

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

THE WAGWORKER

WILL M. MAUPIN, Editor

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ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR

The legislators are now working without pay. An early adjournment is, of course, in sight.

After courteously listening to the advise of our editorial friends throughout the state, Lincoln quietly decided to choose her own course.

The legislature has, of course, been guilty of some sins of omission and some sins of commission, but as a whole it has made a good record so far.

The fire that patrially destroyed the New York state house wasn't near big enough to purify the political atmosphere of that graft-ridden structure.

A Missouri professor asserts that the blonde is doomed to extinction. Dollars to doughnuts his wife is a brunette and found a blonde hair on his coat one morning.

As a method of disfranchising legal voters Mr. Flansburg's peculiar ruling had the "grandfather clause" of Virginia and Oklahoma backed off the boards. But it didn't serve the same purpose.

Richmond Pierson Hobson asserts that the "hoof of the yellow man's horse," will soon be heard in this land. Well, that wouldn't be so very much worse than the yawp of some yellow alarmists we have already heard too much about.

A federal court having decided that a 2-cent fare is confiscatory, perhaps it will now confer a favor upon us and submit the fig by which the fact was proved to it.

Those Illinois legislators who were going to prevent Senator Owen from speaking showed a yellow streak when the square-jawed young Oklahoman arrived on the scene. The Illinois legislature has so many yellow streaks in it that it looks like a sunflower patch in mid-summer.

Will Maupin's Weekly congratulates Lincoln and Nebraska upon the fact that Harry Dobbins, editor of the Lincoln Evening News, is on the highway to complete recovery after an operation for appendicitis. Col. Dobbins is too good a booster for the city and state to lose. And now that he no longer has a useless appendix to lug around and worry over, we trust he will be better able than ever to whoop it up for the best state in the bunch.

Hastings is out with a new slogan: "Hastings, the heart of Nebraska." There is no reason why Hastings should not develop into a big and busy city, for it has the territory about it, the railroad communications and the opportunity. The indications are that it is also possessed of the enterprise and determination to take advantage of all these things. The Hastings Commercial club is getting down to business and from now on Hastings is going to be heard from. Having the best interests of that splendid little city at heart Will Maupin's Weekly ventures to suggest that the very best en-

terprise to start off with would be the erection of a modern, up-to-date hotel building.

Now what about the "Black Handers" who threaten with business ruin and eternal damnation all those who refuse to kowtow to their peculiar and particular beliefs on certain moral questions?

Our socialist friends in Lincoln did not poll enough votes to be given mention in the tabulated statements, but their comrades in Wichita gave the old party candidates a terrific thumping. Lincoln's turn may be coming.

Here's hoping that Governor Aldrich will be broad enough to rise above the spirit of fanaticism and burn-at-the-stake, and affix his signature to the bill providing for local initiative and referendum on the Sunday baseball question.

Mr. Armtstrong's opponents derisively called it "the kitchen cabinet." The indica-

tions are that its meetings will be held in the front parlor. Also that the kitchen group cooked the goose of quite a few would-be dictators.

Diaz is now making overtures for peace. This means that the Mexican "rebels" are about to become patriots. A "rebel" is one who revolts and fails; a "patriot" is one who revolts and wins. If those Mexican insurgents listen to any Diaz promises now they deserve all they will have handed to them as soon as Diaz gets the chance.

Fair warning is hereby given that Will Maupin's Weekly is not going to rend its nether garments over this excise question. It will not regard as saints all who advocate the "dry" policy, or class as saloon bums those who advocate license and regulation. Will Maupin's Weekly is going to keep sweet, talk respectfully, advocate decency and cheerfully abide by the result of the election. Lincoln "wet" or Lincoln "dry," Will Maupin's Weekly is still for Lincoln and for Nebraska.

COMING ALONG WITH THE DOPE

FOR THE LOVERS OF SPORT : : :

When the Season Begins.

The crack of the bat is sweet music to me,
And the raucous cry of the "fan"
Sends the blood in my veins all a-tingle
with glee

And makes me a lot better man.
I dance with delight at a three-bagger rap,
And yell at a fair-stolen base;
I shriek in sheer joy and I throw up my cap
When the 'Lopes nose 'em out in the race.

I am nutty for fair when a 'Lope in a pinch
Lams one to the centerfield sign.
I'll walk on my hands when the game is a
cinch,

For I'm "bugs" on the Antelope nine.
And it's me for the park when the season be-
gins,

And it's me who will "root," and for fair,
You bet your sweet life 'midst the noises
and dins

Yours truly's loud voice will be there.

So it's ho for the game, and it's ho for the
day

We can stretch out our bellows and roar;
And it's ho for the 'Lopes in their battle
array

And a cinch on the best of the score.
The weak and effete may all dawdle at golf,
Or tennis or mumblepeg play;
But it's me to the park when the season
starts off—

And the time draweth near—hip, hooray!
—From "Lilting Lyrics of Lincoln's 'Lopes"
by Charley Spangler.

Herr Unglaub is holding daily revival meetings at the park, bringing to the surface all the latent aches and pains and groans accumulated during the winter. Then he gaily swipes these off and throws them into the discard. With two or three exceptions the days have been pleasant enough for outdoor practice, and on the exceptions exercise was taken in the club house.

Now the more frequently we meet up with Herr Unglaub the more we cotton to his style. He reminds us so much of one certain manager we had some years ago—he is so different. When Herr Unglaub desires to be real profane he says "Praise

John," and when he desires to impart a little information he doesn't have to walk around behind the club house to keep women from being shocked by his language. A team manager who doesn't swear, use tobacco, take an occasional drink or indulge in the other great American game is something of a novelty, and a rather pleasing one. Barring his habit of wearing socks that fairly shriek Herr Unglaub so conducts himself as to win our hearty approval.

Now if Herr Unglaub will only play ball like he wears passionate hosiery we are going to have some great national pastiming on the local lot this summer. Herr Bobert showed up in Tuesday morning's snow storm with low shoes and pair of socks that scared the tires off of three autos and threw a Havelock car off the switch at Thirteenth.

The original hard luck artist so far this season is Hagerman. He started to use a hot iron on his arm the other day, and the flannel slipped, letting the iron burn a blister on the arm. "Rip" let go of the iron and it landed on his abdomen and stuck there long enough to burn a blister as big as the iron, then it slipped off and landed on his foot. At least this is the story from the club house, but after gazing long and intently at "Rip" attenuated form we opine that he had to guess whether the iron seared his stomach or his back. We'll bet a doughnut hole that if he really is blistered about the middle one could see it coming or going.

Edouard Gawn-er of Patee, via Detroit, Mich., looking as lean as a race hawss and fitter'n a fiddle, says this is going to be the big noise in base ball history. Edouard has ordered a couple of Hans Wagner model bats and sworn several large, bloodcurdling oaths to himself to the effect that he is going to make a record this season.

The improvements at Antelope park are practically completed with the exception of sodding the diamond. This will be attended to next week and the lot will be in the green of condition on April 21.