

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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Lady Decies being unable to deny herself any luxury, has been operated on for appendicitis.

A Mexican revolution is like a Mexican dollar. It looks big, clanks loud, but it doesn't get much.

About \$500,000 in silver went to the bottom in the Merida, and now the mermaids can have their new spring hats.

Money, according to Wall street report, is "distressingly easy"—but the men who have it are distressingly otherwise.

It is said that Russia favors women's rights. It is high time some one's rights were favored in that country.

Those Alaskans who threw the coal into the harbor seem to be taking rather radical means to avoid the smoke nuisance.

Gen. Wood says disarmament is only a dream of dreamers. But if people never did any dreaming, we would still be living in caves.

The El Paso people seem to think our soldiers should fight, bleed, and die, to protect their right to see the battle from the rooftops.

The house has voted to investigate the sugar trust. We hope they get after these people that sell sweetened flour as powdered sugar.

It is not true that the secretary of war resigned because the militia officers were always in the foreground when the pictures were taken.

Many Americans are being presented to King George. They probably do their best to conceal the damning fact that they were born over here.

The people who vowed not to cut their hair until Senator Lorimer and President Diaz resign seem likely to save barbers' bills for some time.

The grand jury says there is no crime wave in New York, but they can hardly deny that there is a perpetual high tide of naughtiness.

The democratic house has begun to purify the government by removing 300 officeholders guilty of the corrupt practice of holding republican views.

No doubt it's dangerous in El Paso when the Mexicans are fighting, but perhaps not more so than when the cowboys come in to spend a week's pay.

Henry Van Dyke has resumed teaching of literature at Princeton, and we hope he gives due attention to the classic style of the baseball reporters.

After Mr. Madero becomes president, the idea that he alone should have the right to do any voting may look just as good to him as it did to Mr. Diaz.

The democrats in congress are wrestling with the problem of tariff versus the presidential election. They cannot decide on which side lies the most votes.

Senator Stone of Missouri wants to intervene in Mexico. The other senators wish El Paso people were a little less curious and a little more disposed to run.

The informer Abbatemaggio was called a hyena in the Camorra trial. In our country the witnesses feel like hyenas after the lawyers get through with them.

Mexican soldiers are not very good shots, but almost any of them can shut their eyes, pull the trigger and hit the United States two times out of every three.

It is not fair to expect the progressive and public spirited farmer to devote all his time to dragging the roads. He should pause ever and anon and swat the fly.

The Mexican mess will seem like smoking the pipe of peace to Henry Stimson, after his experience with the war paint and tomahawks of Tammany politics.

The democrats are trying on the surface to capture the farmer vote, but when they think no one is listening they keep jeering at Uncle Reuben's whiskers.

The Yaqui Indians are dangerous again. They can't help questioning sometimes why the pale face expected them to give their land away and yet look good natured.

Seventy-five thousand Americans are

said to be in peril in Mexico. If they confine their remarks to the weather and the crops and quit talking politics they'll be all right.

Helen Taft attended the naval academy dance the other night, and as her father works for a living, she was mighty lucky to get into this aristocratic circle unchallenged.

Four battalions of suffragettes are besieging the New York legislature. Some one should ask them how many husbands they left at home with cold dinners and no pie cooked.

Perhaps Mr. Diaz would not feel so dreadfully about resigning, if he would reflect on what a good living our ex-president makes just by writing one piece a week for the Outlook.

Chicago's new chief of police announces that "vice must remain within the bounds of decency." That is pretty hard on decency, and is just where most people do not want vice.

The Mexican rebels, having captured Juarez, want to be "recognized." Having only seen their features peeping out from behind some tree on a dark night, we find it difficult to do so.

Congressmen are praising themselves in the Congressional directory. Who can blame them for kindling a little incense to offset the offerings of venerable eggs and vegetables?

Jack Johnson is going to the coronation. He will probably be accepted over there as a better type of American culture than former President Elliot of Harvard, or Henry Cabot Lodge.

About the only people who want the United States to intervene in Mexico are the speculators who were not satisfied with the rates of interest paid by property protected by American laws.

The original document of the constitution was inspected last week after being locked up nine years, but it must be longer than that since any congressmen have read that instrument.

James S. Sherman is mentioned for president. His chief qualifications seem to be that as vice president he has been able to put the motions and count the votes without making many bad mistakes.

Fourteen vote sellers get five years disfranchisement at Portsmouth, O. Now will the vote buyers get the same exact justice, or will they continue to be leaders of our political thought?

American experts are recognizing Persia's finances. If they learned their business well at home, they will at once raise the tax rate, increase the assessment, and borrow all that anybody will lend.

Wireless telegraph was a factor in rescuing 360 people on the steamer Merida, but lots of passenger vessels are roaming the coast with no means of asking help but throwing a bottle over with a message inside.

Something like 42,000 rural mail carriers will benefit by the increase of salaries from \$900 to \$1,000 which takes effect July 1. There are already more than 42,000 carriers and at the present rate of increase the total will probably go beyond 43,000.

The argument that we are getting the bad end of the bargain in offering a market with ninety million patrons as an even exchange for one with nine millions, falls by the wayside when put alongside the fact that where these ninety million people are buying one dollar's worth of goods from the nine million, the nine million are now buying two dollars worth of the ninety million. How long would that sort of trade have to be continued to affect us in a harmful way?

A sad but illuminating commentary on the futility of human hopes when applied to getting rich quick is furnished by an advertisement which recently appeared in one of the San Francisco daily newspapers in the classified columns. Here it is: "I will sell—I have 5,000 shares of a once well known mining and leasing company; will exchange same for one setting hen and thirteen fresh eggs (Leg-horn preferred); only permanent investors need apply. A. J. Moore, Rooms 20-21 Bacon block, Oakland."

A couple of delusions, possibly. An exchange says nearly every farmer, when he has paid for his farm, educated his children, laid by some spare change for rainy days, begins to think about moving to town, where with sidewalks and other modern conveniences he thinks life would be ideal. It is till he tries it. Nearly every city man hopes at some time to be able to own a country home where he can spend his declining years in quietness and complete rest amid soothing influences of apple blossoms, song of birds and hum of bees. Here he thinks that life would be complete and it is till he tries it.

President Taft declares that he believes thoroughly in the reciprocity bill, that it is a mistake to think it will injure the farmers, and that it is not a political move on his part. He

says: "I have no disposition to interfere with the prosperity of those who make up the bone and sinew of the nation—the farmers—and I am convinced that in no way am I interfering with it. I believe that after reciprocity has been given one year's trial no side will think of interfering with it. I believe this treaty to be the best thing for the country—farmers, merchants, laboring men and all—because I believe it is contrary to nature, it is flying in the face of Providence, to put an artificial tariff will between this country and Canada. If we take down that wall we will sell more products to Canada than she will sell to us. When you, gentlemen, come to see the result, I believe you will admit that you have been wrong in your fears and that I have been right."

THE SENATE DEADLOCK. Just what excuse the eight insurgent followers of La Follette in the senate can put forth for having declined to accept the republican caucus nominee for president pro tem, unless it be to stir up still more inharmonious in the republican party with a view to creating a condition which will result in the defeat of the party in the next presidential election, is difficult to understand.

The office of president pro tem of the senate is purely an honorary one. No principle is involved. That official merely presides over the senate in the absence of the vice president. The office usually is bestowed upon the ranking member of the majority party. Senator Frye resigned and Senator Culom, next in rank, has been suffering ill health. Senator Gallinger was the next in rank and the honor naturally and logically fell to him. But eight insurgent republicans refuse to abide by the unanimous choice of the caucus of the republican senators, and thus prevent any selection whatever. The eight insurgents are: Senators La Follette, Clapp, Bristow, Cummins, Gronna, Poindexter, Bourne and Works.

How any senator can repudiate his party caucus in this matter, and still claim the support of that party, is a political conundrum. It is apparent, however, that there is a fixed idea among this little coterie to stir up as much dissension in the party as possible, with defeat in the coming presidential campaign as the ultimate motive.

TOWN GROWTH. There are two ways in which business men and property owners can become more prosperous.

The first method is by pushing at their own business with all their might. That is always necessary.

The second method is by so uniting with other merchants to make their town grow, that all existing property owners and business plants become more prosperous, through the growing value of real estate and the growing volume of trade that results from a larger population.

Both these methods of expansion are needful. The men who adopt the first method only soon find that they are up against a blank wall. They find that there is only about so much trade in a town. They may get some of it away from their less bustling neighbors. But when these neighbors wake up and see their trade dwindling, if they make special inducements and show good judgment in advertising, they get their old customers back.

The general pull for town betterment permits every business man to grow without trenching on his neighbors' business. Thus it avoids those bitter rivalries that occur where retail traders are scrambling for the same customers without effort to create a wider market in which all shall share alike.

The business of chasing up new industries is one attended by many discouragements. Three quarters of the propositions in the market are from professional floaters, who are looking for tax exemptions, subscriptions of capital stock, and free rentals, and who will move elsewhere as soon as they find some place to raise the bid.

There is, however, a constant percentage of hopeful propositions always looking for a little assistance. There are constantly bright and competent young men, who are given no opportunity in the close corporations that are employing them.

BEING PRESENTED AT COURT. The sorrows of the American Smart Set can be read between the lines in the dispatches telling of the many American women presented at the English court the past week.

While impecunious and mousey school teachers are having the time of their lives wrestling with rapacious London cabmen over half crowns, the worried leaders of fashion are flustering with heart throbs and vexations attendant on this supreme carnival of red tape.

A plain simple little gown needful to get by the court professors of flummery who regulate these doings, costs from \$500 to \$700. Then a girl really feels poverty stricken unless she has a \$100 bouquet of costly orchids. You have to buy shoes of tradesmen who charge 25 because they shoe the queen and princesses, and the twenty-four button gloves cost \$10.

The traditions of the English court require a very low cut bodice. You could hardly make use of the dress at even the firemen's ball at home, without extensive additions to its structure.

A sensational fear would immediately pervade one of our assemblies least it should die about to fall off.

The matter of expense does not worry our social higher ups a particle. The acrobatic steps with which they must prance across the hall, is what bothers those who have never taken a training in circus stunts.

You are required to make a dozen to fifteen low and sweeping courtesies, pointed well over to the lee side of the drawing room, so as not to turn your back on anyone. The idea seems to be to see how near you can come to sitting down on the floor without actually doing it.

One girl got so tangled up in her train a while ago that she rolled the length of the stairs like a bale of hay. Fear of a repetition of this incident no doubt caused the recent edict of the court against the hobble skirt at these ceremonies.

HUNNEWELL'S SPUNKY WOMAN MAYOR.

The city of Hunnewell, Kan., has a woman mayor, Mrs. Wilson, and a break between the executive and legislative departments has resulted, likely to be fought out in the state courts.

Mrs. Wilson has called a meeting for next Monday night. The five men who compose the city council say they will ignore the call.

The male councilmen seem entirely too worried about the supremacy of the male sex. They need not feel that they occupy a position on the firing line, with the fate of the masculine world resting in the balance, contingent on their good defense.

If Mrs. Wilson can sweep the streets cleaner, can nail the lid closer on vice, can run the business of the city on a business rather than a political basis, the city council of Hunnewell will be of as little effect as was King Canute when he told the tides of the ocean to go way back and sit down.

The foxy thing would be to give Mrs. Wilson unlimited rope. If she falls because of the limitations placed upon her, she will lay the blame on the council.

We should advise that body to hold their meetings on Mrs. Wilson's front piazza if thereby they can demonstrate that a clear field has been left for her operations.

That they would in the end win out by thus bending for the moment to the feminine blast, will be forecasted from the action of the new chief of police, Mrs. Rose Osborn. She went to the store of a councilman, and tore from his window a newspaper cartoon entitled "A British View of Woman Suffrage."

If these women could not bear the display of a cartoon on such a matter of public discussion as woman suffrage, they have no place in the rough and tumble of politics. They might better run for office in the Daughters of the American Revolution, where a preliminary mauling might be received that would teach them to smile even if their plumage was ruffled.

SAVING NIAGARA FALLS.

A persistent campaign is being made by the power companies to divert more water from these falls that are one of the wonders of this planet.

According to the appeal issued last week by the American Civic Association, the companies now demand an increase of 68 per cent in the amount of water used in their turbines. The current flowing over the American falls is already thin in spots. If more is taken, the unbroken span of surging tide will be cleft by the rocks that will be left dry.

To many of our people, the argument for the sake of beauty has no force. To them naked brick walls, belching smoke stacks, ghastly cinder heaps, look much better than the majestic sweep of a falling torrent, because they mean that someone is storing away dollars in his strong box.

The United States has never had many ruined castles nor Gothic cathedrals with which to attract visitors from the old world. Consequently the stream of travel from across the water, compared with our tourists who visit Europe, has been small.

Our natural wonders, Niagara, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, the Rocky mountains, have, however, a world-wide reputation for scenic grandeur, surpassing anything to be found in the tamer scenery of Europe. A certain number of Europeans come over periodically to see the wonders wrought by the god of nature in our streams and mountains.

And this return tide of travel is tending to increase, and no doubt it brings a revenue to the people of the United States as great as the profits of the power companies.

Why should one of the things that bring this travel, profitable to the whole people, be ruthlessly marred, in order that a few wealthy corporation stockholders should be permitted to make fatter dividends?

Of far greater moment than this, is the argument for beauty for its own sake. Who that has heard the thunder of Niagara's age long voice, that has stood in awe at the titanic force that could throw up this stupendous dam, can bear to think that these sublime tones shall be allowed to fade under the paralyzing hand of vandalism?

AGAIN IN NICARAGUA. Tempestuous Nicaragua will have

had four presidents during a period of eighteen months. For the dispatches this week say that President Estrada has escaped from the country, resigning his office in favor of Vice President Diaz.

It seems singular that a little people right in our back yard should be overwhelmed by such a riot of wasteful war and pillage with social conditions about as hopeless as under the deepest shadow of dark Africa.

But war and gun play is like meat and drink to these fever blooded hot heads. And one of their revolutions is no tin sword comic opera sort of scrimmage, as the killed and wounded in one army alone in one of the battles of 1909 comprised 800 out of a force of 2,500 men.

The country is now in a feverish reaction from the fifteen year tyranny of President Zelaya, who was driven out of office a year ago last December. Zelaya suppressed any newspaper that criticized him, and such an editor was lucky if he got over the boundary with a whole skin. People who had information or money that Zelaya wanted were persuaded to give it up by being dosed with chill peppers and alcohol.

The government got a 150 per cent profit on a tobacco and liquor monopoly, and no doubt Zelaya got a big rake off on it, which he promptly salted down in European securities. An illustration of Central American methods was given during the brief rule of President Madriz, who refused to let the newspapers print Secretary Knox's reply to Madriz's protest against the American attitude. When our consul posted Mr. Knox's reply on the door of his office, Madriz sent soldiers to keep the people from reading it.

The new president Estrada, who has been in office since January of last year, was the idol of the people as their savior from Zelaya. But apparently Estrada has become involved in controversies with the nest of parasite hangers on that hover like vultures over the treasury of every Central American state.

AROUND TOWN.

What's become of the old fashioned "safety" bicycle, and the man who thought it was some stunt to ride without putting his hands on the handle bars?

And speaking of bicycles, what's become of the old fashioned man who took his wheel in the house at night so that it wouldn't get rusty?

Likewise, what's happened to the youth who rode all over town and all around the county, just to run up his cyclometer?

With all the cups that have been hung up at the Country club, this ought to be a year of great golf enthusiasm in Norfolk. (The cups that have been hung up, you'll find swinging at the side of the pump handle.)

There never was but one windier day than Wednesday. That worse one was April 7, 1892. We know, for we rode a bicycle to Pierce that day and had to walk back because the wind was too strong to ride against.

How can you tell whether a tree is really dead, or just playing possum to get you to water it?

Sunday's "Mother's Day." Enough said.

Run any spikes into your automobile yet?

Here either.

To tell the truth, we don't own an automobile, and it's not because we can't like 'em, either. If you insist upon the facts in the case, it's for the simple reason that we can't afford it.

Now we hope nobody will ask us again when we're going to get a car, or why we don't.

Norfolk, by the way, still needs that hospital.

How would it do to run Mexican war news in the sport column, with a table to show the day's batting average, runs, put-outs, etc.?

Why is the air always calm and serene in the morning, and windier than the very deuce about about time for golf in the afternoon?

We don't object to "Mother's day," but where does father come in at? Personally, we could qualify better for father's day festivities.

Summer is here. At least that season of the year has arrived when you can get your arms and neck burned to a beautiful blister playing a game of golf.

But at that, the blister is nowhere near the kind you used to get swimming all afternoon in the Elkboro, or working barefooted in the beet fields.

And as a tanning of the hide, it can't compare with the kind that "mother used to make." Those were "mother's days," all right, all right.

You've missed something in life if you never worked in the beet fields at ten cents a row. But maybe you'll get your fun some other way.

Speaking of Mothers' Day. Three Norfolk women went to a dance. Two of them wore their daughters' beads and a third was indignant because her own daughter was old enough to be at the dance and wear her own beads.

know. Now who does know?

Maybe the wind'll go down when the grass seed comes up.

Or when the war comes to an end.

Yes, By That Time Sure! Or when we get rid of that cold.

We see by the paper that there are 100 new books in the library, but we can't find one of them in the bunch that tells about the wind or the grass seed or colds. What do we have a library for, anyhow?

The supreme court has determined that oil and water won't mix.

Is it a sign of laziness if you never had any ambition to keep a cow? Then we confess ennuil.

Did the decline of your stocks caused by the Standard Oil decision, cause you to lose any sleep? Here either, Pete.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. Know it all, if you can, but don't try to tell it all.

Denying it doesn't amount to much as evidence.

A man can be smart and not plead his own case very well.

If you are drawing wages you don't earn, your rainy day isn't far off.

No restaurant ever made a success by serving oleo and paper napkins.

When a man begins to look into the future he sees so much that isn't there.

What has become of the old fashioned boy who carved a picture on his slate?

Fortunately, it isn't easy to convince a sick man that he isn't going to recover if he isn't.

When your curiosity runs away with you, that isn't a sign it is going to find what it is after.

Some men are such good mixers that it is hard for them to get any useful work done.

A boy doesn't mind chapped hands if the affliction permits him to wash them less frequently.

Fewer farmers who favor the single tax idea, now believe the automobile ought to pay it all.

A garden spot won't do much to reduce your living expenses unless you cultivate it a good deal.

You can't make a fair guess by the way a widow "carries on," how long her grief is going to last.

Our idea of a cheerful person is one who can be greatly pleased by winning a game of solitaire.

Revenge may be sweet, but it is another of those sweets that impair the digestion a good deal.

An incubator chicken doesn't mind being an orphan, never having had a taste of maternal affection.

It might be well to bear in mind that a sick person appreciates flowers more than a dead one does.

Remember that there are various ways of emphasizing your remarks without swearing about them.

Parties are important to politicians and society girls, but other people shouldn't take them seriously.

You needn't worry much about the trusts grinding you down if you help yourself up as much as you can.

Love isn't so blind that it hasn't been known to shift its course when a better looking woman beckoned.

Our notion of extreme laziness is carried out by any reasonably healthy person who eats breakfast in bed.

Before telling your troubles to your friend, remember that he probably has enough of his own to keep him busy.

Men can't all understand women, but there continue to be a fair number of bachelors who are never caught.

only refrain from trying to reform the o. m.

If you insist on running things, make up your minds that a lot of people will be awaiting an opportunity to give you both barrels.

When a woman becomes interested in a case, she has Sherlock Holmes over the ropes in the contest for the detective championship.

A woman with half a dozen children doesn't lie when she tells how easily she is awakened, but there is a suspicion that other people do.

Girls' ways are excusable in girls, or even admirable at times, but when an old woman affects them, people begin to wonder how she escaped.

The man who keeps a revolver in the house ought to have to pay a higher tax on it than the man who keeps a lady dog about his premises pays on his live stock.

"There is a lie out on me," said an Atchison man this morning, "and my great fear is that someone will discover that it isn't true. The lie gives me undue credit."

It is remarkable how poor some people are when the assessor calls and how wealthy they are when a daughter lands a man and an expensive wedding is on the program.

Probably the longest measurement of time, using the feelings as a gauge is that which elapses from the time one sends a rush order for the doctor and his safe arrival.

If a man isn't henpecked to a certain extent, most of the furniture in his happy home will bear little burned spots where he has laid his cigars down in his own independent way.

If some people don't see a double-header the day they come back with their rain checks, they are convinced that it is impossible to get their money's worth in this home of the brave.

California people talk so much about their granddaddy that it is a wonder they don't say more about the earthquakes that occur there so frequently some people use them for alarm clocks.

Convicts are always kicking because the world doesn't receive them more cordially when they quit their state jobs. It is our hard-hearted opinion that the convicts should kick each other about this unhappy condition.

Mrs. Taft Takes a Ride. New York, May 17.—The condition of Mrs. Taft was so much improved this morning that it was announced that her doctors had consented to her taking an automobile ride through Central park during the afternoon. She will be able to return to Washington tomorrow.

Reach Potash Agreement. Hamburg, May 17.—The German-American potash conference today reached a full agreement regarding the prices of potash and for an adjustment of a supercontingent tax. The text of the agreement is now being drafted and new contracts will be arranged immediately.

Another Dirigible Wrecked. Bitterfeld, Saxony, May 17.—Parseval II, the new German military dirigible balloon, while returning from a trial flight today, was blown against the hangar and wrecked. Two passengers on board the airship suffered sprained ankles.

Fairbury Votes for Saloons Again. Fairbury, Neb., May 17.—Fairbury yesterday voted to return to the system of high license of saloons after a year of prohibition. The majority for license was 169 in a total vote of nearly 1,000.

Lady Decies Recovering. London, May 17.—It was said at the home of Dowager Lady Decies today that Lady Decies was making satisfactory progress toward recovery, following the operation for appendicitis on last Friday.

THE STATEHOOD BILL IS UP. Debate Will be Longer Than Had Been Anticipated in Congress. Washington, May 17.—The house joint statehood resolution to admit Arizona and New Mexico continued today with the prospects that the decision would probably not be terminated tomorrow night. Before the debate began, however, there was considerable informal discussion on the democratic side over the action of the rules committee in moving the adoption of the sugar trust resolution of inquiry and nomination of the special committee. The house adjourned yesterday while the democrats were fighting on this question, many demanding a caucus to select the committee. Chairman Henry of the rules committee was ready today to take up the question with the possible modifications of the plan of choosing the committee.

Democratic leaders who had hoped to dispose of statehood in two days at most were surprised to learn that so many on both sides wished to speak. The amendment requiring the people of Arizona to vote again on the recall of the judiciary is the chief subject of the discussion on the one hand while many republicans oppose resubmitting the constitution of New Mexico with a proposed amendment because Arizona is held back.

Democratic members of the ways and means committee resumed consideration of the woolen schedule of the tariff bill.

At the meeting Monday, one member referred to the "study class of wool." The members were given long lists of figures bearing on importations and revenue derived from wool.