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Two Cuban warships and probably eight admirals were launched last week.

People are not any longer asking how high the thermometer is in the shade.

Butter has once more become the "lordly" dish it was considered in olden times.

It would not be a bad idea to apply the recall to some of the women's new style hats.

For real danger, the United States aviator has the Mexican bull fighter beaten to a frazzle.

The Mexican government has just suppressed two comic papers. They evidently got too funny.

Experience is a dear teacher because people have to pay so many times to be taught the same lesson.

The new Russian premier is well spoken of. The main question is, however, as to whether he is bomb proof.

There is scientific crop raising and scientific stock raising, why shouldn't there be scientific raising of boys and girls?

The Springfield Republican fears that some heartless wretch has given Joe Folk's presidential boom cyanide of potassium.

If China becomes a republic, what a glorious number of postoffices there will be to distribute in a land of 400,000,000 people.

New Orleans is figuring that she will be several thousand miles nearer every place on earth when the Panama canal is opened.

Mr. Taft talked to 5,000,000 people on his trip, but that's nothing compared with the job of making 291 congressmen listen to you.

A few of the colleges report that recitations are still being held, in spite of the fact that the climax of the football season is here.

Finding fault is the easiest job on the planet. No education, preparation or even a diploma is required to enter the profession of criticism.

There is a growing feeling that Aviator Vaniman should either proceed to aviate across the ocean or take a job as a street car conductor.

The civilized world dreads and fears the Mohammedans, not because they are Mohammedans, but because they seem to be the incarnation of hatred and cruelty.

Do you suppose that Woodrow Wilson saw the white house park barrel when he went down the cellar stairs backward with his looking glass on Halloween?

The grateful passengers on the Tennessee train who raised \$10.70 as a reward for the youth who saved the train from a wreck, did much to put a crimp into the hero business.

Some of the weather prophets are predicting a very severe winter and others a very mild one. It's always safe in this climate to have your coal bin well filled during the winter months, regardless of the prophets.

The profession of industry is nobler than the profession of arms. The man who serves his country by digging in a ditch, serves it just as nobly as the man who serves it by carrying a gun.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson says the hymn, "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," is silly. A great many people will heartily disagree with the New Jersey executive on this proposition.

Champ Clark has speaking engagements every day and night until congress meets in December. It may not be necessary to state that there is not a single engagement booked for Canada.

The auto truck is taking the place of the army mule. This is a decided improvement in more ways than one. The approach to the auto is easier and safer than when you want to do any tinkering.

If ever there was need of interference in the cause of helpless humanity it is now in China. Hundreds of defenseless women and children have been mercilessly slaughtered in Hankow by the Chinese imperial troops.

The democrats say the administration has not dared tackle the tariff. But if the non-partisan commission makes a unanimous report, as it probably will, and if congress passes its recommendations, as it probably will, considerable premature campaign

thunder will have to be extensively repaired.

The trusts are justified for exactions by the very true mark that every one else would do just the same if they had the chance. But the fact that all hogs put their feet in the trough does not prove that that is good table manners.

Henry M. Whitney, one of the most influential democrats in the state of Massachusetts—the nominee of that party for governor a few years ago—has announced his determination to stand with the republicans in the coming presidential campaign.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas road has sued the government for \$67,000,000. You don't find many railroad magnates hanging around the courthouse nowadays. Most of them are satisfied if they can keep dodging Uncle Sam's subpoena servers.

There was a real man behind Conan Doyle's great character whom he called Sherlock Holmes and his name was James Bell, an eminent Scotch surgeon who was an instructor of Conan Doyle when he was a student at Edinburgh university. His hobby was the study of mysterious crime.

Champ Clark's nonsense about annexing Canada has put him entirely out of the race as a presidential possibility in the democratic camp.

A man who aspires to become chief executive of the United States must show himself possessed of ordinary sanity and discretion in his public utterances.

In these days of so much peace talk, it is a strange thing that none of the nations slack up their strenuous efforts to increase their navies and strengthen their armies. When the peace movement gets substantial enough to even decrease the drain on the national treasuries for naval and military equipment it will be a happy time, long looked forward to.

It will require a thousand men to work the canal when it is completed. Col. Goethals puts the maximum capacity of the canal at twenty-four ships daily. It will cost from thirteen to fourteen million dollars to run the canal a year, including interest on the capital invested in its construction. These facts have to be considered in adjusting the toll rates.

One of the richest cargoes from Alaska this year, arrived in Seattle recently. One miner who had been operating in the middle of the frozen district brought in with him an old leather bag containing gold dust that had a market value of \$50,000. He said he had enough to last him the rest of his life, and the frigid north had no further attractions for him.

Italy intends to employ the aeroplane in her operations against Turkey. The aeroplane has dangers enough of its own to contend with and when the dangers of war are added to these the position of the operator will not be an enviable one. Still men can always be found to take any risk in war and the experiments made will be watched with intense interest by all the nations of the world.

It is now charged that there is a kindling wood trust in New York City, and the matter is under investigation. A good time to start after a corner on the kindling wood, just as it begins to put a crimp into the pocketbook of the poor man who has to get up before daylight and start a fire each morning. There is evil enough in having to make the fire without being charged for the kindling.

For many years there has been a stupid ruling in the postal department that the many presents sent by little children to Santa Claus should be returned to the giver where the address was given and when it was not such parcels should be destroyed. Now common sense, impersonated by Postmaster General has decreed that these gifts shall find their way through the proper authorities to the poor children.

The idea that Col. Roosevelt and his followers advance that nothing but war should settle questions of national honor, because no other method would settle them right, is a fallacious one. They will yet discover that the gods of war, even when invoked in defense of national honor, usually award the victories to the mighty, no matter how dishonorable the mighty may be. Napoleon was not far from the truth when he said: "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions."

If the canal is completed on schedule time as the president assures the people that it will be, there will be an opportunity to celebrate the fourth century of its discovery at the proper date. It was Sept. 25, 1513, Balboa and his handful of followers climbed the crest of the ridge and looked for the first time upon the Pacific. The completion of the canal by the middle of 1913 would suggest that some sort of observance of Balboa's exploit should be held at the isthmus in the latter part of September of that year.

In about two-thirds of the states,

most of them being in the west, women are permitted to vote on school matters. The movement for enfranchisement for them is proceeding vigorously in several European countries. Women can vote for all officials in Great Britain except for members of parliament. They have a limited suffrage in France, as well as in many of the provinces of the Dominion of Canada. Norway allows them a vote for parliamentary members. In the Isle of Man, Australia, New Zealand, Iceland and Finland, they have full suffrage as in the American states here mentioned.

While Italy is far behind France in skill in the use of an aeroplane and is even behind England and Germany, her antagonist knows nothing of this device. For purposes of observation the United States army on the Rio Grande used the aeroplane to a slight extent during the recent revolution in Mexico. Italy intends to employ it as a fighting machine, if possible. Not only will it search out the Turks' camps and reveal the number of their forces, as far as possible, but it is to make a test of its usefulness, if it has any, in throwing bombs into the enemy's lines. Here, for the first time, the flying machine is to be used in real warfare.

HOW ABOUT PAVING? How about more paving for next year in Norfolk?

Are we going to allow another season to slip by without making this very badly needed improvement? The summer of 1911 saw no public improvement in Norfolk of this sort. Are we going to stand still?

Norfolk is on the verge of doing things. Property values are going up. There's demand for all the houses and all the business buildings in town. The city's health couldn't be better. Everything's substantial and prosperous. But Norfolk must not sit down and wait for things to turn up. A spirit of progress is essential to the growth that is ours for the asking. And requisites. It's time to get busy.

It is a matter of serious questioning whether Washington's maxim: "No entangling alliances," can be rigidly adhered to by this nation after the completion of the canal opens a gateway to the nations of the world which they have sought for 400 years. This question is agitating European countries quite as much as it does the United States and whether we desire it or not, its opening will inevitably force this country to participate more largely than ever before in international politics. For good or evil we are already a world power and must play our part in the community of nations. To do this wisely and creditably will require a better knowledge among our public men of other nations, better trained diplomats and a public press that takes itself and public affairs more seriously.

It is difficult at this distance and with the fragmentary information obtainable to correctly judge the real situation in China; but out of all the facts that filter through to the outside world, it is apparent that the reform spirit is making wonderful and substantial progress. The old order is rapidly passing, and in its place is beginning to appear a movement which means not only the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, but the establishment of a new national government under a federal constitution. That the Chinese have the ability to create and maintain popular government can hardly be doubted. Notwithstanding the existence of a large mass living in ignorance and poverty, nevertheless a sufficiently formidable element of educated, progressive, patriotic men exists to lead the people of China into the advantages and benefits of government under constitutional forms and administered intelligently and honestly for the betterment of the whole nation.

CARNEGIE OUT OF PLACE.

Andrew Carnegie is overstepping the boundaries of private citizenship when he exchanges telegrams with a Chinese rebel official, attributing to the United States government an attitude favorable to the revolutionists. Mr. Carnegie may feel that way about himself, just as most everybody else in the United States does, but when he sends a cablegram to China intimating that the United States is taking sides in the war, or that it sympathizes with the rebels, he is going too far.

Mr. Carnegie's very position in the United States should tend to restrain any such comments as he made to a former Chinese minister in a cablegram. He might easily involve Americans now living in China, by such indiscretion. We have a pretty able state department at Washington, hired to look after our diplomatic relations with other countries, and it would be well enough for influential private citizens to keep out of the game and let the government run its own business.

A REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

The official announcement that Congressman-elect Dan V. Stephens had a majority of only 3,954 over Col. J. C. Elliott, the republican candidate in the Third congressional district of Nebraska, can mean nothing more nor

less than an emphatic victory for the republican party, even though Mr. Stephens was elected.

A year ago the democratic nominee in this district was given a majority of 7,388 over the republican candidate, so that Col. Elliott sliced the democratic margin by more than 3,400 votes, and all this in spite of the fact that the national democratic party centered all its campaign thunder upon this district in its effort to elect Stephens.

Not only did William Jennings Bryan make one of his characteristic campaign tours over the district, appealing eloquently to "progressive" republicans to bolt their ticket and support a democrat, but Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives and himself a candidate for the democratic presidential nomination next year, was carried over the district in a special train from which he delivered his most effective campaign argument in behalf of a democratic congressman.

Over against this concentration of big guns by the democrats Col. Elliott made his campaign practically single-handed and alone. He received no assistance from noted leaders of the party and his success in cutting down the democratic majority in the district to about half its former size in face of this uneven battle, must be conceded by democrats and republicans alike to be a remarkable achievement and to indicate a remarkable unity among the republicans of the district and a growing sentiment in support of the same policies for which republicanism stands.

The complaint and agitation concerning the high cost of all kinds of food, which is everywhere heard in the United States, is being echoed all over the world. From European countries and throughout the orient the same protest is being made. In France the women resorted to assaulting the provision stores and destroying their supplies. In Germany and other countries the parliaments and legislatures have been appealed to for relief. For twenty years, the cost of food has been increasing, until in the United States, for example, government reports show that everything used on the table is higher now than it has averaged for the past score of years. Many different reasons are given for present conditions, and a combination of them would probably answer the question. Some of the more important are: "The economic waste of armies and navies, the restriction of the output and the high wages demanded by the labor unions, the excessive profits demanded by trusts and monopolies, the protection given to the trusts by the tariff, the excessive cost of distribution due to unreasonable freight rates, excessive retail profits, the increase in taxation caused by our extensive and expensive public school buildings, the increase in the gold supply which has cheapened the value of money, the fact that what were once luxuries are now regarded as necessities, and to the growth in the past quarter of a century of which has taken capital and labor from the country where they were food producers to the cities where they are food consumers. During the past ten years the farm area in the United States has increased only about 4 percent, while the population has increased more than 20 percent. These causes, together with the rise in the standard of living, have combined to place the prices of necessities as well as luxuries well nigh out of the reach of the man of ordinary income. The possible remedies mentioned are quite as numerous as the causes. One thing seems sure, however, that the prices must be lowered and the visible supply increased or many people will go hungry before the winter is over.

REPORTER AND THE AUTHOR.

A unique provision in Joseph Pulitzer's will provides prizes for meritorious services by newspapers, for novels, plays and for the best example of a reporter's work. It is significant that Mr. Pulitzer offers the same honor to achievements as a newspaper reporter as to achievement in novel or play writing.

And yet, we recall a cartoon published by a humorous paper, in which a society girl was depicted as asking "Can a reporter be a gentleman?" A glorified halo of artistic temperament descends upon the head of the young man who announces that he has chosen a literary career. Friends whose idea of success is measured in terms of automobiles and Persian rugs may wish that he had chosen a calling where the financial rewards are less capricious. But in their secret hearts they admire his sportsmanship.

While the calling of the reporter has grown more dignified as newspapers have grown better, there does exist with some impression that the reporter's position lacks dignity. The public of course justifies a young man who takes that position, for willingness to engage in the rough and tumble life over the stepping stones of life. But there is yet to come a full recognition of the fact that the calling of the reporter is one essentially of large dignity.

In the temper of our times, in spite of the occasional really vital novel and play, the novelist and playwright usually only amuse. They make the

public laugh, the reporter makes the public think. By the license of fiction, the whole world of the novelist and playwright. The reporter is given the hard, bare facts of life. He is held down to rules of precision and accuracy, which never bother the novelist or playwright. If he is a really good reporter, he sees between those facts into the vital principles of life, and so shapes his story that they illustrate those principles.

Under present conditions, the work of the reporter is usually underpaid, because the public fails to demand the highest grade of work and pay for it. But the public taste is growing more discriminating. It will before long refuse to accept newspapers which print sloppily written and inaccurate news stories, and it will be willing to pay prices that will permit newspaper reporters to make the calling a source of permanent reliance.

AROUND TOWN.

What's become of the o.f. housewife who used to hang out the Thanksgiving turkey at the gable end of the house, a few days before the feast, in order that it might freeze and get tender?

And what's become of the o.f. man who used to wear a long, wide woolen scarf of many colors, knit by his wife and wrapped twice around his neck and then tied in a single knot with the long ends trailing down across his chest?

And what's become of the o.f. woman, by the way, that used to knit our mittens and those thick, jet-black, scratching stockings?

We have always wondered how they ever managed to knit a stocking in the right shape. When we used to try it, our knitting would be just one shapeless mass of yarn.

P. S.—That's a yarn. We never tried it. All our knitting was nit.

The buckwheat cake season ought to be along here pretty soon—but maybe they wouldn't be good for us anyway.

We'd like to bet, though, that there's a banker up the street having 'em every morning. They always have 'em at his house when the season's on. Now, if his wife would send over a little batter to start the game—well, that would be a gentle little hint, at least.

Batter up! We see by the paper they've formed a China cabinet.

We notice Mr. Taft has a bad cold. Now, if we could just get at him, we'd tell him how to cure it by drinking lots of water and taking deep breaths. He's foolish, though, to keep penned up in the white house all day—fresh air doesn't hurt a cold. He's so far away, though, that the chances are he'll have to suffer along under a doctor's care without getting the benefit of our last spring's experience.

Here's hoping he doesn't get a sore heel.

And that reminds us: Why is it that whenever you stick a finger with a nut-pick, it's always the thumb of the left hand, just where you ought to be smashing away at a typewriter?

So we limp to press on eight fingers and one thumb.

Checkers ought to be abolished as a dangerous game. For further details, read the dispatch from Iowa, telling about the man who dropped dead while playing it.

Wouldn't you call it tough luck to travel all the way to West Point to get buckwheat cakes, and then find they don't serve 'em on Sundays?

A Norfolk woman, wanting a maid, is going to attach to her want ad: "Every girl that works for me gets married."

"Great Laugh on Friday," says a headline. What's the mayor done, anyhow?

We had always thought J. P. Morgan was a conservative financier, but he got tripped up that time all right.

Here's the difference between a little town and a big city: If a man in a little town were to spill the collection money at church, the incident would be forgotten in about ten minutes. When J. Pierp, lets the coins go splashing around in a New York church, the stubbing of his toe is played up all over the front pages of every New York City paper for a week.

We see by the paper that one Nebraska absent-minded man forgot that he had hidden \$4,500 in gold. Just on that tip, we're going to skrimish around the attic to see if we can't find a few thousand simoleons that we've tucked away and forgotten.

As we rush to press in our frenzy to get at the search, we're willing to promise to buy the drinks for our 8,000,000 readers, in case we find the rocks.

It was just twenty-three years ago yesterday that W. N. Huse landed in Norfolk to buy The Daily News. Since then he's been on the job day and night, working most of the time on an average of eighteen hours a day, in the effort to build up The News and make it "go." Just at this time the "Around Town" department is going to take the liberty and without the knowledge of the editor himself and while he is out of town, to

reprint, as a little anniversary comment, an article which appeared in "The Real Estate and Financial News," under date of Oct. 1.

The Norfolk Daily News, the world's greatest country newspaper, is an institution of which northern Nebraska may well feel proud. Probably no other newspaper is doing so much to build up the territory in which it circulates, and no other more progressively reflects the prosperity of this rich field.

From a struggling little daily twenty-three years ago, The News has been developed into the greatest daily paper published anywhere in the world in a city of Norfolk's size. When bought by the present owner, The News was a run-down little paper of four pages, six columns to the page, with a couple of columns of local news and the balance boiler plate. Today The News is a six and eight-page journal, printed with three editions daily, maintaining its own exclusive Associated Press leased wire, printed on a fast and costly perfecting press, and distributed to 8,000 homes in northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota before nightfall. More than fifty people are employed in The News plant—including the newspaper, job printing and kindery department—and the institution's payroll is the largest in Norfolk except that of the Northwestern Railroad company.

In 1894 the present News building was erected. About six years ago an addition was built, and last year still another addition was put on. It was about eight years ago that The News first branched out from its local field as a purely Norfolk institution and began to cover the broad territory tributary to Norfolk. Train service was such that a noon paper issued at Norfolk could reach all points of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota by nightfall on the same trains that brought papers printed at midnight in the larger cities. With this opportunity of furnishing so vast a territory with twelve hours later news than any other paper and of getting a great deal of the world's telegraphic news as well as market reports out into this field twenty-four hours ahead of any other paper, The News took advantage of the situation and developed it with untiring energy and zeal. The result has been to give half of the states all the news of the world while it is fresh, and the greatest newspaper in its class that has ever been known in America has been created.

As an illustration of the great advantage which The News has for giving this big field the news of the world ahead of all newspapers from other cities may be mentioned the following big news stories that The Norfolk Daily News distributed over northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota many hours ahead of any other paper: Pope Leo's death in 1903, the Slocum horror of 1904, Parker's presidential nomination in 1904, the capture of Port Arthur, San Francisco earthquake, the death of Edward Rosewater, Taft's nomination, Cleveland's death, Dr. Cook's north pole yarn, Johnson-Jeffries prize fight, the shooting of Mayor Gaynor, the recent blowing up of a French battleship, and hundreds of other less important stories.

The first noon edition ever issued by The News was Sept. 13, 1903, and this was the beginning of the "new" News.

A News man was sent to Bonesteel to report an excursion into that town almost a year before the famous Bonesteel land rush. The idea came to mind to issue a noon edition and send it to Bonesteel to be distributed in the evening to the excursion crowd. This was done, and created so much comment that the noon edition became a regular institution within a week, and now has much greater circulation than any other edition of the paper.

When W. N. Huse came to Norfolk from Ponca, Nov. 21, 1888, and bought The News, he had in mind the project of some day expanding the circulation of the paper so as to cover the territory it is now reaching. He chose Norfolk because he saw a remarkable railroad center from which radiated lines of steel that would some day be extended into new regions, as they have been, and over which mail trains would carry The Norfolk Daily News with many hours fresher telegraphic reports than could possibly be brought into this field by papers from Omaha, Sioux City or Lincoln.

That dream of nearly twenty-five years ago has come true, and today all of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota are depending upon The Norfolk Daily News for their information as to what the world is doing. The News plant, from a mechanical standpoint, is one of the finest printing establishments in the west, and bank and county printing are being done on an extensive scale for a large territory.

Mr. Huse now has associated with him in the business his two sons, N. A. Huse and E. F. Huse.

"ED" HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

(Copyright 1911; Geo. Matthew Adams.)

What has become of the old-fashioned little boy who ate so much that it made him poor to carry it?

A man who has no poor kin, thinks it would be a pleasure to them.

After a man becomes thoroughly worthless, instead of putting off until tomorrow what he should do today, he put it off until next Monday.

When a man asks your advice, he usually tells you just how he expects you to decide.

A girl wearing a new fall hat met a gentleman friend. "How do you like my new hat?" she asked. The man looked at the hat a moment, and inquired: "You can't trade back?" "No," the girl replied. "Well," the man said, "then I like it."

When the weather is bright, and the women are on the streets, a man does nothing but take off his hat and bow, and the buggy horses to telegraph poles.

When a woman gives a party, she figures on twenty-two guests to a gallon.

When men are not regretting that life is so short, they are doing something to kill time.

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

PAYING YOUR FARE. Text: "So he paid the fare thereof."—Jonah 1:2.

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

The Runaway Sailor.

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

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

"The Devil's Dice Are Loaded." Satan robs you, doesn't deliver the goods and doesn't refund. He takes your money and puts you off at a poor landing place. He promises to take you from Joppa to Tarshish and throws you over before you are halfway. Only one thing is certain—he never fails to collect the fare. Dealing with the devil is like playing with a gambler at his own game—when you are surest he has you. My scolding friend bought a stack of infidel books. How he used to sneer! He paid \$10 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the books.

He landed in perdition. You pay your price. The beautiful Chicago heiress married the young lord with handsome face and rotten character. Have you read her heartbroken letters? She's paying the price. That woman who got the extra pair of silk hosiery through the clerk's mistake bragged of being in a pair of stockings, but she's out a woman's finer and nobler instincts. That man who dodged the trolley fare thought he got a free ride, but he didn't. He paid the coin of meanness and dishonesty. He was poorer when he left the car than when he entered. You must pay the fare. You're paying either to Tarshish or Nineveh, the devil or God—which?

A 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.

Try a Daily News Want-Ad.