

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. H 22.

Two Louisiana men fought over a girl and killed each other. The girl is to be congratulated.

Dr. Cook denies the gum drop story, but he has not yet disproved that he carried on a gum shoe game.

Dr. Cook has come back to claim his 999 years lease on an exclusive niche in the American Hall of Fame.

It must be a beautiful thing to be a Pittsburg institute. Andrew Carnegie has just presented one with \$3,500,000.

It seems rather cruel for the officials to bar West Point chicken raising, when eggs are fifty cents a dozen.

It is a lean Christmas in Wall street, but in consequence thereof many a lamb is surviving to the nut-ton stage.

Poor old President Diaz of Mexico is having a hard time. His long career now bids fair to have a stormy termination.

The senate would not let the vice president count a quorum. It has long seemed to us as if the senators were not "all there."

When the government officials find any spare moments lying around loose they can always proceed to indict the packers again.

Aviator Grahame-White got a 70-foot fall at Dover, Eng. Our advice is to quit, pocket his winnings, and use a velocipede.

As civil war pensions have cost nearly four billions, we move that we do not fight again until after a referendum to posterity.

Popular election of senators seems to be coming, and statesmen must frequent the cattle shows more, and the cloak rooms less.

The seed catalogue bears somewhat the same relation to the vegetable garden that the rainbow does to the pot of gold at its foot.

Tammany Hall tried to burn up naturally, but because of some unnecessary interference by the fire department the attempt failed.

The idea of the democrats seems to be not to pass a tariff bill, but to get one vetoed, so as to get the credit without any responsibility.

The new democratic governors are beset with office seekers. After a fifteen year diet of crow, the plum tree looks very, very good.

If the city ward movement cannot be checked any other way, why not extend the cities and their advantages into the rural districts?

Thomas Edison, having an income of \$8,000 a week, can order little jobs from the plumbers and carpenters with some calmness of soul.

The crowd of the Christmas rush evidently has not heard what the football rules committee has done about slugging and foul tackling.

Instead of getting cross about this war scare, why not admire the good publicity work of the ammunition and artillery makers' "adsmiths?"

Now there is a plot to dethrone King Alfonso of Spain. The king job is getting about as uncertain as a cub reporter's on a New York daily.

Hughes is again talked of for president, now that he is not to be chief justice. The people may yet commute his life sentence to the supreme court.

The three card monte men who were pinched in New York evidently had been looking at the sidewalk crowd, and thought it was a cattle show.

Secretary Hitchcock has taught the government departments the best lesson possible by cutting the deficit in the postoffice department down \$11,500,000.

President Taft has snuffed out the war scare, and would-be military heroes must continue to win glory by the death in their beds of old men of higher rank.

Governor-elect Dix of New York attended twenty-three banquets in a week. As long as he gets his board free, should he not work for less than \$10,000 per year?

It was an awful blow to go market-ing after the political overturn and find that the thick-headed provision men

were charging just the same for bacon and eggs. Former Senator Clark has a \$7,000,000 house in New York, and it looks as if he would need a hired girl if he is going to have his meals on time in such an outfit.

Now that Chicago university gets another \$10,000,000 from John D., they should be able to have it on all the other colleges by teaching their young men how to spell.

The senators take up the amendment for their election by direct vote with about the enthusiasm with which a man might be asked to act on his own death warrant.

It looked now as though President Taft failed to realize how heavily the Archibald gun was loaded. But the recoil is heavy enough to make him aware of his mistake.

Governor-elect Dix of New York takes to the woods to write his inaugural. From the slump in the election last month, he should find many of the voters up there.

The repeated news of the suppression of the Mexican revolt may indicate that the newspapers down there are not unfamiliar with the buttered side of the staff of life.

During this Teddiesque silence, one can now hear New Orleans and San Francisco disputing about the exposition, and calling each other bad names across the back yard fence.

They are talking of a \$60,000,000 pension bill, but as long as you can get a pension for trouble with your eyes caused by reading the war news, the bill will have hard rubbing.

H. Cassaway Davis, at the age of 87, is running for senator from West Virginia. Very fitting, as he must have been born about the time that the musty senate red tape was selected.

If the new congress passes a tariff bill, for goodness sake let it make one that will stick a few days. This trying to build up a business with an earthquake as a foundation is discouraging.

Undoubtedly the secretary of war would like to prove to Andrew Carnegie that in no other way would his \$10,000,000 do so much for peace as by strengthening the navy and the coast defenses.

King George V is credited with being able to speak the English language so that it can be understood. The new English ruler may not be a genius, but he is certainly a near genius if he can turn a trick like that.

The prune has not been eliminated, only the seed. If the agricultural wizard, Luther Burbank, could make way with the whole thing, his name would be canonized by the boarding house dwellers throughout the country.

Healing by music is the latest fad to be tested in a Philadelphia sanatorium. We have heard of people being driven crazy by certain kinds of music. It is to be hoped that a choice brand is used on the helpless invalid.

Vice President and Mrs. Sherman entertained the Tafts at dinner the other night. Perhaps the peace societies could get European armaments reduced if they would hand out more good dinners and fewer long speeches.

Joseph E. Smith of Salt Lake City had a grand celebration on his seventy-second birthday. His five wives, forty-two children and twenty-three grand children were all present. There's nothing like the reunion of a Mormon family to roll up numbers.

The best proposition made in regard to restricting the immigrants seems to be to allow only those alms who are willing to go to parts of the country where such labor as they are able to perform is needed to enter the country. There is great need of the help which the emigrant ship supplies in many parts of the country. Restriction is not so much needed as systematic distribution.

All the efforts which have been made by President Taft, Ex-President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, to conciliate the Japanese and heal their wounded pride with praise and appreciation, were made null and void by the refusal of the Pasadena society women to accept a courteous invitation from the Japanese officers on board their own war ship. To say the very least possible, their action was very ill advised and discourteous.

Rudolph Spreckles preached to the business men of Chicago on the same text he has talked upon so vigorously in San Francisco "Honesty is the best policy." His doctrine is not as popular as it should be, but it is gaining adherents. Mr. Spreckles contends that if business were honest, there would be no dishonesty in politics, and that the bribe giver is the first offender and should be quite as severely punished as the bribe taker.

Louis Nixon, the ship builder, after spending several months in South

America urges us to do everything possible to build up our trade with that continent and to make investments there rather than in Africa or the orient. He says the time is not many years distant when Argentina will be supplying us with meat just as exclusively as Brazil is now providing us with coffee. We are soon to be making great importations from the South American states, but whether South America will in return take our manufactures or continue to give preference to those of Europe remains to be found out, and whether ships flying the American flag are to make the exchange or those of foreign countries, is also yet to be determined. Unless some movement toward building merchant ships is promptly undertaken the situation that will confront us when the Panama canal is opened, will be, the American flag, floating only on fortifications and war ships, and foreign ships carrying on the commerce.

NORFOLK HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS.

Governor-elect Aldrich is to be heartily commended for the appointments that he has made at the Norfolk insane hospital and people interested in the welfare of the institution (as we of north Nebraska all particularly are) may well feel elated over the class of officials whom the governor-elect has named to take charge of the hospital.

In the new superintendent, Dr. Andrew Johnson of Omaha, Mr. Aldrich has appointed a man of proven administrative and executive ability, whose experience as a practitioner in the class of cases coming to the institution is such that he will know whether they are receiving the right kind of treatment.

As first physician, Dr. Dishong is recognized as one of the coming men of the country in this class of medical work. He was here for two years under Dr. Young's superintendency and he proved his eminent ability at that time. Since then he has received special training which fits him particularly well for his new position.

All in all, prospects for the Norfolk hospital's efficient management during the coming two years are exceedingly bright.

NOT A SQUARE DEAL.

Uncle Sam is hardly giving Norfolk a square deal. He provides that mail carriers shall work but eight hours a day. In case they haven't finished delivering their mail in the eight hours, the public suffers and the mail is allowed to lie another day in the post-office. And on top of that, he doesn't provide enough carriers for Norfolk to adequately handle the service.

Norfolk, today a city of 6,027 people according to the federal census, has but three city mail carriers. Columbus, a town of probably a thousand less souls, has four carriers and is asking for a fifth.

In most cities the Christmas packages were delivered to the public on Christmas. In Omaha the carriers who were off duty volunteered and helped those who were on duty to clean up the entire Christmas rush. In many cities screen wagons were brought into service to aid the carriers. In Norfolk there are still packages in the postoffice, it is said, that arrived for Christmas delivery, but which have not been delivered owing to the fact that the government does not provide carriers to handle the business and puts such restrictions around those who do work that they can't do more than a stipulated amount.

Most cities of Norfolk's size have cancelling machines, which make for quicker service. Columbus, Neb., has one and it is said that O'Neill, a town very much smaller than Norfolk, has been promised one. Yet Uncle Sam is discriminating against Norfolk and the public—the people of Norfolk—the sufferers.

Mr. Hitchcock's department ought to get wise to the fact that Norfolk is on the map and entitled to first class treatment.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Another Christmas is here! Ring out the bells and make the hearth-fires bright! It comes but once a year. It is above everything else the supreme day of gladness and good will. It is the birthday of a king and the whole world bows in adoration over the splendor of that royalty which the little Christ-child who two thousand years ago lay in His mother's arms in the Bethlehem stable. And because "a little child" has led the suffering, sorrowing world from the depths of despair up to the sun-crowned heights of hope and peace it is emphatically the day when all hearts should be the hearts of children.

Christmas is the object-lesson of the centuries. It reverses our ordinary processes of reasoning. Other days, impelled by the fierce competitions of life, men and women, however kindly their intent, are devoting their energies very largely to the acquisition of wealth that they may honorably meet the obligations and responsibilities of home and society. It has an inevitable tendency to make them self-concentrated, intense and sordid in their race for the things that are generally considered the prizes to be won. Our contact with the practical, busy, stren-

uous world, as time flies by, is apt to give a terrible wrench to the finer sensibilities of our natures and greatly mar and jar the nobler and gentler ideals of youth. But Christmas is the day and the annual occasion when we can all "come back." He, who forgets not the grind and goes through the holidays without laying aside his worst self, by summoning back the glories and joys of earlier days has missed its deepest significance.

Christmas is the day when all should be glad and happy. It is the time for all the old illusions, all the old dreams and fancies. It is the day when the children radiate the blessed cheer from their young lives in the thousands of households throughout christendom. The usual commercial spirit of other days is dismissed and young and old join in one merry time, the only competition being that which sees who can do the most to make others—rather than themselves—happy. Strange as the mystery appears, it is in this very thing that happiness is found. And so, in this glad holiday season, associated as it is with the holiest and tenderest memories and associations, we shall get the most out of it by getting out of ourselves and letting ourselves have a vacation by entering with all the zest of which we are capable, into the merry making and gift giving of our homes and our friends. The one who doesn't do this is altogether out of place. You remember that old Scrooges, the Dickens character, did not want to join in the Christmas spirit—and what a despicable old grinch he was. This is the day when frowns, and complaints and pessimism find no recognition.

Christmas brings the greatest message to earth which it has ever been permitted to bear. Men had lived for years without much concern for one another. Petty prejudices, narrow ambitions and cruel selfishness dominated alike in nation and in home. Bloodshed was the one way to settle difficulties and even adjacent peoples were continually at strife, while the more distant folks were the spoil of those who conquered them. Woman was degraded and considered the vassal of man. The Roman empire, which ruled the then civilized world and permeated in its politics, its social and home life, with the spirit of hatred and distrust. It was into such a world as this that the sweet babe of Bethlehem brought the glad, new, wondrous message that God wants all men to be neighbors. As He grew older He gave the good news exemplification by living a life of simple daily kindness, spending his time in going about among the hills and plains of Galilee "doing good" and bringing help and hope to all whom he met. He sympathized with all classes and conditions of men and women and His contact with them dispelled their gloom and made them glad. He was their neighbor.

Is it any wonder that at His birth the angels sang, the shepherds reverently listened and the wise men brought gifts? This is the day we celebrate and call Christmas. Is it any wonder that the little girl to whom Christmas had brought an overpowering measure of joy knelt down at the close of the bright day and as a last thought wailed this thought heavenward, "Good night, Lord Jesus! I hope You'll have many happy returns of Your birthday."

The life of the Christ child has changed the current of the world's history. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" was no illusion. Mankind has been growing gentler and kinder and more just ever since the angels sang it at His cradle. And on this glad Christmas day which we observe the home is exalted as never before as the holiest and happiest place that earth knows, woman is revered and beloved throughout the civilized world wherever the Christ is worshipped and there is a growing demand among the people of the great Christian nations that war shall cease. It is one of the notable contributions to the history of the year that is now closing that a great American philanthropist has contributed ten millions of dollars to be used distinctively for the promotion of Peace.

Then, Christmas has well been called the "Festival of Friendship." It is no longer a day confined to making happy those of the family and intimate friends by gift-making and merry making. Laudable and right as all this is, it has taken on a larger and a richer view. The horizon of mankind is broadening. The spirit of generosity is getting beyond the old latitudes. Human kindness is finding opportunities for tangible and definite expression in new fields. There has been a general movement forward, through many different civic and church organizations to so manifest the Christmas spirit that no one solitary little fellow shall be forgotten on that approaching Christmas morning, when childhood, emerging from the land of its restless dreams, shall rub its anxious eyes and look for the gifts of love which it has a right to expect to find.

So let us welcome Christmas day. A little child has established in the hearts of men the recognized right of peace and goodwill, of innocence and purity, of kindness and self-sacrifice to hold sway in the earth as well as in heaven. The celebration of His birthday makes us all children again for a

little while. It stimulates the open mind that makes us optimistic of the future and emphasizes with ever increasing force that it is more blessed to give than receive. It is the one day in all the year when the poorest can be the richest. For it is not the amount that is given but the spirit which prompts the gift that counts. As the poet has said: He gives nothing but worthless gold Who gives from a sense of duty; But he who gives but a slender mite, And gives to that which is out of sight, That thread of the all-sustaining beauty Which runs through all and doth all unite.

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his aims, The heart outstretches its eager palms, For a god goes with it and makes it store To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

AROUND TOWN.

It's all over.

Are you broke?

And the necktie.

Merry Christmas!

And so did the smoking.

Now for the Fourth of July.

Better shop late than never.

Hello. Here's another birthday.

Notice how much longer the days are getting?

Those golf balls came, all right, all right, all right.

We didn't get any Union Pacific depot prizes for Christmas.

We've been requested to announce that Sunday will be Christmas.

It wasn't just exactly red, but it'll be well enough to have one that's different.

The Pacific coast got its bundle here on time. Some bundle, too, accept it from us.

"There is no cause for mirth and laughter, in the dull grey dawn of the morning after."

And we've had so many promises, that it wouldn't have made much of an impression if he had.

It beats the deuce how long a fellow's ankle will stay twice its normal size, when it's sprained in June.

Now's the psychological moment to do your Christmas shopping, if you had any coin of the realm to do it with.

After keeping at it for thirty-five years, it's easy to make 'em remember your birthday, even if it does come the day before Christmas. Thirty-five—did you catch that?

It might help some to take it up with the state railway commission and find out whether a Union Pacific promise is worth anything or not.

The only way they can really make Norfolk feel good right now is to keep their pledge of a year ago and replace the filthy shack that serves the public in such miserable manner now, with the new station that was promised for last June.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Why don't the ten-cent stores sell turkeys?

This "talk" about you; is there anything in it?

It is dangerous to let any man have his own way in your affairs.

Everybody knows worrying does no good; but everybody worries.

Most people think they are entitled to a lot of fun on Thanksgiving day.

Ever since we have heard of Santa Claus, people have made fun of him.

Some men talk so much that they have to keep still to attract attention.

The Troy Chief notes a dry-eye funeral; a funeral at which no one cried.

Every time you look at a twelve year old boy, he needs a new pair of shoes.

Lots of people who are crazy are quiet, and it isn't necessary to send them away.

Always remember that the person you find fault with a great deal will finally rebel.

One bold insurgent, a manufacturer of butterine, claims butterine is better than butter!

What do people talk most about? We have concluded that they talk most of outrages.

Was there ever a man who didn't hear occasionally that he doesn't work hard enough?

When the average man asks you to be reasonable, he is asking you to agree with him.

disagreeable. The best way is the Quiet Way; to let people alone as much as possible.

You can't hustle when you're dead on your feet; you can only drag around, and long for bedtime.

No afternoon reception attended by women was ever more idle and ridiculous than a session of congress.

Seven-tenths of the men who work for wages, and all the women, believe they are abused by their employers.

A married woman always hates to see her husband on friendly terms with a man who is a notorious flirt.

It may not do a poor man any good to abuse a rich man, but it cannot be denied that it is mighty comforting.

Every man straightens up his shoulders a dozen times a day, fearing he is becoming stoop shouldered.

Show us a man willing to begin at the bottom, and we will show you a man who will some day get to the top.

Unless you intend to become a teacher, some people say you cannot afford to go all the way through college.

When you get through with your work, for heaven's sake go off and rest; don't bother the man who is still busy.

You may have heard of such a thing, but did you ever know of anyone being poisoned by eating "toad stools" for mushrooms?

Always remember that if a man knows where he can make a dollar, he will not tell you about it; he will go after it himself.

Nothing makes Atchison People quite so mad as for New York or Chicago people to visit the town, and feel sorry for them.

Father doesn't care much for frills of etiquette, and, if he is boss in his own house, the fowl is carved before it comes to the table.

A boy seems to learn just so much in skating, and then stop; boys do nothing on the ice now that boys did not do thirty years ago.

The first time a farmer sends an order to Montgomery Ward & Co. he feels as funny about it as a town man does about his first smoke.

A man who is always going around saying, "I desire to be perfectly frank with you," is finally shot, as the editor of the Iconoclast says.

Men like to say, "I told him if he didn't get out, I'd throw him out." In all of our experience, we never knew of anyone being thrown out.

Ever hear of a drunkard who advised young men to follow his example? We have never heard liquor drinking defended by anyone.

You can pick up a boy's school book, and find instantly where he is studying. Every page he has passed over is full of marks and dirt.

"I'm sorry I didn't learn stenography in the first place," said a woman today; "I thought of that, but he coaxed me to try marriage instead."

After a married woman's sister has lived with her a few years, the husband begins to boss the sister-in-law in the same way he bosses his wife.

"Nothing makes me quite so mad as for a man to ask me for an opinion, and then do exactly the contrary of what I recommend."—Parson Twine.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson recently stated in a magazine article that there was no aristocratic blood in this country. Of course you know why he said it; to attract attention. People of poor blood like to believe they are as good as anybody. But as a matter of fact, in this town, and in every other town, you can find plenty of good blood, and plenty of bad blood.

Heard by a woman who went calling: A doctor had a very sick patient who should have gone to a warmer climate to recover, but was too poor. So the doctor has a sun painted on the ceiling of the patient's room, and hoped to induce him to believe the sun was real, and cure him by suggestion. The patient seemed to be doing fine, and the doctor was delighted with his ruse. Suddenly one day the patient dropped dead. The doctor was heartbroken; thought his scheme, had failed. It had not; the patient died of a sunstroke.

"Last winter I made a trip to the West Indies. On the ship was an old man who had tried it in Florida and Honolulu, and California and, having failed in those places, was on his way to Porto Rico, where he believed a fortune could be easily made, and where conditions were perfect. I used to go down into his room to visit him, and look over his extensive assortment of literature, which consisted of pamphlets from land and mining companies. He was a worthless old fellow, but he didn't know it, and was bright in many ways, and I liked to talk to him. One day he said to me: 'I am a bachelor, and there is where I made a mistake. Had I married when I was young, I would now have children to take care of me.' And then I said to him: 'I married when I was 20, and have three children. A daughter accompanies me on this trip. But if you imagine she is paying my expenses, you are mistaken. As a matter of fact, I am paying hers.'"

The efficient worker is worth hunting for—worth a small "want ad campaign."

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SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ONE TALENT MAN.

Text, "And to another one talent."—Matt. xxv. 14.

It is Tuesday afternoon, April 4, A. D. 30. Jesus, the Man of Nazareth, with his disciples and a motley multitude, is up on the brow of the Mount of Olives. Jerusalem and the temple are below them, blazing in all their glory in the hot afternoon sun. Christ has just foretold their annihilation. He is now about to tell the cause of that future ruin. No nation had ever received such a trust as had the Jewish people. Their talent was large. Would they use it or bury it, as they did their Lord in Joseph's tomb? Back of the Master looked through the haze of the coming centuries. He who gives beauty to the stars, fragrance to the flowers and life to the child gives to each mortal some variety of endowment. "Each according to his ability." Only a few are ten talent men—most of us are one—and we are apt to discount that one! To us this short text is like a galvanic shock. But to the story:

The Talent Committed.

There's hustle and bustle in that eastern house. The master is off for a long trip to a far country. He calls his three chief stewards. They stand with glistening eyes. Eight thousand dollars or more will be committed to them. Such a fortune doesn't grow on every bush. What a chance to prove themselves! Now he's off. There's a waving of hands. Many suggestions. Farewell! They watch the dust of his chariots and camels as it disappears into the horizon. But, say, brother, push the clock hands around 1,900 years. Wake up! Rub your eyes! Not Palestine in the orient, but the occident—your town, U. S. A. Talents are no longer gold and silver, but faculties, mental, physical and spiritual. How big is your capacity? Five bushels or one bushel? Can you make horseshoes, sing tenor and pray in public? Then you are that three talent fellow. Just make horseshoes, nothing else? One talent only. Napoleon had five talents; Elias Howe one. Which would you rather? Get some books; add horse doctoring to the horseshoeing. Now your sign reads "Farrier and Veterinarian." You are a two talent man now. And you, Miss Modest, you've been leading the young people's meeting lately; add teaching a Sunday school class down at the mission. One plus one are how many? Who said "A thousand forests lie in one acorn?" Sounds like Emerson. "Your prayer seemed feeble compared to old Brother Saintry's." Doesn't matter. The moss at Santa Barbara isn't jealous of the big trees at Mariposa. The hen needn't envy the eagle nor the sugar corn the rose.

The Gifts of God.

Our gifts, musical ability, song, oratory, salesmanship, any power, com'g from God. Say, that's a thought—God has confidence in us. Needs us in some way. Has left certain world's work for us—to build bridges, dig tunnels, watch teakettles boil, fly lightning kites, try air currents with monoplane and biplane—indeed, pours the treasures of the universe into our laps, gives us a handful of seed and ben steps back, goes into "a far country." It isn't yours to criticise either the work or the tools he gives you. A National league ball player has just closed a three year contract at \$10,000 a year. It evidently pays to "play ball." The average salary of Methodist ministers is \$400. Is one ball player worth twenty-five preachers? Yes, on the ball field. But don't try to reconcile comparisons. Your task is to make your talent larger. The place to make money is where others are letting it go. To get trade find the need of a community and supply it. To go to your work fresh, to love your job, to cultivate that peculiar psychic buoyancy that makes the winning sprinter cross the line smiling and easy, to give the best that's in you to the common place, is the magic that increases your talent—the gift of God within you.

The Talent Neglected.

Look at that steward. What's he doing? Actually burying his one talent in the ground. Let me whisper—not in "a napkin"—that's another story. What's he muttering? "Hard master." "Not going to bother my head." Recognize his picture? The church is full of him, and the world too. Smith's out hustling for the firm, gets new trade, he's a rising man. Black watches the clock, steals naps, reads a cheap novel on the sly. One day he gets the blue envelope and he is out of a job. Hear him rail at the tyranny of capital. He's the "unprofitable servant." Catch the idea? Powers may be used—and increased. We are responsible not only for what we have, but for what we ought to have. It's use or loss. "Oh, that's an old story." Yes, so is "twice two are four"—but it's mighty true. Don't you try to count it three if you want to keep out of the poorhouse, nor five if you want to keep out of prison. Does your skeptic friend sniff the air at such ideas? Let him. He has already traded his talent for a gold brick. He'd like you to do the same. Misery loves companionship. The knave's reward and the fool's are about the same. It's "outer darkness" in either case. Your reward be the sweetest pronouncement that God can say when your work is finished, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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