

A WEEKLY
JOURNAL
OF
CHEERFULNESS

Printed primarily for people who look upon life cheerfully and hopefully. Also for people who ought to do so. The promotor of all good things and good people, of which first Nebraska is chief and of which second Nebraskans are—mostly.

DOLLAR A YEAR

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

A MERRY HEART
DOETH GOOD
LIKE
MEDICINE

But a broken spirit drieth the bones. That's what the Good Book says, and we'll bank on it, sure. WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY works to make cheerful the hearts of its readers, and thus do medical duty. Fifty-two consecutive weekly doses for a dollar.

GUARANTEED

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CURRENT COMMENT

The greatest sensation of the decade—if not of the generation—was the confession of the McNamaras at Los Angeles last week. It has been the sole topic of conversation ever since. The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly, who has had an humble part in the work of organized labor for several years, and who proudly carries—and as proudly today as ever before—a paid-up card in the Typographical Union, states his position clearly elsewhere in this issue. He does not pretend to speak for his fellow unionists, but just the same he believes that he voices the sentiments of all right-minded, justice-loving unionists.

We have refrained from intemperate language in this case. We denounced the methods used to get the McNamaras away from Indiana. We still denounce them. The unlawful methods used to spirit these conscienceless murderers away from Indiana may, unless stopped, be used to spirit innocent men away. We did ask that these men be provided with an adequate defense fund to insure them a fair trial. We did insist that they be given the presumption of innocence until proved guilty. But through it all—and we hate the "I told you so" fellow—we felt a fear that there had crept into the ranks of organized labor an insidious foe that menaced it far more than the aggressions of organized capital, the menace of men who would resort to violence under the pretense of advancing the interests of the toiler. We have not yet forgotten the Sam Parks case.

Just as organized labor will be unable to find words to condemn the McNamaras and all concerned with them, just so will organized labor fail to find words to condemn those who led the union workers into a false position. We realize the difficulty of Mr. Darrow's position. But as we view it he has no reasonable excuse to offer for allowing organized labor to be put into its present embarrassing position.

The editor of this newspaper contributed his mite, individually and through his union, to the "McNamara defense fund." He is now willing and prepared to contribute ten times as much to a "union defense fund"—a fund to be used in tracking down and giving over to the law's punishment all those who, masked as union men, are using violence and resorting to murder under the pretense of advancing the cause of organized labor. And with these remarks Will Maupin's Weekly has done with the McNamara case forever.

Two weeks until Christmas. Do your shopping early! We are not giving this advice with a view to adding to the comfort of the shoppers. We are concerned most for the comfort of the overworked clerks to whom, under long established conditions, Christmas is a mockery because it is to them a season of nerve-racking, back-breaking toil. If you have the least bit of the milk of human kindness in your heart, do your shopping early.

Mr. Bryan continues to remark that Champ Clark has not been making

A CRIME WITHOUT PARALLEL.

"O, Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Stunned, appalled, by the horror of the disclosures at Los Angeles, by the confession of the McNamara's, organized labor is facing the great crisis of its history. What the future holds in store for Organized Labor depends upon organized labor itself—upon the rank and file of men and women who have learned by bitter experience that organization is their only protection in the age-old struggle between greed and human rights, the only bulwark of their industrial liberty.

Organized labor has been betrayed—betrayed by those in whom it reposed confidence, and into whose hands had been given great authority.

The great crime that has just been confessed by the conscienceless murderers, the McNamaras, is more than the crime of taking human life wantonly. It is the greater crime of having betrayed millions of trusting toilers. To take human life is a crime, but how much greater the crime when there is taken from the millions the hope, and the faith and the inspiration that have been builded up through years of self-sacrifice, of devotion and of heart-ache!

It is not true that organized labor was on trial at Los Angeles. But it is true that organized labor has had put upon its garments the blood stain, and its duty now is clear. It must be just as unanimous in setting its face against violence and bloodshed as it was in rushing to the aid of those whom it thought to be comrades and friends.

It is not possible to believe that only the McNamara boys were concerned in the long list of crimes now so clearly laid at their door. There must have been some sort of an organization behind them; some sort of an organization that paid the expense, helped to lay the plans and helped to carry those hellish plans into execution. Just as Organized Labor raised its hundreds of thousands to insure these self-confessed murderers a fair and impartial trial, so should Organized Labor raise its hundreds of thousands to help ferret out their co-conspirators.

There must be a housecleaning. The "strong-arm man," the "bomb thrower," the "torch bearer," the "slugger"—every last one of them—together with all those who condone—must be driven from the councils of Organized Labor. And the cleaning out process must begin now—NOW!—and know no halt or cessation until the Temple is undefiled by their presence.

Cesar had his Brutus, Charles the First had his Cromwell, Washington had his Benedict Arnold—and Organized Labor has its McNamaras.

No right-minded man believes for a moment that the great mass of organized workers condone violence. No right-minded man believes that union men and women in the aggregate uphold the bomb and the torch and the sandbag as rightful weapons in the great struggle for the betterment of working conditions. That there are those in union labor circles that do condone violence and crime is simply proof that workers, like all others, are likely to be deceived in the leaders they select. Now that it appears that such leaders exist, it remains for the rank and file to step up and hurl such from place and power.

And it must be done now—today!

In the struggle for existence, ever growing fiercer, it is evident that the anarchist has crept into the ranks. They must be whipped back to whence they came. Organized Labor must say—and prove—in the language of Paul, that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal." It must declare—and prove—that its reliance is in evenhanded Justice which sooner or later must prevail.

From now on Organized Labor must lend every assistance to those who are seeking to ferret out all who have had recourse to violence and crime, masking themselves in the guise of union men. And until the last criminal of the lot has been ferreted out and punished to the limit of the law Organized Labor has no other duty to perform.

As for the McNamaras—words fail to express the loathing and horror every honest, God-fearing, justice-loving union worker has for them. Foul spawn of hell, these murderers, these betrayers of the toiling millions, the utmost limit of the law's punishment is all too little to visit upon them. In one short year they have undone the work of self-sacrificing, devoted lovers of humanity who have given three generations for the benefit of their fellows. There is no punishment that will fit such a crime. May their names be anathema through all the generations to come.

But Organized Labor will emerge from this furnace, purified by the fire, and taking a new start will grow and prosper. It is but a temporary halt. When it has rid its ranks of its betrayers who pose as its friends, it will move forward to greater victories—the victories of peace won through arbitration and conciliation, and because its just demands find a response in the hearts of men.

OUR INDUSTRIAL NUMBER.

Next week's issue of Will Maupin's Weekly will be a "Nebraska Industries" number. It will be replete with facts about Nebraska's manufacturing industries. Not dry statistics, but readable facts. It will be the best thing of the kind ever published by a Nebraska newspaper

good as a democratic leader. Mr. Bryan, by reason of his commanding position in the democratic party, is entitled to be heard. But there are those who greatly fear that Mr. Bryan is demanding such qualifications of the man who shall lead the democratic hosts next year, that the democratic party will have to resort to the saint's calendar in order to find a candidate.

"Murder is murder!" yelps the sage of Oyster Bay. Quite true, just as it is true that shoe polish is shoe polish.

We cheerfully confess that a man who wantonly shoots a fleeing foe in the back, then boastfully sets the fact forth in print, is thoroughly competent to speak with authority on the subject of murder.

Admission is hereby made that this issue of Will Maupin's Weekly is not up to its average mark. There's a reason. Firstly, we are in the throes of getting out what will be the best

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MEN AND MATTERS

Ben S. Baker of Omaha has announced that he will be a candidate before the April primaries for the republican congressional nomination in the Second district. The recent campaign in Douglas county added a lot of prestige to Judge Baker. He was chairman of the republican county committee—and the republicans swept the platter, leaving only one slice of pork for their democratic opponents. Ben Baker is a man of ability. He is as full of energy as a dynamo. And he is one of those lovable characters who knit men to them. If all the men to whom Ben Baker has done a kindness vote for him after he is nominated for congress, his majority is going to be so big that they'll have to paste extra margins on the tally sheet.

The friends of Mr. Metcalfe who are urging him to become a candidate for the democratic gubernatorial nomination may be paying him a compliment, but they certainly are not doing him a kindness. Frankly, Will Maupin's Weekly would feel honored if permitted to support Richard L. Metcalfe for any office to which he might aspire. Nebraska has no abler man, nor no man better fitted to honor the state in the highest office within the gift of her people. Nebraska would be vastly benefitted by having "Met" for governor, but would he be benefitted? To be governor of Nebraska is a high honor—but there are those well fitted to bear that honor who can not afford it under present conditions.

The editor of this newspaper has worked alongside "Met" more or less intimately, for the last twenty-one years. One learns to know a man after close association for that length of time. And we say right here and now that Richard L. Metcalfe is big enough and brainy enough to grace any office within the gift of the American people. He is one of the finest characters of this generation. To know him is to love him; to be associated with him is an inspiration. But we do not want him to be sacrificed in the name of a "political honor," even though we believe the democracy of Nebraska could select no stronger candidate or better man for governor. And even an election would be too great a sacrifice for Metcalfe to make. He deserves something vastly better at the hands of his party associates—and at the hands of Nebraskans in general.

Mr. Rockefeller has resigned from the presidency of the New Jersey head of the Standard Oil Co. But he will still be the ruling power of that giant trust. The so-called dissolution of the Standard Oil Co. is a huge joke.

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