

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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Culebra may not be the unkindest of all, but it's certainly the costliest.

An honest American citizen would lead a wretchedly lonely life in Adams county, Ohio.

Dr. Wiley, the national chief chemist, is a brave man. He is going to marry a suffragette.

It is natural that high colored tales of bribery should come from Vermillion county, Illinois.

Captain Hobson and General Wood seem to be the two worst scared men in the United States.

Although the price of salt has been reduced 30 cents a ton, the salt of the earth are just as scarce as ever.

A realization of the cost of government to each citizen, is the first step toward economy in government.

New Orleans and San Francisco are fighting bitterly for the privilege of acquiring a long term exposition debt.

There's a negro farmer down in Kansas that is worth \$50,000 and he's very little interested in the race problem.

The Chinamen are giving up their queues peacefully, but the majority of them still stick to the laundry business.

Harry Whitney is going in search of the south pole. He is wise in not trying to find the north one. That's hoodooed.

Although Oklahoma has put the lid on the fight pictures, it is not yet prudent for the tenderfoot to pull Alkali Ike's coattails.

The Japanese are going to lay down a 40,000-ton battleship, and if our jacksies don't lay down when they see her, we don't care.

Thirty-four million dollars are to be spent by the French in digging a canal from Aulnay to Epinay to check the rising of the Seine.

St. Louis alone has 16,200,000 eggs in cold storage. This cold storage proposition is not an unmitigated blessing to humanity.

Both democrats and republicans are collecting tariff data, so that congress shall have plenty of public documents to sell to the junk dealers.

The corset coat and slim trousers is a transparent bluff of the tailors to separate down-trodden man from last summer's slightly worn suit.

The more he learns of the Baltimore conference, the better satisfied must Mr. Bryan feel that he was not there and did not even send a message.

As soon as the congressmen had to shovel off one or two snow storms from their front walk they felt less inclined to dispute Peary's claim.

They are dancing now at the white house. Things are getting so blamed formal that a congressman must blow in part of his salary for a Jinswinger coat.

Although Governor Dix promises to probe the state departments of New York, the public will hardly be satisfied unless there are some amputations.

President Fallieres of France now gets \$750,000 a year. The job's worth it, in a country where they use high officials for a target in place of clay pigeons.

A dollar spent in fortifying the Hawaiian islands is better than two spent on the Pacific coast and also insures more protection to the Panama canal.

In Europe a cheap parcels post has been an established institution for years. It has not ruined small towns or small stores, but works for the general good.

Governor Patterson of Tennessee pardoned and commuted 173 convicts at the close of his term. Why did he not appoint them to office while he was about it?

A device to keep ships from rolling will be cordially welcomed by many voyagers. One by one the memorable features of the ocean voyage are being eliminated.

Andrew Carnegie might do a great deal worse than to take General Booth at his word and try what he

could do toward universal peace with the help of a few millions.

Madame Bernhardt's performance in doing two emotional roles in a day is marvellous, but could she come into some of our kitchens and do one of these emotional scrimmages with the cook?

A great German criminologist who is visiting this country, thinks highly of our prisons. Judging of their crowded condition, there are numerous residents who thoroughly agree with him.

Fourteen thousand dollars of good money was wasted on the Ballinger investigation, which did no one any good, and left the matter just where it was before.

Luther Burbank has produced a strawberry that weighs an ounce. Now if he will have that size of berries clear to the bottom that will be appreciated, also.

The long record walks of many pedestrians are matters of common interest. But it is estimated that the journeys of a tailor's needle in a single day cover something like twelve miles.

The house is against raising circuit judges' pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000. If any of the judges are living on such starvation diet that they can't hold court, the neighbors should bring in a cold handout.

An Ohio surgeon has examined a hundred cats and found two-regular germs in all of them. This may be another way the white plague is being spread. The next slogan will be "I got the cat."

If elections are to be bought as they have been in Illinois and Ohio, why not advertise for proposals for the right to hold office, and sell to the highest bidder, saving the people the cost of elections?

Alaska has twenty-five sawmills on the coast, cutting about 27,000,000 board feet yearly. One-third of it goes into salmon cases. This coast timber is not equal in quality to that of Oregon or Washington.

Russia proposes to build a \$75,000,000 fleet of battleships for the Black sea. Since other countries cannot send war ships to the Black sea ports, the fleet will be as safe there as anywhere they could store it.

If it is true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure then Andrew Carnegie's ten million dollar peace fund is better than one hundred and fifty million dollars spent by your Uncle Samuel in preparation.

The democratic party is overstocked with candidates for the presidency. It would do well to swap them off and get more voters. It really needs a good many of the latter if it is to win out in the coming presidential election.

Three hundred St. Louis women are enlisted in a crusade against the smoke nuisance. A similar crusade in Chicago compelled one of the railroads to burn coke in its locomotives, which was something gained for cleanliness.

A Chicago woman with a keen sense of the fitness of things, called out the fire department when her furnace went out. What would you naturally suppose a fire department was for, if not to furnish fires where they were needed?

For the first time in history policemen have succeeded in filling the bill and finding people when they were wanted. In Baltimore, it is said that the police have found 8,000 more people than the census enumerators were able to find.

A collision is predicted about 400,000 years from now between the earth and the star, Vega. However, it is not advisable for people to lie awake worrying about it now. There is time for one planet or another to shift its course a trifle.

Jacob A. Riis predicts the formation of a great new party in 1912. It's not hard to guess who Mr. Riis would place at the head of this new party. The question is, will he carry the big stick as a scepter or will it be an olive branch of peace?

Forty-five million dollars increase in pension is a lot of money. However, that isn't the question of even part of the question. If the decrepit defenders of this country need it, this country can better afford to pay \$45,000,000 to their support than to build four new Dreadnaughts.

The effect of woman suffrage in Washington, the latest state to adopt it, will be watched with great interest. There is no question but woman suffrage is making a steady if not very rapid advancement and what the ultimate effect on the country will be is still problematical.

Even if the single tax would do all that is claimed for it by its friends, we do not need it in this country as much as they do in European coun-

tries where hereditary privilege, entail and the law of primogeniture have concentrated the great body of land in the hands of a comparatively few persons.

The German crown prince has killed his "first tiger" in the same place in India where the czar of Russia, the late King Edward and King George each shot his "first tiger." Evidently they have a preserve there where tigers are kept in good order waiting for some royal hunter to dispatch them.

When one-sixty-fourth of a man's estate amounts to \$200,000 more than was expected, it is some estate. J. S. Kennedy, the New York railroad magnate and philanthropist, left this amount of his fortune to Columbia college, and it finds itself the possessor of the extra \$200,000, a sort of plethora of riches.

The Canadian government is conducting an educational campaign in the east, in an effort to get 25,000 Americans to move into the Canadian northwest this spring. The Canadian government understands the value of good, legitimate advertising and is going after the people in a way that will "fetch" some of them, at least.

All that stands between order and anarchy in Mexico and all that has stood for the past third of a century is the strong hand of President Diaz. His regime is not what the United States would call republican government, but it is the only kind of government that Mexico is fitted for as yet.

It used to pay best to have a good "forgettery" when one came across the Atlantic from a European trip. But times have changed since that. Mat Loeb became custom house officer at New York. A woman who recently "forgot" to declare her \$10,000 necklace, found that it cost her \$25,000 before Uncle Sam finished the prosecution.

The business center of Chicago has been rebuilt three times since the fire of 1871. It may not be necessary, for any reason, to rebuild it a fourth time, at least until the present century shall be well spent; but there is a belief in some quarters that unless all restrictions are removed it will not be built high enough to meet the present and pressing necessities.

The condition of the national treasury improved materially during the first half of the fiscal year 1910-11. The expenditures were only \$4,000,000 in excess of the receipts. Of course, the ordinary man whose expenditures for half a year were four million in excess of his receipts would not be on the high road to prosperity, but with Uncle Sam it is different.

Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, the English suffragettes, who are over here to show the American women how they do it in London, are said to be very modestly refined in their manners and remarkably handsome women. That is the reason the English authorities find the suffragette rioting methods so hard to deal with. If the women mobs of London came from the east end and were ragged and uncouth, they would have been disposed of long ago, but as they are largely well to do and quite aristocratic women they are leniently dealt with.

The sterilization of water by ultraviolet rays has now entered upon an industrial stage. It has been proven that the rays of a mercury vapor lamp kill in a few seconds all bacteria contained in clear water within a radius of about one foot. The process is being employed not only with drinking water but with that used in the preparation of mineral waters. The water is not chemically changed by the process, but is freed from all germs.

The country recently spent a million dollars to send our fleet around the world as proof that we had a navy that could do things if necessary. Now men in the inner circle of the navy department do are that our fleet couldn't lick a postage stamp. Who's who and what's what, on this navy business, anyway? If, after all the millions that have been spent on our navy it is not good for anything, what is the use of continuing to waste public money on further additions?

A cotton picking machine has at last been perfected which it is believed will do as much to revolutionize the cotton business as the invention of Whitney's cotton gin did. All these years it has been firmly believed that nothing but human hands could harvest the cotton crop. Consequently at the cotton picking season great numbers of extra hands have been hired, many of them undesirable. An energetic field hand can pick 250 pounds in a day. The new machine can do as much in half an hour. It is predicted that the harvesters will open a new and enlightened era in the realm of King Cotton.

There is a wonderful interest—wonderful no less for its extent than for the favorable comment which the proposal is exciting—throughout the country in the proposition that the coinage of 5-mill or half-cent pieces be resumed by the United States gov-

ernment. England has its farthing, which splits the penny into fourths; in France there is the 2-centime piece, equal to a little less than two-fifths of a cent; in Germany the pfennig, about one-fifth of a cent; in Norway and Sweden the ore, one-fourth of a cent, and in Russia and its dependencies the copeck is split into four parts, each worth about an eighth of a cent. The United States is the only nation which compels its people to give something for nothing in their smaller dealings. It would be well worth while to restore the half-cent to circulation.

GOOD FOR FRISCO. Nebraskans should rejoice that San Francisco won an initial point in the lower house of congress Tuesday on the Panama exposition. The interests of Nebraska would seem to demand that the Pacific coast town get the show. That would bring hundreds of thousands of visitors through this state and give Nebraska unlimited advertising. It is hard to figure where holding the fair at New Orleans can help Nebraska.

THE CANADIAN TREATY. Are the insurgent republicans in congress who have been howling against the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure, going to have the nerve to back their talk by voting to ratify the new Canadian treaty which President Taft has asked congress to accept? Or are they going back on their religious principles, fearing the farmer vote?

It is generally conceded that the new tariff agreement would put food-stuffs—commodities raised in the agricultural middle west—and open the door to Canadian trade for eastern factories. President Taft says it will reduce the cost of living and he depends on the people, the consumers, without regard to party lines, to compel congress to ratify the treaty.

What will the insurgents do? THE GROWTH OF ADVERTISING. The most phenomenal change which the publication business has seen during recent years, is the growth of advertising. We have in mind many journals on our exchange list that are printing nearly twice the number of pages that they were able to fill ten years ago.

Their news columns have not greatly enlarged during that time. The collection of local and telegraphic news was highly developed at that period. The change has come about because business men have found out that they can make a great deal more money through advertising.

The department stores have worked out the idea in the most scientific fashion. No consideration of local pride, in a newspaper as a representative of the home town, tempts them to their lavish use of printer's ink. It is purely a question of sales. They would no more think of getting along without advertising than they would think of opening some morning without clerks to wait on customers.

Here and there, however, one finds some one of the smaller merchants who thinks he can get along without this factor of salesmanship which the great stores find essential. Actually the little store needs it even more than the big store. The big store would not be apt to make any money if it quit advertising, but it would draw a certain minimum of trade by its very bigness. If the small store quits advertising, it gets practically no trade except what comes from its show window displays.

The average person will read a newspaper advertisement scores of times for every once he passes a given shop window. Hence the value of the advertisement is worth far more than any showing made in a window, which the bulk of the buying public never sees.

A CORRUPT POLITICAL BARGAIN. Announcement from Washington by Congressman Latta of the Third Nebraska district, that he positively will retire at the end of his present term, may well cause consternation among the people of this district, who have thus been sold out.

Congressman Latta had no right to ask election without frankly announcing to the people in advance, that he intended to take the office, if elected, for this term only. He had Mr. Latta's own selfish interests at heart and, by a shrewd political turn, has tricked the people of this district in an unfair way.

The Third Nebraska district has long hoped to find the right man and then to keep him in congress for a very long term of years, realizing that as the man got onto the ropes in Washington, his services would become ever and ever more valuable to his constituents. There is no question but that a great many people last November voted to return Latta because they knew that, although he had done nothing of credit during his first two years, another term would equip him all the more for successful service.

They did not realize, because he deceived them, that they were voting for a man who merely wanted the glory of going to congress for this term and who, having satisfied his vanity with public office and Washington society, would be willing to disregard the welfare of the people of this

district and desert his post of duty, whether or no.

It is apparent that Mr. Latta made a bargain with Dan Stevens promising that for Stevens' help in the campaign, Latta would get out of the office and in turn do what he could to boost Stevens into his job. In other words, Mr. Latta and Mr. Stevens together formed a little combination in restraint of trade whereby they would manipulate this district to suit their own personal political interests, and the public would fall for it.

But whether the people of this district will stand for any such trafficking in their votes, remains to be seen.

THE PHILLIPS SHOOTING. A seething mass of tragedy lies always under the seemingly smooth crust of civilization. As far as surface signs go, human character grows more self-contained in the evolution of personality, so that more and more the smoke and flames of inner tumult are concealed. Occasionally it bursts out in some wild deed of madness, showing the eternal flame beneath the surface. Thus it was with the shooting of the novelist David Graham Phillips.

Our civilization seems to be developing an increased number of characters of this morbid type. In the case of the assailant of Mayor Gaynor, the mental attitude that produced the act seemed to be an exaggerated form of "The world owes me a living" idea.

The case of Goldsborough, assassin of Phillips, is quite different. Coming from a prominent Maryland family, a gifted musician, he was a needy and despondent music teacher. His life was one of strain to make good in a highly competitive civilization. His inheritance from a substantial family was ever at war with his own industrial unfitness.

The too small esteem which we give to honorable work in humble callings must produce many types of character like Goldsborough, now dead by his own hand. Men of this type would feel it a disgrace to make a simple living by some such calling as farming. They fail to realize that man's first duty is to till some small corner of God's vineyard, so that they shall make bread for themselves, and for their families if they have them. Not until a man knows he is able to perform this primary duty, has he any right to seek success among the hazards of art, literature and music.

This shooting is one more lesson of the danger of allowing men to go armed without limit. It is not merely in Lone Gulch, Nev., that the tragedy of the gun-toters occurs. But as this event shows, it happens equally under the shadow of the schools and churches of America's greatest center of civilization.

AROUND TOWN. Can you beat this for climate? Some splash McCurdy made, at that. The Stehr case is up. (To get the effect, pronounce it "staircase.") This column has contracted a cough and would like to break the contract.

Wouldn't it be strange if old Doc Cook would, after all, succeed in dividing north pole honors with Peary? About 6 a. m. daily we feel as if we could sleep fifty hours, just as that hypnotic subject did, without half trying.

It would have been warm enough yesterday to have deserted furnace golf and return to the cow pasture kind.

A Norfolk woman is anticipating a trip to the coast with great joy because they serve such good soup on the dining cars.

But what if the welfare of the dear people should demand further service from Tekamah Jim in congress? Don't the people count?

They hypnotized a man in Norfolk the other night and put him to sleep for fifty hours. The street cleaning department has been slumbering at the mayor's suggestion for almost fifty weeks.

The city attorney announces that he will move onto a farm where he can put motions to suit himself. If he violates the laws of scientific farming as he did the rules of parliamentary procedure at the council meeting the other night, he's apt to have a crop of weeds to harvest.

A certain safety razor company has sent us a circular, declaring that our name was given them by J. K. We don't know whether the insinuation is that our shaves aren't up to snuff, or that our butchered appearance indicates the need of greater safety. How about it, J. K.?

When you get so old that your hair begins to get thin on the top of your head and you begin to turn grey (that is, your hair does) it's some consolation to meet people every little while who can say: "Why I can remember when you wore knee pants."

We made a Bogey score at furnace golf last week. Didn't get any \$10 cash prize for it, but saved \$10 worth of coal. Only one tubful of ashes for the week. Here's where we get back at the c. m.

Some women are just contrary enough that, now that puffs and rats

have gone out of style, they lay on an extra amount of the stuff.

Now somebody WILL see that first robin.

If the weather man tempts us many more days, we're going to break in some of those Christmas golf balls.

A prominent Norfolk physician was slightly embarrassed yesterday when greeted on the street by a small child who cried in a shrill voice: "Doctor, Freddie ain't got its any more."

The crop of rumors about prospective changes in railroad officialdom, still thrives.

The anti-overcoat brigade ought to enjoy this weather. "Auntie," because it shows signs of having visited its "uncle."

Men look out of place at a matinee. Post card philosophy: "Do Him Now."

The older the business the more dead timber.

A husband, to be satisfactory, must also be liberal.

Almost any woman will give advice on any subject.

Even a lecture will draw if the doors are thrown wide open.

No grown boy is as good as his mother believes he is.

Why is it no one ever kicks about the high price of whisky?

Poor people say that wolves and storks often travel in pairs.

A farmer will stand for a longer business letter than a town man.

It's astonishing how much cold a girl with pretty arms can stand.

Gossip, remarked a man today, is something everybody is greatly interested in.

Laugh heartily at a man's joke and he'll have another one for you the next time he sees you.

It is our theory that no one was ever bothered by insomnia along about 5 o'clock a. m.

Then there are the people who don't care what kind of toilet soap they use, just so it is pink.

Remember that your family joke may not seem very funny to the company that comes to dinner.

It is an unusual person who can look after a side issue without taking time from his main business.

Most men have a great contempt for the valet until they get rich enough to hire one for themselves.

Daughter never gets over wondering what sort of argument father must have put up to induce mother to say yes.

Occasionally you encounter a man whose thirst for knowledge is chiefly concerned with the things he should not know.

It is all right to go back to the farm if you feel like it, but don't base your ideas of agriculture on life at the country club.

One way of showing your shiftlessness, if you are a grown man living in town, is to become excited over a good rabbit snow.

It is said every actor has an ambition to get into vaudeville, notwithstanding the fact that vaudeville is pretty bad as it is.

Nearly anyone can practice on a piano, but only a few can practice in a way to keep the preaching about that subject from being bitter.

Don't forget that there are martyrs who take considerable pride in their own crown of thorns, even to the extent of putting it on straight.

An anarchist doesn't have much of a desire to vote, and in several other particulars he is more gentle than a British suffragette in action.

A counterfeit is usually detected, but the imitation a woman puts up in lieu of the real thing in enthusiasm, manages to fool quite a number of people.

If a woman really loves a man, she will tell him occasionally that he works too hard even if the man in the case is holding a political job or is an army officer.

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

THE BUSH AFLAME WITH GOD. Text: "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of a bush."—Ex. III, 2.

God's schools are queer. Not many would choose them for under or post graduate work. Luther is first a back woodsman monk, Columbus weaves rugs. First India missionary is Carey, the cobbler. God takes a negro boy and puts him at Tuskegee. An unsuccessful tanner becomes a great general. He takes a boy born in poverty, raised in obscurity, uncouth, ungainly, and makes a Lincoln of him. He picks Moses, a slave child out of the Nile, puts him in a king's palace to learn statecraft, then sends him back of the desert to learn wordcraft. There he cares for cattle, shears sheep, weaves wool, learns the stars, beasts, birds, trees and bushes in the great university of outdoors. He sweats at common toil. How the Bible glorifies labor! Amos, the farmer; David, the shepherd; Elisha, the plowman; Gideon, the thrasher; Saul, the drover; Peter, the fisherman; Paul, the tent-maker; Christ, the carpenter. The kingdom of heaven is easier to a busy man than to an idle one.

The Burning Bush. One evening Moses is coming home along the edge of the desert with his sheep. He's a man now, matured by sad experience. Eyes full of mighty, deep, heart hunger. Forehead lined with questions yet unanswered. The yearnings of forty years pent up in his soul. No vision yet of God. No light along his sky line. A third of life gone, old age creeping on apace. He has staked his all on Jehovah's being God, and there's been no answer. Tonight he's coming along the side of Mount Horeb. He's trodden it for years. It's toward evening. The sun's going down rapidly in the west. Shadows are lengthening. Dusk and gloom of evening on forest and mountain, and in the fields of Jethro, way off yonder in the valley, the sheep are bleating. The smell of the flock is heavy in the damp evening air. The cry of a jackal is heard way up on the hill. An owl hoots mournfully in the tall cedars near the summit. Suddenly in the quiet of this familiar trail he stops. Look at that acacia bush up there! Is it the glint of the evening sun? He's seen that very bush scores of times, but never like that. Why, it's on fire! Yes, it burns. But look! Faith of those fathers, it is not consumed! It is a critical moment for the lonely shepherd. Moses turns aside to look. And as he turns the world turns with him!

The Voice. Then the Voice speaks to him, "Put off thy shoes." Reverence, to start with—a lost art today. People don't even bow their heads in God's house. Of course God doesn't speak to them, and they see no flame. The mountain might blaze like Vesuvius, but they wouldn't be impressed. They might look, but they wouldn't see. There's a difference between looking and seeing. Some people look at the sun set, others see the sunset. Earth's crammed with heaven. And every bush aflame with God. But only those who seek, can see or feel or know. Moses saw the bush, and it burned in his brain from that day till the one "by Nebot's lonely mountain," when he heard the same voice calling, "Moses, Moses!" Has God sent you back of Horeb, brother? Kept you there without a vision of better things? Same old task, same old path, lots of thorn bushes, but none on fire? "Now, preacher, I know what you are going to say, but I've missed it. I've been to the church. I've gone through the Bible even. But I've gone by the place. It's too late in the day for me." I guess that's what Moses thought. Many a long day and year he had trodden along this very road. When suddenly one year, one day, one hour, one particular moment, he lifted up his eyes, and lo, there was God!

Today's Call. Has the flame died out and the voice ceased? Or is God still near? Possibly the vision is daily, commonplace. Maybe we are up looking at the bush. Kicking at its roots with our heavy heels, measuring at its height, pinching the berries, nipping off a leaf, feeling the point of a thorn with our thumb. Yes, we know this bush—it's an acacia, sure; botanically, it's a "leguminosa." Meanwhile the ether is a quiver and the atmosphere is vibrant with the unconsumed power. Yes, the church is built of wood and stone. The Bible is the same blinding and print as any other book. And Christ came a baby, like your own, my good mother. Is that our view of the bush? God be patient! There's a trick of the eye in looking, men. That's an abomination to the Lord. Has your vision faded? Is the God of the bush no more? Is he the God of the ancients only? No! As Jehovah-Jehovah liveth, no! He's not the God of the dead only, though their name be Abram, Isaac, Jacob and Moses. Is he the God of the fathers? Then by the living bush he is the God of the sons! Now are we the sons of God? Be not disheartened, brother; soon you may see the bush aflame with God, and a voice calling for you as the voice called Abraham! Moses! Samuel! David! Saul!

Call and see the cook or servant whose ad today makes her seem "eligible."

News want ads get the business.