

Not because it is Mr. Cochran, nor because of any views he may hold. But his candidacy was sprung at the wrong time and under the wrong circumstances. It was too much like "snap judgment" against men who were entitled to some consideration. Of course it was done with the best of intent, but the surrounding circumstances were such as to seriously handicap Mr. Cochran's candidacy. This much must be conceded in view of the fact that the men who made Mr. Cochran a candidate have since given palpable evidence of seeing some things in a broader light.

Don L. Love is the only candidate admittedly backed by the "dry" element. The element opposed to the "dry" policy, together with other elements that are not interested in that question to any appreciable extent, but interested most vitally in the business life of Lincoln, have three men to select from. Lincoln is normally a republican city. Mr. Love and Mr. Armstrong are the republican candidates. The "drys" will see to it, if possible, that Mr. Love is made the republican candidate, and the weakest of the two "wet" democrats nominated against him. The "wets" will be divided, while the "drys" will be united. That is the danger to Mr. Armstrong's candidacy. And the sorrow of it all is that so many people are going to lose sight of the fitness of candidates, the commercial welfare of Lincoln, in a fight over a policy that should be settled wholly on its merits and without regard to the personal opinions of the candidates for office.

Why should we elect excisemen on account of their views on a question that has no part in politics? And why politics in a municipal campaign, anyhow? If by chance "dry" excisemen are elected to enforce a dry policy, it means petty annoyance, interference with personal liberties that are unquestioned, prying into private affairs and a further growth of animosities and bickerings. If a "wet" excise board is elected it means entirely too much "personal liberty" and a growth of evil influences that should be minimized more and more each succeeding year. Will Maupin's Weekly will not support any candidate because of that candidate's views upon the excise policy, nor will it support any man who will not pledge himself, regardless of his personal views on that question, to carry out to the full the policy decided upon by a majority of the voters. With this newspaper it is a question of what is best for Lincoln, commercially, educationally and morally. Most men believe the saloon is a social nuisance and a social outlaw. Few if any defend the saloon as a business institution. The question, then, is: Shall we have a few well regulated saloons, doing business in the open and under the watchful eyes of the law, or shall we banish it to the alleys, the byways and the blocks, where it is unseen, unregulated and practically unbridled? Let us settle that question all by itself. Let us settle the question of officials purely upon their merits as capable men of affairs amply able to take care of the city's manifold business activities.

Taking everything into consideration, and without being influenced in any manner whatsoever by personal likes or dislikes, Will Maupin's Weekly believes that the in-

terests of Lincoln as a city of homes, or growing business and of future possibilities, will be best served by the nomination and election of Alvin H. Armstrong to the office of mayor; that the "dry" policy should be continued insofar as it pertains to the licensed saloon but modified so as to provide for the legitimate demands for spirituous liquors; and that we agree among ourselves that as soon as the election is over we sink all of our personal differences on the excise question and work together, whole-heartedly and unanimously for a bigger and better Lincoln.

## Let the Babies Die!

The children of the dependent poor might better die in their infancy than survive to fight the uneven battle of life under the present social conditions, according to Joseph Fels, millionaire single tax advocate. The little Jewish soapmaker who had much to do in causing the peers of England to tremble, made that assertion to a company of social workers at the Thomas H. Swope Settlement yesterday afternoon. In the same speech he called his hearers "goody-goody reformers, who believe they were doing good in saving lives, but really were doing only harm."

"You may say I'm hard-hearted," he said. "I'm not. I'm simply advocating the course that would mean the most to mankind in the long run. You save, perhaps, two or three hundred babies here in a month or in a year, say. You merely reserve them for a worse death. You save the boys that they may slave in the mines or sweatshops of the rich and you save the girls to be the prey of temptations when they shall reach the age where they are open to them.

"And to save them you use dribblets from the fortunes the rich have wrung from the poor. These pittance are thrown out as sop to the people, who have lost their birth-right—the right to an equitable share in the wealth their labor produces.

"Better take the money and expend it in bringing about a display of the child victims of the iniquitous system. Exhibit the coffins in a public place, for instance. That would show the people the awful price they are paying merely to live.

"True, you are saving lives, but you are not getting at the seat of the evil. If you have a leaky boat, you may be able to save it for a time by bailing out the water, but the logical thing to do is to stop the leak. Charity is like bailing. You have to keep at it and you just make the objects of those gifts dependent. You pauperize them. You besmirch their manhood and womanhood. I'll never give five cents to charity. It's wrong.

"The answer to it all is the single tax system of Henry George. The land produces everything in the beginning, and therefore it should pay all the taxes. Make it pay them and no vacant land will be held for speculation and taken from the people. Nature has provided ample means for the support of all. The landholders have kept the people from their God-given right to have the benefits of the land, and penury and want is the result. Tax the land and make it necessary to use it all and there will be work for all and want will disappear.

"I had an experience myself that shows

how speculation in land works. Some years ago I bought eleven acres of land in Philadelphia—clay bank it was then—for \$22,000. I let the land stand idle. Streets were cut through and three thousand houses were built in that vicinity. Today that land is worth \$125,000. There's \$100,000 that I earned and all I did was to go out and look at the land two or three times.

"Of course, it's my money. Why, certainly. It just increased in value that much. But why did it increase? Because the people came into that neighborhood. Their proximity to the land made it valuable. Then they earned it, didn't they? If they earned it, it should be theirs. I have no right to that increased value. I ought to have to pay it in taxes for the benefit of the people."

### A Great Date.

"What great event of national importance happens this month, and upon what day?" asked a Lincoln teacher of her grade last Wednesday.

"On de twentieth!" shouted a small boy.

"Why, Johnnie, nothing of importance is due on the twentieth of this month."

"Well, I guess yes," exclaimed Johnnie.

"No, but on March 4 congress adjourns sine die, and the new con—"

"Ah, w'ot's dat compared t' de twentieth, de day dat de Antelopes have t' report fr spring practice?" shrieked the young bug.

### The Real Reason, Perhaps.

"I was just wondering," mused John Gavin, after reading of the petition to enact a law against coursing meets in Nebraska, "if the protest is not made by people similar to the old Puritans."

"How's that?" queried a friend standing by.

"Well, I've read that the old Puritans forbade bear-baiting on Sunday, not because it was cruelty to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the men. The protest against coursing meets may originate from the same source."

## WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF  
CHEERFUL COMMENT

Dollar  
A  
Year

Fifty-two doses of Nebraska Optimism—a dose a week—for a whole year.

Send the Dollar to Will Maupin's Weekly, Lincoln, Nebraska.

P. S. Send the Dollar Today.