

# TALKING OF MEN AND THINGS

Henrietta Crosman, who is known in private life as Mrs. Maurice Thompson, is an especial favorite in Lincoln and Omaha and for more than one reason. Aside from her ability as an artist—and she has no superiors as an artist—he winning personality and her social charms have secured for her a large and constantly widening circle of Nebraska admirers. But there is still another reason why Miss Crosman occupies such a firm place in the hearts of Nebraskans who have not only followed theatrical history but who are also conversant with Nebraska history. Maybe it is giving away a stage secret, but Miss Crosman is really a Nebraska girl because her father, Major Crosman, was commandant at old Fort Kearney many years ago, and it was during his command, and during the last year of that old military post's occupancy, that little Henrietta came into the world amidst somewhat stirring surroundings. There were some Indians in the vicinity, plenty of buffalo and not a few "bad men." Dr. George L. Miller, of Omaha, than whom Nebraska never had a better citizen, was post surgeon at the time. Miss Crosman has won her way to the front rank of American artists by dint of hard and conscientious effort, coupled with an ability that was won her recognition even against big odds. And there are those of us, old-fashioned sort of folk, who rejoice that Miss Crosman has won through legitimate effort instead of by so-called publicity that has dragged the sacred names of wife and mother through the mire of scandal. A devoted wife and a happy mother, this really great artist not only appeals to us folk because she is an artist, but because she is a good wife and mother.

The Sheridan County Boosters' Association is the latest organization perfected for the good work of boosting for Nebraska. The club is made up of the membership of the Commercial clubs of Hay Springs, Rushville and Gordon. The association is going to get busy advertising Sheridan county in particular and northwestern Nebraska in general, and the men who are engaged in the work have the ability and the push to do that very thing. The best evidence of the boosting spirit was the raising of a goodly sum of money to pay the expenses of advertising the county. An exhibit will be made at the land show in Omaha, and literature, backed by the proofs, will be sent where it will do the most good. There are people who imagine that Sheridan county is a sandy waste—a mistake that should be wiped off. In 1910 Sheridan county produced 495,855 bushels of corn, 12,194 bushels of winter wheat, 288,196 bushels of spring wheat, 222,606 bushels of oats, 35,260 bushels of barley, 11,473 tons of alfalfa, 61,962 tons of wild hay, and 335,258 bushels of potatoes. The total value of these crops was \$1,462,396. That's some agricultural production for a county supposed to be out of the "rain belt." In 1909 Sheridan county shipped to market 28,242 head of cattle, 5,005 head of hogs, 1,870 horses and 5,800 head of sheep. Also 496,256 pounds of live poultry, 9,486 pounds of dressed meats, 428,220 dozens of eggs, 228,165 pounds of butter and 20,010 gallons of cream. These are mighty big figures—and they are as near accurate as it is possible for statistics of that nature to be. If they err at all it is on the side of conservatism. Will Maupin's Weekly welcomes the Sheridan County Boosters' association to the ranks of those who are going to work dili-

gently to make the truth about Nebraska known to all the world.

The mental gymnastics of Theodore Roosevelt are marvelous in the extreme. He goes one better the Biblical injunction not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth, for he seemingly never lets the left lobe of his brain know what the right lobe is doing. In Arizona he denounces the provision for the recall of judges, and inside of a week hies himself to California and says the recall of judges is a wise provision. He explains the seeming contradiction by remarking that the judicial situation in California makes the judicial recall necessary. But what would happen the people of Arizona in case they could not recall their judges and the situation should develop similar to that of California? California has not had the recall, and has been sadly in need of it. Arizona has it and may never need it, but if she does it is ready to hand. But, as before remarked, one enters upon an impossible task in attempting to explain the mysterious gyrations of the Rooseveltian mind.

"Enclosed find one dollar to pay my subscription to Will Maupin's Weekly, the best newspaper I have seen," writes Chief Clerk Henry Richmond. The kindly letter not only evidences the good judgment as to newspapers possessed by the genial Richmond, but also testifies anew to an old and exceedingly pleasant professional and social friendship. We are ready to receive further testimony of the same kind from several thousands of other friends of long standing. We will cheerfully pay exchange on out-of-town checks.

Will Maupin's Weekly doffs its hat to Katie Gerber. May her tribe increase. Katie is a mighty fine representative of her sex—and kind. Young in years as human life is measured, she is something of a veteran in years among her tribe, for Katie is a dairy cow and is twelve years old. During the year ending March 4, 1911, Katie Gerber produced 10,000 quarts of milk, yielding 876 pounds of butter, to say nothing of a little daughter that sold for something more than a span of mules would bring ten years ago. Katie is a member of the dairy herd at the State Agricultural college, and a living demonstration of the fact that the Agricultural college is about the biggest asset possessed by Nebraska. And it costs no more to raise Katie Gerbers than it does to raise scrubs that do not yield enough butter to pay for their keep. We would rather point to a state full of Katie Gerbers than to point to the fact that Nebraska had furnished a thousand office holders under the national government.

Postmaster General Hitchcock proposes using the fast freight to transport the monthly periodicals, and thus save money. The proposition is quite in keeping with the mental capacities of the politician who has shown masterly inability to grasp the needs of the postoffice department.

Let's see, what is the measure of David E. Thompson's offense? Why is it that he is so roundly denounced in certain quarters? Simply because he has some opinions of his own upon the excise question and has dared to make them known, realizing at the time that they would not meet with the approbation of a lot of his fellow citizens. Will Maupin's Weekly is not wholly in accord

with Mr. Thompson's views on excise matters, but as it demands the right to hold opinions of its own it cheerfully concedes to Mr. Thompson the same right, and refuses to abuse him therefore. In the interests of justice it might be well to compare Mr. Thompson's civic enterprises with the civic enterprises of some of his detractors. If we remember rightly it was Mr. Thompson who offered the city a free building site for the Carnegie library, only to have it turned down by a few narrow-minded people who would rather the city go without a library than accept a site from Mr. Thompson. And was it not this same Mr. Thompson who gave Lincoln a magnificent and costly fountain? Where are the fountains his detractors have donated to the city? And when money was needed to bring the First Nebraska home from San Francisco was it not this same Mr. Thompson who said: "Bring 'em home on a special train and I'll advance the money?" And didn't this same Mr. Thompson come across handsomely when Lincoln was reaching out for park lands? And isn't he the same Mr. Thompson that erected a \$300,000 addition to a hotel already the largest and finest in the state, thus adding largely to Lincoln's fame and giving employment to hundreds of mechanics? And the man who has done these things is the target for slurs and innuendoes simply because he fails to agree with a lot of truly good people on a question which every man has a right to decide for himself. The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly has not the pleasure of David E. Thompson's acquaintance, but knowing something about the enterprise of the gentleman it is quite ready to admit that it wishes Lincoln had a few more like him.

We've heard a lot about the production of gold in Alaska—so much that one might be pardoned for imagining that Alaska was yielding up more treasure than any other part of Uncle Sam's domain. But far be it from so! Last year Alaska produced \$17,400,000 worth of mineral wealth. Of course that is some mineral. But it amounts to less than 20 per cent of the value of Nebraska's corn crop for the same year, less than 6 per cent of the value of Nebraska's agricultural output for the same year, and less than 3 per cent of Nebraska's total output of agricultural products, manufactured materials and live stock. At the rate of \$17,000,000 worth of mineral output a year it will take Alaska nearly forty years to produce as much wealth as Nebraska produced during the year 1910. Let us make the facts about Nebraska known to all the world!

One more step has been taken towards the goal of making the wage earners helpless. A New York man has had his stomach removed and survives the operation. The first thing we know the big corporations will refuse to employ any man until he has had his stomach amputated. Then, being minus a stomach, the corporations will reduce wages still further, insisting that it is all right since being minus a stomach to feed the worker doesn't need wages. Slowly but surely they are driving the wage earners to the wall. This may sound like a joke, but it isn't. This wage question is not a joking matter.

Monday's newspapers told us of a "rain of mud" in Kansas. But mud rains are not or anywhere else in this republic, for that uncommon, either in Kansas or Nebraska—matter. We are due for a lot of them in 1912, that being presidential election year.