

MORALS AND CIRCUS ADS

ALL WERE WILLING TO RISK THE CIRCUS POSTERS AGAIN.

Fap Perkins, the Jericho Postmaster, tells the arguments that were used, the plots that were made and how the decision came.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] It was Moses Harper who began it. Some one told him that a circus advertisement wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let it be known that he would show up at the postoffice in the evening and have something to say to interest the bull United States. Nobody could guess whether Moses had found a new way of getting a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the morning or was going to experiment on groveling broomsticks, and the crowd was holding its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time trying to find out whether Porto Rico belonged to the United States or to a Robeco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The tocsin has sounded, and we are here tonight to counsel together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,



"THE ALLURIN COLORS OF VICE AND DEGRADATION."

Jonas Teachout, whose barn faces the highway a mile outside of this town, allowed the circus wagon to paste up pictures on three sides of the building. How many tickets for the circus he got in exchange I do not know, and it has nuthin to do with the question. What I'm sayin is that them pictures, in my solemn belief, shocked the morals of this community far worse than as if ten saloons had been opened in the town. The circus wagon is ag'in approachin. It is creepin along in its sly, insidious way, leavin the blight of destruction in its path, and if sumthin ain't done Jonas Teachout's barn will ag'in be enwrapped in the allurin colors of vice and degradation. I move that it be the sense of this meetin, and of the community in general, that Jonas be struggled with."

"It appears to me," says Deacon Spooner as Moses sat down, "that a p'int has bin made. When Moses talks of allurin colors of vice and degradation, I seem to see before me them pictures of women jumpin through paper hoops. However, I'd like to hear from Silas Lapiam. I reckon he's interested in the moral welfare of this community."

"I ain't blamin Jonas 'tall," says Silas. "He got 12 deadhead tickets fur the use of his barn, and I don't believe nobody was the wickeder fur it. If a man can't gaze at circus pictures without goin away and stealin a bar'l of soft soap, then he ain't no man. Did any wife run away from her husband because of them pictures? Did any husband elope with the hired gal because of them?"

"That's a p'int, and I says it's a p'int!" exclaims the deacon as he bustles about. "Them circus pictures was on that barn fur two months, but what family was busted up through their influence? It's fur Moses to specify whar vice got its toehold."

"I ain't sayin that any families was busted up," continues Moses, "but I'm talkin 'bout the general influence on general morality. A circus picture is nuthin but a picture, but it suggests lemonade and peanuts and whisky and poker and beln out late nights. They are like picture ivy. You come across it in the woods, and it is fair to look upon, and it seems to be rooted in innocence and thivin in morality. You handle it, and you begin to itch and scratch and find yourself pizened. Like a hydra headed serpent, it lays in wait to work destruction to the unwary. I hope this meetin and this community arl with me and that it will be decided to wrassle with Jonas Teachout."

"Moses didn't seem to make a p'int on the peanuts and lemonade," says the deacon as he scratches his ear. "but he was powerful strong on that pizen ivy beln rooted in innocence. I kin almost see whar circus pictures might influence me to go home and pound my old cow with a sled stake if she didn't keep her tail still while I was milkin, but I'm willin to hear more arguments. Enos Williams, you driv' by that barn twice a day all summer. How did them pictures affect you?"

"Not much different from a huskin bee," says Enos. "I didn't feel no feelin's of wickedness stealin o'er me, but I did sort of make a fool of myself. I found a soft spot in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspiring, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was busted. I'm thinkin that hard cider has more general influence on general morality in this community than circus pictures."

"It's a p'int!" shouts the deacon as he waves his cane on high: "it's a p'int nobody kin git over! It's hard cider that's backin vice all over this county and h'istin innocence over the fence whenever they meet. However, it may be that circus pictures also

have their influence. Moses, have you got any more arguments?"

"Of what use?" says Moses as he heaves a sigh and turns away. "Wasn't Sodam warned? Did Sodam heed it? When vice stalks rampant through every household in Jericho and innocence is driv' to the fields to sit under a blackberry bush and weep, then remember what I have said here tonight, I ain't denyin that hard cider is blustin our morality, but when you add circus pictures to hard cider what do you do?"

"Yes, Sodam was warned, and Sodam fell," says the deacon as he shakes his head, "but I'd like to hear from Lish Billings on this matter."

"It's purty late," says Lish. "How purty late?"

"Why, Jonas has rented his barn ag'in and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that fur a p'int?"

The meetin stood appalled fur a minit, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says:

"Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 10 more to give away outside his family. Fellow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin has pledged herself?"

"No, no, no!" shouted the crowd. "Is it the opinion of this meetin that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrassled with?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then I'm appealin directly to Moses Harper. Moses, will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin under a blackberry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin the followin resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin to chance it this year.' All in favor or ag'in will manifest it in the usual way."

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg fur deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

M. QUAD.

HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Fable Showing Wisdom of Silence Concerning Some Things.

Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl. The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment among the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits. The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl. And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus did it become generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$1.50 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner did the girl become happy again, while her mistress and the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms. And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first dear friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Moral.—Don't talk good about your hired girl.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dachshund Tragedy.

"Stimler's collar button rolled under the bureau."

"Yes."

"And he 'sicked' his dachshund after it."

"Go on."

"The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor."

"Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well?"

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and at once swallowed it. It stuck half way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimler had to call in the janitor of the flat, and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?"

"Stimler said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?"

"Yes, in case somebody collared him."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Long Lightning Conductor.

Bavaria boasts that it has the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point in the German empire, and runs down the side of the mountain to the bottom of the Hohenlental, where there is running water. The length of the rod is five and a half kilometers, nearly three miles and a half.

A philosopher says that every failure is a step toward success. This explains why some men become richer every time they fail.—Chicago News.

It is unfortunate that every one's memory is best in retaining things it would be more genteel to forget.—Atlantic Globe.

THE SCHEME BUSINESS.

THE GRAND PROMOTER EXEMPLIFIES IT AS A FINE ART.

Major Crofoot Organizes a New Scheme of Gigantic Proportions and Generously Takes In His Printer on the Ground Floor.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was the printer with his bill for 3,000 office cards, and he knocked on Major Crofoot's office door in that half hearted way adopted by creditors who feel that they must call and yet have no faith that the bill will be paid. "Come in, and good morning to you—good morning!" shouted the major as he sprang up and extended his hand and shook so heartily that the caller's hat was nearly jostled off his head. When the shaking had been concluded, he said:

"I have been expecting you up here every day for a week, and if you



"SIMPLY TO REST EASY."

hadn't called today I should have sent a messenger to hunt you up. Did you remember to bring the bill?"

"Yes, sir," replied the printer as he handed it over.

"Good! Let's see. It's for \$4.50, and I pronounce it correct—absolutely correct. There never was a more correct account rendered—never in this commercial world. And now you want a check for it, of course? I must ask you to excuse me that this trifle has run so long, but when a man is dealing in millions he is apt to forget dollars."

"That is all right, major," replied the printer as a soft smile stole over his face, and he began wondering why he had ever called the promoter a dead beat.

"Thanks for your confidence—your financial confidence. I like men to have confidence in me. Let me tell you, sir, that the man who puts his trust in Major Crofoot, grand promoter, gigantic originator and tremendous consolidator, loses nothing by it. Here is a bill for \$4.50. It has run for weeks and months. Instead of wearing out the stairs and pounding on my door, you have been content to let me slip along. You felt that your money was safe. You believed that I would pay on presentation. Ah, sir, but I love to witness such exhibitions of confidence—I love to do it! Let us shake hands again."

"I'm in a bit of a hurry this morning," remarked the printer as a doubt suddenly entered his mind and sent a chill up his back.

"Ah, yes, of course you are—of course—and my time is also limited, but do you know what I am going to do? Instead of debating about a bill for \$4.50, I am going to talk to you of thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions. My dear man, you have arrived at an opportune moment. It almost seems as if the hand of Providence was in it. Having displayed your confidence in the financial integrity of Major Crofoot and arrived at an opportune moment, what follows?"

"You pay the bill for \$4.50," replied the printer.

"It follows, sir—it follows as naturally as night follows day, but with a heap more cash in it—that I take you on the ground floor. Behold those papers on my desk. I had just ceased to figure when you came in. I had finished the last line of my prospectus. Behold, sir—behold the organization of the Wide World Chicken and Infant Raising company with a capital of \$20,000,000!"

"Major, I called!"

"You called, sir—you called at an opportune moment. By calling you put it in my power to prove my gratitude in something besides words. What is the Wide World Chicken and Infant Raising company? As its name implies, the object is to raise chickens and infants. How, sir, how? Ah, that is Major Crofoot's great discovery, which has enabled him to organize a company on a basis of \$20,000,000. The discovery is not original, but we apply it as it has never been applied before. We incubate chickens, but by the million instead of the score. Take your pencil and figure a little."

"But I came up for my \$4.50," said the printer in ugly tones.

"Take your pencil and figure. Eggs can be bought for 20 cents a dozen. For 2 cents additional one dozen chickens can be produced. Four cents more and you have a dozen spring chickens worth 50 cents apiece at the incubator; total for eggs, incubating and feeding, 30 cents; total for chickens, \$6; clear profit to divide up on every dozen, \$5.70. Can Cripple Creek or the diamond mines beat it? We produce 20,000,000 dozen chickens per year. Figure it out, man, figure it out. Do you want greater dividends than 70 per cent on your capital? If you do—"

"What about this bill?" demanded the printer as he lifted it off the desk and laid it back again.

"If you do," continued the major as he walked about the room with hands crossed under his coat tails, "then you shall have it. We incubate infants in

the same machines, with only a thin partition between. We take infants after they are 24 hours old—white, black or any other color and without reference to sex—and we bring them up until they are a year old at so much per week. Terms are strictly cash in advance every Monday morning, and every kid is marked on the right heel with our stamp and can't get lost or mixed up in the shuffle. While we are hatching 1,000,000 dozen eggs we are bringing up 100,000 infants. I put the number at that, but it may be a few dozen more or less. Two dollars a week for 100,000 infants is over \$10,000,000 per year. Call the expense for milk, paregoric and toast \$1,000,000, and what profit do you have left?"

"But I have come here to collect a bill."

"The \$9,000,000 profit on the infants added to the profits on the chickens gives us a dividend of \$120 on the dollar, and can you ask for more, sir—can you do it? Why, man, the wealth of Golconda is not in it! The De Beers diamond bonds are waste paper in comparison! And you are to share in it. You are no longer a struggling printer on the seventh floor back, but a millionaire on the first floor front. I take you in. I allot you \$100,000 worth of stock at 30 cents on the dollar, and in two weeks, if you care to sell out, I buy it at par. That's your reward for your confidence in Major Crofoot; that's what comes—"

"But I have no confidence in you!" shouted the creditor. "Pay this bill, and you can incubate and be hanged and keep all the profits!"

"You have simply to rest easy," continued the major as he began to walk on the man's toes and drive him toward the door. "Just keep quiet for a couple of weeks, until the stock is issued. If anything was said at the present time—"

"What you pushing me for?"

"If anything was said at the present time, some one might cut in on us. Just go right back to your shop—"

"I want that money!"

"—and keep mum, and the stock will be sent to you in due time. That's it—good day—good day. Your confidence in Major Crofoot has brought its reward."

"Look here, major!" shouted the printer as he hammered on the outside of the door, "you are an old dead beat! You—you—"

The bill was shoved under the door against his toes. He picked it up, gave the door three hearty kicks and slowly went down stairs. He realized that he had been taken in on the ground floor.

M. QUAD.

Justice in Haiti.

Judicial procedure in Haiti is in certain instances not untouched by humor. A Haitian owed a trader \$28. A judgment requiring the Haitian to pay \$4 a week into court was given, and the trader was to send a messenger every week to the magistrate for the money. In due time he sent for the first installment and was informed that the Haitian had not paid up, but that he should be thrown into prison for his failure.

Three weeks passed with the same result. One morning the Haitian came to the trader's store. He was, he said, a poor man, much married, a man to whom, therefore, expense came. What good, he asked, would accrue to the trader if he, the poor man, was thrown into prison? Let the trader forgive him his debt and earn thereby untold rewards in a future state.

After some talk the trader gave him a letter of remission, which he went off to present to the magistrate. The affair was settled, but the Haitian was struck by the bad grace with which the magistrate dismissed him, and he forthwith returned to the trader and asked him if he had received the \$8 he had already paid into court. The trader looked surprised and said he had received nothing.

"Then, since you have remitted the debt, that \$8 is mine," said the Haitian.

Accordingly, he went off to the court to present his claim. The magistrate at once committed him to prison. A consul who had heard the story asked the magistrate what the Haitian was sent to prison for.

"For contempt of court," was the reply.

Income of a Sleeping Car.

The income or earning capacity of a sleeping car is considerable. Take the run from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles. Every road in the United States pays 3 cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a sleeper and contracts to return said car in as good shape as it is received and to pay for all damages. The journey, on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in 24 hours; therefore the car earns \$30 a day for travel.

If it is full, which is generally the case, receipts from berths, sections and staterooms amount to \$185, making a total revenue of \$215 a day. Out of this must come the wages of the porter and conductor—the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, soap, ice, etc., the whole amounting to but a small sum.

Then there are the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refitting and repainting. Set these charges down at 10 per cent and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each, and we have its earnings at over \$90,000 annually. Some can earn a great deal more.—Kansas City Journal.

A Truthful Man.

Miss Plainface (earnestly)—But if I had not all this money do you think you could still be happy with me?

Mr. Seekrox (startled, but equal to the emergency)—A—a—a—happy is not the word for it!—Brooklyn Life.

A brass plate in the Alabama capitol, in Montgomery, marks the place where Jefferson Davis stood when he took the oath of office as president of the Southern Confederacy.

Railroad and Business Directory.

R. R. TIME TABLE.

Fremont, Elkhorn & Mo. Valley.

EAST.	DEPART.
Omaha Passenger.....	8:35 a m
Chicago Express.....	12:40 p m
EAST.	ARRIVE.
Chicago Express.....	7:30 p m
Omaha Passenger.....	12:40 p m
WEST.	DEPART.
St. Hills Express.....	7:40 p m
Verdigris Passenger.....	12:40 p m
Verdigris Accommodation.....	9:40 a m
WEST.	ARRIVE.
Black Hills Express.....	12:20 p m
Verdigris Passenger.....	7:30 p m
Verdigris Accommodation.....	9:40 a m

The Chicago and Black Hills Express arrives and departs from Junction depot. The Omaha and Verdigris trains arrive and depart from city depot.

H. C. MATRAU, Agent.

Union Pacific.

SOUTH.	DEPART.
Columbia Accommodation.....	6:30 p m
Omaha, Denver and Pacific Coast.....	11:00 a m
SOUTH.	ARRIVE.
Columbia Accommodation.....	10:30 p m
Omaha, Denver and Pacific Coast.....	9:00 p m

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Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.

EAST.	DEPART.
St. Louis City and Omaha Passenger.....	8:30 a m
St. Louis City Passenger.....	1:00 p m
WEST.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis City Passenger.....	10:35 a m
St. Louis City and Omaha Passenger.....	7:30 p m

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