

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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There is nothing lyk koping b4 the pepl.

What will be the license assessed against gasolene saloons?

A good roads campaign all around Norfolk would help some.

Kernit Roosevelt was in a wreck up in North Dakota and failed to get hurt. He missed the chance of his life.

Gasolene is the latest intoxicant. St. Louis people are getting gasolene jags. We believe the theory will explode.

Battle Creek will play hostess this week to lovers of horse racing in this section of the country. The sport begins tomorrow and continues for three days.

An airship from New York made a trip across two states this week. Airship lines ought to be included under the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission.

A Norfolk republican suggests that perhaps Governor Mickey's opposition to some of the candidates on the state ticket was the basis for putting those men on the ticket.

A good road to the Junction, and a transit line on that road that will bring Junction people up town and take them home again. That's one of the things we need right along in Norfolk.

Charles E. Magoon, the Nebraskan who has made such a success of affairs in the Canal Zone, will soon be a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet, if reports from Washington are to be credited.

Norfolk people are generally very much interested in the proposition to drain Corporation gulch. This is the first time that the city council has had an opportunity to enlist outside aid in solving the problem and the interests of Norfolk would suffer materially if this chance were to be overlooked.

The Russian revolutionists ought to adopt a game law, defining the season for shooting government officials. If this slaughter goes on it won't be long until the officials are as scarce as prairie chickens around Norfolk. And by a little protection, the sport could be kept up indefinitely.

It is suggested that the Commercial club might do something for Norfolk, if it found the idea practicable, by adopting a bargain day for once a month, when crowds could be induced to come here to swap and trade. It works at other places. It would work here.

Three suicides and two cases of insanity have resulted from the Chicago bank failure, and still the fugitive president has not been found. If the runaway bank official only manages to keep out of sight long enough, all of the victims will be either in their graves or in the insane asylums, and there will be none left to prosecute.

The Nebraska State Journal, in commenting on the ideas which have been suggested for building up Norfolk, says that they would be good ideas for any county seat town in Nebraska. These are: Good roads to farms, bargain day, good road to Junction with transit line, reviving of sugar factory, systematic effort to induce more traveling men to make their homes here.

Norfolk business interests demand a good road between here and the Junction. The lack of it means the dead loss of hundreds of dollars every month to Norfolk business men. We believe that First street should be the first thoroughfare to put into condition because it is a county road, and the county would help build it as well as maintain it. But a good road is by all means needed, and the sooner the better.

No greater injustice was ever perpetrated upon a state officer than was handed Secretary of State Galusha by the republican convention. His defeat was the culmination of a series of most vicious and unwarranted abuses ever heaped upon a public official in this state, led by that great proselyte of "reform," the Lincoln Journal, which has persistently persecuted him in season and out since he assumed the duties of his office, and which has been followed by a lot of little satellites throughout the state. The result shows that the public mind is of such a character that one knocker can tear down faster than an army of workers can build up. Mr. Galusha is a business man, the brainiest one in the

state house, and his administration has been conducted along business lines with an eye single to the interests of the tax payers, but because he has a mind of his own and does not agree with every opinion offered by every self-constituted statesman, he was sacrificed.

THE NELLIGH PLAN.

Carnival week at Neligh proved a week of rain this year. Only one day of the four was fair enough for any of the events that had been scheduled. Yet the carnival committee came out ahead of the game in a financial way. Several years ago Norfolk had a carnival week. It rained. Norfolk lost money. If it had rained during the race meet here this week, Norfolk would have lost money.

The difference lies in the difference between the pre-carnival arrangements. Neligh people sell their carnival season tickets in advance. Long before the first day of the affair rolls around, Neligh has sold enough season tickets in advance to more than pay out. If it rains, it is the misfortune of the public, each individual sharing in a slight way, while the carnival committee can pay out.

That plan has proven eminently successful in Neligh. It is a feasible plan for any town with a fall fair or a carnival. Each business man in the town makes it a point to sell tickets, and everybody gets out and boosts the carnival. The season tickets are sold at a reduced rate, just as those offered here to the farmers in advance of the races, and prizes are hung up to lucky ones.

It is a plan worth considering for any town that holds such a street fair or carnival during the year.

THE DISTRICT JUDGESHIP.

The nomination of Judges Boyd and Graves as opposing candidates for congress, will make it imperative upon the next governor of Nebraska to appoint a judge to fill the place of the one who is elected. Judge Boyd is now the presiding judge in the Ninth district, while Judge Graves is at the head of the Eighth, so that one of these positions must be filled by appointment. In the Eighth district, the only name mentioned so far is that of John A. Ehrhardt of Stanton, a lawyer well fitted for the place and one who will make an enviable reputation on the bench, should the democratic nominee be elected to congress and a republican governor be called upon to fill the vacancy.

But this situation is but the remotest possibility, for it is Boyd's shoes that will have to be filled, because he will be elected congressman from the Third district. In that event then the Ninth judicial bench will have to be given an occupant. Previous to the state convention the other day, the contest for this place promised to be rather interesting, but now it has resolved itself down to practically one man, and that man is A. A. Welch of Wayne, a good lawyer, a strong character, and a man admired and respected by all who know him. It was expected that W. A. Messerve of Knox county and J. A. Williams of Pierce would be applicants for the place when made vacant, but the nomination of Mr. Williams as candidate for railroad commissioner eliminates him from the race for judgeship, while Mr. Messerve has given his endorsement to Mr. Welch, and he will undoubtedly be the appointee, for there are no other candidates in the field who will develop much strength.

The News very cheerfully endorses the Wayne county candidate and believes no mistake will be made when the governor appoints him.

MICKEY'S REMARK.

Governor Mickey is reported by the Omaha democratic paper as having announced that he was afraid a poor administration would ensue if the republican ticket were elected this fall. If it is true that Mr. Mickey did make this statement, he has been guilty both of party disloyalty and of unwarranted and absurd presumption.

In making his statement, Governor Mickey fears that L. G. Brian of Albion will not look out for the interests of the people. Mr. Mickey doesn't know what he is talking about. He has no right to make such a declaration. He has allowed his imagination, coupled with his disappointment over the fact that he was not chosen either for a third term or for senator, to run away with him. Once again he has assumed the role of Moses, this time attempting to lead the entire state instead of his own party, out of the wilderness.

L. G. Brian has the confidence of his neighbors, and Albion is a hotbed of corporation haters. Mr. Brian will be compelled, by the sentiment of his own home if nothing more, to stand up and be counted as he ought to be in all taxation matters. He will be fair. The rest of the board of equalization will be fair. And Governor Mickey ought to know that there will be a square deal in Nebraska if victory perches on the shoulders of the republican party this fall.

Governor Mickey is ambitious. He would like to have had the third term forced on him. He would like to have

been nominated as a dark horse for senator. Neither of those things happened. And now, with nothing to lose for himself, he is standing around and trying to defeat the party which twice made him governor, the party which is alone responsible for all that he has ever been in a public way.

The personal motive behind this utterance, the kick back at the party which made the governor what he is politically because it did not heap upon him additional honors, will be too well appreciated by the public to injure the ticket.

The remark may, however, act as a boomerang if the time should come when Mr. Mickey would want another office.

THE SUGAR FACTORY.

For two years the old sugar factory, abandoned and dismantled, has stood idle in Norfolk. The buildings, the boilers and 240 acres of fine land were turned over to the Norfolk Industrial company and now belong to the men who originally donated funds with which to build the factory. If the same inaction which has characterized the first two years of idleness in the plant, is continued in an indefinite future, it is highly probable that nothing will ever become of the buildings until they fall in decay. The first two years have been more important, with regard to that institution's future, than any other two years can be. The plant was in better shape to be converted into something else immediately after it was vacated, than it has been since. And it grows less valuable every month that it stands unoccupied.

Several propositions have been submitted to Norfolk by outsiders who became interested in the factory and its possibilities. Nothing has come from any of them. The last proposition that looked like anything was a letter from a Grand Island man who claimed that he had plenty of capital behind him. He asked a guarantee from the town that beets would be raised, and other concessions. Some of the local stockholders in the Industrial company believe that local capital could be enlisted in an effort to start a new sugar factory here and make it win. But there is no action taken on the idea.

Whether local capital can be interested in the matter, or whether the town can guarantee so many beets a year, or whether local people would take so many shares of stock in the new plant for the sake of assuring local interest and co-operation—are all questions that are up in the air and questions which ought to be solved.

The people interested in the sugar factory ought to get together and definitely decide what the city can do and what it can not. Then, with the proposition that the Industrial company has to offer, the possibility here should be advertised all over this country among capitalists.

If it is an established fact that nothing can be made to go in the plant, then the land ought to be sold and the building torn down for the bricks that are in it.

But something can be made successful in that building. Beatrice has a packing plant that promises to be successful. Norfolk is in a better region for this enterprise than Beatrice. Secretary Wilson says that a sugar factory will go here, and go well.

But it is too indefinite. It is up in the air. At first the people interested decided to go slowly and to be conservative in accepting a proposition. The project has moved slowly enough, and here has been conservatism. There is no blame to attach to anyone in the matter. The blame all lies with us here in Norfolk for not getting busy.

SPELLING REFORM NOT HIS JOB.

Comes one T. Roosevelt and announces that the Carnegie reform spelling will henceforth hold sway in the white house of this country, and in the messages of the president of the United States. Whereupon, the eighty million inhabitants of this land—or as many as spell at all—are expected to at once say "enuff sed."

Hereafter, according to the official ukase, rough will be "ruff" and tough will be "tuuff." Every business man will lose his business and have "bizness" given to him instead. Even the swine of the field will be affected, for after this they will drink out of a "trauff" instead of the old fashioned trough that they have learned to love so well.

Mr. Roosevelt has usurped a bit of authority that was never intended for him. It has never been the custom to elect a president of the United States for the purpose of telling us how to spell and how not to. If Carnegie wanted to sanction a reform method of spelling, that was his privilege; if the National Educational association, at the advice of E. Benjamin Andrews, chose to reform its spelling, that was its right and its place; if any individual elected to write "tho" for though, and "do" for dough, that was the individual's personal business, and was perfectly proper, so long as he did not become obnoxious to his neighbors in the matter.

But when the president of the Unit-

ed States officially announces to the public printer, and sends the message out on Associated Press wires to all this land, that he has adopted a reform method of spelling, he is overstepping his jurisdiction. He is getting through the fence and into the educational pastures. He ought to have waited until he was chosen to an educational position.

The president has enough to do to regulate the railroads, probe the packing houses, begin suits against Standard Oil, the beef trust, the drug trust and other things; to make peace between nations of the world; to write orations about "muck rakers" and to draw distinctions between "the honest and the dishonest rich," the "real honesty and the law honesty."

When Mr. Roosevelt finishes some of the reforms he has started in other directions, the people may be more willing to concede to him this last bit of foreign authority that he has assumed. But there is too much in the air of reforms begun without the right sort of goods being delivered. An attempt has been made to reform the republican party, without bringing much except confusion as a result; very soon the political campaign will need more attention than old fashioned words.

But right now the president is taking his vacation—and he ought to be resting.

President Roosevelt has got out of the white house yard and is playing with his neighbor's children when he attempts to dictate a spelling reform to the people of this country. He has before this told Americans just how many children they ought to bring up, and what breakfast food they ought to be fed; he has given us his idea of a model menu for three meals a day; we have had his theory that the pugilistic art is one we all ought to learn; and now we are told to sit up and change our spelling.

But the reform spelling will not at once become apparent in this country. It has been hard enough to learn how things ought to be spelled the old way, without bothering about the new. And in written and printed pages there will still be traces of the old fashioned words.

If the president would only tell us now what he thinks of the comparative merits of silk ties and cotton ties for low shoes!

The president has told people how many children there should be in each family, he has told them now how to spell the names, and all that is lacking are the names that shall be plastered to each one.

We have yet to be told what the president thinks of white shoes.

They can't work any new dictionary graft like that on us.

Agents may be expected before the end of next week, taking orders for the latest dictionary, approved by the president.

We wonder what T. R. thinks of short sleeves for women in summer.

The president has yet to announce his official idea about the peek-a-boo waist.

Wouldn't it be well to tackle a few dress making reforms, before the president undertakes to tackle our spelling methods?

It will now be Rusvelt.

WESTERN SCHOOLS.

Gongs will soon again be ringing in university halls and the university campus will soon revive with student life. Many high school graduates will soon start east to the universities there, some will enroll in western colleges and some are puzzled as to where is the place to go.

The east claims older universities because the east is older in all points of development than the west. By reason of age, the eastern universities have attained a fame and a prestige which is unknown to the western institutions. There can be no question on this point. The east, too, lays claim, and no doubt justly enough, to a higher degree of polish than has yet been attained by the newer west in conventional society. But aside from this, there are reasons which will tend to offset those points, in favor of the western school for western people.

The young man in Nebraska who leaves home to acquire a university education, hopes to some day take his place as a citizen of his state. He is ambitious and he hopes to stand among men of his state. Acquaintance is one of the most valuable assets of any man, be he in profession or in business. A thorough acquaintance in his own county means much to any business man, and a friendship extending throughout his state is almost invaluable.

The young men who attend the state university will for the most part make the future homes in Nebraska. And thus to attend Nebraska's university for four years means, aside from the books, the acquisition of a statewide acquaintance which will forever be of vast benefit and actual profit for the student. Around the state univer-

sity campus he makes friends who are to live as his neighbors, in adjoining towns and counties, for the rest of his life. And the value of these friendships and acquaintances—most schoolyard acquaintances mean friendships for there is no competition to make enmity—can not easily be overestimated.

For the sake of this acquaintance which will mean so much in every way, the western school is the place for the western young man, other things being equal.

The western university will provide the student with just as thorough an education and just as much ability to think for himself, as the eastern institution. The eastern universities have prestige because of their age and because they are eastern. But when it comes to the men who do the thinking and teaching at the various American universities, the western schools have as much just claim to prestige today as do those of the Atlantic seashore.

It is true that the older universities in many instances have greater funds with which to pay their professors and department heads, but money probably has less influence in swinging university professors from place than in any other profession. The average university professor, if he has a salary which will support him comfortably and if he loves the institution in which he works as well as the people of his community, is satisfied to stay right there for an indefinite period, regardless of higher money-offers that may be held out to him by other institutions as inducements for him to leave. In our own University of Nebraska, for instance, are found many examples of this fact.

The chancellor, E. Benjamin Andrews, is one of the big men among American universities. He is one of the leading thinkers of his time, and is recognized as such. He was respected at Brown in the east and was offered an increased salary at Chicago university. Regardless of what one may think of his views, it must be admitted that he is one of the leading university heads of the age and he will rank up with any of the chancellors or presidents of any of the great American universities today.

Among the heads of department are several cases to the point. Among them are Dr. Fling, head of the European history department; Dean Sherman, head of the department of literature; Dean Bessey, head of the department of botany; Lawrence Bruner, the "bug" man; and Dr. Ross, head of the department of sociology. These are all big men in this country. They are recognized by students and thinkers all over the world as authorities in their various departments. They are a set of men whom any university could be proud to boast. And their influence and their teaching will do as much to make men and women of their students as that of any set of professors to be found anywhere.

The eastern university can beat us at football and the eastern university will charge more money for tickets to its junior prom, but the western university for the western young man, because of the acquaintance it gives him for future use and because he keeps in closer touch and sympathy with conditions that he must one day enter, has points in its favor.

She is the pink of prettiness. Girls, be careful of your complexions. None should believe in "make up." Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea; "saves making up." Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Ask your druggist.

AROUND TOWN.

Paul Nordwig dreamed last night that he could buy coal for \$3 per ton.

This kind of weather makes a man sleep right through and never hear the alarm clock.

Norfolk has arrived at the point where people are talking about automobiles exceeding the speed limit.

Boys are flying their last kites of the season. Next week they will have to wind in the strings and get busy with the books.

There is no "skiddoo" about Norfolk's new band, even though there are twenty-three members to start with.

Some girls spend twenty-four hours every day reading over the letter that has just come and waiting for the one that is about to arrive.

Most women who go to Sioux Falls, go for the purpose of getting rid of men. A Norfolk girl plans going soon for the purpose of getting one.

Old settlers claim that we will have an early winter and a very severe one. They say that the rats have begun to come in, and that this is an unfailing sign.

One of the joys of having a big back yard in a country town is the fact that in the summer time you can go out every day and find new tomatoes that have turned red.

This is great weather. It is so cool that you don't need ice, and so warm that you don't need coal. A man

ought to save a million dollars on this weather if it would last long enough.

One man in Norfolk has these suggestions to make to the coming legislature, now that "reform" is saturating the air:

"It should be made a crime for a man to take guests home with him for a meal. It is discriminating against the hotel and restaurant, by cheating them out of the meal-price."

"It should be made a crime for anyone driving in a buggy to allow a friend to ride with him. It is discriminating against the hack men, and beating them out of a 25-cent fare."

There are so few young men in Norfolk, comparatively, that about the only hope of a young woman is to meet some young man, who will immediately want her, while she is visiting with a friend in some other town.

Is it discrimination for a county fair to furnish editors with free passes? There's a question for the lawmakers. We don't want to be bribed, and we have a deskful of county fair passes right now. Is it right, in your opinion, to thus corrupt the editors?

Chickens have become so high priced that for the first time within memory of the oldest inhabitant, the preacher is not fed chicken at farm houses. The only place that a presiding elder can get chickens is at the homes of the ministers in his district.

What has become of The Heights base ball team? It makes one truly sad these days to see the lots back of Gus Kuhl's house filling up with more houses, for there's where The Heights baseball team and its rivals used to have the times of their lives.

A pessimist is a man who got up this morning and said he was afraid this cold spell would bring frost and kill the corn crop. An optimist is the man who said he'd wait till the frosts came, and who declared this kind of weather always happens after a hot period like last week.

There is one man in Norfolk who was never known to have a good word for anybody or anything, who never in his life failed to criticize any improvement that was made in the town or to tell how it might have been done better, who never has anything but a gloomy tale to tell about Norfolk's future despite the fact that the town gains a little right along, who is always and eternally tearing somebody to pieces behind their backs and who, as a result, is always on the ragged edge in a business way. He has brains and ability but he has allowed himself to get so deep into the rut of pessimism that most of the business custom he might enjoy is driven away because he is so disagreeable. It pays to boost instead of to knock, and it pays to smile instead of to growl.

A Norfolk woman went into the postoffice yesterday and complained over the loss of \$5.50 which she had sent from Norfolk to some other town by mail. The money and letter had failed to arrive. The woman said she had wrapped a silver half dollar in a \$5 bill and had then enclosed the whole bunch between two pasteboard covers and sewed the pasteboards together. There was no way in the world of getting trace of the money, of course. It would have cost her five cents for a postoffice money order, or she could have bought a bank draft, or an express money order. In either case she would have so protected the money that, the letter being lost, she could have recovered the \$5.50. It is a pretty good investment to protect money that is sent by mail, and silver coins are especially risky.

I pays no taxes—I pays no rent, Often busted—without a cent; But a king among men—from disease I'm free, Since taking Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Certain men want to be leaders, and certain other men want to be followers.

Notice a gang of men at work. Is there not a great deal of standing around?

It may be possible to trace where one got a cold, but it is never possible to trace where one got a spot on new clothes.

When a protestant and a Catholic fall in love, the protestant always gives in.

In this season of Chautauquas, there is liable to be a big man on every railroad train.

The one thing that stands by you, keeps you interested in life, and is always the same is your regular work.

When a woman makes a visit and has the spare room, her favorite things to eat, and parties given her, she can depend upon one thing: Her day of reckoning will come, and it's no more than right that it should. Her hostess will visit her, and the woman who makes the last visit is like the person who tells the last story: She gets the best of it. If a woman makes a three weeks' visit, when her day of reckoning comes she will receive a five weeks' visit, and so on.

Beauty Rules of the Beauties.

Breakfast early, a little walk, a little talk, luncheon, an hour's rest, and at night Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Ask your druggist.