

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
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The record for a long flight seems now to belong to Mona Lisa.

The politicians are now enriching the country by trying to make two plums grow where one grew before.

The latest ocean greyhound is over 900 feet long, but it could be more correctly described as a dachshund.

In Topeka, Kan., they spell "Carnival" with a "K." Some one present the mayor with a blue backed speller quick.

There is complaint about inaccurate crop reports, but if they were accurate Wall Street would not have much left to gamble about.

Senator Lorimer's hat was knocked off by a biplane, but if, as some expect, his official head comes off soon, he won't need any hat.

It is again announced that Senator Bailey will retire, but our poor human nature is constantly being deceived by the illusory visions of hope.

Champ Clark says the presidency must come to him—he won't seek it. It's a good bet, however, that Champ won't dodge it if he sees it coming his way.

As Mr. Burgess got way across the English channel, his mother would undoubtedly discover by the condition of his hair that he had been in swimming.

A dozen people are dead in New York from eating poisonous toadstools. This is the kind of thing that gives spice to the mushroom gathering fad.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" is being featured by the moving picture companies this fall, and it makes things seem very homelike to many of the boys.

President Taft was entertained at the Connecticut state fair and we trust he was not so impolite as to find fault with squash pies seasoned with wood-nutmegs.

Senator Bailey says a million a year would not tempt him to seek another term in the senate. He well understands that a good name is better than great riches.

In Reno lately a woman was divorced at 11 a. m., and remarried at 1 p. m. Some people are naturally tardy, or this needless interim would have been dispensed with.

Recent airship fatalities are said to be due to mechanical defects, but also to the fact that when the creator made man he supposed he would be satisfied to live on the ground.

Upton Sinclair is charged with chewing a prune twenty minutes, but it's strange if a man can't practice the principles of Fletcherism without being called to account for it.

"Equal work, equal pay, equal say," was a woman's banner in the New York Labor day parade. If woman could be held down to "equal say," there would be no kick coming from man.

The New York World wants to have a special session of congress called in October, but most of us are figuring on some way to nail up the capitol doors so that congress can't get in and begin work December 1.

An epidemic of rheumatism was said to have been brought on by the dry weather of the early summer, but the old fashioned doctor laid that trouble to damp weather. It is no longer safe to live in any kind of weather.

Mr. Bryan wants to defeat Judson Harmon for the presidency. If the Ohio governor is nominated there are a large number of republicans who will lend him all the assistance possible.

President Taft will make over 100 speeches on his forthcoming western tour and his swing around the country is generally accepted as the beginning of the presidential campaign of 1912.

Congressman Berger, the socialist member of congress from Milwaukee, wants to do away with competition. It's no wonder. There are eleven other socialists who have already announced that they are after his job and the returns are not yet all in.

The easiest way to defeat any enemy of society is to cut off his supplies. Make the city clean—do away with the filth and untidy places which have so long been allowed to remain unmolested—and the question of swat-

ting the flies will be solved. Flies and cleanliness can never be friends.

And now Atwood says he will defer his vaudeville engagement until later in the season and on September 15 attempt a trans-continental flight. He plans to start from Los Angeles and go by way of Kansas City to Chicago and thence east to New York City.

Maine has an election on the question of prohibition September 11. Prohibition has been on the statute books of that state for fifty-seven years. Now the democrats want to repeal it. The battle is a hot one and both wets and dries claim to be confident of victory.

An eastern exchange advises that now is the time to put in your supply of gold as it will never be cheaper. The difficulty of following out this suggestion just now is that the average man is just figuring out where he is to get the cash with which to pay for the coal he wants dumped into his coal bins.

An exchange that is greatly disturbed by the noise of automobiles and motor cycles at night says: "Compared to the noises made on the street in front of where we sleep every night by automobiles and motorcycles the screeches of panthers and the war-whoops of the Sioux Indians would sound like lullaby songs."

LA FOLLETTE KEEPING OUT. Senator La Follette may yet have to ask for relief from his "fool friends." The Wisconsin senator, though a leader in insurgency, is not yet ready to part with President Taft as a republican. He will not jump into the ring against Taft at least until December, and he may not then.

By this announcement, La Follette has put in the hole those disturbers who, in order to kick up an internal row that might land them in office, have been out proclaiming him as the next occupant of the white house.

If one would witness a perfect demonstration of the indomitable Yankee spirit he would do well to take a trip to Key West, Fla., next January and see the over-the-sea railroad that is to be completed at the end of this year. It is 128 miles in length and reaches from the mainland to Key West. A good part of this distance is of small islands. The new line is built largely over the sea between the coral reefs that go by the name of islands. Some of the bridges are more than five miles long. Where the water is deep concrete work is being used. It is a tremendous undertaking and one that any other people would hardly attempt.

Former Gov. Vardeman of Mississippi, who has been selected in the primaries for the United States senate, has declared that he is going to wipe out predatory wealth at one fell swoop. It is a great thing to have a man like Vardeman raised up to free us from the tentacles of a great octopus. It is said that there is only one really great man brought forth in a century. In the eighteenth century it was Washington who drove British despotism from our shores. In the nineteenth century it was Lincoln, who caused the chains of slavery to crumble and fall away. And now it seems that it is to be Vardeman for the twentieth century, who shall blow forth the breath that shall cause predatory wealth to wither and turn to dust at our feet.

NEVER OSLERIZED. It is reported from London that Lord Strathcona is getting ready to retire from public life, in order that he may have a few years to think over what he has done for others. This would not be a matter of much consequence were it not that the venerable high commissioner for Canada is past the age of 91.

His has been a remarkable career. Born a poor boy in Scotland, he never had any opportunities for an education, and at the age of 14 entered the services of the Hudson Bay company, coming to America as a lad. He lived in many of the outposts of his company, doing whatever he was bidden. Finally, when past the age of 50 he became the head of the great enterprise. More than any other man he built the Canadian Pacific railway, and was the brains of that great undertaking for several years. He was the head of the Bank of Montreal with its scores of branch banks. He is still called the "Empire Builder of Canada," and probably earned his title. Now he represents the dominion at the court of St. James. This is a responsible position and one that exacts much hard work. But he says that he will retire. For seventy-five years he has worked for others, and has worked hard and faithfully. He has earned a rest.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY. President Taft starts out this week on his 13,000-mile journey, and local committees must remove the moth balls from their frock coats and silk hats, and rehearse the speeches which will never be listened to by the crowd anxious to see a real president.

The custom of presidential tours is not a comparatively recent one, and has not been adopted by previous presidents merely as a means of repairing political fences.

Even Washington five months after inauguration felt that he must get out and see the people in the northern states. Adams and Jefferson did not look favorably on these trips, which in those days without telegraphs separated a president from his official business. Monroe, however, got out for a four months tour, which caused a great outcry in the newspapers. He went up the Delaware river in a boat lined with crimson velvet, rowed by sixteen brawny oarsmen wearing scarlet vests, white sleeves, and white trousers. When he got to New Hampshire, Gov. Plumer refused to receive him, and the party had to find their way around by looking at the guide boards.

Grant got a call down from congress for his trips, but he told the legislators that it was none of their business. The pleasant custom has usually prevailed of giving a president a warm welcome regardless of politics. Cleveland got the friendliest sort of a reception in Minnesota, a republican stronghold. The south has always lavished good fellowship on presidents who were politically unacceptable.

Traveling brings the president in closer contact with danger from cranks. President Garfield was shot by Guiteau while waiting in the station to start on a New England trip. President McKinley was shot at the Buffalo exposition.

The custom that a president must not step out of the country was disregarded by President Roosevelt when he went to Panama. President McKinley, a conservative by nature, walked to the center of the bridge at El Paso, Tex., and looked across for many moments, as if he almost felt himself a prisoner. But he would not take the single step that would break a 110 years old precedent.

THEY MEET AT LAST. Nothing is stranger than the coming together in the whirligig of time of two men who have politically fought each other for a lifetime in some common agreement. It is probable that in the entire country there are not two public men who, in their training, ideas and environment are more decidedly different than George Harvey, the brilliant editor of Harper's Weekly, and Col. Bryan, the brilliant chautauqua lecturer of Lincoln, Neb. They have advocated the most antipodal political and social views for long years.

Each of these men has taken particular delight in ridiculing the other out of court of public opinion and each of them is a past master in the art of saying and writing things. It was a reasonable proposition that if Bryan favored any idea, Harvey would be found opposing it. But the years have actually brought about a change and these two radical extremists have at last met on common ground.

There are fewer such tragedies where the tennis court is substituted for the hammock. When young people interest themselves in acquiring expert skill at some athletic art, there is less energy left to feed bonfires that are not ripe for the torch.

MORE PAVING NEEDED. Now is the time for Norfolk to make paving plans for next spring. This is the time to get the petitions signed and presented to the council, so that grading may be done this fall and the work begun promptly in the spring.

Norfolk needs nothing more badly right now than more paving. The past summer has been an unusually dry one, so that paving has not been needed as much as it would ordinarily be. In an ordinary season, Norfolk's streets are a pretty muddy and unsightly proposition.

Norfolk is growing and it ought to take its future seriously. It ought to do the things which its size and prospects would make fitting and proper. Evidence of confidence on the part of Norfolk people themselves, in their city, will prove stimulating to outsiders' faith in the town.

With the building of a new \$65,000 station by the Northwestern at the foot of Third street, it becomes apparent that some permanent and well kept street is needed from that station to the business portion of the city. Hauling the traveling public through oozy, gummy mud for two miles doesn't tend to intensify the traveling public's love for the city. They naturally measure the community's enterprise by its mud. So a really first class road to the Third street depot is demanded, if Norfolk is to get full credit for its progressiveness.

West Norfolk avenue, as the principal residence thoroughfare in the city, likewise ought to be paved. That street has perhaps more travel than any other in the city, and therefore suffers most from lack of paving. Property owners on that street owe it to themselves to get together on a paving proposition, and pave.

Norfolk is behind other cities of Nebraska of its size in paving. It's ahead of them in prospects for future growth. Why not invest in public improvement and in that way help make the town a city?

THE HARVEST MOON. As some of us middle aged people look at the fat and jocular face of the harvest moon, and absorb the gorgeous beauty of a clear September night, most of us have to admit that our capacity for sensuous pleasure has been a bit dulled by the years that have flown.

What a glamor of romance used to surround a moonlight night when we

women in public office will be their tendency to look at matters personally and from a viewpoint of sex. The world's work will never be more efficiently done by lining up one sex against another, as seems to be done in Hunnewell.

YOUNG LOVE NEEDS LIMIT. The rash act of Labor day when W. A. Childs, Jr., of New York City killed Miss Catherine Van Wyck of Brooklyn, is attributed to unrequited love. The young centers in this grisly tragedy were but 20 years old.

Passionate love is a very powerful motor. When driven about the crooks and turns of a protracted wooing by an immature hand, it often lands in the ditch.

Most young fellows at about that period have an attack of what the humorists call "calf love." Any grown up human fledgling wearing skirts stirs their tremulous senses. Restrained through the day time by the stupid compulsions of work and study, in the evenings this temporarily dominant passion takes the reins. They waste their physical substance with late hours.

This should be a period when ambitions for a useful and efficient career should color even the dull classroom or machine shop with romance. But the fever of a premature love costs energy at a critical period that throws the dull pall of failure over many a life.

A hand clap from Miss Sweet Sixteen, having the slightest suggestion of physical energy behind it, sends the thrilled boy home treading on the starchy spaces. But if Miss S. S. enters the ice cream parlor with the black hearted rival, what a mask of treacherous human nature becomes! How all faith, hope, and charity turn into dust and ashes in a land of sand and thorns!

Girls are more mature at 20 than are boys. They read danger signals in these black looks. The fellow who takes the game too seriously usually finds himself disqualified before it reaches the stage of playing for blood. Well trained girlhood finds a "steady" to be embarrassing and needless baggage. She dislikes to see the bloom of her maidenhood taken off before the real master of the flower garden turns up.

Some people may often attribute such a tragedy as the Van Wyck-Childs case to the idea that the "girl encouraged him." One must remember, however, that a girl at 20 is nearer the time of normal marriage than the boy. He should still be laying the foundations of success among the world's workers. She needs to know men well before making her final choice, needs her own opportunities for testing and trying of dispositions.

There are fewer such tragedies where the tennis court is substituted for the hammock. When young people interest themselves in acquiring expert skill at some athletic art, there is less energy left to feed bonfires that are not ripe for the torch.

THE BEATTIE VERDICT. The verdict of first degree murder against Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., may be a just one, but the manner of reaching that verdict did not savor of justice. Some of the jurymen admitted afterward that they all had their minds made up before they ever left the courtroom, and that they sat in judgment not upon the murder charge alone but upon Beattie's moral character in general. From reading the press reports, it would appear that the jury, summoned to pass merely upon the murder charge, was prejudiced against the prisoner because of his general character and that they found it much easier to send him to the electric chair because of his admitted indecency.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., may have murdered his wife. He alone was with her when she was slain. He alone knows the truth. But it is a sad commentary upon justice in this land of the free when twelve men will unanimously send a fellow being to the electric chair, on a murder charge, largely on general principles.

We are told that the jurymen were God-fearing men picked from the backwoods farms of Virginia. They sang hymns each day, in order to cleanse their minds of the dirty details of the story that they were called upon to hear. It may well be imagined that each of those twelve jurymen considered the infidelity which Beattie confessed on the stand, as great a crime as murder itself and that they would deem the electric chair none too severe a punishment, even though the murder charge were not proved. This, of course, ought to have had not the slightest bearing upon the verdict. To allow it to affect the finding, is rank injustice. Yet the jurors have admitted that they did allow Beattie's general character to affect the verdict.

Beattie is a rake of the worst type. His morals are so loose as to make him despised of men. Yet there is nothing in the law that says he shall be put to death upon such a charge. Beattie may have slain his wife. The Binford girl was surely not enough of a motive for the crime. His circle of activities was large, without committing a murder. He may be guilty of the deed, but many will believe, if he is put to death, that he has been put to death for his relations with Beulah Binford rather than for established guilt of murder.

We see by the paper that a warning was served in New York with a bomb. We'll have our warnings served some other way. That appeals to us as a very bomb method.

Isn't it about time for the national championship baseball series? Or is it Thanksgiving day that is given over to that?

What's become of the o. f. dinner pail, with place for coffee in the top of it, that they used to carry to school? The Barnes boys had one twenty years ago.

What's Johnny's batting average up to date on getting to pass the pencils? Incidentally, Johnny's apt to get a different kind of batting average if he doesn't quit trying to trip everybody that walks up the aisle.

Norfolk ought not to be left abso-

lutely in oblivion. With thirty-seven students going away to college, at least one of them ought to make a football team somewhere. We've been off the map ever since Frank Perry went to Lincoln ten years ago, but here's where we ought to "come back."

We're glad now that we didn't have any bets on Gotch. The referee says all bets are off, and it would merely have meant disappointment at coming so close and yet so far from a winning.

We're going to try to get a Norfolk automobile firm to go out and coach us on a few strokes at golf. They're advertising, "Long drives our specialty."

It's getting close to frost.

That means Thanksgiving's near and Christmas not much more distant.

So buy 'em early.

Buy the way, there's an Oklahoma woman visiting in Norfolk who has every last Christmas present bought and tied up in tissue paper, ready for December 25 to roll around. She's the most loyal reader we have found.

In spite of our friendly suggestion of a plan by which he could save a round trip car fare from Norfolk to Reno and back, he insists on going to the wedding. Aren't some people contrary?

There ought to be somebody to spring up and take the wrestling championship from Gotch, considering all the wrangling that's done by the young men who put in their time around livery barns.

No wonder he won the Burton cup; he says he'll need it to boil coffee in after that ceremony of Wednesday, Sept. 20, at Reno.

Wouldn't you think a man would hesitate to have that kind of a ceremony performed, after reading that table showing the high cost of living at the present time?

In truth, if the price keeps on jumping, he'll have the cup to boil it in but no coffee to boil.

Speaking of this, that and the other, is your corn out of the way of frost?

Ours too.

We'll bet Harry Woodruff a half column write-up against two theater tickets that we can beat him at a game of golf, despite the fact that his press agent says he's a shark at the pastime.

If Norfolk could start right in next spring to pave West Norfolk avenue, and a street to the new Northwestern depot on Third street, it would make every citizen of the town proud to live here. With that much additional paving, Norfolk would be one of the most beautiful little cities in the country.

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Willingness to work is only the beginning of the struggle; keeping at it is where most of us fail.

One man willing to do things is worth a million willing to suggest things.

It is the business of seven out of ten men to fool you. Look out.

A man who isn't living properly with his wife, is always an object of suspicion.

If I were a school teacher, I wouldn't stand being called a pedagogue for fifty dollars a month.

Tastes are about evenly divided. Half the people want their pickles sour, and the other half want them sweet.

A letter is all right, in a way, but a telegram is the real thing.

If you give a man an unnecessary kick, he will "lay for you," and get even. Do him a real kindness, and he will pay that back, too.

What has become of the old fashioned stingy man of whom it was said he would skin a flea for his hide and tallow?

A man is entitled to what he can get, as a fighter enters the prize ring, and gets the decision if he can, by fighting according to Marquis of Queensbury rules. But strictly obey the rules, or you may land in jail.

I wish people would quit advocating expansion and pay more attention to the reduction of county, city and township taxes. Taxes will finally become greater than our prosperity, unless something is done.

YOUR OLD SWEETHEART. Text: "Let every one in particular so love his wife even as himself."—Eph. vi. 5. The trouble with men is they forget. They don't mean to be grouchy and inconsiderate; they are simply thoughtless and forgetful of the woman whom they love better than they love their own lives. Let me take you back again tonight, brother, to your wedding day. Whether in church, parsonage or little parlor of her home where you spent many a happy courting hour. She said, "Jim, I've only one life to live, but I'm going to cast it with you. I've had a happy girlhood and a good home, but I'm willing to risk all to go with you. Whether thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people; thy God shall be my God. Where you die I will die." And there in the glory of that June day she gave up her girlhood, her home, her name, her all, to follow you. Those were happy days. Life was one grand sweet song. There were disappointments on both sides. She wasn't the housekeeper you had hoped. But you didn't marry her for that. She was pretty and vivacious, and that was all you saw or asked. She didn't pretend to be related to Mrs. Rorer or Marlon Harland. If a fellow falls in love with a girl for the graceful way she serves ice cream at a picnic, and she admires him because he is such a good ball player, they neither have any right to expect perfection in everything else. If you find some unpleasant traits keep still and take your medicine.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due. That was years ago. Now, as you look back and see your present success, if you are honest you will admit "she" has made you. Under sits the real president of the United States. If she had left me alone I should now be dozing on the circuit court bench," said our general president to a New York audience. It was true. He would have dozed along, played some golf, taken things easy and smiled. But she wanted her husband to get on in the world. In the efforts to meet his wife's expectation he discovered latent powers of which he little dreamed. Man is but a half circle. He needs a wife to make him complete. Sometimes a tragedy happens. That wife wears out her youth and her beauty, loses her attractiveness, over the cook stove, the washbowl, the scrub bucket, the bearing and caring for children, in her unselfish efforts to help him on in the world. Some night he walks in the limelight of fame, and she stands in the shadow of his prosperity and power, stooped form, gray haired, wrinkled faced, faded—the most pathetic figure God ever looked upon. Have you ever thought when your wife was washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, sewing on Wednesday, preserving on Thursday, sweeping on Friday, baking on Saturday and entertaining a raft of your poor relatives on Sunday of the awful grind of her never ending work? The average man knows as little of the nerve wear of household cares as the man in the moon.

Who is "Boss?" The question that has wrecked more homes than any other is, "Who is boss?" I don't know. Society has constituted the husband and father the official representative of the family. Legal proceedings are instituted by or against him. He is held for debt, taxes and damages. The Bible says, "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is head of the church," which sets a tremendously high standard for the husband. Legally and Scripturally, then, a husband is "head" of a family. He goes out to earn and to fight for his family. His dead body should lie across the doorstep before harm comes to wife or children. He has a big task. As to whose authority should be supreme in a household there should be no such question. Between rational people all matters are settled on rational ground, mutual concessions and mutual compromises.

Your Old Sweetheart. Next to your old mother who's dead and gone, the best friend you've ever had is that brave little wife of yours. Remember the time you "went wrong"? If ever you needed an angel from God it was then. How quick she was to forgive! When through your blunder your money took wings she fixed up her old hat and turned her dress once more. Tears started to her eyes when neighbors glanced significantly. But never mind, it was for your sake. When you were sick she cooked little dainties, sat and read to you, quoted bits of Scripture, stroked your hot temples and told you of the land where there is no pain. Tonight while you are asleep she will be up with the children. Get out those old love letters, brother, and read the spirit of them, fragrant as lavender. Tomorrow morning when the stove goes wrong and a hurried, harassed face glances across the table to a lover once more. "Say, wife, those biscuits are fine, meat is delicious, coffee is 'like mother used to make.'" Kiss her goodby at the door. See her smile through her tears. She'll sing all day long. Perhaps a year from now you would give all you have in the world to take hold of her hand, tell her you love her and call her your old sweetheart; but, too late; she's gone forever.

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