

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.

Telephone: Editorial Department No. 22. Business Office and Job Rooms, No. H 22.

Those who put in a garden in the middle of March now wish they had put in a ton of coal.

The complaint is made that it takes a ton and a half of hay to buy a square meal in New York.

Defective electric wiring is said to have set the Albany statehouse afire. Perhaps it was the wire pulling.

As the Mexican insurgents were offered a new cabinet instead of a pie-counter, they are still insuring.

With a \$27,000,000 capitol to rebuild, statehood is going to be a paying proposition in New York state for a while.

In view of the opening of the garden season, let us all sing that beautiful hymn, "Lay down the shovel and the hoe."

Explorer Mikkelsen is reported lost in Greenland. This is the first round on the ladder for success on the lecture platform.

Probably the spiritual significance of the Easter festival can be properly noted even if you do not get your Easter hat done.

They are now talking of carrying magazines by freight. A carload of those love stories ought not to weigh much of anything.

Admiral Togo is coming over to see Panama, and there is no doubt in our minds that he means to carry the canal back to Japan.

Banker Vanderlip of New York may not say that money is distressingly easy after the bill for his wife's new spring hat comes in.

The people who demand safe factories for the garment workers must be prepared to pass over more than 89 cents for a shirtwaist.

W. J. Bryan says the newspapers should not publish reports of crimes. But in 1896 he was feeding out hot stuff on the "crime of '73."

Priceless documents were burned in the New York capitol fire, but the creditable record of the legislature is not got rid of so easily.

Jack Johnson was jailed for over-speeding an auto in San Francisco. He marked that black streak along the streets a little too fast.

China yields to Russia's demands. After some experience of Russia in our kitchen, we have found that she is given to smashing China.

Chief Yukehoma wants the Indian youth to be free of school tasks. All they have to do is to get on the ball team of one of our colleges.

The wool growers are about to invade Washington. They seem to think that the wrong man has run off with the shearing scissors.

Colonel Cody will appear in a new role as senator from New Mexico. He ought to be able to round up the old boys and drive them to a vote.

The Italian Camorra adopts very awkward ways of getting rid of unpleasant people. In our country we simply blackball them at the clubs.

A millionaire graduate of Harvard has gone to work in a grocery store at \$9 a week. He is going to learn the business from the molasses barrel up.

They are having wild old times at the Camorra trial in Italy, and the scene is almost as thrilling as when the umpire decides against the home team.

The Persian parliament is to engage five American financial specialists. The women who promote cake sales at our church would seem to be likely candidates.

The Kansas City council has passed an anti-hat pin order, and soon they will know how the Russian duma feels when the czar kicks a session's work into the coal hole.

President Diaz talks of resigning since they stoned the palace, but our senators continue calm while the insurgents are pitching vegetables into the parlor windows.

"A Penurious Highbrow" asks the New York Sun what to do to remove gloss from a pair of trousers. Our advice would be to wear them while planting the garden.

Actual regulation of express rates is very near at hand. There is no reason in the world why the government should regulate freight rates and

allow the express companies to do business in the monopolistic manner they employ at present.

President Taft's message will be brief. This may have resulted from our frank statement that we would never hire him for a reporter until he learned to boil it down.

Encouraged by Mr. Taft, the dove of peace was beginning to look quite perky, when the German chancellor came along and said she is no better than the old speckled hen.

Dr. D. K. Pearson of Chicago celebrated his 91st birthday by giving away \$300,000 to colleges. The doctor seems determined to snatch the bread and butter out of the mouths of the lawyers.

Guarantee of bank deposits was the favorite democratic nostrum in 1906, but already in Oklahoma the solid banks that have had to pay the losses of the wildcats are sick of the whole system.

Mexican peace terms are now being discussed. We hope they put in a clause against those long crowned cone shaped hats the Mexicans wear, which excite the alarm of peaceably disposed visitors.

There is a shakeup in the railway mail service, and now if the letters which have been given the old man to take to the postoffice are shaken out of his pockets, mail matter ought to come along on time.

Champ Clark declines to use the speaker's automobile. But if they would give him a democrat wagon and a Missouri mule he could ride to the capitol without giving aid and comfort to the plutocrats.

It is said that Mr. Aldrich could draw all the money out of the treasury under his powers by the monetary commission law. But as so much of it would be gold and silver, he could not get far with his pockets so weighted down.

New York is to get rid of its old time horse cars. Of the youth of that city want to see a horse, they will have to hunt around among the megatherium skeletons of the natural history collections.

It would have been less embarrassing had we published the spring poetry recently offered us. But had we done so, our years of labor to get the Pegasus of this neighborhood lassoed and tied up in their stalls would have been thrown away.

McCook appeals to the average Nebraska citizen as the logical point for the location of the new southwest Nebraska agricultural school, and north Nebraska people would be glad to see the institution settled there. McCook is ideally located so as to make the new school of the greatest value to the section to be benefited.

A beneficial change has taken place in the attitude of the Diaz government toward the insurrection since the United States troops mobilized on the Mexican border. Now the administration will have to do one of two things, either promptly suppress the insurgents or sincerely make satisfactory concession to them. Before the troops arrived it was doing neither.

Rudolph Spreckles, who has spent so much time and money in the purification of California politics and finally succeeded in getting Abe Reuf behind the bars, is now touring the country speaking to commercial clubs in various cities, urging the duty of business men to redeem city politics from the scandals by which municipal life is now so generally infested.

The Crimean and Japanese wars were both Muscovite defeats. The first denied Russia entrance by the front door into Turkey. And from that day Russia has been trying to pry open the back door in Armenia. The second denied Russia admittance into China through the front door of Manchuria. And from that day the czar's forces have been persistently hammering at the back door of Chinese Turkestan. If everlasting persistence wins out in this old world then the Russians will eventually get there.

Some of the insurgents in congress are finding themselves in a difficult predicament. Congressman Norris of Nebraska has joined the "reactionaries" in trying to defeat President Taft's plan to reduce the cost of living by a Canadian reciprocity agreement. But the insurgents don't seem to be acting harmoniously. Ex-Senator Beveridge of Indiana, for instance, is one of the reciprocity's strongest advocates. A few months ago Mr. Norris and other reformers were seeking revision of the tariff. Now that revision is offered in liberal quantity, he refuses to support it. He declares it is "a gold brick" handed to the farmer. Apparently Mr. Norris is playing politics and wants tariff revision only on commodities produced outside of his congressional district.

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY LOSS  
The worst of the Albany state house fire is the loss of the state library with priceless documents, records, and historical books.

A building that serves as the vor-

text for the state's political life, with a horde of politicians and petitioners and committees, consuming cigars and throwing matches into waste baskets, is about as unfavorable a place for the storage of important records as could be imagined.

Copies of all important records are usually preserved, and the accumulated wisdom of the past is not dissipated by the power of the flame. But something more than a sentimental loss takes place when a historic document passes away.

The older generation had its sharp limitations of narrowness and ignorance. But it had grand qualities of simple living, honest painstaking industry, and patriotic fervor, and every scrap of paper that makes the life of the old worthies vivid is priceless.

THOSE SCHOOL BONDS  
Surprising as it may seem, organized opposition to the school bonds, to be voted upon at the coming election, has developed in some quarters and it remains for the people of Norfolk who are desirous of educating the city's children in the best possible way, to see to it that the bonds carry.

The statement of the board of education has very definitely set forth the issue. For two years the board has known that bonds would be needed this spring, to take care of the increase in the number of school children.

If the bonds fail, many little children will go to school in a fire trap of a building; many will have to walk long distances over railroad tracks to school; many will be allowed to go only half a day at a time.

Norfolk has never yet failed to take care of her children and it seems a pity that there should be opposition in any quarter to bonds that are so emphatically demanded by present conditions as are these.

THE NEED OF A HOSPITAL  
Not many months ago a man in Gregory county, S. D., developed an acute case of appendicitis and was rushed to Omaha for an operation. By the time the long journey was ended, the man was so nearly dead that an operation would have been futile and he expired. If there had been a hospital at Norfolk, it is more than likely that man would have been brought to Norfolk—only half the distance to Omaha—and his life might have been saved.

There is no assurance, of course, that the patient in that particular case could have lived, even if he had not been compelled to undergo the long railroad journey. But the point is clear. Norfolk is the commercial hub of a very large territory in north Nebraska and southern South Dakota. And as such, it should be provided with modern hospital facilities.

Its geographical position demands such an institution here. And it is time for Norfolk to begin thinking about how to meet this demand.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond has joined Andrew Carnegie in declaring that the poor are as happy as the rich. There is nothing original or startling in the statement of either, but the inference that the have-nots are as fortunate as the possessors of wealth is as misleading as it is untrue. An abundance of money added to a substantial fund of character and intelligence brings power, comfort and pleasure that cannot be had without it. These things help greatly in making life worth living. While no man need be ashamed of honest poverty, every man who has a particle of red blood in his veins desires and strives to gain a competence and even more if possible, that he may be worth more to himself and to others than he otherwise can be. This, no doubt, was the motive that prompted Carnegie and Hammond to acquire their millions and however much they may talk to the contrary, neither they nor their families would take the place of the men who have to struggle all their lives close to the bread line. Money does not make people happy. Many people who have it are miserable as well as many who do not have it. It is foolish, however, to minimize its value in adding to life's possibilities.

A REGRETTABLE DEFEAT.  
It is to be regretted that the Nebraska legislature has seen fit to kill the small appropriation asked for by the business men of the state to advertise Nebraska and its resources.

Only \$25,000—a very insignificant sum as compared with the sums spent by business corporations of less call than the state of Nebraska—was asked for and this would have served to get the new publicity work started. Nebraska has great things to offer by reason of its possession of the most fertile soil on the face of the globe and there are many opportunities open to new enterprises, but Nebraska can not hope to build up by folding its hands or twirling its thumbs and waiting for "things to turn up" any more than mammoth business institutions can. The advertising appropriation of the Union Pacific railroad runs into millions each year and if a great railroad can afford to spend so vast a sum to advertise the territory into which it runs, surely the great state of Nebraska could well afford to invest a small \$25,000 for advertising purposes.

Thousands of people have been induced to settle in Minnesota, in Canada, in Texas, in Colorado, in Idaho and in other states by reason of ad-

vertising. Iowa within the last ten years actually lost in population. Nebraska's gain was small compared with the gain of many other states. Surely the census figures ought to serve as warning enough to the state legislature that it is up to Nebraska to adopt modern methods if it expects any material increase in population.

NORFOLK NEEDS A HOSPITAL.  
Norfolk needs a hospital. It needs a hospital right now.

As the commercial metropolis of northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota, Norfolk owes it not only to itself but to the people of the territory tributary to this city as a hub, to provide hospital service for the sick and injured. More than that, the city itself should be equipped with such an institution, regardless of the outside.

Every day people pass through Norfolk from northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota, to seek relief from illness or injury in hospitals located at points a hundred miles or so further on. They ought to be able to get off the train at Norfolk and find the hospital care they need.

There are too many people looking upon Norfolk as a commercial center, for the city to shirk responsibility. Successful hospitals are being operated in towns much smaller than Norfolk and with nothing like the field to draw from, that Norfolk has.

It's time we were going at the hospital proposition in some concrete form, and in earnest. There ought to be some means of getting one established.

THE ALBANY STATE HOUSE FIRE.  
The immunity of so-called fire proof buildings from flames got another jolt when the New York \$27,000,000 capitol went up in smoke, only a few days after the human sacrifice in another so-called fire proof building in New York City.

There will be no great regret, except by the taxpayers, for the loss of the needless luxury provided the legislators. There is an incongruity in a setting of marbles and velvets, wrung largely from the pockets of tollsome farmers and mechanics, for representatives so many of whom work first for their own pockets.

If the loss of all this costly construction could teach our public servants the value of a substantial simplicity in our public buildings, the fire would be worth all its costs. Oftentimes the simple faces of unadorned stone create a far greater impression of dignity and power than elaborate carvings.

Our state public buildings should never give an appearance of stinting and poverty. But on the other hand, there is no reason why they should be more costly than the average handsome city business block.

When state authorities attempt to branch out in artistic lines, the money is often wasted. Our politicians are not ordinarily good judges of statuary, painting, and the decorative arts. They are apt to choose designs, colors and compositions, the effect of which, instead of attracting the admiration of the judicious, excites the amusement of those who are capable of judging a work of art.

Such a public building as that at Albany, costing twice as much as the national capitol, instead of being a monument to state progress and enlightenment, is a monument to public extravagance. It is a story shouted from the housetops and handed down to succeeding generations, not of achievement, but of failure to introduce efficiency in administration of public resources.

NEWSPAPER CONFIDENCES.  
A perplexing question in newspaper ethics is raised by the refusal of H. H. Kohlsaat, publisher of the Chicago Record-Herald, to give up the name of the man who gave him confidential information about the alleged "slush fund" of \$100,000 to elect Senator Lorimer. Mr. Kohlsaat defies the legislative committee, and will put on prison clothes rather than break his word.

The public is keenly anxious to get at the bottom of the Lorimer case. It is sick of whitewash coats. It wants the truth regardless of whom it will hit. One's first feeling is of disappointment that Mr. Kohlsaat will not serve the ends of justice, by opening up a clew that will go to the heart of this labyrinth of political mystery.

But looking at it in a broader way, what will happen if the precedent is established that newspaper publishers can be driven to give up sources of information given in confidence?

To put it another way, Mr. Kohlsaat the man who gave this tip to Mr. Kohlsaat ever have given it, had he not believed that he was protected by the word of the publisher?

A great deal of valuable information is constantly being secured in this way, by men willing to put newspapers on the track of things the public ought to know, in return for a pledge of secrecy.

It is not wise to choke off this avenue of approach to wrongdoers. To most men a promise is a thing of paper, to be scattered to the winds on easy pretenses. When you come across a man to whom a promise means something, don't try to force him off his eminence of rectitude into

the common herd of easy liars. In a smaller way this problem is one constantly recurring in ordinary newspaper life. The publisher should, and usually does, protect the man who gives him information. That is one reason why the newspaper secures access to sources of knowledge closed to the general public.

FARMERS SHOULD APPRECIATE.  
Norfolk farmers should appreciate the opportunity at their door to establish a horse breeding industry that would make them rich.

Belgian horses have been imported by the Norfolk Commercial club, through the assistance of G. L. Carlson, and it is the desire of the club directors that these animals be placed near Norfolk, in order to build up a great horse breeding industry here.

It is well for the farmers of the Norfolk district to remember that these young mares have been imported at quite a loss in time and trouble to the Commercial club, and that it would be little credit to the community to let breeders from outside the state come in and take these mares away. There are yet a few very choice individuals left, and farmers should take advantage of the opportunity in taking them before it is too late. Unless these mares are taken by the farmers here the next assignment will be left in Iowa, where they have already been spoken for.

No district in the United States has ever been able to get imported mares on any such terms as these are delivered here. Even dealers and importers have to put up the cash for all imported horses before those horses leave their native land. Other districts and men have been working for years for such an opportunity, but without success. Norfolk has succeeded in bringing these mares to the farmers of our trade territory at a low cost price. The question only remains: To what extent will the farmers profit by such an opportunity?

AROUND TOWN.  
Though men teachers don't draw as big pay as railway presidents, still there are compensations. The ratio of women teachers to men teachers, at the annual conventions, is about 16 to 1.

Some people claim that nothing short of fire could have purified the New York state capitol.

We see by the paper that an automobile went a mile in 49.32 seconds Friday. At that rate, it would take about as long as would be required to draw your breath, to get to the Country club from The News office. And that would be about fast enough.

Speaking of automobiles, we can't for the life of us decide whether to buy an auto or an aeroplane; and if it's to be an aeroplane, we can't come to a decision as to whether it should be monoplane or biplane.

We had given the auto the preference and almost got ready to buy, but so many other people have bought 'em that it isn't necessary. We'll use theirs.

We're glad to see A. Showers back after a year's absence.

Incidentally, we're not weeping over the departure of M. Winds.

Saturday was a day that belongs to all the world. (Here's hoping the world won't take offense.)

May day is the next holiday.

And before very long it'll be July 4.

Norfolk needs a hospital.

Isn't girls the sassy things? Think of the snobbishness of that Chicago artist model.

We're panting anxiously for the opinion of the United States supreme court as to, "What is a widow?" Some widows are conspirators, a Norfolk man thinks.

Another April 1 has come and gone, and we escaped with our lives.

But we must admit the weather man slipped one over on us.

Also, our napkin was pinned to the tablecloth.

But we didn't bite on any cigar nailed down to the desk. (We never smoke on April 1, thank you.)

This is Henrietta Crossman week in Norfolk.

And speaking of Henrietta, we're going to take our opera glasses along and try to see whether she uses — cold cream, or not. We got a sample of that kind of cold cream along with a package of drugs the other day and a little booklet telling about the wonders of the cream, declared that, among the noted actresses who use it, is Henrietta Crossman. We can't answer the question with opera glasses, we're going to have the dramatic man from The News put the query to her, point blank. We believe in keeping history straight.

Did you vote?

Ye gods, but these election days are dry.

There is this inevitable tragedy about every election day: One side is bound to lose.

In fact Norfolk is not living up to its opportunities or to its responsibilities, in not having a hospital. If Nor-

folk wants northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota to regard this as the metropolis of this vast territory, then Norfolk must get in the game with institutions which will entitle the city to that distinction. It's time we were doing something along this line.

Everybody's glad it's over, and that it doesn't come any oftener than it does.

The addition of twenty-five men to the Northwestern railroad company's force in Norfolk, to handle transfer business, has every advantage of a new factory employing twenty-five men the year around, so far as Norfolk is concerned. In some ways it has advantages that the new factory might not have: There's no chance of the Northwestern running a few months and then going broke; and it isn't necessary to buy stock in the enterprise to get the payroll going. It means much to Norfolk and it means, too, that Norfolk is becoming more and more the business center for a very large portion of Nebraska and South Dakota.

Norfolk is getting to have a convention once a week. The next one comes next Tuesday, when the importers of traveling salesmen and retailers of north Nebraska, who recently selected this city as their permanent meeting point, will come to town.

Norfolk needs a hospital.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.  
A man's home is his wife's castle.

An election isn't exciting unless there is abuse.

Some men are too lazy to make their own mistakes.

New blood doesn't do as much for a town as new money.

Those who have competition don't consider it the life of trade.

You can always rely upon a jealous woman finding something to work on.

The only thing a sober man enjoys about a drunk is seeing him sent to jail.

An Atchison man is lucky in everything that has nothing to do with money.

Count McGowan refers to a certain lazy, talky man as a "corn-shucker in May."

Pitching baseball isn't the only field of endeavor where good control is needed.

Surprising how many people stand ready to help you when you don't need help.

The biggest talker in town will tell you that he knows enough to keep his mouth shut.

Persons seeking some light form of exercise are advised to run on the prohibition ticket.

People always welcome the breaking up of a hard winter and the basketball season.

If a man works as much as two evenings a week he "lets on" that he works every night.

The man who smokes without smoking too much doesn't get much satisfaction out of the habit.

"All I know about geography is that the north pole is at the top of the map," said Doc Robinson today.

Duck hunters are the kind of men who would do something equally as foolish if they didn't hunt ducks.

If a negro had the making of the immigration laws, he probably would begin by shutting out the Greeks.

A funny sight is a very large woman wearing a waist buttoned down the back with very small buttons.

The only time a boy's personal appearance attracts attention in the first time he appears in long pants.

When a man likes oysters better than fresh oysters, he is apt to have poor taste in other matters.

Whenever it is given out that an actor is in a hospital it is talked around that he is really in an asylum.

Theatrical attractions, however, are better than they look the next day to a man who eats supper after the play.

Bill Bowen: "I notice that the minority is usually the side that wants harmony, and talks about patriotism."



THE ETERNAL WEIGHING.

Text. "Thou art weighed in the balance."—Dan. v. 26.

Education is really the cultivation of the critical faculty, judgment, setting one thing over against another and rendering a verdict. Belongs to all conditions. "Robber!" shrieks juvenile voice on bleachers. "Dat man wasn't out at first!" It's the keenest, most used faculty in human nature. We get it from the Almighty. Only no man ever thinks he will ever strike the scales himself. "Judgment is archaic," says the malefactor. "There's to be no judgment!" cries one rogue after another. So it runs on to the end of a long, disgraceful chapter. Certainty of a sure, swift, terrible judgment would have a magic effect on business and political methods in America today.

"Do I believe in a judgment day?" One or a thousand. "For all men?" All or none. If none then the kingdom of heaven is worse than some cities that sit "corrupt and contented," for they punish violators of city ordinances—if they're poor and friendless. "But men are suffering every day for their offenses." Yes, suffering consequences, not penalties. "Aren't you appealing to fear when you talk judgment?" Yes, fear and comfort also.

Your Own Scales.  
Anybody can weigh himself. If I'm too stout I'll juggle the figures when I come to tell. If too thin the problem's easier still. Figures don't lie, but liars figure. But then I myself know the truth. A pound's a pound—sixteen ounces. Not thirty-five, but thirty-six, inches is a yard. Right's right; wrong's wrong. I may scribble figures and multiply words, but all the while I know. I know with what I filled my shuttle before the cloth was woven.

The truest human register is in the soul itself. One is his own district attorney, judge and jury. Aye, suicide statistics show one may be his own executioner. Whether the Bible story of heaven and hell is correct or so doesn't matter. They are within us, now and here. And the black pages, the closed chapters, the hushed up things, are on the scales of our own balancing.

Your Neighbor's Scales.  
The world's scales are a little uncertain. Depends on who, where and who. In one age "witchcraft" is a serious thing; in another it's laughed at. The world swings from a Puritan to a "wide open" Sunday. Follow the crowd on Sunday night in Toronto you'll go to church; in San Francisco you'll go to the theater. One state hangs for murder; another adds rape, another train wrecking, another arson. Your friends, your enemies, your neighbors, your community, is weighing you. But their scales are mighty imperfect, liable to ignorance, mistake, prejudice. They know only part of the facts. You're neither so good as your friends think nor so bad as your enemies think. Their judgments are a queer mixture of hate, love, kindness and selfishness. There's very little sympathy and a great deal of cruelty in your fellow's weighing, because he takes your worst trait and measures it against his best. He doesn't mention his greed when he condemns your passion. He forgets his untruthfulness when he execrates your fondness for drink. Nevertheless your neighbor's judgment can be deep, searching and fearfully just. If your shopmates unite in declaring you are untruthful, if your neighbors as a whole declare you are an imprudent woman, if your best friends or even your worst enemies hint that your capital is empty, swelling, flaunting, pretentious, then it is at least time to stop and take account of stock. It may be that you are misjudged and ill abused, but it looks as if the scales may be giving you your true weight.

God's Scales.  
You cannot weigh all things in same scales. Coal scales and gold scales are different. One scale will weigh a freight car, another an eyelash. There are others yet more important on which thoughts and motives, conduct and character, are weighed. They are the invisible scales of the Almighty. One may be using world scales and feel satisfied. God balances afterward and says, "Weighed and wanting." Napoleon says, "God is on side of heaviest battalions." God's answer is St. Helena. A great constitutional lawyer rises in national firmament, sways United States senate. Drink is on one pan of scales, presidency the other. Weighed and wanting! God puts a great church in the scales—minister, officials, choir, pipe organ, cathedral-like structure on one side, spiritual life on the other. Weighed and wanting! Once upon a day the Master stood over against the treasury and watched the wealthy Jews drop their rich gifts into the treasury box of the temple. A poor widow came, dropped in her mite. He declared she gave more than any that day. He weighed cost of gift and how much was left. There's no weighing scales, blinding beams, wresting pivots, altering figures after that. His scales are awful in their exactness. But the weighing is really just. Thank God for that! He takes heart desiring, unexpressed feelings, just purposes, hidden repentance, heredity, environment, opportunity, health, into account. He spreads our life out before him. He sees it as a whole. He doesn't select one bad gnarled apple from under our life tree. He notices the whole crop.

Print a want ad—and make it interesting to people who might buy your lots.

A want ad will find it if it's findable.