

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal THE NEWS, Established 1881. THE JOURNAL, Established 1877. THE HUSBAND, Established 1877. W. N. HUSE, President. E. F. HUSE, Vice President. N. A. HUSE, Secretary. Every Friday. By mail, per year, \$1.50. Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Nebraska, as second-class matter. Telephone: Editorial Department, 1122; Business Department, 1122; Advertising Department, 1122.

The chinch bug is not injuring the rice crop.

A grand opera appetite with a ragtime salary makes a distressing combination.

The Outlook could get a very good scoop now by sending out Teddy to interview the colonel.

Col. Roosevelt may not be a candidate for the presidency, but he makes a noise a good deal like one.

Those letters that Wilson and Harmon wrote are not going to cut much figure in the gate receipts after all.

Frank Gotch will soon have a "farewell" record that will outrival that of Sarah Bernhardt or Adelaide Pattil.

Gov. Wilson has declared war on the mosquito and the house-fly, but he says nothing about presidential bees.

There is an impression among the churches that the Richeson case has seen Judas Iscariot and gone him one better.

Congress is supposed to be in session, at least the doorkeeper goes in and brushes off the cobwebs every morning.

The Salvation Army has been barred out of Russia. The czar has no time for an army that makes for peace and good will.

Wall street practically stopped business during the Equitable fire, showing there is no loss without some small gain.

We hope, however, the election goes this fall, that there will be no kicking. It is always possible that the majority may be right.

If Woodrow Wilson succeeds in knocking Mr. Bryan into a coked hat we presume he would then proceed to sit on the "lid."

A train running from Chicago to New Orleans is called "The Panama Limited." Nothing like seizing time by the forelock.

The Russians are behind the civilization of the world in almost every respect. Even their calendar is twelve days behind.

Lillian Russell is to be married a fourth time, and this time to an editor. He ought to get a "scoop" on Lillian's next divorce suit.

Russia is now civilizing the Persians by hanging them, which is much the same way in which we proceeded to Christianize the Indians.

If cold weather and heavy snows make for big crops surely a good portion of this country can figure on abundant harvest next summer.

As neither side is able to make the steam roller work, it looks as if congress might as well shut down until they get the machinery repaired.

The young ladies who have popped the question since the new year began report that the young men are harder to catch than the measles.

The powers have sent a note to China asking that she stop fighting. Why not treat Russia and Italy in the same way while they are about it?

There is a general agreement in congress that a determined and patriotic resistance must be made to the encroachments of the economy power.

One of the greatest difficulties we encounter in supporting a family is the amount of time it takes to read the articles on the "Cost of Living."

The democrats down in congress don't seem to be doing much, but as they always vote no on everything but no-license, this is what was expected.

Now that J. P. Morgan is on his way to Egypt, we wish he would attend to the long postponed duty of removing one or two of the pyramids to Coney Island.

While we are keenly interested in Mr. Roosevelt, we decline to devote a column and a half to a description of his prowess in cutting down a birch sapling.

Senator O'Gorman of New York is the latest dark horse mentioned in case the democrats can't agree on anybody else for their presidential candidate.

The expected January rise in the stock market has not come off. Not merely does Wall street have cold feet, but it won't stand over the register to warm them.

Andrew Carnegie is to be depicted in a statue representing him in the

act of handing out a book. We hope the book is some real enduring classic like the baseball guide for 1912.

While Dr. Abbot, Gifford Pinchot and other of his friends are talking for him, it will be noticed that the colonel himself isn't saying a thing about his future plans or purposes.

It takes five days now for a fellow to get a marriage license in Massachusetts, and if at the end of that time he wants to amend by substituting some other girl, he has no redress.

Some people think that the exceptional vigor with which Theodore chops trees suggests that he would like to put equal fervor into removing official heads of certain officeholders.

The Carnegie monument should commemorate some truly historic event, like getting the better of John D. on the ore deal, rather than merely getting rid of a few thousand libraries.

They have been getting temperatures of 42 below up in Canada, but in that climate this is merely a reminder to cover up the garden vegetables before the really heavy frosts come along.

Murderer Richeson wants to be commuted so as to spend his life in jail. All our efforts, however, to make jails really popular will be thrown away if the prisoners have to associate with the likes of him.

The powers are trying to persuade Italy and Turkey to stop the war. The powers can bear up under the bloodshed with equanimity, but there is the possibility that one of the combatants might get some territory.

Although the democratic convention is to be held at Baltimore, it does not follow that all the delegates will live on terrapin. The principles of Jeffersonian democracy can be exemplified by ordering fish balls.

In places where the skating is good, it is complained that the children take their skates to Sunday school. It shows unusual forbearance, however, that the children do not demand that the Sunday school furnish the skates.

Harry Thaw is trying to get out of the insane asylum again. In view of the tremendous services to mankind which Harry is rendering by staying in his present position, we trust he consents to remain in the hands of his friends.

The women of California are planning to hold "registration teas" to arouse interest in the vote in the spring campaign. This carrying the political wire pulling from the back office into the parlor has a very progressive sound.

Prof. Lowell says he can see frost on the planet Mars. If the professor can point out to the people of the larger part of the country where he can't see frost he will confer a favor and give them hope, in spite of their depleted coal bins.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well known author of public fiction, does not favor woman suffrage. She is of the opinion that if there is one little thing, like voting, that the men can do alone, they should be allowed to do it without being disturbed.

Kansas has the greatest per capita wealth of any state in the country. Ever since William Allen White wrote that famous editorial on "What's the Matter With Kansas?" he and his neighbors have prospered exceedingly. There is nothing the matter with Kansas.

Andrew Carnegie says anybody can make money. Mr. Carnegie's exag-gerations are startling but they are very pleasant to take. The plain truth is that Andy, like the rest of humanity, looks at the world through his own experiences and bases his judgments accordingly.

Prof. Riggs of the Field museum, Chicago, says that the camel is an American and that he lived here for two million years and would have been living in California yet if it had not been the glacial period. It was while he was living in this country that he got a hump on himself.

Civilization in America antedates by many thousand years, its discovery by Columbus. Some Yale university professors have lately returned from Peru, where they found a buried city of marble walls and architecture closely resembling that of the ancient Egyptians. The framework of the windows in the ruins of the large and massive buildings were beautifully carved.

The meat packers are guilty of only near-crime. They admit that they attempted to organize a billion dollar combination with property having an actual valuation of less than \$300,000. They failed to violate the law, not because they wanted to, but for the reason that they could not get anyone to finance the scheme. Speaking of this the Duluth Tribune says: "A willingness to violate or evade the law is not a crime, it is only a near-crime. The porchelimbler who finds the posts too slippery or his job avoids danger of

going to jail, but his moral standards are none the better."

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP. The proposed government ownership of telegraph lines, as suggested by Postmaster General Hitchcock, will not materialize. There is no likelihood that any action of that kind will be taken.

There is a prevailing sentiment in this country that any business which individual citizens can successfully operate, ought not to be run by the government. The sentiment broke out emphatically when the "government ownership of railroads" scheme was sprung by Mr. Bryan.

That government regulation must come for these forms of public service there is no question. But government regulation rather than government ownership at present stands in favor with the people of the United States.

NO SHOE TRUST POSSIBLE. Dispatches forecasting a 60 per cent increase in the price of shoes, and predicting that a trust is to be formed to acquire control of shoe manufacturing, need not be taken very seriously.

The average church takes too little pains to look up the moral character of candidates for the pastorate. The usual fulsome letters of praise from personal friends of the candidates are not enough. If every church about to call a pastor would send its best business man to the place where the candidate comes from, and let them see what his enemies can dig up, most of the scandals in clerical life could be avoided.

In the Richeson case, while no positive wickedness could have been unearthed in this way, a tendency toward feminine flirtation would have been discovered in the guilty man that would have made most people suspicious.

DOES THE CLIMATE CHANGE? The opinion is frequently expressed in nearly every section of the United States, that the climate is undergoing some fundamental change, particularly that the winters are growing milder.

In the snow belt, the older people are always saying that the deep snows of their childhood never come nowadays. Some historic records are appealed to, as that Chesapeake bay was frozen over below the mouth of the Potomac in the winter of 1779-80, and that Long Island sound was frozen over in that winter, also in 1740-41.

Still one must remember that distance does not merely lend enchantment, but magnitude. The writer well recalls visiting some years ago the place where he attended his first circus. His memory had recalled some vast ring where a great and gorgeous pageantry was enacted. Great was his disappointment when once more he gazed upon the scene of this former magnificence, for the grassy remnants of the little ring looked tiny enough to manhood's eyes. So with the remembered snow-drifts of the old time northern winter.

That this general tendency of human nature applies to weather observation is suggested by the fact that recently in England it has been asserted with much emphasis that the climate of that country has become much milder in winter. The subject was taken up in a recent paper read before the British Scientific association in which a leading scientist seemed to disprove the claim. A part of his argument was based on a very carefully written weather record prepared away back in the year 1341 by the Rev. William Merle of Lancashire. This showed a phenomenally warm winter, with vegetables blossoming in the gardens, indicating that 600 years ago the sun used to shine and the rain and snow to fall about as they do today.

A compilation of the temperature records made by the weather bureau for ten American cities from 1854 to 1879, and from 1879 to 1904 was made not long ago. The earlier quarter of a century differed from the latter only a trifling fraction. As said wise old Solomon, "there is nothing new under the sun."

SEED CORN IS POOR. Experts from the Nebraska state farm experiment station who have tested samples of the best seed corn at local corn shows throughout the state, declare that only from 10 to 40 per cent of it will grow. Corn for seed purposes is said to be worse than has ever been known in Nebraska. And when it is realized that every dead ear planted means the loss of twelve bushels of corn, it becomes apparent that the situation is a serious one. The following test for seed corn has been sent out and this or some other test should certainly be applied before any corn is planted.

Enough ears to plant twenty acres can be tested in a single day with home made tester. Take a box six inches deep and about two by three feet in size. Fill the box about half full of moist dirt, sand or sawdust. Press it well down so it will have a smooth, even surface. Now take a white cloth about the size of the box, rule it off checkerboard fashion, making squares one and one-half inch each way. Number the checks 1, 2, 3 and so on. Place this over the sand, dirt or sawdust.

Take the ears to be tested and either lay them out on the floor and mark a number in front of each or attach a numbered tag. Now take off about six kernels from each ear (not all from the same place, but at several points on all sides.) Put these

kernels on the squares corresponding in number to those placed on the ears of corn. Be careful not to get them mixed. Keep the ears numbered to correspond EXACTLY with the numbers on the squares of cloth.

After the kernels have been placed carefully on the cloth which covers the moist sand, dirt or sawdust, cover them with another cloth, considerably larger than the box; cover this cloth with about two inches of the same moist sand and keep the box in a warm place. It must not get cold.

The kernels will germinate in four to six days. Remove the cover carefully to avoid displacing the kernels. Examine them carefully. Some will have long sprouts but almost no roots; others will not have grown at all, but the kernels from ears which will produce corn if planted, will have both sprouts and good root systems.

Compare the numbers on the squares with those on the ears. Put back into the feeding corn bin the ears which correspond in number to the numbers on the squares where the kernels did not grow or where they showed only weak roots.

The ears numbered corresponding to those on the cloth which showed strong signs of life are the ones to preserve for seed. Every kernel from these ears should produce a stalk, every stalk an ear.

AROUND TOWN.

Is there no peace on earth? No sooner did we get the local bill collectors at bay with our galling gun than some piker down at Washington gets up in congress and introduces a Norris bill. Now that's the last straw. We'll be darned if we'll pay it, even if congress passes it.

"Twenty below zero at Kansas City is some cold," said we to a Norfolk man. "I know it," said he. "I spent one night in an open flat car in Kansas City when it was 21 below. I know it's cold, all right." It was the truth, too. What's more, he's one of the prominent men in this town today.

Pretty nearly every man at some time or other feels as if he'd like to run a newspaper for just a little while—just long enough to say a few things about a few people that he thinks ought to be said. But personally, we'd like to take a vacation from the newspaper game for about three days, in order to run that weather department. We sort of feel as if we could do a few things with the weather that ought to be done and which the regular weather man doesn't seem to have sense enough to do.

Why not form an insurgent weather party? Let's revolt.

A bloody battle in the Red sea ought not to discolor the water.

What's become of the o. f. anti-overcoat brigade?

We know what's become of the o. f. blizzard—the telephones and the telegraph and the weather bureau and the newspaper have put it out of business by discounting it in time to allow people to build a fire in the furnace.

"Oh, for a Jackson," says Gov. Harmon. Personally, we like the Buick.

We hate to think about all the coal bills that'll come floating in Feb. 1. "Float" is the word. There ain't a coal man in town that dares bring one 'em into that door, so long as the galling g. ammunition lasts. That galling g. death on coal men in particular. It just eats 'em. Now you fellows take notice.

In fact we doubt if there's enough left of a coal man to burn, once that galling got going at him.

We hope this will be sufficient warning. We're just trying to protect 'em for their own good. It's nothing to us—not a thing.

If we'd thought of it in time we'd have turned that gun loose on the cold waves—both barrels. But it's too late, now. The gun has all one gun could do, to take care of coal men.

It's worth going to a banquet in this town just to get a look at the attractive women who serve it.

Also it's worth the price of admission just to see 'em make the toastmaster come across with 50c for spilling water on the tablecloth.

Violet Buehler must have had a pretty severe experience. She was willing to go back to Chicago.

Got the grip? Here, too.

Some day Norfolk is going to be a city. It's located right. With its railroad facilities and the territory that can be reached, this town is bound to grow. You can't stop it. It's on the way right now.

"I have been thinking ever since I first came here some years ago, that Norfolk would be an ideal location for a wholesale paper house," said a traveling paper salesman the other day.

AROUND TOWN.

Two weeks from Thursday is ground hog day, when we'll find out whether we're to have six more weeks of it or not. So the question now is whether we're to have eight more weeks of it, or are we not? Eight more weeks of furnace fog like the last three will restore slavery in the U. S. A. For one, we can already picture ourselves doing the bidding of the first coal man that happens to get us into captivity and it wouldn't surprise us at all to be put up on the auction block and sold under the hammer.

But hold! Abas, you coal men. What's this we see in the paper? Some mysterious good Samaritan ready to pay for coal for the needy poor? Say,

central, give us the coal office, quick, before the supply runs out.

It's pretty hard to hold a good town back, after all.

DAKOTA'S FIRST LOG CABIN. Pencil Sketch by First Home-Steader Owned by Norfolk Man.

A lead pencil sketch of the first log cabin constructed by the first man homesteading a claim in the Dakota territory is in the possession of W. W. Hoffman of Norfolk, who got it at an old settler's picnic held in South Dakota some years ago. The sketch, badly used by age, still retains the original pencil marks and the old log cabin is clearly visible. The sketch was made years ago—the Norfolk man does not know when—by Mahlon Gore, now dead, and was drawn by him from memory in Union county, S. D., where he first located.

"Excuse Me" Next Tuesday. Just to laugh.

That's the basis of "Excuse Me," the big Henry W. Savage comedy which is coming to Norfolk next Tuesday night. It is for laughing purposes only.

"Excuse Men" is a great comedy, as those who have seen it testify. The magazines have been enthusiastic in their praise. Mr. and Mrs. Sol G. Mayer of Norfolk saw the original production in New York city last year. It has just finished, on Jan. 6, a four months' run in Chicago.

The fact that the production is put out by Henry W. Savage is alone sufficient guarantee to Norfolk that it's a corking good show. Henry W. Savage doesn't put out any other kind. He produced "The Prince of Pilsen," still remembered in Norfolk as the biggest musical comedy ever; he produced "Madame Butterfly," "The Merry Widow," etc.

So when a Henry W. Savage production comes along, it's a cinch it's A-1. And "Excuse Me" is no exception. It's "there."

Scene Is On Pullman Train.

"Excuse Me" is a distinct novelty. It is a play of twenty stories and of none, which paradox is accounted for by the fact that the force is in reality a relation of the incidents that occur upon an overland limited train during its progress from Chicago to Reno. Thirty persons of widely contrasting types are the passengers and it is their experience, encounters with each other and with the train crew which constitute the motif.

Anyone who has ever made an extended journey in a Pullman train can hardly have failed to note the humorous possibilities of such a trip and Rupert Hughes, having noted them, undertook to put them into the form of a farce. The happenings, while seemingly funny, are withal so natural and logical that it would be remarkable, rather than otherwise, had "Excuse Me" failed to prove a success of sensational dimensions.

TRUSTEE WAS LOCKED UP.

McFarland Has Difficulty in Making People Believe He is Prisoner.

Locked up for an hour in the show window of the Peoples' Department store was the fate of W. R. McFarland, trustee of the defunct store. McFarland had been in the store making an investigation and while re-arranging the show windows, the "catch-lock" door of the window suddenly was mysteriously slammed shut, probably by the draught. For a long time the trustee waved frantically at the passersby, who thought he was joking and laughed. They snubbed by. After a desperate effort at "wig-wagging" the trustee, who by the way, is quartermaster sergeant of the local militia outfit, succeeded in checking the haste of one stranger whom he induced to tell Constable Flynn that "I'm locked up in this window and can't get out." The message was given and the officer after a few moments arrived at the store.

"What's the matter, Mac?" asked the officer.

"I'm locked in and can't get out. Come in and release me."

"How will I get in. I haven't any key."

"Crawl through the hole in the cellar way," said the patient trustee.

Walking around to the back of the store, the officer found the cellarway choked with snow and ice and after taking about fifteen minutes to "think it over" he managed to crawl through the small hole. After a cold experience he freed the imprisoned trustee.

TO BE A BILLIARD TOURNEY.

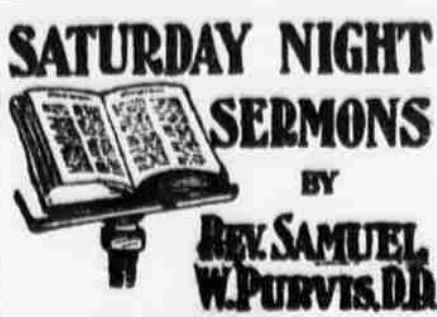
Trophy Cuy Has Been Put Up for Event at the Elks.

There's to be a billiard tournament at the Elks club. The trustees have agreed to put up a cup for the winner and the tournament will begin tomorrow. All members are eligible to enter. It will be a handicap event so that there will be a chance for anybody to win. The committee in charge has arranged the following handicap schedule, but if this is in need of changing alterations will be made:

Scratch players: E. A. Bullock, A. J. Koeningstein, Jack Larkin, R. H. Reynolds, P. H. Satter. Others are to make the number of points following their names, scratch to be 100: Sam Erskine, 99; Kelsey, 99; Leonard, 85; Burton, 85; Nicola, 85; Huntington, 85; Pasewalk, 85; Jack Koeningstein, 85; Hall, 85; W. R. Jones, 75; C. H. Reynolds, 70; McKinney, 65; Mayer, 65; South, 65; Parker, 65; N. A. Huse, 55.

R. H. Reynolds is chairman of the committee having the tournament in hand. Play will begin Thursday. If there are any members who have been overlooked by the committee, the committee wants to know it. At the club rooms players will select partners by drawing lots.

Following this tournament, there will be a free-for-all no-handicap event.



WHEN YOUR HAIR IS TURNING GRAY. Text: "With long life will I satisfy him."—Ps. 90, 16.

Easter Sunday morning, 1512, Poase de Leon discovered Florida. He was searching for the fountain of eternal youth. Foolish fellow! Heaven is the only land of eternal youth. Meanwhile we try to hold youth, like health—after it has gone. Ever stand at the cosmetic counter of the great drug or department store? It's more a tragedy than a comedy. And the actors are not feminine, but human. That man with nervous haste buying the hair dye isn't vain. He's only forty-five, but he has a wife and children to support and educate. His firm is cutting down expenses and laying off "the old men of fifty." He has shaved off his mustache and will gradually dye his hair. Old age is a haunting specter. It terrorizes more than four of death. Life has three tragedies—birth, death and old age. Most people do not want to become old. Gray hair, wrinkles, end of earning capacity, cane or crutch, pain, burden, to ungrateful son or impatient daughter, bring a longing for the black chariot that will not stop at your door because you wish for it. "Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight!" is the prayer. But even God cannot turn back the universe and give us yesterday. The soul must sit on the western porch and wait for the twilight and evening star—and after that the dark!

Facing the Inevitable.

We must not, dare not, surrender to the years. Don't haul down your flag too soon. Don't quit your day's work at 3 o'clock. Says Fannie Crosby at ninety-three, "I do not intend to grow old." Says Sarah Bernhardt at what age does she confess? "It is for me to laugh at age." Whether the great Christian song writer or the gay French actress, both have the secret. "I will not grow old." Mind and character are the two great exceptions to the law of age and decay, for it is not snow on the head, but in the heart, that gives old age. A woman is as old as she looks, a man as old as he feels. Titian at 100 was at his greatest painting, while Louis II, of Hungary died of old age at twenty. When you admit you are old you are, in my profession no man is wanted beyond forty, and at fifty he has crossed the ministerial "dead line." And the church is paying the penalty. Of course if a minister stops studying, ties up his knowledge in bundles and says, "I am done," he is done. When the pastor of the First Congregational church in Boston died in 1863 the church decided it would call a young man, and it elected Mr. Davenport of New Haven, then seventy years old.

The Great Secret.

God has made our spirits immortal. Age of spirit is a voluntary thing, a matter of mental habit. Men and women grow old by thinking themselves old. They drop anchor with no intention of putting out to sea again, then energies decline and interests fade. The tragedy of old age lies chiefly in closing the doors, shutting the windows, barring the house against new faces, new ideas, new enthusiasms. When the years begin to multiply one must fasten back the shutters, leave the latchstring out. Don't get sour and bittered at the world. It will only jostle you to one side and jostle at you. Keep in the swim. Don't get out of step. There's nowhere to go but into a chimney corner, where you will die long before your burial. Don't get the attitude of protest against new things. Conditions have changed, methods have improved, the world is growing, and you must grow with it or die. Join in that world progress even though that progress seems unreal to you.

Keeping Reason Fresh.

Watch your personal appearance. The slovenly, slouchy old person finds the world drawing away its garments from him. Brush your teeth. Keep hair and your beard trimmed. It's an easy and quick process from gentleman to tramp. Brush your shoes; dress for dinner. There's an unalterable, unexplainable connection between the external and the internal. And the world is mightily impressed by the external. You've done a double ternally, and you've impressed the world externally. I know a man of ninety who is the charm of his neighborhood. In middle age he stored his mind with literature and current events. He still discusses important events in town, in nation, in church. At an age when most men are peevish and cynical he is surrounded by young people listening to his reminiscences and discussion of the world's progress. And here is the great secret—colors do not fade. The perceptive become duller, but colors are colors still. Get it? Life isn't stale; it's fresh. It isn't dull; it glows.

Some day you will reach the last hill-top. From there you'll view the land of promise. If life has been sweet heaven will be sweeter. Has religion been a glorious thing here? It will be the garment of eternity. The mow of earth's winter will be exhaled for the fragrance of heaven's eternal spring. Age? You know nothing of it. You were a child not of time, but of eternity.

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.