

TALKING OF MEN AND THINGS

The Lancaster Bar Association has very wisely decided not to make any recommendations for the district judgeship. Previous action on this matter has resulted in no good. The defeated ones were disgruntled and the successful ones were accused of having "played politics." There are six announced candidates for the three positions, the three incumbents, of course, being candidates. The others are George A. Adams, P. James Cosgrave and Samuel J. Tuttle. County Judge Cosgrave is admittedly the "pole horse" in the race among the three outsiders, although Mr. Adams is receiving great encouragement. So far as Will Maupin's Weekly has been able to ascertain Mr. Tuttle is merely a candidate.

A merry fight is on for county treasurer in Lancaster, with the odds in favor of Louis Helmer landing the prize. Mr. Helmer was a candidate last year when William McLaughlin a democrat, won out. It is supposed that that on account of failing health Mr. McLaughlin will not be a candidate for re-election.

F. Wm. Osthoff, who has been connected with the sheriff's office for some time, is a candidate for the republican nomination for sheriff. He is making an effective campaign and the fact that he is the only German-American candidate for the position is being urged to his advantage.

President Taft took a little trip in the presidential yacht, the Mayflower, last week, and has as guests a number of senators, among them our own Senator Brown. It is broadly hinted that a number of senators who were invited politely declined on the ground that they could not absent themselves from official duties. Of course everybody knows that the invitations were issued in the hope that social obligations and argument under convivial conditions would impel certain senators to "get good" with the president on some of his plans.

For the life of us we cannot see what some of our esteemed state exchanges are roasting Omaha for. It is true that the habitues of the odoriferous Third Ward turned in and beat the water bonds, but the denizens of that district are not the ones to blame. The blame must rest upon the careless and negligent voters in the silk-stocking wards who were so busy motoring or playing golf or smashing the tennis ball to vote. We recall that only a few weeks ago a certain element of Lincoln voters turned in and defeated the park extension bonds. It took us of Lincoln three trials to secure bonds for a new high school, and beyond all question Lincoln needed a modern high school building worse than any other city of its size in the United States. This fool habit of knocking on Omaha ought to be cut out. In the first place it injures Ne-

braska as much as it does Omaha, and in the second place it is an exhibition of prejudice or jealousy—or both—that any Nebraska newspaperman should be ashamed to put on.

GOOD OLD NEBRASKA.

*I was weary with dark forebodings,
and weighted with loads of grief;
My spirits were dull and lonely, and
vainly I sought relief.*

*I suffered from heat oppressive, and
longings seemed all in vain;*

*The sky was as brass that's molten,
and never a sign of rain.*

*I felt in my bones 'twould never
bring end to the awful drouth;*

*I was blue as indigo—bluer—and
awfully down in the mouth.*

*In fact I croaked like a raven, com-
plained till my throat was sore—*

*When all of a sudden a stranger
walked in through my office door.*

*"What, ho!" cried the stranger per-
son; "why thus do you loud com-
plain?"*

*I said 'twas because the corn crop
was dying for lack of rain.*

*Then up stood the stranger person
and laughed till his cheeks were
red,*

*And spake to me words of comfort—
and these were the words he said:*

*"Full forty-two years I've been here,
I have farmed here boy and man;
I've tilled her soil and loved it since
her history first began.*

*And thus I've discovered, partner,
though weeks we may fairly roast,
It rains like hell in Nebraska just
when we are needing it most."*

*And laughing he turned and left me,
but going he left behind*

*A feeling of cheer and comfort, an
ease of the heart and mind.*

*I watched as the stranger person
meandered adown the street,
The echoes of lilting laughter re-
sounding with cadence sweet.*

*And watching, the far horizon grew
black with a thunder cloud,*

*The lightnings flashed and shim-
mered, the thunders resounded
loud.*

*And out of the northwest rushing
came old J. Pluv and his host,
And it rained ilke hell in Nebraska,
just when we were needing it
most.*

Just now considerable discussion is going on whether white or black clothing is most comfortable in summer. The average man is not nearly so much interested in color as he is in having something. They are not so much interested in color

as they are in finding some way of securing clothing of any color or texture.

The Harmon press bureau is getting in its fine work these days. The funny part of it all is that a lot of republican papers are allowing themselves to be used. About twice a week for the last two months Will Maupin's Weekly has been in receipt of a little notice to the effect that "owing to the demand for facts concerning Governor Harmon" arrangements have been made to supply them in plate form at no expense to the publisher. Many democratic editors and a few republican editors have succumbed to the "something for nothing" speil, and as a result "facts about Governor Harmon"—carefully compiled with a view to boosting him for the democratic presidential nomination—are being scattered broadcast. To date this little newspaper has been able to pay for the plates it has used. Furthermore, when it gets ready to tout some presidential candidate it will do do at its own expense.

Every day we are compelled through conscientious scruples to turn down advertising offers that are well calculated to make us rich. We have upon our desk at this moment an offer to ship up a \$450 piano provided we pay \$225 cash and \$225 in advertising—"at our own rates." We have declined for the simple reason that a better piano may be bought of a local dealer for \$225, and it doesn't have to be all cash, either. We are also given the opportunity to acquire an automobile—half cash and half advertising. We have declined because we can buy as good an automobile of a local dealer for the so-called "half-cash" price offered as by the foreign dealer. Last week we declined to run a four-inch double-column eighteen months for \$18, waiting for the money until the expiration of the contract. Will Maupin's Weekly is not overburdened with advertising. It could carry more. But whenever you see an advertisement herein you may rest assured it is the advertisement of a reputable dealer; that it is paying a flat rate and paying it in cash every month, and that the advertiser is advertising herein because he believes it pays him, not because he wants to "help the editor."

A few weeks ago a voucher mysteriously disappeared from the files of the state department at Washington. It concerned the expenditure of some money, which money seems to have been diverted. Later the voucher showed up, probably because government sleuths were hot on somebody's trail. Now some correspondence in the interior department has disappeared—correspondence that threatens to implicate Brother Charley in some Alaska graft. It seems that while a great hue and cry was being made to prevent

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