

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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Where the jury is "hung" the murderer isn't.

Who wants to be a silver tongued orator when silence is golden?

Very few family trees were injured in the forest fires of the northwest.

Most idealists prefer that someone else should put their ideals into practice.

Reno's divorce mill was never protected, because it was an infant industry.

A man does not talk to tell what he knows. He talks to find out what he knows.

The man whose advice is worth anything is usually too busy to be peddling it around.

When one debates whether a thing is right or wrong, it is generally good proof that it is wrong.

Champ Clark says oratory is in a decline. He might have added that it is in its last declension.

It is so damp at Panama that pianos are out of the question. This would be a marked attraction to some people.

The supply of lobsters is to be increased, reports say. It seems to us that the supply is discouragingly large now.

Chicago is feeling somewhat elated over furnishing a New York residence with a \$100,000 dinner set. Who wouldn't?

There are still as big fish in the sea as have ever been caught, but none as big as the stories that have been told.

Is anyone starting a diary nowadays? If so future generations will at least know what he did the first half of January.

After reviewing the mistakes of 1910, we shall be satisfied if those of 1911 do not correspond so as to make two of a kind.

A St. Louis woman testified in court the other day that her husband never told a lie in his life. This is positively refreshing.

If anyone includes aviators on his list of friends, he should reflect that kind words before are better manners than flowers after.

The fine collection of rugs belonging to the amir of Bokhara were burned last week. Not enough left for a successful fire sale.

They have had a ball at the white house for Helen Taft. She must be careful to dance with everyone who voted for her father.

Unrest in the Portuguese republic. If they will put more gold lace and embroidered night gowns on their officials all will be well.

Senator Lorimer still has to get the consent of the senate before he can have that dinner that Mr. Roosevelt took away from him.

If King Manuel will read the board of health reports, he will conclude that longevity will be promoted by the back to the farm movement.

In advertising its \$51,000,000 at this time, the Mexican government offers conclusive proof that recent disturbances in no way affected the treasury.

Why glory in the power of the aeroplane to drop bombs on battleships and forts. Someone will invent something to drop on aeroplanes without delay.

One hundred thousand drums were sold in Philadelphia just before Christmas. The sleepy old city must have waked up all right on Christmas morning.

The proposal of making the republican ticket for 1912 Roosevelt and Pinchot is "the unkindest cut of all." Mr. Pinchot would like the names transposed.

The bath tub trust men are trying to escape jail sentences. They should think more favorably of a winter resort which requires all the boarders to take baths.

Uncle Joe Cannon is probably chuckling over the probability that the next speaker of the national house will not be invested with the power to appoint committees.

The people who defeated Roosevelt

In New York are finding out that the smile on the face of the tiger with a senatorship bone to pick, is no more benevolent than of yore.

Kansas City women can be fined up to \$500 for hatpins with exposed points, but the good old time method of defense by letting their finger nails grow is still left.

Waterway improvement may benefit in many directions. But the possibilities of usefulness it may offer for the motorboat can fairly be counted on as of prime importance.

President Lowell of Harvard is opposed to organized cheering by the students. They might sustain each other's courage by passing around "Footpath to peace" motto cards.

They have disfranchised two-thirds of the voters for bribery in an Ohio county. The sovereign people want to know why they should give away their vote when they can sell it.

A German inventor has achieved a noiseless telephone booth. Let us hope there may be no long delay in its immigrating to America. That class of settlers are always welcome.

Robin, the indicted banker, swallowed hyacinth before going to court. Strange that some men think they can mitigate their punishment by adding the crime of suicide to other misdoings.

A general state of good feelings prevails a few days after January 1, except with that element of the population entertaining the delusion that people contracting bills intend to pay them.

In the last analysis the government and the railroads are both servants of the public, and if both shall serve faithfully the interests of their client all side issues will take care of themselves.

Queer contradictions in education. Half of Wellesley college girls have to take spelling lessons, while college courses in science and art are put up to the primary classes in the common schools.

Secretary Ballinger got by 1910 without resigning. But who would sit in a cabinet chair, if he couldn't go out to the pump for a drink of water without fearing to find someone else there on his return?

Two Chicago hotel waiters who came to this country moneyless a few years ago, recently bought a million dollar hotel for which they paid cash. This gives one an idea of what tips waiters in big hotels receive.

A gown shipped to Mrs. Nick Longworth was stolen from the express company, but as she will probably not have to remain in bed for lack of another, we shall not ask our female relatives to send one on to her.

As Madame Bernhardt made \$115,000 out of thirty-seven New York performances, the section men along our railroads will hardly get a chance to give her a lift in their hand cars, along with other theatrical geniuses.

In all labor troubles the greatest sufferer is the general public. Yet it has nothing to say about the beginning, continuance or end of a strike, which may ruin many concerns not in any way involved in the difficulty.

A Wall street journal says that government activity is now directed to breaking the glass trust, sinking the ship trust, winking the sleeping car trust, tanning the shoe trust, and bottling the milk trust. Never a dull moment in Washington.

King George and Queen Mary are making plans for a visit to India about a year hence where they will be crowned emperor and empress of India in the city of Delhi. No previous British sovereign has visited this distant possession. They will probably take in other British possessions on their tour.

Preparations are now being made by the government to prosecute the electrical trust for conducting business in restraint of trade. It is said that the magnitude of this undertaking will eclipse the Standard Oil proceedings. Let us hope they will also be more successful. If they are not, the campaign of trust busting might as well be given up as a farce.

The engineers of the Panama canal have not depended entirely upon their theories and figures. Wherever possible every step in the work has been practically tested. One of the gate valves to the Gatun locks was tested by piling 270 tons of pig iron on it as it lay on its side. This is a far greater pressure than it will be subjected to when in its place upright in the lock.

A novel church building is in process of erection in San Antonio, Tex. A skyscraper twelve stories above the ground and a deep basement. This and the first two stories above ground will be used for church purposes, auditorium, Sunday school rooms, library, gymnasium, etc. Then floors will be rented for office purposes. It is designed as a revenue producing building.

ing to keep up the work of the Methodist society which is erecting it.

The fact that the number of farms and farm owners has decreased in several of our agricultural states is not so serious a matter as it looks on the face of it. In a great many instances the farms that have been sold have been purchased by the prosperous farmer whose land joined it and instead of two farms it becomes one large farm. In these instances the land is still cultivated as carefully as before and the results are the same as before.

There has been a reduction of over 50 percent in the number of desertions from the army during the last year. This reduction is not credited to greater attractions in the service, but to the prompt and vigorous pursuit of the deserter and severe and drastic punishment when caught. When even under these hard conditions and almost certain apprehension and punishment over 3,000 men desert annually, there must be something radically wrong with the conditions of army life.

A new kind of freak has been found—a man 82 years old who has never been shaved or used the razor himself. He calculates that he has saved two years of his time and \$24,000 by not patronizing the barber. He is not in possession of the \$24,000 neither has he the two years in his vest pocket ready for use when his allotted time has passed. Most men would feel that these years could not have been better used than in keeping their face clean shaven.

Recent investigations prove that the muck-rakers' stories about purchased votes are no myth. Both Rhode Island and Connecticut have a regular market for votes. The latest state to be found in this class is Ohio where over 800 "freemen" have already been indicted for selling their votes, while the confessions of hundreds more lead the judge who started the investigation to state as his belief that more than 1,500 men will have been disfranchised before the investigation is complete.

At the present time this country has no law for the punishment of foreign spies in time of peace and congress is asked to remedy this defect so that suitable punishment may be inflicted on those who attempt to discover the military secrets of the Philippines, Hawaii and our home coast. When the Panama canal is opened and fortified we will have even more important military secrets to guard the isthmus unless adequate punishment is provided to intimidate them.

The census answers the question as to much of the increased cost of living. It shows an increase of some 15,000,000 people to feed and actual decreases or very small increases in the agricultural population. The supply of food must be increased to meet the wants of the increasing mouths. To do this is a complicated matter as it is both a psychological and material problem. The cost of high living will have to be cured and perhaps immigration will have to be discouraged unless it can be induced to seek the agricultural fields instead of congregating in the cities.

An English writer claims that the thirteen colonies rebelled without any cause other than to gratify the ambition of the men whom the king had refused honors. In other words that the revolution was led by men who were not in the "best society." Does this prove anything against the movement, even if it is true? There never has been a revolution led by the elite of society. It was the Plebes of Rome who overthrew monarchy. It was the starving French peasantry who pulled down the Bastille and threw Louis XVI into prison. If we had waited until the so-called "best people" rebelled at English rule we might have been waiting yet.

The Wright brothers are unquestionably wise in building airships and letting other people run them. The Wrights have practically disappeared from the record breaking flying arena. After Orville Wright's accident near Washington in which he suffered a fractured leg while Lieutenant Selfridge was killed, the Wright brothers have shown a fondness for feeling Mother Earth beneath their feet. The immense sums of money won by successful aviators have stimulated the flying business until reason and caution have been thrown to the winds for the sake of the spectacular and human life has not cut much greater figure than it did in the old Roman sports. More scientific study into the measures needed for the safety of the aviator, should be made.

WEAKNESS OF THE AIRSHIP. Now that we are killing off our aviators at the rate of two a day, the confident predictions that the aeroplane is to drive the automobile out of fashion within a few years must be revised.

The airship will always differ from other more or less dangerous methods of locomotion, in that there is nothing to fall back on if the machinery or the planes break.

If the steamship springs a leak, you

have airtight compartments to isolate the trouble. If these fail, there are the pumps. If these go bad, there are the lifeboats and life preservers for a third and fourth line of defense. If the wireless has not called sister ships to your aid long before you desert the sinking craft.

There is not even a second line of defense in the aeroplane. No motor ever was or ever will be invented that would not break down when it gets in an ill humor. A fabric as frail as an air craft needs to be kept aloft in its flimsy element, will always crumble under the breath of the fiercer winds.

NORFOLK'S GROWTH. Well may Norfolk feel proud of its showing in the thirteenth federal census. Of the cities of over 6,000 population, Norfolk leads the entire state in percentage of increase. Norfolk's gain is more than 55 percent, while other towns increased as follows: Grand Island, 37 percent; Beatrice, 21; Columbus, 39; Fremont, 20; Hastings, 29; Kearney, 10; York, 21. The increase at Omaha and Lincoln did not compare with Norfolk's growth.

WHY NORFOLK GROWS. The remarkable increase in Norfolk's population within the past ten years, as shown by the federal census, is causing the eyes of the middle west to turn toward this city. The fact that Norfolk's increase in population—a 55 percent gain—was the greatest percentage of gain made by any city of over 6,000 in Nebraska is attracting attention to the commercial hub of this rich territory tributary to Norfolk, and papers all over Nebraska and Iowa are commenting, in one way and another, upon Norfolk's good showing.

Nebraska's increase in population was very largely in the towns of more than 5,000 population, of which there are now thirteen. Norfolk was the only town in the state which increased from below 4,000 to more than 6,000. In commenting upon Norfolk's growth, the Lincoln Journal says, "Norfolk at last is beginning to show the advantage of its position as the 'Lincoln of the North Platte'."

It is not difficult to see why Norfolk has grown and should grow a very great deal more. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that in time Norfolk should be the third city of the state in point of population. The metropolis of a very extensive territory, the richest agricultural region in the world, already the natural hub of this big field by reason of railroad facilities, analysis of the situation can not fail to lead to the conviction that Norfolk is destined to become one of the cities of the state—one of the important commercial centers of the middle west, such as are scattered today over the state of Iowa.

To the west Norfolk's territory extends into the Black Hills and Wyoming for more than 500 miles; to the northwest a pair of iron ribbons lead out from this city about 200 miles right now, and they're going many miles further; to the southwest, to the southeast, to the northeast and out from each of these lines on branch roads are lines of commerce that radiate from Norfolk.

Obviously, then, there is nothing for Norfolk to do, if it shall grow, but to take advantage of this ideal geographical location. Freight rates it needs that will allow it to compete with other cities as a wholesale distributing point. And new industries that will employ labor, even though it be ever so little at the start, are the next factor required for the growth that Norfolk's possibilities seem to hold out for the future.

The main point is that there is every natural advantage to start with and only a comparatively little organization and effort should be required to make this produce results. It is self evident that Norfolk is a good town to stick with.

AROUND TOWN. Goodbye, Nebraska City. The days are getting longer. Winter won't last so much longer.

It's been a great week for the fur-nace golf enthusiast.

Is your credit good with the coal man? Then you're in luck today.

Frank Gotch was champion wrestler for a long time, but he's finally been thrown.

No matter how cold it gets in Lincoln, they never feel it—it's so dry down there.

Norfolk is a good town to own property in, just now. And now's a good time to buy it.

The overcrowded condition of Norfolk schools is another sign that the town is growing.

The wool growers are going to get into the wool of the president. Will they get his goat?

If we keep on going at this rate, we'll catch Fremont before another ten years rolls around.

"I doubt if there are three people in Norfolk who are not suffering from a cold," said a drug clerk.

On a Norfolk sidewalk stands a bedstead for sale. On one side the placard says, "For sale," and gives the

price. On the other side, by strange coincidence, is this: "Applied at Night."

Besides having made the biggest percentage of gain, Norfolk is the liveliest "third city" in the state of Nebraska today.

Sioux Falls has a packing plant, after many years of hoping. If a packing plant will pay at Sioux Falls, one will pay in Norfolk.

After every real blizzard, there always come a flock of rumors about new storms that are on the way, but which never materialize.

We said the other day that Norfolk needs two new depots "the worst way." But we don't want 'em "the worst way." We have 'em that way now.

Governor Aldrich makes a good suggestion when he tells the legislature to "frame and pass a few laws beneficial to the people, then adjourn and save the people's money."

Hold-ups and robberies of hold type have come to be so common of late that they're hardly news. There isn't a day goes by without a lot of train robbing or bank robbing or something of that kind.

The series of articles giving a "home course" in the science of how to keep your family healthy, the second of which appears in this issue of The News, is one of the most beneficial The News ever ran, and you owe it to yourself to read them.

Yes, that blonde girl found her switch; or, rather, that girl found her blonde switch. Got it the very next morning after the want ad appeared in The News. Intended to mention this before, but forgot it until some curious feminine voice asked the question yesterday.

And speaking about feminine curiosity, there was another case of it in connection with that blonde switch. The woman who found it telephoned to The News that she had it. Then she said the owner could have it if she'd come after it. How was that for a bold way of finding out who it was that lost the switch?

Remember when you were 5 years old how the photographer told you to watch for the little bird? This column played the same kind of a game on you last Saturday—told you to look for the health article. Thought you'd appreciate the joke when you found that it was crowded out with other stuff. Look for it next Saturday. No joke this time.

Six years ago the Norfolk sugar factory was dismantled and hauled away. People felt blue. But Norfolk has gone right on growing and developing, regardless, and in the ten years between 1900 and 1910 made the greatest percentage of gain recorded for any city in the state of over 6,000 population. Business in every line has grown better and better each year. Apparently the sugar factory loss wasn't such a tragedy, after all.

A Good Word for The News. Niobrara Tribune: The population of Norfolk in 1900 was 3,883 and the census of 1910 gives it 6,027, a gain of over 55 percent. A great deal of the credit for this fine showing should be given to The Norfolk Daily News, which has become a household necessity in many of the homes of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota. It has placed Norfolk before this section as nothing else could have done, and a great gain can be made in the next ten years if the people of Norfolk boost The News and use its columns to advertise their business.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. What the people really want is a \$2,900 automobile for \$200.

Occasionally a doctor is noted for encouraging wealthy women to be sick.

Of course, it's not a sin for a woman to split, but how unladylike it looks!

We find that the surest way to remember a disagreeable thing is to try to forget it.

In this hypocritical age one of the few pleasant things is to see people act natural.

Only occasionally do you find a genius, and a genius is a genius only occasionally.

One discouraging thing about science is that it will testify on either side for money.

The hardest job in the world, probably, is to make a circus pay during a long rainy spell.

We like some dogs, and hate others, owing to what they do; but we're not crazy about them.

While we are loyal to the home team, we don't always believe it can beat the Chicago Cubs.

What will the future bring you? Probably another pitiful demonstration of your weaknesses.

When six men are asked to act as pallbearers at your funeral, how many of them will try to beg off?

quite so important as the special policeman who only works on big days.

If we were a drunkard, we would prefer to go it alone; we wouldn't want a wife and children crying around.

When a young man and a young woman have been engaged a long time, they talk as rough to each other as married people.

Still, you can think of a lot worse calamities than the alleged fact that the arts of oratory and letter writing are on the decline.

You pick at the Ladies' Home Journal, but it is pretty sensible. It said lately that a husband who can be managed is worthless.

While a boy is away with a gun his mother declares that if the good Lord will bring him back alive, she will never let him go again.

We hear some complaint of dullness. But think how much worse it is in Texas. As a matter of fact, there is no boom anywhere now.

It is very common to find a man who says wise things, and does foolish ones. But that's no reason why you shouldn't accept his wisdom.

If a woman is patient and kind and sensible, her husband will fall in love with her again after they have been married ten or fifteen years.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who said to her son: "Come in and change your underclothes before they rot off of you?"

The billiard champion possibly can make it pay; but there is some question as to whether he is doing much to help the rest of the world.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who said to her boy when he hurt himself: "That boy quit hurting before you get married?"

You will observe it is never the man who is going to be hanged who intimates that a life sentence in prison would be worse than the death penalty.

When an old lady says "I never had any help in raising MY children," it means that her married children are imposing upon her with THEIR children.

Eccentricity is going without a necktie in order to show a diamond collar button; with a bone collar button, the same custom is plain slouchiness.

There is one thing to the credit of the people; they are always trying to do better; we never heard of a man resolving to be worse during the New Year.

When a saloon keeper speaks to a man, and says he is drinking too much, it is safe to say that the man has gone too far in being a good fellow.

The politicians never hate each other so much as they let on, and there is also a suspicion that they don't love the people as sincerely as they say they do.

Hand shaking is going out of fashion. There is no reason why people should paw each other over when they meet and the fashion deserves to die out.

"It's easy to make a living," said a woman who had never earned a cent in her life. "Why, the newspapers are full of advertisements offering agents \$100 a month."

Accuse a man of doing something he shouldn't do, and, whether or not he is guilty, he will always say: "Well, you ought to know I wouldn't do anything like that."

If you think you can buy stock below par that will net you a profit of 40 percent on par value, you are a fool, and cause the postoffice department a good deal of worry.

Children usually have better manners than their parents; children have their parents to switch them when they fail to be polite, but who corrects the parents for lack of politeness?

A business man said today: "I am called on so many times to give aid that I am disposed to admire the English sparrow. The English sparrow is at least able to take care of itself, no one is asked to give Christmas presents for the English sparrows."

A man gave a reporter an item today intended to be startling; he says a clerk in a drygoods store chews tobacco while on duty. We refuse to print the item unless the clerk is a girl. A girl clerk in a drygoods store chewing tobacco while at work would be a fairly good item.

An Atchison man went into the kitchen last Sunday morning, where his wife was stringing beans. "Mary," he said, as he sat down, "you are the only person who ever lived who has treated me like a human being, and I want to express my gratitude. My mother always acted as though she expected me to disgrace the family, and so did my sisters. My school teacher predicted that I would be hanged, and wherever I go, people act as though I am not up to standard; that I really should be different. Therefore I have been thinking more and more of the fact that I always seem satisfactory to you. To a man who has been picked at as I have been it is a great source of satisfaction to know a woman who really thinks I'm as near right as other people, and I want to express my appreciation."

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

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

Text: "Every one that committeth sin is the bond servant of sin." (R. V.) John 8:34. Ever visit a prison? Gray stone, iron bars, locks and keys; hard faced, cat footed guards; pallid faced, leaden headed prisoners; silence, labor, ever and always a denuding sense of restraint. The dungeon, the "chamber of horrors," the lock step, the striped suits, the shaved heads, the averted faces, the ever present consumptive cough, were just the surface things your eye and ear caught. You murmured. "The way of the transgressor is hard." But those things told nothing of the real horrors of that house of bondage—fears, remorse, bitterness, despair. Prison walls tell no tales. Inspections and investigations mean external things only. The life and soul grow smaller and smaller. The prisoner's a cemetery; the cell's a grave. A trifle is remembered for weeks. The coming of a new man, time up for another, a death by tuberculosis, another by suicide, execution day with its suppressed excitement, are red letter days in the calendar of stone. When the "bit" is served and once more the thin haired, low voiced, paste faced, furtive eyed creature goes forth he will be a marked man. Police, detective and plain clothes men will "shadow" him. He's a "jail-bird," he's "done time," he's a "record," he will be "pinned" on suspicion, he will be hounded and harassed until man handled and driven he is back in the cell. Say, when you came out from your visit you took a great big breath of fresh air and thanked God for freedom, didn't you? Well you might. One of the darkest and most pathetic stories ever writ in heart's blood is that of our brother in the house of bondage.

The Slave Driver's Whip.

But, listen, friend! These hundred thousand more or less of the caught and uncaught are only a few. We're all bond servants of sin—veritable slaves in the devil's prison house. Bondage of bad habits, temper, appetite, lust and greed. We're often chained to them. Paul said, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Know this figure? Man chained to the dead, rotting, stenchful body of his victim. Eat, drink, or sleep, the sickening carcass is there. Whose sins is compelled to bear its consequence. Notice the drink slave. See his master drive him out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning, walk the streets in a blinding snow-storm, waiting for the corner saloon to open. The appetite cracks the whip, and he tramples over home and wife and child to answer his master. He must obey. He is a slave! See him as an unholly passion leads him to the gates of perdition. Hat down over eyes he skulks through the red light district. The tiger's in his veins. For the woman with the scarlet kimono he forsakes respectability, manhood, honor. He's a slave! The conductor taps another on the shoulder. "Fare, please." "I paid you when I got on." Conductor glances at the fare register. He knows he didn't, but what's the use arguing? He laughs when the merchant makes mistake in change or when he holds the hard pushed seller to an evident slip of tongue or pen. He's sly, deceitful, tricky, supremely selfish. Greed's got him! His heart's freezing. His soul's dead. But all sin's servitude. No jailer's so cruel and merciless. Sin is fire in the blood. Scorpion's sting in every nerve cell and fiber.

Christ the Deliverer.

"Whom the Son makes free shall be free indeed." He frees nations. Sin enslaves them. When nations die they commit suicide. Graft and corruption defeat a Spain or a Russia. He frees mind of prejudice, falsehood, selfishness. He helps one master his will sanctify his body, master his moods and banish fear—his worst enemy. Let the skeptic mock. They did so at the man born blind whom Christ gave sight. They sneered, but there stood the man! John Bunyan, the swearing, Sabbath breaking tinker, is released from his bondage. Jerry MacAuley, the New York river thief, drops his chains. John B. Gough, the hopeless drunkard, is released from the bonds of his master. It's a mystery. You can't do it by force. After the shock of war we go back to diplomacy—not by legislation. The Magna Charta is given, the emancipation proclamation is signed, the legislative enactment is passed, but the work's just begun! Not even education and civilization do the trick. Who's your jailer, brother? Christ's your deliverer! Were you at the G. A. R. encampment at Atlantic City last summer? They crowded; brass bands; big parades. Next to the crippled and maimed the most eloquent procession was the ex-prisoners of war. Here were men from Libby, Andersonville, Salisbury, Belle Island—each had a badge with name of his prison on it. Some had two, some three! They were prisoners not ashamed of their bondage. I thought of some other prisoners—prisoners of Christ, ambassadors in bonds, having also fought the good fight. I see an other parade—the grand army of the redeemed, that will march down the streets of the city of our God, applauded by heavenly throngs—thousands upon thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, a mighty multitude that no man can number. Prisoners from the earthly house of bondage to the heavenly mansions of light.

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

Advertise in The News want-ad columns