

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

A Weekly Journal of Cheerful Comment whose mission it is to reflect sunshine and pilot people around and behind the dark clouds. It believes in the Ultimate Good and strives for it. Until it runs out of Good Words to say about men and women it will say no Harsh Words—and there is so much of Good to be said that Will Maupin's Weekly expects to be Very Busy on the Good End of the job for many years to come. May we have your company along the way?

BOOSTING NEBRASKA ALWAYS

That is one of the best things we do—and the pleasantest. Just say "Nebraska" to us and you've got us going. Nebraska is inspiration for song and symphony, for oratory and optimism. Will you join our Grand Chorus of Nebraska Boosters, instructed and conducted by Will Maupin's Weekly? Initiation fee and one year's dues, One Dollar—the more dollars we get the better we sing.

THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR SINGING LESSONS

MEN & MATTER

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spinal rigidity to say what he thinks, and to do what he thinks should be done.

To be elected senator from Nebraska presupposes some knowledge of inside politics on the part of the lucky man. Al Sorenson exhibits such a dense ignorance of politics in the following quotation from his Omaha Examiner that we greatly fear he is to forever remain the will-be senator: "He says: There is getting to be a painful iteration in the boosting of Bryan by F. W. Brown, ex-mayor of Lincoln. Wherever a reporter is willing to ply him his interview pencil Mr. Brown gladly provides a Bryan boost. Which suggests that Mr. Brown is pursuing a still hunt for a position on the national committee to succeed Dr. P. L. Hall." Such an ignorance! And exhibited by Al Sorenson, too! If Bryan is "in bad" with the democracy to the extent that Sorenson claims, how can Brown advance his own interests by boosting Bryan? And what advantage would accrue to Brown by reason of being a member of the democratic national committee? If Frank W. Brown is looking for anything for himself in the political game, we are quite well assured that it is not a job as national committeeman. We opine that it is something vastly more influential, closer home, and permitting of pastry distribution without the necessity of going to the backdoor of a president to ask for it in wholesale quantities.

"How soon are we forgotten when we are gone," wailed poor Rip. And how truly the merry old vagabond spake! Thirteen years ago the name of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley loomed large. Last Monday the announcement of his death received less notice in the newspapers than a divorce case in society circles. Yet Schley ranks with such great sea fighters as Nelson, Jones, Lawrence, Farragut, Foote and Dewey. Despite the efforts of a Washington cabal to "pocket him," the public recognized in him the real conqueror of Cervera at Santiago. His fa-

mous message, "There is glory enough for all of us," ranks with Perry's "We have met the enemy and they are ours," or with Nelson's "England expects every man to do his duty." It gave to the world the real measure of the man—brave, chivalrous and generous—without fear and without reproach. His fame was next to that of Dewey's—and lasted longer. Future school histories will teach the rising generation that Admiral Schley was a hero, a gallant sailor and a great citizen.

If any concerted effort is made to induce immigration to Nebraska it will be made by the railroads. There will be much talk about this or that method and organizations will be perfected, but the fact remains that until some future legislature acts wisely enough to make an adequate appropriation for the organization and maintenance of a bureau of publicity and promotion, the railroads will have to do the real work if any is done. And the railroads are doing the very best they can under the circumstances. Naturally each one confines its efforts to booming its own particular territory. What is needed is systematic booming of every section of Glorious Nebraska. And it is the state's business to advertise its own business.

The rumor that Richard L. Metcalfe is seeking to put the rollers under Dr. Hall and trundle him out of the democratic national committee is a joke. If Dr. Hall wants the thankless and purely honorary position again he will not only have no opposition worthy of the name, but will have the active support of "Met" and others we might name. The efforts of busybodies to rupture the friendly relations between the genial banker and the companionable newspaperman will fizzle like a wet firecracker. We know whereof we speak, therefore we claim to be speaking advisedly.

"Jim" Elliott, the big, good natured and able editor of the West Point Republican, yearns to succeed Congressman Latta. He declares he is serious about it, too—which inclines us to the belief that he is maintaining his reputa-

tion as a jokesmith. But if he is really serious about it we hope he goes after the job. Of course we have heretofore expressed the opinion that Dan V. Stephens of Fremont is the man for the place, but if it is not to be Stephens then by all means let it be Elliott. "Jim" has surely earned the honor of a nomination at the hands of his party, for he has been a consistent and tireless hewer of wood and drawer of water, even if he hands the water along.

Congressman Norris did not meet the president in either Omaha or Lincoln. Just why is best known to Congressman Norris, of course. He is frankly opposed to the re-nomination of Taft, frankly opposed to Taft's reciprocity ideas, and really in favor of a revision of the tariff downward. About all they agree upon is arbitration. And it takes no exceptionally keen political vision to see that the Nebraska man voices the sentiments of a majority of Nebraskans. Nor is it difficult to see that Congressman Norris is a growing force in the councils of his party and of the nation.

CURRENT TOPICS

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ing their farms and contributing something to society—and being fined for it. Soil and "lay of the land" being equal, the unimproved half-section ought to pay just as much tax as the highly improved half-section. It is just as valuable for use and occupancy. And until it is taxed just as much, just so long will there be increasing congestion of population in the cities, an increasing shortage of food supplies and an increasing amount of human misery.

Anybody expect that the "investigation" of Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin will prove anything other than a "whitewash?" If there be such a man, bless his innocent heart. If he will send in his name we can sell it at a high price to some dealer in gold bricks. A senate that found a Lorimer innocent of wrong-doing is in duty

bound to present Stephenson with a medal of honor.

The "million dollar rains" we failed to get in July and early August are coming along now—and worth the money. They are making the pastures green again, rejuvenating even the late potatoes and tomatoes, and putting the ground in excellent shape for fall plowing. They mean a bumper wheat crop in Nebraska next year. Let 'er rain!

This Journal of Cheerful Comment has small opinion of the man who can see "sport" in chasing jack rabbits who have no earthly chance of ultimate escape. If they dodge the dogs one day they are almost certain to be caught the next. And yet there are men who claim there is sport in that sort of thing. There may be some basis for the claim that it is sport to chase rabbits in the open, where the rabbit has something like a show to win. But "coursing meets" are about as sportsmanlike as shooting live birds from a trap, and live bird shooters are, in our humble belief, men who in their bodhood loved to pull wings from flies to see them wobble around, or stick pins in babies to hear them cry, or bullyrag children smaller than themselves. Jesse Pomeroy was about as mean as they are made, but we never heard that he was charged with shooting pigeons from a trap.

A few weeks ago the daily papers were full of the Astor-Force marriage details. Last week the national conservation congress met in Kansas City, but the newspaper reports are meagre in the extreme. The "big story" was one that had a bad effect on public morals. The other story merely had to do with the happiness and prosperity of a people.

The railroads of Great Britain carry more passengers than do the railroads of the United States. Our railroads kill and wound a thousand where the British railroads kill and wound one. The reason for the difference is that our British cousins think more of life and limb than they do of dividends.

A BIT REMINISCENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Curry of Oregon, Mo., have been visiting with relatives and friends in Lincoln for the past week. And the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly is proud to be numbered among their friends. Thirty-one years ago this editor entered the office of the Sentinel at Oregon and began service as "devil." Tom Curry was then foreman. During the years since then the writer has roamed a bit—quite a bit—but Tom has remained right there. Only he is one of the Sentinel's editors now, and only goes to the "case" when there is a rush on. His partner, "Deacon" Dobyms, was the editor in the writer's "devil" days, and is still doing active duty, using the same old chair, the same old desk, and in the same old building. We have olfactory evidence, too, that the "Deacon" is using the same old pipe. Tom and his good wife have children older than the writer was when he began learning the printer's trade. For the matter of that the writer has also—one of them much older. But there is another tie that binds this editor to the old print shop down in Oregon. His "kid brother" is now foreman of the old shop, and daily pulls out the same old cases, sits at the same old frames and looks out of the same old windows upon the same old scenes.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry—they are Tom and Minnie to everybody in and around Oregon—are taking life easy. Tom wouldn't know what to do with a million dollars if he had it, and wouldn't be happy with it. Assured of a modest income, he would rather catch crappie in Big Lake than to travel in a private car. The Curry home is always open, and Oregon young folks make it their headquarters. And when the house is full of them, Tom and Minnie are the youngest of the lot.

Isn't that, after all, the way to live? Isn't it better than eternally striving to pile up dollars that you cannot take with you? Isn't it better than to be forever scheming to get ahead of your fellows? We wish the world, and particularly this western section thereof, had a whole lot more Toms and Minnies, and a whole lot less of some other kinds. It would improve things a heap.