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Italy has apologized to France. It is well—for Italy.

China has already begun to see spots on the Sun.

The La Follette boom has passed the zenith of its horizon.

When Uncle Sam shook his first in her face, Cuba subsided.

Talking about culture, potato culture pays as well as any.

Political capital is being placed where it will draw the most interest.

The young king of Spain is a courageous man. He wears side whiskers.

Talk about the mean temperature—the present winter weather justifies it.

Learning the Chinese alphabet is no easy proposition. It has 41,000 characters.

Some of the politicians may not want to come back after this eventful campaign.

If butter didn't go down so rapidly in so many homes it wouldn't rise in price so fast.

Bumper crops are generally predicted throughout the United States this coming season.

Congress will adjourn before the national conventions meet. Hasten the conventions!

Harper's Weekly is curious to find out whether kicking one's friends is a stepping stone to the presidency.

Portland, Ore., is employing its unemployed in building good roads. To what better use could they be put?

The man who lights a match to find out where the gas leak is, is sure to be surprised at the suddenness of it all.

There is a suspicion that the early spring for which so many people are looking this year may be snowed under.

The democrats who are counting their presidential chickens should not forget that man Underwood from Alabama.

It is said that the Japanese current has moved several hundred miles nearer our shores. Carry the news to Hobson.

Anna Held is seeking a divorce. It was supposed that Lillian Russell had preempted that particular line of advertising.

If straw votes could settle the question, Col. Roosevelt would be in the white house after March 3, 1912—but they don't.

The democrats of the house will do better if they try to please the people than they trying to embarrass the president.

Senator La Follette doesn't think much of newspapers, but believes that magazines—especially La Follette's—are all right.

It is said that 325 American ships were lost during the year 1911. This is startling, if true. Didn't know we had so many.

If you really want to promote the welfare of the family it's a great deal more important that you be a good winner than a good loser.

That big poultry farm which Miss Helen Gould is establishing up in New York only reveals the Gould instinct for making money.

When a great party attempts to cripple the navy of a great country like the United States, it isn't making much headway in popularity.

The boys in the Chicago schools will not be taught sewing. Is this another cruel blow aimed at the advocates of woman's suffrage?

Having escaped from the tentacles of Wall street, Standard Oil seems to be after Woodrow Wilson. Chancellor Day has declared for him.

President Taft sizes up the discontent in Ohio as merely an insurrection of political malcontents. The malcontents insist that it is a revolution.

The standard of quality both in food and clothing has greatly advanced during the past few years. This helps to account for the high cost of living.

The report that the Japanese are trying to establish a colony at Magdalena bay in Lower California might be looked into by an American warship.

John Burroughs says Roosevelt will not ignore his country's call. Some

of his political enemies are mean enough to say he'll never even hear a whisper.

Baltimore is getting ready for the meeting of the national democratic convention next June. The price of everything is already being raised a notch or two.

Look out for Beveridge. The ex-Indiana senator admits that he will not decline a practically unanimous call by the republican party to be its presidential candidate.

Senator Kenyon of Iowa eulogizes Taft and will support his colleague, Senator Cummins, for the presidency. Votes count for more than eulogies in national conventions.

Miss Helen Gould evidently proposes to increase her fortune and has taken a sure way to do it. It is said she gets more than twenty dozen eggs a day from her chicken ranch.

Alton B. Parker seems to be content to remain a private citizen. He got such an ice cold bath the first time that he does not care to plunge into the presidential swim again.

William Morgan Shuster is coming back to America about Feb. 15 and threatens to tell all he knows about Russian duplicity and English docility. It is undoubtedly quite a contract.

In a whitecapping case in Indiana it is said that seven college professors were rejected as not desirable jurors. Why should seven intelligent college men ever presume to sit on a jury?

Taft is going Roosevelt one better in the message stunt. The Colonel gained quite a reputation for sending one out a day. Recently his successor sent two to congress in a single day.

New parliamentary rules are to be made for the special use of women. They say they will not agree to a man-made rule which permits in a public meeting only one woman to speak at a time.

To prove how comparatively worthless a petition is, a man in Ohio went out one day and got a thousand signatures to a paper to have the courthouse moved over into the next county.

Uncle Sam is said to be a poor debtor when it comes to collecting claims against him. The old gentleman means well, but his guardians demand their compensation before they let him pay his debts.

Those troops of Uncle Sam come mighty handy in preserving peace and preventing large destruction of property down in Texas. Those Mexicans would rather revolute than eat, but they have been warned to keep off our preserves.

The plans for democratic retrenchment have been shot to pieces in the house of representatives. Like others, the democrats are far better at preaching economy than they are at practicing it.

Smoke prevention is a serious proposition, especially in the large centers of population. It is computed that the smoke in London causes a direct loss of \$25,000,000 a year in damages to buildings, fabrics and works of art.

The sentiment against suicide by aviator is growing. The St. Paul Pioneer Press believes that "some governmental supervision of flying should be possible, some examination of aspiring aviators, not only in their comprehension of an aeroplane, but in their sanity and judgment."

It is no longer a joke to preach one's own funeral sermon. A man in Indiana has just completed his—into a phonograph. It will be kept in cold storage awaiting his demise. This style has its advantages. No one else can say the mean things about you that you are conscious of deserving.

Great Britain is establishing another naval base in the Pacific ocean on Fanning island. England realizes what the opening of the Panama canal is to do in transferring the commerce of the world to the Pacific largely, and she never forgets to watch her opportunity to strengthen its naval resources.

Some of the democratic candidates for the presidential nomination are sighing for the backbone of Andrew Jackson, but up to date not one of them expresses any desire for the return of Jeffersonian simplicity. They would all rather ride to the white house in the latest model automobile than to go saddlesack and hitch the horse to the fence.

1912 A BUMPER CROP.
 Every indication at this time points toward a bumper crop yield during the coming season. Scientific farm papers are forecasting the greatest crop in the country's history.

Nature has prepared the soil in ideal fashion for abundant vegetation during the summer. There has been an extraordinary supply of snow to keep the soil warm and to keep it moist. The ground has been frozen

deep and will get a good stirring when the frost leaves it. The outlook is surely an encouraging one.

The republicans who are seeking to humiliate and disown President Taft, and at the same time expecting to go before the country and ask the public for a continuance of confidence in the achievements of the party of which he has been the recognized head for the past three years, are simply inviting an inglorious defeat. If the republicans cannot win with Taft, it is a good guess that they'll not be able to win without him.

The Saturday Evening Post doesn't believe that either of the political parties are going to be disrupted. It recalls that in one campaign the democrats nominated Mr. Bryan, four years later the same party named Judge Parker and at the very next quadrennial contest again nominated Mr. Bryan. It adds, "In the short space of eight years, therefore, it circumnavigated the political globe and went from 150 in the shade to 90 below zero and back again." The Post naturally concludes that a party that can reverse itself so completely twice within so short a time is fireproof against dissolution or death. It has just as much confidence in the Republican party's ability to conquer all its internal disagreements.

NEBRASKA FARM CONGRESS.
 Norfolk has had a memorable week's session of the Nebraska farm congress and one from which there should be lasting benefit.

This point ought to be emphasized in connection with this farm commission's work—the commission is not trying to teach the farmer how to farm, but is trying to improve the conditions of the farmer—socially and economically.

There should be no prejudice among farmers against this commission. On the contrary, there should be the heartiest co-operation. For the entire work of the commission, donated to the state by self-sacrificing, public-spirited men, aims at improving the life of the farmer and if the farmer will cooperate, there will be genuine results.

UNREST IN PORTUGAL.
 Human nature is a variable quantity and its conclusions today cannot be banked upon to remain the same tomorrow. In Portugal we are seeing a striking example of this at the present moment.

It was not long ago that the people of that country, tired of kings and aristocracy and all that the court and royalty stood for, determined to have a change. They succeeded in throwing them out of office and established a new government to be controlled and administered by themselves. But no sooner is the republic seemingly well entrenched and exercising its power beneficently, than the same people turn around and try to overthrow the republic which they initiated. The two extreme elements of Portugal society, the royalists and the men who struck on the street railways, have joined hands in an attempt to re-establish royalty and put a king on the throne.

It is doubtful if they succeed in their revolution. It will probably prove only an insurrection. It will be a glad day for the workmen if they do not succeed in their foolish mood to strike down the very forces which mean so much for their prosperity and larger freedom.

Portugal's experience only emphasizes that in order for a people to enjoy the blessings of a free government they must be intelligent, high-minded and self-poised.

The project to divide the state of New York and make a new state, to be called Manhattan, out of the city of New York, does not meet with much favor among the people at large in the Empire state and in the balance of the nation. It is difficult to contemplate with equanimity a political project that would give Tammany the absolute control of a great state having eighteen or more representatives in the lower house of congress and two United States senators. There are some real serious considerations, however, that if they should prove successful, under a state government, would mean much for the betterment of the people living in New York city under the new order of things which is proposed. At present, New York cannot have a charter or amend it without first obtaining the consent of the state legislature. In excise laws and many others which affect its own convenience, prosperity and order only, must conform to general standards made by a legislature, the larger part of whose membership of which, comes from country districts, and knows practically nothing of the tremendous problems of city life. If the city was a state itself, its laws would be made by its own people, who are so much better able to grapple with the things which vex their civic life. However, it may be set down as certain that it will be some time before the new state of Manhattan has its name placed upon the map. The movement for the division of the great state must of necessity begin in the state legislature. No state can be divided without the consent of its own people. If the measure had the for-

time of carrying it would then be obliged to gain the consent of congress before a star could be placed in the flag for the state of Manhattan.

OLEOMARGARINE.
 The old controversy over the taxation of oleomargarine is to be revived in congress during the coming month.

Oleomargarine was originally invented as a nutritious food product for use of poor people. When made in good factories, it is just as wholesome as butter. Its manufacture is based on the theory that animal fat can be extracted from beef that shall be substantially like the butter-fat in milk that makes butter.

The friends of oleomargarine denounce the tax, which prevents the manufacturers from coloring their product to imitate butter. They think their little deception is no more harmful than the many pleasing little frauds used by the housewife, who knows that the eye must be attracted before the appetite responds.

There would be little feeling against coloring oleomargarine to represent butter, provided every package was clearly and truthfully marked, were it not that hotels, boarding houses, and restaurants would unblushingly place it on the table as the undiluted product of the churn.

The traveling man would prefer a little less magnificence in chandeliers, if it meant that these have to be paid for by using doctored lard.

The real product of the cow is climbing up to a point where poor people can't afford it. Unless they can persuade the unemployed to move out into God's country and keep cows, a great deal more oleomargarine is going to be used. One-ninth of all the butter consumed up to a few years ago, when butter was much lower, was of that kind.

You read in R. H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," how the Russians used to eat tallow just as if it were candy. Probably we are all rather absurd in insisting that butter must have the golden sunset tinge, which the butter mixer of the creamery knows much more about than the cow.

If white oleo looks too much like plain democratic lard, why not let the makers tint it brown, or some other good honest shade? But for the sake of the traveling man, we protest against yellow.

VALENTINE'S DAY.
 This festival of cupid is a very different sort of thing from that of yore. The robust frankness with which the old time and unafraid lover put down his sentiments in black and white, has disappeared from our pallid displays of affection.

Years ago, if the lacey affairs they sold in the stores were not warm enough in their displays of ardor, the lover took pen and ink and drew his own hearts and cupids, and created his own selection of adjectives to set forth his torrid affection.

They tell about old valentines made by German manufacturers, that on the surface represented a bachelor sitting solitary and dejected in all his forlorn lonesomeness. Then you pulled a cleverly concealed string, showing the same man under the revivifying influences of marital affection, wreathed in smiles.

Most grownups can remember when you, too, used to dispatch valentines expressing warm sentiment. With what bashful and sheepish faces you looked over the stock at the stationer's! How you debated over the choice, wanting in our heart of hearts to send the most fervent of all, yet not quite daring. And how, having finally dared to select it, it took another effort of resolution to drop it into the postoffice box. And then, with what trembling eagerness, you waited for a reply, or scarcely dared walk the streets for fear of meeting your innamorata face to face!

Young folks of today have too keen a sense of humor for that sort of thing. Where her mother cherished the fond missive in her bosom, her daughter of 1912 would show it to all her mates, and great would be the laughter for many a day. And it is just as well. Our young folks do not do well to drop the impersonal comradeships of boy and girl life for the precocious sentiments of calf love.

So Valentine's day has descended to a smaller growth of youngsters, who swap picture post cards expressing sentiments which their innocent little hearts do not recognize to be loaded with dynamite.

THE TRAMP CONVENTION.
 The tramp convention at Cincinnati was not a great success. To most people the idea of a tramp convention seems absurd, and yet gatherings of several thousand of them have been held in recent years. Certain secluded but accessible islands in the Mississippi river near railroad junctions, are a more favorable place. In spite of all their bravado, they are little inclined to court an encounter with the police.

The most notable event in trampdom for the past year has been the enactment in New York of a law establishing a tramp farm colony. While it is admitted that authentic cases of reforming professional tramps have so far been rare, yet it is believed that tramps can be rounded up off park benches and lock-up cells, and made to quit tramping for a time at least. Belgium, Holland and Switzerland have in this way practically eliminated the tramp.

The new colony will put the tramps to work on abandoned farm lands, the product of which will not cause the antagonism among the labor unions that is excited by setting them at mechanical industries.

It is high time for some positive action, for the tramp evil is attaining the proportions of a deluge. Some estimate 500,000 men and boys are tramping in this country. While not over 100,000 are supposed to be "good people" (the name given to themselves by strictly professional tramps) yet the "gay cats" and "mush fakirs" who alternate tramping with occasional fits of working, umbrella mending, or spectacle peddling, are at heart addicted to a vagrant life. The loss to the railroads alone by tramps is placed at \$25,000,000 a year.

Parents who have boys inclined to be unruly should look out how they loaf around the tramp hang-outs to be found near all large towns. Railroad water tanks, on which are bulletins of tramp information in hieroglyphics, are often meeting places for hoboes that attract many restless boys. There they hear glowing tales from the knights of the road, the fascination of which draws many boys yearly into the great and growing underworld.

AROUND TOWN.

How would you like to get as close as Hook got to the supreme bench and then get the hook?

But, on the other hand, how would you like to have your case reviewed by a female supreme judge? That's where handsome lawyers could get a return on their beauty.

We don't see as the loner days have much effect in cutting down light bills.

The morning sun is getting to look more like pure gold than it did a month ago.

A Norfolk church society held a "birthday" party. Each member contributed as many cents as she had years to her age. There were forty present and the fund amounted to \$19. That would make them average about 49 years each. Perhaps that's the first time they ever told the real truth about their ages in all their lives.

We can't imagine a race war continuing for fifteen minutes on Norfolk avenue without interference, in the reign of M. Kane.

What's become of the o. f. man who parted his hair in the middle?

This is good pneumonia weather, if you allow that sun to tempt you to leave off your overcoat.

The shoeman just about told the truth when he said you'd have to buy two pairs of rubbers this winter. It's pretty near time for the second pair.

If you want to know every detail about every automobile that's made, ask a 15-year-old boy. He'll give it to you straight.

A Norfolk woman got a telephone message the other day that there was a special delivery letter for her at the postoffice. She sent a girl to the postoffice to get it, though she thought it queer the postoffice didn't deliver it. The postoffice said there was no letter. Then she sent a man. Again there was no letter. Come to find out later, the telephone message had been from the grocer and had said he had "head lettuce" for her.

One woman is beating us to it. She's got three of 'em made for next Christmas, and it isn't even Valentine's day yet.

Forty other women are aching to beat us. The forty who gave their ages at that "birthday" social.

When a man is fond of salads, we suspect him of being a sissy in other respects.

If there isn't pretty substantial reason for a man's popularity, it won't last long.

Some mothers are so anxious to get their daughters "married off," it is a wonder they don't print a card of thanks after such an event.

Everything doesn't come to those who wait, and the loafers who say it does should cast about for another excuse, of which there is such a large variety.

We are in favor of Woman's Rights to this extent: No woman should take in washing to support an able-bodied husband in the luxury to which he has been accustomed.

Been arrested yet in connection with the McNamara dynamite conspiracy? If you should see a strange man in street clothes walk up and tap you on the shoulder today, that's probably what's up. Here's hoping you escape.

Did you get those violets that your Valentine sent you? Thoughtful of him, wasn't it?

If we had had our way about it, we'd have had all our Valentines come this year in the shape of coal.

Speaking of coal, we no sooner got word from the weather man that winter was over, than down came another five-inch blanket of snow. Now, if the groundhog and the weather man will just take a vacation and not utter

the slightest kind of a prediction, maybe we can plow through this heaviest winter and get a peek at day-light.

February will please take notice that we're coming through. Fore!

Yes, Norfolk's one of the big spots on that Meridian road.

Will it ever come time to take off these storm windows?

What'll the rivers do when this snow melts. Here's a wager that they'll roar.

Personally speaking, it can melt as soon as it likes, and stay melted all summer.

Maybe one would feel differently about it if one owned a sleigh.

But the weather man says winter's backbone is broken, so there's cause for cheering up. Maybe the groundhog is going to stick to his Norfolk decision, after all.

The Fremont Tribune has just issued a 32-page review edition, showing what Fremont has done during the year, and it's a corker. Printed on book paper, copiously illustrated with half-tones and well filled with big advertising, it's a number that all Fremont can be proud of.

There's many a slip 'twixt the house and the office, these days.

In fact, is there anything on earth so cunningly deceptive as a patch of ice covered with a film of snow?

What's the use of February, anyhow. Why not cut it out of the calendar?

Still, we couldn't start Lent if there wasn't any February. Lent starts a week from Wednesday, by the way.

Rather nifty of China to choose Lincoln's birthday as the date for entering the sisterhood of world republicans, wasn't it? They're not so slow, after all.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

One need not, unless born that way, be a freak in order to prove he has individuality.

So often it happens that a man who lived to be a hundred years old isn't noted for anything else.

By reading the biography of a poet, one is usually unable to learn what he did for a living.

"I once knew a man so smart he made a fortune during a Cleveland administration."—Rufe Hoskins.

If a robber finally gets away, it indicates he didn't get enough to make a persistent chase worth while.

It isn't however, the beauty of a sunrise which gets most people up in time to see it. Assuming, of course, that most people occasionally get up in time.

A summer vacation is a great thing in the winter; great to look forward to, or back. When it was here, or when it comes, it had or will have faults enough, but through the soft lights of distance, particularly when something warm is needed, nothing else looks quite so well.

Don't be so independent you are unwilling to be Ground Down by the soap trust.

Some people can get money by telegraph, but it is a slower process with most of us.

Babies look so much alike to a bachelor that he wonders they don't get mixed oftener.

Prattling in paradoxes, you may have observed that a high-priced apple isn't worth much.

Baseball is a great game, as proved by the fact that none of the players wear side whiskers.

Considering the conflicting testimony, there are comparatively few convictions for perjury.

"I have looked 'em both over," said Link Preston this morning, "but am unable to say that either Stubbs or Dawson is the white man's hope."

Criminals who feel that the world owes them a living should remember they'll have to work harder for it in the leading penitentiaries than on the outside.

Confessing something the coroner's jury found out doesn't appeal to us as evidence of an humble and contrite heart. If a chart is essential, observe that a coroner's jury finds out what everyone else knows.

Still, being a good loser is no way to support a family.

The older a man becomes the more he prefers the word "capable" to "accomplished" when used in describing a woman.

Peach buds may be blighted, but the general rule of allowing nothing to happen to the prune crop probably will be observed.

Another prerogative of greatness is the ability to spring an accidental wheeze or canned chestnut as the original article in humor.

For Suffrage in New Jersey.
 Trenton, N. J., Feb. 14.—Senator Gebhart introduced in the senate a concurrent resolution amending the state constitution so as to provide for woman suffrage.

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

LEFT HANDED FOLKS.
 Text: "The Lord raised a deliverer. Enoch, a left handed man."—Judg. III, 16.

It isn't necessary to go into detail of story of Enoch—you may read that at your leisure—nor of peculiar fact that in tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were 700 other left handed men so dexterous that they could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss. Neither may I more than mention the extraordinary fact that man is the only animal having two members exactly alike which he yet develops differently. Not only does he educate one hand at the expense of the other, but he is even proud of that unequal development. He cuts down his capacity and efficiency 25 to 50 per cent and is pleased to tell it. In a day when we are developing every system to its utmost, when prevention of waste is a science, man lets his left hand and the right lobe of his brain, which controls his whole left side, fall almost into atrophy until it is but the despised stepbrother of the right. Meanwhile he heaps praise on the pugilist who "has the punch in both hands." Strangely enough, he both ridicules and pities the fellow who uses his left alone as he uses his right only. He regards his left handed brother as Sumsy, inadequate, handicapped in life's struggle. Thus it happens that not honor, but left handedness, is the subject of my story.

The Queerness of the Different.
 A paragraph of questions in passing can you answer? Does beanstalk wind around pole to right or left? With sun or against it? With revolution of earth or reverse? Do all climbing vines wind in same direction? When you climbed Bunker hill or Washington monument did the steps carry you to right or left? How do you wind your watch or clock? In ancient times they did it the opposite. Why? If you were wringing a towel which hand would go forward? Right or left foot on a spade in digging? Which shoestring wears out first? If you offer some food to your cat or parrot or a monkey at the zoo which paw or claw will they extend? Do men button clothing from left to right or from right to left? Why do women's clothes button just the opposite? Speaking of the opposite or different, why do bees sting a stranger bee to death or even one of own group if it appears with any unusual form, yellow tuft on head, for instance? Why chickens fight the newcomer or dogs pounce on the strange canine? Why do you give a superior Anglo-Saxon smile when you see Hebrew and Chinese writing running from right to left? Because you are "right" and they are not? Who told you so?

"Remember My Bonds."
 Oh, any one can jeer at the poor fellow who happens to be different. There's something of the wolf in the midst of the crowd. I want to stop in the midst of the crowd and wave a signal of good cheer to my left handed brother. In judging his imperfections I want to remember the difficulties under which he works. When Paul finished his letter to the Colossians he glanced at his signature, so ragged and illegible. Then as the heavy chains clanked at his wrists he took his pen again and added, "Remember my bonds." Say, mother with your little brood of children, your household cares and your poor, breaking body, we do not expect the niceties of social technique as from folk with ease and luxury. And you, father, trying to keep the home together, planning for Johnnie and Susie's future, starting off in the morning with a sob in your throat and a load on your heart, we're not noticing your threadbare coat and rusty hat. And you, brave heart, born with "a thorn in the flesh," every day its pain, every night its ache, our hearts bleed for you. Some people carry their griefs on their sleeve, like a patch on a boy's coat. Others have to hide them and try keep smiling faces.

"One String and Paganini!"
 Remember Paganini in Paris? A string broke. Crowd looked its disappointment. Then he deliberately broke a second and a third. Amid the uproar he stepped forward and said, "Never mind, ladies and gentlemen, one string and Paganini!" Marvelous music came from that one string. Ah, yes, and I am thinking of Robert Louis Stevenson and his spasms of pain, of Fanny Crosby and her blindness, of Beethoven and his deafness, of Pope and his hunchback, Bunyan in prison, Carlyle and his irritating dyspepsia, of Orator S. S. Preston and his clubfoot. I am thinking of the host born with incomplete physical equipment, repulsive personal appearance fighting because of lack of early education and cruel poverty. Our left handed brothers, or—God help them—one handed ones. "Hold back in 'tother hand," thundered Professor Blackie of Edinburgh to pale faced, trembling, student. "Pardon me, sir, I—" "No excuses, sirrah, the book in the other hand!" "Sir, I have no other hand," and he held up a poor mangled stump. "Forgive me, laddie, forgive me," sobbed the great Scotch teacher. "I did not know." Say, brother, many a poor fellow is holding life's book in his left hand because he can do no other.

A want ad campaign will get