

in the way" of anything. It would be practically impossible to raise tobacco of a grade high enough to make cigar wrappers for the reason that our winds are apt to whip the leaf, making it ragged and full of holes. But for fillers, and for chewing and smoking tobaccos there is no reason why Nebraska should not raise stock equally as good as that raised in Wisconsin. Wisconsin is making rapid strides as a tobacco producing state. By the way, the biggest peanuts we ever saw were raised in Johnson county, Nebraska.

A lot of Lincoln people would do well to take no heart some of the remarks made by Guerdon W. Wattles of Omaha at the banquet tendered to Artist French the other evening. Mr. Wattles' remarks about the man with his hammer out for his home town were right to the point.

There died in Lincoln recently a man who left an estate worth close to \$100,000. For years he lived all alone, in one small room in a big block he owned, dressed like a tramp, lived like a pauper and was forever complaining about hard times. After slaving and sacrificing all his life to heap up a pile of dollars, missing all the joys of life, he went away without taking a penny of it with him, and men who never helped him get a dollar of the fortune will now have the pleasure of spending it. What was the use?

One evening this week the evening papers announced that a receiver had been appointed for the Farmers & Merchants Insurance company. Between the arrival of the evening papers and 9 o'clock that same evening four agents representing as many companies called at the writer's home and wanted to replace the useless policy. Guess that's going some.

In Common Fairness

Four years ago a change in Lincoln's city charter was obtained, moving the date of election forward from April to May. There were two motives behind this change—one was to defeat Frank W. Brown for re-election as mayor, the other to legally disfranchise several hundred voters who did not happen to be in the same class as some would-be dictators of Lincoln policies. In other words, that charter change prevented several hundred Russian-born citizens from voting because these citizens leave early in the spring for the western beetfields. A majority of these disfranchised citizens are home owners. Business men like to have their trade because they pay promptly. They are industrious and frugal. The same reasons that dictated their disfranchisement would apply equally well to a law disfranchising men who do not belong to your church, or your secret society or your social set. Will Maupin's Weekly doesn't care a rap how these Russian-born citizens vote, for that is their business. But it does care when citizens are disfranchised merely to boost some other fellow's game.

Nebraska Soil Possibilities

Talk about starvation staring the world in the face because reports show a decreased yield per acre and a rapidly increasing population! Three years ago an Ohio man visited Cheyenne county with a view to purchasing a farm. After looking at some land near Sidney he declined to invest, saying that the soil would not produce crops. "I'll bet you \$100," said a Sidney gentleman (name given on request, a la Post), "that I

can raise more rye on ten acres of that land than was ever raised on ten acres in Ohio." The bet was taken. The ten acres were measured off and sown to rye, the Ohio man watching everything carefully. When the rye was cut the Ohio man was on the spot. The grain was taken to the thresher and the ten acres produced 1,227 bushels of rye, machine measure. The Ohio man paid the bet and bought 320 acres of Cheyenne county land. A hundred and twenty-two bushels of rye to the acre is some rye! Warden Tom Smith threshed 555 bushels of wheat from ten acres in 1909—fifty-five bushels to the acre. Nebraska soil and brains will make a combination that will beat the world, as well as feed it.

Speaking of Worry

Many of us worry because we are drifters. We have no plans in life. We have cut loose from our moorings and thrown chart and compass overboard. We are like the fellow who said: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on the way." Or like the dog that sat, lonely, in the railroad station because he had chewed up his tag. It doesn't matter so much what your occupation may be—whether it's in the home, the school, the shop or the store—your life will be immensely relieved from anxiety and the petty worries if you have some big ideal, the striving after which makes every little worry seem like the pebbles on the highway to the strong traveller who is journeying home. These are mere incidents in his progress and he is unmindful of them because of the goal just beyond.

It is definiteness, then, which brings calmness. The assurance that one is on the way and not merely drifting brings courage in time of storm. With not a ship in sight and no land to be seen anywhere, with nothing but a waste of water all about—the captain of the ocean steamer is nevertheless calm and serene. His courage is worked out. He has a compass which directs him and a chart to show him the way.

It's a mighty good thing, once in a while, to stop and ask yourself "What is the purpose of my life? Is there anything toward which I am working? Or is life merely a succession of daily jobs?"—Rev. Charles Stelzle.

EVERYBODY'S BOX

Representative Hall, Thirty-First Session, Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 31.—To the Editor of Will Maupin's Weekly: I notice in your issue of the Wageworker bearing date of the 27th inst. a comment on Congressman Humphrey bemoaning the decline of American merchant marine. Your explanation of the causes are to the point as far back as you have gone, but you did not go back far enough for many of the readers to get a thorough understanding of the primal cause of its decadence. It is a fact within the knowledge of hundreds of men now living, that before the civil war the United States could boast of the best merchant marine in the world, Great Britain excepted, shortly after the hostilities opened up congress passed what has come down in history known as the Morrill tariff bill, a law that put such a high tariff on all articles of consumption that all vessel owners who could disposed of their vessels and put the capital into any and all kinds of manufacturing institutions that they could buy stock in, with the result that all kinds of manufacturing plants sprung up like "Jonah's gourd" and

American manufactures received an impetus never before witnessed in the civilized world. The government was in the market for certain classes of vessels and bought all of the best at a price nearly twice, and in a few instances fully twice the cost of construction. Many of us can distinctly remember how glad were the vessel owners to rid themselves of the vessels and get the money into something less risky, and besides collect from three to six times the regular rate of interest from the capital invested, while others invested in government bonds to avoid paying taxes. Some of the old-time vessel owners and their descendents now control some of the largest fortunes in America.

Since the war the shipping laws promulgated and carried out by the Hales, Freyes, Lodges, Aldrichs and that class of men have contributed to its further decline. A ship subsidy law put on our statute books now while the present shipping laws remain, would have but one effect—to put the ocean carrying trade into fewer hands. And with all the bemoaning, waiting, singing of paens and rantapostic jejune threnodies of the Humphreys and men of that ilk, it looks to man up a tree as if that is what they want. J. B. GAFFANY.

Coming Along With The Dope

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hot in an effort to land a manager. The loss of Herman Schaefer was a hard blow to Donald, but swallowing his disappointment he went after another big leaguer in the person of Bob Unglaub. However, after the Washington club had demanded fifteen hundred plunks for his release Bob wanted a cold \$3,600 for a salary. This was too much of an altitude to reach without an aeroplane, and as aeroplane stunts have been a little dangerous this year the Lincoln president said "Nay, nay, Robert, it could not was." The managerial puzzle will soon be solved, however, and possibly so before Will Maupin's Weekly reaches its readers, and while we have lost Germany and Robert, there are some more pretty good ball tossers in this land of Uncle Sam who will be able to handle the Antelopes in a manner which will make the other fellows hustle to keep within striking distance.

As soon as the weather gets warm enough to take a jaunt down to the lot President Despain is going to go down and take a peep around to see what improvements can be made down there which will add to the comfort of the fans the coming season. He has in mind some pretty big stunts if things go all right, and it need not surprise anybody to see him hikeing down O street early some morning with a saw and hammer. Mister Pa Rourke of Omaha is building a fine new grand stand this winter, which will seat about fifteen thousand people. This has been necessary because at one game last summer the Lincoln club played to 348 paid admissions, and they expect to do even better in 1911. St. Joe is also talking new things, and of course Lincoln will get just as good as anybody else gets if it takes every nickel taken in at the pop exchange under the grand stand at Antelope park.

It may not be generally known, but Pitcher Levi Knapp has signed up with a new club for the season of 1911. His contract is what is called under the rules an unlimited contract. He is never at any time a free agent, but can argue all difficulties and submit the matter to a board of arbitration consisting of one. The club he has signed with is the Matrimonial club in the Tieup league.