

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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We take it for granted that Dr. Wiley keeps a "scrap" book.

No other substance in the world ever utterly disappears except money.

The farmer's dream is to run a hotel; the city man's dream is a chicken farm.

The greatest revolutionist of the age is said to be the man who works on the Ferris wheel.

With the advent of Senator Vardeman we may expect some important changes in the constitution.

Let us hope that in drawing up the international peace treaty the English sparrow was duly disposed of.

The Wiley episode clearly revealed the power of public opinion. Nobody is saying a word against the doctor now.

A snob is one of those that doesn't like those who are his superiors and all others because they are his inferiors.

The revolution in Mexico isn't the only one. The world has been having them ever since most of us can remember.

A Chicago balloonist recently tried to flop twice in the air and met his death in the attempt. He was not a politician.

Paris has adopted our expressive term sky-scraper in preference to their word "gratte-ciel," which means the same thing.

The best way to keep girls on the farm is to make it the most attractive place on earth to the boys. This rule works both ways.

The long drought which has prevailed in the south has broken. Every section of the country is now receiving plenty of moisture.

When it comes to investigating the money trust there are a lot of people who can honestly testify that they are not connected with it.

Ty Cobb has visited the president at the white house. Probably he gave him some pointers. Ty isn't in the habit of being put out.

The world is always looking for faster men, for keener men, for men who can conserve energy, increase output and minimize cost.

Uncle Sam confesses that he is short 200 second lieutenants. With the dancing season just about to open this is a serious matter.

President Taft has swept the republican platform so clean that the framers of the next one may think it safe to add a few more planks.

The children of Philadelphia, it is reported, caught 600,000 flies this summer. That beats the record of the Philadelphia baseball club.

Mexico promises to exclude Chinese labor. That will make it more difficult than ever for the San Francisco Chinese colony to get recruits.

The boys and girls of Washington having killed 5,000,000 flies, what means are left of keeping the government clerks awake on a hot day?

Among the important questions which Secretary Wilson has not yet answered is, "Why should boiled corn on the cob be called roasting ears?"

There is little danger that the Gatun dam gates at Panama will ever be tampered with by Hallowe'en frolicers since they weigh 750 tons each.

Now that the price of cotton is coming down with the big crop, it is our belief that Uncle Reuben should be able to add a billed shirt to his outfit.

Col. Astor has given Miss Force a \$12,000 engagement ring, which goes to show that it costs money for a young man to get married nowadays.

Mr. Taft may be able to milk Pauline, his Jersey cow, but can he drive his new horse Reciprocity well enough to plow up the white house potato patch?

A New England physician accused one of his women patients of being "germ mad." She was so afraid of germs that even her relations were strained.

German prosperity is at such a height that every man is employed and Poles and Italians are crossing the frontiers to answer the excessive demand for labor. Although there is a high rate of increase of population

the emigration has fallen to a very low figure, only 25,000 last year.

An Ohio judge threatened to leave the bench and thrash an attorney. The court was so interested in the scrap that it forgot to fine him for contempt.

Dispatches announce that two operations for appendicitis were performed on an ocean liner. That's all right if the ocean liner was a victim of appendicitis.

A "booster" is defined by an exchange as one who does all the good he can for all the people he can; for the longest time he can and leaves the rest to God.

In this torrid summer weather many people who think they are overcome by the heat when they are really victims of the eat—and not all of them are English, either.

Judging by the testimony given the steel trust committee, any panic that showed itself out of the house during Col. Roosevelt's administration was taking needless risks.

Australia has enlisted a hundred thousand young men as a nucleus of a standing army to protect the island against Japanese invasion. There is where our Hobson would shine.

They are taking straw votes already for 1912, and the opinions of thirty-three cowboys on the train from Santa Fe to El Paso will soon get front page in the metropolitan journals.

New York, according to the estimate just made, has a population of 5,000,000. This is a great many people, but it must still grow considerably to catch up with London's nearly 7,000,000.

London has a company that insures against rain. They would starve waiting for business here. What the United States wants is a company that will insure us what rain is needed and then deliver the goods.

A steam roller got loose in a Michigan town the other day and ran down grade into the postoffice, completely wrecking the building. The postmaster escaped with his life but all the stamps were cancelled.

Times change and the ideas of nations change with them. The Spanish government is offering special inducements to the Jews to locate there, while a few centuries ago the Jews were expelled from that country.

The proposal to preserve Sulgrave manor as a memorial of the hundred years peace between Great Britain and America meets with a very warm approval. The essential thing at present, however, is to arrange matters so that memorials of this kind will always mean what they stand for.

Secretary Fisher, who has a genius for detail and an appetite for facts, is on his way to Alaska to get first hand information about the Alaska muddle. If any one can find out what ought to be done to bring order out of chaos without derogation of the people's rights it is thought that Mr. Fisher is the man.

The highest recommendation shirt-sleeve or dollar diplomacy could wish for comes to it through its gradual adoption by our neighbors. It is an indisputable fact that American methods of dealing with international affairs have led to the abandonment by foreign chancelleries of many of their time-worn processes.

The president of Haiti evidently made up his mind that discretion is the better part of valor. Before the revolutionists moved on the capital he boastfully said that they would not enter the city except over his dead body. Now they have taken possession of Port au Prince and the president cannot be found. He has fled to safer regions.

The oldest medical prescription on record is one of the curiosities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It was given by an Egyptian doctor and calls for a combination of precious stones ground finely to be used for fumigation in cases of hysteria. It dates back to about 1500 B. C., and it is needless to say, was prescribed for a person of wealth.

Mayor Seidel of Milwaukee has accomplished something worth while in the line of municipal economy, even if some of his ideas are rather socialistic. His bureau of economy and efficiency in its first semi-annual report shows a saving over the previous six months in the conducting of the city's business of \$95,500. His administration has certainly scored in the line.

There was not much in the personality of Admiral Togo to suggest that he was the compeer of the greatest naval commanders in the world's history, or to arouse public enthusiasm to a high pitch, but nevertheless he who got a glimpse of the cold tactician Asiatic can be assured that he has seen one of the chief actors in the wonderful history of the twentieth century world.

The death of Senator Frye of Maine removes the last of a long line of re-

markable statesmen who have served that staid old state. He had served congress since 1809, six terms in the house of representatives being followed by his election to the senate in 1881 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James G. Blaine. Senator Cullum now becomes the ranking senator in point of longest service.

Capital is timid and often runs to cover on short notice whether there is good reason to do so or not. The present apparent lack of confidence among the "big interests" to enter upon any extensive financial undertaking is due not so much to the present investigations and prosecutions as to the fear that the insurgent element may succeed in bringing a radical administration to follow the present one. However, the law of supply and demand is pretty sure to keep our commerce from any serious slump as long as the crops are good.

German newspapers are not slow in applying uncompromising epithets to their emperor. "William the Timid," "The Valorous Politician" and "William the Peaceful" are among the titles conferred upon him by those of his subjects who do not approve of his policies. The keenest European observers pronounce the kaiser a consummate bluffer and trader but no fighter, and their estimate is being borne out by events. The kaiser may be relied on not to declare war, but he can equally be relied on to go to the very verge of war in his aggressiveness and the time may come when Europe will conclude that the only road to permanent peace lies over a beaten Germany. In England this sentiment is very strong.

That business is slowly expanding there is no doubt. To what extent the improvement will go remains to be seen. It depends largely upon crop and political developments. Added wealth to the amount of probably nine billions from our farms this year will be of immeasurable benefit to industry and commerce. A steady improvement in all directions should take place. The presidential campaign of next year may act as a check to any great development along industrial lines, as is usually the case in the years when a national election is held; but the volume is not likely to be smaller than it has been this year, and the probability is that it will be larger by the reason of the consumptive demand constantly increasing to meet the needs of our growing population.

A FIRE CAUTION. An insurance company has just issued this caution, which is worth remembering: To control fires burning in liquids (oil, benzine, etc.) use dry sand. Keep in buckets, conveniently placed, each supplied with a scoop.

THE CROP SHORTAGE. The amazing crop shortage in the United States, as shown by the August 1 bulletin of the federal government, proves that the entire country has suffered this summer from drought and that conditions generally are bad. It always tends to further bring home to this territory its own good fortune, so far as the crop situation is concerned. With a crop shortage all over the country, prices of farm products are bound to be high and money will pour into this region in consequence. Signs are for a prosperous year in the territory around Norfolk.

WILL WE QUIT PAVING? So convincing are the reports received with regard to the objectionable features of oiled streets for cities, that the Norfolk city council would not be safeguarding the city's welfare to grant any petition to spread oil on Norfolk avenue, without at least making a very thorough investigation of the merits of oil for streets within a town.

The fact that the oil is cheap, is no argument in favor of trying it on the principal residence thoroughfare of the city, if the grease is to prove objectionable. No problem is ever settled till it is settled right, and everybody who has gone into the subject seems to agree that, sooner or later, there should be paving on West Norfolk avenue. It would seem the act of wisdom and economy, therefore, to settle the matter right the first time, rather than try experiments that seem sure to prove unsatisfactory. The best is the cheapest in the long run, with paving as well as with any other commodity. Many people have been surprised that the West Norfolk avenue petition for paving has not met with success before this. As the main streets of the city, it ought to set an example to the rest of the town. Norfolk paved eight blocks last year and the improvement created by that little paving has been very marked, indeed. This year we've talked a good deal about paving, but have failed to pave an inch. Are we going to lie down, now that this sort of enterprise has been started? Other cities in the state, not much larger and without Norfolk's chances to grow, have many miles of paved streets.

What's West Norfolk avenue going to do?

MAN ON VACATION. Much has been written about the sufferings of men at the summer hotel,

and indeed the subject is worthy of some concern.

Embroidery furnishes one safe and secure resource to the women guests against everything that adverse fate can bring them in the way of boredom and bad weather.

The masculine contingent has no such refuge. He can not play tennis, golf, pool or other games more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four. Nor can he read more than an hour or two without weariness. And no red blooded specimen can sleep more than nine. Nor can he spend more than two or three hours at the table.

That leaves about nine hours absolutely unprovided for in the modern man's scheme of enjoying a vacation. This fact has probably more to do with the scarcity of men at the summer resorts than the alleged compulsions of business.

The essential trouble is that the modern man, with all his triumphs, has not yet acquired such authority over his own nerves and habits that he has learned how to loaf. The only possible way to make him happy on a rest time is to give him some new kind of activity.

The normal man, however, needs periods of absolute inactivity. Even a machine will wear out three times as quick if you run it night and day. Some time shall we not learn to make our outing really count, by finding happiness merely in silent peace, satisfied merely to be without care, sufficiently occupied by the joyful shimmer of sunshine in the tree tops, the restless lashings of old ocean on the sands, the rippling flow of the peaceful river?

To those who know their true meaning, the voices of nature speak with a power and fascination that can drive away all thought of dusty offices.

AMERICANS IN HAYTI. The latest revolution in Hayti has been watched in this country with certain tolerance, a feeling of amusement at the spectacle of a childish people playing at being presidents and emperors and citizens. But the crowds parading the streets yelling for the cancellation of an American railroad franchise, the recollection of the twenty-seven alleged conspirators who were pulled out of their beds two years ago and executed without slightest pretense of trial, soon gives the spectator in the grand stand an angry desire to descend and take a hand himself.

There is also the fact that Hayti controls one of the two principal approaches to the Panama canal. Also the swarming of Germans all through these islands, controlling banking and other business can be to wholly ignored. The Hamburg American docks at St. Thomas are practically a German coaling station. Poor Hayti, once covered with European plantations, had much of culture and civilization. When the planters were expelled and a black republic set up, the farms mostly grew up into wilderness.

On the surface the happy go lucky inhabitants welcome the coming of American and other outside capital and labor. But they are so childishly suspicious that one wonders at the temerity of some of our financiers now trying to build 300 miles of railroad down there. For instance, every Haytian port is strewn with remains of wrecked vessels. Our government has offered to erect light houses, but the suspicious Haytians veto the proposition. It sometimes takes two months for a telegram to get from one town to another. A frequent saying is, "You can't expect a president to spend money building roads when he needs it all to save his own neck."

The administration of President Simon just brought violently to a close, when the general scouted out of the palace with his gun over his shoulder, lasted only one year and eight months. Hayti has been three times an empire, and three times a republic. It has been called a land of misery and opulence. Its slopes are covered with rare woods. There are rich copper deposits. It is a great coffee producing country. But its inhabitants have spent their wealth in the luxury of idleness and revolution.

BENZOATE OF SODA. Uncle James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, says that "the defense of benzoate of soda is one of the policies of the administration." But the celerity with which President Taft denies this suggests that the benzoate of soda question and other things relating to "Doc" Wiley's work are loaded with political dynamite.

Doctor Wiley has taken radical ground against food preservatives. He has held that they permit food manufacturers to conceal dangerous changes in the constitution of their products. His theory has been to keep on the safe side, and if there is a possibility that a food preservative is dangerous, it should be avoided. The mystery that governs the preparation of food products has no doubt led to a certain amount of public hysteria. Possibly it may be true as claimed that the magazine articles on "The poisoners of the people" have caused more indigestion than all their naughty drugs.

But on the other hand, there are statistics to back the statement that \$100,000,000 a year of adulterated foods

have been worked off on the American public.

Both sides of the benzoate controversy have had their poison squads and encyclopaedic tabulations, but it is still a matter of guess work as to just what benzoate does.

Of course there is the report of the board of scientific experts appointed by President Roosevelt, including President Rensen of Johns Hopkins, one of the world's leading chemists, and Prof. Chittenden of Yale, one of the greatest physiologists, to the effect that benzoate, if used in reasonable quantities, is harmless, furthermore, that as it has little color or odor it does not conceal changes in taste and smell.

Still the Association of State and National Food and Dairy departments last year could only muster a majority of 57 to 42 favorable to this side of the controversy.

When you read that the Massachusetts board of health, out of ninety-two candy samples examined, found eighteen colored with deadly lead chromate, you begin to wonder whether all our food manufacturers mix up their messes with the philanthropic beneficence and scientific judgment that would be used by Prof. Rensen's experts.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORDS. The historic surrender of the English house of lords, to the demand for the abolition of their veto power, marks a new high tide for democratic feeling in England.

While our senate is often called a house of lords, the difference between the two houses is enormous, showing that though England is considered a democratic country, yet aristocracy is far more deeply rooted there than with us. The abuses tolerated in their upper chamber could never have lasted here a day.

At heart the Englishman has liked the lords pretty well, with their sober dignity, their many substantial virtues, their great intelligence and culture, their luster of hereditary descent, and their stolid obstruction to change.

At an ordinary session of the lords, the chancellor opens the day's work by sitting on the woolsack at 4:45 p. m. A few peers come dawdling in. A languid question or two is asked of the government. Then they adjourn at 5:15. The hearts of the peers are clearly on the cricket field or in their stables or shooting covers.

When a crisis arises absent lords are summoned by telegraph from every watering place in Europe. Many of their faces are so unknown in the house that the doorkeepers don't recognize them. A doorkeeper asked a high dignitary one day, as he was trying to enter the chamber, "Are you a peer?" "Would I come to this hole if I wasn't?" was the reply.

This is the only legislation chamber in the English speaking world in which nearly every seat is held by a man because he is the son of his father. For about sixty years previous to 1894, the tradition was established that the lords were to yield to a popular mandate, as clearly expressed by the house of commons. In that year the lords defied the house of commons on the home rule bill. Since that time they had defiantly used a power not enjoyed by them for two generations, precipitating the historic struggle that has just ended.

THE ILLNESS OF THE POPE. The frail health and recent illness of Pope Pius must no doubt be accepted as showing the wear and tear of his high office. When Pope Pius undertook his new duties eight years ago, his round and serene face told the story of a man in perfect health. But his intense devotion and anxiety lest he miss of full performance of duty creates a strain that has clearly shortened his life.

Pope Pius's career has been a disappointment to those Roman Catholic theologians who had hoped for some more liberal treatment of the conflict between the church and modern thought. Pius is a man who goes by the secure path of intuition. He fails to understand the modern temper of scientific research, which acquires faith equally or more by reasoning from assured facts of modern learning.

But while Pius has disappointed those who had hoped for this better adjustment, he has performed an immense service in making the papal office more democratic, and removing the bristling hedge of tradition and ceremony that separated this great spiritual office from the daily needs and aspirations of the common man.

Under him the ceremonial life of the vatican has been revolutionized from top to bottom. Pope Leo XIII sought to resist the aggressions of modernism by keeping up in all their severity the minute and austere ceremonies that separated him from daily life.

When Pope Pius wants to know the time of day, instead of asking one of his attending prelates, as under the old rule he must, he simply consults his cheap nickel watch, dear to him from association with his mother's deathbed.

Instead of dining along and walking about the vatican, surrounded by guards, he walks and dines like any one else, in company with one or more intimate friends.

When his prelates get to worrying about the hostile attitude of govern-

ments, he tells them they would be really better off if the governments closed their elaborate churches. Then we would live after the simple and spiritual manner of the apostles, and worship in barns, he says.

When lay visitors are received by the pope, instead of having to make three genuflections, kiss his slipper, and remain kneeling, they make only slight genuflections, and then are seated. The absence of form enables the pope to come close in touch with his visitor.

In a thousand such ways he has realized his ideal of the "poor man's pope."

AROUND TOWN.

There ought to be an unwritten law which would permit emptying a double-barreled shotgun into a covey of three youthful idiots who haven't any more regard for other people's rights than to stand on a corner for an hour at midnight and give vent to bellowing that is probably offered as a substitute for song.

First thing you know you'll be eating buckwheat cakes again, and putting coal in the furnace.

And having supper by lamplight.

As rainmakers, the race meet and chautauqua have done pretty well, considering it's a dry year.

But unless all signs fail, people in Antelope county want to prepare for the worst next week. The indications are for a deluge. Streets will be flooded, cellars filled with water and houses floated away. Any town that'll bring an airship meet into our midst, wants to expect the rain god to do his darndest.

P. S. Dear Neigh: If it does rain, here's hoping we don't get blamed for it.

If we'd had the privilege of picking her out, ourselves, we couldn't have made a better selection of a sister-in-law than the one we're going to get Sept. 27.

Never again will we credit anything to "a Norfolk man" when by rights the credit belongs to a Ponca woman. We've had a lesson.

We hope the killing of two practical jokers in Michigan will have some effect. We never did think much of practical jokers, anyhow.

Kind of greasy thing to talk about—oil for Norfolk avenue.

But nobody seems ready to deny that the principal residence street of the city needs SOMETHING to make it a permanent, clean, creditable highway.

Won't be long before the old school bell will clang out from the top of the little red schoolhouse, once again.

Some class that headline in their aid—"Fly Neigh."

Here's hoping the crops don't get flooded out.

Here's that swimming hole, Sol.

And circus day right on top of it.

Real circus, too, so have that alarm be sure and go off.

It's good soda water weather. Speaking of soda water, those were great days for the race when we used to get ice cream sodas in Norfolk for 5 cents.

Please pass another slice of that watermelon.

It's too hot to run a typewriter.

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Men have always engaged in tire-some gossip, and called it criticism.

A man came home who hadn't seen his wife in four months; and as he opened the door, his heart beating high, his wife greeted him with: "Don't hold the screen door open so long! You're letting in the flies!"

Just how much can be accomplished in overcoming bad tendencies, I do not know; but I have noticed that, with the whip laid on properly, a lazy horse does very well.

All great men are fools in spots as you are.

Some beaten paths are too long; cut-offs are possible.

Women say it is easy to quit smoking. I suppose I realize the folly of smoking as much as any lady living, but I cannot quit it as easily as can a woman, who has never learned the habit.

Don't let a painless dentist fool you more than once.

You people who do things in the "modern way," or advise it, may as well understand first as last that you have plenty of critics among the old-fashioned.

When people talk about you, you say, "It is none of their business." But they make it their business just the same.

One fault is urged against all elderly men; that they buy a bottle of medicine, take a few doses, and then let it stand around in the way.

When it comes to Greek or Latin or algebra, there may be school teachers who can beat you, but when it comes to practical knowledge, you may be superior to them, if you are observing, and have a good head.



THE SWEETEST GIRL EVER.

"Text, 'Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.'—Prov. xxxi, 25.

If ever a subject needed wholesome, frank discussion it is this of love, courtship and marriage. We've left it to silly novel or artificial stage life. The subject has been full of joke comedy and titter. In modern society a young man cannot give any attention to a young woman without every one winking, blinking, pointing and grinning. If any proof is needed that we've descended from a race of men-keeps there it is! Next to the altar of a man's conversion is the altar of his marriage. God expects, all things being equal, every young man to marry. The world is fashioned by two-up and down, zenith and nadir, heaven and earth, sea and land, day and night, man and woman. The question of "the girl to marry" is one of the biggest young manhood has to solve. That marriage will make or mar the happiness of his whole life. It is something that's to last.

Tempering the Steel. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is still true. "We met on Wednesday, and midnight next Wednesday we stood at a little mission around a corner. It was so romantic," said a young woman connected with my congregation. Within a year there were quarreling, separation, birth and death of their child and application for divorce at the county seat. Better go slow. Get a good start at your life work. If it is true the great department stores will not employ old men, that the railroads will not take a man after thirty, if gray hairs are no longer dollars to the lawyer and doctor and a positive cure to the minister, if the clamor of the world is for young men, you young men in your teens and twenties cannot afford to stand around the corner pool room smoking cigarettes. You can't afford to "blow in" all your cash for neckties and good times. Put it into books or banks. You're up against a big proposition when you marry. It's the acid test that tells the metal you're made of. It means sacrifice, self denial, self control, rigid economy and gives in return life's second greatest joy. Don't "go" with a girl, don't make love to her, unless you intend to marry her. Don't wait unduly long until you have declared your intentions. You wrong the girl. Youth is her opportunity for marriage. If she misses that chance she goes through life bitter and disappointed. If you "go" with her only and for a long time the community takes it for granted you are engaged. Other eligible fellows stay away. She is expecting a proposal. You ought to give it. If you don't intend to marry, don't monopolize. Give the girl a chance.

Daughters of Jazabel. A blunder here is a hazard for life. Socrates married Zantippe and said he "endured her for the sake of discipline." The saintly John Wesley's wife was a veritable terment. Blind Milton's wife was a daily thorn in his flesh. The names of Ruskin and Robertson, Bulwer and Barrie call up great men whose lives were shadowed by unhappy matrimonial alliances. Beware the flirt. If she flirts with one she'll flirt with another. She's a peacock with claws of eagle and self assurance of a magpie. She's shallow, silly, superficial, artificial. Her husband must rob God, fellows and self to supply her gowns, hats, parties, cards and dances. You do not want her for your wife and the mother of your children. She's a half sister of Salome. Don't marry "the woman with the serpent's tongue." The one who tells all the evil and unkind things she can of others. With tongue goes temper. She'll drive a man to drink quicker than snake bite. Happy June roses will go down before this March north-easter. Though she's a model housewife, "pretty as a picture" and graceful in manner, you'd better leave her alone. The Bible mentions her and warns you, "Better dwell in the corner of the house than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

The Sweetest Girl Ever. Marry a beauty. I mean her whose beauty is deeper than the dressmaker's silk, the milliner's plume, the hair dresser's puffs; deeper than paint and powder, cosmetics and cream. Be not blind to ribbons that match, dresses that fit, hats that become, forms and features that are feminine and fair, but remember the rose of Florida, most beautiful of flowers, gives no perfume; the bird of Paradise, most beautiful wingster, gives no song. There's a beauty of soul that shines out through the true woman, mind you, I said woman, not a little tattle, glibble gabble, gossiping gadabout, but a true woman that is one of the most refreshing things on God's earth. It means sympathy and comradeship, heart and soul. And, my boy, if you ever come across a girl with a face full of roses who says as you come to the door: "I can't go for a few minutes. I want to wash the dishes for mother," you wait for that girl. Sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her. If you don't some other fellow may come along and carry her off. Don't marry an irreligious girl. Know what ruined Solomon, the wisest man? He married a woman from God's people. I've never seen a woman worth while as wife or mother who was not a follower of the Christ.

What used to be called—sometimes derisively—"bargain hunting" has evolved into the practise of intelligent buying. The advertisements make it possible.