

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881. The Journal, Established 1877. THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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The anti-trust law seems about like the Chinese statute that forbids all improper conduct.

The whole anti-trust law now turns on the word "unreasonable," of which there are 90,000,000 different definitions.

"Slang will never force its way into polite society," says an eastern professor who evidently is not familiar with polite society.

In view of the loop holes in the oil trust decision, some of our bootblacks will get together and agree to do no more five-cent shines.

Now that Dr. Wiley is protecting mince pie, we shall pay our taxes this year with the feeling that we are getting our money's worth.

Now it remains to be seen how much more it will cost the poor consumer to pay the bills for running sixty different oil companies instead of one.

President Taft visited a wild west show in Washington but did not show much enthusiasm over it. The president has seen congress in session.

The courts now undertake to separate the trusts into the sheep and the goats, and it ought to be easy to show that most of them have butted in.

The trusts may take the whole road, but there's a big policeman who says the common people shall occasionally have a chance to walk on the sidewalk.

The Woman's Whist league is meeting at Baltimore, and the combatants could better afford to break all the ten commandments than trump a partner's trick.

Dr. Pearsons has given away \$6,000,000, all his fortune but \$100,000, and if he signs the subscription papers that are presented to him, the rest will be gone in a week.

The Hibernians oppose arbitration with Great Britain. But it's cheaper to settle things in the courts, even if your father's landlord did make him live on raw potatoes.

The world owes the United States \$441,000,000 for food and raw material sold abroad last year. The world will get part of it back during the coronation celebration.

Eggs are four cents a dozen in China. Why not import some, particularly as they would be fresher when they got here than the cold storage kind they hand out in winter?

Arbitration treaties are being negotiated with England and France, but the senate would rather see a war some day than give up any of its traditional privileges to vote on it.

A Los Angeles woman who left home more than ten years ago to buy an Easter hat has just returned. Some women spend more time than others in looking for a new hat.

Five Pennsylvania's counties lose \$1,000,000 in forest fires. The campers' bonfire gets away with far more of the savings of the country people than the defaulting bank treasurer.

The Lorimer case is reopened. We shall be satisfied if this results in listing legislators on the stock exchange, where the public can know the daily quotations along with Steel and Reading.

The Reno divorce lawyers want all papers in divorce cases made secret. The marriage service should be changed from "until death do us part," so as to read, "until the newspapers can be hushed up."

The stock market jumped on the decisions. Having made a pile of money by scaring the lambs to death, the brokers propose to make a lot more by infusing them with the most reckless gambling spirit.

Woodrow Wilson denies thinking about the presidency. Then why in thunder isn't he sitting on his front piazza, instead of enduring the hair mattresses and sausage diet of the political one night stands?

A very illuminating notice was published in an exchange a short time ago, which read, "Until further notice, every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

Susan Fowler, the original bloomer woman, died the other day at Vineland, N. J., at the age of 87. She believed that style and convenience should go together. The bloomer at

tire—a dress cut off at the knees—was convenient enough but it frightened the horses.

Sculptor Lorado Taft says there are more statues in Washington than were produced in Italy in the entire renaissance period. We would not mind buying one or two for the backyard to hitch clothes lines to.

President Taft sent a telegram of congratulation on King Alfonso's 25th birthday. This is better than getting up a surprise party, and happening around while Alfonso was loafing in his flannel shirt and carpet slippers.

Now they are trying to amend the Sherman law. As it will take four years to pass such a law, and six years to carry a case through the supreme court, the trust people are not doing much "thinking in bed" about it.

George Bernard Shaw says he won't come to America because there is nothing here to interest him. Perhaps if some charitably disposed American would order a few copies of his books, he might feel better toward us.

If you wanted to see Woodrow Wilson, you once found him in the college library getting dust on his trousers from old books. Next fall you will see him carrying a torch, and cheering the house that has the most lanterns.

Former President Elliot of Harvard comes out in favor of the "New agriculture." From our experiments in the garden this spring, we are convinced that the same amount of muscle is required to propel the hoe and spade as ever before.

Senator Bailey has wired Mr. Rockefeller advising him to resign. Mr. Rockefeller knows that in this world we must expect tribulation, but he thinks he is getting more than his share. In this the public agrees, only they think he is getting more than his share of the money.

The price of many household necessities has fallen appreciably during the past few months, but sad to relate, a syndicate has grabbed the radium product and the price is likely to go up a million dollars an ounce or such a matter. This will make it hard for those who have acquired the radium habit.

During the first nine daily sessions of congress, nearly 7,000 bills and resolutions were introduced. About five-sixths of them in the house, but more than a thousand of them originated in the senate. A very large proportion of them are for pensions or other individual claims. This looks a

rough congress was busy, but not on the business for which it was convened.

Thirty years ago aluminum was little more than a curiosity. In 1883 only eighty-three pounds were produced and it was valued at \$15 a pound. In 1909 more than 32,000,000 pounds were produced and the price had fallen to twenty-three cents a pound. It is now known to be one of the most abundant of minerals, its ore forms one-sixth of the world's crust, and its uses have multiplied as rapidly as its production.

The conviction of John Dietz and the life sentence pronounced, seem to many to be very severe punishment for a crime not clearly proven. Had John Dietz employed a skillful lawyer, there is little doubt that the trial would have ended differently. There were plenty of weak places in the prosecution, if there had been any one to take advantage of them. Under the present condition it is doubtful if any loophole for demanding a new trial can be found.

Foreign military men who have inspected the camp of our army at San Antonio speak in the highest terms of its sanitary condition. The United States army learned a sad and expensive lesson during the Spanish war in the loss of life due to the unsanitary state of the camps at Chickamauga and other southern war camps. But the soldiers who were sacrificed there did not die in vain if future generations of soldiers are saved from a similar fate.

Ticket sellers on the elevated railways of Chicago are women, they are on duty continuously twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, and 365 days in the year, and the magnificent salary received for this exacting service is \$14 a week. Yet these positions are deemed so desirable that one company out of the five, had a short time ago over 2,000 applicants on its waiting list. It is a pitiful commentary on the condition of this class of women workers.

King George evidently does not mean to neglect any of the ceremonies and royal paraphernalia that belong by right of precedent to him or his family. The coronation festivities will scarcely be over, when on July 13th, the Prince of Wales will be formally invested with the robes of his rank at Carnarvon Castle. This is said to be the first time that the investiture of the English Prince has taken place in Wales, and the first time in many years that an elaborate ceremonial has been used. The plan for the investiture ceremony in Wales is one

step in carrying out a definite program of the king's to give some special recognition to all the different parts of his dominion.

Laws against corrupting voters are most rigid in England. A member of the house of commons was recently unseated because it was proved that his election agent made a false statement of election expenses. A candidate who should give a cigar to a voter before election would be likely to have his right to his seat challenged after election, and would not be allowed to serve if the gift could be proved. This kind of law would thin out the American congress at a terrible rate.

The boy scout movement is making rapid progress in many different parts of the country. It has a peculiar fascination in its call to the out of doors and its attention to healthy sports for the young and is hailed by the most public spirited and progressive teachers and pastors. It appeals with good reason to the manliness of the boy. One of its enthusiastic promoters says: "A scout is thrifty. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may give his services for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns."

COMMERCIAL CLUB QUARTERS. The offer made by G. L. Carlson, and accepted by the directors of the Commercial club, to lease part of a new brick building which he plans to erect on Norfolk avenue, at a nominal rental, for Commercial club quarters, is a great stride toward a greater Norfolk.

Not only will the new quarters serve to bring business men closer together, but will work as an effective advertisement of the city's enterprise.

Norfolk will note this innovation with more than ordinary satisfaction, and the Commercial club directors are to be congratulated upon securing the lease. Mr. Carlson, in this as in other acts, has earned Norfolk's gratitude.

A NEW NORFOLK EPOCH. There's a man on the job of developing Norfolk's possibilities. The paid Commercial club secretary, devoting all his time and energy to Norfolk's upbuilding, is a material fact.

In Mr. Hawkins, the Commercial club directors have selected a live and progressive traveling salesman who has shown ability in various lines of work and who ought to make good as secretary. He is ambitious and a hustler. And in Norfolk, he has a city of tremendous possibilities to be developed.

Norfolk is probably the only city its size in the world employing a man to do nothing but boost for the town, but Norfolk is the only city in the world of this size with Norfolk's field, and the people who know Norfolk have faith that the Commercial club's slogan, "10,000 by 1915," will come true, with persistent and systematic effort on the part of Norfolk itself.

The record breaking sale of town lots in a new addition to the city last week, most of the lots being snapped up by people in towns located in territory tributary to Norfolk, shows great things in store for this commercial hub.

COMMERCIAL CLUB SECRETARY. The business men of Norfolk, through their Commercial club, are right now on the point of doing a thing which, in itself, puts Norfolk on the map as one of the liveliest and most progressive cities of its size in the world.

Where, on this globe, will there be found another city this size possessing enough energy to employ a capable man to devote his time exclusively to the development of Norfolk, civically and in a business way? Yet the employment of a Commercial club secretary, whose entire time shall be devoted to developing and improving Norfolk in a systematic and business-like way, is all but an accomplished fact in this city, the selection of the man, alone remaining to be finished. A number of highly satisfactory applications have been received and a capable man for the work is assured.

The fact that Norfolk business men are progressive enough and alive enough to employ an expert Commercial club secretary to boost Norfolk, is enough to attract unusual attention to the enterprise of this city and the opportunities that it offers. A town of this size, enterprising enough to so systematically develop its possibilities for the sake of the growth, must be an extraordinary town, the average outsider will logically figure.

Not only should new industries result from persistent and systematic efforts on the part of a man devoting all his time to the upbuilding of Norfolk, but many benefits will accrue.

The success of the Commercial club in bringing about the employment of a paid secretary, is one of the biggest things the local club has done, and one of the biggest things of its kind that any town this size ever did.

NEED STREET CAR LINE NOW. Now that the Northwestern railroad has announced that a permanent station will be built at Norfolk Junction, at the head of either Second or Third streets, a street car system from the depot to the business portion of the

city becomes one of the town's paramount needs. The hindrance to consideration of such a project heretofore has been the possibility that a new depot might not be built near the old site, and thus leave the car system stranded high and dry.

A man in Norfolk the other day from Omaha declared that he had been to this city three times; and that in each occasion, he had heard all of the bad points of Norfolk while riding in a cab from the Junction depot to a hotel uptown.

It is a long way from the Junction to the business section of the town, and this distance at present represents one of Norfolk's handicaps. The distance might be erased by installing a street car service that could carry people back and forth quickly and for five cents. Such a service would create an immensely more favorable impression upon visitors in the city, and by making it thus easier for them to get back and forth from their trains, people from surrounding territory would be still more inclined to come to Norfolk than they are now. It would likewise make it much easier for Junction people to get back and forth.

Such a line not seriously or even materially interfere with the business of the cab lines. People coming to and going from local hotels, don't ride in cabs now, but in buses. The swift and more economic street car would do this same service, only do it better than it can be done by horses over dirt roads. People living in the city would still use cabs, for the most part, just as they now do, in making trips between their homes and the Junction depot.

MINCE PIE. An event of no slight significance occurred Thursday, when Dr. H. W. Wiley, government chemist, had a meeting with thirty representatives of mince-meat manufacturers. They came together to define what standard mince-meat should be.

The government's pure food men say that meat should be an ingredient of mince-meat. Most of the manufacturers contend that meat is not a necessary ingredient.

Mince pie minus meat will lose its unique character. Persons whose digestion is not robust enough to cope with meat made pie can remain content with the less virile satisfactions of pumpkin, apple, and other exclusively fruit pies.

It is probably true that pumpkin pie is most attractive to persons of a romantic and imaginative disposition. Not merely do such relish this creamy compound, but its golden color conveys subtle suggestions of the luxurious vegetable garden of the old homestead, bringing with it twining memories that pull at the heart strings.

Furthermore, it suggests the glorious redundancy of the squash and pumpkin exhibits at the county fair, indicating the lavish hand with which nature rewards the tiller in the fields.

The mincepie has glories of its own. The tang of meat pervades the pie with a toniq like a sunshiny October day. It sets the virile forces of life pumping energy into your blood, its substantial nourishment sustains the toiler.

No wonder that the stern old Puritans of New England used to prepare long rows of mince pies at the time of Thanksgiving. Had the pie-makers regarded chiefly the festive aspects of the holiday, the squash or pumpkin would have been preferred. But with the strain of a cold New England winter in prospect, it was seen that physical energy for coming storms was to be built on no less enduring basis than meat pie.

"Aroint thee, witch!", one may then well say to these adulterators and decadents who would substitute fruit juices and floury concoctions, which never can support human life in days of exhausting toil.

MUZZLING THE NEWSPAPERS. Newspapers are a mighty unhandy thing to have around, just as the police are. At least, for people who have deals to put through in the dark, or burglaries to commit.

The latest attempt to gag the newspapers is in Ohio, where a bill has been favorably reported in the legislature to put editors and publishers in jail, if they exact a promise from candidates for office. There is also a fine of \$100 to \$500.

It is a newspaper's business to record the buyings and sellings in the market, and legislators whose votes are put up at auction will no doubt favor a law that will harass honest publishers.

No doubt some men will vote for such a bill thoughtlessly, or from honest motives. Gov. Harmon favors the proposed law, and no doubt he honestly thinks it will remove an evil.

Let such men think how much a proposal would hamper the publisher seeking to defend the rights of the people.

The people naturally want to know how their representatives are going to vote on important public matters. Any citizen has a perfect right to ask a candidate to pledge himself to vote a certain way. The candidate has a perfect right to make such a pledge, or to decline to make it, just as he sees fit.

Newspapers naturally want to know something about a candidate's point of view before wasting their good space on supporting him, just as the

voter hates to cast his ballot for a man who afterwards acts against his wishes.

The question whether candidates should or should not pledge themselves in advance is not one that can be settled in a sweeping way. As a general thing, the independent legislator keeps his mind open until the final show down, and dislikes to tie himself up in advance. But occasionally there come square issues of right and wrong, where the voters want the sheep and the goats lined up before the ballot box by definite pledges. In seeking to secure such pledges, the newspaper is simply the agent of the people.

AROUND TOWN. A sunburnt neck, honestly earned at hard play, is necker to a rubber-hand heel for real suffering.

Thursday was the windiest day we ever remember on a May 18.

Have you dug out of the dust yet? Why doesn't the rain rain?

Another wholesale house added to Norfolk this week. And room for more.

Are you swatting the flies? Did you get the swatting match Thursday night? Of course not.

Next Friday is the official day for formally beginning to swat the golf ball on the nose.

Also for swatting the picnic suppers.

That rain was worth \$25 if it was worth a red cent!

Once again News advertising has been vindicated. Didn't we ask, Saturday, "Why doesn't the rain rain?"

Joined the Ad club yet? Off again, on again, off again—Mexican war. (You can amend this by adding, "on again," and sign it—"Summer Ones").

A sore h—l can certainly raise h—l with a man, if it wants to.

And speaking of sore heels, Billy Ferguson says this: "Now you do as I'm tellin' you. I had a friend that died that way. Do as I'm tellin' you, do you hear me?"

And you can bet your life we're doing as Billy said. If we must die, we want to die with our boots on, and nobody ever could keep his boots on long enough to die, with this kind of a heel.

Likewise, if we really must die, we're glad we were allowed to live long enough to know the Standard Oil case was finally decided.

But man's never satisfied. It would really be a hardship to limp out by the sore heel route, before that grass seed makes good.

And speaking of grass seed: Here's an offer. What's it worth to the man that sold that g. s., not to have his mind printed?

P. S.—We hope nobody will mistake that for attempted blackmail. It's just a business proposition.

Here Was Neglect, for Fair. Mrs. F. A. P. of Dallas, sending a check for another year's subscription to The News, says: "Hope that cold is better." The cold is slightly better, thanks, but she never said one word about that sore heel!

Life has its troubles, but now and then there comes a ray of sunshine. For once in its life (and it's the first time in eight years' monthly attempts) the New York World, in writing a check to its Norfolk correspondent, has succeeded in addressing the letter, "Norfolk, Neb." instead of "Norfolk, Va." The WORLD does move!

We see by an esteemed contemporary headline on a news page in yesterday's paper, that "A Great Rain Came Down." We thought that rainstorm came up.

Here's a little information for the public, gained only after a miscellaneous lot of personal suffering and distress, but which may not have been in vain if it brings a slight ray of comfort to any one of our millions of readers: It takes a heel just a week to heal, after it has been scraped raw by new shoes; the left heel heals three days earlier than the right heel; it takes a sprained ankle just one year to resume its normal size, and it never does get back its original strength; it takes a strained shoulder just four weeks to get unstrained, if given proper rest; the muscles just above the elbow on the right arm, if strained at the age of 10 in trying to be a baseball pitcher, will bob up and knock out your brassy work at the age of 25 (did you get that 25?); it takes just eight days for the skin to peel off after it's been sunburnt at hard play; it takes a nose one day and a night to come back, after having been rubbed raw in an effort to wash out the blackheads; the scar of a cold sore stays on your chin twelve weeks (and may grow longer); and a cold in the head which you contract on March 25, NEVER DOES GET WELL.

What's become of the old fashioned man who curled his mustache?

Here's Plot for Moving Pictures. Between morning and night, a woman will appropriate her husband's coat-hanger, to hang a waist on; with his coat on the back of a chair; when his wife wants that chair, off goes the

coat, in an indiscriminate heap, upon the floor.

Why is it that the shoes you want to put on are never, never in the pocket of the orderly shoe-case that hangs on the wall in the closet?

Some men, after smoking a pipe, will leave the ashes in it rather than shake them out—and then cuss, when they want to smoke again, because the pipe isn't clean.

Why is it that the driest place in Norfolk, when it's wet; the wettest place, when things are dry; the coolest place, when it's hot; and the warmest place when it's cold, is the Country club?

He Liked the Candy. A Norfolk woman yesterday called across the street to a little boy and asked him to bring her a cup of coffee. The lad brought it and was rewarded with a piece of candy. When he was about to start home with the empty cup he turned and said: "Say, don't you want another cup of coffee?"

We've been offered a bribe, too, but not for our vote. We were approached with an offer from two well known goldists, who agreed to put up a considerable sum of money if we could find it convenient to be suffering from that sore heel next Friday, and stay away from the Country club opening. So if we don't win the golf tournament, you'll understand why.

Here's to the new Commercial club secretary.

This column made mention the other day of one Norfolk girl who wore her own beads at the dance, although her mother wanted 'em. To make the record complete, it should be said that the mother has been wearing 'em ever since.

Mayor Friday declared at a council meeting that votes were bought in the recent Norfolk city election. How did he happen to admit it?

What's become of the old fashioned napkin ring and the o. f. red and white table cloth?

We're dying to print one about a Norfolk high school girl who will graduate next week, but we're going to wait and see if she can persuade her father.

(P. S.—The chances are we'd die if we did print it, too, so far as the casualty feature of it is concerned.)

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. The secret of doing things is in trying.

A hopeless loafer is one who is too lazy to dig bait.

Lots of persons who love their work don't succeed.

It is deplorable, but in many cases talent and conceit are related.

Rheumatism puts in a lot of overtime without getting paid for it.

Some persons are so hopeful it's a wonder they ever work at all.

Many people who take good care of their teeth, neglect their tongues.

Remember that you just think you can do some other fellow's work better than he can.

About all the cleaning up some men ever do is to get an occasional shave and haircut.

If business ever gets good enough for some business men, they won't admit it.

A pipe is the most satisfactory smoke when you can't get cigars or cigarettes.

Western men like to think they are a whole lot braver than eastern men, but they can't prove it.

There are still a few old-fashioned women who think it is a sign of sheer laziness to hire the washing done.

Not putting bands around cigars is another conservation stunt that deserves more attention than it gets.

Kentuckians are supposed to know all about mint juleps, but the fact remains that a number of them don't.

No man will put up the same kind of service in his dining room that he accepts gracefully at a picnic or a free lunch cotner.

Traveling abroad is doubtless of great educational value, but don't make the mistake of telling all you learned when you get home.

It doesn't take long for children to explode the fairy story business, but if a man's wife loves him, he can work it quite awhile on her.

There are, however, a number of things which will help Mother more than wearing a carnation in your buttonhole on one day of the year.

We gather from the fashion pages that about the customary expanse of chicken-skin elbow is going to be exposed to the public gaze this year.

People who write under a nom de plume may have different reasons for signing their stuff that was, but modesty isn't usually counted on the list.

If the town won't fall for the average man's scheme he never thinks of blaming himself. Goodness, no. He blames the town and its newspapers.

A Jersey cow is a declie-looking creature, but she frequently has a mean disposition. Nor is the human desperado always equipped with size and fierce whiskers.

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

THE TOUCH OF THE DEAD.

Text: "When the man touched the bones of Elisha he revived and stood on his feet."—II Kings XIII, 21.

Early summer in Israel. Crops just about ripe. Time for Moabite raiding parties. These foraging marauders had worked their depredations until the Israelites were panic stricken. A funeral party is winding its way in solemn procession alongside a hill.

Suddenly some one calls, "The Moabites come!" The dead man's friends look about where to quickly conceal his body and escape. They choose—whether by accident or intention it is not told—a cave which is the tomb of the prophet Elisha. The Jews made no use of coffins. At the end of the tomb the body of Elisha lay in its graveclothes. As the body of the young man was pushed into the sepulcher it touched the form of Elisha. The mere contact with those hallowed bones produced that from Elisha which had in life cost prayer and exertion. The man revived, stood on his feet and hastened home with his friends. Elisha had been honored in his death, Elisha had been honored in his death, Elisha had been honored in his death.

The Afterglow. Life does not begin at the cradle nor end at the grave. The sun sets in the golden west, but leaves a glorious twilight that leads us home. The tree falls in the forest, but in after days it burns and glows and cheers in our grate. The tiny coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of a great continent. We shall not only live in another, a spirit world, but we shall live on here as influences and forces in this world.

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones," said Mark Antony. "That's a miserable untruth, because it is a half truth. Not only does evil live after us, but good too. David has been dead 3,000 years, but his Psalms are following him. Moses and Paul centuries since were dust—not even their place of burial is known—but their words will sway the rod of empire for untold generations. They belong to the roll call of the past, those 'who being dead yet speak.' Men die, but their work lives on. The world is young. For awhile we wield trowel or pen. Brain thinks, eye looks, tongue speaks. The pyramid is building. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth, nor the one hundredth. Lincoln, living, was an American, northerner, Republican. Today no section, no party—indeed, no nation—can claim him. He belongs to humanity, to 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' Death and flight of years have no power to destroy them.

Thoughts Expressed in Things. The Olympic and the Titanic will tell in a few months that Watts and Stevenson still live. Marconi and the Wrights will still live when their names are illegible on the tombstone. The inventor is dead, but his busy fingers are still weaving warm textures for the poor. The road builder and the bridge constructor will walk by the side of the daily thousands. The death of a wolf means a meal for the other wolves. The death of a thinker means a meal, mental instead of physical, for those left behind. Wolves feed their stomachs; we feed our brains—on the dead. You cannot overestimate the touch of the dead. They are the glasses through which we look at the past. The distant is brought near. A writer in a garret may write a message to the world. Who writes a book? The man with a message. What are its contents? The best in his soul. I can touch the bones of Macaulay or Emerson, Tennyson or Longfellow, and the inspiration of their lives lifts me when sinking, and like the young man of the text, I revive and stand upon my feet. In my room I have the world's great men talk to me—historians, musicians, philosophers, preachers. And they talk their best—best diction, best grammar, best style, best thought. Out from the Bible Moses and Joshua and Daniel thrill me as they thrilled the Jewish heart centuries ago.

"The Touch of the Vanished Hand." The influence of our dead is very great. We think we have lost them because we do not see them, and we sigh.

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand And the sound of a voice that is still when they are near to us. Death is cleansing. It sweeps away the faults and blemishes we saw in the flesh and leaves only a remembrance that is good and beautiful. I have known cases where a mother accomplished things after her death that she could not while living. Many a prodigal has been brought home and "comes to himself" under the touch of a mother that has gone from him. I know parents who are being led by little baby fingers long since passed away. If I wanted to appeal to their better nature I would appeal to the memory of that little boy or girl. A mother shows me the book in which the baby scribbled. Wondrous skill. Here's the "little toy dog all covered with dust." Here's the high school diploma the pale faced, sober eyed girlie brought home one June day. "She led her class." Ah, me! Somehow I believe they are still with us. Life is stronger than death. Love leaps the grave. If Christ be here, why not they?

Print a want ad telling what it is and what you'll sell it for—and "turn it into money."

Try a News Want-Ad.