

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
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 The Journal, Established, 1877.
THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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It is a safe wager that Julius Hulf will be elected city clerk to succeed himself.

If you are a renter, the passage of the sewer bonds will mean increased comfort for you.

The republican ticket is made up of clean men. Republicanism means progress and advancement.

If the sewer bonds fail to pass tomorrow, Norfolk will get a backset that it would take years to recover from.

If you are a merchant, the passage of the sewer bonds will mean that laborers will have money with which to buy of you.

If you are a property owner, bear in mind that your property will be increased in value by the passage of the sewer bonds.

If you are a laborer, remember that a vote for the sewer bonds will mean work for you at good wages all of the coming summer.

It is said that school teachers will be scarce in Nebraska next fall. There is nothing in Norfolk this week to indicate a scarcity.

The police department during the last year has not set the world afire by its activity. This will have some influence in tomorrow's election.

Though we have handed over the key to the city to the teachers, some of them had a hard time finding their way to lodging rooms yesterday afternoon.

West Point has a sewer system; Albion will vote bonds. Norfolk has a chance to stay in the class of these villages or drop behind them in tomorrow's election.

If you are a citizen of Norfolk, the passage of the sewer bonds will help to maintain the prestige and name of your city; the defeat of the bonds will be a step backward.

A vote for the republican ticket tomorrow will be a vote for a police department that will have the courage to do its duty, and not one that will wink at crime and vice in the very heart of the city.

The really live issue at stake for tomorrow's election is the sewerage bond proposition. And it will require the votes of every citizen in the city who favors the bonds, to come any where near passing them.

It is not probable that the present meeting of the teachers will settle the matter of reform spelling. If the reform were to go thru, the teachers could never, in fucher papers red b4 the associashun, rit "enough," tho 1 wurd wud sumtims b enuf.

It is generally considered good business policy to go in debt if necessary in order to build up and improve the business. That is the proposition with the sewerage. The money spent will not be poured into a ditch. It will be used all the rest of our lives. And it will save cess pool expenses.

Father T. Boniface of Stuart has a practical mind as well as one of goodness. He encourages his choir girls to work as well as to play. Everyone who sings in the choir, according to the Ledger, for three years, is presented with a new rotary washing machine, a clothes' line, a pulley and clothes pins.

The argument that the sewer bond will be an elephant on our hands can be brought against any public movement. It will be a baby elephant, however, and can be carried without much effort, when it is considered that Norfolk has the smallest bonded indebtedness of any city in the state, as compared with its population.

The Norfolk schools have turned out many exceptionally able students and the honors which have been won by Miss May Somers at Wellesley college are but an added testimonial. Wellesley is considered perhaps the superior of all women's colleges in America in point of actual work done by the students and in point of thoroughness in training.

The passing of the sewer bonds in Norfolk was a move toward progress, higher civilization, a cleaner and healthier city and, more than all else, it was a sign of the stuff that Norfolk is made of. Now we can come before the world with an evidence of self-confidence to back us up in our claims that Norfolk is going to be a bigger and a

better city than it is today. The passing of the bonds will mean much for Norfolk's future.

Norfolk has been a quiet city during the past year, so far as the police court records are concerned. Judge Westervelt, who is the democratic police judge, told of some things that have been going on when he took occasion to address a peculiarly obnoxious character in public some little time ago. A vote for the democratic ticket tomorrow means a vote for a police force that has acted as officer, judge and jury all in the same breath.

It is to be hoped that the new attempt at introducing a land leasing bill for the grazing section of Nebraska, will pass. This has been introduced in the senate this week by Senator Burkett and it provides that lands may be leased under the supervision of the governor. Nebraska needs a land lease bill fair to both the state and the cattlemen, in order to save the cattle industry of the state, and unless some bill of this sort does pass, the cattlemen will shut up shop and the sandhills will go out of business as wealth producers.

The King road machine which has been out on the streets of Norfolk during the past few days, has been doing excellent work and ought to demonstrate the value of the split log arrangement. Yesterday afternoon the machine was used on South Thirteenth street and, as a result, the street looked like a race track. There are still many streets in Norfolk that could be benefited by this machine, and now that the log has proven its worth, why wouldn't it be a good scheme to get more of them so they could be used in time of emergency, and be of actual service to the community?

The nearer the time for election comes the more chance the sewerage bonds appear to have for passing tomorrow. Many who had been against the bonds have been converted during the last two or three days to the fact that the passage of the bonds will mean a step forward for Norfolk, better health in the city, dry cellars down town and in the eastern half of the city, well drained streets, a cleaner, sweeter municipality, increased property values, work for the laboring man, and a better chance for Norfolk's growth. To vote down the sewer bonds means retrogression, for to remain stationary is to go backward.

It is said that the suggestion of H. E. Owen that a gravel driveway be laid along South First street, has met with the approval and favor of many citizens of Norfolk and it is very possible that the city council may take action at the next meeting regarding the matter, possibly appointing a committee to look into it. Plans and specifications have arrived and are now on file at the Norfolk National bank, where they may be seen by those interested in the gravel roadway for that street. When the small amount of money needed for the work is considered, and the great benefit that would result is borne in mind, it would seem that Norfolk could well afford to take up the matter and consider it very seriously and thoroughly.

Norfolk may not hold its complete prestige as a federal court town, created by Senator Burkett's bill, if the amendment of Congressman Norris, who has taken a hand in the matter, goes through. Congressman Norris has given notice that he intends to amend the bill so that there shall be a number of points in both the north and south sections of the state at which federal court will be held, giving each point a definite territory to draw from, so that the terms can not be transferred from place to place at the will of the judges. In the original bill, Norfolk and Omaha are the only two cities in the northern part of the state in which sessions of court were to be held for this territory, while Lincoln and Hastings were to get in for the southern half. Under the amendment, Norfolk will still get a court session but it will be a session of less importance.

If a man from the east were to decide to come out west to live the rest of his days, he might very reasonably prefer a small town to a city. In looking over the small towns of the west, his attention might very probably be called to Norfolk, for many reasons.

In investigating Norfolk as a home for himself and his family, he would ask, among the first things, "Is your city equipped with modern improvements?" If the sewer bonds are defeated tomorrow, we would have to reply that we do not have modern improvements. We would have no reason to hope that he might come here to make his home. He might go to Albion, where the bonds will carry, or he might go to Fremont, Columbus, North Platte, Kearney, Grand Island, Beatrice, or a dozen other cities in whose class Norfolk has ambition to be. For these cities all have sewers. Even West Point would be preferred

on this account, that little village having owned a fine sewer for years.

As years come along, a person occasionally meets a proposition that startles him with a realization of the fact that he is swiftly passing across the stage of life. Not so many years ago, fifteen perhaps, there was in Norfolk a Huse Publishing company, at the head of which stood Wm. Huse, with W. N. Huse second in command—a corporation controlled by father and son. In course of time Wm. Huse retired from the company and the business fell into the hands of the one who has struggled for years to make it win. Now another period has been reached in the cycle of time and another Huse Publishing company begins business on April 1, the son of fifteen years ago passing to the station of father now. N. A. Huse, who now takes a place in the firm, has had a probation of several years in the work before being made a partner and this trial has demonstrated that he is a thorough newspaper man in every sense of the word. Though still young in years, he has shown that he has a greater capacity to produce readable matter than most men years older, and his keen judgment and business instinct prove that he has many good traits not possessed by his father and less of the ordinary faults of mankind. He is made a partner in the business because his ability entitles him to it and not because he is the son of his father.

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH.

Those who have heard him lecture in Norfolk before, and particularly at the meetings of the northern Nebraska teachers, will regret that William Hawley Smith, that genial wit and philosopher, could not have been engaged for one evening here this week. Mr. Smith is as homely as man can well be, but his humor is of the sort that bubbles over and his sound sense makes people think. His little sermon the other day in Lincoln on the school examinations contained much wisdom and much food for thought among the teachers of the state who are now in Norfolk. Concerning Mr. Smith, Bixby of the State Journal has to say: "If you ever met him you will never forget him—William Hawley Smith—author of 'The Evolution of God,' and other literary gems. He has been sick the past two years and has grown old some, but he's just as good and homely as ever, and it was a pleasure to meet him Monday morning and let him take a short half hour to tell a bunch of new stories. He is on a short lecture tour in the northwest. He says he can't stand it to go all the time as he used to, and, blessed be, he is no longer so poor in purse as he has to keep doing or go hungry. William Hawley Smith is one of the advanced thinkers of this generation, and he won't be fully appreciated until he has been dead about thirty years."

THE COAL STRIKE.

It is to be hoped that the coal strike will soon be adjusted and that the miners will before long go back to work. Without regard to the right or wrong of the cause which has brought about the strike, the people of the United States will hope that the strike may be settled satisfactorily to both miners and mine owners. And the people have a right to demand that the strike be settled within a reasonable time.

Coal is a commodity without which the industries of this country would be paralyzed. It is a necessity to our daily life which keeps the wheels of progress in motion, and it is a sacred right that belongs to the people of this nation that the earth shall be allowed to yield up from its mines this fuel that we must have.

Because the man who owns the mine and the man who digs out the coal get into a quarrel is no reason why the rest of society should be compelled to shut down its factories, stop wheels that are productive and throw other millions of men out of employment, as well as running up the prices of commodities that we can't get along without. And so, if the mine owner and his workman fail to agree, then we can see no reason why the consumer, as a third party to the matter, shall not step in and take charge of affairs with a view to bringing about a compromise if possible, and action at all events.

We have, in this country, come to depend upon the coal from the earth just as much as we depend upon food for our stomachs. And because one body of men are dissatisfied with the methods of another body of men, even though the second party happens to own the coal mines, does not take from the people of this country their right to a supply of coal from the mines.

And so it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt, in case the strike continues into a dangerous extremity, will intervene in the matter, as a representative of the people, and operate the mines if necessary under government protection.

GLAD TO SEE YOU, TEACHERS. Norfolk today extends a cordial

hand of welcome to the teachers of northern Nebraska. We are glad to see you again, glad to renew our old acquaintance with you, and we hope that you will enjoy your visit this year more thoroughly than you have ever before. We hope that when you return to your homes at the end of the week, you will be equipped to more firmly inculcate into the minds of Young America those things that ought to be inculcated, and that you will be able to more scientifically lay on the lash when the lash becomes essential to law and order.

You teachers generally pick out the rainiest, cloudiest, muddiest season of all the year to visit Norfolk, and you always remember it, after you have gone home, as a town in which you lose your rubbers in the middle of the street, wear mackintoshes and carry umbrellas. But in spite of your poor judgment in having Easter come just at the season of the twelvemonth when new spring hats are hardly safe to be trusted out alone, and in spite of the wrinkles that April showers draw over the forehead of the sun whenever you come to town, we are really and truly glad to see you and would like to have you take off your wraps and stay longer if you could do it and at the same time hold your places with the village board at home.

And this dark-skied April week when the teachers come to Norfolk is, in spite of its outward appearances, one of the brightest cycles of days that Norfolk knows in a year's time.

We people of Norfolk have come to look upon you as old friends—though the word "old" is merely a figurative expression. We all clean house when the railroad companies announce excursion rates into Norfolk because of the annual teachers' meeting, and we would be disappointed if you disappointed us by not coming.

We look at you school, teachers, speaking of the entire profession, as old friends in more ways than one. You taught us our A, B, C's when we were little, spanked us when we were bad, divided up your lunches with us when we stayed at school during noon hours, allowed us to pass the pencils when we were good, took away our marbles when we played for keeps, kept us after school when we whispered, pointed your fingers at us when we talked, and cut down our "deportment" when we scraped our feet on the floor. You made us speak pieces in front of the rest of the school, compelled us to study, more or less, and finally sent us out into the world, by way of the graduation gate, all dressed up in our best clothes and wondering how the world ever managed to get three meals a day without our assistance before.

In turn we used to try to make life as wretched and miserable for you as we possibly could. We spent our spare time trying to concoct questions that would puzzle you, laughed in our sleeves (filling them with mirth) when you told us to "look it up" for our own good, planned traps to make you unfair to us so that you would "take it back," and ached for chances to take our grievances home to our fathers and mothers so that their mighty influence might fall on your necks and drop your heads in the basket of had-beens. We invented nicknames for you among ourselves, and sincerely hoped that someday you might overhear the nicknames in everyday use. And when you did punish us we swore vengeance if it took all the rest of our lives for execution.

But after all, we wake up—we of the world that no longer answers to your daily roll call—and find that we do like you, teachers, always did like you, and, we hope, always will. For, come to think it over, you're pretty good natured lot of people in spite of what we used to think, you were really pretty fair in ways you treated us, and we have no doubt that you are just as fair today.

You meet with a good many trials and tribulations, dear teachers, in the course of your careers, of which the world knows nothing. To look at your hours, from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, we might naturally suppose that you led lives of royalty, almost as easy as the lives of bankers. But when we get a little better acquainted with you, we learn that your work never ends and that, though the gong dismisses your pupils at 4 in the afternoon, you carry the worry of the day right straight through the night and rarely lift the burden of your work off your minds. We notice that when you start in to work at the beginning of the fall you look roundfaced and pink cheeked and cheerful. But before Easter comes around, you get dark circles around the eyes, your cheeks get a little thinner, your brow knits a trifle, and you start at the dropping of a pencil. Your nerves get all unstrung, unless you have that most enviable faculty of forgetting the little worries, and the vacation comes none too soon to put red blood back into your system.

And then we look at your payroll, and figure out how much money you get for your year's work. And when we do that, we have to admit that you teachers are public benefactors to

whom we should all gladly take off our hats.

But your wages are going to climb, and one day you will get what you earn. And in the meantime you are enjoying prestige and getting experience that couldn't be bought.

And then, besides all that, there's this to remember about teaching school—the whole world is indebted to you and the whole world loves you after it grows up.

And—well, Norfolk is glad to shake your hands once again and hopes your enjoyment may work overtime this week.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Genius is not rare; but plain, common sense is.

Democrats are joked about whisky as much as Kentuckians.

The older you become, the more risk there is in marriage.

You often hear people speak of "dry wit." Is there such a thing as, wet wit?

Ever notice that when you receive a letter that pleases you, you always read it twice?

When you have a picture taken, does it make you mad for people to say it looks too young for you?

By the time a man becomes interested in his third love affair, he must feel as if he were in a second hand store.

What has become of the old fashioned man who always asked his tall friends, "How is the weather up there?"

There are some women who can't say that they saw a cow without relating what dress they had on when they saw it.

A man running for office must be like an amateur who has agreed to deliver a lecture; he never knows how it will come out.

Be content with your air castle: The chimney in an air castle never smokes, and the windows do not rattle in every wind.

After a woman has fallen in love with the first grandchild, she becomes more reconciled to the fact that her daughter has a husband.

If a man is "good" to his children when they are little, as they interpret it, he hasn't the money left to be "good" to them when they are grown.

If a man stays in the house longer than it takes to eat and get out, he furnishes ground for complaint of the nuisance in having a "man hanging 'round."

\$260 LIGHT FIXTURE.

Magnificent New Chandelier Goes Into Federal Court Room.

A new electric light chandelier is being installed in the federal court room, above the postoffice, today by Electrician Ed Brueggeman. The new fixture was bought by the government at a cost of \$260.

There is one thing we have never been able to understand, why ladies will buy harmful cosmetics when Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes clear complexions. 35 cents, tea or tablets. The Kiesau Drug Co.

Hohneke's Condition.

Dr. Tashjean received a telephone message at noon from Dr. Persons of Stanton, stating that Frederick Hohneke's condition continues to improve.

It enriches the blood, strengthens the nerves, makes every organ of the body strong and healthy. A great spring tonic. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, tea or tablets. The Kiesau Drug Co.

If It Were Thus.

Asa K. Leonard took advantage of the quiet of election day to clean out his desk. Among other evidences of wealth spent he found an armful of cancelled checks. He remarked that if he had the money paid out through them during the past five years he would give \$2,000 to charity, make Harry Hartford a present of his drug store and retire from business.

STATE COMMANDER HERE.

Ladies of Maccabees Hold Meeting With Mrs. L. L. Mark.

L. L. Mark, state commander of the Ladies of the Maccabees, is in Norfolk today and met with the local lodge of the order in Odd Fellows' hall this afternoon. Mrs. Mark is a guest of Past Commander Mrs. W. H. Clark of this city.

Ben Hurs Have Good Time.

Arthur L. Simms last night won the prize given by the Ben Hur lodge for selling tickets to a social session. The prize was a neat box of writing paper. The prize winner, in each case, furnishes the prize given for the next meeting. The funds from the tickets go into the social fund. Refreshments were served.

You're growing more beautiful day by day, Grace. I hope you're not using cosmetics on your face! Oh, Charlie, this is a great injustice to me, I'm simply using Rocky Mountain Tea. The Kiesau Drug Co.

SPANKED GIRL OF 15 WEDS

NEW YORK MISS RETALIATES AGAINST PUNISHMENT.

SHE WANTED TO GO TO DANCE

Her Mama Said She Should Not, But the Young Lady Said She Would—A Spanking Followed and Fifteen Minutes Later the Girl Was a Bride.

New York, April 5.—Julia Sagala was spanked into matrimony. "There is a ball tonight," casually mentioned Miss Sagala yesterday afternoon. Mama Sagala emitted noises suggestive of disapproval. "I shall go," said Miss Julia, who is 15. "You shall not," firmly said mama. Miss Julia disrespectfully "made a snoot" at her mama, whereupon mama swooped down upon Miss Julia and with the aid of her knee and a large palm, turned time backwards in its flight about ten years, and spanked her daughter. Raging and tearful, Miss Julia sought out one Joseph Tarodi, with whom she had had love passages when she was much younger, and in about twenty minutes the spanked girl was a bride.

OVER THE OREGON TRAIL.

Ezra Meeker on His Way From Portland to Indianapolis.

Ezra Meeker of Portland, Ore., left recently on his return journey over the old Oregon trail which he traveled when he came to the northwest in 1852, says a Portland special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. With his team of oxen and the old prairie schooner he started from Dallas on the old trail. Mr. Meeker thinks that the trail should be permanently marked, so that the future generations may be able to locate the old pathway that was traveled by the sturdy pioneers who settled the Oregon country. He will take along with him township plats upon which will be traced the route of the trail in every township in which it is found. These plats will be preserved and sent to the Oregon Historical society. Mr. Meeker has an odometer on his wagon, with which he will determine the exact distance he has journeyed when he arrives at his destination.

Mr. Meeker will drive his oxen and cows through to Indianapolis, Ind., from whence he immigrated across the plains to the northwest. Mrs. Meeker will join him at Indianapolis. Mr. Meeker says he expects to make the trip in about eight and a half months. In 1852 it took him about six months to make the trip. Considerable time will necessarily have to be consumed in locating the old trail, as most of it has entirely disappeared. Before coming to Portland Mr. Meeker retraced the old trail across the state of Washington to the sound, which he traversed after leaving Portland in the spring of 1853. Mr. Meeker is seventy-five years of age, but is in perfect health and does not anticipate any ill effects from the trip. Instead he thinks that it will be very beneficial to him. Mr. Meeker says he has not been ill since he first came to the northwest.

HUGHES FOR PRESIDENT.

"Busted Life Insurance Agent" With Premature Boom Squelched.

J. D. Atkisson, who described himself as "a busted life agent," boarded the special train which carried some of the insurance representatives to Albany for the joint insurance committee hearing the other day, says the New York Times. Atkisson had a satchel full of imitation silver fobs with leather bands, the metal bearing a prototype of Charles E. Hughes and the inscription:

HUGHES.
1906.

Atkisson got out his fobs and offered them for sale at 50 cents each. He announced that he was booming Mr. Hughes for the presidential nomination in 1908.

"What's all this?" asked one of the insurance men, reaching out for a fob. "Let every delegate secure one of the Hughes presidential fobs," megaphoned Atkisson. "We'll show the legislature that we want a 'square deal.' In buying one of these fobs you confer a favor upon a busted life agent, and most of you know what that is."

Some of the insurance men did not like Atkisson's scheme.

"Cut it out, or you'll have to get off the train," said one in a belligerent tone.

"Oh, very well," replied the canvasser complacently. "Instead of making it 1908 I'll make it 1923."

He closed his satchel, and he and the Hughes fobs disappeared.

NOVEL SOCIAL SCHEME.

Chicago Plan to Compete With Saloons and Dance Halls.

A social scheme designed to compete direct with neighboring saloons and dance halls, offering opportunities for refreshment as well as club rooms, a gymnasium and indoor games, is to be built by the Second Baptist church of Chicago, of which Rev. John Roach Straton is the pastor, says a Chicago dispatch. Within a radius of three blocks of the church there are eighty-three saloons. With these and with their accompanying dance halls and dives the settlement will contend for the favors of young men and women who live in the boarding houses which occupy the greater part of the region. The settlement is to be a memorial to