

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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The Journal, Established 1877.

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The farmer always has a job.

A genius is a man who can make anything but a living.

There is nothing as hopeless as the average book of rules on how to succeed.

Life without humor is as hard as riding in a wagon without springs—nothing to ease the jolts.

It is probable that the whole country will be electrified when the eighty-seven wire trust men come to trial.

Louisiana has abolished the roller towel, but the citizens of that state can still dry their hands on their trousers.

An exchange asks, "Does travel pay?" The railroad companies and hotel keepers unitedly answer in the affirmative.

The presidential campaign of 1912 promises to be conducted on the most economical lines of any campaign for many years.

Evelyn Thaw says another woman is trying to impersonate her. Why should anybody want to be taken for Evelyn Thaw?

Japan has ordered another dreadnaught, evidently for no other purpose than to give Lieut. Hobson another stretch of sleepless nights.

The president took eight senators on the yacht Mayflower, and if he made them swallow reciprocity, it probably soon found its way into the sea.

A demand has been started for fire-proof money so that the money will not be consumed when the house burns. Why not put it in the bank?

An Italian, not an American, has invented a syllabic typewriter. There are some clever people, now and then one, who do not float the American flag.

It has been suggested that the steam shovels used in digging the canal should be gilded and used as links in a connecting chain between the two oceans.

Montana has sent a long petition to congress declaring the state for reciprocity and expressing the belief that it will be for the best interests of the country.

An elephant and a donkey are racing from Coney Island to Washington, and having given a wide berth to Oyster Bay, one of them will perhaps get there.

There was just one person present to hear one of the senatorial speeches the other day, and the reason why he listened has never been thoroughly explained.

Many men have the idea that in order to be successful they must be at the bat all the time. This is not true. Every man must do his share of the feilding.

The senate, it is said, will vote on reciprocity during July. The country wants congress to act, and then lock up the capitol and hide the key until the first Monday in December.

Castro continues to be the real man without a country. The "powers that be," under the leadership of the United States, are said to be conspiring to prevent his return to Venezuela.

The telephone is proving of the greatest value in saving our forests from being swept by fires. Since 1906 the forestry service has built over 5,000 miles of telephone lines.

The express companies volunteer to lower rates. Some of the high perches are not so popular since it has been learned that Uncle Sam carries a gun reaching to the top of the tall timber.

The perjury developments in the Lorimer case would indicate that the American people were no better than Cicero pronounced the Greeks, utterly without a sense of the sanctity of an oath.

The corporations bureau says \$150,000,000 was paid for promoting and underwriting the steel trust. This must have paid for several families of the 400 to go to Newport that summer.

Mrs. Hetty Green has sold her holdings in Chicago real estate for more than a million dollars, but so far none of Mrs. Green's wealth has been squandered on automobiles or aeroplanes.

LaFollette announces his intention of talking three days against reciprocity.

By. About all that he will accomplish will be to exhaust himself and increase the size of the Congressional Record.

There seems little profit in forecasting the presidential probabilities for next year, but at least it may be remarked in passing that it will not be a LaFollette year, wherever else the lightning may strike.

The government closed the fiscal year with a cash balance of \$33,000,000. This large sum will soon burn a hole in congress' pocket, and it was an awful mistake to let any of our legislators know about it.

Mr. Bryan positively declares that Gov. Harmon "won't do." And Gov. Harmon emphatically responds "The same to you, Colonel, and many of them." Such is party harmony among our democratic brethren.

The most northerly postoffice in the United States has been established at Sugar Point, in the northwest angle of Minnesota. Why it is called Sugar Point is not clear. There are more pines than sugar in that section.

Stylish Paris women are having to change their clothes eleven times a day, 'tis said, but we suspect that some of their husbands have to remain in bed because they can't get money for a business suit to wear down town.

A movement is on foot to so improve the St. Lawrence river that ocean steamers can ascend into the great lakes. President Taft is already on record as favoring a joint improvement of the St. Lawrence by the two governments.

An Illinois farmer recently realized \$2,000 out of an old rail fence which he considered fit for nothing but fire wood. It happened to be red cedar and will be converted into lead pencils. That's just as good as getting money from home.

The bricks from the tower of Babel are being ground into cement for modern improvements in that old world place. Cement walks will help the people along the highway of progress a great deal faster than it would to gaze at that old tower another century.

How long does congress suppose that Alaskans can be compelled to import coal from Canada and Australia, while the richest coal beds in the world lie in their door yards? It cannot be hoped that men will not finally take what they feel is their own, when no legal means is provided for its purchase or use.

Gov. Wilson of New Jersey and Gov. Eberhart of Minnesota have gained admittance into the society of "Patrician Governors." It has been suggested that their respective state capitals ought to be put on wheels, so they could transact a little necessary business for their states as they swing round the circle.

An exchange says, "One-third of the fools in the country think they can beat a lawyer in expounding the laws. One-half think they can beat the doctor in healing the sick. Two-thirds of them think they can put the minister in the hole expounding the gospel, and all of them think they can beat an editor running a paper."

Canada is to have \$5 and \$10 gold coins exactly equivalent to the coin of the same denomination in the United States, and these are to be accepted at their face value in this country and the American coinage will be similarly honored there. This is another kind of reciprocity that will bring the two countries closer together.

The race war in South Africa grows more fierce as civilization advances. The English have been very severe in their criticism of the United States on account of occasional lynchings of negroes. Now that these occur frequently in their South African colonies, they may come to understand what a race problem means.

The Cornell Era has investigated the careers of 170 of the graduates of that institution, who have distinguished themselves above their fellows, and finds that out of that number 101 were known as grinds during their college course. This is giving the "grind" a little of the deserved credit for determined effort that is long past due.

Complete returns on foreign commerce for the fiscal year ending June 30, will show the country's exports to have reached the enormous total of over \$2,000,000,000. On this basis, with total estimated imports of about \$1,530,000,000, the balance in favor of the United States will be shown to be pretty close to \$500,000,000. Not such a discouraging showing, after all.

Among the immigrants who sought our shores last year were over a quarter of a million Hungarians. They prove to be notably industrious and thrifty citizens and that they do not forget their relatives left behind is evidenced by the figures given in the report of the American consul at Flume, showing that Hungarians in America have sent home during the past ten years over \$200,000,000.

President Taft doesn't make as

much noise about his ideas and achievements as some other presidents have, but he has been doing things the people wanted done ever since he entered the white house. A list of the measures for the practical good of the people which have been passed during his administration would fill a good long column and make those who think nothing has been accomplished take notice.

A New York professor's wife demands a divorce on the ground that her husband writes home made poetry and reads it to her at all hours of the day and night. She admits that she likes a little poetry now and then, but declares that she has been gorged with it until her life is miserable, her health impaired and her happiness forever gone. Give her the divorce by all means.

Lord Charles Beresford says the English speaking nations should combine to prevent war, that only criminals arouse a nation to strife and carnage, in which the poor do the fighting, the rich clip the coupons and the demagogues hold the jobs. The talk about "no peace without honor" is cheap talk. Peace with honor is the commonest kind of peace. Perhaps Lord Beresford has it about right.

No small credit is given to the newspapers of the country for the present assurance that the reciprocity measure will pass the senate without any amendments. They have been the great force that has made it possible for Mr. Taft to conquer a reluctant congress with such audacity and success. His reciprocity fight will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary political feats in the history of any administration.

The mortality of the babies in large cities during a hot wave is appalling. Much progress has been made toward better sanitation, purer milk and more healthful surroundings for those who are obliged to occupy the tenement districts of our great cities. But it is only a beginning, when compared to what must yet be done to give the little tenement babies a fair chance for life. New York lost 200,000 babies under a year old in twelve months, and Chicago 160,000 last year.

A great tidal wave of criticism is being rolled up by literary authorities, in which they hope to drown the popular affection lavished upon the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. Undoubtedly Stevenson's work was over praised according to cold literary standards, but it is nevertheless true that from the invalid's bed went forth a song that has made all human life sweeter, easier, and more hopeful. What purely literary triumph can compare with so moving an influence?

President Taft has already announced his intention of living in Cincinnati, which has been the home of both his own and Mrs. Taft's families for many years, and also says that his son Robert will follow the example of his father and grandfather and practice law in that city. So another ex-president has made his decision to live his own life in his own way after his retirement from the chief executive's office. Our retiring presidents all seem abundantly able to look after their own future.

A most convincing proof of the abundance of money in the hands of the people for legitimate investment is found in the promptness with which the Panama bond issue was taken. It was not expected that these bonds would prove particularly attractive as investments, as they bore only 3 percent interest and could not be used as the basis of bank note circulation. That they have been so promptly taken is an encouraging proof that there is money obtainable for legitimate enterprises even if the profit is not large.

The imposing ceremonies in which King George has so recently been the central figure are, after all, the most meaningless that a nation ever indulged in as far as they seem to invest the king with unusual power and influence. It has conferred upon him great dignity and there is in it the potency of good influence upon the national character. But its governing powers have long since become almost a pure fiction. Compared with the power exercised by the president of the United States, or for that matter, with his own prime minister, the king's position is largely honorary.

The erratic wanderings of the Rio Grande river are causing much trouble in the city of El Paso, Tex. The international commission which has been trying to decide what country this unfortunate city belongs to since the river has taken a notion to investigate the lay of the land on the other side of it, has decided that a considerable portion of the city is legally on Mexican soil. This decision is decidedly displeasing to the people of El Paso, and not wholly satisfactory to Mexico. When rivers are so fortunate as to have good beds they ought to lie quietly in them and not roam about getting into trouble with their neighbors.

An Anti-45-Year Age Limit league has been organized in Illinois to combat the idea advanced by Dr. Osler, that a man had reached the limit of his capacity at 45 and would deteriorate rather than develop after that age. One of its founders expresses his purpose in these words: "We hope to slip in the bud this idea that men are in any way incapacitated at such a trivial age as 45. You know the imaginations of people are wonderful things, and if you just tell them often enough that a man's no good after he reaches 45, they'll get to believe it pretty soon." This league is out to combat that idea, and its purpose is good.

The question of the absolute and relative credit of the United States was answered in a very flattering way by the sale of the Panama bonds. Not only did the aggregate bids amount to more than three times the issue, but the prices at which they were allotted indicate that this country has the highest credit of any in the world. Paying three percent, the bonds sold at an average price of 102.5. This means that the national treasury will receive for the \$50,000,000 issue something like \$51,250,000, to reimburse it for advances made to pay the current construction of the Panama canal. The government's financial program for completing the great work is now clear and easy.

Farmers have been told that wheat is down because of the reciprocity agreement. This is an entirely false statement. Wheat is down simply because the supply exceeds the demand. In May Minneapolis had in her elevators over fourteen million bushels. Other points have large supplies. Argentina shipped forty millions more than the preceding year. These facts have fixed the price world around. The Canadian proposition had nothing to do with it. If, however, the agreement is not adopted Canada will go into the imperial federation and become our great competitor. With the remedy in our hand, in the power of repeal, why not take the broad, comprehensive view of the matter and ratify the agreement?

Now that the simplified spelling board have the financial backing of Andrew Carnegie, it announces its intention of resuming its campaign with renewed vigor. It will issue circulars to be sent direct to 100,000 persons, the postage on which will amount to \$50,000 annually. If it does no other good this movement will give employment to printers and stenographers and help out the postal deficit, and it seems a harmless hobby to ride. But the American people are not inclined to make radical revisions in the spelling of their language suddenly. Such changes must come very gradually if they are to be permanent and satisfactory. Col. Roosevelt found out some years ago that the English language could not be changed by decree.

Potatoes have always been considered one of the cheapest articles of food obtainable, but for some years past they have been growing gradually higher. Potatoes at 25 cents a bushel and less are now only a memory and at the present time they class among the luxuries at from \$2 to \$3 a bushel. This condition is due to unfavorable weather conditions in potato raising districts, but there is good money in potato raising every year for the man who will go about it scientifically and prepare the soil for his special crop. In European countries farmers produce from three to five times the quantity of potatoes to the acre that are raised in America. Here is a fine field for the agriculturist to increase his income, and also, the world's supply of food.

Statistics show that the amount of money expended in carrying on the elementary and high schools of the country is approximately the same that is spent by the federal government on warships, pensions and the maintenance of the army and navy. The "School and Home Education" magazine suggests a rather fantastic and impracticable means of bringing the public to a realizing sense of how much militarism costs. The suggestion is that for one year the schools of the country be supported by the revenue derived from indirect taxation which now supports the army and navy and the direct taxation, formerly used for school expenses be used for military purposes. This publication believes such a method would bring it home to the people how much of their money is being used in powder and shot and they would demand a halt. It is questionable if the public at large would pay much attention to the change.

The most hopeless thing about our American system of education, is the small percentage of those who make use of the opportunities freely placed at their disposal, to complete the high school course. Statistics show that of every eighteen children who enter the public schools, only ten remain in the fifth grade, five in the eighth grade, and but one to graduate from the high school. That is, 94 percent of those who enter our city schools fail to complete the whole course. It is recognized that the school system is in some ways to blame for this deplorable condition, in not providing practical instruction in trades and industries that will fit the pupils to leave school equipped to earn their own livings and meet the conditions they are obliged to face successfully. Trade and industrial schools are now

being rapidly established to meet this deficiency. There is nothing which will cause the boy or girl who fails to complete the full school course keener regret in later years than to look back on their wasted opportunities. Then they will realize that they have narrowed their spheres of usefulness in the world and limited their capacity to get the best things out of life.

PROSPERITY AHEAD.
Norfolk this summer is the center of the greatest crops in the United States. With pretty nearly the entire middle west burned up, the rich territory surrounding Norfolk, reaching 200 miles northwest, is producing the greatest corn yield in history. As a result of the scarcity other places, farm products will be high priced this fall. And as a result of the local abundance, wealth will pour into this territory.

It ought to be a great fall and winter, in point of business, in this field.

BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP.
One is often surprised to see for what slight reasons people will turn down an offer by the tried and true home merchant, to accept some more or less illusory bargain offered at a distance.

Often the apparent gain of a nickel or a dime is enough to lead people to send their money away from home.

It is one of the laws of life, that to get one must give. You can't always be absorbing the good things of life from those around you, and never give anything in return.

All life is a trade. Sooner or later the man who thinks he can get something for nothing always is found out, and he gets what he gives.

The man who is not a familiar face in the business places of his home town is not a man who attracts many business friendships. He creates very little good will. People buy of him if they have to, if they find that he has bargains that they simply can't resist, but when things are about even, they never go out of their way to serve him.

Such a man gets a reputation for cold isolation, and if he wins it is by sheer hard work and friendships never help him.

A great many of the prizes in life go by favor. The fellow who feels interested in his townsmen, who takes every opportunity to throw a good business deal in the way of a neighbor, has created a host of friendly and willing debtors. These favors are not forgotten. They may seem bread cast upon the waters of a shoreless sea.

Then some day when he least expects it, along comes some man to whom he has done a business favor, to whom it is a pleasure to make some return.

Here is explained the mysterious ease with which some fellows get along in life. They never seem to work as hard as others. But they have a genius for business friendship, they throw business favors to friends whenever possible, they buy everything possible of their townsmen. They create such a host of business allies, that by and by they find what a lot of people there are in life who enjoy and believe in returning favors and remembering mutual obligations.

SWIMMING.
With the swimming season here, when the splash of the diver and the puffing of the novice is heard in every lake, stream and shore from one ocean to the other, the philosopher is led to query why the poets never paid any more attention to this ethereal enjoyment.

Possibly because there is so little illusion about it. When trust magnates, plumbers, clergymen and criminals emerge from the same bath house, distinguishable by nothing save the small brass bath room checks hanging down their necks, little room for imagination respecting their mental power or emotional interior is left.

However, the boy who grew up without learning to swim scarcely can be said to have lived a normal boy life. Relegated to the inglorious task of guarding the clothes of his comrades, while they perform aquatic stunts worthy of youthful vikings, how can he escape some small stain of servility from this failure of initiative?

At least in properly conducted swimming lessons there is an almost unparalleled physical development. It has been shown at the Amherst college natatorium that thirty-four men have made an average gain of eight pounds weight and twenty-three cubic inches of lung capacity, as the result of four swimming lessons a week for six weeks. This is the result of the deep breathing necessary against the strong resistance of water. No other exercise is so useful in developing the chest and middle third of the body containing all the vital organs.

To many a man confined in some stuffy office building or grimy factory, the memories of the old swimming hole have a lovely glamor of romance. Somehow the cool feel of the water on a hot day seems to bring boy nature to the highest point of tempestuous enjoyment.

The yelling of the boys at a ball game has in it a note of competitive struggle, forecasting but too strongly the envies and emulations of later life. The pure sensuous ecstasy of the swimmers, making the forest, valley and stream sides ring with their mirth, is untainted by the slightest

suggestion of rivalry. It is human nature's pure exultation under the most refreshing caress of mother earth.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.
The new item of July 2 to the effect that Assistant Secretary of State Alvey A. Adee has returned from his seventeenth bicycle trip through Europe, sounds like an echo from the tombs of a vanished sport.

On reading the foregoing, and curious to see to what extent the decline of interest in the bicycle is to be found in the literary records of our times, we looked up the subject of "Bicycling" in the magazine index of the years 1892 to 1896. There were seventy-seven articles on that subject in leading magazines.

For a similar five years period from 1905 to 1909 there were but five articles. One of these related to the displacement of the bicycle by the motor, and all the others had to do merely with scientific aspects of the bicycle.

We were curious still further to see how the enthusiastic predictions of those days of universal wheeling had turned out. An enthusiastic author in the Forum of 1896, said, "The bicycle is the most revolutionary social and economic force of modern times. It has entered into and changed the course of human affairs to an extent wider than any other influence. The time is not far distant when for all healthy persons the universal method of locomotion will be the bicycle."

The writer proved his case by showing that the bicycle had knocked off the consumption of cigars 1,900,000 a day, that the women's dress goods trade had suffered to the extent of 25 to 50 percent of its sales, and that theaters and churches are depleted.

A writer in the Arena at about that time remarked that the bicycle marked the beginning of transportation by mechanical instead of animal power, and meant the eventual reduction of the cost of repairing highways to the minimum, as the destructive impact of horses' hoofs would be removed. Wonder what he would say now to see a big touring car scrape the dirt out of a macadam road like some cyclopean grindstone.

Today a society girl would as soon be seen wearing a hoop-skirt as riding a wheel. But meanwhile many bicycles are still sold. A few devotees of the simple life like Mr. Adee continue thereby to find brighter faces and sharper appetites. But the modern youngster won't go even to a Sunday school picnic unless he can be transported in an automobile of recent build.

THE ALASKA COAL LANDS.
Amid the smoke of conflict and the tangle of opposing opinions regarding the Cunningham coal lands claims in Alaska, disallowed by Secretary Fisher, it may be predicted that the American people will have at least two definite convictions.

First, these lands, one of the most valuable coal deposits in the world, shall be disposed of to the highest bidder. Stephen Birch, managing director of the Guggenheim interests in Alaska, said last year that the land controlled by the Cunningham claims, and held under option, as alleged, by the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, is worth \$500,000,000, and that there is \$100,000,000 profit for the party that operates them.

A private individual owning property estimated to offer a \$100,000,000 profit would have a very widely advertised auction of the same before he let go his title.

Another principle which the American people would like to see realized in the handling of this vast treasure, is that profit of the nature of an unearned increment should be the heritage of our people. As civilization advances, pushing ever back the barriers of barbarism, as population increases and transportation develops, all kinds of property become more valuable. A coal pile located far away in the Canadian Rockies, remote from our steamships and railroads, with only a few miners' cabins and wandering savages near by, is a very different business proposition today from what it will be in a few decades, with the untold resources of the Canadian northwest are developed and furnish a nearby local market for these black diamonds.

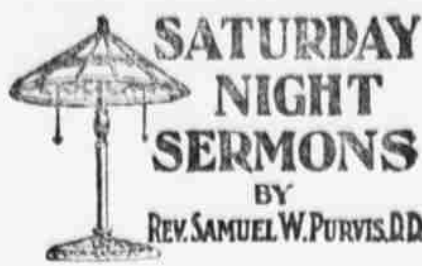
For that reason we imagine that nearly everyone will want these lands to be handled on the lease system, making possible at some future day a revaluation.

Could our forefathers have taken the coal fields of the eastern and central states as public lands, their income would have paid the entire cost of administering the affairs of several commonwealths. In the same way, Uncle Sam has at some future time the prospect of an enormous revenue from the Alaska coal lands if he keeps the title to himself as they advance in value.

AROUND TOWN.
What's become of the old fashioned habit of tacking three cat-tails, tied with a ribbon, to the parlor wall?

And where's the o. f. little shovel, pointed up with gilt, that hung on the opposite wall?

And why don't we see those old red plush covered family albums any more?



THE CURBSTONE UNIVERSITY.
Text, "Wisdom uttereth her voice in the street."—Prov. 1, 20.

Jim, my old classmate, met me at college station. He's on the faculty of a rapidly growing college. "Let's stop here for a sandwich and Java," I murmured. "Oh, you starved prophet!" he taunted. "Wait till I get you to old 'Baked Potato Pie' chapter house. I'll stuff your preacher jacket full of chicken and waffles." I thought of Tantalos. A college dominates a town, of course. Princeton town is Princeton university. New Haven is Yale, Cambridge is Harvard, Palo Alto is Leland Stanford, Berkeley is University of California. Sure! And the only schooling worth while is right here.

God Pity the Poor!
That evening I hurried back to "little old New York" to address a downtown mission. Oh, the lure of the city! Here the throbbing pulse is near the surface. Here every forty seconds an emigrant arrives, every six minutes a child is born, every seven minutes a funeral moves off, every two hours some one killed by accident, every ten hours some one commits suicide, every two days some one is murdered. I passed down the most brilliant street in the civilized world, Sons and daughters of luxury rolled by in flaunting touring car or modest limousine. A turn of a corner and I entered a new world. In a few steps I had gone through a dozen layers of society. Every step is down, darker, filder, fouler, squalid, odor from that cellar, startling oath from subterranean den, everywhere drink and dope for mind and bodies craving food and oxygen, stimulation for fluging vitality; everywhere the fearful fever of unsatisfied poverty. My mind went back to the college campus and shade trees. Children fill the sidewalks—babies that never heard a mother pray, only swear; babies who will occupy prisons, asylums, brothels. Old and young, black and white, Jew and gentile, sick and sinning, are herded together. Here the footpad brings his plunder, the beggar his scraps, the scurlet girl of the street her booty—Mary Magdalene without repentance; Lazarus, the leper, without his God. By the Eternal, though within sound of a hundred church bells, this is the saddest spot on earth!

The Curbstone College.
No education here? Yes, indeed! This year the department of education will spend \$27,500,000—and this only a fraction of our national school bill—and book teaching only an infinitesimal part of the education of the American child. The real schools are out of doors. Most knowledge comes not through books, but by observation—seeing and hearing. A university is not one school, but a collection of schools. The school of the street is the great university. Other schools are open six hours a day, five days a week, nine or ten months a year. The school of the street is always open. Children of the town must go into the street or into the coffin; there's no choice. There are no hills, but houses; no meadows, but asphalt. The arc lights put out the stars of heaven. The street is the only school many can attend. In ten thousand cities and towns of our great republic the street is the instructor. Not town hall, or high school, or public library of the community, but the street is the great educator. There the children attend willing and are apt learners. The devil's tuition is free. Every day is matriculation day; every night is commencement night.

Yes, Your Children Too!
Say, mother, any of your children getting their education on the street? Know where your boys and girls are when you are at prayer meeting or what? "Yes; Johnnie's at Jack's house, and Susie's at—say, daddy, where did Susie say she was going? Oh, yes! She's at that new girl friend's, Lottie—what's her name?" Are you sure? Do you know that? "Of course I do! Do you mean to say—" All right, mother. Don't feel hurt. It's only a preacher's asking, one who used to be a newspaper man. Some night when Johnnie comes in with the smell of liquor on him, some day when you are puzzled about Susie's actions and hear of clandestine meetings, this education will become mighty real. "But we've so many social engagements in the evenings." But you don't let Fido out. Some one might steal him. Of course Fido's a valuable dog. Before God, father, I would give Johnnie and Susie as much thought as your house dog, though the social sky should fall! Every now and then a mother is shocked. Little Bobbie, in petulance about some trifle, gives vent to an oath. "Why, Bobbie, where did you ever hear such a word?" "Some boy on the street." A week ago a mother spent an evening in terror and tears. Her little miss of a daughter with clear eyes asked her the meaning of the vilest term of the underworld. A schoolboy had spoken to her on the way home. "What shall we do—keep them off the street? No; your children must mingle with high and low, impudent and modest, honest and dishonest, clean and unclean. They will absorb the education of the street like disease germs in the air. A healthy body is a wall of protection against the latter, home teaching and influence against the former."

A classified advertiser, who "means business," will get business. If he has something to sell that is worth while, he will advertise it in a confident and convincing way—and he will sell it.