

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal THE NEWS, Established 1841. THE JOURNAL, Established 1877. THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, W. N. HULSE, President. E. P. HULSE, Vice President. N. A. HULSE, Secretary.

People who borrow trouble place a mortgage on their future.

Jury bribing should cease, or the lawyers will find it difficult to acquire their usual liberal slice.

The greatest hindrance to prosperity is that too many men spend their money before they earn it, and never get "forehanded."

John D., having retired from being head of Standard Oil, can spend all the time he wishes losing golf balls in the long grass.

To make an effort to keep pleasant conversation going is not only practicing a fine art; it is the mark of a genial and considerate nature.

Mere reading of books has no particular virtue. One should read; but one should also read with the deliberation that aids mental digestion.

It must be embarrassing to work for the sub-divided Standard Oil Co. now, and have thirty-four different bosses standing over you giving different orders.

Some captious persons say the seven governors now touring the east, are over eating. We maintain that even a governor is entitled to a square meal.

The Los Angeles women voted against socialism. They probably realized that having the government do everything would increase the cost of living.

The general massacres in China indicate that all parties have agreed to a grand co-operative effort to reduce the population of that over-crowded country.

Oriental cults are multiplying in this country, with the promise that if the church does not christianize the orient, the orient will Hinduize the occident.

There are some workmen who will feel in future that a \$190,000 fund would look much better in shoes and stockings for their children than in defunct dynamites.

The Commoner should be issued every day during the congressional session, as the democratic congressmen now have to wait a full week before knowing what to do.

Although John D. Rockefeller has quit work, it is believed if he is prudent and does not go in for automobiles too strong, that he has enough laid up for a rainy day.

If you go to Washington and spend all your money, don't forget that your congressman will be glad to lend you enough to get home on. That has become a part of his duties.

An elevator dropped eight stories in a New York building the other day. The passengers in that hustling city were no doubt glad to make the trip down more quickly than usual.

The New York police advise women to carry money in their stockings. This is secure, but we fear it would arouse too keen curiosity among the men in methods of safe deposit.

A German aeronaut may be the next to attempt to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. There is no present indication that he will be hurried in his start by competition on either side.

A writer in the December Century, declares that there is no substitute for individual virtue. Isn't this rather a hard knock on the men who carry their religion in their wives' name?

The government says naval efficiency would be promoted by selling three navy yards. The politicians will say that this will impair their efficiency in carrying the next caucus.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo has declined a \$500 raise of salary, and some people will feel in doubt whether he should be nominated for the Hall of Fame or for the dime museum.

The complaint is made that President Taft's message was not properly listened to. The congressmen may have been having their hair cut so they could appear in Washington society.

In spite of the fact that the Old Farmers almanac issues reliable weather predictions a year in advance, the government continues to spend several millions a year on the weather bureau.

"The home is the bulwark of civilization." Our best selves and the best we have to give should go into the home. The home, to a large degree, determines the character of the children, and tends to make us all better or worse. Thus the home becomes the

chief factor in determining the character of the community and the nation.

While there may be lots of trouble to get any one to take Jim Sherman's place as vice president, it would be inhuman to compel any man to sit around doing nothing for more than four years.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Pacific coast manager for a carpet firm, has had a salary raise. The fact that he neither writes for the papers nor takes photographs, probably counted in his favor.

There is much opposition to arbitration on the ground of national honor, it having been settled long ago that the way to settle a dispute honorably is to create a new lot of widows and orphans.

We can't seem to believe they will jail the packers, but things have changed since the period when no trust magnate could be persuaded to pay any attention to a summons and appear in court.

The widow of a victim of the Los Angeles Times explosion has sued James McNamara for \$50,000. James, however, has nothing left but his hide, and no way is apparent of getting that tanned as it should be.

They are working in New York to secure quiet zones about the schools, so that the children won't be disturbed. Elsewhere the effort is to secure quiet zones for the neighbors who live near school buildings.

The Infanta Eulalie has stirred up all kinds of rumpus in Spain by writing a book. Had she lived in this country, no one would have known about it except the postman that brought back the rejected manuscripts.

The complaint is made that you can't get a jury to convict a good-looking woman of any crime. If we had women juries, perhaps then the trouble would be that every good-looking woman would be found guilty.

These people who persist in dynamiting buildings merely because they disapprove of the political opinions of the owners thereof, should be required to discuss economics only with an efficient jailer from behind the best steel bars.

It used to be regarded good politics for congress to pursue a do-nothing policy. There is a growing feeling that the congressmen were sent to Washington to do something other than furnish speeches to fill the Congressional Record.

The dollar a day pension bill is all right, but somewhat too limited. We favor extending it to heroes of peace as well as war, including police, firemen, newspaper workers, and any man who is struggling to support a family under the present cost of living.

Furthermore the man who on a \$1.50 outing to the country feels his heart thrilled by the jocund sunshine of the fields, with their tapestry of flowers in radiant points of color, gets just as much fun out of life as the man who has to spend his thousands sprinting after happiness all over the map of Europe, and then not catching her.

A census of the telegraph and telephone poles has been taken, and it has been discovered that there are 32,000,000 of these useful but very unsightly objects planted in the United States. That necessitated the slaughter of a great forest of splendid trees, but it has been the means of bringing the country into such easy communication that no one regrets the sacrifice.

Mr. Carnegie's list of great men shows that he places that man who has invented something, who has added more things to man's stock of possessions, who has contributed to the fund of economic wealth, as a greater man than the discoverer of truth, the teacher of beauty, the prophet of religion. This is to be expected of Mr. Carnegie. A man's definition of greatness defines himself.

By rushing to the defense of the McNamaras, with thousands upon thousands of laboring men's money, viciously denouncing everybody who claimed the McNamaras were guilty, Mr. Gompers assumed something of responsibility for the defendants. Now he and his fellow officials denounce the McNamaras, and deny any connection with them whatsoever.

The Swiss peasant, who belongs to a race with whom good taste is in-born, can put up for \$2,000 a chalet that is far more beautiful, in its simple and flowing lines, with the home-like suggestions of its deep and sheltered roofs, than many a \$200,000 swagger palace at our Newport and Sanoxes. Which goes to show that you can often save a fortune by acquiring good taste.

Mr. Gompers, and other officials of the federation, may not have known anything of the McNamaras guilt. Somebody furnished the money with which the McNamaras acted. Arrests of "higher ups" are promised. And for these reasons it behooves Mr. Gompers and allied labor officials to say

little at this time in denunciation of Detective Burns, and of the criminal "individuals" who have just confessed and been sentenced at Los Angeles.

The Canadian parliament now in session, is finding unprecedented situations confronting it, and the early promises of a lively session are being fully realized. The new premier is gaining the esteem of his people, and while the conservatives and liberals are still contending over the reciprocity question, both parties agree that the election was not won on the trade issue, but upon national sentiment in favor of a firm allegiance to the British empire. The Canadians who were opposed to reciprocity ought to build a monument to the memory of Champ Clark who won their battle for them.

WHO GETS THE REST? "The consumer pays a dollar for it. Who gets the rest?" The foregoing very pertinent question is asked by James Wilson in his annual report as secretary of agriculture.

The hated middleman, that bogey of both producer and consumer, no doubt, and yet the middleman must render an important service, or he would not have held his own so well in modern commerce.

The middleman makes a place for himself because of a modern tendency toward specialization. He is a specialist on distribution. The farmer would get more for his potatoes by selling direct to the consumer. But heretofore he has felt that the time he saved by working through the middleman counted him more than the extra profit from the direct sale to the consumer.

And in the same way, groups of people anywhere can buy food products cheaper by clubbing together and buying direct. But if they count their time worth much, it is cheaper to buy through the middleman.

SEEKING FOREIGN TRADE. A gathering of manufacturers and exporters was called by the Philadelphia Commercial museum to meet Dec. 12, to discuss "Export trade—how to get it and how to keep it."

Some interesting papers could be written on "How not to get it." For instance, our shoe exporters have a way of shipping to South America the particular styles that happen at the moment to be popular on Broadway or La Salle street.

The Foxy Grandpas of Germany, however, know better. They long ago learned that the South American with his swagger Latin blood, has always a love for the flaunting of duds attire. Hence high heels go on to the Brazil shoes, no matter what the New York or Chicago styles.

Every important store in Guatemala City has one or more young Germans working as clerks. They usually get about 2 pesos (85 cents) a week, and board. They take the low pay because they expect later to become agents with good salaries to represent the German syndicates for export trade. The personal and intimate knowledge they are acquiring of Central American tastes and business habits will enable their principals to outwit any competitor who is not equally well represented on the ground.

American shippers have often sent goods to South America, packed in heavy cases, when the final means of transportation to destination is donkey back. The goods remain in the steamship warehouse until the owner is willing to sell them at a sacrifice, so that the buyer can repack them in 125 pound cases, one to go to each side of the patient mountain climbing donkeys.

The American wastes no palaver on the equatorial dagoes. He signs his letter "Truly yours." This curtness goes in our atmosphere of hustle, where unnecessary flourishes never get beyond the firm's correspondence clerk.

The astute European knows better how dear to the Latin heart are the ornate flowers of business rhetoric. He signs himself "Let me express to you, my dear sir, the complete assurance of my most profound consideration and esteem."

Foreign trade is a great game. AROUND THE TOWN. Speaking of b. c., we've resolved to never, never again make any resolutions of any kind.

Speaking of cigars we never got, there are those two boxes from the mayor when he became grandfather this summer.

We see ten cars at the corn show sold for \$27.50. We've got two that we wouldn't sell for forty times that much.

It's an awful disappointment to sit around all day Sunday waiting for the Sunday papers, and then to discover that they haven't anything in 'em that wasn't in The News the day before.

Is there a man in Norfolk who doesn't say to his wife: "Why, I dare say there isn't a man in town that stays home evenings as much as I do."

We know a Norfolk woman who has every one of 'em bought and wrapped up.

It's a grave question which can be more like a volcano—b. c. at 7 a. m. or Swiss cheese at 11 p. m.

It'll be a "grave" question all right, if either one of 'em is persisted in.

Authorities seem to differ as to whether we're growing bald or not so bald. One observer will declare that the area of thin hair is spreading, while another will declare, apparently just as sincerely, that there is really no bald spot at all and that what bald spot there is, will be re-covered. Personally we believe that every time an

edition of The News goes to press we're just a little bit balder and a little bit greyer than we were before.

One might logically conclude from that, that the only way to keep from getting bald completely, would be to stop the presses. But when we think of several million anxious readers, going without their meals until the paper comes, we're willing to let the pressman turn on the motor and grind out our hair. Now that's what you might call sacrifice.

It's queer what indications will impress one's mind in connection with certain dates. We never can think of Dec. 12 without remembering that twenty years ago it was Bobby Whyman's birthday. We always felt seriously handicapped by the fact that he was twelve days the older, and it made a profound impression that still sticks.

But even at that, in spite of his twelve day advantage in age, we succeeded at the age of 12 in beating him out of his girl—if we do say it ourselves. Her birthday was still a few days later—Jan. 4, to be exact.

We got his goat at a still-walking party one Saturday afternoon. SHE wore a little red coat that afternoon.

We've always had a sneaking notion that the fact that we owned a camera that could take good pictures, cut quite a figure in the battle.

We tremble as Sunday morning draws near—Sunday morning breakfast, with the battle to be fought out over the issue: "To eat buckwheat cakes or not to eat 'em; that is the question. To dream, perchance to die—etc."

We don't know as it's hardly fair to tempt us by having 'em on the table at all, but we have grave fears they'll be there.

There's this to be said, of course, about eating 'em: Having played golf all week, the stomach in question might be better able to take care of 'em now than last week. Still, we're not backsliding at all. We've resolved not to touch 'em again—not ever.

We rather live in Norfolk than in California or Italy, from a climatic viewpoint, if this would only keep up.

When you see a man dragging his feet down town at 8 a. m., his shoulders drooping, his eyes sunken, his face pale and his spirits gone, it's a sign that he MAY have been walking the floor with the baby all night, but he PROBABLY has been trying for half an hour to crank his car—and has given up from exhaustion.

No, that didn't mean us. Owing to that November freeze we haven't had a chance to crank one for over a month. And we hate like the deuce to miss out on all this fine weather, take it from us.

We no sooner get out of one political campaign than we get into another. Here they're already announcing themselves for governor, etc., in Nebraska, for the next primary.

We still have a cigar coming from one man in our neighborhood, on the strength of the first daughter at his house several months ago.

Now that just shows how much, or how little, these darn resolutions amount to. Here we are, in spite of everything, back on the buckwheat cakes again. And with clenched fists we vowed for a week that we'd never, never touch 'em again.

It makes us feel sympathetic for the poor cuss who tries to stop drinking and can't—only we presume the water wagon is even harder to ride, after you've been used to falling off.

It shows, too, just what a man will do in the face of temptation. We have less disregard for old man Adam than we had a week ago.

We could forgive him completely, if it had only been b. c., instead of a California apple that Adam fell for.

Here's "Yellow" Journalism. It's on us (or rather it is), but we have to tell it.

At 8 a. m. a lino-type operator said: "You didn't have buckwheat cakes this morning. You had soft boiled eggs."

The New Depot. Fremont Tribune: Norfolk has a new Northwestern depot that is better than Fremont's—that is, South Norfolk has.

ED. HOWE'S PHILOPOHY. (Copyright 1911; Geo. Matthew Adams.) The only exercise some people take to the wish for things not honestly coming to them.

People know the statements of a Big Talker must be cut down; but they can never tell how much.

Some tiresome men I know have never in their lives represented anything that was self-supporting; they always have their hands out, and are always pained because you do not give more.

When a man begins saying the people want a change, he has usually decided to run for office.

"What you need," said the fussy doctor, "is exercise." "I have worked all summer in the harvest fields," feebly replied the patient. "Well, then," returned the doctor, "what you need is a rest."

Ambition has a great deal to do in making a man restless, worried and discontented.

ways politer than the man who is solicited to buy.

When a man becomes bald he is old, no difference what his age may be.

No man's dearest friend talks about him behind his back in a way that is entirely satisfactory.

Every woman thinks her husband can whip any other man on earth; but he knows better.

If you don't know what a man's weakness is, let him do the talking and he will mention it.

A man has a right to think a lot of things he has no right to say.

I'm not as fair as I should be; but you needn't sneer; neither are you.

Never say to a man: "You are getting old." It is better to say: "We are getting old," and even then, he won't like it.

If you are industrious, tell the truth, and keep your record clean, you will some day get paid for it. You may not receive your reward tomorrow, or next week, but some day, in some way or other, you will be rewarded.

A new play is entitled: "Thou Shalt Not." The sentiment is not usually expressed so elegantly. "Don't do that" is a more common way of saying the same thing.

A man whistles for the same reason that he uses tobacco; he learned the habit as a boy, and can't quit.

A shiftless man's favorite saying: "O, well, we'll get along somehow."

You may easily play a joke on a man who likes to argue; agree with him.

You can do more for yourself than anyone will do for you.

Having fun is dismal business after you pass 50.

There is something new a gentleman can do for a lady; crank her automobile.

The real economical people are those who have no money, and whose credit is not good.

Shake the hand of some men, and you shake a secret out of them.

The most depressing sight in the world is an impudent child, with the parents standing by and smiling approval.

When you go back to your old home after an absence of ten or fifteen years, don't expect people to be glad to see you; after people haven't seen a man for ten or fifteen years, they don't care much if they never see him again.

A hero is a man who hasn't had much bad luck.

When a man gets up in the world, he's like a flying machine; no one can tell how long he will stay up.

Here of late, when a man is down, so many people offer to help him that he is better off than the average man who is up.

Before marriage, a young woman will be polite to the men, but after marriage, she will have an air indicating that she hates them all.

There never was a man so insignificant that he could not be annoying.

There is an auditor in every man's life to frequently check him up.

It is unfortunate that at one time there were orators who swayed the multitudes; it is unfortunate because ever since, little men have attempted it, and bored the multitudes nightly.

There is much comfort for everybody; a big man can carry twice as much, but a little man gets around twice as fast.

Put a fine dress, and lace, and powder, and false hair, and jewelry, on a man, and he will look well, too. At a late minstrel show, an impersonator looked exactly like a pretty girl of 16, and a great many said it could not possibly be a man. But it was a man, for he took off his wig, and asked in a bass voice if anyone in the audience could oblige him with a chew of plug tobacco.

A woman complains that every time she is with men, one of the number wants to explain how a steam engine works.

You have no doubt blamed the people of Johnston for their failure to heed the warning of a rotten dam. Is there no unheeded warning ringing in your ears at the present moment?

It is surprising how many people land in the poor house. And every one of them fooled his money away, as you do, and imagined that he would be rich some day.

A milliner says that every woman who tries on a hat in her store, says by way of preparation: "My hair isn't fixed right."

In a country town, a man must behave as well as in heaven, if he hopes to avoid being talked about.

There is one good thing about a man who tells all he knows, while you keep quiet; he can't tell all you know.

"What has become of your manners?" old-fashioned women asked their children. And, by-the-way, what has become of your manners? Are you polite? What is said by those most intimately associated with you?

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

THE GETTYSBURG OF YOUR LIFE. Text: "They be many that fight against me."—Psalm lvi, 2. Doesn't seem forty-eight years since Gettysburg. Not many under sixty have an adequate remembrance of it. You're nearly a half century older, comrades. And you, my lady—well, I've seen your daguerotype taken in the sixties. I don't wonder a certain young officer narrowly escaped from martial law for over staying his furlough. And he nearly missed Gettysburg by it, too. To have missed the girl and the battle would have been a calamity. And that was a battle! In all the centuries with their innumerable wars there have been few great decisive battles. Cressy names only fifteen—between Marathon and Waterloo. Gettysburg was fought since, but none greater or more decisive before or after. This is hallowed ground. Ever been to Gettysburg? I wish you could before you are a year older. To see its 600 monuments and tablets, visit Cemetery hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, Culp's hill, cross that mile wide plain over which from Seminary ridge thundered Pickett's awful charge. Walk through the devil's den, the peach orchard and the wheat field. If your heart doesn't swell almost to bursting, if your nerves do not thrill almost to exaltation, if you do not say to your guide, "I must walk or suffocate," then I do not know the youth of our generation.

Life a Warfare. I have recently been over the ground "just once more." It is changed, where shot and shell crashed through forest then—the birds are now building their nests. The drumbeat is hushed, the bugle peal has died away, the hosts that endured hunger, thirst, weary marches, charged up mountain sides, faced death in camp and field and filled the world with their glory are passing away. The blue and the gray lie together in death. The green corn of spring is now breaking through their congluinated dust. The dew from heaven falls upon their union in the grave. From the battlements of peace in the clearer light of the spirit world they surely say, "It is well." So shall we. But, brother, all life is a warfare. There is the tumult of perpetual conflict; every year its campaign, every day its battle. Enemies without, within. Those without cannot harm us much. No man who does his duty will escape enemies. If you make them through your meanness, selfishness, unkindness, then feel ashamed and right the wrong. The battle without is a fierce one—sickness, trouble, disaster. Even the wolf has snuffed at your door. It has been a hard fight with enemies without.

The Greatest Battlefield. The greatest battlefield on which a man ever fought is within himself. The greatest defeats are there and the mightiest victories. Victory on the field of one's own heart means victory elsewhere. The greatest mastery is self mastery. Every true man, every true woman recognizes this. It must be charged and flanked and gripped. What the particular enemy is each individual knows, openly or secretly. What is it, O woman—backbiting, gossip, mischief making, selfishness? You, O man, blasphemy, temper, appetite, passion? Have you gone down to defeat again and again? Seen your colors drag at the very time you should have been most easily the triumphant victor? That's good. Then you know the weak point on your line. That's where the hottest conflict is to be fought. There's the key to the whole situation. You'll have to mass your batteries there. Temptation to dishonesty? Fight it. "Are these goods all wool?" said a Denver woman to a little shopkeeper. "They were, madam, before the revival at our church. They are not now." Uncleanness, cowardice and discouragement are the soldier's weakest points. Find out that point and defend it with all your strength. Victory consists in holding on a moment longer.

Your Gettysburg. How have your campaigns gone? Very unsatisfactory. Then you are at a good place to listen. Now comes the crisis. The conflicts are coming thicker and faster. Now you must fight the battle of your life. All before have been only skirmishes. This is the crisis of the whole warfare—you will now have to decide in this life's warfare whether you will be a Christian in the fight or not. You will fight three enemies at one time—the world, the flesh, the devil. You have come to your Gettysburg! This is the engagement that decides your war. You've had other battles before, you'll have others again, but this determines whether you will be final victor or not. Christ's Gettysburg was in the wilderness, Luther's at Worms, Wesley's at Oxford, Daniel's in Babylon, yours is here and now. The emphatic date in human history is today. Yesterday is gone forever. Tomorrow may never come, and when it does it will be engaged with conflicts of its own. Happy the man who seizes this strategic moment. Attention! Count off to the right! Roll the drum! Sound the bugle! Forward! Now is the "bloody angle." Victory here means forever. Today is the Gettysburg of your life. Will you or your soul's enemy surrender at the Appomattox of death?

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.