

Remember April 21st

OPENING

Base Base Season

Needed, Men to do Things

L. C. Pace, who says he came to Nebraska with the grasshoppers and didn't leave with them because he couldn't fly, is a candidate for the council from the Sixth ward. Taxpayers in the east end have not forgotten Mr. Pace's record of accomplishments when he was in the council some years ago. It is the record of a man to do things—and men of that kind are sadly needed right now. Mr. Pace is not a candidate on his own motion. He did not ask for the nomination, nor was he aware that he was a duly filed candidate until after the preliminaries were all settled. He was brought into the race by taxpayers who knew full well that he would be a mighty good man to represent them, and being a loyal citizen and a staunch friend he accepted. Will Maupin's Weekly is mighty

glad Mr. Pace couldn't fly when the grasshoppers did. We gladly spared the 'hoppers; we could illy spare a man like Mr. Pace.

A Just Recognition

An agricultural school in southwestern Nebraska is now an assured fact, over which Will Maupin's Weekly rejoices fully as much as the men of southwestern Nebraska who have fought so gallantly for recognition. The bill providing for the college was signed by Governor Aldrich last Tuesday. Not because a democratic legislature has thus redeemed a democratic pledge is this paper rejoicing. It is rejoicing because the just claims of a splendid people have been recognized at last. The biggest asset this great commonwealth has today is the Agricultural school at Lincoln.

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Its next greatest asset will be the agricultural college in southwestern Nebraska. And Will Maupin's Weekly hopes to see the day when the graduates from the agricultural schools will be more numerous than the graduates for law schools and medical schools. When that day comes, as come it will, it will be Nebraska's greatest day.

We Like This

(Omaha Western Laborer.)

Will Maupin's Weekly is more interesting each succeeding week. It is full of just the right kind of dope for Nebraska. Maupin is full of the sunshine of the state and his Weekly fairly bubbles over with good things. It should be on the exchange table of every newspaper in Nebraska and in every commercial club in the state.

A Divorce Case

By EVAN BURLING

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"De case befo' de jury is a divo'ce case," said the judge. "Geo'ge Washington is tryin' to git rid of his wife, Ginnie Washington. De correspondent is Aaron Arnold. De lawyer fo' de husband, Josiah Hicks, is a poo' white trash pettyfogger. De lawyer fo' de wife is Tom Barber, a nigger. If Mist' Hicks t'inks kaze he was graduated at de University of Virginny he kin teach de co't how to try de case he mighty much mistaken."

The judge paused and glared at Mr. Hicks, as much as to say that if he presumed to find fault with the court's rulings he would be jailed for contempt.

"De fust evidence is fo' Geo'ge Washington to say why he want to git rid of Ginnie," the judge continued, and Mr. Hicks, knowing that his time had come, called William Gilson, a very black negro, to the stand. After getting in the preliminaries the lawyer asked:

"Where were you on the 12th of October last?"

"Walkin' by Geo'ge Washington's house."

"Tell the jury what you saw on that occasion."

"I saw Aaron Arnold go into de yard, and I saw Mrs. Washington washin' clothes in a tub just outside de kitchen. Aaron he stole up behind Mrs. Washington, put he arms around her and hug her."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer, "I would explain that Aaron Arnold is the correspondent in this case."

The jury looked at one another. Then the foreman glanced appealingly at the judge.

"De correspondent," his honor informed them, "is de rascill or de gal what comes into de fambly to break it up."

"Exactly, your honor," said Mr. Hicks. "Now, William Gilson, tell the jury how Mrs. Washington received Aaron Arnold's caress."

The witness looked wildly about about him, as if afraid of something. It was evident that the word caress had frightened him.

"Caressin'," the judge informed him, "is what Miste' Arnold done at de washtub. Now, tell de co't what Ginnie Washington done to de correspondent."

"Missus Washington," said the witness, summoning courage, "she up an' hit Miste' Arnold ober de haid wid de washboard."

This bit of evidence was unexpected by the attorney for the plaintiff. He didn't seem to know what to say next. Presently he decided:

"Call George Washington."

"George Washington," he said when the husband took the stand and had answered a few preliminary questions, "you say you saw the defendant enter your yard, steal up behind your wife and hug her. Now, did your wife receive his endearments as the last witness testified?"

"No, sah."

"How did she receive them?"

"She didn't need to take de washboard. She got knuckles iak iron. She jist hauled off and tuk Miste' Arnold under de jaw and sent him sprawlin' on de grass. Ef you don't beliebe, jedge, how hard ma wife kin hit all yo' got to do is to bring her into co't and let her try it on yo'self. Look a hea'."

He pointed to a scar on his cheek.

The plaintiff's attorney was again nonplused. The judge took up his cause.

"Geo'ge Washington, wha' fo' yo' tak' up de time ob dis co't tryin' to git divo'ce from yo' wife on account of such evidence as dis? Do yo' reckon to prove yo' wife bad wooman kaze when Miste' Arnold put he arm about her she hit him?"

"Yes, jedge. I want to prove dat ma wife might' hard 'ooman to lib wid."

The judge looked puzzled, but was equal to the occasion.

"Ginnie Washington," he said, "what fo' yo' hit yo' husband, who befo' de Lawd yo' promise to lub, honah an' obey?"

"Jedge, I neve' hit ma husband dat way but once. Dat was when Pinkey Smith was washin' clothes and I seen Geo'ge come up behind her and put he arms aroun' her and give her a smack."

There was another pause.

"Why didn't you apply for a divo'ce?" asked the judge.

"Kaze I didn't want no divo'ce no-how. I kin tak keer of my ol' man, and I don't want no co't and no lawyer to help me. Wheneber I ketch him foolin' I jist put my fist on him, and he don't do it no mo', for a spell anyway. De wimmen bring a heap of trouble on demselves, jedge—anyway de weak ones does, and eben dey might do bette—by not trainin' deir husband's. Lots of fool wimmen allers tryin' to lead odder wimmen's fool husband's off, but dere hain't no necessary fo' it. Ennyway, my husband don' try dat on ag'in atter I hit him once. And what's de co't good fo'—to glb de husband a divo'ce and let him go off wid anudder wooman and leabe he wife to tak keer ob de chillen?"

This harangue had a marked effect on the judge.

"Geo'ge Washington," he said, "yo' good fer nothin' nigger, yo' git out of dis co'troom, go home and behave yo'self. Dis co't hain't no place for niggers to git divo'ces kaze dey want to marry somebody else dat hain't as good as deir own wife. What is de next case?"

Illinois Compensation Bill.

There is now pending in the Illinois legislature a bill that provides compensation for workers killed or injured in the course of their employment.

Under the provisions of the bill the dependents of the employee killed in an industrial accident or any lineal heirs to whose support he has contributed within five years of the time of his death shall be entitled to a sum equal to four years' average wages, but in no case less than \$1,500 or more than \$3,500. If the injury results in complete disability the employee shall receive half wages for a period of eight years and after that a compensation for life equal to 8 per cent of the death benefit, but in no case less than \$10 a month, payable monthly.

Compensation For Workers.

John Mitchell's plea for "automatic industrial compensation" should receive the widest publicity. Either compensation for injury to a workman is wrong or right. If wrong it should not be awarded at all; if right it should not require a long and costly lawsuit to get it.—New York World.

STANDS BY JOHN MITCHELL.

Should Not Have Quit Civic Federation, Says Labor Leader.

The National Civic federation, it is said, will take no action to fill the place of John Mitchell, who has resigned as chairman of the trade agreement department of the federation, until its executive committee meets. No one has been thought of yet as Mitchell's successor, as he remains in office until April 1. Hugh Frayne, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor, with which the United Mine Workers is affiliated, said:

"In resigning from the Civic federation I believe John Mitchell made too great a sacrifice. It is doubtful if those of the United Mine Workers who voted for the ultimatum appreciate the extent of the sacrifice. In all probability Mr. Mitchell under the circumstances did the most dignified thing that could be done, but the action of the convention will not meet the approval of the rank and file of the unions. The Civic federation is no more a representative body of capitalists than it is a representative of the unions. It is an unprejudiced body which seeks, among other things, to bring about the most satisfactory arrangement for both sides between the workers and their employers. Only a small radical element in the unions is opposed to the Civic federation, and the element in the United Mine Workers which brought about his resignation from the federation has evidently forgotten very soon what he did for the union."

Household Helps.

Always cream sugar and butter before adding other ingredients. Add the eggs next unless the whites are beaten in separately. If so, add whites last.

Always sift flour before measuring. Level with a knife after, and sift baking powder with flour, the oftener the better.

See that the oven is just right. If it is too cool cake will rise too much and then fall. If too hot, it will bake on top before it has risen enough, crack open and run over.

One may take paint spots from windows by moistening a coin and then rubbing over the spot.

Clean bottles with eggshells, and they become delightfully clear.