

closing has pinched a lot of boozing dens and some hotels that catered more to beer than to bread and meat. Omaha has been unfortunate in her spokesmen. What she ought to do is to suppress a lot of them and put more Campbells on the firing line.

The excise question in Lincoln should be settled on its merits, and wholly apart from any other question. The city's officials should be elected on their merits, and wholly apart from their personal views on the excise question. Let's get down to plain common sense just for once.

After fighting for resubmission of the prohibition question for a generation, Maine has at last secured a chance to do so. The legislature has just voted to resubmit. Maine has been a prohibition state for years, and we have had all sorts of figures from both sides, one to prove prohibition a success, the other to prove it a failure. Without pretending to being a political prophet, Will Maupin's Weekly ventures to prophesy that Maine will defeat prohibition and return to high license and regulation under local option. The fact that prohibition does not prohibit is not an argument against it. Our laws against horse stealing are constantly violated, but we still keep the law on the books. The most forceful argument against prohibition is that it tends to bring law into disrepute without remedying any of the evils of the liquor traffic. We've seen some giant farces in our day, but the biggest farce of the whole lot is the prohibition law of Oklahoma. A little later Will Maupin's Weekly is going to give the results of some of its editor's investigations into the working of prohibition in the "baby state." It is to laugh!

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Being Merely Little Quips and Jests About People You Know. Mostly Sent in over the Phone
But a Few Evolved from Dreams and Visions.

Getting Along.

When Tom Benton received a telegram from California which permitted him to attach the venerable title of "grandfather" to his name he was pardonably proud, though somewhat embarrassed. Without knowing exactly why the incident reminds Will Maupin's Weekly of one that happened in Missouri about twenty-five years ago.

Frank Allen of Craig was an enthusiastic republican. When his first born arrived he rushed to the telegraph office and shot the following message to his father:

"It's a boy. Missouri bound to be republican."

A couple of hours later Frank received a reply from his father, as follows:

"Congratulations, my son. But if you expect to make Missouri republican by your own efforts, heaven pity your wife."

Today Frank is prouder than ever, for his prophecy has been fulfilled. However, it is not recorded that he is wholly responsible for the political change.

The Democratic Apparel.

Governor Aldrich appeared at a recent banquet in Lincoln, clad in a Prince Albert suit. Noticing a number of gentlemen clad in dress suits, the chief magistrate remarked:

"I presume I will have to lay in a suit like that, but it rather grates on my feelings because I am a man of democratic tastes and dislike the appearance of being aristocratic."

"That being the case, governor," remarked Fire Commissioner Randall, himself clad in a swallowtail, "you should acquire a dress suit, for it is the most democratic of garments."

"How do you make that out, Randall?" inquired the governor.

"Why, when you put on a dress suit and attend a swell function like this, even though you are the guest of honor, a stranger would be unable to distinguish you from the head waiter."

The next day the executive anatomy was measured for the conventional dress suit.

Signs of Spring.

Sauntering down O street recently, Richard L. Metcalfe spied a pile of sassafras bark in a drug store window, and immediately he grew reminiscent.

"That reminds me of my boyhood days in Missouri," said Metcalfe. "It was just about this time of year that mother would send us boys out into the woods to dig sassafras roots. When we had accumulated something less than a two-bushel sackful of it, mother would begin doctoring us. Her theory was that the long winter of comparative inactivity had made our blood sluggish and thick, and that it was high time to thin out. Consequently she made us drink sassafras tea three times a day instead of tea or coffee, and if there is anything that will thin the blood more effectually than sassafras I would like to know it. We'd have to keep drinking the stuff until our blood got so thin that every time we sneezed our noses would bleed. When that time came mother deemed our blood sufficiently thinned, and we'd get release from the awful stuff. It makes me shudder even now to see or smell sassafras bark."

Another Sign.

After hearing Metcalfe's sassafras story,

Frank Ranson, who happened to be in town to see to it that the legislature didn't hamstring the Union Stock Yards Company, snorted and exclaimed:

"Sassafras, nothing! Why, that was bully stuff compared with what my mother used to dope her children with in the spring, and for the same purpose. We didn't have to drink sassafras to purify our blood; we had to take sulphur and cream tartar in copious doses—a tablespoonful, at a dose, and the tablespoons as big as the sugar scoop in a grocery store, too.

"She'd send down to the village drug store and get a pound or so of pulverized sulphur and an equal amount of cream tartar, and then she'd mix the two. Every morning we'd have to swallow a scoopful of the mixture. And the way it would cake and cling to the roof of one's mouth was awful. It would keep coming off in chunks all day long, and with every chunk was a taste impossible to describe without violating the law prohibiting loud and profane language. No matter what the weather, we always knew when spring was at hand, for mother would begin growing restless and be found consulting the old medical book that was an heirloom in the family. The boys whose mothers doped them with sassafras tea instead of sulphur and cream tartar were almighty lucky."

Those Old Timers.

"After having figured on it for many months I have arrived at a conclusion," remarked "Bob" Hinkle the other day. "I have doped it out that at one time or another not less than seven million people have lived in Lincoln at one time or another.

"Now this may seem like a lot of people, but I believe I am correct. Everywhere I go, when people find out I am from Lincoln, from one to a hundred of them will exclaim: 'Well, sir, I used to be in Lincoln, but it was a long time ago; so long ago that we saw dear and buffalo and Injuns right about where the postoffice now stands.' Then they proceed to draw on their fervid imaginations until they've got Annanias and Munchausen backed off the boards. To date more'n a million people have sprung that on me, and figuring on the law of averages I think that since Lincoln was incorporated just 7,397,543 people have lived here—most of them during the time when Indians and buffalo and deer and other wild animals were pretty near as numerous as bootleggers are now."

A Gentle Reminder.

"Strange how things are constantly bobbing up to remind one of the fables perpetrated by that wise old gentleman, Mr. Esop," remarked J. H. Harley one day this week.

"Now there's the old fable about the fox that offered to officiate as guardian of the farmer's poultry. It reminds me of a somewhat similar situation right here in Lincoln."

Mr. Harley's auditor exhibited a puzzled expression on his face, whereupon Mr. Harley elucidated:

"Don't you see? We are being warned against electing an official of the gas company to municipal office, and the warning comes from a newspaper that is pretty well mixed up in the affairs of the street railway company."