

THE LOOKOUT MAN

BY WILL M. MAUPIN

Now, listen, little children, and I'll tell a story true—
And better you remember, for it means a lot to you—
For if you heed the lesson, then when Christmas time is here

You'll get a lot of presents and a lot of Christmas cheer.
The Lookout Man is walking when the stars begin to peep

To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep;
And all who act up naughty and don't mind their ma's and pa's,

The Lookout Man is watching, and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I knew a little fellow once who got real bad, and said
He didn't care for Santa Claus, and wouldn't go to bed;
And said he didn't have to mind—O, he was awful bad,
And didn't seem to care a mite in making folks feel sad.
But when it came to Christmas day he didn't get a thing,
For Santa Claus had heard of him and not a thing he'd bring.

He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's and pa's,
The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

I also knew a little girl who was just awful bad.
She wouldn't get her lessons and she always got so mad
If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise—
Well, she was always wishing for a lot of Christmas toys;
But when 'twas Christmas morning, to her wonder and surprise,

An empty stocking hanging in the corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's;

The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

The Lookout Man is peeping through the windows every night

And counting up the children who are always acting right.

And going off to bed at once when told it's time to go,
And never pouting, not a bit, or taking clothes off slow.
He puts them in the good book, but the bad ones in the sad,

And when he writes a bad one, O, he looks just awful
For he knows they will get nothing—better mind your ma's and pa's—

The Lookout Man is watching and he'll tell old Santa Claus.

A WEARINESS TO THE FLESH.

There are some men who make us weary, but the Rev. Frank Crane makes us deadly tired. He is the clerical gentleman who, while pastor of a fashionable Omaha church drew the line against receiving into membership a woman who, having sinned and repented, asked to be received therein. He suggested to her that her place was in a little mission church established in the "Burnt District" for such a she. He is also the clerical gentleman who, when chided for this action by the newspapermen of Omaha, made some very intemperate remarks about the newspaper profession and its members, only to be fronted by the fact that on the morning in which his intemperate remarks appeared in print there wasn't a newspaper man either in the Omaha jail or the Nebraska penitentiary, while there were two preachers incarcerated in the Omaha bastille and three in the prison maintained by the state.

For some time past Rev. Mr. Crane has been syndicating stuff to the daily newspapers, and one Lincoln paper has been perpetrating it upon the people. We don't often read it, and when we do it is for the purpose of finding some excuse for getting up and kicking the cat. But we did read one recently in which the clerical gentleman talked about hotels. He declared that in all his travels he never saw a good hotel. Then he goes to enumerate the things that are, in his opinion, essential to the "good hotel" of his standard. And he doesn't enumerate a thing that isn't possible to find every day in the year if one has the money to pay the bill. But he does demand a lot of things that only a sybarite would desire, and in enumerating them he shows himself much more inclined towards the fleshpots of Egypt than to the things of the spirit. So, also, does he explain, though unintentionally, why preachers of his stamp are doing absolutely nothing to demon-

strate to the world that the Christian religion is a living, breathing, vital force in the regeneration of men. It isn't the minister who lolls by cosy grates, under the incense of cut flowers and at ease in gown and slippers, who is moving the world for righteousness; it is the minister of the gospel who is out among men, playing a man's part in a manly way, and grappling with the forces of evil hand to hand and face to face. We admire the minister of the gospel who goes out and appeals to men through their manly natures; we wouldn't give three whoops in hell for all the Rev. Frank Cranes you could stack up in a 40-acre lot.

ORCHARDING IN NEBRASKA.

The Nebraska City News tells of one man in Otoe county who averaged about 3500 an acre from his apple trees this year, after all expenses had been paid for picking and harvesting. It quotes a man who came there from Minneapolis recently for the purpose of buying several orchards as saying what this paper has contended, that Nebraska is just as good for apple-raising as the northwest. He said that nowhere in the United States can such apples be found as in Otoe, Nemaha, Richardson and Cass counties. They have a better flavor, are juicier and of a better color than the other apples he knew of. He was of the opinion that if even a tithe of the care that is bestowed on their trees by the orchardists of Oregon and Washington was given the orchards of Nebraska the latter product would top the market. The reason why that is not true today is that the northwestern man makes a business of orcharding, and gives his trees undivided attention. In this state any attention they get is merely incidental.—Lincoln News.

That's just what Will Maupin's Weekly has been trying to tell Nebraskans for to these many months.

Given the same care and attention as is given the orchards of Oregon and Washington, and the orchards of Nebraska will excel them in output, in flavor and color of fruit and in marketable qualities. And a profitable orchard may be propagated in Nebraska at a great deal less expense than an equally profitable orchard in the northwest.

What's the trouble? Nebraska orchards are merely a by-industry of the farm; in the northwest the orchard is the main thing. In Nebraska the trees receive little, or at most incidental, attention; in the northwest they are scientifically cared for. The Nebraska apple grower thinks only of raising just apples; the fruit raiser of the northwest thinks of raising the very best. Heretofore the Nebraska apple raiser dumped all his apples into barrels, regardless of color or size, and hauled them off to market—usually a poor one because he had poor apples. The northwest apple grower picks his apples carefully, culls them carefully, packs them carefully and see to it that they reach their market in perfect condition. That is an explanation of why Oregon and Washington apples sell "three for a dime" in Chicago and Cincinnati and New York and Boston, when Nebraska apples are rotting under the trees.

But a change is coming. Orchard- ing is being scientifically carried on in Nebraska now. Orchards all but abandoned a few years ago are now being treated as orchards should be treated, with the result that Nebraska is coming into her own as an apple growing region. Careful selection of varieties, careful cultivation, thorough spraying, intelligent caring for and shipping of the product—all these things are going to make Nebraska apples the pick of the market in the years to come.

What about the apple country in the northwest. In no sense is it to be compared to the apple country we have right here. Will Maupin's Weekly stakes its reputation for knowledge about Nebraska and Nebraska resources upon the proposition that a Nebraska orchard can be brought to bearing at less expense of money and labor and prove more profitable than an orchard of equal size and productivity in either Washington, Oregon or Idaho. And the Nebraska orchards are nearer to market, and the fruit raiser surrounded with all the things that go to make life worth living—good schools, good churches, railroads, neighbors, friends and invigorating climate. Above all, he is in a land that is not confined to any one product, but can and does produce more per acre of every grain and grass grown in the temperate zone than any other state in this Union.

These are facts that should be made known to all men everywhere. Nebraska has millions of acres of fruit lands waiting the coming of industrious, frugal and trained fruit growers. It has millions of acres of corn and wheat land awaiting the plow and the seed and the harvester. It has a welcome for all who want to build homes and play the part of good citizens. What is now needed is to make the fact of the waiting welcome and waiting opportunities known to everybody.

JOSEPH E. ONG.

There will be general and genuine regret throughout Nebraska when it becomes known that Judge Joseph E. Ong, late of Geneva, died at Grand Junction, Colo., on November 11. Judge Ong was one of Nebraska's pioneers and played a prominent part in the early political and professional history of the state. Not only was he a successful lawyer, but he was a successful farmer and stock raiser. Always interested in politics he was a leader in the democracy of Nebraska for many years. Of late he has been leading a very quiet life, having retired from active business.

The Tecumseh Journal-Tribune tells this characteristic story of Judge Ong: "On one occasion Judge Ong, who was a great tariff reformer, told a tariff story which has been told and retold in many democratic homes in Nebraska since Judge Ong first gave it utterance. He said that many years ago a Chicago democrat was down in Indiana talking to a lot of farmers on



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the tariff question. The speaker said:

"Now I want to put a question to you and I want you to think over it a few days and then write me the answer. I want to ask you what is there that a farmer sells that he gets more for and what is there that a farmer buys that he gets for less on account of a high protective tariff?"

"A few weeks later in his home in Chicago the speaker received from an old Indiana farmer the following letter:

"Dear Sir: When you were down here three weeks ago you asked us, 'What is there that a farmer sells that he gets more for and what is there that a farmer buys that he gets for less on account of a high protective tariff?' Well, sir, I've been thinking about that ever since and I have come to the conclusion that there isn't a god-darned thing."

A GOOD BOOST FOR ASHLAND.

Ashland as a trading center is growing stronger. People are beginning to realize that business can be operated in Ashland more economically than in large cities. This fact is being recognized not only by home people but by city folks as well. Only last week the Butler Dry Goods company sold one bill of goods amounting to \$375.00 to a lady from Lincoln. It is not uncommon to see people from Omaha here trading. There are undoubtedly many cases like the above, only this one came to our attention. Good goods and judicious advertising are bound to bring business. —Ashland (Neb.) Gazette.

All of which sounds too good to be true. We know Ashland to be a mighty good little city. It is in Saunders county, than which there is no better agricultural county in any state in the Union. If we were given permission to select for our very own the county we most wanted for farming purposes Saunders would be well up among those considered before final selection—which choice more than likely to fall upon Saunders. But this little story about a Lincoln woman passing up Lincoln dry goods establishments to go to Ashland and buy \$350 worth of merchandise—well, the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly was born and raised in Callaway county, Missouri.

SOCIALISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

If a working girl is to live in decency and a fair degree of comfort on her earnings, according to the charts of the cost of living shown at the Kansas City Welfare exhibition, she should receive wages of at least \$9 a week. The census reports show that the average wages of women working in factories is \$6.17. This means that there are scores of thousands of women working for \$3 to \$5 a week—

or only about half a living wage. Which leads the St. Paul Post Dispatch to say:

"In fixing women's wages it should be assumed that the worker will have to support herself at least. Wages below the cost of living are an incentive to immortality and crime."

Immortality and crime are not the only results of wages below the cost of living, though they may be the most deplorable. Neither are the women wage earners the only ones who are compelled to work for less than a fair living wage. Hundreds of thousands of men work for less than a living wage. In consequence their homes are travesties on that holy name, cursed by poverty and destitution; their children are not educated; their women are not allowed to fulfill a woman's destiny. Women and children alike are put to work as wage earners to help bring the family income up to a living basis.

So far as concerns this large element of American citizenship our civilization is a failure. Our institutions are a failure. Democracy itself is a failure. When able-bodied, hard-working people cannot earn enough to live on decently, even when they work all the time, plainly there is something radically and fundamentally wrong with conditions.

Is it any wonder that such large numbers of the working classes are turning from democracy to socialism? Is it any wonder that many of the more prosperous, heart-sick and rebellious over the manifest injustice they see all about them, are also turning to socialism?

Similarly as to the women. We deny them the shelter and security of the home. We compel them to go out in the industrial field as combatants in the fight for existence. And we pay them less than a living wage.

Is it any wonder the demand for woman's suffrage is growing as it is? Have not the women logical ground for saying that when they are required to take into their own hands the responsibilities and dangers of the strife, on the same footing with the men, they should also be equipped with the same weapons the men have—and have used to such poor purpose?

The standpatter who holds his place with smug complacency, insisting that whatever is right, cynically deploring the rapidly increasing crops of socialists and suffragettes—is he not reaping what he has sown? And is he not still sowing, with hand growing ever more and more prodigal, his seed of thistles and thorns?

GET BUSY NOW.

The Journal will be glad when this election is over. We want to put in some liars for old Champ Clark for president.—Fairbury Journal.