

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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Life wants bachelors arrested for contempt of courtship. That Oyster Bay deteline isn't being used much this summer.

Is the American army still in Texas, or has it all melted away?

Government mints are not in it with mint julep with the thermometer in the ninety.

Haiti has an incorrect general named Just. If his cause is like his name he should win.

Mrs. Carrie Nation did not make her dramatic fight against the saloon in vain. She left a fortune of \$20,000.

England's first military aeroplane has been named the May-fly. Of course it may end then again it may not.

A baker's trust has been organized, but the rolling pin will continue to be a weapon of offense and defense in many homes.

They only killed three aviators and injured two out of fifty Sunday at the meet at Vincennes, France. Play the game, boys!

Considering that George V's crown cost \$7,500,000, he is not in any position to criticize the cost of his wife's summer hat.

There is a man in St. Louis who boasts that his wife thinks more of him than anything else on earth—except her pet dog.

What an awful job Mrs. Taft will have to count all those silver spoons daily, to see if burglars or the hired girl has got any of 'em.

A good many people sigh for Easy street, when as a matter of fact it's the most disagreeable and unsatisfactory avenue that life offers.

The park about New York's new library is fully occupied, and if they'd serve pink tea inside, perhaps some one would come in and look at the books.

If congress is going to get Uncle Sam's garden hoed before the snow flies, they've got to do something besides smelling around the pig pen for bad odors.

A German killed himself in St. Louis because he could not learn to speak English. It seems surprising that a man should expect to learn English in St. Louis.

The Nashville Tennessee finds fault with W. J. Bryan for eating pork chops in June, but no man ever lived on mush and milk and ran a successful newspaper.

"College girls listen to baccalaureate" is the way the newspapers head it up. Considering all the dressmakers did for them, it takes faith to believe they listened.

Judging by the rusted condition of the Maine, if they had waited a little longer before trying to dispose of it, there would have been nothing to raise or to remember.

Postmaster General Hitchcock says the railroads could carry the mail for \$9,000,000 less. Uncle Sam is the only man in the country who never kicked on railroad rates.

John Muir, the naturalist, has gone to Chili to see a rare tree. If it is any kind of a fruit tree, we have the feeling that some small boys of our neighborhood will get there first.

Plenty of places are sighing for the privilege of entertaining the north pole through the summer season. Why didn't Peary bring it along and a few icebergs to keep it company?

The fleet of submarines stayed under water ten hours off Cape Cod last week, but they won't do it after the summer girl gets located at the shore resorts with all her fluff clothes.

Some of the friends of the other candidates for the presidential nomination are saying that Woodrow Wilson is not a democrat. Some people would consider that a handsome compliment.

A Japanese university has established a chair of commercial probity. It would never do to have anything of that sort in America. It would be prohibited on the ground of disturbing business.

Those wise in affairs of state say the senate is going to vote for reciprocity but it is going to wear the country out first. It need not work any longer to accomplish that end.

The country is already in a threadbare condition.

Kansas is calling for help to harvest her great wheat crop and it is estimated that 18,000 young men from other states have answered the call. An exchange styles it "the mobilizing of the golden legion."

It has cost \$800,000 in special attorney's fees to prosecute the trusts for two years. We may never get the money back, but it's worth it to feel you can start a peanut stand without asking Wall street.

Billy Sunday has just finished six weeks evangelistic services in Toledo, Ohio, and received \$15,000 from the people for his labors. This would have lasted the old-time itinerant minister about thirty years.

The hotel men from all over the country met at Boston the past week, and we hope the serried phalanx of open palms made them aware how the public feels when asked to pay two prices for everything.

It is reported that our representative at the coronation ceremonies, John Hayes Hammond, is threatened with nervous prostration. No wonder, if it is as hot in London as it is here, and he has to spend hours in impossibly elaborate clothing.

It takes a Boston man to be polite under trying circumstances. Prof. S. C. Curry of that city was knocked down the other day by a St. Louis street car. As soon as he recovered his breath he apologized to the conductor for delaying traffic.

There are many congressmen who get "applause" in the Congressional Record who rarely get it from their constituents. One member from West Virginia credited himself with eighteen outbursts of applause in a short speech printed in the Record which he never delivered.

One railroad company has supplied its Pullman porters with vacuum cleaners with which to extract the dust from the passengers' clothing. The intention of the railroad may be beneficial, but the chances are that those porters will use the machines to extract pay dirt rather than ordinary dust.

There is no question but what the number of flies has been appreciably reduced in the past ten years. Two factors have united to bring about this desirable decline in the annual fly crop, the smaller number of horses used in towns and cities and the determined crusade against the pestiferous little insects.

A manuscript of eighteen pages found in a monument of the eleventh dynasty in Egypt and supposed to be over 4,000 years old, laments the good old times that have passed away, and warns the young against the evils of that day. This proves that the desire to return to the "good old days" has prevailed in the human heart since the time of Abraham.

The results of the mobilization of the troops in Texas has been worth all that it cost. The nation will never fully know how much trouble and vexation with other nations was prevented by the prompt action of President Taft. The truth is that if the Monroe doctrine is to be maintained the United States must make it very plain to the other great nations of the earth that it is not only competent but willing to act as the big policeman whenever any trouble breaks out on this continent.

New York has just completed arrangements for undertaking new subway projects to cost \$257,000,000. The biggest work now in the hands of any government, state or national, at home or abroad, so says Mayor Gaynor, and the figures support his statement, for while as much or more will be spent on the Panama canal it is doubtful whether, when completed, the canal will have cost anywhere near as much as the New York underground railway system when completed, for the present plans are confessedly incomplete.

Gov. Robinson of Arkansas has found out for himself how insignificant governors may be when they really try hard. He attempted to veto the resolution passed by the legislature of that state ratifying the proposed income tax amendment. After the veto he took up the constitution of the United States and discovered that it provides that congress may "propose amendments" which shall be valid "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the different states." It doesn't say a word about governors. Like the boy who was kicked by the mule, the governor of Arkansas will never look quite as handsome but he'll know a whole lot more.

It is generally accepted in England that Lloyd-George's latest scheme for insuring against sickness and non-employment will be adopted. It is estimated that this measure and the old age pensions will, combined, make a total of \$125,000,000 contributed by the tax-payers to the needy, annually. That the poor laborers of England need this amount under present conditions is unquestioned, but the giving of this great sum yearly does not remedy the conditions. At best these

measures are simply palliatives. They are not cures. It is a striking example of the evils that come from congested population and an over-industrialism. That way lies degeneracy, pitiable poverty and vast riches.

The British people are feeling highly incensed at the action of Sir Wilfred Laurier in bluntly refusing to accede to any imperialistic proposals that would tend to bind members of the British empire together more permanently, and in stoutly asserting the right of Canada to adjust all her trade relations with other countries to suit herself and herself alone. If the memory of the British people were a little longer, it would understand that Sir Wilfred's attitude is the direct result of the action of the British parliament toward him and the Canadian people. The time was when Sir Wilfred was ready to be as much of an imperialist as any one, but the British government refused to meet his advances by so much as a step. It is repeating now what it sowed four years ago.

The vacation season is at hand. Many thousands of people have looked forward to it with varying anticipations for months, yet how many out of the thousands who are able to indulge in any kind of vacation trip, get the rest and relaxation which their physical and nervous systems require to fit them for another year's strain? There are too many who work harder having a "jolly good time" than have during the year at their regular employment, others try to do the hundred and one things that accumulate, like old furniture in a garret, that must be done "some time." These things you mean to do some time, grow into a heavy chain that drags one down till vacation time comes, then in a spirit of desperation you rush in and try to clean up your mental garret in a few short weeks. The result is anything but restful to the tired body and brain.

Col. Goethals' insistence that congress take up at once the matter of tolls on the Panama canal is easily explained and the importance of his desire made plain. The first is the meeting this year of a conference of steamship companies in Europe to fix freight rates on most commodities for a long time to come. If these are fixed without regard to any toll on the canal, it may result in a great loss of business for the canal at the very start. The second reason is that two great steamship companies are planning to build ships for the western coast trade through the canal. If the toll to be exacted is prohibitively high, the ships will not be built, if they are going to be low enough to admit of a profitable business enterprise the builders ought to know it for it takes two years to build the ships and by the time they are ready for use the canal will be practically completed. If this question of tolls goes over to the December session it will result in considerable loss to the government.

In view of a remark that was made at the Ad club banquet the other night by a stranger in the city, during the course of an address, this point wants to be emphasized in connection with the existence of both a Commercial club and an Ad club in Norfolk—the Ad club and Commercial club are both working for the same upbuilding of Norfolk, not as rivals but as co-operating organizations, and for the sake of Norfolk there must be harmonious co-operation between them. The Ad club appreciates, The News has reason to believe, all the good work that the Commercial club has done and is doing; and the Commercial club recognizes in the Ad club a healthy new booster's association whose only aim is to build up Norfolk. It is not a question of which club shall do this or that, or which shall have credit for this, that or the other. The upbuilding of Norfolk is the aim of both and both clubs are composed of enthusiastic Norfolk boosters who have no axes to grind and no motive for their activity other than Norfolk's advancement into her proper position as the commercial hub of the richest agricultural territory in the world.

THE OIL ROAD. The completion of the oil road on South Thirteenth street, for three and a half miles out of Norfolk, marks the beginning of a new epoch of roadmaking in northern Nebraska, and the Norfolk Commercial club, which took the contract to do the work for the county, has earned by its achievement a lasting place in north Nebraska's heart. Good roads have come to be recognized as one of the greatest needs of the country. The farmers are beginning to realize the money that good roads will save them. Sooner or later they will be built all over America. And it marks a community as progressive, which gets into the front on these enterprises and plays the role of the pioneer.

A GREAT CROP OUTLOOK. When this country needs rain, it rains. The two great rains that fell over north Nebraska and southern Dakota Saturday and Sunday, following the heavy rain of a week previous, have put the crops in territory tributary to Norfolk, in ideal condition and a bountiful harvest in every line of soil-produce, is now anticipated.

Never did the crops look better around Norfolk. Corn is two weeks

ahead of the average year, wheat is an excellent yield, oats is an average crop and rye was never so good. The rain has done wonders for pastures, hay and potatoes.

Prosperity is the order of the day and business is bound to hum in this territory during the coming fall and winter.

It's a good time to stick around Norfolk.

NORFOLK'S TERRITORY.

G. L. Carlson gave Norfolk some startling figures the other night—figures that it would be well worth while to publish to the world. He pointed out the fact that the soil in ten counties around Norfolk, an area of ninety miles square, is of a quality which can know no crop failure, regardless of drought. It is a loess soil, the most productive in the world, and its fertility is the foundation for the building of an empire hereabouts which must demand and support a city many times larger than the Norfolk of today.

Mr. Carlson combated the oft told tale that there is in the Black Hills the richest 100 square miles in the world. That area of gold mines produces \$3,500,000 a year on an average and once went almost to \$6,000,000. In comparison with this the ninety miles square around Norfolk produces every year \$75,000,000 in farm products—more than twelve times the wealth produced in "the richest 100 miles square in the world" of the Black Hills. Mr. Carlson's research work in getting at the facts about this country, ought, to instill a pride in northern Nebraska that the region never has known before. It ought, too, to instill a determination to get down to more scientific farming methods and thus to give this splendid soil a chance to do its best work.

BURR TAFT, BUILDER.

In connection with the oil road which has just been constructed on South Thirteenth street out of Norfolk, the people of Norfolk feel intensely grateful to County Commissioner Burr Taft, whose efforts made this progressive enterprise possible and who may well be termed the father of oil roads in northern Nebraska. But for Mr. Taft's untiring zeal Norfolk would have no oil road today.

During his service on the board of county commissioners, Burr Taft has done so many things for Norfolk that this city hardly knows where to begin first in trying to express its appreciation for his achievements in Norfolk's behalf. The successful conquest of the water which formerly rushed down into the west end of the city from hills northwest, and which for years caused thousands of dollars of damage and greatest discomfort to residents of that portion of the town, was due exclusively to Burr Taft. The completion of a good road on South First street was due in a large measure to Burr Taft. The building of a substantial bridge across the Northfork on Norfolk avenue and now across that river on North First street are the work of Burr Taft and now the pioneer oil road in this part of Nebraska has come as a result of his enterprise.

It is hard to estimate the good to a community that can be done by a man like that.

THE NEW OCEAN MONSTERS.

The landing in New York this week of the Olympic, a ship 882 feet in length, and 175 feet from her keel to the top of her funnels, brings to our shores one of the marvels of the age. It becomes of personal interest to a good many people who do not care about its scientific aspects, from the fact that the big ships of this type practically banish the danger of sea sickness.

The number of people who travel in Europe is about half what it would be, could one get there by rail. The other half are made permanently land lubbers by the terrors of this malady.

If anyone can raise the price, for a first or second cabin trip by one of the new large ships, let him never waste a moment's thought on sea sickness. Under all ordinary conditions, you will be more likely to get sea sick on your own piazza from swinging in the hammock.

Many people have previously been out in some fishing boat on the ocean or lakes, where their little craft would flip up at an angle about fifty times more unsettling than the angle at which an ocean liner can be lifted by the waves. Or they were out in some coast steamship where there is no ventilation other than the door from their stateroom to a stuffy hall.

Recalling the distressing symptoms following such an experience, when they set out for a wrestle with old ocean they are actually seasick before they leave the wharf.

In a modern ocean liner, the powerful motors drive into every stateroom a steady current of live-giving sea air, whose tonic tingle makes you forget everything except your desire for dinner time.

As compared with travel about our own country, it need not be particularly expensive to go to Europe. The man on \$1,000 salary so hates the notion that he can not do everything a millionaire can do, that most of our people insist on knocking elbows with the millionaires in the first cabin, or we won't go at all.

Meanwhile servants and other hard working people who were born in Eu-

rope journey back and forth not infrequently to kiss the old sod, traveling second and third cabin with the thrifty conservation of resources that is characteristic of the narrower means of Europe.

EUROPEAN TITLE TRAFFIC.

Representative A. J. Sabath of Chicago laid his hand on a sore spot Tuesday, when he offered in congress a resolution inquiring as to the purchase of foreign titles by American women. He also wants to know how much American money in stocks and bonds is in European coffers, owing to the high costs of such titles, and refers also to the "craze of the trust-made rich who are suffering from chronic titleitis."

Mr. Sabath may be joking. Or if serious, he will be everlastingly jolled. The remedy for this real evil is not to be found in acts of congress, which would tend merely to make the said titles more attractive still, as being forbidden fruit.

Meanwhile, all Europe, from Liverpool to Naples, is dotted with former ruined castles that are now regilded with American money. But what does European society really think of the newcomers?

The contemporary review indicates the point of view by remarking: "Who would ever hear of the Americans in Europe except for their great wealth? And in the society which they have attained, where do they represent any moral or political force?"

The bargain counters of European nobility are loaded up with dissolute and impoverished noblemen, usually ostracized by their own class, whose families are only too tickled to sell them for American coupons.

The process impoverishes our homeland both in money and personality. It can never be stopped by any legislation. Of course there are a great many international marriages that are happy. But in the also frequent cases where a title is squarely swapped for a fortune, the American girl and her capitalistic father ought to be made to realize that they do not get a bargain. They have bought and paid for the article they wanted, but they have not got the goods.

Why? No matter how attractive the girl may be, as an American she usually has a rather picturesque individuality. This shocks the social tape and conventionality of Europe. She is pronounced queer, erratic. She remains on the fringes of their society. She thought she bought a floor ticket admitting her to all the mazes of the titled dance, but she merely has a general admission to the gallery, entitling her to stand up at the rear and look over the heads of the natives.

COST OF NAVY YARDS.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer, speaking before a house committee, favors abandoning half of our navy yards. Mr. Meyer's offensive minding of other people's business is deplored by our politicians, who feel that the principal duty of a navy is to repair political fences, and furnish a supply of reserves always on hand with which to carry caucuses.

It is on this account that the expense of our navy yards has always been disproportionately large to the total naval bill. The jacksies doing real navy work on board a warship, who have signed papers under which they must stand up in their little boots and be fired at in case of war, are too far distant from any particular polling place to become cogs in any political machine.

Meanwhile, the land lubbers and hangers on and sinecurists of our repair shops live within half a mile of the place where caucuses are held and they always vote straight. They must be cared for.

Thus it is that in five years up to 1909 it cost \$40,000,000 to maintain our navy yards. During a similar period the maintenance bills in Great Britain's home navy yards were only \$7,000,000.

In the New Orleans navy yard in one recent year they paid out \$78,247 for maintenance, and the shops put through a product worth \$1,046.

A recent commandant at one of the big yards found that one of the principal jobs was to sign routine papers. The heads of departments could not settle detail matters by the quick method of talking face to face or over the telephone, as would be done in any private business. Under the rules they had to write, and the commandant had to sign personally 300 to 1,000 routine letters daily.

The prize paper by a paymaster recently revealed that boat tillers, simple wooden sticks, average to cost \$1 to \$3 in several yards. The writer said that he could buy a pick handle in a store that with a little whittling would make two fine tillers, for 20 cents.

In one yard, a building occupied by three different bureaus had three different heating and lighting plants. In another a fine machine shop was occupied by but one man.

When will our people learn how their daily cost of living is enhanced by allowing their public services to be run by politicians instead of by business men?

AROUND TOWN.

Which side of the cherry pie argument are you on—is pie made from cherries with the pits in, enough better than the other kind to overcome

the feature of having to pit 'em when you eat it, or not?

We would say that women favored the ones with the pits in, to save pitting 'em, if we didn't know a man who doesn't give a darn how much work the women do, and who won't eat a cherry pie unless the pits are in.

There's a weed ordinance in Norfolk, and it ought to be enforced, along with Mayor Friday's commendable order to trim the trees.

We wish those two 6 o'clock whistles would get together. We try to go to work by the last one and quit by the first one, but the double alarm is hard on the nerves, just the same.

And speaking of whistles: There's a man in Norfolk who is so deaf that he can't hear the whistles at all. Result is, if he ever gets started to work, he never knows when to quit.

Our idea of how not to enjoy life, is to travel around the country and hold revival meetings in tent, with an audience of from one to two people per night.

We hope you like your new crown, king.

Dick Little of Chicago suggests that the way to crown a king would be for the king to go down and pick out the nicest crown he could find, and wear it home, leaving his old one to be re-blocked and repaired with a new band and sweatband, and then sent up to the palace for him to wear on rainy days and days when he wanted to go fishing.

Do automobiles get frightened at Fourth of July fireworks?

Doc Wiley is going after beer. A man couldn't be blamed for going after any kind of a drink, this weather.

"A Rise in Mutton," says a headline. One way to get a rise in mutton is to hit a sheep at the Country club, with a golf ball.

"Norfolk people read fiction," says the paper. Which proves that Norfolk does read something besides The News.

South Thirteenth street is oil right.

The Fourth of July is only a week away. First thing you know it'll be Christmas.

But the Fourth isn't what it used to be.

"When Nebraska needs rain, it rains. I think it will rain before morning." That was the remark of a speaker at the Ad club banquet the other night. It didn't rain before morning, but it did rain the next and again the next. When Nebraska needs rain, it does rain, all right.

What's become of the old fashioned man who used to lie down on his back under his automobile, to repair it?

That's not the only change that's been made in the automobile business. The first car you ever saw or rode in, probably, was at the Trans-Mississippi exposition in 1898, when you paid a quarter to die in the "horseless carriage." Today, thirteen years later, they're as common as horses.

In fact the business is getting so modernized that they announce 1912 models by the time 1911 is less than half finished. We wonder why some enterprising factory doesn't slip one over on the others and announce a 1925 model.

By way of diversion, don't you realize that you would be a better citizen if you would cut the weeds in front of your home? Won't you help make Norfolk a better looking town? On the square, the weeds do look awfully ragged.

Are you making a Bogey record at swatting flies?

One of the little jobs that the directors of the Commercial club cut out for their new secretary a couple of months ago, was a campaign for a hospital in Norfolk. There's no time like the present. And there's no time like the past on the fact that Norfolk still needs the hospital.

We likewise need some sort of a fall festival, along the Akarsben line, and if we're to have it this fall, it's time right now to be doing something.

Although W. H. Livingston is a night policeman on Norfolk avenue, officials of a local bank were notified by restaurant waiters that the bank front had blown in during the wind storm. Mr. Livingston, who is past 70 and too old for his job, complains of having to walk around on the pavement, because it hurts his feet. Apparently he wasn't hurting his feet around the scene of trouble at 1 a. m. Monday. He probably knows now that a bank front blew in—he read The News last night.

We see by the paper that the new golf champion of the United States is a youth of 21, who started as a caddy. We see now that we started at the wrong end of the game.

Six more sleeps till the Fourth.

What sort of a game was the Commercial club secretary trying to rib up, anyhow?

On some streets the crossings are so high that no speed limit ordinance is necessary.

Did you catch enough soft water to wash your hair?

Whiskers and lawns are about the same proposition. Let 'em go longer than they ought to go, and you can't do a good job mowing 'em going once over.

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

PAYING YOUR FARE. Text, "So he paid the fare thereof."—Jonah 1:8.

The book of Jonah is unique. It's the most admirable short story in the world. Literary correspondence schools should note it. It is begun and finished in forty-eight verses. Wealth of incident, progression of movement, variety of detail, dialogue and narrative, are wonderfully balanced. Its condensation is a model. Only ten verses in the second chapter of this fascinating book, yet they form a paragon of worship, prayer and praise. Nevertheless no Bible book has received half the canonizing that Jonah has. The world has had much to say by way of pleasantry concerning Jonah and the whale. It's been the laughingstock of infidel and the victim of higher critic. With caricature and ridicule, with ignorance and learning, they've attacked it. They've gloated wildly over the size of the whale's throat. shrieks of merriment have accompanied their measurement of the whale's intestines. The Bible says the Lord "prepared" a great fish. If he prepared the fish I would suppose he made the dimensions to suit the case. However, the world wags on. No less a scholar than the former president of the greatest university of the west questioned the story, and no less a person than a man who himself thought it worthy to quote as being correct. I prefer to range myself with the latter. But the story of that sorry day doesn't have to be true. It's happening in your town today.

The Runaway Sailor.

Indeed, Jonah is a type of many people in many ages. There may be some in your town, in your house, possibly one in your shoes. I've had some on the passenger list of my church. If they'd only jump overboard! But, no; they'd only the captain and the crew and all the other passengers ought to be thrown overboard. They want to stay and steer the ship. Oh, they've good stuff in them, I'm sure, but they raise storms and nearly sink the vessel. You see, the man who's running away from God—that's what Jonah was foolishly trying to do—always is an unhappy fellow. Did you ever try to hide yourself from God by excuses or company or lies or loud laughter? God said to Jonah, "Go to Nineveh"—that was eastward by land. Jonah started to Tarshish, westward, by water. With his bundle on his back he slips away from his little home town in Galilee. Two days later he's skulking through the narrow streets and busy wharfs of the seaport town of Joppa. To those heathen sailors he's a queer looking fish in strange waters. But he has found an easy way out of a hard task—he has eluded God, poor Jonah! He has not yet learned the lesson that there's no place in all the universe, in the world that now is or that which is to come, for a man running away from God. Duty's never done by dodging it.

Jonah steps aboard the rough craft, pays his fare, zampank is hoisted in, anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted. Soon the rigging is rattling in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Jonah smiles craftily; has the air of a man who's secretly done a smart thing. He has overreached God! Ever feel that way, neighbor? Soon he's in the hold asleep. Hark! Was that laughter? No; 'twas the mutter of thunder and flash of lightning. Snap goes rigging, crash goes the mast. The vessel's pitching "a-beam's end." The superstitious sailors are hunting the cause. They cast lots. Jonah's the man. He confesses. They bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over the guard rail and drop him into the angry waters below. He paid his fare to Tarshish, but he never got there. Neither does any one who runs away from God and duty. It was an expensive trip for Jonah. He lost money, time, approval of conscience and smile of God—would he have lost life and soul but for God's mercy? Sin in the soul is like Jonah in the ship—the smooth water is turned into a tempestuous sea.

"The Devil's Dice Are Loaded."

Satan robs you, doesn't deliver the goods and doesn't refund. He takes your money and puts you off at a poor landing place. He promises to take you from Joppa to Tarshish and throws you over before you are halfway. Only one thing is certain—he never fails to collect the fare. Dealing with the devil is like playing with a gambler at his own game—when you are surest he has you. My scolding friend bought a stack of infidel books. How he used to sneer! He paid \$10 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the books. He landed in perdition. You pay your price. The beautiful Chicago hessess married the young lord with handsome face and rotten character. Have you read her heartbroken letters? She's paying the price. That woman who got the extra pair of silk hosiery through the clerk's mistake bragged of being in a pair of stockings, but she's out a woman's drier and nobler instincts. That man who dodged the trolley fare thought he got a free ride, but he didn't. He paid the coin of meanness and dishonesty. He was poorer when he left the car than when he entered. You must pay the fare. You're paying either to Tarshish or Nineveh, the devil or God—which?

A classified advertisement will introduce you to the loser of the article you've found—an introduction of mutual importance.

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