

Neny is a joke. Far from it. He is one of the big, brainy men of Nebraska. But this is hardly the time for him to get into the senatorial scrap.

DAN STEPHENS' WHEAT FIELDS.

Of course, if Dan V. Stephens of Fremont wants to run for congress in the Third district, that is his business, and we wish him well. But for the life of us we cannot understand why Dan should yearn for a congressional seat when he can sit around and watch the threshing machines on his Platte Valley lands turning out from 40 to 54 bushels of wheat per acre. Give us a half-section or two of that kind of wheat land and we'll sit around in the shade while congressmen perspire and prevaricate and swear. Not for us the muss and fuss and mire of politics if we can thresh 40 bushels of wheat per acre from a few hundred acres of Nebraska wheat lands. But, as before remarked, Brer Stephens knows what he wants, and whatever that is we are for him.

A few years ago Mr. Stephens purchased a lot of land in the Platte bottoms in Dodge county and announced that he was going to tile it. Whereupon those who farmed by rote and snickered at the very mention of "book farming," foregathered by the corner grocery and declared that Stephens was going to make a fool of himself. All of which goes to prove that he who takes the final cachination enjoys the best one. Stephens went right ahead tiling that land, before considered worthless save for wild hay crops. It cost him about \$20 an acre to do it, and he tiled something over 400 acres — necessitating the investment of a pretty snug sum of money. Did it pay? Well, the routine farmers are foregathering at the same grocery store corner these days and declaring that "Dan Stephens is a mighty lucky feller!" On the land that five years ago would mire a horse after a heavy fall of dew Stephens this year raised wheat returning \$30 an acre, and that, too, after raising two consecutive crops of corn that returned \$30 an acre each, a total return of \$90 an acre in three years. In other words, in less than five years Stephens has paid for the land and for the tiling and put a bit of money in the bank. Luck? Not a bit of it—just practical commonsense mixed with enterprise and faith and pluck and brains. And there are hundreds of thousands of acres of just that kind of land waiting for the appearance of men like Dan V. Stephens. Which important fact leads Will Maupin's Weekly to express the hope that men of that sort will speedily make their presence known.

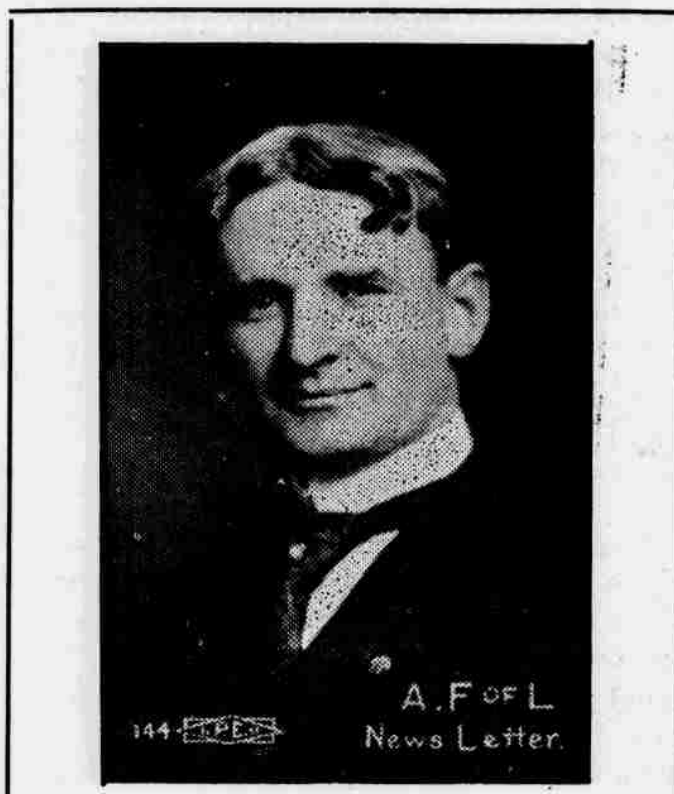
VILE LITERATURE.

The arrest of a train newsboy in Iowa on the charge of having in his possession and for sale a lot of nasty literature, calls renewed attention to the fact that there is an awful lot of that sort of vile stuff

afloat these days. Scarcely a week passes that the job department of Will Maupin's Weekly is not asked to print something for private circulation among the purient-minded. Somebody is printing it, and whoever it is ought to be haled up with a sharp turn. Heaven knows that our daily papers are printing, under the guise of news, stuff that should not be allowed entry into any decent home. When to this is added a flood of vile pamphlets and booklets it is high time something be done.

A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

For the purpose of giving the students of physiognomy—if that is the word we want—a chance to speculate a bit, we give here a portrait of one J. J. Mc-



Namara. Study closely that face and then ask yourself if it is possible for the possessor thereof to be a bloodthirsty, conscienceless wholesale murderer; a man willing to sacrifice human lives by the score in order to earn a paltry salary of \$2,000 a year.

J. J. McNamara is the secretary of the International Brotherhood of Structural Iron and Steel Workers, now on trial for his life on the charge of deliberately dynamiting various buildings and bridges, thereby sacrificing innocent lives, creating scores of widows and orphans and spreading devastation from one end of the continent to the other. Study the McNamara face and then ask yourselves, "Can it be true?"

ANDREW M. MORRISSEY.

For numerous reasons Will Maupin's Weekly welcomes to Lincoln Mr. Andrew M. Morrissey. A personal friendship dating back many years, and stretching across many dividing miles, is made more pleasant by the fact that the distance now dividing is merely a matter of a few city blocks. Mr. Morrissey comes from Valentine, Nebr., to make his home in Lincoln, and has entered into partnership in the law business with Hon. Frank M. Tyrrell. Those of us who are permitted

to enjoy acquaintance with these two gentlemen fully realize the strength of this new firm. Mr. Morrissey is a lawyer of proved ability. He enjoyed a successful practice in Valentine, and comes to Lincoln only because it affords a wider field for the exercise of his talents. He was a recognized leader of the bar in his former field, and Will Maupin's Weekly feels quite sure that he will take a similar place in his new field. In addition to being an able lawyer, Mr. Morrissey is a genial, energetic and companionable gentleman, and if you have not already made his acquaintance you have a genuine pleasure in store, which you should speedily secure. The firm of Tyrrell & Morrissey has offices in the Funke building.

WHO FOOTS THE BILL?

Will Maupin's Weekly has been offered a series of articles in stereotyped plate form, all ready for printing herein, and absolutely free of charge—even the express prepaid.

We'll not accept. It is the speech of Senator Sutherland of Utah in opposition to reciprocity, against the initiative referendum and recall—in fact just such a speech as the most radical advocate of the old order of things would approve. Incidentally the plates contain a cartoon wherein a farmer is pictured as telling a workingman that reciprocity may give the workingman cheaper foodstuffs, but it will not permit the farmer to buy so much of the products of the worker's toil.

Now, pray tell us who is footing the bills for this plate matter? It is costing somebody a pretty penny. Certainly the farmers are not putting it up. Who, then? Why the tariff-protected trusts, to be sure.

There will be plenty of newspaper suckers to bite at this bait of free plates. There are the same newspaper suckers that carry dead ads to fill space and continually cry for "support" instead of commanding support by deserving it.

If Nebraska's 1910 output of agricultural products, butter, eggs, poultry, live stock and manufactures were loaded into standard freight cars and made up into one train, it would be necessary to build a bridge 1,200 miles westward from Golden Gate into the Pacific ocean, bridge the Atlantic, the English channel and the Baltic sea. With the engine 1,200 miles west of the Golden Gate, the caboose would be in St. Petersburg. How long would it take the conductor in the caboose to hear the engineer's whistled signal?

You really ought to send copies of last week's issue of Will Maupin's Weekly to hosts of friends back east. We'll furnish the papers if you'll furnish the address and postage. A 2-cent stamp will carry one copy to the uttermost parts of the earth.