

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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

THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. N. Huse, President.
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If the towns any of us live in are not to our liking, why let's get busy—it's all up to us.

A man is likely to be dead a long time, so there's really no sense in beginning before he dies.

This year's sea serpent is said to have wings, but perhaps it was only a hydroplane out for practice.

Chemistry has given us many a face wash, but the world still waits in vain for a successful brain wash.

Harvard is planning a special campaign for western students. They are tired of seeing their football team licked.

Camping in the Sahara is said to be a specific for rheumatism and pulmonary complaints. Which would you prefer?

The girl scouts have been organized now, and they will soon blaze a distinct trail to the nearest ice cream parlors.

The shrinking habit of the violet has always been held up as a virtue, but it is not thus regarded in the case of the bathing suit.

The general attitude of congress and the legislature resembles that of the boy who is ordered to go to church on circus night.

The democratic idea of tariff legislation is that it pays to throw a man out of work in order to buy what he produces a few cents cheaper.

A mechanic was killed at the Indianapolis motor race Memorial day, but this trifling incident did not ruffle the good nature of the crowd.

These "costume recitals" are popular with conservative people who are tired of the summer theater shows where no costumes are permitted.

The June college orator feels competent to write a guide book of life, but by the time he marries he is reconciled to a personally conducted tour.

The troops are being withdrawn from Texas, feeling much like city sportsmen when the game warden warns them that it is a closed season.

The Chicago Tribune favors using the roller towel to swat the fly with. We prefer an old newspaper as an illustration of the power of the press.

Col. Goethals says the Panama canal is to be done July 1, 1913. If so, we have no doubt he will let off one or two fire crackers three days after that date.

The tobacco trust decision was called comprehensive, but it failed to examine the question if anything had been done to stop the boys from smoking sweet fern.

\$60,000,000 in gold was turned over by Diaz to the new Mexican government. Had he put it in paper money, he might have carried it off sewed into his trousers.

The pessimists say the Memorial day observance shows the decline of patriotism, but just think of how the rosters scrape their throats cheering the home team.

The governor of Arkansas threatens to call out the militia to keep peace in the legislature. Our theory would be to send home for the wives of the representatives.

The post office department is criticized for paying \$35 for a waist basket, but it probably takes about that size to hold the daily grist of applications for office.

Justice Harlan may entertain a different view from all the rest of the court, but not until a man has defied his wife's opinion do we know that he has independent convictions.

The Brooklyn jury that granted a woman who had been kissed without her consent only six cents had better not come up for public office when women have the ballot.

The republican party has never yet been badly divided in a presidential campaign, and the early line up on the Taft reservation indicates a gradual concentration of forces.

The new president of the Chicago stock exchange was a former blacksmith, but he will have to say something more forcible than "whoa" in order to shoo those bulls and bears.

Our old friend Cip Castro is getting ready for an armed descent on Venezuela. As it is hot weather to go to moving picture shows down there, the

country is probably ripe for a revolution.

According to the treasury department figures every one in the United States should have \$24.70 in cash and most of them are wondering who has theirs.

The death of the author of Pinocchio reminds us that his tenuous production died before him. After some seasons of musical comedy, its resurrection would be welcomed.

If the Panama canal is completed July 1, 1913, as is now hoped, it will not be easy to hold the people of the United States to a safe and sane Fourth of July three days later.

Tia Juana, the Mexican border town which has been so prominent in the war news, loses its romantic sound entirely when it is translated into English and reads plain Aunt Jane.

J. J. Hill, finding the Burlington road awkwardly situated in his inside vest pocket, thinks under the new decisions he can legally keep it in his trousers pocket, where he can get at it more handsly.

Should Mr. Wickersham's prophecy be realized, we would like to spend our vacation on the lawn in front of the jail, feasting our eyes on the luxurious sight of a few trust magnates behind the bars.

Queen Mary does not approve of the present styles in women's dress. Still she could hardly be pronounced a radical reformer along this line when the train to her coronation robe measures some twenty feet.

A bunch of wireless company promoters go to jail, but those kind of schemes will be worked as long as so many people judge the value of a security by the looks of the lithograph on the certificate.

New York is worried about its water supply, but if worst comes to worst, Harlem river water would be better than a lot of things they drink now, and they can go down to Coney for a Saturday night bath.

The steel trust investigating committee should not be satisfied with looking over the illustrated gift books on Andy Carnegie's parlor table, but should demand a sight of his vest pocket memorandum books.

Having just finished examining 1,000 law books to see if the milkmen of this town have violated the "rule of reason" provisions of the trust law, we beg the public's pardon for the slight fog in our mental landscape.

They are charging duties on pet animals taken out from the country and brought back by tourists. An export bounty on pet dogs, and a prohibitory tariff on importing them, would promote the peace movement.

Mr. Roosevelt says this country would never arbitrate the Monroe doctrine. Very likely not, yet some people regard the M. D. as an elephant that should be given away to anyone who will agree to give it a good time.

Sixty-three killed in the Mexican earthquake. There would have been many more if the skyscraper habit had caught on. But unlike us, these half civilized neighbors don't try to build their nests in the thunder clouds.

The Germans in their usual methodical manner have figured out that of the \$200,000,000 spent in Europe by Americans each year Germany gets only \$25,000,000, and they are planning how to attract a larger portion of this vast sum next year.

The president is considering setting apart as a national park the famous natural park in Colorado known as Monument park, in Mesa. The agents have urged that about 14,000 acres on the south side of Grand river be included in the reservation.

It is claimed that the wool for a suit of men's clothes costs \$1.50. If brought a new tariff law the wool can be bought for \$1.34, would there be any guarantee that the wearer of the suit could get it 16 cents cheaper? Would the \$35 suit be sold for \$34.84?

Mexico city survived the triumphant arrival of Madero within its limits and an earthquake all the same day. It's wonderful what some of these places that have been in a chronic state of revolution can stand. There's nothing like being used to trouble and commotion.

The sanitation of the Panama canal zone has cost this government over twenty million dollars. It has proved to be worth all it has cost in several ways, not the least of which is the object lesson it has been to the rest of the world in showing what scientific sanitation can do.

Kansas is already calling for harvest help. Everywhere there is prospect of another bountiful yield of the fruits of the soil. Trade is already feeling the impetus of its promise and there need be no idle men who know how to work in the harvest field for some time to come.

It is said that Edison has at last perfected a storage battery that overcomes the difficulties that have pre-

viously prevented their coming into general use. They have been expensive, heavy, limited in their range of action and slow in the methods of recharging. Now Mr. Edison claims to have eliminated these objections.

Mr. Carnegie predicts the disappearance of multi-millionaires. If the rest do not have any better success than he does in reducing their fortunes, the type will not disappear very speedily. The trouble with Mr. Carnegie's realizing his ambition to die poor, is that he has the money making habit so firmly fastened upon him that he accumulates faster than he can disburse. Would that the rest of us could form the habit.

President Taft is insisting that the Canadian reciprocity pact should be adopted without amendments, and it seems likely that he has a majority of senators who will stand by him in that attitude. If reciprocity is desirable and should be ratified, it should go through without changes. As soon as one effort is made to improve the terms of the agreement, there will be many more attempted and the probable result would be the defeat of the measure.

London hotel keepers are said to be disappointed in the numbers of Americans arriving to view the coronation festivities. Queen Mary's open disapproval of the prominence of American women in court circles is having a marked effect on the American colony and their desire to get away is accentuated by the marked discrimination against Americans in the bestowal of coronation favors. This is in marked contrast with the attitude of Queen Victoria and King Edward.

As far back as there is any record of mankind and his surroundings the mosquito and the fly have existed to torment him. But it is only during the past few years that any one has advanced any theory for the extermination of the pest. It is now accepted as a fact that the draining of swamps and care of all refuse and drains will in time bring about their extinction. Strange that the world has endured them so long without finding the remedy before.

The original copies of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States, which are kept most carefully guarded and rarely allowed to be seen, were taken from the archives of the state department and examined by a few officials to see how they were standing the wear of time. The constitution, they say, is in good condition, but the Declaration is suffering from the ravages of time. Even the famous bold signature of John Hancock is now barely legible.

A few years ago Mr. Bryan and others made the welkin ring with gloomy hoarse notes of gloom about militarism and predicted the dire things for the Filipino people under American rule. In the light of present day facts these distressful predictions are laughable in the extreme and would make even their promoters smile at their absurdity. Never in the world's history has a submerged race had so much of a beneficent nature done for it as has been done by the United States for the people of the Philippine islands in so short a time. It is the most marked and genuine triumph of modern civilization.

FREMONT'S RATE CASE.
Fremont's winning of a freight case before the interstate commerce commission should put backbone into the Norfolk Commercial club along this line, and arouse the club to some definite action.

The Fremont decision shows that small interior cities can win victories, when they are discriminated against. It shows that small interior cities are sometimes discriminated against. People who have studied the situation here, believe Norfolk is discriminated against in the matter of certain freight rates, and that an adjustment should be sought.

NOW A FALL FESTIVAL.
For many years Norfolk business men have realized that this city should conduct some sort of fall festival, similar to the Alsbaten or to the corn palace which has been so successful at Mitchell, S. D.

The obstacle has been the lack of any person who had the time to organize the work and carry it out. Now that we have a paid Commercial club secretary, it would seem that this should be one of the paramount undertakings.

People in territory tributary to Norfolk want to get a little recreation in the fall of the year, after the harvest. They want to meet old friends in some central assembling point. They want to be entertained. Yet they don't want to be forced to take the long journey necessary to the cities. Norfolk's logical point for such a gathering in this territory.

There should be high class entertainment, such as at Mitchell, where Sousa's band was one of the events. And some such plan should be put into execution.

DON'T QUIT SCHOOL.
With the close of the year of our public schools, many of our boys are getting restless to go to work. Some of them are anxious to quit books for the shop or store even before they

have reached the high school grades.

The jingling of the pocket money enjoyed by a little older fellows looks manly and grand to some of these youngsters. To get \$1 a day at some boy's job, to have some spending money to treat the girls, and to go on junkets, without asking Dad for financial help—that seems ambition enough.

And yet how many fellows have utterly spoiled their future by throwing away the dollars of tomorrow for the pennies of today!

Every American boy needs, not necessarily a classical high school course, but an amount of work, either in a literary or technical school, equivalent to a high school course.

The fellow who lacks it occasionally gets ahead owing to some possession of exceptional gifts. In nine cases out of ten he is so crude and awkward mentally that he remains a plodder, a ditch digger and ribbon measurer all his life. Don't do it, boys!

SUMMER WEATHER.
The coming of the burning months of summer is dreaded by the majority of our people. Any physician will tell you, however, that pneumonia, bronchitis, and other of the greatest foes of the human physique, together with infinite and irritating minor affections of the throat and respiratory organs, grow out of the strain of adjusting our delicate human frame to the vicissitudes of winter.

In tropical climates they have acquired better the art of living in hot weather. They rise early, receive the cool invigoration of the drawing day, and by the time the sun has reached its meridian they are ready for their restful siesta. Their houses, built to admit air freely, are more favorable to mid-day sleep than our tightly built dwellings whose windows give insufficient access to the air.

As the sun dips toward the western horizon, some more work is done. Of course our abnormal and unwholesome system of factory and business office labor makes an ideal arrangement impracticable for most of us. But one hopes that mankind will not forever live in a manner defying his physical environment.

THE HOTEL MEN.
Over 1,000 hotel men from all over the country have been holding the annual convention the past week of their Mutual Benefit association. Last year they met in Los Angeles by the shores of the sleepy Pacific; this year they hie them to Boston's grouchy east winds and golden baked beans.

The business success of any community is vitally dependent on its having some well kept hotels. So we have been watching with keen interest the reports of these meetings, to see what suggestions these assembled bonifaces might have to communicate on the art and science of inn keeping.

An assemblage of hotel men is, however, always a display of the prowess of the chef of the house that entertains them. The newspaper men are stuffed to the teeth with toothsome dainties and hence they seem to overlook the inner significance of the gathering.

But we are not without faith to believe that in secret council these landlords have anxiously discussed the weighty responsibilities resting upon them. For it is a pretty serious blow to any town when its landlords fail to keep in touch with the refinements of modern inn keeping. Every traveler that visits the place judges the quality of the town by the entertainment offered at its public houses. We have known travelers to return from Venice, the very capital of ancient art and beauty and romance, thoroughly disgruntled with the place, because their hotel happened to give them tough cuts of meat and hard beds. Discomfort in such vitals of life throws its dull gloom over whatever pleasure or pleasure may bring the traveler to the city.

Traveling men are keenly sensitive to gradations of hotel service. Their leisure hours are largely spent in cursing this man's doughy pies or lauding that man's willing servants. When they get down on a certain inn, their animosity goes out to the whole town that shelters such a place. They regard the decline of its hotels as symptomatic of general ebb tide in business life. They spread the news far and wide that the city is going down hill.

Our state has its share both of good and poor hotels. And every man who maintains a clean, homelike hostelry, with cooking like mother used to make, renders as much of a public service as the board of trade that lands a new industry.

WHEN A MAN'S YOUNG.
It's a time of wonderful opportunity for the young man, if he'll get into the game. It's a day when the world recognizes, more than ever, that a young man is a real man in the business and political arena, and that because of his young blood and his enthusiasm and his ambitious energy, he has it over his elders from many points of view. The young man who makes a success must, of course, have the latent ability, but there's no reason why it can't get going early just as well as later.

A remarkable example of the young man in big business today was brought to the attention of Nebraska newspaper people at the state association convention in Omaha this week, when they had the pleasure of meeting

Courtland Smith of New York City, vice president and general manager of the American Press association, one of the most powerful newspaper organizations in the world. Mr. Smith is 27 years old and occupies with success a position which, a few years ago it would have been deemed impossible for any man under 40 to hold.

A son of Major Smith, the founder of the American Press association, the present general manager is a brilliant fellow, enthusiastic in his work, progressive and enterprising to the highest degree, a wonderful organizer and a scientific student of his business. Mr. Smith promises to revolutionize, by means of a plan which was original with him and which he is now putting into effect, the entire publicity business so far as foreign advertising and the country newspapers (small city dailies and weeklies) are concerned.

In his address, Mr. Smith declared that the greatest thing in the world is advertising. And the greatest advertising medium in the world, he added, is the country daily or weekly, because of the intensive results.

The big general advertiser has long known that the country daily or weekly was the best advertising medium on earth; but the difficulty of placing advertising in the small papers, due to a lack of anything like uniform or dependable rates in many instances (and often slack business methods) has worked against general advertisers and the country newspapers getting together as they ought. By offering the American Press association organization as a representative of the country press, Mr. Smith plans—and his plans are already making good—to revolutionize the whole business, bringing greater prosperity to the country publisher and making it possible for the general advertiser to use the most powerful advertising medium known.

Courtland Smith, if he accomplishes this gigantic task, will have done one of the greatest feats in the history of newspaper publishing. And yet he is undertaking the job at the age of 27. At 24 he was made general manager of the business which his father founded thirty-two years ago.

The object lesson to the young men of Nebraska afforded by the presence of this brilliant national figure of 27, should be an inspiring one; it should serve to give young men of 25 greater confidence in their own powers and in themselves as business and social factors in a community; and it should serve to inspire young men with greater ambition to get busy and make good on big undertakings, before they're 30.

AROUND TOWN.

An Omaha paper said this department of The News had "saved enough out of salary" to order an automobile. We mention the incident here because this is a column of jokes.

Here's a tip: Don't take a pair of sore heels to Omaha in hot weather and expect to get rid of 'em.

There's one bad trust in this nation that hasn't yet been dissolved by the supreme court. That's the train news agents' trust. Think of having to pay ten cents on the train for a little bag of peanuts no bigger than two fingers. It's an outrage.

It does seem as though everybody in Omaha that is anybody, got his start in Norfolk. There's Herman Bucholz and Charlie Harding and Rome Miller and Harry Brome and Ben White and Frank Campbell and Wynn Rainbolt and Joe Shoemaker and Frank Walters and Dr. Young and Harry Snyder and Fred Teal and Kid Hall and a hundred others of the first wires in that burg, who got their training up here in the metropolis of north Nebraska.

Mow the lawn and forget that it's hot.

And chop the weeds.

And swat the flies.

Temporarily, the heels are healed, thank you. (This is printed in order to eliminate the necessity of answering the 103 letters and telegrams of inquiry we've received.)

What's become of the old fashioned boy who, because he wore glasses, was called "Grandpa?"

And his running mate, the boy who, for the same offense, was nicknamed "Specks?"

One freckled Norfolk boy wearing spectacles, once met a friend who said, "Hello, Specks." And then he added, "I didn't call you Specks because of your glasses."

Clyde Hayes is the first celebrity worth a page in the Chicago Tribune, that we ever grew up with.

"Distance," says a Norfolk man, lends more enchantment in a game of golf than anywhere else on earth. Fore!

Doctors Tooth and Calverley of the British army found in the Boer war that in tents full of sick men, the flies left sufferers from sunstroke alone, but settled pitilessly on the faces of typhoid patients—and then swarmed over the food. It was then noted that when cold weather killed the flies, the typhoid stopped. So swat 'em.

And clean up the weeds in front of your yard. They look punk.

We want to voice an appreciation of a work that S. M. Braden has done for Norfolk. It was he who conceived the idea of organizing a country club

in Norfolk and it was through his efforts that the Norfolk Country club was created. As a result, Norfolk has been made a better place to live in and there's very much more pleasure derived from dwelling here than there was before.

As a matter of fact, can you think of any place on earth that is a more delightful place to live in, than Norfolk is today? A city of 6,000 people is the ideal size community in which to live and live happily. From that up to 20,000. It gives you all the advantages of a big city and none of the disadvantages. And Norfolk today is a very radically improved dwelling place from the Norfolk of even ten years ago.

It was but a short time ago that Norfolk had mighty few modern advantages. There were no electric lights in the residence district, none at all after midnight; there was no gas, no sewer system, no theater, no paved street; there was no Country club, no social clubs as there are today; there was no public library, no government building, no Y. M. C. A. building thought possible; there was no baseball diamond or driving park, no motor boats upon the river.

Today we have all of these and many more modern conveniences here in Norfolk. There are good schools and good churches. There is prosperity everywhere, and beautiful, comfortable homes are to be seen on every hand. And there's a spirit in the air that Norfolk is about to do big things—about to come into its own as the commercial hub of a vast expanse of the richest agricultural region on the face of this earth—and everybody's boosting for the town.

We still need improvements, just as every city, big or little, needs improvements. We need a public park, and it would be the best kind of judgment to vote bonds to establish one. We need a hospital, and won't live up to our responsibility as a community until we get it. We need a big, modern hotel. We need a street car line and a good road to the Junction, where the Northwestern is about to spend \$65,000 on a depot. And we need more flower beds in our lawns, and less weeds along the public streets. (And we need a new Union Pacific depot.)

But all these things are crystallizing and are going to come. And meanwhile, Norfolk has already the foundation to make it the ideal city of 6,000 in the United States. It has the foundation to make it a model city of its size, both as a city of homes and a city of business. And with a little organized effort toward both commercial and civic improvements, you're going to see Norfolk improve as much in the next three years as it has in the last fifteen.

Norfolk is on the verge of doing big things. It's a good time to stick to Norfolk and a good time to get in on the ground floor if you aren't already here. There are things in the air.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

When we compromise with a man it generally means we give in.

Did you ever know a steady man who didn't have a steady job?

While there is plenty of kicking on taxes, the revenue tax on booze is paid quite cheerfully.

Among the other mollycoddles, there is the farmer who puts an umbrella up over his riding cultivator.

Women who economize by making weak coffee should go farther, and make none, or else try to save in some other way.

You are dangerously near the end of your string when given another chance to make good.

There is this to say for the lightning liar: no one wants to put on a demonstration to prove that he is.

Beyond the fact that it has plenty of pockets, there isn't a great deal to be said in favor of the vest.

Never mind the knockers. Some people are so mean that they point out mistakes in the dictionaries.

Tastes differ, but it is our notion that "kid" is no kind of a pet name for a man to call his sweetheart.

No, Clementine, it isn't public spirit which prompts a man to try to make every other man's business his own.

Anyone can tell you how to keep cool in hot weather, but no one succeeds very well in applying this liberal advice.

As a rule, the family horse will work more faithfully at swatting flies than it does at pulling the family surveyor about.

A farm hand's idea of a good man to work for is one who doesn't have a woodshed for him to work in on rainy days.

Spontaneous combustion has also been relieved of most of the blame since cigarette smoking became a national pastime.

Are you ever willing to bury the hatchet before you observe that the enemy is armed with an axe or a rapid fire gun?

To narrow the field of an old question: What finally became of all those Swastika pins the women wore some time ago?

You may have observed that the man who takes great pride in his harness is apt to have a pretty good team under it.



SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. POWERS, D.D.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

Text, "Spent their time in nothing else but to tell or hear something new."—Acts xvii, 2.

The thirst for news is one of the strongest appetites humanity has. It's the secret of gossip. Men are more interesting than things, so we talk of men or women. The story of John Smith saving his scalp by telling his captors news may be fiction, but the psychological principle involved is true to human nature. From the woman in the sunbath to a clothesline in her mouth, talking over the back fence, to the correspondent with an arctic expedition their story has always a fascination to the human mind. Long ago it was said that the world was governed by three boxes—the cartridge box, the ballot box and the bandbox—force, votes and women. Add another, the mail box, loaded with countless products of the printing press.

A Great Appetite.

The American newspaper appetite is marvelous. It amounts to a passion—all ages from cradle to grave; all conditions from the newly landed emigrant looking at the "funny" pictures and spelling out headlines to the scholar and the busiest man of affairs; from day laborer to president; from scrubwoman to woman of fashion. As for the making of newspapers, it's a raging fever, a fearful delirium, a quasi-insanity. Time was when pilot boarding incoming ships was bedecked for news of world. Now the wireless in mid-ocean authors news from the four quarters of the globe, and a tiny newspaper lies at your plate at breakfast table. A great editor is defined as a man who knows where the devil will break out next and has a reporter on the spot to tell of it. It must be told in few words. Young reporter telegraphed home office: "Column story here. Shall I send?" The reply was, "Send 600 words." The "cul" wired again, "Can't be told less than 1,200." The answer came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."

Yellow and Other Journalism.

The essence of yellowness in a journal is vulgarly—diamonds at the breakfast table; the exaggeration which conventionalized says ought to be held in bounds; uses bass drum and megaphone to draw the crowd—its crowd. When its conservative neighbor has a Howard Griggs, with delicate allusions and carefully discriminated shades of meaning it has a cautious speaker who paints cartoons with a whitewash brush so that the whole crowd can see. It claims these methods are best and shows its circulation figures to prove it. It's after news and doesn't want to get "scooped." "News" tells the unusual. No city editor who values his job would give a full column to ordinary sermon, but he gladly "spaces" a sermon by Rev. Mr. Dashiell on "Why I Joined a Banding Class." See? No news in regular old and flow of tide, but when the gulf sweeps Galveston, let me ask you an embarrassing question: How do you feel when your newspaper has no scare heads? Your wife says, "Anything new in this morning's paper?" You growl, "No." Your tone implies you've been cheated, robbed of your penny. Listen, brother: The newspaper, the daily morgue of virtue, tells the story of the unusual. No earthly record could ever hold the story of the world's commonplace virtue, only the books of the omniscient God.

Power of the Press.

Carlyle said, "If you want to reach thousands with a thought put it into the heart of a preacher." That will never cease to be true, of course, but where the pulpit reaches one person the press reaches 500. The pulpit preaches once a week, the press seven times. The vast majority of people are not in church every seven days, but practically every one reads a paper once a week. When an American has a spare moment he picks up a newspaper. The power of the press is tremendous. A statement by a corner lounge has no value. Put it in a newspaper and it has a power almost hypnotic. Business men recognize the value of this subtle quality by advertising. It gives their stores prestige. There's nothing corrupt politics and evil so fear and hate as the newspaper. It elects presidents, dethrones kings, declares wars, directs armies and navies, decides public policies, makes or unmakes public men. We have practically arrived at government by newspaper, but since that is only another name for government by the people we need not be alarmed. If one had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without government he'd be safer with the latter.

The newspaper, being a human institution, has its faults, but I firmly believe it has ten thousand times more virtues than vices. Books are read only by the book lover; the church is closed most of the week; our parents die. The newspaper is always present, tireless, powerful, nonsectarian, nearly always impartial, inexpensive. How would Christ read the modern newspaper? As he read humanity while among them. He'd feel as at the wedding feast at Lazarus' tomb. Chinese famine, butchery of Russian Jews, filthy divorce scandal, the horrors of battle, waves of crime, humanity's woes, ought to make us as Christ's readers, humble, pitiful, charitable, thankful.

A classified advertisement will introduce you to the loser of the article you've found—an introduction of mutual importance.

Try a News watch-dog