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The high cost of coal now-a-days is a burning shame.

It's time to begin to frame up those new resolutions for next year's use.

The new state of Arizona will furnish two more democratic senators.

It is reported that the Manchus, who have lost their jobs, will go into vau-deville.

The man who spends some time planning his work gets through it first and best.

New Years eve will come on Sunday—and permit of a good deal of quiet thinking.

China is being pretty badly broken up by the new spirit of progress by which it has been awakened.

Congress has now been in session several days, but it has not discovered the cause of the price of butter.

An exchange asks "Shall Horses Go?" Why not? What on earth are they good for unless they do go?

Dynamiting is a twin sister of anarchy. It can never have any place in the life of a free and intelligent people.

Louis W. Hill accuses Gov. West of Oregon of talking too much. There are others that Louis could have mentioned.

The tortoise used to be considered the synonym of slowness, but that was before they set out to jall the packers.

With Russia and England standing at the front and back doors with clubs, Persia might as well hand over the rugs.

There are more laws and more lawlessness in the United States than there ought to be in any civilized country.

Kansas is determined to keep out fake enterprises of all kinds by a more stringent inspection by the state authorities.

The year 1911 is liable to go down into history as memorable because of the establishment of the United States of China.

Mr. Edison's concrete furniture will never satisfy the small boy. What will he have then to try his new Christmas jack-knife on?

All kinds of trouble in getting any one to make the steam roller go this winter, in spite of all the machinists there are in this country.

A new magazine that is exclusively devoted to poetry, declares that it has 500 contributors. The number of its readers is discretely not stated.

Harvard won't play football again with the Carlisle Indians. Slowly but surely the red brother is being eliminated from modern civilization.

Now about a presidential candidate realizes that he should have begun straightening out his record years before he got into long trousers.

W. E. D. Stokes can now reflect that if he had gone to prayer meeting that night, he never would have got into that mess with the shooting show girls.

We are convinced that no matter how busy a man may be, he should at least take the time to read the head lines of the president's messages.

They are talking of raising money to build a monument to John Paul Jones. Ought to be able to raise a large fund easily without going out of the Jones family.

The middleman may be getting the profits, as he is so repeatedly charged both by the producer and the consumer. He certainly is getting the abuse with it.

We are getting back to the good old times when a day that Col. Roosevelt did not furnish at least one headline for the daily papers was considered a very dull one.

Too bad the English princesses were shipwrecked, but the chance to fish them out of the water would give enterprising young men an opportunity to acquire a dukeship.

If you must do your shopping the night before Christmas, don't ask the salespeople to deliver a lecture on the goods. Shut your eyes, pay down your money, grab, and run.

It has long been a custom for medical students from this country to go to Germany for graduate work, but it is a great compliment to the progress of the medical science in America that about 300 German medical men

will visit the leading hospitals and medical schools of this country, next year.

The people of the United States spent \$110,000,000 last year for soap. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of politics and some people who are not very clean.

Twenty-five thousand Cleveland people are boycotting eggs for three weeks. As the political spellbinders will soon be around, it seems very desirable to conserve the supply.

Another prominent democrat who wants to be governor of Nebraska is Charles W. Pool of Tecumseh, a veteran editor and former speaker of the house of representatives in the state legislature.

The house passed a \$75,000,000 pension bill, expecting the senate to pigeon-hole it. This is an easy way to acquire a reputation with your constituents for generosity, without it costing the taxpayers a cent.

Mayor Shank lost \$25 on the first car of potatoes he sold at cost in Indianapolis, but he gained the good will of the people in breaking up a food trust. It was one of the best investments a man ever made.

A Chicago woman has a scheme for having divorced women wear a ring on their little finger. It would be a shame if they failed to get into smart society merely because their qualifications were not generally known.

A congressman will walk up to the capitol and vote away \$60,000,000 of other people's money in five minutes, but when his wife calls on him for sixty cents for a Christmas present, he will think it over for a week.

Mrs. Wiley argued for the parcels post on the ground that she has to drive three miles now to get a loaf of bread. Most of our women friends would rather walk three miles than put their hands into the bread-pan.

The question the country is asking now is, whether there will be—whether there can be—actual, bona-fide dissolution of the great trusts that will yield the practical results the government is so earnestly seeking.

The Chinese progress more slowly than western peoples, and while they have taken some wonderful forward moves in recent years it is hardly possible that the Chinese are yet ready for a republican form of government.

A Brockton, Mass., pastor has issued ten commandments for women, of which the first is, "Thou shall not marry for revenue only." It is generally admitted, however, that revenue is necessary to encourage infant industries.

Gov. Carey of Wyoming says not 2 percent of the male voters of his state would be willing to repeal the woman suffrage act. It is very evident, who is head of the house in Wyoming, and also clear that discipline is well maintained.

Politicians who desire to be delegates to the national conventions should not waste time studying up the history of political parties or of candidates, but should go out in the back yard nights and practice prolonged hollering.

The women of Los Angeles voted on about the same average as the men. The number of votes favoring temperance legislation did not increase the majority favoring temperance reform as has been so often claimed by advocates of woman suffrage.

Sixty Missouri boys will attend the course in agriculture at the state university this winter at the expense of the railroads of the state which offered scholarship prizes to the boys who should grow each the best ten ears of corn in his county.

During the two years in which President Taft has been at the head of affairs he has converted a \$17,479,770 deficit into a \$219,118 surplus, according to Postmaster Hitchcock's report. At this rate if it can be kept up penny postage is not so far off as it might seem.

Russia is about to accomplish what she calls "pacific penetration" of Persia. This sounds like a fearful process, especially when accomplished by the ruthless Russian. Goodbye, old Persia. We hope the process of "pacific penetration" may not prove as bad as it sounds.

Canada also, has an oyster problem. Wanton waste in the handling of the oyster beds of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edwards island have so reduced the supply of native oysters that Canada is paying out annually \$350,000 for foreign oysters in order that her home demand may be met.

With Italy, Turkey, China, Russia and Persia already at war, England and Germany ready to pick a quarrel at any time with each other, Mexico, Central and South America in a state of chronic revolution, and Hobson still insisting that Japan is liable to swoop down on the United States some dark night when Uncle Sam isn't looking, the dove of peace has a hard

time to find a resting place, notwithstanding that all these nations profess a great regard for her.

According to the compilation in New York the farmers received for potatoes last year, \$8,437,000 and the consumers paid for the same products \$60,000,000. For onions the farmers received \$821,000 and the consumers paid \$8,212,000. For cabbages the farmers received \$1,825,000 and the consumers paid \$9,125,000.

Secretary Meyer of the navy says two battleships a year are not enough to keep our navy up to the necessary standard, four will barely keep up the pace set by other nations. As the fighting life of a battleship is only about ten years, the new models have to be built fast to keep the country in condition to enforce the Monroe doctrine.

Plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise, moderation in eating, temperance in drinking—leaving out the liquor and whatever injures the system—plenty of work without using more of its vitality in a day than the night's sleep will restore, a set determination not to worry; these should mean long life, usefulness and happiness to the normal man.

Forbearance is ceasing to be a virtue in the treatment of the American Hebrew by Russia, and the present treaty is likely to be abrogated, unless the czar respects our flag. It is certainly true that it should be clearly understood that the stars and stripes are everywhere able to give the fullest protection to the life and safety of every man, everywhere, who swears allegiance to it.

William Morgan Shuster has again demonstrated to the world what one brainy insistent American can do. He has made a great record as treasurer of Persia, and can afford to let go if he is compelled to by the dictation of the czar of Russia, with the feeling that he has already done a great deal to promote the prosperity and comfort of an overburdened people.

INSURGENTS AT SEA. The insurgents trying to arouse sentiment against President Taft, are a good bit at sea. They've apparently dropped the LaFollette boom, realizing that it must collapse; they've tried to force Roosevelt, knowing that he won't accept. And now even Cummins of Iowa is said to be "willing."

In a formal and safeguarded way the coming celebration of the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens is to be made the occasion of something more than appreciation of his fiction and tribute to his merits as a man. The pecuniary necessities of some of his descendants are to be relieved, and agencies which succor humanity's needs, and exist to do good are to be reinforced with gifts given in memory of the author of tales of love in lowly places.

Mayor Gaynor in a recent address to the new school commissioners, urged certain reforms that he felt were essential to the prosperity of the system of public education. He pleaded for a simple education that will aid the young to weather the storms of life, and for a cessation of the refinements that lead him to seek a means of earning his living in some other way than by doing the world's work with his hands, and so weaken his chances for successful coping with life's difficulties. The country is short handed for skilled labor. There is no question about a good opening and good pay for the young man whose brain and hands have been trained in the public schools to work in harmony.

What good reason is there why the term of county officers should not be four years rather than two? It would mean less expense and less of time to the citizens and mean in a majority of cases far better service for the public. As it is now a man no sooner gets into an office than he has to begin to fight and plan to stay in. Under a four year term a good official would be free of any such haunting fear for long enough time so that he could thoroughly demonstrate his ability and fitness for the place so that when the next term came round the people would readily prefer him to any untried man. On the other hand the incompetent or unsatisfactory official would have no trouble in retiring promptly to private life as the end of his term.

Mr. Carnegie's list of great men is arousing a great deal of comment. Mr. Edison in referring to it, said that it seemed to him excessive in the proportion of iron and steel workers and makers of mechanisms it contained, but when asked if he would include any poets in such list, the great inventor replied, "No, even Shakespeare was not a world mover, however wonderful his power in expression and his capacity in forming original sentences." Another in comment on Mr. Edison's exclusion of poets says, "To say that poets should not be included in lists of benefactors of the race is to shut out the noblest part of racial history and to subordinate literature and religion to achievements that are intrinsically lower and more ephemeral." Evidently every man would choose his greatest benefactors from among those who had

most helped the particular profession or industry in which they were most interested.

President James of the University of Illinois sends back word from Germany where he is staying at present, to hold fast to the Monroe doctrine. President James is right. Latin America today would be the scene of such exploitations as are Africa and Asia, were not the shield of the Monroe doctrine interposed, but for that national policy this country would be involved in intrigues and alliances without number, either threatened with war or compelled to threaten war constantly. The professor also urges the government to keep up the fleet which he believes prevents the questioning of the doctrine by some of our ambitious foreign neighbors. The rabid passion of European powers for land opens the eyes of an American to the dangers that would confront this country were its national policies not rigidly enforced.

TARIFF AND THE TARIFF President Taft has put it up to congress, including a democratic house, as to whether or not there shall be downward revision of the tariff.

In his Winona speech the president declared the Aldrich tariff the best yet. Later he qualified this by stating that, while this bill was an improvement on its predecessors, the wool schedule was indefensible. He has now concluded in view of the tariff board's report, for which he has consistently waited, that the matter is of such importance as to demand immediate reduction in the duty on wool and woolsens, and he has put it up to congress in a special message.

The president has won two strategic political points thus far in the present session—he has put both the trust problem and tariff revision up to congress, so that if remedies are not forthcoming, it will be the fault of congress and not of the president. He has recommended such action and stands ready to sign bills in accordance therewith.

CHRISTMAS AND THE POOR. "Poverty" writes us asking "How shall I give my wife the embroidered sofa pillow that she wants for Christmas, when I have neither cash nor credit?"

To this the more obvious reply is, that if "Poverty" has neither cash nor credit, he would much better put any money he may be able to scrape up, into a good square meal for his family, which is probably hungry, than into luxuries like sofa pillows.

And yet, are the poor to be denied all display of sentiment? Is the man who can barely support his family wasting his substance, and entitled to the rebuke of the charity visitor, if he spends twenty-five cents for a tiny tree, and a dollar for a few trinkets for the wife and children?

After all, the poor need the glamor of sentiment even more than any one else, to cover up the sordid grind of a losing battle.

The majority of our people are so comfortable that no family in our neighborhood ought to lack on Christmas day, either for a good dinner, or for such little gifts and finery as will put a song into the heart of the wife and dance steps into the feet of the children. Let us all look over our own neighborhood, and try to help any one who may be heartless and hopeless on the day that should bring joy to all.

WAKE UP, NEBRASKA! Nebraska ought to wake up to its own possibilities. Instead of following a penurious, small-caliber public policy, this state ought to adopt modern business methods and get organized for development. The policy of waiting for things to turn up won't make a great state any more than it will make a great business corporation.

Nebraska's recent legislature appropriated \$17,500 for university extension service during the coming year. This work includes sending out trained experts and scientists to instruct farmers how to raise more bushels of corn to the acre than they have been raising, and kindred themes. Minnesota spends \$350,000 per year on the same kind of work.

Nebraska's little fund is already exhausted, and if Nebraska farmers get any more benefit from university extension service during the coming year, it will be because the experts are willing to do charity work, devoting their own time and energy at their own cost in order to help the great state of Nebraska become greater. It is said that Minnesota's \$350,000 appropriation resulted in an increase in corn yield amounting to \$5,000,000 for the past year.

This state has got to get over the idea of thinking in little figures, if it wants to become big itself. The short sighted policy of refusing to appropriate a fund to advertise the state in national periodicals, was another blunder along the same line.

Nebraska has the resources, if it will wake up to modern business methods, and get into the game as it ought to.

PUTTING NORFOLK ON THE MAP. Norfolk this week carried off the big prizes at the Dodge County Poultry show in Fremont.

That fact in itself may not seem so significant, but it is. It means that Norfolk is getting into the thoroughbred livestock game, and that the

movement to make this an important center of pure bred stock, is gaining ground.

Norfolk is already on the map as the counting home of high grade draft horses in America. Now our chickens are bringing home ribbons. Our corn is on the road to fame as seed at \$10 a bushel.

Any movement that will help to make Norfolk the center of an area producing the finest quality livestock or soil products known to the world, will do a very great deal along a practical and feasible route to establish this as one of the important cities of the nation.

There are tremendous possibilities in such a plan.

AROUND TOWN.

We see by the paper that the head miller at Norfolk has worked at the same job twenty-five years. That's a long grind, all right.

Another sign of Norfolk's growth: There are a good many more dress suits owned in this town today than there were a month ago.

Unless there's more snow than this, Santa Claus 'll have to use an automobile.

Maybe that's why the Standard Oil raised the price of gasoline a quarter of a cent.

Either that, or else they had a hunch that our car was on the way home.

Well, here's another day arrived—another paper to get out—another batch of insanity to grind out for this daily affliction on the editorial page. But we can hardly complain. It's our own fault. We started the habit ourselves, five or six years ago, and since that time we've felt bound to keep it up day in and day out, just as regularly as we shaved our face or brushed our teeth.

(That was rather an artistic method, don't you think, of letting you know that we shave every day?)

Also brush our teeth.

But speaking of the irony of fate: Wouldn't you call it hard luck to have a pair of shoes last you a year and a half, wearing 'em every day, and then get holes in the soles right now, five days before Christmas, and with snow on the ground to remind you, by a chilly touch, at every step, that the time to buy was about at hand? (Or would one say, in this case, that the time to buy is about at foot?)

And just getting your foot nipped by the snow isn't the only serious feature of the disaster. The worst of having a hole in the sole of your shoe is that, whenever you walk along the print-shop floor, you stuff up pine splinters about a yard long, which shoot into the hole in the sole, and make you limp forever after until you do buy new ones.

And speaking of buying: A week from today, it'll be all but paying the bills.

And speaking of Christmas, there's this question that bothers one: What shall we get for Father? We always like to get him something different. Five years ago it was cigars, four years ago we got him CIGARS, the next year we gave him a box of CIGARS, two years ago we remembered him with some choice cigars, and last year we're thinking of giving him cigarettes, but here's hoping he won't find it out in advance.

Personally, we're still hoping that somebody will give us a barrel of gasoline.

We'll guarantee not to light the gasoline and Father's cigarettes at the same time.

He went to the Elks, all right.

If you haven't bought 'em yet, you'll probably put it off till Saturday at 10 p. m.

Aren't men chumps? A Norfolk man knows it makes him cough to smoke—and he keeps on smoking.

Yes, that's just who it is.

Only five more days.

But how those five days used to drag out, in the years gone by!

"If you haven't got my Christmas present before this, you needn't get it at all," a Norfolk woman said to her husband. "If you didn't plan the gift a month ago, I don't want it."

The early shopper is now urged to become the early shipper.

They say Charles W. Morse, the banker-convict, is slowly dying. So are we.

"ED." HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY. (Copyright 1911; Geo. Matthew Adams.)

When your children become so large that they call you "father," instead of "papa," you will begin to realize that you are becoming old.

Do you remember that you once believed if you could accomplish a certain thing, you would be a happy man? And do you remember that within a few months after accomplishing it, you were as unhappy as ever? And is it not probable that you will be equally restless after accomplishing your next ambition?

You can't realize how few dollars there are in a \$5 bill until you break it.

Much as children admire their parents, at the bottom of their hearts the children believe that when they

are grown, they will be great improvements on them.

The experience of the world is worth more than the experience of any one man.

Before doing anything as a result of enthusiasm or excitement, see if your enthusiasm or excitement will not wear off.

There is always a controversy going on as to who is the worst man in town; but nobody seems to care about the best man in town.

Good news travels; not so rapidly as bad news, of course, but do a good thing, and people will hear of it, in time.

No one can be entirely satisfactory; Christ, the most perfect man that ever lived, was crucified by a lot of kickers, and they won't admit to this day that they were in the wrong.

A little bad luck has cured many a man of folly.

When there is a popular visitor at a house, there is a great fuss among the children as to which shall "sit by her" at the table.

A lot of big mouthed men are always telling you a number of things you should not do.

It is surprising how many grown people there are who cannot spell.

I greatly envy those men who are compelled to go to New York or Chicago two or three times a year on business. When I visit those towns, it is pure loafing; my business is always at home.

In summer, a man with an automobile can make me feel envious, but in winter a man with a sleigh cannot. I'm always cold when sleighing, and the horses hit me with snow balls from their feet.

So far as I am able to make out, people read the stories in the magazines for the sole purpose of saying: "I could have written a better one myself."

I often say: "They can't fool me." But they often do.

If it's your deal, and you know you can turn a jack from the bottom without detection how many times in ten do you resist the temptation?

If a man will reduce his faults, he will find that he has also reduced his expenses.

Every one can stand a little more than he thinks he can.

If a man hires a servant girl, he doesn't think his wife has anything to do.

A pretty man always believes he is entitled to extra privileges, and is mad half the time because he doesn't get them. For it is always the case that the ugly men get everything away from the pretty men.

Even the wives of the very best husbands are eager to earn a little money for themselves.

There is no remedy for most of the public ills of which we all complain, but you can help yourself some, by attending strictly to your own business, while your opponent is looking for a remedy.

In most newspapers you will find this line: "Keep something going on." Is this the reason so much goes on?

We all are looking for more money and less work; but what we actually find is that more money means more work.

You have a remedy for folly if you acquire more sense than others, and learn how to use it.

If there is a way of manufacturing prosperity, let us experiment until we find it; but I find I am able to accomplish mighty little with my vote.

Taxes are high, but the more money you have, the better you can afford to be robbed by taxation.

People have trimmed the orthodox hell until it is rather a comfortable place. They have done the same thing with unfairness; they have made it almost respectable, but they can never make it comfortable or profitable.

The older you grow, the more convinced you become that you must be your own best friend.

Always remember that the neighbors watch you closely, and that the neighbors are very particular.

When a wife dies, the husband nearly always says: "Well, I was a great trial to her; I would do better if I had my life to live over." But when a husband dies, the widow nearly always says: "Well, I did my duty."

Most people are always expecting something important to happen. As a reporter I have noticed that nine people out of ten, when asked for an item, reply: "Nothing new; as yet."

So many things easy to recommend are hard to do.

Love is a game in which both players usually cheat.

There is no such thing as a convincing argument, although every man thinks he has one.

It is not a pleasant thought for the men, but most widows seem to jog along pretty comfortably; no widow looks as though she had cried all night.



OUR BROTHER IN BONDS. Text: "I was in prison and ye came unto me."—Matt. xxv, 36.

Ever meet him—your brother in bonds? Think of him as a wild beast to be manacled, kept behind stone walls and iron bars? You may find him quiet, commonplace, fond of children and flowers; possibly reminds you of your cousin Bob out west. Truth is, he's just your brother caught in sin. The saddest and most pathetic story in the history of the world is our treatment of those who go astray. The criminal is a defective. He commits crimes not because of strength, but of weakness. He is a sick child. Hygiene, nutrition, education and environment would have changed his course. Society must be protected from him as from smallpox, and the sick one must be cured. The condition that produces this criminal ought to be remedied. He's ignorant—not in "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," but his view is wrong. Society is first a possible victim, then a vindictive enemy. Government is politics, police part of the gang. Hunger, drink, illegitimacy, an unjust social system, are slippery stones in his path. He doesn't know that which you know—that most causes and most remedies, the kingdom of vice and virtue, lie within him.

A System That's Wrong. Our prison system's wrong. It's a ghastly force sending a man to jail, where he will be fed and sheltered, while the innocent members of the family are left outside jail walls to starve—or worse. Who's punished—the man or his little twelve-year-old girl soliciting male passersby? He ought to be allowed to work and earnings, after jail board bill, be sent to that family. In my county a man stole \$100 worth of copper wire from a corporation that is daily robbing the poor. It was his first offense, but he got three years "as an example." The state robbed him of three years of his manhood, and he has come back to society illbittered and actually driven to steal again. He now has a "record." He is being dogged and shadowed. Three times he has got work and three times has been discharged—a "jail-bird." The police and detectives to keep up their "record" will hound him till they have him back of the bars again. Then, again, the long fixed sentence is wrong. A crime is committed. Public demands heavy punishment. Five, ten, twenty years are given. There's a thrill of gratified vindictiveness. The penalty is exact. The public recognizes it with a shudder of horror, but it is soon forgotten. The victim goes away to suffer. When the public has long since forgotten it he is still undergoing punishment. Consumption sets in; rheumatism racks his body; hair is gray; skin is ghastly. It's a mistake, a shocking perversion of justice. He is buried alive. The electric chair is more merciful. Reformed? Repented? Yes, years ago. Then parole him. Our right to keep a man in prison stops when he ceases to be a criminal. The system is "kind" to the erring, however. Of 600 graves I saw in a little cemetery of our most famous prison 400 had died between the ages of twenty and thirty! Others go mad. Matthew tells the story. God be merciful!

Thieves and Thieves. "Yes, preacher, but he was a pick-pocket, embezzled, used false pretenses." I know, but why isn't it criminal when a corporation does it? The gas company bribes city council and charges \$1 for eighty cent gas. Oil, beef, sugar, flour are raised because one man "corners" the market. Others drug food and babies die, sell fourteen ounces to the pound and cheat the poor. Hard times fill prisons. Arrests increase as price of food goes up. One house of correction wardens tells me he had 500 more cases in last panic year than today. Petty larceny done in despair was chief cause. Street walkers went up in numbers 75 per cent. "All poor people," he added thoughtfully. Why weren't there any rich in the number? The answer is food for thought. It also explains growth of socialism. Then frequently men of wealth escape. If a man is poor and has a poor lawyer or none he is convicted, thereby establishing his guilt. If he has money and gets one or many skilled lawyers he may escape and so is declared innocent. "Let the prisoner stand up," says "Hizzoner." "Where's his lawyer?" He doesn't have any or one not skilled in defense. Then of course he's guilty. It's a quick job.

The Caught and the Uncaught. The number of uncaught criminals is ten times as great as the caught. The real jail is out of doors. If I get \$5 worth of groceries and move away without paying I'm as much a thief as the fellow who broke in the back window and took that amount from the shelves. At least Christ said so! From great manufacturing waste "by-products" are now used and represent a good share of value. The criminal is the waste product of society, once valueless and hopeless. Punishment for vengeance only. But modern Christ men are at work, saying that the criminal is still a human being, even though he has sinned against society, and that saving a man is a great deal bigger business than burying him alive. Maude Ballington Booth—let her name be large—helped—she mightily to remember Pilate's prisoner who was condemned and executed and who said, "I was in prison and ye came unto me."

A want ad campaign will get you acquainted with a lot of people who want to buy homes—and the home you want to sell would surely suit some of them.