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The knife has been found. It was in the smoking jacket pocket.

The industrious hen is now laying the foundation for many a fortune.

In view of the hold-ups in Chicago, some means of protecting the defenseless police of the town should be devised.

Seats are all pretty well taken just now on the water wagon, but there will probably be vacant places in a week or so.

Bob LaFollette dayed his collar while speaking at Dayton, O. This renews our faith that he is loyal to the people's cause.

Mongolia declares its independence, and we hope that no one suggests making it an American state and giving it two senators.

From the number of diaries being started now, future historians will find ample material regarding the first ten days in January.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been elected president of China. He will have to get up early mornings to shake hands with 400,000,000 people.

The newspapers give much space to the fact that shoes will be higher. As everything is always going higher, there is no news in this.

That new Drexel baby is heir to \$30,000,000. It is subject to colic just the same and can't yell any louder than the ordinary baby.

The red haired man who has received a yellow necktie from his best girl should be warned in time, or we foresee a sojourn in Reno.

The most practical use we can suggest for the red cross stamps would be to seal up the mouths of the men that spit on the sidewalks.

It costs a good deal now-a-days to smuggle goods through the New York custom house, but some people think the publicity's worth the money.

Great Britain and Germany both have compulsory life insurance laws for the laboring classes. If it works well in Europe why not in America?

The New York police breathe much more freely now that the peace dinner has got by without having to call out the boy scouts to preserve order.

Mr. Taft has been asked to intervene between Italy and Turkey, but probably he has all he can do to maintain order at the New York peace meeting.

The figures of accidents in the past hunting season remind one of the remark of an Indian about the game law: "Kill cow moose, pay \$100; kill man, too bad."

The complaint is made that on account of all this muck-raking, you can't borrow any money. Nothing is left but the awful alternative of going to work.

In Bible times they talked of turning swords into pruning hooks, now the proper thing would be to wish for the time when battleships shall be turned into steel rails.

Russia now threatens to double the duties on goods from this country. She seems to realize the great benefits of removing your nose in order to make your cheek feel better.

If Washington society should detect telltale traces of jam on Mr. Taft's fingers, it should be remembered that Aunt Della's Christmas concoctions are very enticing.

In view of the alarming tendency of the people to vote as they darn please, the nation looks forward to the presidential year of 1912 with feelings of apprehension.

It is a beneficent arrangement that gives the children a vacation Christmas week. Otherwise they would not be able to do a thorough job smashing their toys before New Year.

If we felt that we were to be tried by a jury composed of women wearing inverted waste baskets on their heads, we should take great care to keep out of the way of the police.

Mr. Roosevelt gets 500 letters a day. We trust he shows due interest in his correspondence by waiting around the postoffice while the postmaster is popping them into his box.

Although the public seems to have lost interest in hunting down the person guilty of the Triangle Waist fire, we still hold that they should be caught and fined at least \$5 and costs.

It is generally conceded that President Taft's political strength is gaining instead of losing ground, while for some reason, probably the revival of

the Roosevelt possibility, the LaFollette boom is suffering at least temporary collapse. The last time she went to Europe Mary Garden took forty-nine pairs of New York shoes with her. Anyone desiring to stand in her shoes must evidently be active with the button hook.

Indiana is going in for apple raising with a vengeance. If she is as successful in raising apples as she has been in producing literature, she will be able to provide apples for the millions.

Having looked over carefully the holiday announcements of the book publishers, we are greatly surprised to find that the Shooting Show Girls have not yet entered the ranks of authorship.

The railroads have ordered 60,000 new freight cars. They may not be needed to transport merchandise, but anyway they will assist our leisure class in securing transportation about the country.

A Chicago newsboy died recently leaving \$20,000. Another one died and didn't leave a cent. The moral of this is that there is just as much difference in newsboys as there is in other people.

The attempt to induce Mr. Carnegie to name the twenty greatest women was unsuccessful. The shrewd Scotchman is not going to be caught in such a trap as that. He is trying to prevent war, not cause it.

The Indianapolis jury are trying to trace the dynamites by examining hotel registers. If they can decipher any of the signatures, they will be able to earn high pay as hotel reporters for the newspapers.

About now Mr. Lamb marches down into Wall street to acquire a belated Christmas present in the shape of a bear skin overcoat trimmed with bull's hide. Result, all the little cubs and calves have sheep food next day.

The best paying thing in literature today is the good short story. Kipling gets \$2,500 for a 4,000 or 5,000 word story, while there are a dozen writers who command \$1,000 for every story they turn out. Dickens and Scott would have been stunned at such prices.

There remains no more territory on this continent out of which states can be made except Alaska, which is not likely to be admitted very soon, so with the admission of Arizona and New Mexico we are likely to stop adding to the forty-eight sister states of the union, at least for some time.

King George has shown himself possessed of most consummate governmental tact in making Delhi once more the capital of India. Calcutta is essentially a foreign city in which the people of India have neither pride nor interest. Delhi is their own ancient city connected with all their proudest traditions and this concession together with the gift to the advancement of education in India of a million and a half dollars from the King's personal fortune will probably go far toward softening India's sullen mood.

The finding of the naval board who examined the wreck of the Maine is that the explosion was caused by a bomb placed beneath the ship, but not necessarily by the Spanish. It is thought more likely to have been the work of Cuban patriots, with the thought that the deed would be attributed to Spain and would precipitate the American intervention which was their only hope of independence. While the matter will ever remain a mystery, it is too far gone by and Spain has been too severely punished whether guilty or not, to need any further condemnation.

Andrew Carnegie, with that characteristic assurance of his, which makes us smile at him regardless of all his millions, has lately said that the average man should be able to support a family on \$25 a week. Poor Andy doesn't realize that thousands upon thousands of the best families of the land are in the habit of living on less than that amount and thriving pretty well thank you, in spite of high prices and the general inclination for high living. What such men as Carnegie don't know about life, as the majority of the American people live it, would make a very large book.

The greatest possible aid to emphasis in speech is deliberation. It is admitted that Phillip Brooks spoke at the rate of 180 words a minute, and that there are noted "gattling-gun" speakers at the present time, like President Vincent of the University of Minnesota, who not only speak rapidly but have a great deal to say that is worth hearing. But it still remains true that the ordinary audience wants time to absorb what a man has to say, without hurrying, and that the average man does vastly better work on the platform, who talks in straightforward and somewhat deliberate manner. Wendell Phillips, perhaps the most finished and eloquent orator that America has ever produced, is described as "steady, smooth, studied, slow, golden-silenced

and silver-tongued." William Jennings Bryan owes much of his power as a speaker to his moderate, well rounded sentences delivered with remarkable ease and evident self-possession, with a voice that is as rare in its beautiful tones and great strength, in its generation, as was that of Phillips more than half a century ago. The American on the platform as well as off it, would gain power if he would only slow up.

A NEW FACTORY. Everybody in Norfolk and in this part of Nebraska will rejoice over the news that the old sugar factory is to be put to use again and that a new industry employing a large number of people is to be established.

Like a ghost the old sugar factory has stood and now that it is to be rehabilitated, there will be renewed confidence all around. It means much to Norfolk to get life into the walls that have been dead.

One thing leads to another and already there is prospect of other factories in the new cannery factory's wake, to keep the employees busy the year round.

The New Years may be set down as a happy one for Norfolk. There is cheerful optimism in the air.

When men tell you that Taft cannot be nominated and elected next year it is a good plan to hike back in your mind to the year 1863. Then they said that Lincoln could not be reelected even if he was nominated. But within the year that followed a great many things happened that changed the tables and he was reelected by a very handsome majority. While it is not safe to depend on the blunders of the opposition, nevertheless, with the responsibility for legislation in this session of congress resting upon the democratic majority in the house and intense differences already developing among the party leaders, it will be remarkable if before next summer arrives President Taft is not master of the situation, having the democrats hopelessly on the run. We are well aware that there are many who will look upon even the suggestion of such a possibility as the figment of a disordered brain. However, in the face of these wisecracks, we do not deem such a turn in affairs outside the province of a strong probability. The president's strength is far more real than apparent and underneath a good deal of the criticism that is made upon him, there is a profound respect for his recognized intellectual capacity and his splendid personal integrity.

THE MODERN NEW YEAR. Some of our prophets of decadence think they find proof of national degeneracy in the modern methods of celebrating New Year's day in New York and other society centers.

Many middle aged New Yorkers look back with pleasure on the decorous and punctilious custom of New Year's calls with the bounteously spread table, the battalions of pretty girl attendants, the coach loads of visiting young men in high hats, tail coats and white gloves and ties and bouffantieres—the function had the elegant elaboration of a highly refined civilization.

Today New York and many other cities witness only scenes of rowdiness, as women blow horns, and men put confetti down the neck of any pretty girl they meet in the street.

It would be interesting to speculate why the pretty custom of New Year's receptions, once more or less general, has largely died out.

An explanation frequently given, with much truth, is that people became shocked by its excesses. After you made 100 calls, in each of which your compliments to the hostess were done in 60 seconds, but out of which several minutes were spent at the punch-bowl laden table, the final exercises of the day often consisted of making courtesies to telegraph poles and embracing lamp posts. The office and the factory will not now tolerate a custom that thus reduces efficiency for work.

Perhaps an even more compelling reason is the dislike felt by the American man for functions that are purely formal. Never before was it so difficult to drag out the head of the house for an evening of calls. The wife may say that social position depends upon an accurate fulfillment of the obligations of the etiquette books. The man feels that he is on very good terms with his fellows through his relations on the street or at the ball grounds or the Country Club. A black coat and fifteen minute duty calls seem to him a most funereal occasion.

The future American will be even less likely on New Year's day to seek out his comrades amid the clatter of tea-tables. Enjoying snow and ice sports, on the golf links or motoring down the flowing road, the crisp air of January will suit him better than the orchid perfumed air of the former reception room.

THE PRICE OF MEAT. The trial of the meat packers, at last fairly under way at Chicago, is even more vital than the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. The former showed that a great combine can be split up into constituent parts. The beef trust trial is to show whether individual companies can be made to compete if they don't want to.

It is not probable that the government can produce documents tending to prove agreements or collusion. But the surprising uniformity of the packers' companies in prices paid for stock and secured for meat, have convinced the country that definite price agreements nevertheless exist.

There seems to be little hope, however, whatever the result of this trial, that meat will be much cheaper at the provision store.

The Review of Reviews investigated meat costs last year. It placed the selling price of a steer at \$90.40, and the packers' profit at \$3.40. That is something more than the government estimate of 2 1/2 percent on sales.

While few people will doubt that the beef packers could well afford to cut this profit of \$3.40 in two, and sell the steer for \$17.70 less, it will be seen that this would reduce the price less than 2 percent, which would not figure out half a cent a pound to the consumer.

The expense of distribution seems the worst along the whole line. On a \$90.40 steer, it is calculated that the butcher has to add \$32.29. And yet few butchers are plutocrats. After they have paid their help, fed their delivery horses, pocketed their losses on spoiled meat, they do not seem to have much left.

It costs two to five cents apiece to deliver a chunk of meat at your back door. We warmly commend the ef-

fort of the government to enforce the law. But our hopes of lower prices for meat depend much more on the possibility of persuading the housewife to study the cook book more carefully, and on inducing the lord of the home to carry brown paper bundles through the street, than on the results to be obtained by jailing the packers.

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO? With the close of the holiday season and the reassembling of congress the real work of that legislative body will begin. It has plenty to do. The president has sent forward with promptness and dispatch his recommendations and should be done with the tariff. In addition to this important subject there is legislation that is proposed on trusts, railroads and the Panama canal besides the consideration of the monetary question and the passage of the great appropriations.

What it will really accomplish in the face of this rather formidable program is purely a matter of conjecture. It may do much, but in view of the fact that there is a presidential election right at hand it is much more probable that the greater part of the time will be spent by the leaders in both political parties sparring for position. The democrats have no easy task to do that which will keep them together on many of the issues but more especially on the tariff. Mr. Underwood pushed through the house some tariff bills at the extra session that conformed in some of their features pretty close to identical protection and so gained the favor of some of the progressive republicans. Mr. Underwood is now up against a situation that is sure to prove trying to his continued leadership. President Taft has shown the way by which the tariff schedules can be somewhat reduced on a few articles but he does not impair the protective principle in the least. Mr. Underwood, it would seem, must either follow the lead of the president, in which case he and his party would be obliged to share with the executive the credit of tariff reduction, or he must follow Mr. Bryan into the uncertainty and perplexity of a tariff for revenue only and thus disappoint the country. Whichever horn of the dilemma he chooses to follow he is sure to be worse off than he is now.

When it comes to monetary reform the majority in the house is as badly off as it is on the tariff. The country is aware that there is need of reform in its banking system but it is suspicious of some of the men, whose ability is universally recognized, who are at the front of the proposed reserve association—notably Senator Aldrich, whose attitude on the tariff question has convinced the people—however unfair to him the conclusion may be—that he is reactionary on every great problem that has to do with the welfare of the many. What the democratic leaders will do on this question is unknown but it is a "touchy" proposition and liable to prove another "live wire."

Then there are the appropriations which are almost sure to kick up a fuss for the house leaders unless they are handled with extreme care. Already, while the country wants to see congress make a record for rigid economy in the use of public money, the democratic house has passed a pension bill which Secretary Fisher says, if it becomes a law, will require an extra expenditure of \$75,000,000 a year.

On the other hand there are some economies that may be undertaken that would prove penny wise and perhaps pound foolish in their consequences and these the country will not approve. There is talk of cutting out any appropriation for the building of new ships for the navy. This would be short sighted policy. We must take care of the future of the country as well as its past. America is now a world power and it must be in a position to meet its new responsibilities or suffer for its neglect.

Congress has an abundance of questions that confront it and demand legislation, new or remedial. With the democracy in the saddle it must show that it has leaders of a constructive and broadly patriotic conception of public duty, who are capable of handling them wisely, or else it will go into the camp of 1912 as badly handicapped as it has for more than half a century, with each recurring quadrennial presidential election.

AROUND TOWN. Happy New Year!

What's become of the o. f. woman who kept open house on New Year's day, and the o. f. man who went calling all afternoon?

We're starting in the New Year with two important developments: The bald spot is not so big as it was, and we're getting fat for lack of golf.

Leap year is at hand. Hop to it, girls.

The disconcerting thing about these forecasts by the weather man is that they come true.

Got 'em all framed up to try out on Monday?

The trouble with these holidays coming on Monday is that they interfere with two washdays and get everything all balled up. Last week's wash-

ing was done on Saturday to get it out of the way for Christmas, and then the ironing had to be put off for four or five days after Christmas because of the Christmas confusion, and the result is your Uncle Puller came near not having any shirt to wear when he came to work today. And here's another Monday holiday to tangle it all up again.

Has anybody seen our knife? Smashed 'em yet?

We haven't broken any—for the very good reason that we didn't make any. We learned by the wheat cakes experience that it is better to never resolve at all than to resolve and break.

There are two classes of people in the world—those who believe in playing solitaire and those who think it's a silly waste of time.

We assume that the celebrating is about over until the early part of July, but there's nothing like celebrating when the celebrating's good.

Also, nothing quite like the morning after, we're informed.

What for luck would you call it, that just after you'd found your knife, there developed a hole in your pocket through which the aforesaid knife slipped its way to liberty once again? But, we caught the fugitive just as it was bumping to the floor by the trouser-erlog route.

Started your new diary? Take a tip put down in ink some of the things that will be read by unappreciative eyes years hence. This is an authoritative statement.

We've wrapped the record of 1911 in an envelope, sealed it up, put a rubber band around it, and filed it away in the archives to collect the dust.

Got so you can write it 1912 yet? It's leap year.

There's just this one word of advice, girls: Look before you leap.

A January thaw must be due about now.

And it's only a month till groundhog day, when we'll find out whether there's to be six more weeks of it, after that.

Working for a bank or a postoffice must be an awful snap. Here lately they've been getting every Monday off, as well as Sundays.

What's become of the o. f. leap year dance?

We almost forgot to acknowledge receipt of the clear with which 6-months-old girl in the neighborhood. Some cigar. Some girl, too, believe us.

If we live long enough we intend to take five minutes off this week sometime and have the hole in that trouser pocket sewed up so that the knife won't slip away again. Meanwhile we're carrying the knife and a bunch of keys and a little matter of \$1,400 in cash, in the left pocket, and it's awfully inconvenient to reach into the right pocket every fifteen minutes and get stung.

Sol came around yesterday and wanted to go swimming, but we refused. It was too goldarn hot to walk clear out to Taft's. We're taking no chances on a sunstroke. When we pointed out to him that it was only 16 degrees below zero, he almost wilted. Now if he had come the day before, when it was 18 below, we might have considered it.

We see by the paper that Chinese New Year has been made Jan. 1. After this, then, Sam Goon will have to celebrate the same day as the rest of us. We anticipate that Sam can celebrate it all right, too, when it comes to that.

For once LaFollette was on the wrong track. By rights the senate ought to appoint a guardian for him.

With one big new factory for Norfolk as a starter, 1912 has the right thing to it.

Smiles on the witness stand are as effective as tears if a woman knows just when to use them.

People will continue to criticize the supreme court a good deal until Justice Hughes gets a shave.

It may also be said that very few men need to wear whiskers to hide their bushes of modesty.

There is enough pessimism in this world to insure the first story of a disaster being exaggerated.

We have known old bachelors who weren't so liberal as those in the Christmas magazine stories.

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

THE FINGER TIP MIRACLE. Text, "When she heard of Jesus she came and touched his garment."—Matt. ix. 21.

The world is given as a prize to those of good faith. "Nothing venture nothing have." But fine weather's no test. Twilight, dark and storm tell it. "According to your faith," the size of your pity determines how much you may carry away. Rub your Aladdin's lamp. Murmur "Sesame." Exercise your faith. Living next door the mint won't make one rich. "Ask and ye shall receive." Out from Matthew's house down to the seashore go the Master and his disciples. The crowds press, the sun is hot, but a cooling breeze blows in from Thierias. There's a motion of the ether, a craning of necks. Who comes? The ruler of the synagogue. Tall, broad shouldered, black beard, eyes wet with tears—it is Jairus. Trouble brings him to Jesus. It is a great lodestone for most of us. "My little daughter is dying. Come lay thine hand on her head and she shall live." His prayer is short, intense, to the point. Crisp thinking makes crisp speaking.

"Drawing Men Clutch at Straws." In that crowd, with its flotsam and jetsam, is a pale, bloodless, sick woman. Once comfortable in means the physicians of Damascus and Jerusalem now have her all. Says a neighbor at her home: "Rachael, God be praised! The Man of Nazareth is in Capernaum. He may have power to heal thee." "What will he charge? I've lost all." "Nothing; without money and without price." Her children protest. "Mother, multiply not thy disappointments; this healer may be like the rest." "Restrain me not. I'll try once more." Faith springs eternal in the sick man's breast. That accounts much for many physicians and patent medicines. This woman goes in faith. She elbows through the crowd. "How forward is that woman! Think you not others desire to see the great Teacher?" She says no turned. When was a woman ever turned from her promise by the jeers of a crowd? Now she's close. There's that great functionality of the synagogue. His family sent for Christ. It must be nice to be rich like they. She had money once. Her thoughts are swift; what must be done to be done quickly. She won't speak to the Nazarene, of course; only touch that little hem of his garment. He will never know it. Out goes the thin trembling arm from under her cloak and into the prayer rack of that outstretched finger, went strength and healing. The most remarkable miracle recorded.

The Power of Helplessness. If you want anything done that requires quiet, persistent faith start a woman at it. The courage and persistence of women in the temptations war is marvelous. Rachael has got by faith what money couldn't buy. The Master turns. "Who touched me?" The disciples smile indulgently. "Scores, Master. How could they help it in such a jostling crowd?" Exquisitely sensitive Christ! The allied armies of hell cannot divert him, but a sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turns him. "Daughter!" She'll never forget that sound. It's the finest instance of delicacy and tact in the world's literature. How it soothed her distressed modesty when she suddenly became conscious of the crowd's eyes upon her! "Daughter, thy faith, not my robe—thy faith hath made thee well." Say, brother of sorrow, sister of pain, reach out and touch him. No incurable cases puzzle him. Touch him. He'll respond.

"According to Your Faith"—The Bible is one constant challenge to us to exercise our faith. Of course I believe in using material things, too—bromide of potassium for insomnia, bromine for prostrations of pain, quinine for fever, strychnia for tonics—but I also believe there is marvelous healing power in the quietness and confidence of the mind touched by Christ. Let the thoughtless jeer, but the message of psychotherapeutics to the twentieth century is that the mind may minister to a body diseased. It may be possible to heal the body by a thought as well as a drug. It is the one doctrine of Christianity which we have persistently ignored.

If Christ said "Thy faith hath made thee well," why should we gaze in amazement at one who takes Christ at his word and maintains that after all faith may be a basis for health? Strange that the spiritual church has had to wait for a material medical science to tell it what its Lord has been telling it for centuries.

The touch of faith will work a miracle. Thousands thronged the Master that eventful day, but the woman touched him with the finger of faith, and quick as an electric flash there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and withered muscles, health, beautiful, rosy, health. God given and complete. Talk of the complexity of creeds! A creed is a glittering lelele before a blazing hearth when in the presence of this mighty truth. Some day when we ministers and our churches become more teachable, when we lay aside our theological differences and our hollow sounding words, maybe the great Physician will once again give to his disciples not only the ministry of preaching, but the ministry of healing.

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.