

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
The News, Established 1881.
The Journal, Established 1877.
THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY
W. N. Huse, N. A. Huse,
President, Secretary.

Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk,
Neb., as second class matter.
Telephones: Editorial Department,
No. 22. Business Office and Job Rooms,
No. H 22.

Beads of perspiration are better than
any gem of thought.

As Nat Goodwin hasn't been married
recently, some people fear he is
ill.

Isn't it about time to bring Kittle
Elkins' engagement and Castro's army
into the limelight again?

Senator Heyburn of Idaho made Senator
Root laugh. It was Mr. Root's
first loosening up in four years.

"The Irish people are the happiest
in the world," says a returned tourist.
The Irish people have no congress.

The administration of affairs in the
national pure food department at
Washington appears to have been
adulterated.

Corsets are not to be fashionable
this winter, 'tis said. The attempt to
convert a metal bag into an hour glass
is again nature.

Diaz is reported as having gained in
flesh since reaching Europe and laying
aside cares. It is Madero who is losing
flesh now.

France and Germany won't fight.
It is merely the question which will
stack the biggest pile of chips on a
pair of two-spots.

A New York hackman ate fifty-seven
ears of corn at one sitting. Some people
who get money easily have an
awful time spending it.

A religious paper tells us that the
buying and selling of men is still
practiced in this country. By managers
of baseball teams?

The big trusts should not be allowed
to split up into competing companies
merely by drawing chalk lines
across the floors of their offices.

W. J. Bryan raised thirty-five bushels
of wheat to the acre on his Fairview
farm in Nebraska. Mr. Bryan is
not going to be short on bread.

The greatest Romeo has just married
the greatest Juliet of the stage.
How much better an ending than that
conceived by the immortal bard.

Milwaukee is about to hold a dairy
show. It will be worth the price of
admission to see Milwaukee people
try to blow the cream off the milk.

The Marquis of Queensbury has
come over here. Many people are
familiar with his famous rules who
know nothing about the laws of the
United States.

A Texas editor refers to Senator
Bailey as "our squandogous statesman."
Whatever that may be, it
sounds like what a lot of people think
of Senator Bailey.

Old army nurses are easier to find
than survivors of the battle of Bull
Run. Either nursing induces longevity
or the nurses started in business at
a very early age.

There are rumors of an ice famine
in Alaska and Siberia. Reports from
the government steamer Bear, by wireless,
are to the effect that there is no
ice in Bering Sea or on the shores of
Alaska or Siberia. What will the polar
bears do?

Dr. Wiley predicts that within
twelve years smoking and tobacco
chewing in public will have become
obsolete. The doctor will find that
in this prognostication he is not even
as accurate as old Hicks in his weather
predictions.

Lena Porter Uyeno, a former
Minnesota school teacher who married a
Jap in Seattle in 1910, is suing for a
divorce. Any white woman who has
no more respect for herself than to
marry one of those russet colored
runts should be refused a divorce.

The public condemns newspaper
reporters that listen at key holes and
bribe servants, and then buys the
newspapers that pursue people like
Col. Astor and Miss Force with these
methods.

The working people generally favor
arbitration. They have little use for
paying war taxes and giving up their
boys as soldiers because some politician
thought a war would make a
good election issue.

Experiments have proved that it is
possible to use a wireless telegraph
apparatus on submarine boats and
certain classes of submarine naval boats
in the British navy are to be equipped
with the necessary apparatus at once.

Now that it has proven possible to
elect a socialist to congress in the

Milwaukee district, an army of candi-
dates stand willing to serve the country
in Berger's place. Human nature
is just about the same quality regard-
less of the party label.

One of our exchanges says: "When
a man points a gun at you knock him
down. Don't stop to see if it is loaded,
but knock him down and don't be
particular what you do it with. If there
is a coroner's inquest let it be over
the other fellow—he won't be missed."

The whole Moroccan business on
the German side reads much like the
Luxembourg business on the part of
the French emperor, Napoleon III, and
bids fair to end the same way. To
threaten war with no intention of
making war if the bluff is called is
wretched diplomacy.

Prof. John M. Woodsof of Cambridge
says that a twelve-cent breakfast is
the only meal needed in twenty-four
hours by literary men. If this is true
it makes the literary profession more
possible than had been supposed. Still
some literary men lack the twelve
cents at the time that breakfast is
due.

President Taft is a master of ideas.
That is his realm. He is not a scheming
politician. Since the president
ceased to coddle ambitious men in
congress and to work for the great
measures in which he so thoroughly
believes, directly with the people, he
has grown measurably stronger with
them.

American are drinking less coffee
than formerly, at least there has been
a constant decline in the importations
of coffee for several years. On the
other hand, the importations of tea
and cocoa have steadily increased—
particularly cocoa, of which the con-
sumption now surpasses that of tea,
in the United States.

A minister in Chicago complains be-
cause the women of his congregation
pay \$5 for a pair of silk stockings and
drop pennies in the collection to make
up for their extravagance. He also
admits that the cause of his complaint
is that he can't marry the woman of
his choice on the pennies the women
drop in the collection box.

The British board of trade has in-
vestigated the relative cost of living
in America and England, and reports
that food and rent combined is 52 per-
cent higher in America than in Eng-
land or Wales, but to offset it the
average working man in America re-
ceives more than two and a quarter
times as great wages as the English
or Welsh working man.

The tourist travel is by no means
all one way. Every year the westward
bound travel across the Atlantic in-
creases, and tourist agencies in Lon-
don say this season will see more
Europeans in this country than ever
before. They are slowly becoming
convinced that there are a few things
in Uncle Sam's domain that are worth
the attention of old and cultured Eu-
rope.

The Japanese take to American
baseball in a remarkably clever way.
Our national game has made more
converts in Japan than in any other
country. They are not as good bat-
ters as some of our teams, but in base
running and field work they are for-
midable antagonists for our nines.
The Chinese are far inferior to their
brother orientals, but they are improv-
ing, and they, too, take kindly to the
favorite American game.

La Follette and Underwood wanted
to get credit for the revision that all
agree must come soon. The president
checked them. While the demo-
cratic and insurgent politicians had
supreme confidence in their own judg-
ment as to the best way to cut down
the schedules, President Taft, who
knows politicians quite thoroughly, is
convinced that the judgment of expert
tariff students is far more reliable
than that of men who are playing for
power and the presidency.

Many things can happen within a
period of twenty years and it does not
lie with anyone to dispute the mar-
velous possibilities in every line of
endeavor that may be brought to a
fruition within the limit of a score of
years. But the prediction of Claude
Graham-White, the English aviator,
that within that time, airships 1,000
feet long with wings of steel able to
carry 1,000 passengers and make the
trip from England to New York in fif-
teen hours, 200 miles an hour, sounds
much like a fairy tale. Yet stranger
things have happened in the last twen-
ty years than the fulfillment of this
prophecy.

The testimony of the late Senator
William P. Frye, who for more than
forty years so ably represented the
state of Maine in the national con-
gress, is refreshing in an age when
the prevalent idea is that the pursuit
of wealth is the main business of life.
He might have amassed a large fort-
une in the practice of his profession
had he been willing to have served
some large corporate interest but he
chose instead, to give his services to
the nation. Before he died, speaking
to some of his friends about his care-
er, he said: "I would not exchange
my life for any monetary considera-
tion. If I could go back and know
that a million awaited me at the law,

I would not care to do it. I should
prefer to do just what I have done. I
think more of the honors that have
come and the confidence that has been
reposed in me than I do of money."

The American people are not ready
to see their government go into the
railroad and mining business, as has
been suggested in connection with the
Alaskan development. It is true that
the government is building Panama
canal and is operating the Panama
railroad. But the work of piercing
the isthmus is a gigantic public work
of so costly and difficult a description
that private capital would not under-
take it. And the strategic military
purpose of the canal, which makes it
a necessity, even if it does not pay a
profit, puts the whole project on a
different footing than the Alaskan ex-
ploitation.

THAT NEW SWITCH TRACK.
The ordinance granting a franchise
to the Union Pacific railroad to build
a track down the alley between
Braasch and Norfolk avenues, from
Fifth to First streets, should be very
carefully drawn so that the interests
of the public are properly safeguarded.

The News believes that, on the
whole, the track is a desirable propo-
sition. There will be certain draw-
backs to it, but there will, on the other
hand, be big advantages and The
News believes the advantages consid-
erably offset the disadvantages of
the proposition.

But for one thing, the city should
require the railroad to lay the rails
low in the ground so that they do not
rise above the earth, and then plank
every inch of the way between the
rails, just as close to the rails as
is possible. This is one way in which
the inconvenience of the track can be
reduced.

A highly profitable venture—to the
promoters—was cut short the other
day in New York when three fellows
were arrested by secret service men,
convicted of using the mails to def-
raud, and cast into the dungeons of
Atlanta federal prison. Their special-
ty was "wireless" stock and the
means which they utilized to adver-
tise it consisted of circular letters
sent through the mails to all parts of
the country. They sat in their New
York office day by day and while two
of them were kept busy opening let-
ters and taking care of the money
which they contained, the third pre-
pared and mailed the circulars which
brought it in. Thousands of dollars
flowed into their treasury for stock
in a company which was non-existent
—the suckers were falling over one
another in their eagerness to grasp
a proposition which would make them
independently rich in a short time. The
brazen dupes of course got left and
lost their money, but they got what
they deserved.

The country, it seems, accepts the
president's judgment that there was
no public exigency which demanded
action in August, just as it accepts
his implied promise that in December
there will be a reduction of the du-
ties. Nobody knows officially what
the tariff board has found regarding
the wool schedule but that it will
bring in a report recommending sub-
stantial reductions, is generally ac-
cepted. The democrats will then
claim, no doubt, that the board's re-
commendations are the same thing as
their bill, and that all the president
has done is to save the over-protected
woolen industry for a few months
more. But there is a difference be-
tween a bill hastily put together and
passed by partisan force, and one
based on the scientific findings of a
non-partisan board. The latter will
command the confidence of the coun-
try and none will be able to make
much headway against passing it.
This the president will have con-
tributed to the elimination of the tar-
riff from politics, for if both parties
accept a wool bill proposed by the
board, the people will demand that
this body be given a regular standing
and wide powers.

KEEP DOWN THE DUST.
The National Association for the
Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis
has just issued a warning against the
dangers of dust, showing that the per-
centage of deaths in the dusty trades
is more than double that of all men
employed in other trades.

The United States government ap-
pointed a committee to act in co-
operation with the state authorities
in making an investigation into the metal
mining industries especially. But it is
not in these employments alone that
disease lurks. Dust is a menace to
life and health in the street, in the
factory and in the house.

It is especially to the latter that at-
tention should be called as it is within
the province of the homekeepers to
do much to change conditions here by
simple means and a little care. The
association warns against dry sweep-
ing and the use of the feather duster
which scatters but does not take up
the dust.

Open windows and more fresh air
are the great and sure panacea for
health in factory, schoolhouse and
dwelling. They cannot be emphasized
too much.

NORFOLK AVENUE'S CHANCE.
Only a few more signatures are
needed on the West Norfolk avenue
paving petition to make it effective.

So few, in fact, that it hardly seems
possible the enterprise of property
owners on that street will allow the
movement to fall by default.
It won't be long, of course, before
this paving movement is going to
spread to all parts of Norfolk. That
sort of progress is inevitable in a
growing city of Norfolk's prospects.
York, Neb., and Grand Island and
Freemont and other cities of this class
in the state already have many times
Norfolk's paving mileage and Norfolk
isn't doing itself justice not to keep
up with the procession. This is too
good a town to trail along in the rear
on public enterprise. And eventually,
the paving will come in spite of every-
thing.

But there's no time like the present
for public improvement. A few more
signatures on that petition would in-
sure the paving early next spring and
would give impetus to other public
improvement. It would instill a new
spirit in Norfolk, and would bet on
confidence in the town's future.

Hesitation on the part of the main
residence avenue of the city, in the
matter of paving, has a depressing
effect upon the whole community. As
the principal thoroughfare of the city,
Norfolk avenue owes it to the town
to set the pace, now that the chance
is at hand.

WANTED—MORE HOUSES.
One way for people owning vacant
lots in Norfolk to realize returns on
their investment, instead of contin-
ually paying taxes without income,
would be to build modern cottages
upon those houses, to rent.

There is a tremendous demand for
modern dwellings in the city—a de-
mand that cannot near be satisfied at
the present time. Dozens of people
are looking for homes in Norfolk, with-
out success. The News knows of a
great many instances where people
who want to move to this city right
now, are prevented from doing so by
the fact that there is not a house to
be had.

That condition speaks well for Nor-
folk's prosperity, but not very well
for its enterprise in providing places to
live for people who would become Nor-
folk citizens if they only were given a
chance.

There is no use trying to bring more
people to town if the men now living
here, owing capital and property, are
unwilling to risk investment in houses
that the newcomers could live in.
Few prospective citizens care to buy
at first. They want to try the town a
while, to see how they like it. Clearly
enough, then, it's up to Norfolk prop-
erty owners who have the money or
the credit, to provide houses to live in
if they desire the city to grow. It's
about reached the limit until a number
of new modern houses, or apartment
houses, are built.

With the demand there is for dwell-
ings at this time, it would look to the
ordinary eye as if such an investment
ought to be counted a mighty desir-
able one.

Incidentally, it might be added that
the same famine that exists in dwell-
ing houses, also exists in business
buildings.

CHINESE STUDENTS CONFER.
The majority of our readers would
be vastly surprised if they could drop
in some day on the sessions of the
Chinese student conference now being
held at Princeton, N. J.

The American Impression of John
Chinaman is derived almost solely
from the laundryman, who shuffles
along the streets in his wide trousers
with the silence and furtiveness of the
Oriental. The type of Chinese stu-
dents that one sees at any of our large
universities is as different from this
as the ordinary Harvard university
boy is from the average Polish farm
hand just over from Russia's plains.

Nearly all the laundrymen come
from the most struggling class of la-
borers in a few provinces of China.
The students are mostly the sons of
wealthy merchants and are backed by
plenty of money.

Consequently the Chinese student is
very much of a dandy. He spends
money lavishly on our choicest tailors.
He has Epicurean supper parties at
elite restaurants where he touches
elbows with the dress coated Smart Set.
He is physically as clean a type of
manhood as you could find outside a
manicurist's parlor. Every hair is
brushed into its proper setting, the
sharp creases of his trousers are di-
rect from the tailor's iron.

With this marked dandyism, there
goes, as is not common with Amer-
ican youth, an intense seriousness in
work. The Chinese student is not an
athlete. He came to this country not
to knock little balls in the air, but
to take back rich cargoes of American
scientific learning to make his country
young again.

And so while his American class-
mates are running bases and sitting in
hammocks at the summer homes, John
Chinaman, bachelor of science, is read-
ing solemn papers at the Princeton
conference, on modern learning. His
auditors listen intently, seated in sol-
emn rows, where they took their
places on the second that the clock
marked the hour.

In spite of the fact that they have
wealthy fathers at home, these boys
work like ditch diggers. They com-
bine culture and industry, two quali-
ties which when united carry a man

a number of wealthy Italians here and
in sunny Italy. Funds were collected,
the monument, executed by a noted
Italian sculptor in Florence and cast
in bronze, purchased, and arrange-
ments were made to have the work of
art shipped to New York to be pre-
sented to the municipality. But there
are several Italian newspapers in New
York and the editors and publishers of
the other papers were not inclined to
remain quiet and allow their rival to
act all the glory and advertising re-
sulting from the presentation of this
gift. The donors or rather the pros-
pective donors of the statue, for the
presentation is not as yet an accom-
plished fact, did not display great dip-
lomatic tact and laid themselves open
to a great deal of criticism. In their
desire to make the gift as prominent
as possible, they overshoot the mark
by advocating the erection of the mon-
ument on Times Square, which is
about the most unsuitable spot that
could be selected for a Dante mon-
ument. This suggestion has aroused a
perfect storm of protests not only from
the rival Italian papers, but from the
public in general. At present the
plans are in confusion and there is
even the possibility that the munic-
ipal art committee may decline to ac-
cept the monument.

There is no use trying to bring more
people to town if the men now living
here, owing capital and property, are
unwilling to risk investment in houses
that the newcomers could live in.
Few prospective citizens care to buy
at first. They want to try the town a
while, to see how they like it. Clearly
enough, then, it's up to Norfolk prop-
erty owners who have the money or
the credit, to provide houses to live in
if they desire the city to grow. It's
about reached the limit until a number
of new modern houses, or apartment
houses, are built.

With the demand there is for dwell-
ings at this time, it would look to the
ordinary eye as if such an investment
ought to be counted a mighty desir-
able one.

Incidentally, it might be added that
the same famine that exists in dwell-
ing houses, also exists in business
buildings.

CHINESE STUDENTS CONFER.
The majority of our readers would
be vastly surprised if they could drop
in some day on the sessions of the
Chinese student conference now being
held at Princeton, N. J.

The American Impression of John
Chinaman is derived almost solely
from the laundryman, who shuffles
along the streets in his wide trousers
with the silence and furtiveness of the
Oriental. The type of Chinese stu-
dents that one sees at any of our large
universities is as different from this
as the ordinary Harvard university
boy is from the average Polish farm
hand just over from Russia's plains.

Nearly all the laundrymen come
from the most struggling class of la-
borers in a few provinces of China.
The students are mostly the sons of
wealthy merchants and are backed by
plenty of money.

Consequently the Chinese student is
very much of a dandy. He spends
money lavishly on our choicest tailors.
He has Epicurean supper parties at
elite restaurants where he touches
elbows with the dress coated Smart Set.
He is physically as clean a type of
manhood as you could find outside a
manicurist's parlor. Every hair is
brushed into its proper setting, the
sharp creases of his trousers are di-
rect from the tailor's iron.

With this marked dandyism, there
goes, as is not common with Amer-
ican youth, an intense seriousness in
work. The Chinese student is not an
athlete. He came to this country not
to knock little balls in the air, but
to take back rich cargoes of American
scientific learning to make his country
young again.

And so while his American class-
mates are running bases and sitting in
hammocks at the summer homes, John
Chinaman, bachelor of science, is read-
ing solemn papers at the Princeton
conference, on modern learning. His
auditors listen intently, seated in sol-
emn rows, where they took their
places on the second that the clock
marked the hour.

In spite of the fact that they have
wealthy fathers at home, these boys
work like ditch diggers. They com-
bine culture and industry, two quali-
ties which when united carry a man

employed, booked next week for Wash-
ington, will provoke the contemptuous
sneer from the prosperous citizen that
all these men could find work if they
wanted it.

One thousand members, it is an-
nounced, are to walk from Baltimore
to Washington to attend.

The fake side of unemployment is
suggested by the recent remark cred-
ited to the manager of the leading
employment house in Chicago: "No
able bodied man need want work more
than a short time. Every day in the
year I have applications for men that
simply go to waste because I can't
fill them. Ninety per cent of the un-
employed don't want to work."

B. C. Marsh, secretary of the Penn-
sylvania Society to Protect Children,
recently studied 138 "unemployed
men." He found that 106 had given
up one or more jobs in six months.
Employment was secured for 31, but
only six of these men stuck to their
work. Forty-five men, when they
learned that work was being sought
for them, suddenly disappeared. Mr.
Marsh put on old clothes one day and
tramped the streets looking for work.
He was offered 16 jobs.

The starting of public enterprises
for the purpose of furnishing employ-
ment is not wholly a success. An
English report on such an institution
states that men would give up jobs
paying 20 shillings per week to take
public jobs for the unemployed pay-
ing 5 to 7 shillings a week for part
time.

The above, however, is not the
whole picture. The number of people
who have been physically enfeebled
by child labor is far greater than we
suppose. A host of men 25 to 30 years
old find all their vitality sapped by the
strain of toil at an age when they
should have been at school and vegetat-
ing in the open air. Who can blame
them if their blood flows cold and pale,
if they have no heart for the industry
that cheers the normal man.

Nuremberg, Germany, and many
other European cities make it their
regular policy to construct public
works in periods when many men are
out of work. In our country, when an
appropriation is secured, we are too
much in a hurry to wait for a time of
general unemployment. Besides, in
our grafting and shifty politics, the
funds might not be available at a later
date. The more centralized cities or
the continent are in better shape to
pursue that far reaching policy of
economy and humanity.

AROUND TOWN.

Wish The News would cut out that
twenty year ago column. Makes a
fellow feel old to read about some of
those things that happened, it seems
like, only day before yesterday. No
wonder we're getting thin-haired and
grey and round shouldered and out of
the notion of dancing.

Speaking of twenty years ago,
though, reminds us that THOSE were
the days when they caught the fish.
These fish yarns by N. A. R. and W. F.
H. and I. & M. would fade away if we
could only remember distinctly some
of the big catches we used to make,
with Mish Levitt, at Horse Shoe
lake, or Ole Low's, or down below the
dam. Those were real fishing days,
those were—away back there, twenty
years ago.

But speaking of twenty years ago
and fish stories, what ever became of
John O'Leary? Does anybody know?

If this frosty air keeps up, you'll
have to begin draining the radiator at night.

They say they've got a scheme to
do away with burning coal in the fur-
nace—a scheme to do away with
ashes. And when they talk like that,
take it from us, we begin to get excit-
ed.

A reader says the o. f. boy who
smoked buggy whip, has been discov-
ered. He's smoking cigarettes now.

The knee length kind are getting
pretty doggon cold for these mornings.

You don't know what real worry is
unless you live in constant fear that
your weak ankles are going to turn
over and sprain.

One trouble with these little savings
banks for the children, the key to
which is held by the banker down
town, is that you can't get into the
children's savings to borrow money to
pay the utter woman with.

An anxious reader wants to know
what time of day the "Around Towns"
are written. Answer: JFrom 9:13 to
9:17 a. m.

P. S.—We won't print anybody's re-
mark that that's too much time wasted
out of every twenty-four hours. And
besides, we could retort that so long
as we draw down \$400 a week for four
minutes' work a day, what matters?

School days are near at hand, and
it won't be but a little while till the foot-
ball season ends on Thanksgiving day
and then comes Christmas rush-
ing in. And you haven't got a single
present ready. So hurry up, and do
your shopping e—y.

There's just one woman we know of
who has any Christmas things ready,
and she lives at West Point.

Probably there hasn't been any-
thing to do in West Point since last
Christmas, except to get ready for
next Christmas.

Now we see our chances for Thank-
sgiving dinner this year, shattered all
to smithereens.

THE UNEMPLOYED.
The annual convention of the Un-

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

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.
Text, "He blesseth the habitation of the
just."—Prov. III, 33.

Back from June honeymoon? Ah,
dear heart, you'll never have such
days again. To begin, "What is so
rare as a day in June?" Remember
the odor of the house-suckle along that
hedge where you took the walk that
night, far from home and friends, so
happy in each other? Life never sound-
ed so complete. Surely God smiles
on the ground where true love walks.
Now you are home—your home—be it
two rooms, a cottage or a palace. It's
the first time in your life you've had a
place of your own. May God bless your
going out and your coming in from
henceforth and ever forevermore! You
look over the wedding presents. Bless
their hearts, they meant well, but how
silly some are. The "showers" were
more sensible. The linen and the
kitchen showers were mighty appro-
priate. When Jack counted how much
and how quickly money slipped away
on that trip he said, "Oh, well, sweet-
heart, we won't have to buy so many
things." Flossie Davis, who thought
it such a joke on her folks and friends
to run away to get married, missed all
the blessing and good cheer of the
"showers." Now she and her husband
are mad and cutting all their friends,
and they are cutting them. But that's
part of the price.

Is Marriage a Lottery?
Mrs. Bill Marikham, the grass widow,

said yesterday, "My dears, mar-
riage is such a lottery!" Is it? Yes, it
is if you mean the uncertainty of how
life's partners will turn out. In the
grand drawing are prizes and blanks,
with this difference. In cash lotteries
there are many blanks, few prizes. In
marriage—don't sneer, ye cynics—the
order is reversed. The marriage game
would be less a gamble if there were
more honesty before marriage. Each
sees the other only occasionally. Each
is dressed at best, acts at best. Each
puts "best foot forward." Then the
illusion of love draws a veil of heroism
about the man and the other worldiness
about the girl. The man has all the
strong, masterfulness of manhood; the
woman has the lure of a pretty face,
an enticing form and all the artful
possibilities of modern dress. When
he stands before the altar and repeats,
"I, John Sweetbrair, take thee, Mary
Lovingheart, to be my wedded wife,
to have and to hold from this day
forward for better, for worse, for richer,
for poorer, in sickness and in health,
to love and to cherish till death us
do part," he is promising to a being whom
he scarcely knows except as she has
made herself mighty attractive for a
couple hours each week. And she, re-
peating the same vow, reaches into the
same grab bag, hoping as she takes
him by faith to draw a capital prize.
Either may find a bee that will gather
honey or a wasp with a merciless
sting. It's a lottery sure enough, more's
the pity!

At the Setting of the Honeymoon.
Woman is always an idealist. Her

lover was her ideal. After marriage
she finds him just an ordinary fellow.
He comes to the table without coat,
eats breakfast with the newspaper
propped up against milk pitcher, kisses
her with his hat on. Many a June
bride has heartache and nearly cries
her eyes out before Sept. 1. There
are husbands and husbands. One
laughs good naturedly at "wife's"
mistakes. May his tribe increase! The
other—brute—says, "Mother used to
do it this way." Well, what if she
did? Mother may have put her bucket
upside down or stood the plates on
end, but wife puts bucket upside up
and lays dishes flat in cupboard.
That's wife's business. Six months
ago he never walked in front of her,
always opened the door for her, placed
her chair and, oh, say, brother, go on
courting—you're breaking her woman's
heart. But why isn't the beautiful
dream she was ether. That array of
"rats" and puffs and paraphernalia
on the bureau sort of rubbed the bloom
off the peach for hubby. She dresses
in a sloppy kimono now, and such pet-
tiness and irritability and jealousy
and "nerves." Whew! If he'd known
that! Say, sister, just you take a
brave too. Man's a queer animal—his
love has to be fed. Don't fall down
in appearance. Dress simply, sweet,
clean and you have him.

The Hanging of the Crane.
Are you so unfortunate as to be in a

boarding house, hotel or with "his" or
"her" folks? Well, try to get out as
soon as you can. At the hotel or
boarding house gossip has full sway.
"Who are they?" "Where are they
from?" "What does he earn?" "They
have had words!" You run the gant-
let each day. And if you're jealous or
suspicious! Social dangers for wife
and coquetish spiders in search of
unwary flies the danger for husband.
At your mother-in-law's? No house is
big enough for two families. Have
your own place though it be a shack.
There every trinket and bit of furni-
ture, thank God, is yours. I've three
mottos for your new home. Motto
the first, "Not my will, nor thy will,
but our will be done." Can't quarrel
over that. Motto the second, "Love
grows by loving; it must be fed." Mot-
to the third, hang it on the wall, you'll
buy a printed copy at the five cent
store, "Christ is the head of this house,
the unseen guest at every meal, the
silent listener to every conversation."

What used to be called—sometimes
derisively—"bargain hunting" has
evolved into the practise of intelligent
buying. The advertisements make it
possible.