

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

THE WAGEWORKEE

WILL M. MAUPIN, Editor

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ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR



FOR DISTRICT JUDGE.

I am a candidate for republican nomination for district judge at the coming primaries. Your support will be appreciated.

GEORGE A. ADAMS.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

I am a candidate for county judge at the coming primaries. I pledge my best services to the public if nominated and elected. Your support solicited, and will be appreciated.

GEORGE H. RISSER.

The motor of the Harmon presidential airship seems to be skipping its explosions.

Draw poker seems to have been added to the list of hazardous occupations in Pennsylvania.

After a man has seen all there is to see of Nebraska he really will not care to see any more.

If Adam and Eve were living in Nebraska today they wouldn't take any chances on banishment.

King George is certainly going to a lot of trouble to don a crown that is sure to make his head ache.

Now comes the word that Mr. Roosevelt is for Taft in 1912. Mr. Taft is certainly having his troubles these days.

Mr. Rockefeller is swearing off a part of his taxes, which means that the rest of us will have to pay more and get less.

A tax on consumption is the most iniquitous of all taxes. It compels the common laborer to pay more than the millionaire.

Britain's first naval airship has been christened the "Mayfly." Yet they tell us our British cousins have no proper sense of humor!

Will Hayward stopped off in Washington on his return from Europe to confer with the president. We feel quite sure that Will told William that Nebraska was safe for Taft. However, we are not quite so sure about Nebraska.

"Murder is murder!" shrieks the Terror of San Juan Hill. Correct. And prejudice is prejudice, too, Mr. Roosevelt.

Doubtless Senator Lorimer is quite well convinced that Senator LaFollette is guilty of a breach of "senatorial courtesy."

Lincoln ought to be on a main line of the Union Pacific, but the Union Pacific is more in need of having a main line through Lincoln.

President Taft is engaged in the spring job of cleaning out his cabinet. He will not have finished until he jabs the vacuum cleaner up against the P. O. D.

The pressing need of Nebraska right now is to secure intelligent husbandmen to till the sixteen million acres of fertile Nebraska soil that has never been touched by a plow.

Inspector Pegg of Omaha is insisting that a pint measure of ice cream shall contain a pint of ice cream when a pint is paid for. That man certainly has political ambitions.

Will Maupin's Weekly is prepared to wager any amount of money that Nebraska's crop of May and June graduates is the prettiest, brightest and best produced in this glorious old republic.

The Lancaster county candidate for office who wants his candidacy to be well known should announce it in the columns of Will Maupin's Weekly. The thoughtful, intelligent voters are rapidly adding their names to the subscription list.

A NEBRASKA EDITION

Will Maupin's Weekly is planning a "Nebraska Edition" to appear early in June, and it will be a bit the best advertisement of Nebraska resources and possibilities ever put forth. It will not be filled with raw and unpalatable statistics in tabular form, but with figures present in comparative shape and calculated to impress the truth about Nebraska upon the most obtuse mind. The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly rather prides himself upon knowing a few things about Nebraska. He is no spring chicken, having lived in Nebraska for a quarter of a century, and all of that time he has been soaking up information about this good young state.

The Nebraska Edition will contain facts about Nebraska's agricultural and manufacturing growth and possibilities, facts about her schools, facts about her undeveloped water power, facts about her vast irrigation districts. In fact it will be a Nebraska Text Book, and it ought to have the widest possible circu-

lation. If there is anything Will Maupin's Weekly loves to do it is to boost for Nebraska by telling the truth about the state.

A SURE THING.

If William Howard Taft desires a re-nomination—and he wouldn't be human if he did not—he will be able to get it without a bit of trouble. Firstly, there will be enough federal officeholders show up as delegates from southern states that never cast a vote for a republican in the electoral college, to give William the inside track. Secondly, Brother Charley will be quite able to hand over the Ohio delegation, for the "favorite son" idea still obtains. And of course Penrose will see to it that Pennsylvania does the right thing by the gentleman who insisted that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was the best ever. And Guggenheim will hand over Colorado, and Utah's delegation is a cinch. The only thing that stands between William Howard Taft and re-nomination is death or pretty conclusive evidence that he can not be re-elected. When a president sets out to renominate himself he is renominated. Only twice within our recollection has a renominated president been defeated. But both times it happened within the present generation, which makes a precedent worth studying over.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

The champion speller of Oklahoma is Miss Laura Robinson, of Blackyell. She is twelve years old. Will Maupin's Weekly would give a dollar to know the name of the champion speller of Nebraska. Orthography is one of the lost arts—and it is an art. We can walk right out of the office and locate two score high school boys and girls, all of whom can properly dissect a flower, conjugate the Latin "amo" and talk learnedly about the physiological make-up of the human frame, but not one of whom can spell even a little bit. And as for the proper use of punctuation marks—bless you, the average high school graduate using a typewriter machine has no use whatsoever for the punctuation keys. Spell! If you want to see some fearsome attempts at orthography just advertise for a stenographer, or clerk, or bookkeeper, limiting the age to 20 years and insisting upon having all applicants submit their applications in their own handwriting.

OFTEN

"And do you often suffer from the disease called 'writer's cramp?'" queried the enthusiastic young thing as she beamed upon the poet.

"Yes, quite often," replied the poet gazing thoughtfully on a pile of 'not available' notices and working his fingers around in an empty pocket. "Yes, quite often—but seldom in the hand."