I and a wife and children a shivering in sum little house and I cudent get nutthing for them to eat or drink! Say I bet just lots of fellers gets started steeling that way, because there family's too hungry and thirsty and they're too proud to ask for help and so they start to swiping and keep on from bad to worse and finally get cot and land in prison, or else they don't get cot and get welly in a maybe even get to congress.

But I've got a skeme that I bet'll raze me from the rinks of the common wage cruer. They've got out a big book all about the Italian earth quake for one fifty, and I've got the agence and they've asted me there libarles price of are dollars per dozen and they say the people are just crazy for the books and all I'll haf to do is to walk down a residence street and let people no I'm agent for the new earthquake book and they'll run out to the side walk to get their orders in before they're all gone. And if I sell them for one fifty each I'll make ten dollars per dozen inclusive of expenses. Or if sum people dont want to pay one fifty I can sell them for one and a quarter and still make a hansom profit. I tell you that'll best selling cheese for six dollars per week, and that Omaha groceryman can just take his old job. I wudent have it if he'd offer me ten dollars a week. Why, if I sell only five dunn a day that'll be fifty dollars or forty at least. When I get the people of Lincoln all suppled with earthquake books I'm going to cum to Norfolk and cut the price to a dollar a peene and giv haf the profit to the Y. M. C. A. building. Why there must be over ten thousand families in Lincoln and of course they'll all want the book. I don't no but I can afford to giv all the profit from the books I sell in Norfolk to the Y. M. C. A.

Yours, Johnny Dumper.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE WINDOW

When the frost is on the window And the snow is on the street, And the wind is whistling from the polar clime; Oh 'tis then we love to sit around The fire and toast our feet, And think about the good old summer time.

When the shed is full of fire-wood And the coal-bin full of coal, Even though you've not a penny in the bank, You're as care-free as a prince As in your luxury you roll, What care you now for titles, wealth or rank!

When your stomach's full of supper And your slippers full of feet, And your head is full of castles in the air; Then you sit beside the fire And you revel in the heat, And you let your fancy wander free from care.

You remember 'way last summer Of your swimming in the river, After which the ice-cream cones you could contain, And the palm-leaf fan you carried;— And you wake up with a shiver, As you see the frost upon the window-pane.

There's a sight of solid comfort On a stormy Winter's night, When the mercury creeps downward far below, To see the ruddy radiance Of the cozy firelight, And feel our senses tingle with the glow.

It matters not how humble The home may be without, Within no brighter scene can be conceived Than a jolly roaring fire And happy faces all about, When the frost is cracking underneath the eave. —Richard F. Marwood.

Certainly not the Speaker! Our words fly up, with deafness they are met; words from Republicans never a hearing get!

Our scattered numbers feel like wanton boys that swim on bladders; our fragile floats are punctured, and impotent, we're tossed about upon a sea of thankless Democrats.

'Twas here great Sheldon fell! Oh, what a fall was that, ther: you and I and all of us fell down, and bloody Democrats flourished in the state—oh, woe is me—to have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Their quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth like a thunderbolt from heaven upon poor us beneath! 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! It becomes the Demo, Steam Roller better than a crow!

'Cowards die many times before their deaths—not so with us—we're neither dead nor dying yet, we're sleeping. Sleep, that knitteth up the raveled sleeve of Republicanism! To rest—to sleep—to sleep! per-chance to dream—ay, there's the rub;

(the speaker is the rubber!) For in our party's sleep what dreams may come true, when we have shuffled off this Democratic cot must give us make calamity of such short life:— who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised advice, the lawmaker's delay, the insolence of office-holders, and the spurns that patient minority of the majority takes, but that the hope will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly the coop! For such effect defective comes my cause! Thus it remains, and the remainder thus! Perpend!

Oh wisdom, art thou fled to Democrats and have men lost their reason! Oh mighty Sheldon! dost thou lie so low? Are all they conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shifted to Shal-lenberger? Fare thee well! Richard F. Marwood.