

THE DUTY OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS

Alvin H. Armstrong has been elected mayor, and Lincoln has returned to the policy of licensed and regulated saloons.

Now let's get down to business and have done for at least a year with senseless bickerings, insane "knocking" because things did not go a certain way and criminally foolish slandering of our home town because our ideas are not adopted.

Will Maupin's Weekly made its fight for a "dry" Lincoln and was ingloriously whipped. Its editor has been defeated so often that he has no trouble in detecting the fact when it really happens. He recognizes it by instinct, so to speak.

The election of Mr. Armstrong is no surprise to this newspaper. And it is by no means a disappointment. After the primary Will Maupin's Weekly took no part in the mayoralty campaign, but it felt, and it said that any attempts to injure Mr. Armstrong by attacking him on the point that he was at the time of his nomination president of the Gas Company would react on his opponents. No one who knows Mr. Armstrong, and no citizen of Lincoln is better known, believed for a minute that he would be so foolish as to imperil his own big business, destroy the record of a lifetime for integrity and sell out the citizens because he happened to be a small stockholder in

the Gas Company and nominally its president. Time may have been what that sort of campaigning was effective, but that is not now. Mr. Armstrong has said, time and again, that if elected mayor he would enforce the laws, deal justly and do his full duty as he saw it. His whole record as a business man and as a citizen is evidence enough that he will do those very things—more could not be asked of any man.

The big surprise was the reversal of the vote on the license question. Today everybody practically is saying they "knew it all the time." Nine-tenths of those who are saying it are lying. The only sanguine "wets" were the campaign managers, and their talk sounded very much like graveyard whistles. Frankly, Will Maupin's Weekly didn't think the "wets" had a look-in. And it was therefore surprised.

But experience with defeat in most of its political phases rather inures one, and Will Maupin's Weekly is feeling fit and fine, thank you. One thing it pledges the people—because it has been defeated it is not going to begin a campaign of slandering Lincoln, "knocking" it at every opportunity and grouching here and there and everywhere. "Wet" or "dry" Will Maupin's Weekly is still for Lincoln. "Wet" or "dry" its future

is assured if here people will be wise enough to accept the verdict and pull together for Lincoln for twelve months before opening up this irritating question again—for it will be opened up, never fear. This little newspaper is done with the "wet" and "dry" question insofar as Lincoln is concerned for at least twelve months. It is not going to follow the example set by those defeated a year ago and go bellyaching around. It is going to cheer for Lincoln, boost for her at every turn of the road, avow and affirm, with facts and figures to prove it, that there is none better, bigger, busier, handsomer or more attractive.

In our few and far between victories we have never tried to "rub it in" on the vanquished; in our many and oft-recurring defeats we have never failed to smile and take our medicine without a grimace.

To the victors: Here's hoping that all your prophecies of increased prosperity because of licensed saloons will be realized. To the vanquished: There's another election coming.

Now forget these pesky differences for a while, and let's all get together for Lincoln and for Nebraska.

The door of the office of Will Maupin's Weekly is still open. Enter without knocking, and remain as long as you please under the same rule.

ALL AROUND AND ABOUT GOOD OLD NEBRASKA

Grafton, in Fillmore county, is not a metropolis. It may not hope to become a great city. But it purposes becoming a pretty, clean attractive little city, and to that end has organized a Commercial club and will proceed to put into execution some well considered plans for making the town more attractive, thus drawing more people and thereby doing more business. It will also take up the matter of improving the roads leading into Grafton. In short the Grafton commercial club is going to let the people know that Grafton is a mighty good place in which to live and an equally good place in which to transact your business.

The Grand Island Independent, which may be depended upon to tell the facts when it speaks of Nebraska—or anything else, so far as that goes—has the following to say about Nebraska's climate: "Talk about your California winters! Why, folks, Nebraska has California shoved off into the Pacific ocean when it comes to having a balmy winter. We've something to brag about out here in Nebraska. We just had a winter that has been 70 per cent sunshine by actual figures. The average temperature has been 32.6 above zero for the five months of winter. Only twenty-nine days of the 150 was there any snow on the ground, yet the wheat crop stored up a vast amount of moisture out of this amount of

snow. The snowfall for the state totaled 19.7 inches. There were only five days last winter when it was not comfortable, in working out of doors. Only five days when the mercury went below zero. Bring on your Florida weather—your delightful California sunshine, and compare then with Nebraska and see how they will fade into utter insignificance. Nebraska isn't particularly noted for boasting of her winters. We've so many other good things to tell about."

That's the way to talk—and tell the truth while you're talking. In climate, in healthfulness, in productivity, in educational, moral and social environment, in all good things, Nebraska has got the rest of the country backed up in a corner and calling for time. The Nebraskan who is not seizing every opportunity—and making opportunities—to tell about the glories of Nebraska, is untrue to himself, to his fellows and to his state.

The other day we heard a Nebraskan who should have known better sneeringly allude to Cherry county as a waste of barren sandhills fit for nothing but to graze about a steer to the section. That made us mad and we backed the gentleman into a corner and poured the following authentic information into his ear: Cherry county is devoted largely to ranching, it is true, but if you think it

produces nothing but live stock your thinkery is twisted. In 1910 Cherry county had 77,000 cultivated acres. On them she produced 865,000 bushels of corn, an average of 21.8 bushels per acre; 53,000 bushels of wheat, an average of 22 bushels per acre; 145,000 bushels of oats, an average of 24 bushels per acre; 26,000 bushels of rye, an average of 17 bushels per acre, 5,000 tons of alfalfa and 8,000 bushels of barley. Potatoes? Cherry county produced 269,000 bushels in 1910. Her wild and tame hay crop was worth \$4,000,000. Her acreage of really good farm land is less than half cultivated. There is room up there for more cattle raisers, but also room and more than a good living for many more industrious farmers who will adapt themselves to the soil instead of trying to adapt the soil to themselves and sitting around and cursing their "luck" because they can't make their particular system win. Cherry is a big county with big possibilities. She ought to be better known, and men who know nothing about her should, at least, refrain from exposing their ignorance by telling untruths about her.

Will Maupin's Weekly would advise people to keep their eyes on Superior. There's a city that is going to do things. First thing you know Superior will be a center of the cement industry, making it by the millions of barrels and supplying