

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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It is almost time for Nat Goodwin to be married again.

Thirty-eight percent of Mexico's population are full blooded Indians.

Looks as if the dove of peace was to settle down in the cactus country.

The Texas black bird is said to be able to put the English sparrow out of business.

The world is growing better. Up to date this season no baseball umpire has been mobbed to death.

Perhaps an appeal to the supreme court would give President Diaz six months in which to dissolve.

As tons of human hair have been coming in from China, the ravages of married life can now be repaired.

Iowa now owns more autos in proportion to the population than New York. Now where is the home of the plutocrats?

Mr. Taft visited the Bronx Zoo while in New York. Can it be that Teddy's stuffed lions have ceased to amuse him?

Castro has been heard from. He is on his way to the United States. But what has become of Walter Wellman and his balloons?

Morse and Walsh have got to stay in jail. The law's cobweb occasionally holds a wasp and hornet along with the little flies.

There is a water famine in New York. But so far as heard it is not because so many of the inhabitants become prohibitionists.

Champ Clark says that the democratic party is on trial. It has been for the last fifty years and as a usual thing it has been found guilty.

The dangers of sport were again illustrated when an Elgin, Ill., man was hurt while paring a golf ball. No one was ever hurt paring potatoes.

It is rumored that a United States senator felt enough interest in his work to walk up to the capitol and ask if an extra session is going on.

A furnace trust has been formed, and we fear the poor man will soon have no means of heating his house but to build a bonfire in the back yard.

At present Colorado has but one senator, Simon Guggenheim by name. One is enough. We congratulate Colorado on not having two Guggenheims.

Any old place that has water scenery enough to support a small colony of bull frogs is urging its claims on President Taft as the summer capitol.

Income tax returns show that 10,300 persons in England have an annual income of more than \$25,000—nearly \$100 per working day. But they don't work.

Three thousand "short" bushel baskets were burned in New York the other day. These attacks on vested interests are getting to be something terrible.

Buffalo Bill's show train was wrecked near Lowell, Mass. This must have carried Col. Cody back in affectionate remembrance to the Deadwood stage.

Georgia is now the only state in the union where children under 12 years of age are allowed to work over sixty hours a week. This is a bad record for Georgia.

A Vassar girl broke all records for women by throwing a baseball 204 feet—but there are no details as to whether it went in the direction she intended it.

It is rumored that one or two New Yorkers visited the new \$10,000,000 library the day after it was opened, but they had probably just moved in from the country.

The steel trust has been forced to cut prices, but from the proud eminence of his cart the tin peddler requires the usual amount of rags in exchange for a flatiron.

Japan is willing to negotiate an arbitration treaty, but will our people be willing to shut off the only possible opportunity open to our army officers for professional advancement?

Figures gathered from the different state capitals of the country show that there are 780,000 automobiles in use

in this country. In New York state alone there are over 70,000 registered.

One thousand girls in the census office declined the ice cream treat offered by Mrs. John Hays Hammond. We believe this to be a unique instance in the history of the female sex.

The lumber trust is next. It is our belief that an industrious young married couple should be able to start life in a chicken coop without plastering it all over with mortgages.

As a surplus seems probable in the United States treasury when the fiscal year ends July 1, we hope congress finds a chance to blow it in on investigating something. Before Reuben's Corners gets it for a custom house.

Portugal seems to be about ready to get rid of its new republic after less than a year, but when we get the recall here we shall have a fresh set of rascals every three months.

President Diaz of Mexico is going to Europe. After being the absolute ruler of 13,000,000 people, how he will feel to be sauced by a Spanish caddy who is not satisfied with his tip.

The Atchison Globe man says that when a popular society gives an entertainment, you must either take part or buy a ticket. Our frequent experience has been that one has to do both.

The Zeppelin airships have had their sixth consecutive accident. The time has not yet come when we can send our children up in the air to keep them out of the way of the automobiles in the streets.

Gov. Dix of New York is not popular with the tramps. He proposes that farms be established where they shall all be set to work. If there is anyone thing that the tramp has a horror of it is work.

It does not require much argument to show the necessity of war when talking with the builders of warships, manufacturers of powder, shot, rifles and such implements of war. They are quickly convinced.

As the supreme court may take some 20,000 words to define "reasonable" in the tobacco case, we hope the spelling class is not required to stay after school if they can't give it in full.

The democrats are not so hot for free wool as they were. It is one thing to go on the stump and write blank checks in favor of the consumer for indefinite amounts, and another thing to sign them after you get into office.

A press dispatch says that the Lusitania sailed with 400 saloon passengers, the most of them going to the big coronation celebration in England. The coronation seems to be helping the saloon business both on land and at sea.

Scholars of the public schools at Cleveland are obliged to spend the first five minutes of each school day to the science of odontology. It isn't a new thing to all of them but it may be to many. It is simply brushing their teeth.

Standard Oil may have to pay \$3,700,000 under the new rebating charges. But the tin box of small change which they don't bother to put in the safe nights will pay this little incidental.

Old books are fetching \$50,000 apiece in New York. The man who buys old land—very much older than the oldest book—at a great many dollars less an acre, is getting incomparably the best bargain and showing the most real horse sense.

In computing the great wealth which the country has in its growing crops the secretary of agriculture neglects to estimate the dandelion crop, which is in flourishing condition all over the country and promises to exceed any previous crop.

Former Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania is finding considerable fault with Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. This simply secures the New Jersey executive against that woe pronounced in the scriptures upon that man whom all men speak well of.

It is not what people eat but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain but what they give, that makes them rich. It is not what they read but what they remember that makes them learned. It is not what they profess but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

No one can question that the present examination day for the trusts is doing good. But where would the country have been, had the democrats carried out their plan for forty-six little side show inquiries by the several states, all conflicting with each other?

What form is that safe and sane Fourth of July celebration to take? It is time it was being planned. It takes more thought to make this kind a success than the old kind where you merely turned the children loose with fireworks enough to blow them

seives up and money to buy more if they survive the first lot.

All over our land Memorial day should be fittingly observed this year. It is something more than a day for rest and sports. It is a day for remembering the great service the veterans did in welding the nation into a compact and effective whole, and it is a day for honoring the veterans living no less than the veterans dead.

Lockport, N. Y. has advertised for a municipal expert to administer its affairs. Lockport has abolished mayor and alderman, has chosen five commissioners as directors, who in turn want a business manager. They want the best one who can be found, one who will administer the affairs of the city upon business lines, and who will be responsible to them as a board of directors.

The autobiographical section of the new congressional directory is particularly amusing. Several of the congressmen emphasize the statement that they were born "on a farm." One says he is married and lives with his wife and another that his father was killed in a duel. We fail to find, however, an instance where one of them was born in jail or whose father was hung.

We bestrew the caskets with flowers, make post mortem eulogies and inscribe elegant epitaphs upon the tombstones of dead friends and all that is well. But as a rule we do not speak enough words of appreciation while they are alive. One need never fear in bestowing judicious praise upon others. Usually there is plenty of criticism to balance the account and keep them humble.

A MINIMUM WAGE FOR MINISTERS Clergymen were urged to form a labor union, with the purpose of requiring a minimum wage, in a report to the Ministerial Union of the American Unitarian association Monday.

The resolutions offered by the committee were to the effect that \$15 a Sunday and expenses be the minimum payment.

The popular impression assumes, when a minister accepts a higher salary on the ground that "the Lord called louder," that he is dominated by mercenary ideals inconsistent with a religion which favors laying up wealth only in heaven where moth and dust do not corrupt.

But it hardly seems fair that the minister's children should have to remain satisfied with a high school education, while the neighbors' youngsters go to college. The minister has devised no method by which his children's teeth can be kept from decaying, and they are just as likely to have appendicitis operations as those having less sanctified surroundings.

How can a normal young man, full of robust conquering energy, be expected to enter a profession requiring a costly education, which may not afford his family as comfortable support as is obtained by the skilled mechanic.

No doubt the folly of sectarianism has had much to do with low ministerial salaries. It is an expensive habit to require ministers to fit your individual convictions about the cut of the clerical coat or the proper place to put a comma in the creed.

If a church can not pay a clergyman enough so he can look his grocery in the eye and smile, the powers that be of that denomination should suggest that it merge forces with some other religious organization. Local ministerial associations might very properly take this matter up, and put churches on an unfair list that offer less than a living wage.

We want the kind of men in our pulpits who would keep the wheels running in a mill or who would draw the clients in a lawyer's office. Lack of business capacity does not necessarily prove piety.

age when many mothers fear to allow their sons to own a gun for hunting or to let them play football for fear they may be hurt. Yet as the Spanish war proved, if trouble should come, the boys of the same age would be first to respond and the drill squads would look like an enrollment of boy scouts. It is always so, the choicest of the country's youth are the ones who defend her in her hour of need.

To honor these men who gave the best years of their youth and strength to their country and now refuse to admit that they are growing old but keep their youthful enthusiasm and patriotism in spite of failing powers, is a pleasure as well as a sacred duty to every worthy citizen of the great republic. It is not much that we can do to show them our appreciation of their great service, but let us do that in the right spirit.

All honor to those who gave up their lives for their country. They have gone to their reward. We can but honor their memory and strew their graves with flowers. But it remains for us to see that no old soldier who fought for our land should have to wait for death to bring his reward. Let us give the reward of honor, distinction, affectionate consideration and constant gratitude to those preservers of the union who still remain with us. They are fast answering the last roll call and we shall not long have the opportunity to express our gratitude to them. Kings, presidents, men distinguished in civil life and soldiers of other wars we shall still have the opportunity to see and hear, but the men who made these United States a great nation will, thousands of them, never see another Memorial day.

What's become of the old fashioned pastime of horseback riding, where the belle wore a riding habit and used a sidesaddle, and her escort wore tan colored boots that reached up to his knees? He hasn't been seen in Norfolk for twenty years.

And what's become of the old fashioned youthful baseball nine that made a trip to Stanton two or three times a summer, in a lumber wagon, and ate dinner with various members of the Stanton antagonists? The confounded improved train service has spoiled all that.

And speaking of those dinners, the very best beefsteak that anybody ever did eat, was served at one of those baseball dinners at Stanton some twenty years ago—at the house that stands on a triangular lot in the east end of town, just south of the railroad track.

And what HAS become of the old fashioned man in Norfolk who used to own and sometimes wear a plug hat? In the days of sugar factory boom, plug hats were as common on Norfolk avenue on special occasions, as Panama hats are today.

And then, again, what's become of the old fashioned town herd of cows that used to be driven pell mell through the main street, on its way to pasture, running wild over your lawn and cutting deep footprints into the bluegrass? Anybody herd?

We didn't stay for the concert.

Why is it that it always rains on Sunday. But then Col. Bogey can wait, if the rain does the pastures any good.

What's become of the o. f. ringmaster at the circus, with a swallow-tail coat and a long whip?

The circus lemonade used to be just "ice cold lemon." Now it's "as cold as Greenland's icy mountains." We refer to Doc Cook as to just precisely how chilly that would be.

With the traveling men behind the movement, Norfolk WILL HAVE 10,000 people by 1915. And that's no pie dream, either.

July 4 is the next one.

That auto race delivered the goods promised by the press agent. Those 85,000 people would have been terribly disappointed if somebody hadn't been killed.

Every house fly is said to carry around 1,250,000 germs of disease, etc. That's a nice thing to have drop into your cup of coffee isn't it? Then swat 'em.

Taft has determined to continue Beverly as the summer capital. Too bad he didn't know about Norfolk before he made up his mind.

What's become of the o. f. dried raspberry pie, with the juice running out all over the crust?

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

All boys are opposed to corporal punishment.

To know yourself thoroughly is a great asset.

A good time nearly always costs more than it is worth.

Having things hit you is the only way you can learn to avoid them.

So many of us want the principal part of the fair play on the other side.

Besides being disagreeable, it seems so useless to haul coal in hot weather.

An Atchison girl uses almost as much powder as a humpy dumpty clown.

A number of vague notions infest the minds of people, but a society girl's idea of hard work probably is further from the real thing than most of the others.

Considering the size of their stock,

some men devote too much time to involving.

Isn't it true that fishing was always better the day before you arrived at the lake?

If more than three men agree on a movement they claim the whole town is behind it.

If there is one child in the family, it can boss its parents, but two children can't do it.

If you find it necessary to prove your honesty don't depend on your unsupported word.

A stray dog is usually willing to sacrifice a good deal of his liberty for something to eat.

Looks don't always count; there is the strawberry from the south that looks like the real thing.

It is difficult to induce a man to lead a Better Life by telling him how much better his neighbor is.

A man who thinks he is smart enough to be his own lawyer should try hard to keep out of trouble.

Did anyone ever have mumps so severely that other people didn't regard the misfortune as a joke?

Mighty few men are built to wear a sweater coat and make it seem a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

And to make it worse, the grouch believes he bears a great burden, instead of adding to those of others.

A man hides his mistakes under a bushel; he would need a much larger receptacle to cover them up.

Boys learn early to hate the trusts, and derive a lot of fun throwing rocks at the insulators of a telegraph pole.

When you put over a good one don't lose the advantage you have gained by talking too much about your victory.

"If you don't squib me in connection with it," said a Missourian to a reporter today, "I can give you an item."

Pianos must have a good deal of patience, considering how they are hammered and how seldom they are tuned.

A boy hasn't control of his own name, but he sees to it that no hifalutin appellation is attached to his dog.

Why does a woman, when she thinks she has literary ability, feel that she would make a good hand on a newspaper?

Tell a woman that another woman dresses well, and the listening dame will say, "She ought to," in a way that means a good deal.

If a girl makes a specialty of wearing as many rings as she can get on her fingers, she should also keep her hands clean as a side line.

People who stay at home most of the time, usually give a traveling man credit for having a much more joyful time than he ever has.

As a general rule, a sign painter's license seems to allow as many liberties with orthography as a poet takes with facts and grammar.

Flies carry around so many germs that the cook should make sure these little insects are well done before serving them with the soup.

Beyond the assistance offered by the sugar trust and the Jersey cow, efforts to improve the strawberry haven't amounted to much.

If you inherited anything worth while, it should keep you so busy you won't have much time to devote to bragging on your ancestors.

Every town that isn't that large, hopes some day to acquire sufficient industries to warrant complaining about the smoke nuisance.

The world progresses slowly, to be sure, but fewer young men than formerly feel called upon to prove to the world that they can grow a moustache.

Fathers may be divided into two classes: Those who think baseball is foolishness, and those who believe their sons should be playing in the major leagues.

Our notion of the most worthless son is one who will spring the "poor old mother" gag to keep him out of jail after he has done something that should put him in.

While women will tell you they are firm believers in marrying for love, you will observe that they say, of a bride who has a rich husband, that she has "done well."

Judge Johnson recently read that fifty-seven unmarried people commit suicide to every forty-three married people. Which may be taken as proof that married people lose their nerve.

Probably the great race of cows would have been spared the ignominy of having one of their number charged with starting the Chicago fire if cigarette smoking had been more prevalent at the time.

While consoling your enemies to boiling oil might be a satisfactory revenge, boiling water might serve the same purpose, at the same time offering no encouragement to that unduly restraining corporation, the Standard Oil company.

A classified advertisement—plus some persistence—sells your property.

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

THE HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN.

Text, "They that have turned the world upside down."—Acts xvii, 6. Sometimes the devil unwittingly tells the truth. This is one of the times. The crowd near the accusation through the streets of Thessalonica. But it was sin, not Paul, that had turned the world upside down. He was turning it right side up. It's according to your point of view. The Chinese begin to read at the end of the line and at the bottom of the page. The bat hangs upside down and laughs at a topsy turvy world. The skeptic stands on his head intellectually and says, "See me hold up the world!" The world smiles, but the skeptic still argues. Remember the "House Upside Down" on the midway at the Buffalo Pan-American exposition? Carpets, rugs, chairs, tables, dishes, were on the ceiling. Wall paper and pictures on the wall were upside down. Finally you got confused and you couldn't tell whether 'twas the house or you that was upside down. You felt that you were walking, fly-like, head down from the ceiling.

The truth is this is a topsy turvy world. One man saying to build a house, another selling below cost. One's fighting for justice, another fleeing from it. One man spending money for flowers for a woman, his neighbor spending money for a divorce. One man's at the drug store for medicine to prolong life; another's buying poison to end his. Thousands come into the world upside down and always continue so. They are human embryos—ever going backward. Society is life upside down. The world started right, but Satan, Archimedes-like, got his lever under it and with his turned it upside down. Paradise turned to perdition, heaven to hell. Christ comes and with the lever of the cross turns it right side up. Life is a house. With many it is upside down. Heredity, environment, education, indigestion, false standards, have put us wrong. Things are distorted, misplaced, untrue.

Ground Floor.

Kitchen's on this floor. To get along with a man "feed the brute!" says the cynical woman. Food's fuel. Feasting's not always a duty. Feasting's not always a sin. Sometimes fasting's a sin and feasting a duty. John fasted. Jesus feasted. Girls at school are taught calculus, but not cooking. In the coal regions of my state they say "strikes are caused by bad cooking." In a lumber camp where men saw wood they get dinner with a can opener and a coffeepot. Brides had better not cook that way if the wood of the desk is the only lumber their husbands see. Many a kitchen's upside down. Smile in the dining room. Ask a blessing; but don't eat. There's a kind of piety that's a disease of the liver. No gossip, no snarling, at your table. A hearty laugh may do as much good as Oolong or Java, tendorin or cutlet. Parlor's on this floor. It's artificial, superficial and shallow. In it we act like puppets and dress like dolls. Secretly we hate the parlor. We keep it dark, stiff and formal. "Children," calls mother, "keep out of the parlor. You'll break something!" Sleeping rooms are on this floor. Third of our lives are passed there. When you reach threescore and ten you'll have spent nearly twenty-five years there. Babyhood and childhood mean much sleep. "Bedrooms upside down?" Sometimes. Either barren as a barn or formal as a funeral. Man has to figure out those pink log pillows—to be slept on or used as a barricade for the door? Is the crazy quilt a coverlet or an ornament? Rest sleep I ever had was when as a college boy I went preaching in the country. Big, well ventilated room, whitewashed walls. After I had said "Now I lay me" a dear old fashioned, motherly woman came to tuck me in bed, put hot bricks to my feet and prayed that God would bless the poor preacher boy. That night I slept the sleep of childhood. On this floor in the front room with the big bay window is the sitting room—no, living room, I mean. That's the room. Here's where you are yourself, where you play with the children, where you read the Bible and have family prayers. Make the living room of life right!

The Attic.

"Except ye become converted and as little children," said Christ. Remember that third story attic room in your old home? Children multiplied. Trundle beds were added. Then we were packed to bed up in the attic under the eaves. There we heard the pattering rain upon the roof. There we saw the twinkling of the stars at night. They were themselves into poetry and dreams. There in the cedar chest was grandmother's wedding dress. She was but sixteen then. Yonder hung grandfather's Revolutionary sword. How it used to gleam in the moonlight! That was the place for dreams! The fragrance of the lilacs and roses came in the little attic windows. Not spider webs did our child eyes see, but fresco of angels. With the passing of the attic third floor went our dreams and visions. From our soul's top floor we can see across the river of death to the glowing domes and towers of the shining city beyond. In the home right side up the lower windows look out on the ash pile and household garbage can. The upper windows see Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood. Stand dressed in living green.

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