

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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It always seems highly illogical for a judge to consider the cost to the taxpayers in punishing the guilty. It makes no difference how much expense the state will be put to, a criminal should be properly punished.

BETTER ROADS.

Word comes from Washington that President Roosevelt becomes bored at the discussion of a better roads movement, and he will say nothing about it in his message.

The farmers of this nation, together with the country towns, have a right to demand some of the attention of this government. The astounding fact is given us that \$70,000,000 is being annually spent for roads.

With war in sight, the United States may well look seriously to its navy. It is the opinion of many of our leading statesmen that the quicker this war comes, the better for the United States.

Whether war comes or not, the present strained relations may teach a lesson to this country. America threw up its hat and shouted for the little brown men in that bloody struggle.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

Chancellor Andrews has declared in a speech in Boston, that education for farming is a pressing demand.

Here in Nebraska there are few subjects which need more study than that of farming. The problem for the future in farming is to make two blades of corn grow where one grew before.

One farmer near Norfolk once attended the state university and took up the study of seed corn. His neighbors laughed at him.

To get twice as much corn from a field as was produced before, would be a wonderfully valuable thing for agricultural Nebraska. The specialist in these days of specialising, ought to be better posted on the methods of increasing production from an acre of ground.

It is a rare privilege that the present farmer's son has at his command. It is the farmer's duty to that son to give him the advantage of the agricultural school ideas.

This school, which is a great big scientific farm, raises the finest of cattle and the finest of corn and the finest of all farm products at the lowest possible cost.

PUNISHING CRIMINALS.

Jails were never built as money making institutions. Courts were never established for the purpose of getting good interest on the investment. Yet in almost every case they often become the policy of local courts and prosecuting attorneys to deal leniently with criminals on the ground that to enforce a long jail sentence will cost the taxpayer extra money.

The idea is based on false logic and is wrong. It is a wrongful practice that ought to be eliminated all over the state. Society pays taxes here for this purpose.

An overcoat that in Norfolk, who confessed that he had been stealing garments for the past three years, was finally caught. He admitted three thefts. He was fined \$5 and costs.

The laws were not made for the purpose of saving money to society. They were enacted as a means of protecting the rights of citizens, and citizens of any community have a right to pro-

tection against criminals, even though the protection costs money.

It is a weak excuse for not inflicting the full limit of imprisonment—this theory that "it is going to cost the taxpayers too much money."

Not long ago a banker, arrested for having robbed widows and orphans at O'Neill, was turned loose because the court thought that "there was small chance of conviction and it would involve too much expense."

Our courts of justice have no right to consider costs. That is not their business. The state will look after the payment of those costs. Justice is not weighed out with "expenses" on one side of the scale.

It is the duty of the courts and of prosecuting attorneys to see that justice is done without regard to the expense. The great masses of the people don't care how they spend their money—when the punishment of a criminal is at stake.

THE JAPANESE SITUATION.

From every corner of the country come continued expressions of belief among men who are in close touch with the situation, that a war between the United States and Japan is inevitable. The school situation at San Francisco was apparently only a matter employed by the brown men as a bone of contention.

Navy men express the fear on every hand that a war would be disastrous to the United States. Japan's fighting qualities were made too apparent in the Russian war, for comforting contemplation.

Whether war comes or not, the present strained relations may teach a lesson to this country. America threw up its hat and shouted for the little brown men in that bloody struggle, despite the fact that Russia had befriended us in a time of need.

And again, our part in the peace conference may have a lesson in it. It may teach us to either attend strictly to our own business or, when out hunting for chances to uplift humanity, stick to our neutrality.

The Russians, before the war had ended, pointed out to America in an article written by their ambassador, that a victory for Japan would mean trouble for the United States because the Japanese wanted the oriental trade.

Under the present conditions, it looks as if it were up to America to get busy with its shipbuilding shops and train the sailors to fight.

NORFOLK'S RETAIL OPPORTUNITY.

Once more Norfolk's daily newspaper has scored a "beat" against the field throughout northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota. The president's message was given to this territory through these columns twenty-four hours ahead of other dailies.

As a result of this sort of a service, which has been growing on the people of this northwest for some years, Norfolk's daily newspaper today reaches nearly 4,000 homes in this part of the country, every day excepting one in every week.

The benefit of this circulation belongs more to Norfolk merchants than to this paper. The circulation has been built, and is being built, at large cost. But the added number of homes into which the paper goes, brings added value to Norfolk business institutions.

The establishment of a daily paper through this territory, which is being read in preference to Omaha or other daily papers, would have seemed an

impossibility five years ago. Today, if we are to believe our readers, it is an established fact.

This development has given to Norfolk a medium possessed nowhere else in the world, so far as we have been able to find, by a town of 5,000 people. Newspaper advertising, rightly done, has long since become recognized as the most economical and the most potent method known for increasing business.

Norfolk, therefore, ought to be able to increase its business volume to a point known in few other towns of 5,000 people in the United States. It is a logical conclusion. It is a logical opportunity.

Secretary Hanson of the Fremont Commercial club, when he spoke before the Commercial club banquet here last winter, said: "Our stores are doing an immense business. We have a good daily paper. They get a good round rate for their advertising but all the stores are telling readers of that paper out through Dodge county, what they have to sell, in page ads.

Norfolk's opportunity is so much greater than Fremont's in this respect that the two towns are not in the same class. Where Fremont merchants reach one county, Norfolk merchants can talk to pretty nearly 4,000 homes every day out through Madison county and through the entire northern half of this state, as well as a good portion of South Dakota.

John R. Hays, in speaking to the Commercial club last year, said—and he spoke with authority because he sees much of the money that goes out of Norfolk: "Rural delivery is here to stay. Parcels post is coming and you have got to meet it. I know of thousands of dollars that go out of Norfolk every month for mail order goods which ought to be bought in Norfolk. What is to be done? I am not an advertising expert, but I should suggest that you do the same thing the catalogue houses do—just advertise.

ABOMINABLE POSTAL SERVICE. If there were ever desired concrete proof that the postoffice department could be better run by a private party than by the United States government, a little experience right here in northern Nebraska during the past three weeks would suffice to convince the most skeptical that the proposition made to the postal congress to take over the department and run it as a private business, is worth serious consideration.

Where outside the red tape of federal service, would you find a train whose territory had been extended a few miles, utterly handicapped by the additional burden of mail for several weeks after the change was made? Where in private business would there be found management so lax as to allow such abominable service as has been given between Norfolk and Chadron during the past three weeks, to continue unimproved?

While Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden is busying himself in an effort to increase the postage rates against newspapers, he might take a moment off in his valuable time and give the newspapers a service worth what they are paying at the present time.

Long before the westbound noon train on the Chadron line was announced for an extension, the United States postoffice department was made aware of the change that was coming. Already the work on that west line was extraordinarily heavy, and the extension of territory made it still more of a task to distribute the mails on schedule time.

Perhaps no other firm suffers from this incompetency on the part of the railway mail service more than The News. The afternoon edition of this paper, going west to Chadron, is mailed on that train. And so incapable of meeting the emergency has the postoffice department been that time after time bundles of this paper have been carried by the towns to which they were destined, to be returned the next morning or, as in one instance, not until the next noon.

L. J. Fisher, a banker at Ewing, writes: "Why is it that we seldom get your paper in the afternoon now? The value of your paper lies in the fact that we get it early but if this feature is to be cut out the value will decrease accordingly?"

P. M. Conger, a prominent live stock dealer at Ewing, writes: "Your paper missed coming or was not put off here the last three days last week and missed again Monday of this week. Now I take this paper for the purpose of getting the Omaha markets as I am in the live stock business and you

can plainly see that I want the reports on time."

M. T. Sanders, a mill owner at Ewing, writes: "This is at least a half dozen times I did not get my paper on the 3 o'clock train. If I can't get it until the next day, I don't want it."

These are but types of letters that have been pouring in from Battle Creek, Neligh and Ewing. It is possible that other towns have been misled in the same manner. On every occasion the papers have been mailed on schedule time and should have reached their destinations during the afternoon.

This woefully inadequate service is not the fault of the mail clerks who have been in charge of that run for years. They have had all that they could attend to for a long time and they can't perform physical impossibilities. No one works harder to serve their patrons than do these ever alert mail clerks.

But there is something wrong with management somewhere that permits such service. A private business firm would have remedied the trouble long ago. If such lack of attention is given in all departments of the postoffice service, it is little wonder that each year finds a deficiency in funds.

Business methods might restore some of the lost funds that the postoffice department complains of.

HYPNOTIZED AMERICA.

There is something wrong with America. On Thanksgiving day this year the president of the United States was denounced with insulting language by negroes at mass meetings in New York City.

On Saturday two tobacco stemmeries down in Kentucky were set afire and totally destroyed, at a loss of \$175,000, by a mob of 300 men because the stemmeries were alleged to belong to the tobacco trust.

Public sentiment has been allowed to run away with the public, and America has lost its head. Constant agitation by a great many newspapers, a number of magazines and their muck rake writers, and by officials in mighty seats, has created an era of disturbance in this prosperous land that is not only unwholesome but, as was demonstrated in the two incidents mentioned above, utterly anarchistic and completely dangerous.

That mob of 300 men down in Kentucky who marched to the two local stemmeries and set them afire, are not guilty of their deed. The law of the land could not morally hold them responsible for that crime. They never would have done what they did but for the everlasting vicious agitation that has hysterically swept this country for the past two years.

The 300 men in Kentucky only did with matches what men in more responsible positions have been doing for many moons with tongues and typewriters. The destruction with flame was only one of the minor results of the destruction with suggestion that has been going on. The one was the concrete act, resultant from the abstract agitation.

America has allowed itself to be hypnotized and it is time for the hypnotist to snap his fingers and bring this country to its senses. Suggestion works quickly upon the human mind, very quickly upon the American mind. We are impressionistic as a people and it takes but a word to inflame our emotions. Upon the man, therefore, who is entrusted with the ear of the public, rests a most grave responsibility. That man is he in official position to whom the public looks for guidance in thought and law; he who grinds out copy for the newspaper and the magazine. Uncle Sam has given too much liberty to the hypnotists and it is high time that the performance were stopped and the audience's money refunded.

To tell the truth were ever an admirable trait and a desired end in man. To tell one incident as indicative of the whole truth is often misleading and, where misleading, grossly wrong. This country has had held up to its gaze within the past two years incidents of "corruption" until the public is black in the face. These incidents have been given as indicative of the whole condition of political and commercial affairs in the United States. The people of this republic have gone mad as a result, and the frenzy has made iconoclasts of the whole nation, more or less. And the iconoclast was ever a dangerous member of society.

The general public does not discriminate between the fine points that some officials would sear on their minds. The hypnotic suggestion does not always transfer just clearly to the subjective brain. And there is trouble to pay.

"The honest rich and the dishonest rich." In other words, while it may mean a great deal to its author, is an expression which carries only confused ideas that all rich are dishonest, so far as the masses are concerned. As one result, 300 men marched down to two tobacco stemmeries and applied

a match. Will these 300 be punished before the law? Such a frenzy has been created that heroes are made of those who will do what they can to tear down whatever of industry appears to have prospered. Iconoclastic laws have been passed under the influence of this psychological suggestion. Laws that are declared by grave thinkers as unconstitutional, have been rushed through the halls of congress with a big stick closely pursuing.

America sits up and stares when Russian anarchists slay an official. May we not expect that Russia will open its eyes when America slays an industry? Yet a mob of 300 men burn hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property to satisfy their base and insane frenzy. And an assembly of negroes, emboldened by the atmospheric conditions, become almost guilty of treason in their utterances against the highest official in our government.

What will Russia say to that? How long is this spell to be endured? Is there no way of cutting short the performance and sending the audience home that it may go to bed and sleep back to sanity? In the most prosperous period of our history, we have become the most bitter and the most destructive.

America ought to wake up; the "professors" who have been making the suggestions, ought to snap their fingers.

AROUND TOWN.

Ears that won't hear an alarm clock, can't be expected to hear a fire whistle.

Fires have become so discouraged in going against the Norfolk department, that they have almost quit trying.

There is one way of making a girl confess that she has had proposals. A Norfolk man did it yesterday.

"How time flies," he declared. "Why, I can remember when you were a little bit of a girl and I held you on my lap. Now you are of marriageable age—old enough to say yes if you had a chance."

"Yes, and I've had chances, too," she retorted, her cheeks flushed. "But I said 'No.'"

People who are always talking and thinking about the cost of trivial things, lose the best part of life.

The man who taps a slot machine to get the nickles, is "looking after the little things," as he goes along.

Two Norfolk families, counting all the children, made a pretty fair audience at a matinee in Norfolk the other afternoon.

A man walked into a Norfolk restaurant Sunday morning and ate everything on the bill of fare. Then he spent a good round sum of change for cigars. Monday morning he returned.

"How much do coffee and eggs cost?" he asked.

He was told.

Then, hesitating, "How much are cakes and coffee?"

The price was given.

"Well, give me a plate of those beans."

What had he done between Sunday and Monday mornings?

"The sweetest story ever told" in Norfolk would be the story that sugar was again to be made in this city.

Now we know why no effort is being made to get those chicken thieves. It would cost the county money to prosecute and punish them.

If a penny saved is a penny earned—some law courts are earning money fast by saving their counties the expense of punishing criminals.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, the morning after a snow storm, caught the school teacher, and washed her face in the snow?

The present police force has saved Norfolk all colors of coin—if you believe that punishing criminals is too expensive a luxury to be indulged in by the county.

The Norfolk Commercial club lost an opportunity when it did not extend to Norfolk's newly acquired Northwestern official some sort of a welcome which would tell him we are glad that he came.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

If we don't attend funerals, it is not because we do not take an interest.

When a visiting girl walks up the street, somehow, however sweet she may be, she looks worthless.

Every snowy morning the men stand with their backs to warm hot stoves and say: "What a great morning for handling rabbits!"

No use talking, it is very hard to feel just right toward a friend after you have heard him praise your enemy.

A woman with a natural pout and cream complexion never gets any credit for it. Everyone says: "Artificial."

An Atchison girl has a winter hat trimmed with white cases and silver

leaves, just as the yused to trim wedding cakes.

Some men, when talking to a woman over a telephone, have such a caressing voice that it amounts to almost a hug.

Every woman takes as much time in getting off a street car as if she thought her destination was as far as the car expected to go.

Some friendships from the start are as uncertain as that existing between one woman who owns a cat, and another who owns a bird.

Preachers and lawyers are great on quoting poetry.

No one prepares for a storm until the storm arrives.

Most of us object to having everything we do blamed on us.

If you make figures before election people will know what a bad guesser you are.

When some people get into trouble they enlist a lot of people to help them out.

When farmers meet each other on the road, they are as apt to visit too long as town women.

No child is really being raised a pet unless its mother gives it a hammer and a looking glass to play with at the same time.

As a rule, soldiers are fond of music, but none of them care for war songs.

A common plug has some advantages. There are no five-cent cigars named for him.

When a man has a big bunch of railroad passes, he takes great pride in showing them.

Our idea of poor advertising is that obtained by a college sending a glee club on the road.

In the estimation of the public a man is richer just after his death than at any other time.

When a man cannot attract attention in any other way, he can always go without a coat in cold weather.

A mother is never entirely reconciled to her son's marriage until she has become attached to his children.

What a comfortable world this would be, if people didn't take such delight in making trouble for each other!

If a man follows the family clock in taking a train, he will find when he goes to the depot that he is going tomorrow, when he really intended to go yesterday.

When a man stops and wipes his feet before entering a restaurant, the men in the restaurant look at each other and smile: They know he is henpecked, all right.

If natural gas continues to spread, there will finally be more plumbers in the state than farmers. In future political campaigns, politicians will not inquire, "What will the farmers do?" but their inquiry will be, "What will the plumbers do?"

A farmer living six miles west of town says that last night he heard a commotion in front of his house. Going out, he found a man under an automobile. As the farmer came out, the automobile owner said to him: "You'd better get you one of these things."

If you are selfish, and like to get along in the world, you cannot afford to be dishonest. If you want to make money, the surest way to accomplish that result is to be reliable and honorable. The preaching done for a correct life is not in the interest of religion, but for your own personal good.

It may be impertinent to make suggestions to ministers about funeral sermons, but we have remarked a good many years that people complain of long funeral sermons; they complain bitterly when a minister tries, by means of a funeral sermon, to convert a lot of people who do not often hear preaching. When a man does not hear preaching regularly, it is not because he doesn't know what it is. Preachers do not hear the comments about themselves that others hear, and they can always depend upon it that they will be criticised for long funeral sermons, or a funeral sermon that is not in good taste. Preachers are criticised behind their backs as severely as a newspaper man.

A Shade returned to Shadeland after a brief visit to his home on earth, which he made by blowing through the keyhole into the presence of his family. He was very despondent. "What's the matter?" he was asked. "There was a crowd of women at my house," he answered with a shrug in his bones. "And they got to arguing about doctors. My wife said that Dr. Jenks was the best doctor in the world." "Well, what of that?" said the other Shade. "Why don't you see?" Dr. Jenks is the doctor who attended me. He couldn't save me, but you see what my wife thinks of him. Isn't that enough to drive a Shade to drink?" Whereupon he searched his shirt for a handkerchief to dry his eyes upon, and when he couldn't find one, he grumbled about the thoughtfulness of women and blew away on a north wind, madder than ever.