

A WEEKLY
JOURNAL
OF
CHEERFULNESS

Printed primarily for people who look upon life cheerfully and hopefully. Also for people who ought to do so. The promoter of all good things and good people, of which first Nebraska is chief and of which second Nebraskans are—mostly.

DOLLAR A YEAR

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

A MERRY HEART
DOETH GOOD
LIKE
MEDICINE

But a broken spirit drieth the bones. That's what the Good Book says, and we'll bank on it, sure. WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY works to make cheerful the hearts of its readers, and thus do medical duty. Fifty-two consecutive weekly doses for a dollar.
GUARANTEED

VOLUME 8

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, OCTOBER 6, 1911

NUMBER 29

CURRENT TOPICS

The real facts about the Austin, Pa., flood are bad enough, but that is no excuse for the deliberate faking perpetrated by the news gathering associations, the Associated Press and the United Press. That the faking was deliberate is evidenced by the fact that there was no lack of time or opportunity to get at least a glimmering of the true condition of affairs long before the time the regular editions of daily newspapers came from the press. To report a loss of a thousand lives, and then follow six hours later with the report that the loss was less than two hundred, looks very much like deliberate lying for the sake of creating a sensation and then profiting thereby.

The war between Italy and Turkey will be full of comic opera features. Before it can become a real war the powers will step in and put a stop to the whole thing. Not because the powers are particularly desirous of peace, but because they are afraid of war. The whole of Europe is nervously sitting over a powder magazine, and everybody is smoking and careless with the fire. If ever a live spark gets inside the magazine there will be a blow-up of gigantic proportions. Italy will capture a few antiquated Turkish warships that are manned by illy-paid men who would rather like to be captured, and perhaps shoot some helpless hamlet on the sea full of holes. That will be all.

The newspaper "boys" of the country lost a mighty good friend and inexhaustible fount of "stories" when General Manderson died. He was a perfect Chesterfield in his manners, and he gladly went out of his way to grant favors. He was usually prominent in all public functions in Omaha, and to him the newspaper men looked for any help they might need in covering their stories. And the general never failed them. If there was no other way of getting next to the "big gun" of the affair on hand, the reporters needed only to apply to General Manderson, and if the reporters didn't get what they wanted, things stopped doing.

It was the personal privilege of the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly to enjoy General Manderson's personal friendship. A number of kindly letters written in the general's fine handwriting will be family relics long after the writer has passed on. I shall never forget a little incident that happened a number of years ago at the time when Greece and Turkey were at war. A Greek society in Chicago had arranged to send all Greeks reporting themselves ready to fight for Greece to New York, and a New York society had arranged to send them on to Athens. Four Greeks, stalwart young fellows, appeared in the World-Herald office one morning and said they wanted to get to Chicago, explaining how they could get from there to their native land. They were anxious to fight for their old home country. I tried the general officials of the several railroads, endeavoring to secure passes to Chicago for the four men, but was frustrated by an iron-clad agreement not to issue passes save under certain specified conditions,

AUTUMN IN NEBRASKA

BY THE POET LARIAT

Don't talk to me about the blue of far Italian skies,
Nor prate to me of Naples or of Rome;
Don't talk of foreign sights to please my keen artistic eye—
We beat 'em to a frazzle here at home.

For an autumn in Nebraska, with her glories unsurpassed,
Suits you Uncle William bully, got all others far outclassed;
Beats 'em both ways from the middle, got 'em all lashed to the mast.
For blue sky and mellow sunshine, fruit of vine and field and tree,
Take your hat off to Nebraska—she is good enough for me.

Her bins are full of golden grain, and on a thousand hills
Her cattle graze upon her grasses sweet.
Her children sing glad harvest songs that all the country fills
As home they go with eager, dancing feet.

For the summertime is ended and the cool October days,
With a tingle in their breezes and their Indian Summer haze,
Make our lives well worth the living as we wander down the ways.
And I laugh to scorn the praises of the lands beyond the sea,
For I'll stick to fair Nebraska—she is good enough for me.

There's a joy beyond the telling in her bending skies of blue;
A healing balm borne on her ev'ry air;
There's reward for ev'ry effort of the men who dare and do,
There's surcease from ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry care.

For Nebraska's skies are bluer than those bending over Rome;
There's a glow that warms and cheers me from the sun in heaven's dome;
Where my hat's off in Nebraska, there I know I am at home.
And I'll camp right here till Gabriel sounds his trumpet full and free,
Then I'll ask him: "May I stay here? This is good enough for me."

and this was not one of them. Finally I bethought myself of General Manderson. I went to his office in Burlington headquarters and explained the situation, introducing the four Greeks.

"I'll see that these men get to Chicago!" exclaimed General Manderson. "And I wish I were twenty-five or thirty years younger and once more with my old brigade of Ohio men, I'd like to take a hand with these four patriotic young men who are so anxious to fight the 'unspeakable Turk.' You boys," turning to the four men, "call here in an hour and I'll have your transportation to Chicago. And if the Chicago society fails you, let me know."

I went back with them an hour later and General Manderson handed them passes to Chicago, shook hands with them and wished them Godspeed. I never asked who patched up the rule that the general fractured, but I know that he smashed it all to smithereens for four young Greeks who were anxious to fight under the flag of their native country.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant's structures on the public highways of the United States are deserved of course, but his explanation thereof is reasonable. We have been too almighty busy at other things to pay attention to something that everybody uses. And yet it would have been the part of wisdom to start the making of good roads when the start was made to develop a

community. Bad country roads are costing the people of this country vastly more than the combined "overcharges" in freight rates made by the railroads. Measured in time and effort it costs more to haul a wagonload of grain eight miles over country roads than it costs to haul the same amount of grain from central Nebraska to Chicago. There is absolutely no excuse for poor roads in Nebraska. Good roads may be built without financial cost and at the expenditure of less labor than is now wasted upon them by fool road overseers. The explanation is the King road drag. The trouble with the King drag is that it is too all-fired simple.

That statement may sound strange, but it is true—the King road drag—the common split-log drag—is too all-fired simple. If D. Ward King had patented his invention, made it out of double-planned, triple-varnished hardwood, had it brass mounted and nickel-plated, with all exposed wood painted red with gold stripes—and then put it on the market at a hundred plunks per drag, he would have sold them by the thousand. But any farmer can make one if he has enough mechanical genius to saw a board and drive a few nails, and wit enough to know how to hang a doubletree. Its very simplicity is its chief drawback. At a low estimate a million and a half of dollars are wasted every year in Nebraska on alleged "road improvements." They

usually leave the roads worse than they were before, and even if the roads are temporarily bettered, the work must be done over again the following year. If the railroads tried to charge as much for hauling a ton of grain eight miles as the farmer willingly pays for hauling it the same distance over bad roads, there would be a revolution. But the farmer seems to enjoy robbing himself, so what's the use?

The esteemed State Journal is worried because there seems to be a dearth of available land for farm use. Worrying, mind you, when there are 18,000,000 acres of fertile Nebraska land waiting for husbandmen. "But it isn't free," you say. Well, it ought to be, and would be if we weren't such a lot of innocents in the matter of revenue laws. Not free in the sense that men could homestead it, but free in the sense that the men who own it would either have to utilize it or allow some one else to do so. Under our fool system of taxation it is more profitable to hold land for speculative purposes than it is to cultivate it. The minute a man begins to till his half-section and improve it, that minute we step in and soak him with a heavy fine in the shape of taxes. As long as he lets the sod remain unbroken and makes no improvements thereon, we let him off, and all the time his land is growing in value because other men are improv-

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MEN AND MATTERS

The election of Mr. Mohler to the presidency of the Union Pacific means much to Nebraska and the west. Mr. Mohler is a man of western ideas and enterprise. With a western man occupying the executive chair, and with headquarters in Omaha, it is quite certain that western interests will be zealously guarded. Judge Lovette, the retiring president, was a lawyer, not a railroad executive. Mr. Mohler knows the executive end of the business from the ground up. Of especial interest to Lincoln is Mr. Mohler's promotion. He is known to favor bringing the Union Pacific up out of the Salt creek bottoms, of a union depot and of giving Lincoln a better freight and passenger service over the Union Pacific lines.

The death of General Charles F. Manderson, while not unexpected was a deep shock to Nebraskans. He was one of the builders of the state, always an enthusiast in promoting its welfare, and never so happy as when spreading knowledge of her wonderful resources and possibilities. A United States senator for two terms, and president of the senate for a time, he reflected credit upon himself and his state. As a lawyer he ranked among the foremost members of the bar. He was the Burlington's chief attorney from the time he retired from the senate until his death, but he never "played politics" for the road, and to his influence is largely due the fact that the "railroad lobby" has of late years almost entirely disappeared. It was a rare privilege to know General Manderson personally. He drew men to him, and held them by his splendid personality. Soldier, statesman, civilian—General Manderson played a man's part on the stage of human action. Dying he left the priceless heritage of an honored name. On the pages of Nebraska history no name stands out brighter, nor more synonymous of honor and loyalty, than that of Charles F. Manderson.

Those who have read Governor Aldrich's open letter to Ross Hammond of the Fremont Tribune and Adam Breede of the Hastings Tribune, will have to admit that the governor wields a trenchant typewriter. The governor is anything but mealy-mouthed in his utterances, and he goes directly to the point. Of course no one with ordinary gumption believed that Governor Aldrich was rightly quoted in that Sioux City interview, for he is not the man to make any such fool political break. But he comes out squarely, over his own signature, for LaFollette for president, remarking in the same connection that in so doing he is exercising his prerogative as a sovereign citizen, and that he will not use his office to advance his personal political views. To that no fair-minded man may rightfully object. And Governor Aldrich speaks the sentiments of the majority when he frankly asserts that "if he (Taft) don't do any better in the future than he has in the past, he not only will not be re-nominated, but if re-nominated will be defeated." As time flies Chester H. Aldrich is giving a pretty good imitation of a man who knows his own mind, and knowing it has the

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