The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881.
The Journal, Established 1877.

THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY
W. N. Huse, President. N. A. Huse, Secretary.

Every Friday. By mail per year, $1.50.

Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Neb., as second class matter.

Telephones: Editorial Department No. 22. Business Office and Job Rooms, No. H 22.

Mr. Wickersham: "Will the congregation now rise and sing 734 verses of 'Steel Away.'"

The daughter of Senator La Follette, is to marry a playwright. Perhaps they will dramatize father.

Kubelik, the great player, has $235,000 insurance on his fingers. The amount he carries on his hair is not announced.

Orville Wright says man is a natural flier, but you'd never think it to ride on some of our accommodation trains.

Now it is said that England is going to annex Egypt. Why not? Great Britain took everything of value in that country a long time ago.

The latest political rumor is that Wall street is raising a fund of $5,000,000 for the purpose of defeating President Taft for re-election.

The coffee trust in Brazil—by forcing the price up so high—is doing much to encourage the growth of the plant in Porto Rico and elsewhere.

Now that a New York woman has lost $4,000 out of her stocking, one's faith in the most standard methods of safe deposit are severely shaken.

President Taft went down in a gold mine the other day. Were this 1896, he would now have to go down in a silver mine or be lined up with the money power.

There is talk of a $3,000,000 shortage in the Washington navy yard, but the valuable time of the clerks should not be taken hunting for a little item like that.

The Wrights think they have a device that can be balanced in the air at any time, but a teterboard over the barn fence is as far as we care to go in that direction.

The big trust magnates accept subpoena service much more meekly than of yore. It used to be the fashionable game to dodge Uncle Sam's men just as you would a book agent.

The Printers Cost congress is meeting in Boston, but as printers all work purely out of their passionate love of the human race, no one will say anything about higher prices.

Premier Stolypin of Russia is said to have possessed a kind heart. This might have been a safeguard to him in some countries but in Russia it is only a coat of mail that is of any avail.

Mr. Taft was fed on buffalo steak in South Dakota, and if Mrs. Taft would only get up these novelties for him at home, perhaps he would be content to settle down in the white house.

After seeing the butcher chop up his meat into the small pieces you can now buy for a quarter, we feel sure that he is the greatest common divisor we used to study about in school.

Mr. Taft has travelled 298,728 miles since entering the government service in 1900, but if they figured in the distance he has travelled in hunting for lost golf balls, the total would be much larger.

Mr. Taft is opposed to barbaric yells by college boys, but if they weren't allowed to rend holes in the air they'd probably tear down the college building, which would be more expensive.

As it will be for the benefit of all concerned to get a verdict in the steel trust suit as quickly as possible, we hope the case is not postponed for a year every time one of the lawyers wants to take a vacation.

John R. Walsh's relatives say Taft killed him. We are acquainted with a number of bankers who pay no attention to the ticker, but continue to sit tight on the lid of their depositors' money, and somehow they keep out of jail.

Kaiser Wilhelm honored Ambassador Leischmann by talking half an hour with him in private. If the kaiser wanted to know about American conditions, we hope Mr. Leischmann gave him a full account of the Philadelphia-New York ball games.

The lottery is not the only game of chance that is open to the Cuban. It has in fact encouraged other forms of gambling—made all kinds of chance speculation respectable. If we might forget the old Louisiana lotteries, our very own, we would be tempted to read Cuba a solemn discourse on the subject, but our shame is too recent. It is a nasty business, we of America know from a disgraceful experience.

Wall street paid down its good money for Mr. Taft on representation that he would stand without hitching and was safe for any lady to drive. But here he goes tearing down the street, head in air, and colliding with the oil and steel and other wagons that own the highway.

The town of Tripoli is the terminal point of African caravans bringing to the west the products of a vast interland where ostrich feathers, ivory, some gold dust and other African products are taken. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the town can be seen in the remains of what was once a triumphant arch erected in honor of Marcus Aurelius in 164 A. D.

The heroine of Limerock light, Ida Lewis, who has kept the light burning for more than half a century, was stricken with apoplexy at her post of duty Oct. 25. She had saved eighteen lives, some of them at great personal risk. She was the only woman ever officially appointed to the position of lighthouse keeper in America. Right nobly did she fill the place.

On Saginaw Bay on an arm of Lake Huron, is the strangest town known. It has no name nor fixed location but consists of about 150 modern little houses on wheels, which are the homes of more than 500 people. When the fishing season arrives, these movable dwellings are rolled out onto the ice in the bay and the fishermen are ready for business.

There are 4,000 persons in the United States, according to the last census, who have passed the 100 year milestone. In the matter of long lives the women seem to have somewhat the lead, as out of this number 2,500 are women. It would be a remarkable sight to see this aged company gathered together and hear the reminiscenses they would be able to recall.

Prof. Lowell has discovered another canal a thousand miles long on Mars. According to this learned man's discoveries, it would seem that the leading industry in Mars must be ditch digging. If he could ascertain whether steam, electricity, or mule power is used by the natives to propel their crafts through these canals, it would advance the cause of science considerably.

If the "unspeakable Turk" could be wiped off the map of Europe and Asia the cause of civilization would be served well, but Italy is hardly the instrument which divine providence would use to accomplish such a stupendous benefit to mankind. Revolutions are great time savers, but evolutions require time and the extinction of the Moslem, the atavitic survival of the savage childhood of the race, must wait, or at best must have a nobler finale that comic opera squabble over the remnants of a pirate horde huddling on the edge of an African desert.

Every new road laid out where it will add convenience to any part of a section, every bridge and culvert erected or improved, every road widened or bettered, every breaker removed—adds value to the whole country. The desirability of a community is made up of all the advantages, conveniences, improvements and wealth of the different parts comprising it. Every possibility for betterment left neglected or undone is a resource undeveloped for the community. The improvement of highways is a golden key that will unlock to the people all of the good things that make life happy and pleasant—comfort, convenience, culture, wealth and elegance.

JUDGE WELCH'S RECORD.

It is seldom that the ability of a judge can be given the high tribute that can be paid Judge A. A. Welch, republican nominee for re-election to the bench in the Ninth judicial district. The supreme court of Nebraska during the past sixteen months of Judge Welch's term, has affirmed exactly 90 percent of his decisions, a record that can be claimed by but few judges in the country and which in itself is the best evidence to the people of the district that they have a man of splendid talent on the bench at the present time, and one whom they may well afford to keep there.

The young man or the young woman who finds an education within his reach ought to seize it and it is fortunately true in this land of ours, that no man who aspires to an education need go without it. It is within the reach of all. There are hundreds of boys and girls who are working their way through the colleges of the country. And no man or woman who gets the education will ever live long enough to regret it. An education is the one thing that no one ever regrets. No matter what fortune or misfortune comes to one in later life, the knowledge he has acquired, the habits of thought and study and the formation, these things are never listed among a man's regrets.

MR. BRYAN'S HAMMER.

It is little credit to Mr. Bryan that he should be so partisan in his politics as to be everlastingly impugning the motives of those who happen to be of different opinion. It is little credit to him that he should insinuate that President Taft has allowed and will allow the "trusts" to dictate supreme court appointments.

Not even his bitterest enemies charge President Taft with being anything but sincere in his work. Many disagree with him and many claim he is a poor politician, but that he has ever permitted his administration to become tainted as Mr. Bryan suggests, will require more proof than Mr. Bryan's unfounded accusation to convince the American people.

President Taft has picked men of highest ideals and highest integrity for the supreme court. He has picked the highest type of man, with the finest judicial training, that this country knows. And the American people have faith in the integrity of that court.

When this republic does lose faith in its supreme court, or when the supreme court does become corrupt, then pity the American flag. And until there is more basis than partisan blindness for attacking motives of the supreme court, let our statesmen teach respect for the courts rather than cast insult and insinuation upon them.

THIRD DISTRICT REPUBLICAN.

The Third congressional district of Nebraska is fully as much a republican district as it is a democratic district, on the face of the record, and eliminating the personality of the late Hon. J. P. Latta, who drew very great support from republican ranks, the district may well be counted as positively republican.

In the last six elections the republicans have won three times and the democrats three times. Robins (dem.) was elected in 1900 by a bare 175 majority. McCarthy (rep.) won in 1902 by 660 and in 1904 by 2,194. Boyd (rep.) was elected in 1906 and in the next two campaigns Mr. Latta's personality, with his great hold upon many staunch republicans, together with the lavish expenditure of money that was made in the campaign managed for him by Dan V. Stephens, gave democratic majorities.

But even in spite of Latta's two winning campaigns, the district has been republican half the time since 1900 and in one campaign (1904) when Dan V. Stephens was campaign manager for P. E. McKillip, the republicans won against a $38,000 slush fund expended in McKillip's behalf.

And so, eliminating the Latta personality and check book, the Third Nebraska district may still be counted safely a republican district and there is not the slightest reason in the world why a united republican party in this district this year should not succeed in electing Jim Elliott to succeed Mr. Latta.

THE McKAY RULING.

Several newspapers are attempting to make political capital from Judge Welch's ruling on the error in date in the state's complaint charging Joe McKay, in Antelope county, with murder. The fact of the matter is that the mistake was not mentioned to Judge Welch by the attorneys for defense in support of their demurrer to the information. They simply said they did not care to argue it. Nor was it called to Judge Welch's attention for a ruling until after a jury had been sworn to try the case.

No doubt this course was pursued by them so that McKay could plead former jeopardy if the information could be amended during trial and the court should hold otherwise, necessitating the discharge of that jury and commencing over on a corrected information. Some states (among them Kansas in one opinion by Judge Brewer, afterwards judge of the United States supreme court, had held that such a mistake could be corrected during trial and the case proceed with the jury then impaneled. Other states have held that such information was void. The Nebraska supreme court had never passed on the point.

In view of the uncertainty as to which line of authorities the Nebraska supreme court would follow, Judge Welch certainly pursued the only safe course when he followed Judge Brewer and held that the mistake could be corrected and the case proceed with the jury then sworn, rather than run the risk of setting McKay free on a plea of twice in jeopardy by discharge of the jury, should the Nebraska supreme court follow Judge Brewer on the point.

LAND LOTTERY HUMBUG.

There's a good deal of humbug about these land lotteries, and the United States government, surprising as it may seem, is largely responsible for the graft. Louis Hill was pretty near right when he classified the land drawing game, three years ago, as a scheme that defrauds thousands out of hard earned dollars.

In the rush that just closed, 53,000 people registered for homesteads. Many of them traveled considerably more than 1,000 miles to register. It is fair to estimate that the average expense to each applicant was $50. That would make $2,650,000—not far from three millions of dollars poured out on a slim gamble, for the most part by people who could ill afford to spare the money. At all events, the people who ought to get government homesteads are people who need them and who have little surplus cash to throw away.

Out of 53,000 who registered, we are now informed, after the lottery, that not any of the first class lands are available and that considerable less than 500 claims of second rate agricultural land are to be had by those who drew. In other words, the chances against a man's drawing even a second rate farm, were 106 to 1. That's a good deal bigger odds than a roulette wheel offers against the player—yet "gambling" was prohibited at the registration points.

If the government wanted to put these claims where they were needed, the sane method would be to allow people to register by mail, thus giving every part of the nation an equal chance. Each applicant could be required to put up a stipulated sum as evidence of good faith, thus keeping down the number to persons really wanting homes. This would cut out the big expense of making trips to registration points, and loss of time. This plan has frequently been put up to the government but politicians have always been able to counteract the suggestion and win out with the "rush" scheme.

Thousands of people are led into the belief that if they win, they'll get something for nothing, and that their chances for winning are good.

As a matter of fact, the requirements are such as to compel the homesteader to pay well for his claim, and his chances of drawing are mighty slim.

The United States government ought to rise above this sort of a game. It would cut down railroad revenues and take some money from registration points, but the interests of all the people would be better served.

STEPHENS' "DEMOCRATIC" RECORD.

Dan V. Stephens, democratic nominee for congress, is posing as the simon-pure champion of democracy, as the friend of the "masses," as the champion of purity in politics and of "reform" all along the line. Yet as a politician who seeks votes by the extravagant use of enormous sums of money, Stephens' record is enough to cause the "masses" of "common people" to sit up and question Mr. Stephens' right to any claims about the fundamental principles of democracy.

Dan Stephens was chairman and campaign manager for P. E. McKillip when McKillip ran for congress against J. J. McCarthy in 1904. McKillip is now a bankrupt and his financial affairs are being aired in bankruptcy court. Some astounding facts are brought to light in this connection.

An investigation, for instance, shows that in his 1904 campaign McKillip gave checks for campaign purposes amounting to $26,057.29 and spent in addition to the amount represented by checks the sum of $12,000, making a total expenditure in that campaign of $38,057.29. This enormous use of funds undoubtedly contributed to Mr. McKillip's financial downfall. And Dan Stephens was McKillip's political manager.

In that campaign of 1904 William Jennings Bryan, then the "peerless leader" as now, swept over the Third district, as he is sweeping over it this year, and told the "pee-pul" how they ought to vote. He threw his arm affectionately around McKillip's this year and told the people how long he had known McKillip and what a model he was. He failed to refer to the fact that McKillip was spending $38,000 in his democratic effort to get votes.

This year Bryan is again with us. He is again in affectionate mood toward the candidate. He is telling his audiences what a genuine "common people's" democratic democrat Dan Stephens is. And he is not referring to the fact that Stephens was political manager for McKillip in the campaign that cost McKillip $38,000.

As an interesting little sidelight it may be noted, too, that in the last campaign of the Hon. James P. Latta, whose position Stephens now seeks, Mr. Latta is said to have spent somewhere in the neighborhood of $68,000. Dan Stephens was Latta's political manager in that campaign, as he had been in McKillip's.

Is it any wonder that Edgar Howard, that fearless Columbus democratic editor, turned loose his rapid fire guns a year ago in protest against Stephens' extravagant and indefensible use of the check book to such astounding extent?

Is it any wonder there is a growing protest among people all over the Third district, democrats and republicans alike, against sending to congress as a representative of this district, a man who has conducted campaigns on such an extravagant check book basis?

Notice to the city administration: Tuesday night was Hallowe'en.

Isn't it a joy to live under a city administration that has such faith in humanity that it sees no reason for providing property owners with the slightest degree of police protection on Hallowe'en, despite the fact that genuine damage is being done in all parts of the city? Take it from us, that's the kind of a city government we ought to be proud of.

LOST.—One battery key, without which one young Buick refuses to run. Reward for return, and no questions asked.

FRANKLY, we don't think it was genteel of 'em to take that key and keep it, but we confess stupidity in leaving the thing on the street where it could be got at—and particularly in view of our remarkable police protection.

PERSONALLY, when we were young, we NEVER took a battery key from anybody's car on Hallowe'en. (In those days they didn't have 'em, which perhaps explains the reason why.)

Don't shiver. This is only a taste.

Speaking of Hallowe'en luck, wouldn't it make you swear to pye two pages of the noon edition at the last minute before going to press? Now you noon editioners know why you got four pages yesterday.

We would think some of these golf sharks under 30 would feel ashamed of themselves to let a man who has lived about half a century, go out and clean up everybody in town for the championship.

Now we're glad we didn't register.

Cranking a car in cold weather wears almost as many blisters on a fellow's hand as the furnace game.

Dan Stephens is quoted as saying that he's elected anyway, but is merely traveling over the district to let his constituents get a glimpse at him. A man named Dan once had an awful fall when he got too chesty—Dan McGinty, wasn't it?

We see by the paper that two big moving picture magnates were victims of a Jap running amuck in Los Angeles. We trust their picture instinct prompted them to have the picture machine ready for the emergency.

Now that the world's series has been played off for another year, what is there for a man to do the next twelve months?

That reminds us, Christmas is only eight weeks away, and you'd better buy 'em early.

Do we understand Mr. Bryan to mean that he will vote for La Follette if Bob is nominated?

Of course you've noticed how blooming jealous every doctor in a little country town is of every other doctor in the town. This situation recently resulted in the near-death of one woman in a north Nebraska village. The woman was a preacher's wife. There were three doctors in the church and when the preacher's wife got sick she didn't know, for the life of her, which one to employ. So she just lay there on her bed and came near passing away before she finally got up nerve enough to call one of the physicians, at the risk of offending the other two.

There is only one other kind of jealousy that ever grows as bitter as the jealousy between small town doctors, and that's the bitterness that arises between members of the church choir.

There is this distinction, though: The church choir affair is found in every city as well as in every hamlet. One Omaha church almost disrupted because two families in the church won't stand for a certain choir leader, and everybody else is dead set on having him.

Here's a suggestion for moving picture film: Company comes to visit. Hostess tells how her children always sleep all night long, without a whimper. Lights out. Then all the children wake up and cry at regular fifteen-minute intervals all night. Explanations at breakfast about how it never happened before.

Hello, here's Hallowe'en again!

But modern sidewalks have made it not what it used to be.

We see by the paper that a young man was shot on a Ewing street. That ought to be a vital spot to be shot in.

Another sure sign that winter is on the way: They're getting the storm windows on.

Another Hallowe'en is gone and you can heave a sigh of relief.

Notice to Golfers: When a golfer is called to the telephone before he has finished changing from golf to street clothes, he ought to shut the clubhouse door.

Hello, here's November. Something happening all the time.

"ED." HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

(Copyright 1911; Geo. Matthew Adams.)

Somehow, a barefooted woman always shocks a man. A man knows a woman has feet, but he hates to see them.

What do people talk most about? I have concluded that they talk most of Outrages.

Some men are like phonographs; every day they reel off exactly the same records.

Some people think that if they do not eat with a knife, or drink out of a saucer, that is enough to know about etiquette.

It makes very little difference with some men whether they make a statement on oath at the courthouse, or on the street.

A great trick of pretty women is not to be very fond of anyone.

The popularity of dogs is due to a story told years ago, and never authenticated, that there was once a dog that would go after the cows.

In buying things, you are compelled to run almost as much risk in trading horses: nearly every butcher will sell you ram for lamb, and little is thought of it.

It always makes a man mad to ask him to be identified.

Experience indicates that if a girl wants a husband, she must get out and hustle for one, the same as a man hustles for a job.

I try not to be prejudiced, but do not make much headway against it.

It is easy to convince a man that he is being wronged.

About the only thing that happens in a country town is the appearance in the spring and fall of a strange milliner to trim hats for six weeks.

It is easy to carry some things so far that everybody will lose money, and a few get killed.

A modest man is usually admired; if people ever hear of him.

When a man wants to "talk it over," he thinks he can soon bring the opposition around to his way of thinking.

There are two things people are quick to notice: when a man wears a wig, and when a woman paints her cheeks.

There may be pleasure in telling today of the big thing you intend to accomplish tomorrow; but the humiliation you suffer tomorrow, when you find you can't make your big talk good, probably offsets it.

A wrong is sometimes nothing more serious than a man clamoring for something he is not entitled to.

How is it that a widow, bowed in grief at the funeral, and seeing no one, can tell after it is over who was there?

Man never gets over it. I know a widower who is 70, if he is a day, and as ugly a man as there is in the world. The other day someone spoke to him about "paying attention" to an old widow. And the old man didn't do a thing but grin in an idiotic way, indicating that he was guilty! When I pass 60, if a man speaks to me of love, I'll knock him down.

In nine cases out of ten, an excuse doesn't excuse.

Some people remind one of dogs; whatever they want to do, they do, without much regard for the proprieties.

I wish I could take advice as easily as I give it.

Don't let a man tell you what people say about you without telling him what people say about him.

If you are enthusiastic, you have probably had this experience: A subject comes up in which you are interested and you meet a man. You talk enthusiastically, and find him as dead, as cold, as lacking in enthusiasm, as a mackerel barreled five years ago.

When John D Rockefeller was a boy, his mother was always scaring him with stories that he was liable to go to the poorhouse. He became so frightened that he now owns nearly all the money in the world.

If a woman's daughters hang on too long, she says a girl who marries before she is 30, is robbed of her girlhood.

Women who are invited to a party are not satisfied; they want to be asked to help receive.

I never knew a man who could keep a horse looking decent in winter time.

In politics, a lot of things happen, and a lot of fellows claim the credit.

I am becoming tired of the saying: "All quiet on the Potomac" as I am of the story that Byron awoke one morning, and found himself famous.

Some men are so mean that when they attend a ball game, they want to see the home team beaten.

After a country-town man has been to New York, there is a difference; he is loftier, and not so well satisfied with his own town as formerly.

When a woman abuses you, stand it; you can't fight a woman. But there is a way of getting even; abuse her preserves behind her back.

Another person's secret is like another person's money; you are not as careful with it, as you are of your own.

I don't want to solve the problems of life; I want to get rid of hearing them talked about.

More money is put into mining and politics than is taken out.

When a man amounts to so little that he is not asked to sign petitions or write letters of recommendation, that settles it; he is pretty low.

When two members of the same family meet on the street, they always seem to have something disagreeable to talk about.

If a woman didn't occasionally go wrong, the good ones would be so proud that there would be no living with them.

Murder Case Given to Jury.

Opelosus, La., Nov. 2.—The case of Mrs. Zee Runge McRee, charged with the murder of Allan Thurman Garland, the Tulane university student, was given to the jury just before noon today.

Try a News Want Ad.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY

REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE GOD OF THE LUCKY

Text, "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow" (Tyndale's translation).—Genesis xxxix, 2.

His name was Joseph. He rose from the slave pen to the throne. The Bible says he was "a lucky fellow." As the other slaves saw him rise they said, "What a lucky fellow!" Of course he toiled while other slaves slept. He looked after Potiphar's affairs, while the other slaves looked after themselves. He busied himself bettering the prison, while others busied themselves trying to break out. There are plus and minus people. Joseph was plus. Still God and man said Joseph was "a lucky fellow."

One ought to define "luck." "That which chances to a person for good or ill." But when you say "chance" you confess ignorance. The very flip of the coin is governed by nerve, muscle, thumb and brain that flip it. If you could calculate the mental and physical forces between the coin's leap and return you could buy the world. But you can't. And it's just that bit of ignorance we call "chance." If a boy hated to saw wood, and of the load of pine, hickory and beech most of the pine fell to his brother's side, and the hard, knotty wood fell to him, he would say he had bad luck. Nevertheless there would be a cause for the wood so falling. If, however, the boy's father had so stacked the wood that the pine fell to one and the hickory to another, because one was better fitted for his lot than the other, the word "chance" would have no place there. If one sawed wood while the other taught his dog to balance a chip of wood on his nose there might be still another reason.

The Luck of Having a Job.

Joseph's good luck was in having an opportunity of demonstrating his fitness for doing large things by faithfulness to small things. He had the luck of being a servant. That was his chance. Every fellow who has a job has a chance. Don't think for a moment that things went smooth and without opposition. There were court intrigues and high officials, who envied him and tried to knife him on the sly. Let's admit for the moment that there's "luck." Well, to Joseph it "broke wrong." He was sold a slave. Blessed is the man whom misfortune doesn't sour. If our ill luck makes us sour we're "goners." If we are brave and smile things start to "come our way." Some men are cradled on feathers, some on rocks. Bunyan in Bedford jail was better off than the king of England. John the Baptist in dungeon at Machaerus castle was in better "luck" than Herod on the throne, though the former was beheaded. Franklin munching his penny roll on the streets of Philadelphia looking for a job, George W. Childs wheeling his barrow when the other boys had gone home, the New York judge who rammed paving stones on the street to get money to make a start are instances of hard "luck." When some official pushed a stumbling block in Joseph's way he stepped up on it. A postal clerk in Washington got "bounced," had saved $100, worked his way to Japan, started there a postal system and got $11,000 a year.

A Bible Cinderella?

No; no magic or miracle about it. "He had a 'pull?'" Yes, in a sense. He took his ill luck—i. e., his brother's envy, father's foolishness, boyish vanity, love of money, a woman's lust, lying lips, an ungrateful butler's forgetfulness, a despot's caprice, troubled dreams and ignorant magicians, strung them together into a rope to "pull" himself to the throne next to Pharaoh. "He was faithful," the book says. In this shoddy age, shoddy clothes, shoddy ideas, shoddy morals, "faithful" needs emphasizing. He had a clear record. Remember John B. Gough's last words—"Young man, keep your record clear." No skeleton in his soul's closet; no Banquo's ghost; no Belshazzar's fear of shadows; no Macbeth crying "Out, damned spot." And in prosperity? Adversity develops character; prosperity demands it. Weight of prison may be lighter than weight of power. Flowers that bloom under snow wither under sun. From slave pen to throne was but a night; prison rags to palace robe, fetter of iron to chain of gold, bed of straw to couch of down—all in a day? No; it took a lifetime.

The Essence of Luck.

The great word in Joseph's vocabulary was not "luck," but "God." No accident to him that "The Lord was with Joseph." Joseph was with the Lord. God's hand was on the helm of his life. He acknowledged God, as did Captain Philip on the deck of the Texas after battle of Santiago, like Grant declining royal reception in Europe on Sunday, like Victoria telling Indian princes secret of her empire's power was the Bible. Joseph found God's will and went that way. He looked at his difficulties through God, not at God through his difficulties. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass," was the first article in his creed, section one in his constitution. His disappointments were God's appointments. He saw God in slave pen, prison, temptation, before Pharaoh. "Them that honor me I will honor." Joseph was true to God. God to Joseph. The secret of his success was God. Get that, friend? "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow." His was the God of the lucky.

A want ad campaign will get you acquainted with a lot of people who want to buy homes—and the home you want to sell would surely suit some of them.