

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal... THE NEWS, Established 1881... THE PUBLISHING COMPANY, W. N. HULSE, President...

The St. Paul Pioneer Press says the presidential primary is "the finger hole in the dike of party solidarity."

Gov. Hadley of Missouri doesn't want to retire from active life. He declines the vice presidency in advance.

The Mexican revolutionists are hurling taunts across the border. They would evidently be thoroughly at home on the bleachers at a ball game.

If the beef packers should be jailed, a universal move on the part of the consumers of the country to send them flowers should be frowned upon as unnecessary.

The kindling wood trust has been enjoined, but that is no reason why father should sneak off to the office leaving nothing but cellar sweepings to build the fire with.

The Baltimore hotel keepers are realizing that the national convention sun will not always shine and are getting ready to make tons of hay the latter part of June.

New York state will hold a primary election on March 26; Wisconsin, April 2; Nebraska and Oregon, April 19; Pennsylvania, April 7; California, May 14; New Jersey, May 21.

China's finances are in bad shape. The people who thought they could get an appropriation for rivers and harbors are likely to be deprived of the sacred privileges of freedom.

The 2100 cherry trees sent by Japan are to be planted near Grant's tomb. It would accord better with the eternal fitness of things if they were planted near Washington's tomb.

An Indiana man was sent to jail for hitting his wife with a pound of butter. It is not explained whether the charge was assault or reckless and malicious destruction of property.

As a majority of the government offices are still in the possession of the men who held them several years ago, it is clearly the duty of the president and congress to resign in favor of more efficient successors.

Canada is threatened with division and subtraction. There is intense feeling between eastern Canada and the western provinces. So hostile have the western provinces become that there is serious talk of secession.

George W. Perkins, the prominent promoter of big corporation interests looms uncomfortably large as the friend and advisor of Col. Roosevelt. It may become necessary for the colonel to treat him as Woodrow Wilson did Col. Harvey.

The result of the North Dakota primaries indicates that a certain resident of Sagamore Hill, who has recently been contributing some articles to a New York magazine, had misunderstood his own voice for the voice of the people.

The postal savings bank system in the United States, although established only a year ago shows deposits of \$15,000,000. It is predicted by the postoffice authorities that by June 30 next the deposits in the postal savings banks of the country will aggregate more than \$50,000,000. The English postal savings bank on last September contained \$820,000,000.

"Remember the Maine" is a cry that has served its purpose. Fourteen years have passed since the trouble with Spain and it is time, with the burial at sea of the remains of the historic battleship and the bones of its ill-starred crew, that the nation turn its attention in other directions. "Remember North Dakota" is a slogan that will please the LaFollette and Taft wings of the republican party for the next few weeks.

The will of the people should be and will be respected. Those who declare to the contrary will realize that a large number—the largest number of the voters still believe in a representative form of government with its checks and balances, and that notwithstanding that there are many wrongs to be corrected, they do not believe in abandoning a government which for more than 135 years has stood the test as the best in the world.

It is a general impression in the public mind now that Amundsen has discovered the south pole that there are no more worlds to conquer and the business of the discovery is out of date. But those well informed, point to a great deal of similar work yet to be done. There is central Labrador which has never been explored; Thibet is still as much an enigma as the sphynx; the forests of New Guinea are unknown; and hundreds of miles, both in Asia and Africa, are

yet to be brought to the notice of the world.

In a year when the great corn growing states of the country report a decreased yield on account of drought in the early part of the season and too much rain in the fall, Minnesota asks admission to the "corn belt" on the strength of having raised the greatest crop of corn in her history. The increase is largely due to the campaign of education in corn culture carried on by the department of agriculture in connection with the University of Minnesota.

The marked increase in the price of coffee which has not yet gone into general effect but is pending will be a heavy drain on the people of the United States who consume almost half as much as the rest of the world put together. This increase in price is not due to the tariff for coffee has been put upon the free list, nor is it due to a shortage in the output of coffee as the dealers at first tried to represent, nor to a suddenly increased demand. It is due solely to a combination in restraint of trade—a commercial monopoly peculiarly secure from governmental interference. For a series of years the dealers have been holding back a portion of the Brazilian coffee crop in order that prices might be kept up. Millions of sacks of coffee are being held in the storehouses of Brazil and New York, and yet the price is being arbitrarily increased.

ANOTHER TARIFF ITEM.

President Taft has just submitted to congress another report of the tariff board, on the cotton duties. He recommends a revision and reduction of the tariff on cotton and asks for funds with which to continue the tariff board work.

This is in line with President Taft's work all along for tariff revision. He contends that a non-partisan board, investigating scientifically, the cost of production at home and abroad, can afford the only possibly logical basis for tariff revision. He contends this is better than the old log-rolling method of "You vote for me and I'll vote for you" which the democratic house is now trying to put into operation.

And this tariff work is one of the big reasons why President Taft should be kept in office. He has begun scientific revision, one item at a time, and he ought to be continued on the job until it is finished. Col. Roosevelt can scarcely be expected to live up to President Taft's tariff work, and continue the Taft policies in this matter, since the colonel, during his seven years in the white house, never breathed a word about the need of tariff revision. And it was as much an issue then as it was when President Taft came into office and made it a live policy.

THE INDIANA RESULT.

President Taft's candidacy has been given further impetus by the action of the Indiana state republican convention in selecting a Taft delegation to the Chicago convention. In spite of the advance claims of the Roosevelt managers that they would control the convention, President Taft had a surplus of 105 delegates and the four delegates-at-large chosen are Taft men. Following the convention, the Roosevelt faction held a separate convention of its own, selecting a delegation to contest for seats in the Chicago convention. As this contesting delegation was not authorized by the regularly called republican convention of Indiana, it is difficult to figure how the Roosevelt men can hope to gain seats over the regularly elected delegation, at Chicago. Both factions went into the Indiana convention to fight for the delegates. The Taft faction won and there would seem no reason why this result should not be accepted as final.

But the action of the Roosevelt contingent, in holding a separate convention, may presage a third party movement, in case the Chicago convention nominates Taft, which it seems more than likely to do.

Col. Roosevelt has already announced that he would support the nominee of the Chicago convention. But he also had previously solemnly declared he would not under any circumstances accept another nomination, so this latest pledge might easily be overthrown, in view of his recent casting his hat into the ring.

And in contesting the Indiana convention's choice, the Indiana Roosevelt wing may be laying the foundation for saying, when they are beaten at Chicago, that Taft "has been nominated by corrupt methods and the voice of the people still calls Roosevelt," thus "inducing" the colonel to enter the arena once more as an independent candidate, without regard to the republican party.

THE SOUTH POLE.

While waiting for the details of the south pole triumph, one is interested to refresh recollection of the problems of polar exploration, by re-reading the thrilling story of E. H. Shackleton's dash for the pole in 1909.

A remarkable aspect of the Shackleton narrative, was the success attained in keeping the men in good health. No doubt the experience there gained has helped Amundsen and

Scott parties.

The older stories of polar exploration were full of suffering by scurvy, which is said to have killed more sailors than all other causes, including battle, tempest, and other diseases.

Lack of fresh vegetables brings on this complaint, but the Shackleton party did not have a case of it, during all their absence in a snow bound country. Vegetables and fruits were so perfectly preserved in bottles that this dread terror of remote solitudes wholly disappeared.

The Shackleton party maintained a fair degree of comfort without wearing the heavy fur and pilot cloth garments with which Polar explorers ordinarily encumber their movements. They found that if garments were wind proof, and if they had enough to eat, their vitality would keep them warm. It was also remarkable that none of the members had colds, until one day when a bale of clothing was opened in a hut, when all the members at once acquired catarrh.

In spite of all that science and experience could do, the suffering of the men in the final struggle was appalling, and no doubt this will prove the case also of the parties now returning. The 10,000 foot altitude of the highest plateau in the world produced intense headaches and made exertion difficult.

Every page recording the final dash of the Shackleton party is a wall of famished men for food. When the scanty biscuits of one package proved to be shrunken and hard baked, the men asked to soak them in tea to make them swell and look bigger. But they found that if the swelling was carried too far, the sensation of biting something was lost.

PATENT DECISIONS.

The decree of the supreme court sustaining the rights of the owner of a mimeograph machine to control the use of supplies on the machines sold, is comparatively unimportant as far as this case is concerned. But the sharp division between the justices indicates differing theories of the patent privilege, and suggests the many holes in our present patent system.

Without any reference to the case above referred to, it might be said that the general situation in patent law is like the broom seller who succeeded in monopolizing the trade and underselling his competitor, by stealing all the brooms that the other could lay hold of.

The government hands a patentee an impressive looking document with blue ribbons and red seals, which looks very good to the dreamy and hopeful inventor. He imagines that the product of his brains will be welcomed with the hosannas of the business world, and sees inflowing wealth requiring him for days of toil and nights of thought and worry.

The infringing lawyer, however, thinks but little of the document bound up with these seals and ribbons, and instead asks how much money the inventor has to fight suit with.

Patent lawyers cost from \$25 to \$100 a day, experts \$50 to \$75 a day. It is customary to hear a mass of evidence that would be ruled out in court, and the record which the judge is supposed to digest and understand may fill 10,000 pages. Under these circumstances justice is apt to perch on the side that has the smartest lawyer.

The cost of litigation may thus easily run into hundreds of thousands. Many an inventor lies in an unmarked grave, while his ideas bring big dividends to monopolistic corporations.

Another complaint is to the effect that great corporations buy up patent rights and never make any use of them, except as a club to prevent competition. For this remedy is urged that patentees be required to make commercial use of their rights, or let some one else have them.

BEFOGGING THE SITUATION.

There are now three avowed candidates for the nomination for president at the republican national convention which is to meet at Chicago in June.

It is to be admitted that both Mr. Taft and Mr. LaFollette have outlined their ideas on great national questions and that they honestly and widely differ as to the ways and means to best bring about the settlement of the general national welfare which both desire to promote.

But what on earth Col. Theodore Roosevelt is trying to do in the strenuous attempts to gain the presidency, it is difficult to imagine. He has thus far based his long speeches and statements that he daily gives forth to the press on the need of the referendum and the recall of decisions made by the judges. Along this line of argument the man from Oyster Bay is very specific in having it understood that he does not propose that these new schemes of reform and control of affairs by the people shall be tried out by the national government, but rather by the states.

In his recent New York speech, the colonel said: "I am not proposing anything in connection with the supreme court of the United States, or with the federal constitution." In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is talking about certain reforms in procedure in the

different states that he does not even ask or apparently expect the federal government to take up in any way.

The questions that he is spending his time on and compelling President Taft to express his views on, while of much concern in each of the states, which will be obliged to act upon them, each independent of the other as far as the nation is concerned, are purely academic. At his best the people of this country are hearing a debate, in which he is a lively participant, on a matter that is not at issue before the nation as a whole.

It is strange and not particularly edifying spectacle, it is a great thing to talk about the "rule of the people" but on the question of the need of a larger conception of the rights, responsibilities, privileges and opportunities of the average man, there is no division of opinion among the many millions who cherish this land as their home and who believe in a democracy. Temperament may lead some men to use superlatives in talking about them and may induce others to omit them. But when it comes to real patriotism and love of country and humanity the one class of mind would be found in the ranks of peace or war, doing what he can to maintain the integrity of the republic and the welfare of the many, just as ardently and devotedly as the other.

Along these lines Theodore Roosevelt does today, as he always has, some excellent preachments for civic righteousness and higher national standards of action. But he makes a woeful and pitiful spectacle of himself when he arrogates to his own superior knowledge or keener moral perception either the discovery of the ten commandments or the new and only correct idea of a true democracy.

William Howard Taft and thousands of the rest of his fellow countrymen, who are not so noisy about it, have visions of the ideal American, as lofty and as just in practice as anything that has whirled out into space from the brain of the lion hunter and exponent.

What the country wants to know, however, in these weeks that are going by so rapidly and are fraught with such tremendous consequences affecting the weal or woe of the nation's destiny, is the position of each of the contestants in the presidential race, on the problems of statecraft that will have to do with national legislation and administration during the four years that loom up just ahead of us.

On these questions the differences between the views of President Taft and Col. Roosevelt are surprisingly alike. It would be well if the strenuousness displayed in magnifying differences was being displayed in calling attention to their significance, as a rule.

The Roosevelt policies in regard to the great unrestrained combinations of "big business" are the Taft policies. The splendid work of restraint and exposure and breaking up of the trusts which the one so courageously began is being carried forward in the same spirit with increased vigor by his successor.

On the tariff President Taft is not at variance with Col. Roosevelt. Both believe in a protective policy. Both believe in a gradual reduction based upon a scientific knowledge of arbitration of international difficulties that may arise, such as President Taft so ardently advocates and which he so strenuously opposes, the friends of the president will gladly accept the challenge and complacently await the verdict.

On other matters, such as labor legislation, conservation, or the presidential preference primary there is no issue. The referendum and recall of judges and decisions are matters for each state to settle. Neither the president nor congress has anything to do with determining these questions which affect the states.

Isn't it about time to quit pawing the air with a lot of matters that are not germane to the situation and wasting the time and energy that might be better directed in talking about fundamental truths over which there is no real disagreement in the minds of all patriotic people.

Col. Roosevelt has heretofore been credited with an unusual capacity for clear thinking and practical statement. Will he please quit his aviation trip, descend gently to the earth and get down to business? If he has any real national issues, new or old,

that he wishes to define and contend for, he is entitled to a respectful hearing.

If not, he should be generous and patriotic enough to step out of the way and give earnest men who have a chance to make a manly, earnest fight for the convictions that possess them. This is no time to be fighting windmills.

AROUND TOWN.

Now we're accused of having shoved off the walk in order to accumulate two columns of slush to make the public read through. But we deny any such motives. We did it for the good of society—because the snow shoveling movement needed a leader. Also we deny any political ambitions—we're not a candidate for village snow shoveler and wouldn't accept the nomination if it were offered. Consecutively or any other way.

That's the way we feel about it, now that our shoulders have had time to get lame.

Enough's enough. Forty-four to massacre the next guy that says he saw a robin.

You never can tell by looking at a man. He may be batty over golf.

We're feverishly waiting for next week. The teachers are coming to town.

But when it comes to giving out figures as to the number in attendance, the teachers can pad or not pad—just as they choose. We got into enough hot water over that situation a few years ago. That's one event that sticks in memory.

Bulletin: Add running story of Snow Shoveling—We forgot to mention the other day that we left that porch light burning and it never got turned off till 9 a. m.

Friend Vredenburg of Colome picked up this one and was good enough to shoot it down here:

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, give me July again, just for tonight; soften the ground where the frost king has lain, oh let me hear one mosquito again. I am so weary of snowdrifts and ice, weary of paying the coal trust its price; weary, so weary of frost bitten pie, give me a slice of the Fourth of July. Backward, swing backward, oh season of snow—mercury fifty or sixty below—turn on the heat of the tropical zone; roast me until I am cooked to the bone; I am so tired of freezing my nose, weary of chibblains and corns on my toes; weary of trying to sleep with cold feet, turn on the heat mister, turn on the heat."

Does Norfolk need more paving? Take a look around you.

A snow storm isn't worth mentioning in the paper any more unless it amounts to at least 12 inches.

Another sign of spring, if you care to risk taking any stock in 'em: They're clipping horses.

A good many acres of flowers are expected to blossom on women's hats during the next two weeks. Easter comes a week from next Sunday.

Every time we have to buy a new red necktie, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we're that much nearer what ought to be spring, even if it isn't.

Eighteen years ago yesterday we went swimming in the Elkhorn, down at Taft's farm, with "Mish" Levitt. And we'll venture to gamble that nobody got in that early this year.

A Norfolk man offers this as an indication that spring is coming: He saw a boy counting his marbles. Personally, we take no stock in that as a sign. We don't believe any of 'em.

Duck hunters have about given up in despair. They figure the duck season will be over before the ducks get here and that when they do come, they'll just whistle as they go through.

A Norfolk man says there's nothing to that billiard shot that was illustrated in The News not long ago, as having been made by Johnny McGraw of New York. The Norfolk man says he's tried it.

It weren't for the fact that it's in The News, we'd almost be tempted to be skeptical about those three meadow larks at Niobrara. But you can't catch us with meadow larks—we don't believe even in them any more.

"Ball out for governor of Missouri," says a dispatch. A good many governors need to be bawled out.

After smoking cigarettes for forty years, a Norfolk man has cut 'em out. "I got so I could see cigar papers flying all around the room, in my dreams," he said, "so I thought it was time to quit."

"Why do you wear red neckties?" asks Constant Reader. For several reasons. In the first place, while we concede that we'd be handsome in anything, we're convinced that we're particularly fascinating in red. In the second place, we wanted to demonstrate our influence over national affairs, so we started it in order to allow Taft to follow in our wake. And in the third place, it furnishes lots of copy for the A. T. column on dull days. There are other reasons, if these aren't enough.

Speaking of fill-up stuff, one man claims to believe the 4:45-a.m.-to-shov-

el-snow story was "the biggest lie that ever went into the paper." And we submit that that would be going some, when you consider some of the weather forecasts and some of the quotations from politicians.

All of which goes to prove that virtue is its own reward—if there's any reward at all.

Speaking of weather forecasts, why not ask for the weather man's resignation? The past winter has demonstrated his unfitness for the job. Give us a weather man who knows when spring ought to start—and who can deliver the goods. Here's a chance to work the recall.

We've tried working the recall on weather observatory decisions, but that doesn't do the business. It's the man himself we've got to get rid of.

Isn't it about time for the first strawberries?

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

We see by the papers that the handsomest man in Yale plays golf; everyone has a handicap or two to overcome.

Where you have to pay the most for your meals, the waiter is a leisured person who wants extra pay for taking his time.

It is possibly true that Pocahontas saved Capt. John Smith, but most of the other Indians are too shiftless to save anything.

So many towns won't recognize a fire trap until it catches something.

Becoming a good wing shot is possibly the most expensive accomplishment.

Sometimes a liar keeps it up until he fools himself into belief in his veracity.

Most of the aviators smoke cigarettes, but that habit isn't likely to kill them.

Lafe Doolittle says he thinks the free list should be extended to him as well as to our chemical imports. It seems Lafe's wife has reduced his allowance again.

Possibly you have observed that the man who wears a string tie is often negligent about tying it.

No one else has the cinch on recovering from a surgical operation that a novel heroine has.

Only once in a while does an amateur gardener's enthusiasm show endurance equal to the weeds that fight his garden sass.

When members of a family think of reducing expenses, they are apt to say something about Father's Extravagant Habits.

A man who pays for the prizes can make a few interesting remarks about society affairs. One of them did, but we can't print them.

An auctioneer seems in a great hurry, but he gives you time to pay all you think it's worth before the gong follows the "going."

Girls should know that a graceful dancer may not have a very large earning capacity, and it's futile to try to waltz through life.

A bear is a peaceful animal, so far as fighting man is concerned, but no man should try to conquer brain with a club, just the same.

An Atchison man is so henpecked he takes his vacation during house cleaning time, so he can help. Probably this entitles him to the championship in his line.

Lafe Doolittle kicks on the government a good deal; he always has, and the chances are he always will until he dies or gets a pension for what he hasn't done in the past.

Maybe you can find it, Mr. Man, by cleaning up your desk.

One sure rule of health is that you can't buy it in bottles.

If your enemy does some good deed he was only grandstanding.

Calling a guess a prophesy doesn't greatly increase its accuracy.

A course in orthography should be included in a sign-painter's apprenticeship.

An optimist is one who is willing to take a seed catalogue's word for it.

Be good natured, but not enough so to make everyone impose on you.

Nearly every orator feels important enough to think his speech should be printed in full.

Efforts to place the blame for the high cost of living don't do much toward reducing it.

Hospitality is delightful, besides being a successful means of keeping some people poor.

Next to his hunting coat, a man's night shirt is the worst-looking garment in his wardrobe.

An Atchison dictagraph has gray eyes and yellow hair, and she is always on the job.

An Atchison man with a bad stomach claims he still tastes a frankfurter he ate three weeks ago.

You can't tell how happy a bride will be from the price of her trousseau.

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

"THERE WAS ONCE A TEACHER." Text: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher, come from God."—John 9, 2

Lift up your eyes, ye fraternity of teachers. Jesus of Nazareth was once a member of your honored craft, for Christ was a teacher. "He taught them," says the opening sentence of that wonderful Sermon on the Mount. Notice that the discourse opens and closes with that word "taught." The last sentence says, "For he taught them as one having authority." The world has called that address the "Sermon on the Mount," but it is neither a sermon nor a speech nor an oration nor an argumentation. It is strictly an instruction. Nor is this the only time Christ is put before us as a teacher. Forty-four times in the gospel is the verb "teach" applied to him. The other times his sayings are spoken of as "doctrines," which is teaching. Forty times he is called "Master," which is teacher. Two hundred and twenty times his followers are called "disciples"—that is, pupils, learners. I think the fact is worth noting that even Nicodemus said, "Thou art a teacher come from God." I am sure that every public school teacher in the 400,000 leading that army of 20,000,000 school children, as well as the thousands in other schools, will grasp with appreciation the knowledge that the world's Redeemer felt the trials, the discouragements, the disheartenments of a teacher.

"Miss Aurora." The schoolteacher is the guiding star of the republic. She for most teachers are women—is greater in number than all the doctors, lawyers and ministers put together. I am tempted to say her influence is just as great. She takes the little prattling fresh from the home nest, full of his pouts, pets and passions, ungovernable in many cases, a rampant, riotous little wretch whose own mother often admits she sends him to school to get rid of him—the teacher takes a whole carload of these little anarchists, half of whom singly and alone cannot be handled by their own fathers and mothers nor influenced by Sunday school teacher or pastor; she takes this regiment of raw recruits and without entertainment of vaudeville or rod of reform school puts them in way of becoming useful citizens. I claim she shows rare qualities of generalship. One can easily see that while teaching the young idea how to shoot she herself has been unable to dodge Cupid's arrows, and when she is about doing her best work, managing what Aristotle called "the most untamable of all wild animals," some fortunate fellow enters her to manage a home for him.

The Task. Every teacher is subject to periods of profound discouragement. She cannot see that her work is leading anywhere. Some idle, childless eldritch woman addresses the teachers' meeting with patronizing air and tells how inspiring it must be to see the rows of eager upturned faces every morning as hungry as young robins for instruction. Bless her heart! If she could have but just one day of an irresponsible, snickering roomful of children who apparently love nothing less than a book; if she could stand with aching head, sometimes with aching heart, between four hard blackboard walls and the little faces harder still to make any impression upon, she would change her mental figure of young robins feeding.

The problem that faces the teacher is how to have personality enough to go around among fifty children, how to give each child sufficient individual attention to satisfy her conscience.

"The teacher must be happy. Unless the teacher is happy and breathing the breath of life the children will not be happy and breathing the breath of life." True. A smiling face in a schoolroom may brighten the treadmill routine and lessen the possibility of penalty for nonfulfillment of tasks, but the teacher may respond: "How can a board of education expect us to be radiating centers of energy and buoyant spirits when we are so desperately overdriven, when we are given forty or fifty pupils to handle, when very often all possible light and life and joy in the lesson are destroyed by vicious, dull witted, trouble breeding children whose parents believe their misstatements and add to our burdens?"

Transmutation of Spirit. We're in the morning of great intellectual development. We worship brains. We sit at the feet of great teachers. The world's greatest teacher was not Froebel or Pestalozzi, but the Man of Nazareth. He taught the transmutation of spirit. I've seen Indian women on reservation and prairie weaving baskets, working beadwork in which was the glory of leaf and flower, bird and song, mountain peak and sunset glow. Where did she get the beauty, the conception? Oh, out of her own woman's soul. I've seen teachers weaving their lives away in the schoolroom, their soul in their face and voice. The teacher stands at the beginning of mental and soul life. Her audience of fifty boys in a school is better than 1,500 in a chapel at Sing Sing. There is a sense in which a grain of mustard is bigger than a mountain, and schools are cheaper than jails. The teacher saves character as Christ saves souls.

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.