

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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It is said that hog cholera never affects blind pigs.

Men are too apt to shape their religion instead of letting their religion shape them.

A good many distinguished statesmen now will be extinguished statesmen after March 4.

Why should Bryan feel discouraged? He got 1,300,000 more votes than Alton B. Parker.

The Irish potato gets a fresh boost every day. It trots in the same class with the butter and eggs.

An exchange patly puts a whole sermon into this sentence, "God never goes into partnership with a loafer."

"Ability never amounts to much," says a modern sage, "until it acquires two more letters—st-ability."

Castro did not go to Europe for a surgical operation but for a diplomatic operation. He needed help along that line.

J. Pierpont Morgan owns several hundred rare Bibles. Most of his visitors like his cigars better than his Bibles.

This year's farm products in the United States are estimated to be worth \$7,500,000,000. Quite a bunch of money, hey?

John D. Archbold seems to have exhaustive knowledge on the trust busting subject. Why not make him attorney general?

Maine doesn't propose to take a back seat in the progress of events. During the recent hunting season sixteen men were shot for deer.

John L. Sullivan has at last met his match. His wife says she is going to fight that ruff for divorce. John might as well admit that he is licked.

The United States Steel corporation has just placed an order for sixty new locomotives which is the largest single order given by it in the past two years.

President-Elect Taft will deliver an address before the University of Pennsylvania on Washington's birthday as did his predecessors McKinley and Roosevelt.

Congress now plans to pull the soft pedal in its answer to the president's rather caustic reference to that body in his annual message. It evidently doesn't care to be Pulitzerized.

With Venezuela in the throes of a revolution and Brazil and the Argentine Republic getting ready for a se. ap, things begin to look interesting in our sister republics to the south.

Castro seems to be more popular in Berlin than he is in Caracas. Some men are obliged to go a long ways from home in order to get recognition—and then they rarely deserve it.

The "Uplift Society" is defined by one of its members as "a place where we talk about dreadful things and say 'Isn't it awful?'" There is a heap of that kind of mushy reform in the world.

"Ike Marvel" is dead at eighty-four. For more than half a century Donald Mitchell pleased and entertained a large number of readers by his dreams, reveries and practical suggestions.

Harriman says that in fifty years the coal will be gone. Maybe he's got a good sized bin, but we looked in ours last night and if it lasts fifty days we shall consider ourselves lucky.

One of Secretary Hay's wise sayings was: "Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns and utter the word 'you' twenty times where he once uses the word 'I'."

The German kaiser offers five little used castles at bargain counter prices. Here is a chance for J. Pierpont to purchase and transplant them stone for stone to America. We are short of ruins of that caliber here.

Congress in session is likely to be a regular thing for an indefinite length of time. When the present short session closes the extra session will convene. By the time the extra is fairly disposed of it will be time for the regular long session.

The British-Japanese alliance was first formed for five years, for the immediate purpose of saving China from absorption by Russia. It was re-

newed at the end of the first term for ten years. It may yet prove necessary to save China from Japan.

It seems to be the opinion of those who best understand the situation that the withdrawal of the United States troops from Cuba will only result in anarchy on the island. If so Uncle Sam's soldier boys will be summoned back again—this time to stay.

Senator Knox's selection to the place of premier of the cabinet meets with general approval. Mr. Taft's judgment is commended and it is conceded that Mr. Knox will make an ideal head for a conservatively progressive cabinet.

The frequency of cases of ptomaine poisoning all over the country shows that the pure food law has not yet effected a divorce between the preparation of food and commercial indifference to the crime of making money by man slaughter.

Champ Clark, who will be the Democratic leader on the floor of congress, is from Missouri. Speaking of the result of the November election he said it was brought about "by a concatenation of unusually unfortunate circumstances." This is a very lucid and definite explanation of the situation.

Governor Hughes, in an address to the citizens of Troy, pointed to a group of children and said: "Fellow citizens, we desire to conserve our natural resources. These are our natural resources. We pride ourselves on the riches of our country in mine, forest and field, but these boys and girls are our true resources without which all else fails.

Some newspapers contend that the suit brought for twenty-five thousand dollars by a woman who was caught in the ropes of an ascending balloon and dangled by one foot for fifteen minutes over the heads of a large crowd of admiring spectators is asking too much, but no woman would call it more than a fair equivalent for services rendered.

The day when the editor was a mighty force because of his personality and when he was not obscured by the business office seems to be having a renaissance. With Bryan handling the Commoner, Roosevelt contributing to the Outlook and La Follette launching a weekly of his own, the year 1909 promises some fresh and vigorous reading, in the editorial columns.

It will be a great relief if the Panama canal is ever finished satisfactorily and found to operate successfully. The gloomy predictions of those French engineers is disconcerting to the say the least. But then since the French tried and failed perhaps it is too much to expect that they should take an optimistic view of the outcome.

Mayor Hibbard of Boston will ask the legislature of Massachusetts to pass a pension act for all civic servants who have been with the city twenty-five years or more, but as yet no provision has been made for the men who have spent twenty-five years trying to get into office and never landed.

Late advice is to the startling effect that Mr. Bryan is to become chancellor of Texas University. Really, this problem of what to do with ex-candidates is much more serious than what to do with ex-presidents. The ex-presidents gracefully subside to become regular contributors to the Saturday Evening Post, but the ex-candidates prove not so tractable.

Americans who have attempted to carry on manufacturing industries in Japan and employ Japanese labor to run their machinery find that in spite of the extremely low wages paid the Japanese were expensive because of their inefficiency. As a superintendent of a big wire factory said: "In America one man will keep four or five machines running while here it takes four or five men to keep one machine running and then they don't keep it running as it should."

And now the iconoclasts and historians who are fast taking all the romance out of the world have pulled down another popular idol and shorn another historical romance of its illusion. Cleopatra, so says an eminent Italian historian, was neither beautiful nor attractive and the truth of the matter was that Antony wanted Egypt and her treasures and not Egypt's queen. One by one our idols perish.

Judge Hanford of Seattle objects to the selection of jurors whose minds are so positively unbiased as to be vacuous. In these days twelve men who do not read newspapers, who think that "edition de luxe" is negro dialect and that an accomplice is a fancy drink, as happened in Chicago the other day, are poorly qualified to referee a dog fight. The judge who objected to the acceptance of such jurors has adopted a sound sensible policy.

A new slogan for reform of the nation by its women might be "Let me cook the dinners and I care not who

casts the ballots." In spite of the fact that the president of the federation of women's clubs in Pennsylvania, protests against the hard work of women in their homes as degrading, it is nevertheless in the hands of these women in the homes who work as other women work only for a higher purpose, to determine the morals of the country.

Many amusing stories are told of the illegibility of public men's hand writing. It is said that Rufus Choate wrote three different hands, one which his clerk could read and he could not, one which he could read and his clerk could not and one which no one could read. Another story is told that the managing editor of a large daily penned a note to the editor who was in another city. The editor in reply telegraphed asking if there was anything important in the letter as he could not read a word of it. The managing editor in turn wired that his letter was a request for a type written copy of the editor's first letter as that was also illegible. Think what a boon typewriters and telephones must be to such writers.

Judge Gary, head of the steel corporation, was moved with an honest desire to help suffering humanity, when he saw, in one of the poorest slum districts of New York, over a thousand men standing in "the bread line." It seemed to the benevolent judge that if these men could be transported to the western states where there was land and air and work, it would solve the problem. He and his friends are talking over a transportation scheme, but there comes a decided protest from the west that these men are few of them fitted to get their living from the soil and would be as badly off in the west as the east. The west welcomes any man who is able and willing to till its soil, but has no place for the ignorant, improvident and incompetent.

The News' suggestion that the coming state legislature should abolish the open season on prairie chickens in this state for a period of years, and increase the open season on quail, is meeting with favor throughout the state. The prairie chicken is very rapidly disappearing, owing to the protracted open season during which hunters are allowed to bag this bird. A continuous closed season for several years is all that will save the prairie chicken to Nebraska. Quail, on the other hand, are never materially decreased by hunting, the hard winters being alone able to thin their ranks. In New England, where the quail has been shot for almost a hundred years, the bird is as numerous today as it ever was. Sportsmen should be allowed to hunt quail legally more than fifteen days. But the prairie chicken should be protected by the most stringent law, and that immediately.

During the past few years great changes have taken place in the methods of fishing with trawls or drag nets. Small nets drawn by fishing boats have given place to great machines drawn by steamers, which scrape the bottom of the sea and make a clean sweep of everything including the telegraphic cables. It has cost the Commercial Cable company \$100,000 during the past three months to repair the damage done by trawlers. The cable companies demand laws prohibiting trawling in the vicinity of their cables and the fishermen complain that the cables interfere with their work and damage their nets. So the fight is on between cable men and fishermen. It seems as though the ocean was large enough to accommodate both lines of business without conflicting, but even the ocean seems to be getting crowded.

THE GOMPERS CASE. There are two diametrically opposite views in the Gompers case. Judges and attorneys see only justice in the jail sentence as a result of Gompers' flagrant violation of the injunction granted by Judge Gould. Whether the injunction was right or wrong, it should have been binding until revoked. The judicial mind will see that if the example of Gompers were to be followed by all persons ordered by the courts to do or not do certain things, there would be no law or respect for law. Willfully violating an order of the court is defiance of the law. Lawlessness is anarchy. The injunction did not concern the right or wrong of the boycott. The injunction merely restrained Gompers from prosecuting a boycott pending the time when the courts should decide the merits of the boycott case. The injunction was temporary, to protect the stove company until the final decision should be rendered. Gompers deliberately violated this injunction. Gompers contends that the injunction interfered with free speech and free press. His viewpoint holds that it is unconstitutional to interfere with free speech and free press, and that, therefore, the injunction itself was illegal and wrong. He probably believes the United States supreme court will back him up.

From many sides comes opinion that the jail sentence will never be served, or that if it is Gompers will become a hero instead of disgraced. Should he serve, it is forecasted that changes

will be wrought in the boycott or injunction laws—or both. The deplorable feature of the whole affair is that the employer and employee should not be able to co-operate instead of make war upon one another. Their interests, in the last analysis, are mutual.

THE CHRISTMAS STAMP. You've seen the Christmas stamp. Perhaps you know what it meant, perhaps it was a conundrum. News from Boston and New York is that the sale of these stamps will continue until the end of this week, for the purpose of raising further funds with which to combat tuberculosis. E. P. Bissell writes a pretty story in the Ladies Home Journal describing the motive behind the Christmas stamp. He says: "What is the Christmas stamp?" This question was asked by tens of thousands of people in Delaware and Pennsylvania last December. It will be asked from one end of the United States to the other this Christmas. That is why this article is written. For to understand what the Christmas stamp means will surely be for all readers to desire to help it along, and to add it to their Christmas as part of the spirit of the most beautiful day in the year.

On December 7, 1907, the inhabitants of Wilmington, Delaware, found starting at them from every trolley-car fender these words: For sale now, the Christmas stamp; ask anybody. This was quite enough to rouse public curiosity; but, in addition, every prominent drug and department store had in its window, or somewhere along its counters, the legend: "Buy the Christmas Stamp." And in the corridor of the postoffice a young girl, dressed as a Red Cross nurse, sat behind a table with a roll of stamps, the like of which no one had seen before; each stamp bore a wreath of holly, a tiny red cross, and "Merry Christmas."

What sort of stamp was this that had come to town? First and foremost, questioners found out that it was issued by the Red Cross, that great organization that comes to the rescue in times of war, pestilence, famine and disaster. But what war, pestilence, famine or disaster was there in prosperous Wilmington? The answer to that set the buyers thinking. There was a pestilence in Wilmington, claiming one death out of every seven. It had reigned for years, claiming the best and brightest out of many a family. The Delaware Red Cross had issued its stamps to aid in attacking this pestilence—the white plague of consumption—and to "stamp it out" in conjunction with the societies already at work.

Every Christmas stamp cost a penny; every penny from its sale was to go for active work against consumption—paying for nurses, dispensary and sanitarium work, relieving the consumptive poor, preventing infection and educating the public. The little stamp was not good for postage; it could not carry a letter, but any letter or package could carry it, and it bore with it a message that was good for those who sent and for those who received it. It was a concrete expression of "good-will to men." It meant help and healing "in His Name."

No wonder all Wilmington bought it. The newspapers took it up. The women's clubs all over Delaware adopted it enthusiastically. The public school children did the same. In a week's time the stamp spread to Philadelphia, where the Pennsylvania Red Cross joined hands to help it along. Five great department stores put it on sale in the city of brotherly love, and girls in Red Cross uniforms sold it in the corridors of the Philadelphia postoffice. One great Philadelphia newspaper gave it a front page "story" every day and sold it in its business offices. The first one to buy it was one of the newshoys, a ragged child who bought one stamp. The next was a banker who bought fifty dollars' worth. Rich and poor, young and old, bought the little "stickers." Business firms put them on every letter that went out at Christmas. They were gummed on packages, stuck on parcels, put on boxes of candy, and used in every way.

The Delaware Red Cross had hoped to sell fifty thousand stamps at the most. The sudden demand for many more found them unprepared. Printers and presses were hardly able to satisfy the rush for more stamps. The whole thing was so short and sudden—only eighteen days to Christmas—that the stamp could not be adequately put upon the market. But, in spite of all that, the results were remarkable. Nearly four hundred thousand stamps were sold, and a profit of almost three thousand dollars was realized. One nurse was immediately employed in Wilmington to look after the consumptive poor, and another to help at the tuberculosis sanitarium outside the city. These two nurses have been at work ever since, and drugs, milk and eggs have also been furnished all year to many consumptives in their homes.

An educational anti-tuberculosis exhibit was also brought to Wilmington and attended by twenty thousand people in ten days. From all over the union, wherever the stamp had gone on Christmas letters, the question came back at once: "Why cannot we too have the Christmas stamp?" So the National Red Cross, with the secretary of war as its president, and branches in every state, has adopted the Christmas stamp, to make it national this year. The announcement of its adoption was made by William H. Taft, as secretary of war and president of the American National Red Cross, at a great Red Cross meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, last April.

These new national stamps were designed by Howard Pyle, and will be printed this year by the million instead of by the thousand. They can be found at the Red Cross headquarters in every state, or they can be ordered direct from the national headquarters of the Red Cross Society in Washington, for a penny each, in whatever quantity desired. But whether this stamp is sold in Maine or Florida, Delaware or Dakota, it will be the same Christmas stamp—a tiny battle-flag in the war against the white plague, a little message of good-will, bearing its holiday greeting on letter and package, and linking sender and receiver in a chain of brotherhood with those who need help and healing. "Inasmuch as ye

have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Each Christmas stamp, with its red cross and its holly wreath, carries, with its "Merry Christmas," that deeper message, too.

AROUND TOWN.

The year is growing old.

Christmas won't be here for a year.

Did you overload your stomach?

That was some dance that the railroad boys had.

Might as well get a new check book and start in.

Could you find any fault with that Christmas weather?

Be sure you label 'em so that you won't give 'em back to the original givers next year.

Here's betting Washington, D. C., will know the Rosebud on earth during the next few days.

Many a man will be convinced, when the bills come in, that his wife heeded the advice to shop early—and late.

The new heavyweight championship looks like a case of black male. Johnson, the winner, is also said to belong to the Black Hand society.

The Chicago Tribune says Mr. Bryan's New Year's present to the Republican party comes in the form of a promise that he will continue actively in the Democratic party for twenty years more.

A Chicago man who once permitted himself to be persuaded to back a theatrical company was seated in his office one day when he received a telegram from the manager of the show, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The troupe was somewhere in Missouri and the telegram read thus: "Train wrecked this morning and all scenery and baggage destroyed. No member of company injured. What shall I do?" The answer sent back by the Chicago man was as follows: "Try another wreck and have the company ride in the baggage car."

"The use of gold filling for teeth is 'doomed,'" according to a salesman for a large dental supply house, quoted by the Philadelphia Record. "Most of us can remember when nearly every one carried about in his mouth more or less precious metal," says this authority. "No one was ashamed of displaying gleaming yellow when he smiled. We formerly sold thousands of dollars' worth of specially prepared gold to dentists. But that is all changed. The new porcelain fillings have been so far perfected that nearly all dentists use them, to the almost total exclusion of gold."

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

A woman would rather see a bride's outfit than attend the wedding.

About the only hellroom most people know anything about is the mortgage.

Women who want to marry should keep the fact quiet; men hate a husband hunter.

The newspaper a man takes is very much like the town in which he lives; never satisfactory.

An Atchison woman, who was baptized recently, did not get her nose wet and made the preacher do it again.

There should be fewer warships built in time of peace, and more homes for old people neglected by their kin.

Some men's system of reform closely resemble a boy's method of driving cattle: to "holer" as loudly as possible.

When a wife hands her husband an ash holder Christmas morning, she expects him to accept with it her intentions of buying him a Morris chair if her money had held out.

We should think a preacher would enjoy his glad holiday season: The sisters he meets on the street have their hands so full of bundles that he is relieved from shaking hands with them.

An Atchison man was in Coolidge recently to help get up an amateur show, and met a number of women who were interested. "Let's ask Bonny Lee to take part," suggested one. "No don't," said another. "If you do I won't." "But she is so pretty." "She isn't pretty at all," broke in ten other women. And for two hours this is the way the conversation ran. The Atchison man was in Coolidge two weeks, and when he left this was all that had been agreed on: They would give a show. The time, the cast, etc., were still unsettled as coffee without an egg.

It is well and good to make fun of the love story, love of late being so underdone in reality, and so overdone in fiction as to be nauseating, but what would a married woman do if there were no love stories? Her hair can't be so skimp, her hands so hardened by toil and her figure so bent with work and woe that she doesn't become in her imagination the heroine of every love story she reads. The love made to her in the books is all she gets, so don't interrupt her if she stops cleaning the pantry shelves to read every love story she finds in the paper. She will wake up to tin pans and reality when she reaches the end, and that is soon enough.

'Of All Sad Stabs of Pin; Johnny Dumper Talks of Married Life'

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 25.—To the Editor of The News: Do you remember Sadie from Newport? She's Pap's girl that was going to help me thru business college and then I was going to turn round and help her. Well I didn't need any of her help 'cause Uncle Oscar's bin paying my board.

So the other day I sent Sadie a pair of mittens for Christmas and ast her when she was coming down to enroll at the business college.

I got the longest letter I ever read and she sent one of the mittens back and told me to keep it to remember her by and she'd keep the other one to remember me by.

She sed it was all over and that of all sad stabs of tung or pin the saddest are these, it mite have been?

She ses she's ingaged to be married in the spring to a nice feller named Frank that went to work for Pap after I left, and that I mustn't feel reckless and throw myself into the Missouri River (You just bet I won't, till the water gets warmer, ennyway.)

Frank is a graduate of sum agricultural college and he's got a lot of new ideas about farming and he's bin a telling Pap how to make too blades of grass grow where one grew before, and how to make too hogs put on as much fat as one did before, and how he can get more milk from too cows than he miter get from one, and Pap thinks Frank's all rite and he's going to deed one of his quarter sexshuns of land to Sadie and four cows to start on when she marries Frank.

I don't care, Frank can have Sadie and welcome to her if she don't know any more than to swallow all the stuff he's bin a telling her. I'll bet he's the biggest bluffer in Rock Co.

Sadie and me wasent ingaged ennyway, we just kind o' thought we'd like to be. She's a good deal older'n me, must be seventeen at least, and it's time she was getting married. Lots of girls waits till theys too old.

I'm going to lern to smoke and be a batcheller. Sadie don't like fellers that smokes. So whenever I was tempted to try it I always that of Sadie and sed, "No, I inherited a tobacco hart from my Pa and I don't dast care so I'm going to lern to smoke and have a good time like the rest of the men. I've seen lots of married men that will leave their wives for a good clear enny day. Some of the famousest men in the world have bin batchellers, haven't they, Christopher Columbus, and Greenleaf Whittier, and Grover Cleveland got to be President before he got married and after he got married he got defected. And I saw in the paper that John L. Sullivan is trying to get unmarried. And Whitcome Riley isent married and I got a copy of his "Old Sweetheart of Mine" for a Christmas present and I've bin reading about him sitting smoking and letting his care "cast her banker in the arbor of a

THE ENGINEER. I'm a veteran passenger engineer, My name is John McNabb; I've ridden an engine for thirty year, And my home it is in a cab, I love the rush and roar and grime, And my speed is never slow; I'm happiest when I am gaining time, As over the rails I go.

THE ENGINEER. I once resigned my company place And opened a general store; Succeeded well in financial race, Could have asked for nothing more; But I longed for the whirring clikety-clik Of the wheels of the rushing train, And my longing actually made me sick To be back on the road again.

THE ENGINEER. So here I am after thirty years, As blithe as that famous day, I joined the order of engineers And started upon my way. There's a fascination I can't explain, A feeling you'll surely note if You ever ride at the head of a train On a monster locomotive.

INCREDULOUS JIMMY.

Then away we'll go with a rush and roar And the clikety-clik of the rails! No wonder I love it more and more, For the novelty never fails! Richard F. Marwood.

THEY USTA TELL US KIDS. That Santa Claus Lived 'way up north Among the Esquimaux, And druv a lot of reindeers To his sled, And when us kids Was all of us in bed He'd come down thru the stove-pipe With his toys, That is, if we'd been goody Girls and boys.

LAST YEAR A TEDDY-BORSE. Stood by my stockin', That walks or trots or canters When I'm rockin', I don't see how a horse The size of that Went thru a hole so little That our cat Would haf to stoop and crawl if she got thru, I don't b'lieve he ever did! Do you?

THIS YEAR I JUST PERTENDED. 's asleep Till after Mama took Her good-night peep, And then I sat right up And chewed some gum To keep awake and see Old Santa come.

WELL BIMELEY. Just after ten o'clock I heard my Papa Coming up the walk, I watched him From the window by my bed, A carrying something, Looked just like a sled, He went around as Quiet as a mouse And slip in by the back-door Off the house.

THEN ALL WAS STILL AGAIN. I chewed my gum And watched for Santa But he never come. That kidding 'bout old Santa Bringing toys Will do to tell to girls And little boys That never has peeked up Into a chimney, It wont go down with Jimmy, Now by Jimmy!

—R. F. M.