

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

A Weekly Journal of Cheerful Comment whose mission it is to reflect sunshine and pilot people around and behind the dark clouds. It believes in the Ultimate Good and strives for it. Until it runs out of Good Words to say about men and women it will say no Harsh Words—and there is so much of Good to be said that Will Maupin's Weekly expects to be Very Busy on the Good End of the job for many years to come. May we have your company along the way?

BOOSTING NEBRASKA ALWAYS

That is one of the best things we do—and the pleasantest. Just say "Nebraska" to us and you've got us going. Nebraska is inspiration for song and symphony, for oratory and optimism. Will you join our Grand Chorus of Nebraska Boosters, instructed and conducted by Will Maupin's Weekly? Initiation fee and one year's dues, One Dollar—the more dollars we get the better we sing

THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR SINGING LESSONS

THE CORNHUSKERS.

Will Maupin's Weekly heartily joins with the esteemed World-Herald in adulation of the cornhuskers. Neither the World-Herald nor this newspaper has reference to the warriors of the gridiron who so successfully carried the scarlet and cream of the University of Nebraska up and down the Missouri valley. We mean the calloused-handed boys who are out in the cornfields of Nebraska, playing a musical tattoo by throwing the plump ears of corn up against the throw-board of the wagon. No cheering thousands are whooping these cornhuskers on to glory—but they are getting the glory just the same. They are not being petted and fêted and made much over by fair damsels adorned with variegated ribbons and muchly puffed coiffures. But it's dollars to doughnuts that these cornhuskers of the corn fields are satisfied with the smiles of girls who may be dressed in calico and quite accustomed to having their hands reddened by hot dishwater. And we are of the candid

opinion that in the after years the boys with the huskingpegs are going to be of quite as much service to the state and the nation as the boys with the spiked shoes and noseguards and padded gear. You bet we are for the cornhuskers—the boys in the cornfields. We don't hear a whole lot about them, but wouldn't we be in an awful fix if they quit?

AS REGARDS RUSSIA.

Every time some one raises up and denounces Russia for her treatment of the Jews and asks that this republic resent it, up jumps another some one and begs us to remember the time Russia came to our rescue and sent a fleet to the port of New York with sealed orders.

We are getting almighty tired of being reminded of that fleet incident. If it ever happened, and Russia did really help us out of a hole, we repaid her fully when Seward gave her seven million dollars for what both Russia and Seward thought was a desolate waste of ice and snow—

Alaska. That fleet incident was the only excuse we had for buying Alaska of Russia, and Russia offered to sell because she thought that a good way to pick up seven million dollars. That Alaska turned out to be a treasure house does not change matters a little bit. We squared accounts with Russia when we bought Alaska; now we have a perfect right to insist that Russia respect passports shown by American citizens, regardless of their race or religion. We've had altogether too much maudlin sympathy for the Muscovite, and not enough self-respect. It is high time that the title of "American citizen" be respected everywhere in the known world.

A LITTLE BIT LATE.

It is just a bit difficult to frame into newspaper print the opinions one would like to express concerning the Rev. C. V. T. Richeson of Boston. Rev. Mr. Richeson is in jail awaiting trial on the charge of having murdered Avis Linnell in order that he might be free to wed the daughter of a rich parishoner. He declares he is innocent, but the other day he seized a jagged bit of tin and attempted to perform a surgical operation upon himself. He came so near succeeding that the surgeons had to complete it for him. What we would like to do is to make some extended remarks expressing regret that Rev. Mr. Richeson did not think to perform that operation some seven or eleven years ago. It would have saved him a lot of trouble, at least one woman her life and another woman her happiness. By the same token, we wish a whole lot of other men might be persuaded to take time by the forelock, not waiting, as Rev. Mr. Richeson waited, until a lot of damage had been wrought.

WILSON AND CARNEGIE.

Woodrow Wilson was an unsuccessful applicant for a Carnegie pension. Governor Wilson has been drawing a salary of \$8,000 a year for about twenty years. Recently he gave it up to accept a position paying \$10,000 a year. In other words, for more

than twenty years he has been drawing more thousands per year than the average wage earner draws hundreds. If he has been unable to save a bit out of his thousands, what about the wage earner with his hundreds? And if the college professor is entitled to a pension after years of "professoring," isn't the university fireman and the university teamster and the university janitor also entitled to pensions?

This Carnegie pension scheme makes us tired. It would be all right if of universal application, for we believe thoroughly in the old age pension plan. But it should be paid by the public, not by the beneficiary of a robber tariff who seeks to establish his scheme for the purpose of perpetuating the graft. We opine that we are just about as tenderhearted as the average man, certainly not less so, but to date we haven't been able to wring any sympathetic tears from our eyes for the poor college professor who has been drawing from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year all his life. If we have any sympathetic tears they will be shed for the poor devil who has been struggling along on \$500 or \$600 a year, raising a family honestly and decently, and living like a good citizen should live. He's the man we want to see pensioned first of all. The well paid college professor can wait a bit.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

You could make your children no more acceptable Christmas gift than a copy of "Kiddies Six," the new volume of verses from the pen of Will M. Maupin. These verses are mostly about children and home and other comforting things, and were written because the author felt just what he was writing. The book contains a number of poems that have won nation-wide recognition, such as "The Lookout Man," "Baby's Shoes," "My Pa," "Hello, Pop," "Dood Night, Sleep Tight," and others. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth, with a frontispiece showing the author, the Little Woman and the whole bunch of Six Kiddies. Price \$1. Phone

Auto L2277 or address Will M. Maupin, 240 No. 33. The book will be rushed right over to you.

SENATOR ALLEN'S DEFEAT.

If Secretary Leo Matthews of the democratic state central committee is correctly quoted, he should retire to some secluded spot and think it over. He says Senator W. V. Allen was defeated for district judge "because he is too partisan and entered the race from selfish motives." If there are those who believe this we want it distinctly understood that we are not of the number. Senator Allen is too big of heart and of brain to be a mere partisan. He is too patriotic to seek office from selfish motives. We do not know the causes that led to Senator Allen's defeat, but whatever they were they are not to the credit of the voters of that judicial district. And it illy-becomes a young man like Mr. Matthews, an amateur in politics and party service, to pass judgment upon a man of Senator Allen's commanding ability, ripe experience and public service.

President Taft is advocating a reduction of the wool tariff. We should hope so. There are two classes of people who are not benefitted by the wool tariff—those who raise the wool, and those who have to buy woolen goods. Those who profit are those who have built up a big wool trust behind the bulwark of the tariff.

The social evil will never be eliminated, but it may be minimized. Segregation seems the best plan. Herd the demi-monde inside of certain limits—and then let them alone. But put a cordon around them and make every man who enters pay a license, said license to be recorded in public records. Put the burden of punishment on the male prostitute, not upon the female prostitute. But for heaven's sake let us have quit of these 2x2 reformers who think that by the enactment of statute and the flourish of a constable's club they can succeed where all others have failed through more than 3,000 years of civilization.

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