

ular government, the other for government by big business. Owen stands for the rule of the people; Bailey stands for ruling the people because they are too ignorant to rule themselves. Owen is a democrat in fact. Bailey is a democrat in name only.

"The American Economist" is the subsidized organ of the tariff protected interests. It is maintained and circulated by money subscribed by the tariff barons. Of course it is opposed to Canadian reciprocity. It declares that the price of wheat in Minneapolis is every year about 12c higher than the price of Canadian wheat at Winnipeg. Well, what does that prove? Winnipeg is about 300 miles further than Minneapolis from a point of export, hence the difference in distance would have some bearing. Again, the tariff on wheat is 25 cents a bushel. If it is the tariff that does it, why isn't United States wheat at Minneapolis worth 25 cents a bushel more than Canadian wheat at Winnipeg? The question is, how much more than Canadian wheat is United States wheat worth in Liverpool?

The American Magazine indignantly denies that it has sold out to J. Pierpont Morgan and "big business." What is more, the American Magazine proves its case. When "big business" is able to smother such writers as William Allen White, Peter Finley Dunne, Ray Stannard Baker, Ida Tarbell, and others of their stamp, this country will be in a mighty bad way for sure. To date we have not noted any evidences that "big business" has been able to do it.

The west, and especially that "mountainous west," has lost heavily by the death of David H. Moffat of Denver. Moffat was a builder, not a speculator. He developed instead of preying upon communities. During the panic of 1896 he stood to lose everything, but he risked everything in order to uphold the credit of his city and his state. Banks tumbled about him in every direction in Denver, but the tumbling was not a circumstance to what it would have been had not Moffat stood staunchly by Denver

and Colorado. He was a railroad builder of the old school—a man who built railroads and developed new countries instead of speculating in railroads and preying upon communities. He was typical of the big, broad, generous west.

The employers' liability bill will not, of course, pass this legislature. The labor lobby had little hopes of success, but they have secured more than ever before—they have secured recognition of the claims of labor and forced men to recognize and study this growing question. Never before has an employers' liability and compensation bill secured even a desultory hearing in committee. This time the committee listened and the labor representatives, made converts to their cause. The result will be beneficial, for while no law will be enacted at this session a commission will be secured to study and report upon the matter. This is a long step forward and well worth the trifling amount of money it has cost.

## EIGHTH VOLUME, FIRST NUMBER

With this issue Will Maupin's Weekly, born The Wageworker, begins its eighth volume. The anniversary is celebrated modestly but none the less joyously. The seven years have not been all sunshine by any means, but the average has been more than satisfactory. Founded as an exponent of organized labor, The Wageworker made the best fight it could for principles dear to the heart of its editor and founder. But experience demonstrated that the labor field was too restricted to permit of a business growth absolutely necessary to a continuation of the paper under present management. Hence the change to Will Maupin's Weekly. The change has wrought no change in the principles upon which the paper was founded; it has merely made possible a widening of the field of activity. It is, therefore, of Will Maupin's Weekly that we would speak.

Will Maupin's Weekly is intended for men and women who think cheerful thoughts and indulge in optimistic visions. It is intended for men and women who want the truth in cheerful doses, free from scandal, crime, police court filth, rotten society drivel and gloomy predictions of pending disaster. Its gospel is that of good cheer; its mission to make men and women happy. Its creed is sanity and sense, and its motto is "Smile, the flowers are blooming somewhere all the time."

Will Maupin's Weekly, as long as it re-

mains alive and under present management, is going to devote vastly more time to telling about the virtues of the living than in expatiating upon the virtues of the deceased. It is going to cultivate flowers to place in the hands of those who are doing things now, instead of reserving them in cold storage to spread upon caskets and coffins and tombs. It is going to speak the good words now, and give the tombstone makers a monopoly of carving fulsome epitaphs. It is going to strive to furnish the spectacles through which even the blindest may be able to see the silver lining that exists behind every dark cloud. It is going to boost for Nebraska because it believes Nebraska is the best state in the union, and fuller of golden opportunities than any other state. It will work harder to spread a state-wide smile of good cheer than it would to spread suspicion or breed discontent.

Will Maupin's Weekly is going to be in politics without being partisan, and it is going to deal with politicians as Nebraska citizens instead of as saints because they believe with us or satellites of hell because they differ from us.

Personally I have assumed a mighty heavy load in trying to run a big printing plant, edit such a newspaper as I have in mind, and start the whole thing from the ground up without having enough in the bank to make me round shouldered to carry. But I have faith to believe that the people

of this splendid state are ready to accord support to a newspaper that looks on the bright side of things, despises the "knocker" and the pessimist and stands ready to boost for anything or anybody showing evidences of honest effort at making life better and more worth living. I have but one worry, and that is that Nebraskans will not recognize what Will Maupin's Weekly is—that is in sufficient numbers—in time to keep me from putting some of those flowers I mentioned upon a little newspaper grave. But here's hoping.

This much I do promise: As long as Will Maupin's Weekly keeps going it will be a dose of good cheer to every man and woman into whose hands it may fall—fifty two doses a year at a fraction less than 2 cents per dose. And that's the cheapest medicine every sold with an absolute guarantee that it will cure the worst case of pessimism, grouch, ingrowing peevishness or mental dyspepsia.

Will Maupin's Weekly is for men and women who enjoy life because they believe it is worth living. It is for men and women who hate sham and hypocrisy and love square dealing and honest effort. If all such become subscribers—and they will as soon as the matter is properly called to their attention, the subscription list will look like a roll call of the very elect.

My bookkeeper is now ready to promptly receipt for all subscriptions. A dollar a year. WILL M. MAUPIN.

## WHAT THE OFFICE BOY IS THINKING OF THINGS IN GENERAL

De wimmen folks may do a turrible lot o' talkin' at de sewin' sassiety meetin's, but at dat it ain't de kind o' talk de men puts up at deir politickle meetin's.

A lot o' men would get funder wit' deir reforms if dey started dem woikin' at home.

De goil dat's tryin' t' live hones' an' clean on t'ree bones a week an' boardin' herself ain't apt t' be scared by no preacher's woids erbout hell.

De mishunaries sent abroad on de profits o' de woik o' underpaid goils an' helpless little kids ain't goin' t' git very fur wid spreadin' de gospel o' de Man wot said

somethin' erbout sufferin' de little kids t' come unto Him.

A lot o' folks fin' it easier t' feel sympathy f'r a poor devil dan t' feel in deir jockets f'r a bit o' coin t' help him.

If money could buy salvation I reckon heaven would be a darned sight lonesomer dan even it is.

It's my belief dat if I do de best I kin I don't need t' worry none because I ain't doin' as much as some guys t'ink I ought'er be doin'.

Me mudder genrully washes most o' de

dishes at de church sociable, but she don't git near de notus dat de sopraner in de choir does f'r warblin' at five bones per Sunday.

About de lonesumest feller I know is de guy wot's afeard t' git out'n sight o' his money.

De feller wot's doin' a man's share o' hustlin' ain't got no time t' waste in worryin'.

Dere's some pious prayers dat don't git no higher dan de pay roll o' de goils wot's sweatin' deir lives away f'r de mean cuss dat's doin' de prayin'.