

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.

The United States patent office has issued nearly a million patents. The first one was issued in July, 1790.

The Burlington road wants 1,000 steel gondolas, showing how far-reaching is the influence of Venetian life.

You can't interest the modern boy in any calling the returns of which won't give him an automobile by the time he is 21.

The insurgents were well treated on congress committees, and it remains to be seen if they can keep hollering with their insides full of pie.

Senator Bailey insists that justice should prevail in the case of Senator Lorimer, and everything indicates that Mr. Lorimer fears that it will.

Congress is talking of making a "farmer's free list." The small boy long ago placed the farmer's orchard and melon patch in this category.

Lots of folks lie awake listening for opportunity to knock, while opportunity is quietly smoking a pipe in the living room waiting for recognition.

Congress is passing a law for publicity of campaign contributions. These sealed proposals for the job of office holding are getting unpopular.

Ebbets of Brooklyn says baseball is yet in its infancy. Judging by the yelling in the bleachers, some one still needs to walk the floor with it nights.

A Roman mirror, nearly 2,000 years old, made by attaching lead foil to glass with balsam was recently discovered. It was as good as when first made.

The Mexicans want a free ballot, but as the man once said when his daughters asked him for a chandelier, "they wouldn't play on it after they'd got it."

The government has experts looking after the Indians' eyes. If they are to be educated in our schools, their eye for the ball will have to be developed.

The president threw out the ball at Washington's opening game, but he'd find it easier to settle the Mexican trouble than go down and take the umpire's place.

Double tracks are to be laid by the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads over the whole distance to the Pacific coast, making the first trans-continental double track line.

Mr. Taft tells the fighting Mexicans to get away from the border. This is like telling the small boy to send off his July 4 crackers out in the back lot where no one can hear him.

Wisconsin says her butchers must tell what is in their sausage. The next thing we hear will be an attempt to make boarding house landladies tell what their hash is composed of.

Mr. Bryan was disturbed because he did not get his laundry bundle in Indiana. If he were running for office dirty collars ought to be almost as good a card as calloused hands.

T. C. DuPont has offered to build the longest and finest road in the country through the state of Delaware—a broad boulevard the whole length of the state to cost \$2,000,000.

Now some of those cantankerous congressmen have made a motion that no longer shall anyone have the right to print the encyclopaedia in the Congressional Record as a part of his speech.

Over 40,000 rural delivery carriers make a daily round at an annual expense to the government of more than \$40,000,000. It seems a strange thing that they cannot be utilized to handle parcels as well.

Diaz is going to give the Mexicans a real election, so instead of letting the president cast one vote for the entire nation, the untrammelled Mexicans will march up and do as their farm and mine bosses tell them.

Who won't feel sorry for the death of Denman Thompson? His plays, unlike other b'gosh dramas, sent you away thinking of the manliness of the characters rather than of their queer clothes and awkward manners.

Japan is to build immediately twenty great merchant steamers for the South and Central American trade. This ought to serve as an outlet for the pent up enthusiasm and energy of the Japs, without waging war for a while.

A Connecticut minister who failed to draw as large crowds as he deemed

desirable, tried serving hot luncheon half an hour before service. It proved a success as a drawing card. The surest route to men's hearts still leads through the stomach.

A Kansas City woman has recently been robbed of \$105,000, and Memphis has two million dollars to give Mr. Bryan if he will settle there. There must be plenty of loose change lying around in those sections or else advertising rates for Tennessee and Missouri towns should be advanced.

About \$15,000,000 were spent in the organized fight against tuberculosis. This was used in maintaining institutions and in the educational crusade, and does not include that spent in private care or in home care. Intelligent organized work on such a scale must show increasing good results.

Work on the fortification of the canal will begin on July 1 by the same men who did the excavating for the canal. Over \$3,000,000 have been appropriated for its fortification. Defenses will be set up at each end of the canal and all around the locks. Five thousand troops will be kept there in time of peace.

There are sixty-six Young Men's Christian associations organized among the Sioux Indians. A full blooded, educated Indian is the traveling secretary. The Indians give liberally to the support of the organization and a substantial advancement in morality and christian living is resulting from their work.

A Chinese traveler in America writes back to his friends that it is impossible to civilize Americans—they are beyond redemption. They eat meat gluttonously and go for weeks without tasting rice. They have no dignity for they are seen walking with women, and even sit at the table with them. Poor Americans. It is a plain duty for China to send missionaries over here.

A Chicago dressmaker predicts the increasing popularity of the harem skirt because it is the solution to the problem of finding something entirely comfortable and yet attractive to wear. That's the trouble, it's altogether too attractive. When a woman appears on the street in a harem skirt, she attracts such a crowd that it takes the policemen in large numbers to quell the mob.

Champ Clark says that corn is the coming crop in the south. He also contends that if the south in civil war days had known how to raise corn the confederate states of America would be in existence today. The south was starved into submission. Cotton was their only crop and they could neither eat it nor sell it as in other days to buy food. Now the Arkansas bottoms are growing rice, the Georgia uplands fruit, the Texas prairie corn. A new era is dawning for the south.

West Virginia produces daily over 900,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas, which sells, much of it outside the state, for from 25 to 35 cents per thousand cubic feet. It is being urged that natural gas is a product that should belong to the state and a tax levied on it for the public benefit. Even one cent per thousand cubic feet would do much toward building improved highways for the state. Every state has natural products which should be used to advance the public welfare instead of being grabbed by some greedy corporation.

SUPERINTENDENT HUNTER. Though heartily appreciating the compliment of having the Norfolk school superintendent chosen for so important a position as the principalship of the state agricultural school, Norfolk people who have been watching the great work accomplished in the public schools of this city by Superintendent Fred M. Hunter, will sincerely hope that Mr. Hunter may see his way clear to decline the new offer and stick to Norfolk. His going would be a misfortune for Norfolk.

No school superintendent in Norfolk's history ever has done so much to build up the city's educational system along practical and sane progressive lines as Superintendent Hunter. He has begun a great work here; there is a great work before him, if he stays. And Norfolk hopes that he may find that his own interest dictates his remaining in his present position.

His selection by the state university regents for the place made vacant by the death of Professor Davisson, only goes to further emphasize the fact that in Mr. Hunter, Norfolk has one of the most capable school men in the west.

TAFT GETTING ACQUAINTED. It will not escape attention that Mr. Taft is devoting much more time to getting acquainted with the congressmen and the department activities. Last year much more time was spent in study of the telegraph poles and railroad ties on his long routes of travel.

There is a certain argument in favor of presidential travels, in the failure of Washington properly to reflect the feeling of the country. The sentiment of the office holding class proverbially misrepresents the sentiment of the great mass of the working people of the country, who are making

their living through productive occupations. At the same time the most economical manner for the president to use in becoming familiar with the sentiment of all sections of the country, is to read the newspapers. He should not confine himself to a few journals of the larger cities, which in their devotion to purely metropolitan interests are the most provincial in the whole newspaper field. Let him glance over regularly, or have his secretaries scan, a few leading journals in each state, and he will know the inner heart of the American people.

GOOD FORESTRY. Fifty young men who have been studying forestry under German experts arrived home the other day, in charge of the Biltmore Forestry school. It is pleasant to note that such large groups of young men are learning some principles of tree cutting other than those prevalent among sawmill owners and lumber kings.

Up to a few years ago our timber wealth seemed inexhaustible. Old men used to say, regarding even locations in the eastern states, that there was as much timber as in their youth. They neglected to add that the larger share of the existing woodland consisted of young growths instead of the majestic forest monarchs of the days gone by. When it began to cost about 50 percent more than formerly to buy wooden material for a house, it occurred to the average man that the lumber merchant was not the end of the law on tree culture.

The present day use of cement, stucco and tiles for house construction shows how the shoe is beginning to pinch. We are beginning to approach the conditions in Europe, where wood long ago reached a prohibitive degree of scarcity. As all travelers know, you can travel for days across the water and not see a wooden house. All over France and some other countries, most of the trees look like great feather dusters, with a fluffy top of foliage, but with the main trunk denuded of branches, so great is the value of any wood big enough for heating.

Our American lumbermen have commonly had a preference for the dollar they might get today by stripping off the entire woodland growth, rather than the \$2 they might get tomorrow by saving the younger trees. They raise the objection that saving the younger trees requires so much care as to create prohibitive expense. They should figure, however, on the advanced lumber cost, and on the prospective value even in ten to twenty years hence of a growth left after thinning out the merchantable timber.

In addition to that, beauty is an asset. A mountainside scarred and defaced by the relentless sweep of the saw drives away the nature lover, the homeseeker and the traveler.

EASTER. A fascinating hour of study could be spent in delving into the dusty records to find the origins and meaning of all the quaint and even grotesque customs that cluster about this holiday.

In the middle ages the poor were feasted in the churches, a lovely custom, though at times one would judge the ceremonies were somewhat as when the "wets" carry a city for license.

There used to be dances, too, on Easter day, the clergy told more or less risky stories from the pulpits, and the people saluted each other with an Easter kiss.

The Easter egg was characteristic. As a symbol of new life about to break forth, it has a certain appropriateness. The custom goes back of the time of Jesus, as the Jews used eggs at the feast of the Passover, and the Persians used to give each other colored eggs at the New Year. In Scotland the young people used to go hunting for wild fowls' eggs for Easter morning breakfast, and the finders were supposed to be lucky.

Many of the Easter customs come from the worship of the Teutonic goddess Ostara, who personified the east. In the minds of all primitive peoples, the east had a sacred character. In Scotland at a comparatively recent date, the practice of burying the people with their feet to the east, characteristic of many savage people, was maintained.

Our modern Easter parade, as the correct time to display the trophies of the semi-annual bout with dressmakers and milliners; has a veneer of polish that the old time buffooneries of course never acquired. Yet much of it is still pagan. However, the fact that one likes to have some new glad clothes to wear, the satisfaction in donning garments that are artistic in color and design, does not prove that one has no heart to the deeper harmonies of the universe.

Easter, to all who can see the real things of life, is the daybreak that scatters the shadows of fear and despair and absorption in the mere things of the flesh.

ON THE BLEACHERS. No one has yet petitioned congress, so far as we are aware, that the annual opening of the major league baseball season, which took place this year on Wednesday, should be made a legal holiday. Stranger propositions than that, however, have come before our law makers.

After clinging like a human fly to some outlying spar of a street car, and

on walking some distance in the suburbs of the trolleys" as our friend Hashimura Togo remarks, "one hears a very congregational lynch law sound of numerous voices doing it all at once."

There is an intense and emotional seriousness in the scene on the bleachers of a big league game. The men are peeled down to the legal limit of clothing, showing there is work to be done. When five thousand men proceed to roast the umpire with a noise reminding one of feeding time at the zoo, the hampering superfluities of clothing need to be cast away.

Persons with whom their passion for baseball is limited and governed by certain fundamentals of ease and comfort, seek the grand stand. The true bleacherite does not feel at home there. The reserves of society there tend to check the flow of his pristine and primitive emotions. He wants no wire netting to blur to the least extent his eyesight in the climax of this ardent drama. There is relief to pent geysers of feeling, and a chance to identify himself as also a ball player, by catching such foul balls as may come his way.

Leaning forward on the edge of the seat, his hat tilted back, cigar extinguished, score card covered with pencilled computations, with punctuation of awesome howls sent hurling over the arena, the bleacherite gives evidence of how intimately this throbbing experience penetrates his inner being.

Down on the reporters' bench the strain and stress of these conflicting forces give birth to a grotesque slang. The whimsical humor that christens the ball the "pill" or the "pellet" and the left field the "left garden," occasionally hits on forms of speech that remain permanently imbedded in the language.

COLD STORAGE MEN NIPPED. Ordinarily the despised, rejected and embattled consumer looks and feels just like those pictures in the funny papers. There the common people is represented as a knock-kneed and apologetic midget, looking up in fearful paths at the big belled creatures labelled the trusts.

But even the Lilliputians once had Gulliver captive. Although the consumer is an insignificant atom by his lonesome, the combined power of his passive resistance may become an avalanche.

When it was announced a few weeks ago that the butter and egg dealers would not make good on their enormous deposits in cold storage, the consumer began to straighten up his little back, and his wrinkled and tense countenance began for once to show symptoms of a grin.

This week it is wired from Chicago that the butter and egg dealers of the country have dropped \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 on their merry little game. One can already see the consumer shaking the rheumatism out of his legs by dancing the can can about the kitchen.

Over and over again men seem to forget about the iron clad operation of the laws of supply and demand. The two inevitably tend to equalize. Skillful speculators may capture some triumph of modern science as a means of forcing the man who buys against the wall. But sooner or later new resources are sure to open up, and the economies of the people to set at naught these devices.

Since eggs have been so high, the trick of putting down dozens of hen fruit in various preservative preparations has become common in many homes. Thus the cold storage men have been fighting against the competition of thousands on thousands of thrifty housewives who laughed at men who were investing thousands in costly warehouses to force them to pay high prices, when they had a little reservoir of their own serving quite as effectively.

You may corner the butter and egg supply for a year or two, but not for long. The farmers of the country are a vast independent force. They have been quick to see the chance for money in dairy and poultry supplies, and to meet the need at prices under those the cold storage men could afford. The latter must have learned a useful lesson.

TOM JOHNSON. Tom Johnson, who has just died in Cleveland, did not succeed in getting street car rides for three cents. But he did a number of things that even his opponents would admit were very serviceable.

Ordinarily you can't get the voters to give sustained attention to public affairs. They are interested in an election largely as a sporting proposition, a race between two men. But when it comes to principles involved, or still worse the intricate problems of finance, the average voter would rather pay his taxes for graft than read head-achy figures.

Tom Johnson somehow made these tiresome details of budgets and franchises take on human interest. One night in the heat of summer he got 32,000 people into a tent, where they listened for two hours while he and an opponent argued the dry details of the traction deal. He made the citizens feel that they were stockholders in a business corporation called the City of Cleveland, and that if they wanted dividends they must attend directors' meetings.

Another of Tom's characteristic

moves was opening fifty baseball diamonds in city parks and on land owned by private individuals. Thus an immense amount of boy power which otherwise would have tended to smash things was turned into a wholesome channel.

Johnson did not make much of a success of three cent fares. But he was early in the field with the notion that street car franchises are an asset which cities can sell for good money. To be sure so much has now been said about this that every grammar seems to think Rockefeller and Morgan are bidding against each other to run a trolley line up through his wood lot. But Johnson's work at least demonstrated that a fairly capitalized railway in a large city ought to sell transportation for less than five cents.

In these days when so many men are slipping the sugar sweets of fortune acquired by some other man's toil, the American people have a warm place in their hearts for a man like Johnson, who began at 15 as an errand boy, and got ahead by doing things instead of receiving the gifts of life with a passive hand. If such a man has committed errors and followed whimsical notions, he has at least been true to that grand principle which so many of us have forgotten, to "Do with our might what our hands find to do."

AROUND TOWN. It's a cinch you've got your Easter hat by this time. But is it paid for?

Day after tomorrow the hen will begin getting credit again for what she does. What makes such plagiarists of the rabbits, anyhow?

Now look here, Union Pacific, Norfolk can take a joke as well as anybody. You slipped one over on us last year when you promised to start that new depot by June 1, 1910. You fooled us all right, and we give you full credit for your cunning. But enough's enough. Let's get down to brass tacks and either begin building or come out frankly and admit there's no intention of replacing that filthy old shack now serving as a depot, with a new station.

The day of all the year when the weather man is put to the test, is at hand. The whole world's new hat depends upon him.

What's become of that old superstition that if it rains on Easter Sunday, it will rain for seven Sundays thereafter?

One Norfolk coal dealer has been wearing an overcoat all week trying to make people think it was cold enough to need more coal.

Got your Easter automobile? Norfolk needs a hospital.

Yes, the Easter hat is hat-ched. But low shoes are still in the incubator.

And will stay there just as long as this game of F. G. keeps up.

We're anxious to know whether the World-Herald will put a slug head over the episode at Bull Run.

Those front page cartoons have some friends, after all. Noting a criticism recently printed, a Clearwater subscriber writes: "I will say that I think they are all right. The one that represented two boys out hunting rabbits, one with a gun in hand, standing near the end of a hollow log, and the smaller boy about midway of the log pounding on the log with a club to chase bunny out, and bunny sticking his head part way out of the log, reminded me more forcibly of the times when I was a boy and chased rabbits in the winter than if you had written a whole column in describing the sport. And the one showing the little boy with a broad smile on his face digging for fish bait, and then where his mother called him back to take care of his little sister—that is a true representation of one of the disappointments of life. Perhaps such as only a little boy can feel. If you want to drive a boy from home and the farm, just deprive him of those innocent recreations."

A Norfolk man buys grey neckties that will harmonize with the blue-grey color of his beard, just after a shave. How's that for vanity?

Your grass seed coming up yet? Hasn't anybody had radishes out of their own garden?

And if so, how do they expect to get newspaper publicity on the matter, without proving their claims to the Around Town department? (P. S.—The same rule holds good on spring chickens.)

Those dainty little showers are the dope for the grass seed.

By the way, how many months ought grass seed to take before you begin to get something to show for your money?

What would you say if you had lived to be nearly one score years and ten, before you ever got a cold sore?

And what would you do? We know what to SAY, but what to DO has us Jonahed.

After a cold has hung onto you for three blooming weeks, you begin to get pessimistic.

It's a great sensation, of course, to be filled with hope each one of these

balmy days, but you begin to wonder, after while, whether or not you're going to get anything else out of the game besides hope.

Norfolk needs a hospital. A hospital that can cure colds.

Here's hoping they won't get Hunter away from us.

The Furnace Golf season is over, but the game still hangs on.

And buying ice and coal on the self-same day, isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Do you men find one hat in ten that's comfortable?

Here either.

We see by the paper that the Mexican army routed the rebels. When they get through down there, we'd like to have them come up here and rout a cold in the head that we could direct them to, if they're anxious for more war.

(There isn't any possible chance of the cold getting well before the end of the war, that's a cinch.)

No wonder Taft stirred up trouble for us with the Mexicans. Didn't he wear a red necktie? And haven't the Mexicans, trained in bull fights, learned long ago what red means?

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. As a rule, luck is hard work in disguise.

A white lie doesn't hold its color very well.

A bird in the hand isn't worth much for catching insects.

You probably expect too much from labor-saving machinery.

Some men put too much confidence in a confidential secretary.

Many people work harder to land a job than they do afterwards.

No woman feels dressed up unless she has on a fresh pair of hose.

It is easy to believe a man's fish stories when he gives you fish.

No matter if we don't know we like to have people ask our opinion.

Farmers have become so prosperous that there is no longer a crying demand for plow shoes.

Man is such a conceited animal that he never believes his steady wishes he would go home so she could get a little sleep.

It may be that some mean men object to the harem skirt because the wind doesn't have any chance of getting action on it.

A man may be old enough to know better without knowing better; a good many overlook their opportunities for acquiring information.

When a man breaks down because he doesn't take care of himself, he likes to blame it on overwork in order to become a martyr.

As a timely topic at this season, the Lancaster Literary society will endeavor to determine which tastes worse, beer or butter-milk.

If you don't appreciate Daughter's efforts on the piano, she will get even with you by telling you how much you lack the Finer Sensibilities.

Count McGowan recently had a falling out with a neighbor. "That man has sure broken his pick with me," is the way the count describes it.

If a man has an extravagant wife, and doesn't discourage her extravagance, she is pretty apt to be the kind of a woman who will think him a brute.

"Dressy" is a sissy-sounding word, whether it is that kind of word or not, and we object to having a clerk spring it on us when we order a pair of No. 9 shoes.

A woman may brag some if she induces her husband to go to church on Sunday, but she hasn't perfect control of him unless she can take him to prayer meeting.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

Text: "If we suffer we shall also reign."—1 Tim. ii. 12. It's rare food for your infidel friend.

He leans back and views you as though he were a visitor from another planet. "Why does your God allow pain?" says he. That sounds judicial. Makes you blink. "If He is almighty why doesn't He abolish it?" Notice his "If I were God" air. "If He were all loving would He permit it?" That's a squelcher! You wriggle and squirm mentally. You cough and strangle like a dog that's swallowed a fly. Before you can stammer forth something about the ways of Providence being inscrutable he is gone and you feel as though you had been caught burning incense to your house cat. Then you remember that you would have liked to ask his theory of why the "blind impersonal force" he believes in permits pain. His non-God is as cruel as your personal God and doesn't profess loving intelligence. But he's gone and you're alone with your pain.

Come soon or late pain will get you. It ushered you into the world; it may bow you out. However, the amount between birth and death is curiously exaggerated. Three rainy Sundays out of thirteen will tempt the preacher (also his excuse making church member) to declare that "It always rains on Sunday!" Some of our pain we have earned honestly and ought to be ashamed to mention it. Human wars, with not only shot and shell, but exposure and camp diseases, have handed down quite a few to our human credit or discredit. Modern psychotherapeutics prove that envy, jealousy, hatred and some other unenviable traits are responsible for quite a brood. It's not very polite to blame God for these.

Pain as Warning. Pain is a signboard. Your physician tells you, "Scientifically pain results from or accompanies deranged, overstrained or otherwise abnormal action of the body and serves as a warning of danger." True. Nature warns there's something wrong. Don't hush the pain—remove the cause! Hushing the pain is removing the red lantern, the danger signal, from a wreck on the road instead of removing the obstruction. Without pain practically every ill would be fatal, because the cause of the pain would not be removed.

Ever see a mother watching her year-old toddler? The button box, the stove, the scissors, the steps, even "kitty's claws," are unknown quantities and qualities to baby—it doesn't know pain—hence mother's watchfulness. After awhile "the burned child dreads the fire" and some other things. Without pain the race would be wiped out of existence. Some babies of older years would walk heedlessly in front of trolleys—fenders are needed even now; others would wander over precipices; some would cut hands and fingers off. Pain is a protection.

Philosophy of Pain. Your infidel friend's questions started from wrong assumptions. He has many such. One is that what hurts is necessarily evil. Another is that present immediate happiness is the chief end of life. And his notion that a God of love would not allow suffering shows he has a crude idea of the nature of love. He would train his son to believe that boy scouts are best developed on ice cream sodas and cake, while his daughter's basketball team best builds muscle on pickles and fudge. Love is an unselfish devotion that seeks another's highest good, whether for the moment it gives pleasure or pain. Life is not an entertainment; it's an education.

This world is God's university. Death is commencement day; pain has been prominent on the faculty. The oak is a tree plus some storms. A statue is marble plus the chisel. A soldier is a man plus battle. The martyr is flesh and blood plus rack and fagot. In aviation the first rule of flight is to turn the machine against the wind. Mankind rises through adverse winds of suffering. The higher your nerve organization the more you suffer. Tear an arm out of a crab, it will still live. Indeed, may grow a new one. Tear an arm from a man, he will die. Man's body is a marvelous harp. "But do not subhuman creatures suffer?" Yes, but only relatively. Cut some of the simplest forms of life in half and they go on their way—two existences now instead of one. "Doesn't the fish-worm wriggle under the hook?" Yes, but it wriggles before the hook touches it. "And the horse?" Yes, the more highly organized he is the more he suffers. But even he has been known to hobble around on a broken leg, nibbling grass in apparent contentment.

"And the inferior races?" I have seen on one of the reservations a half dozen Indian boys with a playmate down jabbing pins in him to make him yell—unsuccessfully. "Our light afflictions," says Paul. Somehow the pounding is turning out bronze doors with beautiful designs. The shearing and the weaving and the dyeing are bringing out beautiful tapestry. Take away suffering? That would take away the power of the soul to endure. "Would rob us of pity. We would lose our heroes and martyrs. It would take away love, redeeming love, that pays a price and smiles at its loss. Take away pain? Then it would take away the Christ on His cross, made through perfect suffering."

The day on which the wife becomes a regular ad-reader was a day of even better fortune than the one on which the husband had a salary-raise!

News want ads are effective.