

TALKING OF MEN AND THINGS

Quiet, rather retiring in his disposition, but keenly observant of all that is going on about him—Will Maupin's Weekly advises those who are looking for future political possibilities to keep an eye on John H. Morehead, senator from Richardson and Pawnee, and president of the senate. As a "spellbinder" President Morehead would be outranked by some we have heard more about—and from. But as a successful man of business, a man who studies out public questions for himself without giving way to cheap sentiment or frothy emotion, and having thought them out to his own satisfaction sets about securing results—as that kind of a man John H. Morehead stands in the front rank. Keenly observant men are watching Morehead these days, seeing in him possibilities. He came to Nebraska a poor boy some quarter of a century ago, taught school for a time, engaged in various lines of business until he decided upon banking, and today he is considered well-to-do, every dollar of it made by close application to business and sticking to a policy of square dealing between man and man that has made him a general favorite in his own community. And, after all, the best test of a man is his standing in his own community.

When some one recently suggested to Champ Clark that he might be the presidential nominee of the democratic party in 1912 he said: "The democratic party might go further and fare worse—and probably will." Underneath the humor of the reply lies a huge amount of wisdom. Why not Champ Clark for president in 1912, Mr. Progressive Democrat? Can you find a better?

Isn't the normal school business being a bit overdone? We now have four in the state, with propositions to establish a couple more. We are told that the cry constantly goes up for teachers, and that we must depend upon the normal schools for them. While not pretending to be up in educational lines, Will Maupin's Weekly does pretend to say that one reason why we are always short of competent teachers is that we pay them such miserable wages. As a result of those miserable wages those competent to teach get away from the business as soon as possible. As a result there is a constant call for normal school graduates. If we'll quit the senseless policy of expecting competent men and women to instruct our children for a wage little better than that of the average section hand, and not nearly as good as the wage of the average mechanic, we may be able to secure an adequate supply of teachers. But as long as we expect men and women to spend years fitting themselves for educational work and then remain in it for any length of time on an average wage of less than \$600 a year, we are going to be sadly deceived. We have normal schools in plenty and "junior normals" and all that sort of thing to throw at the birds. Still we are always short on teachers—competent teachers—because we refuse to pay them decent wages.

Lincoln has more little chop houses and restaurants in proportion to population than any other city in America—perhaps. Yet there is not a single first-class cafe. Of course everybody has to eat, more or less, and many less, but how so many eating houses manage to make a profit is a mystery.

Information is to the effect that some of

the State University faculty oppose moving the institution bodily over to the state farm grounds on the plea that to do so would deprive a large number of students of opportunities to "work their way" through school. That might be a calamity to a comparatively few students, but wouldn't it be rather helpful to a great number of men who have to meet the competition of these same students? There are two sides to this question—and the side of the men of family who are struggling harder to make a living than any student is to acquire an education is entitled to some consideration. If only those students who are compelled to work their way through the university were doing it, it would not matter so much. But the plain truth is that a large number take odd jobs at meagre wages, although their parents supply them with what ordinarily would be enough to support the mthrough the school. But these prefer to work on the side for board and use the money supplied by father for cab hire and fraternity dues, and looly-pop for the fair co-eds, and other such things. A lot of the sympathy bestowed upon the college law "working his way through school" might better be bestowed upon the struggling wage earner who is fighting desperately against starvation and in behalf of his wife and children.

H. J. Holcomb, who has been the efficient advertising manager for Mayer Bros. for the past two years, has resigned that position to accept one with a big firm in Cleveland, O. Mr. Holcomb will be missed from business circles in this city, and especially from the Lincoln Ad club, of which he has been a live member. In his new location he will find himself surrounded by the best wishes for future success, all from friends who have learned to know and admire him while he was one of the "live wires" of Lincoln.

One of the "jokes" of the year is "rule 17" of the excise board. That rule provides for registration with the police of all importations of liquor into Lincoln, ostensibly for the purpose of locating the "boot-leggers." The excise board holds that if all must register, the man who registers for more than the average family would naturally consume may be fairly under suspicion of being engaged in the illegitimate sale of the contraband stuff. That's the joke. Of course the "bootlegger" will merely go to Crete, or Omaha, or some other "wet" town and bring in his goods in a valise. But the resident, the home owner, who wants to have a case of beer, or a little "schnapps" sent to his house—he must have it registered at the police station and put himself in a position to be advertised by fanatics as a "boozer" and all that sort of thing. If the police and the excisemen want to catch the "bootleggers" why in the name of sense don't they use the want ads in the daily papers, or the advertising columns of Will Maupin's Weekly. We'll guarantee the advertising game to catch more "bootleggers" than the registration stunt.

The Lincoln Ad club's banquet at the Lindell next Tuesday evening will be worth while—both as to "cats" and "thinks." Rev. Mr. Weatherly of Unity church will talk on "Advertising the Church," Governor Aldrich will take on "Our State," Senator Ned Brown will talk on some live topic, and so will Representative H. G. Taylor. Mayor Love is also on the list. One of Lincoln's cleverest women will talk on advertising from the viewpoint of the women, and there

will be incidental—and accidental—music. There is every reason why you should be there if you are interested in Lincoln and Nebraska. Dollar a plate.

King George has been formally acquitted of the charge of having contracted a "morganatic marriage." A morganatic marriage is the kingly way of having a liason. Adultery is the word used when men of common clay are caught at it. King George was acquitted by the simple process of declaring guilty of libel the man who made the charge, the king hiding behind the kingly prerogative of refusing to appear in court to face his accuser.

Senator Volpp's bill to lengthen the term of state senators to four years, and providing that one-half of them be elected every two years, deserves thoughtful consideration. It would guarantee experienced men in the senate every session, would have a tendency to attract abler men, and would lessen state expense because experienced men would transact the state's business more expeditiously. The plan has been in vogue in Missouri for years and is satisfactory to all the people.

The Evening News says that the rule requiring all shipments of intoxicants received by the freight and express companies to be reported to the police "has reduced 'bootlegging' to the minimum." If this is true then the maximum would be something frightful to contemplate. This paper never has, does not now, and will not, advocate open saloons under any system of license, but it is right here to say that if Lincoln has a "minimum of bootlegging" now, then anything approaching the maximum would simply mean putting a barrel of booze on and invite everybody to help themselves. The simple truth is, that while there is not every street corner, with dippers attached, as much liquor consumed in Lincoln now as there was when we had twenty-five saloons, there never was a time when "bootleggers" were more numerous or "bootleg" liquor easier to obtain. The statement made by the Evening News is on a par with Mayor Love's interview in Sioux City to the effect that "there are no idle men in Lincoln who want work."

No, good friends, Will Maupin's Weekly will not depart wholly from the policies along which The Wagerworker was conducted. Will Maupin's Weekly believes in trades unionism, will fight for recognition of the right of working men and working women to organize for their own benefit and protection, and will strenuously oppose the sweatshop, the blacklist and the labor exploiter. It will advocate advanced legislation in behalf of the workers—liability laws, compensation laws, anti-convict labor contract laws, factory inspection laws. Without lessening in any degree the measure of its former policies, Will Maupin's Weekly will simply undertake to fill a wider field—wider but not more important to the bone and sinew that makes up the human beings who keep the wheels of industry humming.

Senator Tibbett's resolution calling for tobacco experiments at the state farm is a good one. That Nebraska soil and climate are propitious for the raising of tobacco is recognized by men who have had experience in tobacco culture. There is but one thing that stands in the way of raising a high grade of tobacco in this state, and that is the wind—if the wind may be said to "stand