

## WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

THE WAGWORKER

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I HAVE been gratified with the reception accorded Will Maupin's Weekly. It did not set the world afire when it made its initial appearance—but, honestly,



I did not expect it to start much of a conflagration. I am well aware that in this day and age of dollar dailies and free farm papers and subsidized magazine publishers it is difficult for a "different" newspaper to get a foothold. But I am sure that there are enough cheerful-minded people in Nebraska to accord a goodly support to a paper that looks on life cheerfully, believes that most people are honest, and that it is possible to have differences of opinion without descending to bitter personalities. It is to such that Will Maupin's Weekly will make its appeal. Honestly, people, I would rather be the author of a state-wide smile of good cheer than to detect some public official in the gentle art of grafting.

Not because I would hesitate to expose a faithless public official, but because I do not want any dishonest public officials, and I prefer creating smiles to "muckraking." I have some pretty well grounded opinions of my own on questions that are being publicly discussed, but to date I have not reached the stage when I am thoroughly convinced that those who differ from me are thieves and robbers and tools of special interests and emissaries of Satan—and all that sort of thing. Having been born what some people are pleased to term a "Campbellite," I am quite well convinced in my own mind that baptism by immersion is the proper mode, and that all other modes are wrong. Indeed, I am ready to prove it—to my entire satisfaction. But for the life of me I am unable to believe that those who hold sprinkling or pouring to be equally efficacious are doomed to eternal punishment for their lack of good judgment on this question. Of course there are those who so believe, and contrawise there are those who would burn me at the stake if by so doing they could demonstrate the rightfulness of their position.

The other day a man charged me

with being "a tool of the whiskey ring" because I did not believe as he did on the question of how best to deal with the liquor problem. That amused me, for I have yet to cast my first vote for license. That man is one of many believing that all who differ from them are doomed to hellfire. Well, maybe even hellfire is preferable to a heaven peopled by that class of narrowminded beings.

Will Maupin's Weekly is not going to waste its time nor the time of those wise enough to become its subscribers, by trying to solve all the vexed problems that confront us. It recognizes its own limitations, as well as the peculiar brain formation of the average man. Therefore its mission will be, chiefly, to make happier the passing hours by cheerful comment and earnest effort to promote human happiness by spreading the gospel of smiles.

The easiest thing in the world is to stir up trouble and strife, and there are too many who engage therein. The next easiest is to criticize and find fault, and many there be engaged therein. And the world is given to strewing flowers upon the grave of the dead, after long neglecting to put a single posy in the hands of the living. All the flowers that Will Maupin's Weekly has to dispose of will be handed out while the recipients are alive and able to enjoy their colors and their odors. The best things said about men have been carved on their tombstones. Will Maupin's Weekly will say its good words of men while they are alive to enjoy them, leaving the task of carving epitaphs to the tombstonemakers.

Old John Miller, a miller in the little old home town back in Missouri, was a philosopher. A bunch of men sat around his mill door one summer afternoon and discussed all the problems of religion and politics. The subject of hell came up and Uncle John said:

"I believe there is a hell where we are punished for the evil deeds we done here, but I don't believe it's a place where we just burn and sizzle forever and ever. Why, we just couldn't stand it!" What's the use of discussing hell and how to escape it when there are so many opportunities of discussing heaven and how to gain it? What's the use of looking for evil to complain about when there is so much of beauty to see and enjoy? What's the use of putting in so much time figuring on a glorious hereafter that we neglect to live a life of usefulness in the now?

There is so much good in the world

to talk about—and especially in Nebraska—that Will Maupin's Weekly expects never to exhaust the subject. There is so little of evil, comparatively—especially in Nebraska—that Will Maupin's Weekly is not going to waste time hunting it up for the purpose of grumbling about it. There's an easy chair and a warm welcome awaiting in this office for every apostle of optimism and good cheer, but the office atmosphere will be chilly for the pessimist and the chronic kicker.

The other day a well-meaning stranger dropped into the office and asked me if I had considered the question of my soul's salvation. I admitted that I had given it some thought.

"May I not talk to you about it, my friend?" he asked.

"Well, not right now," I replied. "I am figuring on how to meet the payroll tomorrow night. If you can interest the printer and the pressman in that subject to the extent that they'll forget to ask for their pay envelopes, then I'll have more time to listen to you."

Then he tried to show me by liberal Biblical quotations that I was shortsighted, but he was soon convinced that I knew a thing or two about the Good Book myself.

The now—the right now—is worrying me considerably more than the here after.

Will Maupin's Weekly is of the new school. It is going to offer the remedy of good cheer, wholesome humor, kindly comment and good fellowship for all the evils that the grouch, the knocker and the pessimist have thrust upon us.

Want to join the school? Cost you just a dollar for one year's treatment, and the course is guaranteed to cure the worst case of grouch and pessimism known.



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