

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR



* **A GREAT BIG BOOST FOR** *
* **GRAND YOUNG NEBRASKA.** *
* * * * *
* Will Maupin's Weekly, the *
* best single-handed booster Ne- *
* braska has or ever had, came *
* out in a blaze of glory last *
* week with its "Nebraska In- *
* dustries Number." Twenty- *
* four pages carried an immense *
* amount of highly interesting *
* matter regarding the resources, *
* attractions and opportunities of *
* Nebraska, and also numerous ad- *
* vertisements of manufacturing *
* concerns who make good goods *
* in Nebraska and are not afraid *
* to let people know it. *
* Will Maupin ought to be put *
* on the state's payroll for life as *
* official booster.—Omaha Trade *
* Exhibit. *

THE NEW YEAR.

The new year will be largely what we make it. A great deal depends upon how we enter upon it. If we begin with a fit of blues, predicting that because it is presidential campaign year everything is going to the demnition bow-wows, and feeling sure that things will go wrong—then it will be a pretty bad year. But if we begin it hopefully, smilingly, determined that no matter what comes we'll meet it bravely and make the best of it; if we begin it believing that we are masters of our own fate and capable of conquering—if we begin the new year in that spirit it will be the best year of all the years.

Will Maupin's Weekly is not going to wish you business prosperity. That depends upon yourself. It is not going to wish you health, for that, too, depends upon yourself—and environment. It is not going to wish you happiness, for happiness is comparative. But it is going to wish for you that you have faith in the ultimate triumph of the right and courage to fight for the right as you see it.

"Is life worth living?" asked some one. "It depends upon the liver," was the reply.

That's worth thinking over, for it has a double meaning. Keep your body clean, your mind clean and your business clean—and trust God. But don't forget to hustle all the time.

Will Maupin's Weekly enters upon the new year hopefully. It is going to do its level best to arouse Nebraskans to a realizing sense of the importance of boosting for Nebraska and for Nebraska's producers. It is going to preach the doctrine of optimism and good cheer, even though the sheriff enter unbidden. It is going to search every dark cloud for its silver lining and bask in every ray of sunshine that appears. It is going to keep smiling, no matter what happens. If 1912 is not the best year that ever dawned upon humanity, it will not be because this humble little newspaper did not do its utmost to make it the best year.

That is the spirit that animates Will Maupin's Weekly, and every man connected with it. This spirit is recommended to Nebraskans everywhere.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

We are about to bid 1911 goodbye, but before doing so we want to thank it for a few things. Frankly admitting that it could have treated us much better, we as cheerfully admit

that other years have treated us much worse. We haven't a complaint to lodge against 1911—and if we did have we wouldn't lodge it. Time is too precious to spend in "kicking" and "knocking." It gave us crops a little short of the average, but it gave us for them a price a bit above the average. It gave us a bit more summer heat than usual, but thank goodness our pores were open and we perspired freely.

There have been many worse years than old 1911. It gave us a new impetus towards universal peace, it gave us an end to a despotism that flourished in a sister country that posed as a republic. It gave us an awakened sense of civic duty. It gave us a nearer approach to freedom from narrow partisanship. It gave us an awakened sense of religious duty resulting in the Men's Religion and Forward Movement. In short, 1911 has given us many good things—far more than enough to counterbalance whatever of bad it may have given.

We might have acquired more of good in 1911 had it not been for our own mistakes. If we are wise we will, during 1912, profit by the mistakes we made in 1911. We are not to be blamed if we stub our toes once on a nail. We have only ourselves to blame if we stub our toes the second time on the same nail.

So here's a hail and farewell to 1911! In view of all the good it gave us we cheerfully forgive it for whatever of bad it brought.

Will Maupin's Weekly stops the press in the midst of its long run to wish Nebraska, and every Nebraskan, a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Prosperity may depend upon weather and financial conditions; happiness depends wholly upon yourself.

We opine that John O. Yeiser's act of filing Roosevelt for the presidential nomination was one line agate advertising for Roosevelt and a whole column next-to-reading-matter advertisement for the genial Mr. Yeiser.

Senator Smoot takes the report of the tariff commission and figures out that the wool tariff can be reduced from 50 per cent to 48 per cent. That's just about what the tariff commission was created for.

It was a 'steen million dollar snow. There is an interesting table relative to Nebraska's productivity on the first page of this issue of Will Maupin's Weekly. Cut it out and carry it around with you.

Will Green of Creighton is after the harvester trust, and from what we know of Will Green, we are willing to bet a pretty penny that he'll get the harvester trust if he lives a year or two longer.

Governor Aldrich has removed himself from the senatorial race. Not that he was ever in it, however, but he has put a crimp in some of the plans of certain schemers.

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Insofar as Nebraska is concerned, both Taft and Roosevelt might well pray: "God deliver us from our fool friends!"

Yes, there are too many middlemen. Also too many men on the consuming end and not enough on the producing end.

Anyhow, we can't lay the blame for water conditions in Lincoln on the "men higher up." There are none.

Omaha is still engaged in the pleasant, and to somebody, profitable task of buying the water works plant.

So Lincoln is to have a "White City" next summer. All right; but we'd prefer a clean city first.

If you don't believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive, just ask any Lincoln Elk about it.

ARMSTRONG'S

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We thank you for your liberal patronage during 1911, and respectfully solicit a continuance during the coming year.

It will be our aim in the future as in the past, to contribute to your prosperity by selling you the best Clothing at the lowest possible price.

May good fortune attend you during the year.

Sincerely,

Armstrong Clothing Co.

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LINCOLN MATTERS

Will Maupin's Weekly bespeaks for the city council the utmost charity of opinion. It is doing the best it can. What should we expect of a councilman for \$25 a month? The plain truth of the matter is that we are getting just what we ought to expect, and therefore we have no right to complain.

Time and again this newspaper has warned the people against the utterly incompetent management of the waterworks system. The municipal water plant is a success in spite of itself, not because it is municipally owned. We are not getting water as cheaply as we think we are. We are not getting as good nor as great a supply as we would demand from a privately owned corporation. And the men who are charged with the responsibility of managing the municipal plant go right ahead working under the erroneous idea that the water plant should be paying a handsome profit to the city. The municipal water plant should not pay a dollar of profit. After allowing for expense of operation and depreciation, every dollar left should be devoted to extensions, better supply and lower rates.

Not for a minute do we believe that the Rice well's water was responsible for the recent epidemic of bowel trouble, nor for the not so recent epidemic of typhoid fever. But for the last five years it has been little less than criminal to pump Rice well water into the mains for household consumption. It is in a location where an immense amount of filth must of necessity filter into it. Filth may not produce disease, although it almost always does. One look over the region of the Rice well during the summer is enough to make any cleanly man or woman forswear drinking water forever rather than drink water from that well.

But to talk about dismantling the Rice well right now is to talk foolishness. At best we have not enough water supply for fire protection, nor will we have any too much when the

present supply for fire protection is practically doubled. But the A street wells are capable of furnishing enough for consumption under present conditions, and if our \$25-a-month councilmen can quit chewing the raw and playing horse long enough to get down to business for a few hours we may hope to have the supply for consumption practically doubled before the summer "peak load" is upon us. But until the A street plant's capacity is at least doubled it would be just as criminal to dismantle the Rice well as it would be to continue to pump Rice well water into the mains for domestic consumption.

The protest meeting at Grace M. E. church last week was fully warranted by the conditions. If ever conditions pointed out, and most emphatically, the necessity for having a form of municipal government wherein responsibility may be quickly and accurately fixed, present conditions in the water department point them out. Dr. Waite says he discovered that mysterious pipe dripping filth into the Rice well at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and told somebody connected with the water department. But the Rice well pumps continued forcing that dirty water into the mains until quitting time at 10 o'clock that night. Water Commissioner Tyler says he never heard a word about it until after 10 o'clock. When Mayor Armstrong called him up about it after that hour

he said he didn't see how anything could be done about it. But Mayor Armstrong could see—and he did something, and just as soon as he learned about that mysterious pipe. He called upon Fire Chief Clements, and the chief responded promptly. Firemen were sent out to open hydrants and drain the mains filled from the Rice well.

But who is responsible for allowing that filthy water to continue rushing into the mains, and through them into hundreds of Lincoln homes, more than eight hours after that mysterious pipe was discovered. God only knows. And the people are helpless under present conditions. Mr. Tyler can sit back in his office chair and tell the people to go chase themselves. Dr. Leonhardt shifts the blame upon the shoulders of others, and these others shift it on. People whose lives are threatened because of utterly incompetent management of the water plant are told by councilmen that they are acting like children.

O, well; what'll does it matter if hundreds of taxpayers are wholly without water supply; other hundreds illy supplied, and thousands of people forced to drink contaminated water? There are some sidewalks outside of the four-foot line, and all else must wait until that life-and-death matter is settled.

It is intimated in certain quarters that all this hue and cry about mismanagement of the water plant is merely for the purpose of discrediting municipal ownership; that there is a plan on foot not only to dispose of



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