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Only a little while now and it will be congress and the tariff boards in all the newspapers.

The first jury of women in California couldn't agree on a verdict. No, nor even on a place to dine.

Even if the McNamara are acquitted, they seem to be sure of free board for several years to come.

Gov. Dix says New York is suffering from too much and too many laws. New York is not alone in its misery.

A writer states that they do not go by a compass in Switzerland for they know but two directions, up and down.

Germany refers to its war agitators as "saure-rattlers." This gives us a new term to apply to our "jing" statesmen.

Let us go slow about repealing the Sherman law till we know well the character of the substitute we are going to endorse.

Although 223 stone throwing suffragettes have been arrested in London, it is doubtful if any of them hit what they aimed at.

A Georgia court finds it is a crime to kill the baseball umpire. How do they expect bleacher seats can be sold under such restrictions?

The world's great peace movement seems to be working the wrong way. There have not been so many wars and rumors of wars in years as now.

It's time Mr. Rockefeller was up and doing in the race for supremacy in gift giving. Mr. Carnegie is several hundred millions ahead at present.

Italy and Turkey are accused of violating the articles of war in Tripoli. They violated every known article of peace before they began on those of war.

As a good start has been made in the meat packers cases, we have hopes that it will be possible to jail the grandchildren of the present defendants.

Some people say they still believe that Doc Cook reached the pole, but the real test comes when they are invited to put up 50 cents for a gallery seat to hear him lecture.

The American Bankers' association being now in New Orleans, it would seem as if a resident of that city who wished to borrow \$5 would never have a more favorable opportunity.

Justice Hughes refused the offer of \$100,000 if he would act as an executor of the Pulitzer will. Just before Christmas, too. Mr. Hughes must be a man of unusual strength and character.

It has been aptly said that there is this difference between a thankful and an unthankful man: The one is always pleased in the good he has done, and the other only in what he has received.

If the Panama canal is finished a year ahead of contract, this distressing tendency for the help to work themselves out of a job will be contrary to all the principles of the government service.

China will never have a successful republic until it can abolish the general hunger and wretchedness that prevails. Hunger and wretchedness are not a good foundation for wise self-government.

Now they are experimenting to take the cold storage flavor out of eggs that have been kept in cold storage too long, and with some degree of a success, so they say. But who wants to eat a doctored egg?

It is considered unsportsmanlike for aviators to fly over ball games and other public spectacles. Then, too, they might be under suspicion of gathering in one of Mr. John Franklin Baker's long hits.

In view of the general interest shown in Col. Roosevelt's recent piece in the Outlook, we believe several New York papers would be willing to take him on to write Oyster Bay items at space rates.

J. Pierpont Morgan has not been pleased with President Taft's administration. His recent tour and the speeches made enroute were particularly displeasing to J. P. This is the biggest boom Taft has had for some time.

The South African government is considering the wisdom of removing all port charges on ships going to and from the far east, hoping in this way to offer some inducement to steamship companies to continue their old routes after the Panama ca-

nal is opened. Already the effect of the canal on transportation is being felt quite strongly.

The trusts say they can not find out what they can legally do under the Sherman law. But as they can find out by paying car fare for some one to go down to Texas and ask Senator Bailey, they should not complain.

Uncle Sam is willing to do all he can to stop this revolting business on the Mexican border. But it's a tiresome prospect if he has got to spend the entire winter walking back and forth across Arizona and New Mexico.

China has a new national hymn which reads in part, "Let the People and All Living Things Rejoice as Ducks Among the Pond Lilies." Doesn't seem to have the grand roll of "America" to our ears, but perhaps it means as much.

A new industry has been started in the California state prisons, that of safenaking. This is likely to serve the double purpose of providing employment while in confinement and making them more familiar with the construction of the safe so they can ply their trade more successfully when they are given their freedom.

That sturdy Scotchman who has done so much for the development of Canada, Lord Strathcona, has just made a trip, in his 91st year, from London to Winnipeg and back in seven days. The same little leather covered trunk which he brought with him to the Canadian wilds seventy-three years ago, accompanied him on this last trip. That's what you call Scotch thrift.

While the United States has been unsettling trade by pursuing a vigorous policy of trust busting, Germany has been following a policy of constructive trust making. It is neither wise nor practicable for the welfare of the country to put the great corporations out of business. The whole country sees that a policy of destruction will not bring satisfactory results. Adequate regulation is what is needed rather than extermination.

In Kansas many hundreds of acres of melons are raised for their seeds alone. These are sold to seed houses and medicine makers. Last year some of the farmers tried making syrup of the melon juice and found it so good that they plan to save the juice from all their melons next year, make it into syrup and place their "melon molasses" on the market along with the seeds. What's the matter with Kansas and the inventive genius of the Kansas farmer?

There has been a decided reaction from the radical position taken a decade or two ago that the world's best work was done by the young men under 40. Innumerable examples of men who have done great things after the meridian of life has been passed can be cited. Huxley, Spencer, Agassi, Kant, John Burroughs and John Bigelow all did their most forceful and effective work after the period in life when Dr. Osler would have had them chloroformed. Middle old life, all else being equal, is the sanest and best period for effective work by men.

A group of Brazilian planters who feel the imperative need of railroads if their business is to progress are about to import elephants from India with the hope of domesticating them to help in breaking the roadways through the jungles that are impenetrable to any other burden bearer. Had it not been for the elephant, railroad building in India would not have progressed to its present point. The elephant will penetrate jungles through which scarcely any other living thing can make its way, and its capacity for burden bearing, loading and unloading, is not equalled by any other animal. He is a good friend to mankind and if he can be domesticated in Brazil it will solve many of the difficulties that have hindered the progress of that land of rich possibilities.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER.
 Although more and more is being into closet shelves and waste baskets as soon as they can be safely put out of sight.

Such people have Christmas buying in mind all through the year. If you have your eyes open in that way the things you like turn up in unexpected quarters. If you wait until the before Christmas scurramge, you almost never find what you want from the tumbled assortment of pawed-over goods.

The next two weeks are a golden time to buy Christmas gifts. The stores will have additional stocks which are fresher today than they ever will be subsequently. Think of that, if the tough plight of the poor clerk under the strain of the pre-Christmas week does not move your heart.

FARMER IN THE SENATE.
 Some of us were not a little surprised the other day to learn, through a resolution of the National Grange, that Obadiah Gardner of Maine is the only practical farmer in the United States senate.

Here is a problem for the attention of our sociologists. There is a sprink-

ling of farmers in the lower branch of most state legislatures, but they are largely weeded out of the state senates. They are scarce indeed, as governors and congressmen.

And yet when Cincinnatus was made consul of ancient Rome—later dictator, he was found ploughing on his farm. And George Washington, one of the greatest constructive politicians of all ages, farmed the estate of Mount Vernon.

There is no class of people that is better informed, or that has a keener wit to see the shams of life. Why do we exclude the man with the hoe from our legislative halls?

The hasty thinker may say it is because the farmer wears a hat that has grown rusty under the sun of the cornfield, or trousers that show the stain of good, honest dirt.

That theory we hold to be incorrect. Nine politicians out of ten need to have their wives brush their coats morning, horny hands have always been qualifications for office, and nothing is more fatal to a candidate than appearing in a "dress suit" and plug hat.

The trouble with the farmer is that he is too contrary minded to make up to the shabby class of unsuccessful who do the dirtier work of politics, and too stubborn to do the bidding of the oily boss who, in some dusky ante chamber, does the real legislating, while his obedient servants exemplify the work under the stately pillars of the house. Instead of seeing that the heeler got the fat clerkship for which he had demonstrated his fitness by grinding out properly tagged nominations, he would be much more likely to tell him that applicants for charity should apply to the authorities supplying pauper relief.

All which goes to show that the requirements of statesmanship have changed since the days of Cincinnatus, or even George Washington.

NATION'S EXPERIMENT STATION.
 California promises to be the great American experiment station for the next few years. If Wisconsin and Oregon have successfully followed one another as the promoters of new and untried schemes of political promise California has entered the arena and outdistanced both of them.

If other communities are inclined to be slow to receive all the nostrums that are advertised with so much energy and vehemence for the cure of every known political and social ill, the charge cannot be laid against the golden state. California has jumped in all over, head first and taken a plunge that commits it, without reservation, to the trying out of all the progressive and radical whimsicalities of the present chaotic political period.

Everything is included that could be mentioned and there are no reservations worth mentioning. Not only the initiative and the referendum, but the recall which includes the judiciary as well as other officers is assented to. With these the ballot for women has been granted and in that state women as well as men will vote for every officer at the next election from the presidential electors to the lowest office on the list. This strong dose of political novelties was all taken at one sitting without winking.

The traditional viewpoint doesn't have much weight evidently on the Pacific states, any more than it has here in Oklahoma.

These political fads and extreme measures of reform will now be tried out on a wider and larger field than heretofore. Many of them are an attempt to make it easy for the people to rule themselves and as in similar experiments that have been tried elsewhere and heretofore there can be little doubt that the people of California will discover that there is no royal road to perfect government and high quality of public service. The voters, whether in California with its 2,000,000 inhabitants, or in little Delaware with a few hundred thousand, will sooner or later realize that good government consists not in new or specially devised systems that can be learned in a correspondence school, but that it rests today, as it always has and always will, on the eternal vigilance of an intelligent and high-minded electorate. With these, under a system that may not be the best, there will be a prosperous and happy and honest people with a government of which they are proud. Without them, any system is bound to be a failure.

OPTIMISTIC AVENUE.
 If there is one day in the entire year when the people of the United States should walk Optimistic avenue it is the day when we are called upon by proclamation from the president and the governors of the different states to render thanksgiving for our blessings. Never was there more cause to do this than in this year, 1911.

We are apt to revert to the beginnings of this day when the band of Pilgrims "moored their bark to the wild New England shore." It is well that we should do this. That the little band of men and women with their families, far away from their homes and their kindred, exiles from all that had made life worth living in a material sense, destitute and lonely, in an inhospitable country, amid the snows of a pitiless winter, and surrounded by hostile Indians, should find cause and time to render their thanks to Almighty God and set

apart a day for this especial purpose ought to give us pause. It behooves us to stop in the rush and strenuousness of these modern days and reflect on how far we have traveled since our forefathers set the pace for us and established this unique day which has now become national in its scope. We, too, have reason for rejoicing and praise to the Giver of all Good. In fact, our mercies are so multifarious that we are in great danger, for that very reason, of forgetting all His benefits.

Let us consider a few of the many that could be enumerated. We should be thankful that our lot has been cast in the Greater America of today rather than in the smaller America of day before yesterday. Contemplate the difference! Go back just one hundred years and mark the change. Ponder the contrast in the bill of fare for Thanksgiving dinner! Then, only the things that grew right about the New England homes that celebrated the day, could be enjoyed. The best able of the people of that day could not have had for dinner many of the dishes that the ordinary families of the land enjoy today, as a matter of course. There were then no means of transporting fresh fruits and vegetables from sunny climes and preserving foods so that they would keep and could be used at any time of year. Moreover, there were no people living in the Texas, the Florida and the California from which we draw such delicious supplies now.

Again, in the preparation of the dinner, the housewife of that time had no gas or electric range or even the modern cookstove. There were no friction matches, no refrigerators, no ice cream freezers, lemon squeezers, double boilers or paper bags in which to do so many excellent cooking stunts. There was neither granulated sugar, baking powder, yeast cakes or a hundred and one things which are now considered household necessities for everyday use. It took longer to go from Boston to New York than it does now to cross the continent, and modes of travel were very tedious. There were no steam railways, no electric street or trolley cars, no rubber boots, coats or blankets. All clothing was home-spun. A stove, a bathroom, quinine, chloroform, or any one of a hundred drugs—all were unknown. There were but few newspapers of the most mediocre character and the men on the western frontier in Indiana or Tennessee were obliged to wait six weeks before they heard of President Madison's message to congress. It is hard for us to realize this. When we compare it with the world of comfort and luxury and convenience which is a part of our existence today, it certainly ought to be a cause for profound and sincere gratitude that we have been given so goodly a heritage.

Three more reasons for rejoicing need emphasis.

America is in this year, 1911, a land of plenty. The harvests have been abundant, labor has been busily employed at remunerative wages, our industries have prospered, our business men have made gains, the cattle on our vast plains have multiplied and our mountains have given up great stores of gold, silver and other precious metals. With all this, plenty of health has prevailed in increasing and wonderful manner throughout all our borders.

We are enjoying great national power, such as the United States has never before so fully realized. Within the borders of the Greater America, which not only stretches across a continent from Eastport to San Francisco, and north and south from the wilds of Koochiching to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, but includes Porto Rico, Panama; goes across the Pacific, and on its way incorporates Hawaii and the Philippines, and turning north holds in its grasp the ice-bound land of Alaska with its matchless wealth, there is everywhere a loyal devotion to the flag which stands for national strength and unity. It is hard to conceive of the comfort and prosperity and reverence for national authority which everywhere prevails among the one hundred million people which pay loving and hearty allegiance to the great republic. In those ancient days to be a Roman was to be greater than a king. In these modern days to be an American citizen is to be the most exalted ruler and sovereign that the sun has ever shown upon. Not alone is this power shown within the country. The world everywhere respects and honors the stars and stripes. No other nation in ancient or modern times has been so revered. Other nations have been feared, but America is the beacon light of less favored nations and peoples everywhere. William T. Ellis, the well known journalist, who is making a tour of the world for one of the widely read newspapers of the country, in his letter of last week written in Asia Minor, says that wherever he has gone, whether it be in Scotland, England, France or Germany; in Switzerland, Constantinople, Jerusalem or Pekin, he has become convinced that America is today in a peculiar place of leadership and "that its hold upon the hearts of mankind constitutes an empire more potent than any of those that flourished along the Nile, the Tiber, the Tigris or the Bosphorus.

America is at peace, not only with

in her own borders, but with the whole world. Greater and more significant than this is the world-known fact that she stands in the forefront in advocating and promoting the real peace of the nations. It is the distinguishing glory of the present administration that President Taft is pushing forward as fast as he can great arbitration treaties with the nations of Europe who manifest any desire to assent to them, and is striving to get other nations interested so that there shall be an end put to war and cruelty.

Surely these are wonderful days of privilege and tremendous responsibility for this nation! Not this only American has a share. In this every there an awakening of a national consciousness of our mission and our duty here at home, but the entire globe is being imbued with the American spirit of liberty, equality, fraternity, and justice.

We know too well that we are a long ways from our ideals and our aspirations. The fact, however, that never in our national history were the whole people moving forward with such a determined and intelligent purpose to make good the faith of the fathers in the days of the long ago and transmute their sublime courage and noble ideals into living actualities for a common humanity ought, indeed, to compel us, at this glad Thanksgiving season of 1911, to thank God and take courage for the future.

AROUND TOWN.

We're not broken out yet.

But speaking of b. c., has anybody ever settled the question as to whether they bake 'em or fry 'em? We're e. to k.

Why does anybody ever say "widow woman?" Nobody ever has the crust to say "widower man."

You aren't doing your full duty if you fall, when you have a happy thought that would flash out like a diamond in the "Around Town" column, to put it in an envelope and send it down. We'd even agree to put your initials to it, if the sparkler was found available.

And speaking of that, here's another piece of you aren't doing your full duty: When you have friends visiting you, or when you go away, or when your little boy breaks his leg, or when your house burns up, have the thoughtfulness to telephone it to The News. The News is a mind reader to a certain extent, but there are limitations to its capacity along that line. It can't read everybody's mind at once. Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder that says, "Oh, they never put my name in the paper." Cheer up and telephone. The paper wants to know.

The city ought to be arrested and fined to the full extent of the law, under its own orders. This week the city published a notice that any person throwing ashes in a street, would be prosecuted. Yesterday the city dumped several wagonloads of ashes into North Fourth street. Now, how's that for consistency?

AROUND TOWN.

How often it happens that just as a man gets to the point where he could enjoy life to its utmost, that just as he attains the goal toward which he has devoted his energy for a lifetime, the hand of fate puts a period to his career.

It seems that the world is out of joint when such a man as J. F. Losch of West Point, with everything in the world to live for, must be taken at the age of 54. He was an ideal citizen of that substantial German type that always means good citizenship. He was a devoted husband and father, a good neighbor. A man of thrift and excellent judgment, he was successful in business. Coming west as a boy just out of college, with no money, he took his bride to a little shack of a house on the Nebraska prairie and taught country school at \$40 a month. Out of this sum he managed to save and when he had \$100 accumulated, he applied it on his first land purchase. He recognized the fact that land values would increase and as fast as he could accumulate, he bought more land. Shortly he took up his profession as a lawyer at West Point, almost thirty years ago. He continued to save and buy land. He was a man of staunch integrity and his word was as good as a gold bond.

J. F. Losch was deeply devoted to his home and to his family. The father of eight healthy children, he had already given five of them the advantages of whatever university they chose to attend and was planning to do the same for the younger children. He was a young boy with the little fellows and always looking after the welfare of the whole family. On the Fourth of July he was the first "boy" shooting off firecrackers in the morning, the last to send up a sky rocket at night. Weeks before Christmas he began to select gifts for each member of the family, never allowing anybody else to pick what he should give. And at Christmas time he was Santa Claus personified. The night before he'd bring up the mammoth tree from the cellar—a tree that he had personally arranged for months in advance—and would nail it to a box, so that its tall ends swept the ceiling. Then he'd fasten on the candles and the glittering tinsel and put on the toys. And in the morning he'd line up the family in a double-file procession at the top of the stairs and march down to the

dining room to where the tree was, and then he'd distribute the presents. The shouts of the little fellows was the most joyous of all music to his ears.

He was a good citizen. He took an interest in the welfare of his town and was liberal in support of public enterprise. He was progressive. But his temperament was distinctly that of the home-lover. He never sought political office nor was he active in politics. He found greater pleasure in making garden in the springtime and in watching the tomato plants grow, and the asparagus, or in building a trapeze for the little boys and showing them how to "skin the cat." He loved his neighbors and he was interested in his church. But most of all he loved his own family and his home.

"ED." HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.
 (Copyright 1911; Geo. Matthew Adams.)

Mean old Rockefeller has been able to do more good with his left hand than some of us good men have been able to do with our right; and that isn't fair, either.

Hope is pleasant even when we know there is nothing in it.

There can be nothing so evil that opinion is all on one side; in every discussion, there are usually nine on a side, as in a ball game.

We all like to go to Chicago, but how wicked the town is!

The poorer the woman, the greater her longing to make a trip abroad.

Some doctors profess to believe in hypnotism, although they say only a few can be influenced by it. But chloroform will put to sleep everyone who smells it.

A man who has a present need not worry much about the future, you can't spend the money you are going to make.

In many newspaper offices, the long way of telling an incident is regarded as editorial.

To find fault with a man hurts him more than a dozen compliments will cheer him.

A nervous man is seldom called down; it is modest people who get the insults.

The Brazilian coffee growers are about the most unblushing rascals. They have not only combined to raise the price of coffee, but the Brazilian government is helping them. We "talk about" such selfishness as that in this country.

You can avoid a good deal of bad luck by working steadily during the day, behaving yourself, and going to bed early.

It is a rare man who will not lie about his age after passing 30.

What has become of the old-fashioned active man who was always about to be rich, but who kept his home in his wife's name?

When a man takes bitter medicine, he usually leaves a little in the spoon.

The quiet man is rarely quoted to his discredit.

A man is sometimes so busy making money that he neglects to take care of that he has already made.

We are all inclined to waste too much powder when the enemy is not in sight.

You hear so many wonderful things that are not true.

I know a man whose idea of chivalry is to protect women against every man except himself.

The worry of today is often the result of carelessness yesterday.

The more children a woman has, the fewer theories she has.

Never believe a man's own story of how brave, or square, or liberal, or wise he is.

You frequently say you can't always trust people. Can you always trust yourself?

Millions of people will pay for an easy, useless remedy for toothache instead of having the tooth pulled.

People don't even admire a man who claims he loves his enemy, to say nothing of believing him.

You can only make a guess at many things; but at least have sense enough to make the best guess possible.

The average guaranty seems to be about the most insecure thing there is.

There will be a row about everything forever and ever amen, and the only remedy is to do your best, eat slowly and not worry.

When there is a divorce, and the man marries soon after, some people are disposed to be indignant. I never am, for the man to carry the corresponding seems to me the best and quickest way out of it.

Ever since I can remember, the Irish have demanded home rule, and I am in favor of it. But, now that home rule is actually in sight, a hundred thousand Irish held a mass meeting in Dublin lately, and described government of Ireland by the Irish as "a tyranny to which they never could or would submit." And once more I do not know where I am at.



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

THE TOUCH OF THE DEAD.

Text: "When the man touched the bones of Elisha he revived and stood on his feet."—II Kings xiii, 21.

Early summer in Israel. Crops just about ripe. Time for Moadite raiding parties. These foraging marauders had worked their depredations until the Israelites were panic stricken. A funeral party is winding its way in solemn procession alongside a hill. Suddenly some one cries, "The Moadites come!" The dead man's friends look about where to quickly conceal his body and escape. They choose—whether by accident or intention it is not told—a cave which is the tomb of the prophet Elisha. The Jews made no use of coffins. At the end of the tomb the body of Elisha lay in its graveclothes. As the body of the young man was pushed into the sepulcher it touched the form of Elisha. The mere contact with those hallowed bones produced that from Elisha which had in life cost prayer and exertion. The man revived, stood on his feet and hastened home with his friends. Elisha had been honored in his death, Elisha after his death.

The Afterglow.

Life does not begin at the cradle nor end at the grave. The sun sets in the golden west, but leaves a glorious twilight that leads us home. The tree falls in the forest, but in after days it burns and glows and cheers in our grate. The tiny coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of a great continent. We shall not only live in another, a spirit world, but we shall live on here as influences and forces in this world. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones," said Mark Antony. That's a miserable untruth, because it is a half truth. Not only does evil live after us, but good too. David has been dead 3,000 years, but his Psalms are following him. Moses and Paul centuries since were dust—not even their place of burial is known—but their words will sway the rod of empire for untold generations. They belong to the roll call of the past, those "who being dead yet speak." Men die, but their work lives on. The world is young. For awhile we wield trowel or pen. Brains think, eyes look, tongues speak. The pyramid is building. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth, nor the one hundredth. Lincoln, living, was an American, northerner, Republican. Today no section, no party—indeed, no nation—can claim him. He belongs to humanity, to "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." Death and flight of years have no power to destroy them.

Thoughts Expressed in Things.

The Olympic and the Titanic will tell in a few months that Watts and Stevenson still live. Marconi and the Wrights will still live when their names are illegible on the tombstone. The inventor is dead, but his busy fingers are still weaving warm textures for the poor. The road builder and the bridge constructor will walk by the side of the daily thousands. The death of a wolf means a meal for the other wolves. The death of a thinker means a meal, mental instead of physical, for those left behind. Wolves feed their stomachs; we feed our brains—on the dead. You cannot overestimate the touch of the dead. They are the glasses through which we look at the past. The distant is brought near. A writer in a garret may shout a message to the world. Who writes a book? The man with a message. What are its contents? The best in his soul. I can touch the bones of Macaulay or Emerson, Tennyson or Longfellow, and the inspiration of their lives lifts me when sinking, and, like the young man of the text, I revive and stand upon my feet. In my room I have the world's great men talk to me—historians, musicians, philosophers, preachers. And they talk their best—best diction, best grammar, best style, best thought. Out from the Bible Moses and Joshua and Daniel thrill me as they thrived the Jewish heart centuries ago.

"The Touch of the Vanished Hand."

The influence of our dead is very great. We think we have lost them because we do not see them, and we sigh. Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand! And the sound of a voice that is still! when they are near to us. Death is cleansing. It sweeps away the faults and blemishes we saw in the flesh and leaves only a remembrance that is good and beautiful. I have known cases where a mother accomplished things after her death that she could not while living. Many a prodigal has been brought home and "comes to himself" under the touch of a mother that has gone from him. I know parents who are being led by little baby fingers long since passed away. If I wanted to appeal to their better nature I would appeal to the memory of that little boy or girl. A mother shows me the book in which the baby scribbled wondrous skill. Here's the "little toy dog all covered with dust." Here's the high school diploma the pale faced, sober eyed child brought home one June day. "She led her class." Ah, me! Somehow I believe they are still with us. Life is stronger than death. Love leaps the grave. If Christ be here, why not they?

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.