

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
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The Journal, Established, 1877.
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The mover and his prairie schooner have arrived. Tramps and grasshoppers will be next.
If the new sewer which is to be placed in Norfolk, will only help carry away some of this surplus water, the city can feel that the expenditure has been a profitable one for that one feature alone.

Why hire detectives and bloodhounds when a newspaper can do the work. The capture of two fugitives 150 miles from here, through the agency of Norfolk's newspaper, was a pretty effective bit of the incidental business done by the paper on that day.

Some of Congressman McCarthy's ardent admirers now claim that he was responsible for all of the rural route development in this district. It is now in order for some of his followers to give him credit for the bounteous crops that blessed this section last year.

For three years past, this section of Nebraska has experienced remarkably heavy rains and wet fields have been the rule during the spring and summer. Yet we have had bounteous crops in each season, and we may reasonably presume that we shall have again this year.

It is said that real estate has advanced on the Rosebud reservation, now that the Northwestern will extend into Gregory. It is further said that Tripp county, northwest of Gregory county, will be thrown open to the public. This would make another rush through Norfolk like that which was created by the Bonesteel opening.

It is apparent that San Francisco, after the excitement in this country over their disaster has quieted down, will run short of food supplies. We all got busy when the catastrophe happened, and sent carloads of foods and provisions, but we believed that would be enough to last and, for the most part, the country has quit sending. Inasmuch as there is still nothing to give support to the people at San Francisco, it may readily be seen that their want will be increased when the present supplies run short.

There is tragedy in the Holt county situation. The supervisors have had to take down the reward of \$1,000 offered for Hagerty, for fear he would come back and get it and that circumstances might lead to his acquittal in the courts. It surely looks as though the depositors who lost their funds in the defunct bank at O'Neill have been outraged in the freedom of McGreevy and the apparent impossibility to file further cases against him. Every depositor in the county has a case to file against the bank wrecker, but he has taken to the tall grass of the far west.

A dispatch from Washington says that printers who had been employed in the government printing office, fought the introduction of machines into the institution. It is the same old fight that man makes against the machine, for the man realizes that every new machine will destroy the work which supported a half dozen men. It has been seen in all lines of industry, and still it comes. It is hard on the old men who have learned their trades and who are too old to learn new, but it means without a question that younger men must learn to run the machines and to make them, and that the production must be increased somewhere to give these tradesmen coming up, work and support.

Creighton people showed the metal they were made of when they voted \$20,000 bonds for a handsome new school house at that place. They went out into the rain and the cold of the day and cast their votes, showing their pluck and their spirit of advancement and progress. The people of Creighton realize that education makes people of more value to their communities, and that better educations will result if there are better means and equipment for teaching. Creighton's zeal in this line of progress has been demonstrated in many ways. The town has exceptionally strong newspapers, and the newspapers are filled with exceptionally large and well written advertisements. The stores of the town are modern and substantial and the whole spirit of the people there seems to be for push and progress. Money is no object to Creighton, when there is a worthy object at stake, and other towns might profit by the example.

The following bit of sentiment from the Louisville Lyre is so good and so

effective that, though the same thought has often been given in this world before, it ought to be repeated again and ought to find a permanent nesting place in the heart of every young man who is fortunate enough to have a mother: "Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother, who has loved and cared for you, and tell her that you love her and are grateful for the tears she has offered for you? She may think that you love her without you assuring her that you do, but it costs you but little effort to tell her and your words may bring more joy and sunshine to her heart than you ever dreamed of. Some young men will pay \$2 for a rig to ride three hours with a 75 cent girl and tell her all the nice things they can think of that are true and more that are not true, and don't spend 5 cents or five minutes in a year to show their old mother that they care anything for her."

INSURANCE AND SAN FRANCISCO

The laws of California provide that insurance companies are not responsible for loss by earthquake, are responsible for losses sustained by fire, the fire being due to earthquake, and also for losses sustained by dynamiting buildings to prevent fires caused by earthquakes. The battle in the courts over adjusting the losses in San Francisco will hinge on the gape between these two laws. Just where did the earthquake's work end and the damage by fire begin?

But the losses will be adjusted. And the adjustment will be made largely through foreign companies, for San Francisco was largely insured in foreign companies. And in the end, insurance companies will have a large share of the financing of the new city. Were it not for the insurance companies, San Francisco would be unable to rebuild.

And so we find these insurance companies acting as great relief societies for the human race. To help repair the loss at San Francisco, the insurance companies will take funds that have come from all sections of the world, and from all classes of the human race.

There will be no serious disturbance of insurance companies. The directors will get together and adjust the losses, and there will be no serious consequences felt in the insurance world. But this great mass of organized relief for cities and persons in time of need, make it possible for proud San Francisco, guardian of commerce between two continents, to lift her head at the Golden Gate again.

Protection of this sort, either on property or on life, is a wonderfully good thing for the human race. It makes possible today recovery from serious loss that was unknown in the days before insurance companies were thought of.

STEVENSON'S PROPHECY.

Robert Louis Stevenson predicted San Francisco's earthquake and destruction, twenty-five years ago. In writing of the city, he expressed his amazement at a city sprung up so quickly, and said that it must go down as suddenly as it had risen. He told of frequent violent earthquakes that were even then taking place, and spoke of the flimsy foundation of a city built up on land stolen from the sea, and pillared on sand that would blow away. And he further spoke of the wooden structures of the city, because of the quakes, expressing a belief that once the earthquake had started the fires, these wooden buildings must be burned, since the sea-breeze was ever blowing to fan the flames. And Stevenson's word, unheeded by San Franciscans, has been verified in a remarkable degree.

But in spite of a condition which gave to this clever fellow such a clear warning a quarter of a century ago, it is reported from the coast that a new and more beautiful city will rise in the ashes. Some even declare that real estate values have gone up. But, granting that there will be a rebuilding, we doubt if the millions shall be put into Pacific coast investments that were flowing there until the quake. For the whole Pacific coast has received a severe beating.

Like so many of the prize fighters who have gone down in the pugilistic arena before thousands of eager San Franciscans, the Pacific coast has pretty nearly taken the count in this disaster. The earthquake has dealt it a solar-plexus blow from which it will take years and years to recover. And real estate values but be punctured and drop.

Many men who were formerly willing to invest their money in the city's immense buildings, will withdraw their dollars now. And many people who once dwelled there, will leave never to return. For they can dodge tornadoes, they say, but who can dodge an earthquake?

And who is to say that, in case the city is rebuilt, Stevenson's prophecy may not again come true? Last year there were, we are told, thirty different earthquake shocks within ten days, or an average of three a day. And only yesterday there were two shocks, less violent than that which

did the damage.

Who is to say that one day the Pacific coast will not slide into the sea?

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Down at Lincoln there is an organization known as the "Round Table," composed of thinking men of the city who meet now and then at the banquet board and enjoy the reading of a paper written by one of the members, all of whom discuss the question later. The members of the supreme bench are always invited to these functions. The other night Supreme Judge Barnes of Norfolk was present when a very able paper was presented on the subject of "Ingersoll, and the Immortality of the Soul."

After the paper had been read, the members of the Round Table were discussing the question, and it was, it is said, a pitiful sight to see those ministers of the gospel who had made the matter their life's study, as well as others, floundering about hopelessly in uncertainty, declaring that they believed and hoped in the immortality of the soul, but admitting that they did not know to a certainty.

After all of the members of the club had finished their discussion, without arriving at any definite conclusion, Judge Barnes spoke up and, giving his basis for his belief that the immortality of the soul is a proven proposition, is said to have carried the assembly by storm.

For into that discussion of gloom and unproven hopes, Judge Barnes sent a ray of cheerful light which pierced and dispelled the darkness. He told the Round Table that he based his conviction of the immortality of the soul in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the soundness of the evidence by which that resurrection is substantiated and proven. He said that he had gone over all of the evidence regarding the truth or the falsity of the resurrection of Christ and that so far as he could see, there was absolutely no flaw in the chain of evidence, and no point which could be broken down. He had been forced to accept the evidence as positively sound and true, and therefore, knowing that Jesus Christ did rise from the dead, he was forced to the belief in the immortality of the soul.

Coming as this statement did from a member of the supreme court in a commonwealth, whose life and most able and expert legal mind had been given over to the study of evidence and its value, lent to it an unusual importance. And Judge Barnes' line of reasoning is further reinforced by the unfinished paper which was being written by Daniel Webster at the time of his death, in which he dealt with the value of the evidence of the resurrection of Jesus Christ and declared it to be absolutely and completely sound.

SAN FRANCISCO JUGGLERY.

San Francisco has juggled the reports that have come to the world regarding the extent of the earthquake disaster. The people of that golden west have for so many years of their lives been boasting and booming their country and their climate, that to admit the truth regarding the disaster can not, perhaps, be expected. In all events, there is reason to believe that the figures and reports have not come to the world in their unadorned state.

Last week the coroner at San Francisco made an estimate of the dead, declaring there were some 1,000 or more who had been killed in the earthquake. One army officer, who declared that he did not want to seem to exaggerate, declared that in his estimation 10,000 persons met death in the earthquake shock. The first Associated Press bulletin said that the death list might reach thousands.

And then on top of all that, General Greely sent a captain around the town and made an "official" report which declared that the death list was under 300. This was done on the identical day when the coroner said the list would be a thousand. And it is safe to presume that the coroner, a Californian by birth and naturally willing to exaggerate a little for his country, was at least conservative in his statement.

More than that, we have reports stating that a building here fell with scores buried in the ruins. Seventy or so were buried here and as many more there, in buildings whose like stretched all over that great city, and yet one report tells us that the dead are not more than 300. One day a report comes saying that "they are burying the dead in trenches, eight in a ditch," and a week later we learn that "but fifty persons were buried this way."

And again, on one day last week a report came on the Associated Press wires along late in the afternoon, stating that the second earthquake shock had caused people to tremble and that many plans for rebuilding had been abandoned. Yet the next morning's papers contained not one word of this, and told how buildings were going to be rushed to completion. All of which makes it appear very much as though the Associated Press man in San Francisco had submitted to severe pressure and had eliminated that part of

his report to the next morning's papers. For San Franciscans, when they learned of that report, would move heaven and earth, if they could, to shut off such injurious statements, even though they were true.

And so, all in all, it looks just now, to a man out on the prairies of Nebraska, as though San Francisco had juggled reports of the catastrophe, being still influenced by the desire to boom the coasts.

PEARL OF PATIENCE.

Be patient. What a blessing patience is to man, what a magnetic being is he who is patient and how disagreeable, both to others and to himself, is he who lacks it!

The other day when the crowds of arrivals from an incoming train at the Junction had made a rush for the cabs, two men climbed into one hack. One of them sat down quietly and waited for the cab driver. The other began to turn about nervously and to grumble because the cabman did not start. Finally he demanded that the cab should hurry and get him up town. The driver explained that he had orders to wait until the crowd was all out, because there might be other passengers to haul. The impatient passenger declared that he was hungry, wanted his dinner and would take a cab that would get him to a hotel. And he did climb out of this one into another cab. A few moments later the hack that he had abandoned passed him on the road to the hotel, filled with passengers who waved at him, en passant. By waiting for things to come out sanely, he could have won for himself.

Saturday night a train passenger reached the union station late and in the rain. He telephoned to one hotel, asking for an umbrella. The clerk replied that he had no umbrella but would send a cab. "I suppose you don't want people to stop at your hotel," grumbled the voice on the wire. Dissatisfied with the delay in his cab, he telephoned another hotel, asking for an umbrella. They replied that they had none to send. "Suppose you don't want anybody to stop at your hotel," he again declared. The clerk assured him that the hotel was already filled and that they really did not want any more guests that night—"and especially not you," he wittily added. The result was that the fellow was compelled to walk to the first hotel in the pouring rain and beg for a bed.

By being patient, and by trying to be half way fair to the hotels, that man could have gotten to his destination comfortably and could have been considered a gentleman. As it was, he was humiliated, and had lost the respect of those with whom he transacted business.

It pays to stand up for one's rights, when there is a radical wrong to be corrected, and it pays to push things along in an energetic manner in this world, but there are many, many cases in which, by merely allowing things to take their natural course and by making the best of things, we could get on faster in the long run and so very much more smoothly and satisfactorily.

Patience is a jewel that the world ought to have more of. It is a good investment, too, for it is always a staple, never declines in worth, attracts friends and their aid like a magnet and makes life more worth the living.

Be patient.

As quickly as it had risen in excited Paris, the May day strike subsided.

The Americans over in Greece are winning a large majority of the prizes in athletic contests. It is a fitting fact, in view of the sifting of races that has taken place in this country. With a little bit of all kinds of blood in the American's veins, he has trained and taken care of himself until he is superior to them all.

"FREE" SEEDS.

Members of the lower house in congress have gone on record in favor of continuing the free seed distribution throughout the land. One telegraph editor, in writing his lines over the story concerning the vote in congress, said that the representatives voted to continue the nation's "gift to the farmers." The words, "nation's gift to the farmers," can not help suggesting the query as to where these seeds come from in the first place, and there is no logical way of denying that the seeds are, originally, bought and paid for by the people of this country and that they are, therefore, merely gifts from the farmers to themselves, allowing a middleman's graft to absorb some of their liberality.

For it surely is a nervy bit of work on the part of these representatives of the people to sit down there in Washington and vote to tax the farmers and the rest of the 70,000 people of this country for millions of dollars with which to buy seeds, and then in turn to hand those seeds out to us as their gifts.

What generous beings these congressmen whom we now have representing us in Washington! How self-sacrificing and charitable of them to take these millions of dollars out of the pocketbook of Uncle Sam, while Uncle Sam is not looking, and to then buy millions of bushels of seeds from some of their friends, only to return the seeds to Uncle Sam and tell him that he is welcome, when he, feeling favored, bows, smiles and thanks the big-hearted congressmen.

We have been told during the past year a good deal about the senate and its grafts. But where is there such an open stacking of the cards as in this free seed deal?

It is, of course, a splendid thing for the representatives to be able to send back to their constituents several hundred thousand bushels of flower and garden seeds. It is a great lever for the representative to work for securing votes, for many persons take the seeds as direct gifts and seem to believe that the representatives pay for the graft. But after all, who plunks out the cold, hard cash that goes to buy those seeds? Isn't it the farmer and the other men of the country?

"The poor" are recipients of this great bit of charity on the part of our congressmen, according to their stories. But all of us who have been receiving government seeds for the past hundred years or so, know full well that the poor seldom get a peek at the sacks of packages, for the seeds have generally all been given away to friends of the man who receives the consignment of seeds, before the poor get next to the proposition at all.

And it is generally the man with means, who wants to grow "meaner," that gets in on those "free" seeds. But the poor help pay for them, as well as Rockefeller.

There was one representative from Nebraska who made himself heard in voting against the free seeds, and whose idea is one of merit. This was Congressman Pollard.

He made the most formal speech of the day, opposing free seeds and urging that in place of free seeds the money be turned over to promote the work of experiment stations in co-operation with the farmers. He devoted himself especially to the interests of the orchardists of the country, pointing out that last year only two-thirds of a bushel of apples was produced to each of the 98,000,000 trees in the country, when the production ought to have been five bushels per tree. The reason, he insisted, was that the various tree pests are ruining the crop. The experts of the agricultural department know how to stop these pests, but they have not facilities for popularizing their work and making the people understand their methods. Pollard wanted these methods taken to the people and he wanted the seed money used for this purpose. He spoke the greater part of an hour.

When the vote on the seed question was taken Mr. Pollard voted against the seed people, and the southerners in turn voted against his amendment when they got the chance, so he was hopelessly defeated.

We care not how you suffered, nor what failed to cure you, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes the puniest, weakest specimen of man or womanhood strong and health. 35 cents, tea or tablets. The Kiesau Drug Co.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Many mistake fluidity of mind for faith.

You cannot help this world by hiding from it.

When a man is puffed up he is easily blown away.

Love's sacrifices are life's most satisfying luxuries.

The man with money to burn seldom gets up any steam.

Heaven is not far from him who smiles in cloudy weather.

Even the Almighty cannot use people who are born petrified.

People do not push ahead by patting themselves on the back.

Making wealth common will not make the ideal commonwealth.

The liar does not become a moral athlete by his mental gymnastics.

It's the wobbly man who complains that the platform is not broad enough for him.

The man who only sees with half an eye always thinks the world is waiting for his views.

Many a man casts his eyes up to heaven that the world may forget that his hands are in his pockets.

A funeral sermon may be a good oration, but it does not count for much as a prophecy unless history endorses it.

You can fatten a dear, sweet sister into a saint on an amount of religious angel food that wouldn't suffice to keep a full grown man from swearing.—Chicago Tribune.

Floods the body with warm, glowing vitality, makes the nerves strong, quickens circulation, restores natural vigor, makes you feel like one born again. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. The Kiesau Drug Co.

Of course you pay your money, But you get your money's worth, For what does money mean to you When Rocky Mountain Tea's on earth? The Kiesau Drug Co.

TUNE FOR AMERICA.

Composer Finds New Air of National Hymn Used in Minnesota.

New York, May 1.—Recent discussions at Washington of the alleged need for new music for "America"—a new national air, in other words—lend interest to an effort to ascertain what degree of popularity has been attained by the tune composed for the words of "America" by Arthur E. Johnson, to whom the society of the Cincinnati of Rhode Island awarded a gold medal in a competition of more than five hundred composers nearly three years ago.

At the annual celebration of the society on July 4, 1901, a committee was appointed to try to find a suitable tune of American origin for the words of "America," the well-known lines, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," being dear to the hearts of all Americans. It was thought somewhat inappropriate that the members of the society, whose ancestors, the continental officers of the revolution, spent eight years in driving monarchy from America, should now sing "My country 'tis of thee," to the tune of "God Save the King," a tune which is now a national air in several European countries, especially associated with royalty and monarchical ideas, and in that regard alleged to be quite unsuitable for the people of a free republic.

A music committee, comprising Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, Horatio Parker, professor of music at Yale university; G. Edward Stubbs and Albert Gallatin, considered 517 compositions, some of the best composers sending in contributions. The committee awarded the gold medal to Arthur Edward Johnstone, the formal presentation taking place and the new tune being sung for the first time by the society at its celebration on July 4, 1903, at the old state house, in Providence.

The society, in adapting this tune for its own Fourth of July and other patriotic celebrations, placed no restrictions on its composer as to its general use, and expressly disclaimed any desire to monopolize the air. It was accordingly offered to the people of the United States, hoping it might grow in their consideration the more it was played and sung.

Regarding the growth of his composition in general popularity, Mr. Johnstone said yesterday:

"With regard to the actual progress the tune has made throughout the country, I fear I am as much in the dark as you or any other citizen. It is only incidentally and accidentally I hear from time to time that certain public or private schools use this tune.

"For instance, I happened to hear from a Boston friend who has recently become a resident of Seattle, Wash., that one of the first bits of music she heard in Seattle was this tune, sung by one of the school children.

"Judging from the letters I have received, I think the tune is less known in the great centers than in the far-away parts of the country. Florida, Montana and Minnesota have sent me more kindly and appreciative letters than New York or Massachusetts. I know in an indefinite way that schools, patriotic societies and Masonic and other lodges have used the tune, and still use it. I must say I have no evidence of waning interest, but rather the contrary."

CHICAGO'S POOR GIVE.

Last Coins Generously Offered to Policemen Who Solicit.

Chicago, May 1.—One hundred thousand dollars today was added to Chicago's fund for San Francisco's earthquake and fire victims and has come almost wholly from people to whom a quarter of a dollar represents a day's provisions for the family.

This touching of the very heart of Chicago's charity was reached when 2,000 policemen became canvassers and the poor of the city were given an opportunity to help. Of the many who had not yet given, those who could not afford it were reader with their 25-cent pieces than those who could give more. Hundreds of citizens were met with the salutation:

"This is San Francisco day and I have come to see if you want to give to help the homeless out there."

"God bless you," said one poor woman living in a little cottage in Superior street, to her caller. "I wish I could give, but I have not a penny in the house," and a tear rolled down her face. The patrolman walked away but before he had left the block, the little old figure came out and hurried after him.

"Here it is," she said. "I ran five blocks over to my daughter's and borrowed half a dollar for those poor creatures out there."

Officer Paul Cafferty of the Chicago avenue station called on a woman in North Franklin street. She could not understand English and after he had made his little speech, he held out his hand and said: "San Francisco—give."

She understood that and hurried to where her purse lay on the table in one of her two little bare rooms. She turned it upside down and one coin, a quarter of a dollar, rolled out. She gave it to the policeman and shouted in her mother tongue to a little girl that was passing. The girl turned to Officer Cafferty and said:

"She says that is all she has, but she wishes it was more."

Stop paying "pride-taxes"—advertisement for a lodger.