

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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W. N. Huse, N. A. Huse, President, Secretary. Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Neb., as second class matter.

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. Cuba is calling for farmers.

Once it was charity that covered a multitude of sins. Now its insanity or the unwritten law.

Governor Hughes belongs to the Roosevelt class. His annual message contained 50,000 words.

Dirt is flying in Panama and mud is flying in the United States from the muck raker's instruments.

Tillman's pitchfork is no longer the fearsome weapon he once flourished. It wouldn't scare a mouse.

Why not be forehanded and buy presents for next Christmas now while the bargain sales are on?

John D. Rockefeller has followed literally the advice of the poet, "Build a little fence of trusts around today."

What if the Standard Oil company should decide to pay its fine to the government, as it did to the state of Texas—in silver dollars?

Senator Tillman says he is now prepared even for the knife of the assassin. Are we to understand that the senator is wearing a sheet iron undershirt?

Senator Tillman makes a most impossible distinction when he says that he never opposed the education of the negro but has opposed the effort to uplift him.

A sarcastic lecturer said recently that "Club women are talking too much." What does the lecturer imagine to be the purpose and mission of women's clubs?

It is undoubtedly true that some of the congressmen who voted to raise President Taft's salary to \$100,000 a year, think it's worth \$50,000 just to have a change.

The Ladies Home Journal now gets \$5,000 per page and the Saturday Evening Post \$3,000 per page for advertising. And it's good investment, if kept up persistently, at that.

It has been wisely suggested that the congressional record should add a yellow supplement for its sporting department which is out growing the rest of the publication.

The man who is struggling against adverse fate with a heavy load of indebtedness doesn't take much stock in the assertions of Andrew Carnegie and John D. that wealth is a curse.

Apparently the people of Wisconsin have enough confidence in Stephenson to realize that a lot of charges made in a political fight are made for selfish reasons and without foundation in fact.

Ground hog day is here and furnishes another point of interest for weather prophets to enlarge upon. It is an old fashioned superstition, but nevertheless we all hoped it would be a cloudy day.

The anti-Jap agitation in California has not yet come to an end. New kindling was added to the flame in the resolution to ask congress to demand the recall of the Japanese consul general at San Francisco because he interfered in California state legislation.

Without doubt a tunnel under Bering Strait will within the next score of years make a continuous railroad journey from American cities to any city of Continental Europe possible. The enterprise has been under consideration for some years.

The Russians are buying great quantities of harvesting machinery from the United States. It is to be hoped that they will have use for it all in securing great crops this year. Harvesters ought to be a far better investment for a nation than battleships.

January 25, the many admirers of John Burn's celebrated the 150th anniversary of his birth with appropriate exercises in many of the larger centers and wherever any number of Scots could gather. Scotch bagpipes, Scotch melodies and Scottish dances prevailed.

Senator Root was nominated and elected by common consent because of his peculiar and unquestioned fitness for the position. When more senators are elected for these reasons and in this manner, the dignity and power of the United States senate will be greatly enhanced.

France has named a great battleship

of the Dreadnaught class the Voltaire, and is planning to name a yet more powerful floating fortress the Hugo. If the ships prove as mighty and overpowering as the minds of the men whose names they bear, they will indeed be dreadnaughts.

Representative Hobson has decided to cultivate severe self control and turn the whole Japanese war over to the California legislature. Mr. Hobson evidently thinks they would come in for most of the fuss anyway and so might as well take it all and relieve him of any responsibility.

Holt county Democrats have quarreled. The Holt County Democrat, published by E. S. Eves at O'Neill, comes forth with a full page attack upon Arthur Mullen, claiming that Mullen has come to think he's the whole show in Holt county Democracy. Mr. Mullen has not yet replied.

Walter Wellman, who by the way is more or less of a hot air artist, says there is a rumor that the president is to be impeached. Such a thing might occur, but it will be a long time after Mr. Wellman has secured the North Pole and planted it in his back yard.

Since the beginning of actual work on the Panama Canal May, 1904, there have been 59,000,000 cubic yards of the earth's surface removed. Of this incomprehensible pile of 39,000,000 yards are credited to 1908. It is possible to estimate the excavation part of the work very closely now.

The Republic's water tight compartments were all that kept her from sinking as soon as she was rammed, and wireless messages brought rescuers without delay. Modern inventions are greatly diminishing danger to life in ocean travel and constantly adding to its comforts and luxuries.

Colonel James Guffey, Mr. Bryan's most pronounced enemy in his own party, is once more a member of the Democratic national committee, having been unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James Kerr. Mr. Bryan was personally responsible for his defeat and Mr. Kerr's election.

The Boston Journal says the city administration is determined to remove the snow from the streets if it takes all summer. There is hope that even in the frigid atmosphere of classic Boston that the city's snow shovelers will have reinforcements from Old Sol about May 1, that will assist in removing the beautiful.

Such is the affection felt in the senate for the Hon. Jeff Davis of Kansas, that when he obtained the floor and started on a two hour attack upon the trusts, money power and everything in general, all but eight members left their seats and galleries and newspaper posts were deserted. Must have been an enjoyable occasion for Jeff.

Missouri, Texas and Iowa have bills before their legislatures providing for the taxation of bachelors. The bills should certainly become laws, and if two-thirds of the legislators were women they undoubtedly would. However, even if taxed for their single blessedness, they might decide it was cheaper than buying "Merry Widow hats."

America cannot class its public road system among its boasted enlightened institutions. Certainly a system of public highways that wastes \$500,000,000 to the agricultural classes each year belongs in the dark ages. It is time for the United States to abandon the business theory that counts the cost of good roads without taking account of the loss occasioned by bad roads.

A receiver for a New York railway company is trying to put a new construction on certain legal connections. He assumes that lawyers who try cases on a contingent fee are in partnership with their clients, and therefore jointly liable for the debts of the partnership. If this construction should be accepted it is not likely that many attorneys would try cases on a contingent fee. It would suddenly lose its charm.

THE STORM AND THE QUAIL. All of the shooting that could be done, in the normal course of events, by Nebraska sportsmen, could not make the broad upon the quail family that this week's blizzard has made.

Those acquainted with the situation declare that hundreds and hundreds of quail must have died from the effects of the storm, both because they are unable to scratch through the snow for food and because, huddled up under the storm, they become coated with ice and succumb.

The first assistant secretary of state under the Taft administration will be Beekman Winthrop, who is of the eighth generation in direct descent from John Winthrop, first colonial governor of Massachusetts, and seventh from the second John Winthrop, governor of Connecticut. Besides having so much pedigree that no American can discount it, and a bank account which leaves nothing to be desired, Mr. Winthrop comes to his

position with ability and education of a high order and a record of public service well performed which augurs well for the future.

John R. Binns, the wireless telegraph operator of the ill fated Republic is receiving the well earned praise of the civilized world, for his steadfast adherence to duty and heroic action in danger. He kept his nerve and sent his call for help and afterward messes guiding the rescuers to them, until his machine was flooded and he could do no more. He stood by his captain and mate till the ship was sinking and the rescue of these brave men was, for a time, despaired of.

TUBERCULAR MILK. Dr. Young, in his address before the Woman's club, verified what The News has been contending for several years, that every city should have a dairy inspector whose duty it should be to examine all milk sold, for tuberculosis, and thus save the state many citizens who unquestionably contract this deadly disease through milk each year.

Epidemics at Lincoln and Hastings insane asylums proved to have been due to tubercular milk cows at those institutions.

After contemplating the experience that railroad officials and employes must have gone through Thursday night near Nelich, in clearing the wreckage from the effects of the blizzard's freak that blew a car out of a moving train and off the track, one can but agree with Lindsay Denison when, in the February American magazine, he describes the railroading done out of Norfolk as "railroading as is railroading." Few men are called upon to go through the hardships that those railroad men must have experienced from late at night until 5 o'clock next morning, with the ice and snow raging around them.

Within the last ten years Italy has been developing very rapidly along commercial lines and a great part of the products which she shipped abroad were raised in the earthquake section. The disaster is certain therefore, to affect the national finances seriously and indirectly it may have an influence on European politics. Italy has suffered more than would have been possible in a disastrous war and it will be many years before she can hope to recover. It is doubtful if the wrecked cities are ever rebuilt. They surely will not be on the present sites.

THE TEXAS ORANGE BELT. A good many people have been lured away to the sunny clime of Texas during the past few months, lured there to raise oranges and onions. Millions in it, according to the advertisements. Telegraphic dispatches tell of serious injury not only to this year's orange crop but to the trees themselves. Which means the loss of many a fortune.

There are always get-rich-quick schemes that will take the coin of the anxious, but the sure, steady, middle west, with unfailing crops and the best kind of climate from the viewpoint of health, ought to be good enough for anybody.

In our national life it is not true as we sometimes think and say that the democracy of the nation is one entirely good, true and beautiful set of men, struggling for the common good against the aristocracy, composed of another bad, selfish and willfully corrupt set of men. The struggle between democracy and aristocracy in America is in every man's heart and is controlled largely by each man's environment. Many a poor laborer or clerk, "Down with the aristocrat!" would be one if he could possibly gain the wealth by any means; while the heart of many a man of great wealth is full of the spirit of brotherly love and a genuine interest in humanity.

TO FIX THE BLAME. Attorneys for both the White Star line and the Lloyd-Italiano, the latter the owner of the Florida, which ran down the Republic, are preparing for a battle in the courts to fix responsibility for the accident. Litigation, involving approximately two million dollars, probably will be threshed out, which vessel was to blame for the disaster will be settled first by a court of inquiry.

If the Florida was to blame the Republic's owners may libel it to the value of the boat and the passenger and freight receipts. This holds true, also, in the event of the Republic being found at fault. But the Lloyd-Italiano line may recover only the amount which the Florida was damaged.

As there is no law governing loss of life on the high sea, it is doubtful if any suits will be brought by passengers. According to stipulation on the back of each ticket the passengers may recover only \$100 each on their baggage, although many lost a far greater amount. The total loss on baggage and personal effects is variously estimated at from \$175,000 to a quarter million dollars.

The opinion of Captain Thomas Fenlon of the whaleback steamer, City of Everett, that he could have towed the steamer Republic into a place where it could have been beached if Captain Sealy had accepted his offer to help has been communicated to the

officers of the White Star line. Vice President Franklin of that line said that the matter would be taken up with the general subject of the collision.

The information concerning the City of Everett's offer of help was sent by Captain Fenlon from Philadelphia to O. L. Hallenbeck, manager of the marine department of the Standard Oil company, in whose service the whaleback is employed. Captain Fenlon's statement was to the effect that he was in communication with the Republic at 6 o'clock Saturday morning, the day of the collision. Captain Fenlon added that he offered to take off the passengers and baggage from the Republic, but that Captain Sealy declined the offer. Captain Fenlon added that he could have beached the Republic on the shore of Martha's Vineyard.

M. COQUELIN. The death of M. Coquelin is an incalculable loss to the French stage. Only a few days ago M. Rostand, who recently has been giving the finishing touches to "The Chanticleer," arrived in Paris from Cambio and he was ready to begin the rehearsals of the play in which M. Coquelin, who had the leading role, was expected to duplicate his famous success obtained in M. Rostand's "Cyrano De Bergerac."

M. Coquelin recited gaily long passages of "The Chanticleer" to some of his friends, but he succumbed suddenly at midnight to an acute attack of embolism, from which he long had been a sufferer.

The death of Coquelin, the elder, takes from the stage the man who for nearly twenty years has been recognized as the world's foremost comedian and possibly its greatest actor. For at least that long Coquelin had enjoyed an exclusive reputation in France which made him possibly a greater attraction than even Bernhardt. In England his reputation, even in the face of national pride, was at least equal to that of Irving. Though he visited America twice, Coquelin failed to gather the popular reputation other nations gave him.

M. Coquelin was born in Boulogne in 1841, the son of a poor baker. He was given, however, an exceptional education for his station. Though trained as the oldest son to succeed his father as baker, Coquelin early manifested a talent for the stage and was admitted to the Paris conservatoire at eighteen years. He soon became the most brilliant pupil. The following year he made his debut.

Coquelin's life on the stage was almost at once crowned with success. He soon appeared in the Comedie Francaise, with which he was later connected for many years.

Coquelin's greatest characteristic was his natural versatility. His repertoire was greater and more varied even than Irving's and he was the one modern actor who always adapted himself to the character and never vice versa. One of his most popular successes was Cyrano de Bergerac.

AROUND TOWN. It's Burgomeister Julius Degner. Won't be long till strawberries come again. Have you swept the snow off the front door? The groundhog slipped and got his nose wet. We can't sleep nights, thinking of that robin at Clearwater.

We had a few days of chilly weather, but our orange trees didn't freeze.

Why didn't Norfolk give Taft a pickle dinner when he was here last fall?

According to the Associated Press Saturday, many towns in the country were still ice-olated.

Ed Harter has struck the part of town that always gives the blues to every census enumerator.

Always behind the west, New York got both the blizzard and the cold wave two days after Norfolk.

The man at Norfolk who lost thirteen blooded chickens in the storm, has ground to be superstitious.

There were a good many ice men in town for about three hours. And most of them were sick of the ice business, too.

We're glad that robin got out of the country alive. He struck out for a cold clime, though, even in heading toward Alabama.

No wonder there was weather all night long; the weather flag on top of The News building, by mistake, waved in the breeze all night.

There was little chivalry about the recent storm. The "Wyoming Girl" and "sheath gown" as represented on the billboards have been badly blown about.

Little boys who borrowed the family shovel to dig up angle worms last summer and who then forgot to bring it home, are just now getting into trouble.

A man at Atchison, Kan., was very much disappointed after buying a ticket for "The Prince of Peace," when Mr. Bryan came out and began to lecture. He admitted it was his own fault, but said he thought it was "The

Prince of Pilsen," he was going to see.

"Nobody gets any change on a day like this," said the cabman in the storm. And it's a cinch the cabman is entitled to all he gets in that kind of a situation.

"I've got to go all over this end of town and I haven't got a single order for over twenty cents," said a grocery deliveryman, during the blizzard Thursday afternoon.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. Of what avail if a man works to save his country, and ruins himself?

Nearly every man says of his dog, "His father cost a thousand dollars."

You rarely see an old man who is proud.

So many people are having operations performed that we have an idea one of the questions Saint Peter will ask will be, "Are you all here?"

When a bachelor is rather aged, people say of him: "It's my opinion that he's a widower. Look him up, and you'll find he has a lot of children somewhere."

A farmer who has tried for years to catch wolves, without success, said today: "I sometimes think that the wolves kill enough rabbits to offset the harm they do."

A sensible man thoroughly despises a compliment. It always precedes a request for a favor, and is the old hackneyed way of getting a man in condition to work him.

A man said to the editor of The Globe today: "The Globe had an item balled up last night. It said that a woman left town yesterday who really left a week ago." "I can tell you a story worse than that," the editor replied; "we lately announced the death of a man as occurring recently which really occurred six years ago."

The average house is run pretty well without a safety pin in it until the first baby appears, and after that safety pins are used for everything, even for the man's clothes.

Atchison street car motormen are famous for politeness. A lady entered a car today, and, as the motorman opened the door for her, he said: "Allow me," as they say on the stage.

When a mother goes to a neighbor's to make a call, she is followed at ten minute intervals by every child she has until they are all with her, when it is time for the procession to start home again.

"There are two things I remark about Atchison, when reading The Globe," said an out-of-town man today: "Dr. Finney in connection with babies, and Fred Barrett in connection with salt mackerel."

In Atchison, girls making their first appearance in society are called "young uns," but over in Topeka they are called "debutantes" which makes them proud, and much harder to get along with.

When a man has a scheme in which he wishes you to invest, he usually makes his figures, and then triumphantly announces: "But cut the figures in two; cut them square in two, and still you make money." But even after the figures are cut in two there is something wrong with the scheme.

We once knew an old fashioned farmer, who when he went to town, usually accumulated a jag, and took it home with him. And when he reached home his old fashioned wife used to take off his shoes and stockings, and soak his feet in mustard water, to draw out whatever was disturbing him in his head.

Municipal Accounting. Lincoln Trade Review: Mayor Schuff of Grand Island proposes some legislation that will interest cities of the class of his home city in particular and possibly the smaller cities as well. What Mayor Schuff would like to see is a law passed creating a municipal accountant to work much the same as county treasurers' examiners or bank examiners. His idea is that many cities have their accounts in different departments conducted in a careless manner, without uniformity and with little check. It is not so much a question of dishonesty in accounts or losses direct, as the loss of time on the part of officials and the unsatisfactory condition of a municipality not knowing in all departments just how matters stand on short notice, without special examination. With no direct way of checking up city accounts there is a laxity and indifference that often leads to expense and trouble. Mayor Schuff believes that the uniformity that would come in the keeping of books in the different cities, from having the records alike in cities, modeled after one simple and direct plan such as an examiner would suggest and require, would alone be a saving far above the cost to any city. His proposition carried out as generally outlined in this article, would be to have an examiner created by state law, under proper bond and regulation, who should be at the call of the different cities whenever they wished or at fixed times, to have the accounts of their city checked up. The accountant would be paid by the individual cities for the time employed at each at such per diem as the law might fix upon. The law would require a man of experience and ability who would be responsible to the department of state vested with

JOHNNY DUMPER KNOWS WHY RUTH LEAVITT LEFT LEAVITT

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 30.—The Editor of The News: Say,—sh! do you know what made Ruth Leavitt leave Leavitt, and file for a divorce? I didn't till I took this job posing for a artist, but I'll bet I know now. I ain't only non-sport like the papers sell, for they's just lots of wimmen hus husbands that are non-sporty and they wudent take a divorce if they cud get ten dollars a week alimony to boot.

Mr. Leavitt is a artist and I've learnt something about artists that I'll tell you if you wont tell anybody. I'll just betcher if a lot of Norfolk wimmen's husbands were a artist they'd get up on their ear (as Pa uster say) too.

But first I must tell you about posing. Jeeminy cracky but I was sprized! I thot it wud be a snap but I found out it was the hardest work I ever did. If enny boy that reads the News thinks its a easy job to pose just let him take a broom or sumthing if he hasent got a sord and see how long he can stand perfectly still a holding that sord up in the air in his rite hand and a holding to the mast of a ship with the uther, and a looking brave all't the same time.

I lasted just sixteen minuits the first time and then I had to rest and rub my arm. By resting and rubbing and posing again I managed to get three ours the first day. That was only sixty cents and I expected to get at least a dollar sixty worth of posing. The artist sed that was a excepshunally hard pose to hold a sord up all the time and he wud raise my salary to twenty-five an our. That wasent so bad and now I've got uster I I can pose for nearly half an our and yesterday I got in a dollar and ten cents worth.

After I get dum posing he lets me trom around the stewdio and look at pictures and busts and things and I can watch the picture of me as "the boy stood on the burning dock" as it grows from day to day. When he gets it dun he ses he'll have it photographed and give me one for myself. Gee, but I'll look swell in sailor toots standing on the dock sord in hand "whence all but me have fled!"

He's got a lot of pictures and statues that he calls "studdies in nood and semy-nood," ast him which was the nooder, nood or semy-nood and he sed nood was nooder than semy-nood, but I don't see how enny-body cud be much nooder than semy-nood.

I ast him if them pictures of wimmen was first taken in a dark room by flash-lite fotography and then painted from the fotografts, and he sed of course not, they was painted from life. I told him he's just jollyng me, that nobody wud pose that way. But he sed that was ded rite, and that every artist that tended art-school had to draw from nood-life.

Then he ses, "See here Johnny, you havent the proper artistiek temperment." I sed my temperment was proper than enny artist's that wud draw pictures from nood-life.

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