The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881.
The Journal, Established 1877.

THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

W. N. Huse, President. N. A. Huse, Secretary.

Every Friday. By mail per year, $1.50.

Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Neb., as second class matter.

Telephones: Editorial Department No. 22. Business Office and Job Rooms No. 11 22.

A cold snap—the plumber's.

Taft is going to cover all the danger zones before becoming president—first he goes to Panama, then to Texas.

The Chinese undertaker did not moan much when the emperor died. The funeral expenses were over $4,000,000

Sir Oliver Lodge has invented an instrument to dissipate fogs. As if a sober fog wasn't bad enough.

When Uncle Sam has dug as many canals as the New York editors have, he will know a lot more how it ought to be done.

The fact that the new year comes on Friday has encouraged the seers to look into the future with the idea of knocking it.

Mrs. Gunness was living and happy at Pittsburg, Kan., the other day. When she was next heard from she was enjoying a headache in Topeka Pa.

A bushel of corn brings three times as much cash as in 1896, and its good money, too. In a state that raises as much corn as Nebraska, this means a big increase in crop returns.

Mr. Bryan has kindly and generously anounced that he will make no attempt to influence the action of the Nebraska legislation this session. How magnanimous Mr. Bryan is becoming.

The man who invented the gas meter died in Detroit last week, but, alas, the meters are still doing business at the old stand. It is another proof that "The evil men do, lives after them."

It has recently come to light in the city of Boston that property worth $30,000,000 has never been taxed. The Boston Globe suggests publishing the owners' names. Yes, and the assessor needs investigating also.

One of New York's latest evidences of an insatiable desire to fly high when they get skates on is a proposition to have an ice skating rink on top of a Fifth Avenue building one hundred feet in the air.

Last year a portion of the $50,000,000 which the state of New York voted for road building was expended in the construction of 820 miles of good roads. In this way the money is doing double duty—making good roads and giving paying employment to laborers.

Kangaroo is now being served in New York to those who wish to test this new delicacy. Several dozen of these animals have already been marketed in Gotham and several hundred more are on the way. They are said to taste like small cub bear.

The oldest house in the United States was built by the Spaniards in St. Augustine, Fla., over three hundred years ago. It has been repaired many times, but most of the original timbers still remain and are said to be as stanch as ever.

Pittsburg officials under arrest are tumbling over each other in their haste to tell all they know and save themselves by involving others but the prosecution refuses their overtures and assures them that they have evidence enough to send every one under arrest to prison and to convict others.

Internationalism is a word well fitted to the trend of our times. It proposes to save by letting each nation grow those products that are natural to its part of the earth and with this to allow greater freedom of commerce. If we had more trading ships we should need less fighting ships.

An English boy began his business career crying tarts and pies which he had baked. This humble beginning led to other enterprises until he owned tramways in many Welsh towns, and omibus lines in Cardiff, Plymouth, London, and other cities. When he died at the age of seventy-three, Solomon Andrews, who never learned to read or write, was worth $5,000,000.

The man who would increase the number of useless words which already encumber our dictionaries until one is worn out trying to find out what he wants, by incorporating the word "bryanic" which e thinks would describe a certain kind of persistent courage under defeat, must consider such a linguistic monument a higher honor than it appears to most people.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, lives in a great baronial hall on an estate comprising about one thousand acres in Nova Scotia. He is still at work, directing a large force of men and women, in the construction of experimental aeroplanes and air motors. He has devoted fifteen years of his life and two thousand dollars of his great wealth learning how to fly in heavier than air machines.

More than 20,000 persons besides thousands of domestic animals annually die from snake bites in India. As one thinks of this pestilence ridden, famine stricken country, it is always to picture it swept by calamity and in the throes of utter wretchedness. It seems as though not only earthly powers were against these suffering hordes but nature had also entered a conspiracy against them.

Judge Taft and his party will sail for Panama January 25. The armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana will carry the president-elect and his engineers probably starting from the port of Charleston. Their decision as to the future of the canal will be looked for eagerly by the American people, who are extremely anxious to have the great enterprise carried to a successful finish.

The world, at the beginning of the year 1909, is a better world at almost every point than ever before. The age of reason has not dawned but we have taken long strides away from the axioms of national selfishness. The national conscience is less plastic to selfish logic. In business affairs the revival of civic righteousness more than compensates for the jar of the exposure of rasceality.

Brother Charles P. Taft did a wise and gracious thing when he withdrew from the Ohio senatorial contest in favor of Congressman Theodore Burton. It might also be added that he did a courageous thing inasmuch as his wife, who carries by far the largest bank account, pined for political honors. Mr. Burton would be a worthy successor to any senator Ohio has had for many years.

The Arkansas man who thinks "gun toting" could be eliminated by manufacturing pants minus the pistol pocket, shows no appreciation of the ingenuity of the Yankee. The southerner is quite as likely to have his pistol in his boot top as in his hip pocket and in case a man is sufficiently civilized to wear shoes, he is still clever enough to find a place to carry his revolver. Try again, brother, "peace pants" would never succeed.

Mayor Speer of Denver is one of the strongest characters in political life in the west. He is called the "Mountain Lion of the Rockies." If he should ever come in conflict with the Tammany Tiger, it is a question which would come off victorious. Mayor Speer besides being a born fighter is a born city builder. His present ambition is to build a great plaza in the heart of Denver, after the manner of foreign cities, around which shall be grouped the municipal buildings.

All the cries of the forestry alarmists cannot deprive the children of their Christmas trees and, indeed, the protest has been out of proportion with the damage done. The trees used are to a large extent the prunings of the forest and their removal is an improvement rather than a detriment to the remainder of the trees. Many of the trees now used are raised in nurseries. It may be necessary to regulate the cutting of the trees for this purpose, but it is not likely that the Christmas tree will ever be prohibited in America.

There are other terrible menaces to human life besides earthquakes. Wind and lightning are terrible, so are flood and fire and cannon and sword. But none of these disturb the earth itself. The landmarks remain. They are, at their worst, only incidents of natural human life, while the earthquake is a convulsion of the earth itself. It is this which causes the uncontrollable terror which is experienced by all who witness earthquakes. The survivors of the Italian disaster are still crazed with the horror of the scenes through which they have passed and are unable to give any intelligible account of the destruction of their cities.

Dickens' fat boy "Joe" which he immortalized in Pickwick papers has been "beaten to a frazzle" by Johnny Webb of Atwood, Pennsylvania. He is only three years old and weighs 110 pounds, is four feet tall and wears a No. 7 hat. His parents are of ordinary size, but among his paternal ancestors was a certain Thomas Webb who tipped the scales at 500. The widowed mother of this infant ponderosity has been offered generous sums by freak museums to exhibit Johnny as a star attraction, but although in need of money, she turns a deaf ear to such propositions and lives in constant fear of her baby giant being kidnapped.

To "beat last year's record" is the hope of every hustling business man. To accomplish more, to build up, to win, to push the enterprise further along toward the goal than ever before—are the motives which impel men to struggle, to scheme, to use up reserve energy, money, ideas. No merchant is going to do more business in 1909 than he did in 1908 unless he does more and better advertising. That's not guess work; its not nonsense. It's merely one of the rules of the game of business and you can't win at any game unless you play according to the rules.

Railroads at three separate points on the Pacific coast are now being constructed to reach the Yuko country. These railroads are the Alaska Central at Seward City, at the head of Resurrection Bay, the Valdez-Yukon railway at the head of Port Valdez and the Copper River and Northwestern railway at Cordova Bay. The completion of any of these three roads to Fairbanks, in the Tanana Valley or Eagle River on the Yukon means the eventual development of three or four mining and agricultural states like Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas in Central Alaska. The Copper River country holds the richest copper mines in the world. There is scarcely an explored erea ten miles square within this belt that does not show more or less high grade ore.

HELPING QUAKE SUFFERERS.

That "All the World's akin" was never more strikingly demonstrated than by the quick action of the United States congress in voting $800,000 for the relief of earthquake sufferers in Italy, and authorizing the president to distribute the food supplies from two supply boats, amounting to $300,000 more.

The world is small, after all, and geographical boundary lines are quickly erased by the symphy that flows around the globe upon occasion of such catastrophe.

In thus helping to bear another nation's burdens, the American congress has acted as the entire American people would have them act. It is little enough that we can do, even with a million dollars, to relieve the suffering of the human beings across the sea in this time of frightful calamity.

The development of muck raking as an industry in the United States during the past few years has been a great sensational success and undoubtedly those engaged in the industry have received liberal recompense, or the industry would not have flourished. P. T. Barnum, the circus king, held as his prime business maxim that the American people liked to be humbugged and on this theory accumulated a great fortune, but in following out the same doctrine the muckraking craft forgot one important feature in the Barnum idea—they failed to change their attractions every season. To this failure must be attributed the lack of interest aroused in the public mind by the latest revelations of the scandal mongers. The American people are learning to take these marvelous stories of graft with a grain of allowance and hear the evidence before pronouncing sentence.

One branch of American business activity supports an army six times as large as that of the United States and they travel all the time. The men in this army outnumber our college professors fifty times and the clergymen three times. They use one-eighth of all the passenger mileage and ship one-fifth of all the freight. Such is the record of the "Knights of the Grip." It would give the average man insomnia to think of sleeping in three different trains in one night or two trains and a station or some other equally disquieting combination, but the commercial traveler has to accept all these vicissitudes and remain an optimist in good times or bad, if he is to succeed. Each private in this great army of three hundred and fifty thousand travelers can hope to become a general some day if he waits, works and makes the most of his opportunities. C. P. Huntington, Tiffany, Jay Gould and many other well known men of wealth were once commercial travelers. In the main, America has reason to be proud of her traveling army.

The next fifty years ought to see a wonderful exploitation of the tropics—the most fertile and yet the most neglected region on the earth. There is a very plain reason for this neglect. The indolent and ignorant natives have accepted the gifts of nature to supply their meager needs and have made no effort to increase the fruits of the soil by cultivation. White men have tried to develop the natural wealth of tropical regions like the Philippines, but have been unable to withstand the local diseases which are so fatal to white men coming from a northern climate. Science has at last found a way to remedy that as Manila, Panama and other tropical cities under government regulation prove conclusively and the next half century will undoubtedly see these storehouses of nature's most lavish gifts developed and enjoyed by millions of home builders. It will relieve many an overcrowded center and greatly increase the amount of food produced for the sustenance of the race when these productive areas can be made to yield the immense crops of which they are capable.

A CALMER MESSAGE.

Today's special message from the president to the house of representatives will be received with more universal approval by the country at large than some of the other special messages, because there is more of calmness and less of the tiger-like frenzy which has marked so many of those documents of late.

In this message the president defends his attitude that a secret service bureau should be maintained as a part of the department of justice, and takes exception, quite calmly, to the statements of the house resolution that he intended any personal attack or reflection in his recommendation for secret service. He denies that he has ever used the secret service for either personal or political purposes and admits that such an abuse would be very bad.

So many of the president's messages have contained such large proportions of bitter personal abuse that they have excited sympathy for the objects of his attack; he has gone at this message much more calmly and more logically.

The big American fleet is likely to be sent on a mission of mercy to aid in the relief of the earthquake sufferers of Italy. It will be late, it is true, but not too late to be welcome. The horrible devastation reaches over so broad an area that it will require the assistance of thousands and unlimited supplies to relieve the suffering and feed and clothe the destitute and homeless. At the present time the Straits of Messina are so changed by the upheaval and so checked by wreckage and debris that it is impossible for the battleships which are already gathered for the relief of the sufferers to proceed to the devastated cities. How long it will take to restore them to a navigable condition no one can now tell. Should they prove to be seriously blockaded it would be a great impediment to commerce.

President Shonts of the Cloverleaf and other railroad systems, states the case well when he says: "The transportation facilities of a country are and always have been, the true test of the nation's commercial development. Rome was the greatest road builder in the world in her day and the supreme commercial power. Her highways, which are still the wonder of modern engineers, represented the most advanced stage of the art of transportation as it was then known, and made possible the development of her territory.' What is true of Rome is also true of America. It is only by the development of the best systems of transportation known to the modern world that the immense area of the United States has been developed as it has been from ocean to ocean. Had it not been for the discovery of steam as a motive power such progress could not have been possible in hundreds of years. But while great things have been accomplished, there is still much to do before America can be satisfied with her highways. The wagon roads of the country are far behind what they should be. Country life would be relieved of much of its dreariness if the roadways could be perfected so that to ride over them in carriage or auto would be a pleasure instead of an annoyance or a menace to life and limb. Good roads have a most decided effect on the trade of country towns, which is often overlooked. Farmers often choose a longer road to a larger town because it is in better condition and produce can be hauled there to better advantage. Good roads! Let this be the slogan of every farming district for the year 1909. The roads around Norfolk, let it be remarked, were never better than right now.

GREGORY COUNTY SHOULD UNITE

Dispatches from Washington bring a suggestion of danger lest Gregory county may lose the land office altogether as a result of local differences. Mitchell is going to make an effort to retain the office, hoping to do this through the Gregory county town rivalries over the plum.

The South Dakota congressional delegation is said to be evenly divided as between Gregory and Dallas, a senator and a congressman favoring each town. And the congressional delegation is likely to stand pat.

The News would suggest that the people of every town in Gregory county get together on this one point and let it be known to the entire congressional delegation that the point will be insisted upon: That, whatever town gets the land office, it must come south of the White river and west of the Missouri.

By unanimously insisting upon this point, the danger of losing the land office to Gregory county altogether, will be overcome. And unless this point is insisted upon by the people of Gregory county, unitedly, there is grave danger that the office will stay north of the White and east of the Missouri

Gregory county people should insist that the land office which will have jurisdiction over Tripp county lands, be brought to Gregory county, where it will be convenient for the settlers.

This suggestion is made in the interest of Gregory county as a whole. Whichever town wins, it should be one of the towns in Gregory county.

And by strongly insisting upon this point, unitedly, the people of Gregory county can bring this about.

THE YEAR AHEAD FOR NORFOLK.

In the letter sent to the Commercial club by A. J. Durland, who served during the past year as president, attention is called to a fact concerning Norfolk which should set every citizen of the community to thinking.

Mr. Durland points out that in the past thirty years Norfolk's increase in population has been at the rate of 150 per year; while during the past twenty years the increase has been at the rate of only 100 per year.

So slight an increase in the population of a town which, twenty years ago, expected to reach at least the 15,000 stage within a short time, that the situation is worthy, as Mr. Durland has deemed, of analysis.

It is pointed out that there are three ways in which Norfolk can grow:

By farmers' increased trade.

By increasing retail trade from the tributary territory.

By virtue of new industries.

Clearly, the greatest need at this time—and this, the beginning of a new year, is a good time to look ahead—is that for new industries. Wide awake merchants are looking to it that the retail business is increasing.

The problem of getting new industries is one which concerns every city in the land. To this end, largely, the Norfolk Commercial club has been organized. Mr. Durland points out that new railroads might be built out of Norfolk, and he suggests that if the possibilities of the field were to be drawn up and properly presented to the people who build railroads, results might be attained.

There are ways of getting new industries. Other cities do it. Norfolk could. The problem is a deep one and one requiring more than superficial investigation. It is a problem of sufficint importance to Norfolk to justify considerable time and energy, too. Sitting with folded hands, waiting for something to turn up, won't get the desired results. Perhaps it might pay to employ a keen, able man to devote all of his time to the problem of making a greater Norfolk.

Norfolk has a wonderful geographical location. It is a location potent with future upbuilding, if the opportunity is taken advantage of.

Just how to go about this work of making a greater Norfolk ought to be given the serious thought of a united city.

AROUND TOWN.

How about your head?

How long did you live up to 'em?

Now you'll have to get down to work.

Under certain conditions a person can wake up at 3:25 a. m. daily and stay awake for two hours, without half trying.

What was the use of resolving, anyway?

Which boatman turned in his boat to the assessor? There's only one in town—they say.

There are 113,621 chickens in Madison county but, judging from the price of eggs, most of them are roosters.

It could be a lot colder than seven below.

For brisk mental exercise, try thinking of a Panama hat.

It's pretty chilly from the end of the overcoat down to the ground.

It was only forty-eight hours ago we were throwing bouquets at the Nebraska weather.

Why doesn't James Whitcomb Riley write a poem about when the frost is on the window?

You have no legitimate kick coming unless you had so much implicit confidence in the weather that you came down town without your overcoat Monday morning.

If there are only forty-two firearms in Norfolk, as the assessor says, it seems apparent that every one of them has been used at some time or other with fatal results.

The News does it so often—but there's another big "scoop" in this paper, in the president's special message which went to congress at noon Tomorrow's papers from other cities will take this message into this field.

There's a lawyer in Norfolk who never wears an overcoat the year around; who never wears a vest; and who wears summerweight garments all winter. What's more, he could afford an overcoat if he wanted to. He used to have the rheumatism when he bundled up but now he's Mr. Well and Strong personified.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

We all eat and talk too much.

Half the marriage engagements are the result of an effort on the part of young men and women to kill time.

A man who says he has never voted anything but the straight ticket, is generally looked upon with suspicion.

If a woman of forty marries a man of fifty, people say she is eighteen, and her husband is nearly seventy.

Nearly every baby starts out with a bank account, because of the indulgence of its grandparents. What becomes of that bank account? You seldom hear of the baby having a bank account when it is twenty years old.

It costs parents a great many thousand dollars annually to make the discovery that their children can never learn to sing.

Before a woman marries a man, she expects him to pay her compliments, after marriage she is satisfied if he pays her bills.

When young lovers plan for buying the furniture for their house they estimate that the wedding presents will furnish half they need.

A man may feel guilty the first time he fools his wife, but after that he begins to think what a smart man he is to be able to do it.

No man need feel hurt if people say he is not good looking. A man isn't expected to be good looking, but you bet it is expected of a woman.

It is impossible for women to select a topic of conversation to please the men, so no wonder they have quit trying.

If in the winter time a man happens to go about the house a few seconds without any shoes on his feet, how his wife scolds him!

The man who argues politics is bad enough, but he ads to his offense if he tells afterwards how he triumphed in the argument.

When some men do wrong, people gossip about it in whispers, but when other people do wrong, the people talk about it in yells.

One of the greatest outrages in the world is for a well behaved worthy woman to be "talked about" by vicious untruthful people.

It makes no difference how much a woman trusts her husband, she expects an explanation when he is called to the telephone by a woman's voice.

If we were a young man we would not call on the girls: we have heard so many girls say, in speaking of a young man caller: "I thought he never WOULD go home."

TO BEREAVED ITALY.

Thou sore distracted Italy
The whole World cries its sympathy
In thy sad hour of misery,
The greatest in all history!
We know our inability
To grasp your great catastrophe,
Yet Italy, poor Italy,
Our hearts go out in sympathy!

But yesterday, the fairest spot
Of Earth was southern Italy;
There Nature gave so lavishly
Her wealth in wondrous luxury:
And travelers from every land
Had viewed thy beauteous scenery,
Had basked amid the sunshine
Of they noted hospitality.

Then sudden, like a million blasts
Of mightiest artillery,
In desolate darkness ere the dawn,
Burst forth this dread calamity!—
A hundred thousand souls, and more
Hurled head-long to eternity,
Some other thousands doomed to roam,
To die in direst penury!

Today, a wilderness of woe,
A holocaust of tragedy,
Greets the sad eyes of those who go
To succor their extremity.
The depth of thine adversity
We cannot know, sad Italy!
Yet in thine hour of misery
The whole World cries in sympathy!

—Richard F. Marwood.

A NEEDED NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

Of great public questions
There's quite a congestion
Awaiting big honest Bill Taft:
The worst institution
Demanding solution
Is national proneness to graft.

The trusts need attention,
Our ships need subvention,
Our rail-roads need wise supervision:
Our tariff needs mending
Our people need blending,
But graft needs the deepest incision.

For graft seems to grow
In high places and low:
'Tis so common in every-day life,
We're inclined to indorse
As a matter of course
What is really a matter for strife.

No state can endure
More wicked than pure,
Corruption must yield to the fray:
For reasons supernal
The right is eternal
And wickedness lasts but a day.

Now who is to blame
For our national shame,
But the man who will wink at chicanery!
He may not himself
Be a grafter for pelf,
But he's helping to rob the same granary.

On this New Year's day
Let every man say
Who is honest and noble at heart,
"I will help Mr. Taft
To eliminate graft:
I'll be one to at least do my part!"

Richard F. Marwood.

SHE HAD HER WAY.

She had scarce emerged from girlhood's days
When she fell in love with the winning ways
Of a man much older in worldly lore,
A man who had surely been there before,
Had rehearsed so many times his part
That he knew the way to a maiden's heart.

He was not alone in his ardent court
But the other young man was of different sort;
A capable lad of excellent birth,
His diffidence covered his royal worth:
In the art of wooing he was not sure
For he was only an amateur.

What chance has a lover young and green
For the heart of a maid just turned eighteen
When opposed by a man of experience wide,
The fit of whose clothes is a woman's pride,
Whose shoes are brushed till they fairly gleam,
Whose nobby cravat is a perfect dream,
Whose cuffs and collars are spotless white,
Who is witty, agreeable, clever and bright,
Who can boast of courage when danger's far,
Who can talk of flower, or fashion, or star,—
What hope for a novice, in such a race,
Of winning more than a second place.

On her father developed the thankless task
Of peering beneath the gracious mask:
'Twas easy enough for his practiced eyes
To perceive the wolf in the lamb-like guise:
He announced as firmly as fathers can
No daughter of his should marry that man.

Her mother argued and plead and prayed,
But neither the slightest impression made.
To believe him false was the rankest treason,
For her wild love made her deaf to reason.
She held to her purpose with courage grim,
And the end of it was, she married him.

The end! Ah no, she was but beginning
To know the depths of a bad man's sinning,
His clothes and all valued considerations
Were borrowed marital expectations.
He anticipated when spreading his nets
That his father-in-law would pay his debts.
When foiled in this, he revealed his life
And vented his spleen on his helpless wife.

For the girl who defies her father and mother
And marries a man who proves to be other
Than what she expected,—there's none to share it!
Oh what can she do but to sob and bear it!
Go home to her parents to be forgiven?
Not, though her heart be fairly riven
To bleeding shreds by a soulless man,
She will stay and endure as best she can;
For harder than feeling her heart-strings break
It is to acknowledge she made a mistake.

Oh the nights of prayer and the days of grief!
Yet she drowned despair with her fond belief
That somehow, sometime her love would win
And lead him back from his life of sin.
Alas, poor woman, she might have known
That a man too worthless to stand alone
Is seldom reformed by a wife most true
But sinks still lower and drags her too.

Deserted at last by her heartless churl
She sought, for the sake of her baby girl,
Her mother's home, not without concern,
But they welcomed their prodigal's safe return.—
The love of a man so often pales,
But the love of a mother never fails.

Her life resolved into one desire,
To teach her darling to shun the fire
Where she had writhed; and to this great end
She trained the girl to beware of men:
For "men were wicked and all the same;"
She must take no part in the marrige game.
This was well, while her mother held the reins,
But the blood of her parents was in her veins;
Her love stream checked by years of training,
When it burst the dam, there was no restraining.
Away went wisdom's considerations!
Away went motherly exhortations!
Nor earth beneath, nor heaven above
Could check the rush of her new-born love!—
In games of skill they are left behind
Who rush in madly and play it blind:
In games of chance, though they pick and choose,
'Tis Fate declares it a win or lose!—
They married, as such loves always can!
They're happy! She HAPPENED to marry a MAN!

—Richard F. Marwood.