

Printed primarily for people who look upon life cheerfully and hopefully. Also for people who ought to do so. The promoter 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

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

## WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT

"It never rains but it pours." Also, blessings never come singly," and everything comes to him who waits." Edward Bitting of Brooklyn, N. Y., a box die maker, but has been out of work since the middle of last December. Instead of sitting around and waiting for the government, Bitting setled for a job. It was rather discouraging, for work was scarce. But Bitting hustled, just the same, and got smiling all the time. Last Saturday he turned up in New Haven, Conn., and landed a good job. Filled with joy, he hurried back to Brooklyn and came to take the good news to the wife. He was met at the door by a nurse, who said: "We've named 'em Emma, Paul and Wright—a girl and two boys." Whereupon Bitting danced jig—having just landed a job and a lot of triplets. Here's hoping the jobs, and that the three little Bittings grow up to be just as good and cheerful hustlers as their daddy.

A Scotch verdict of "Guilty but not proven" has been rendered in the case of Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin. He was charged with having corruptly used money in his senatorial campaign. It was shown that he put up about \$25,000 to secure election, but failing to prove corrupt intent he was cleared. Of course a man couldn't spend that much money honestly in a campaign for a senatorship—at least he couldn't spend it honestly and sensibly. Usually, of course, the senate is not going to scrutinize senatorial campaign expenses too closely nor draw the lines too tightly. It wouldn't do under the circumstances. That sort of thing would vacate about two-thirds of the senatorial chairs.

When Mr. Utermeyer told us that a great enterprise requiring vast capital could be successfully carried out without the consent of the money trust, he told us no new thing. But he told it to us in such a way that we have a better understanding than ever of the power of that iniquitous trust. All of which reminds us that the tariff is the mother of trusts.

We have heard from just two sources complaints because billiard and pool tables have been installed in the Y. M. C. A. One source of complaint is the middle-aged folk who class the innocent game of billiards as one of the inventions of the devil; the other source is the men who conduct public pool halls and who find their revenues sadly depleted. All of which reminds the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly of a story, which he may have related before, but which is worth repeating even if he has:

When this editor was "devil" in a printing office in a Missouri town, some years ago than he likes to recall, he was sent to a lawyer's office with a check. On the way he happened to pass an open door leading to a club room maintained by local merchants and where a billiard table was installed. A merchant was aimlessly shooting the balls around and noting the interested gaze of the lad, invited him to take a cue. The lad did so, but ere he had stabbed the balls more than a dozen times his preacher father sauntered by and saw him in the act.

The lad quit and hastened on his way. That evening the lad came in for a mighty serious talk about the depravity of the game, and was warned against it; also warned that the next offense would be met with something more serious than a mere reprimand. About two weeks later that same lad's preacher father spent an entire day playing croquet in the court house square for the county championship, and won it. And to this day that lad, now showing quite a bit of gray in his hair, is unable to see the difference between shooting ivory balls around on a green cloth and knocking wooden balls around on the green grass.

It makes us feel good to see the great Y. M. C. A. institutions coming to a realization of the fact that the average boy has red blood in his veins.

Steel rails have remained steady at \$28 a ton for years. Why? O, the higher the price the more profit to the big interests that hold the stock in the steel trust. And the dear people can be forced to pay freight rates based in

part on the price of \$28 a ton for steel rails. But just so long as the people stand for that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing the people should have handed to them.

Of course, if the voters of Nebraska allow the insurance companies to select the auditor of public accounts, who is the real insurance commissioner, the voters will deserve just what they will get under the circumstances.

Congressman Dies of Texas is another one who has found out that a sure way to break into the slug heads is to attack Bryan. A lot of men who couldn't earn a six-line paragraph on merit managed to get a lot of notoriety by attacking Bryan. But Bryan seems to thrive on it, and for the life of us we can not remember the names of his assailants the next day after the assault.

Anyhow, you don't have to guess long on what President Taft really thinks. You may not agree with the results of his thinking, but you'll have to admit that his frankness and honesty are unusual in the case of a high official.

## WATER POWER IN NEBRASKA

In season and out of season, for the last decade, the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly has been talking about the development of Nebraska's many water powers. Enough water power may be developed in Nebraska to turn every wheel in the state, including railroad wheels. These power sites are scattered all over the state, from the White river in Dawes county to the Nemaha in Richardson; from Howa creek in Dixon county to the Republican in Dundy—and nearly every county in between. With improved methods of transmitting electric current this power may be transmitted many miles without appreciable loss.

Time after time, during the last eighteen months, Will Maupin's Weekly has asserted that a big power project was brewing, with men of ample capital behind it, and with every prospect of its being undertaken immediately. And now comes the vindication of this newspaper's prophecies. Kountze Bros., the great bankers, whose capital is unlimited, have secured the rights formerly held by the

Fremont Richards project, and plans for pushing it have reached the stage when we may expect work to begin as soon as the frost is out of the ground. This project is to tap the Loup river just above Columbus, carry the water in a canal to the top of the bluffs north of Fremont, and thus secure a fall sufficient to develop about 15,000 horsepower. They are also planning to take over the old Rosewater project, which is to tap the Platte near Waterloo and carry the water in a canal to South Bend, thus developing about 20,000 horsepower. The latter power plant would be within about 20 miles of Omaha.

The power plant at Fremont would furnish power for Fremont, Lincoln, Wahoo, Columbus, David City, Seward, Schuyler, York and other thriving little cities. The South Bend plant would supply power to Omaha, South Omaha, Plattsmouth and other cities in the extreme east end. The construction of these two great power plants would mean more to Nebraska than anyone can imagine. It would give a wonderful impetus to manufacturing in Nebraska, and already Nebraska is taking a foremost place in the ranks of manufacturing states. These two great projects will mean the investment of more than two millions of dollars to put them into operation, and this would mean employment to thousands of men for a year or two.

Those who sneer at the possibility of developing water power in Nebraska merely advertise their own ignorance. It has already been developed. A few years ago a water power plant at Kearney turned the wheels of a 30,000-spindle cotton mill, operated a line of street cars, run a flouring mill, turned the wheels of every printing press in the city, operated a paper mill, a planing mill, and small machines without number. The only trouble with this power plant was that it was developed twenty years ahead of its time. But the power was there—is still there, for that matter—and some of these days Kearney is going to rank high in the list of manufacturing centers. What Kearney has done by tapping the Platte at Elm Creek and carrying the water for about twenty miles through and of crop handling must obtain. The old system of shipping the raw material out in bulk and shipping the finished product back, subjecting ourselves to freight tolls both ways, must give way to the plan of working up the raw material at the point of production. For many years Massachusetts held primacy in the manufacture of cotton goods. Today the cotton is a canal, Columbus can do by tapping the Loup and carrying the water less than ten miles. Superior can get a plentiful supply of power from the Republican; Grand Island and Hastings can get a plentiful supply of power from the Platte; Fairbury may get her supply from the Little Blue; Beatrice is already utilizing the Blue, and may obtain even more power. In short, the opportunities in Nebraska for developing water power are practically inexhaustible.

The time is at hand when Nebraska capital and genius will turn more and more to manufacturing industries. Land is becoming so valuable that more scientific methods of agriculture

## SOME VALENTINES WERE LATE

Last Wednesday was St. Valentine's day. If you had a gnatbrained enemy he seized the occasion to send you a scurrilous picture and a vile bit of doggerel—and the chances are you have just such enemies as above described.

But not all the pretty valentines were delivered last Wednesday. From one cause or another a lot were left over, and the same have been given to Will Maupin's Weekly for publication, the reason being two-fold—to insure quick delivery and widespread publicity:

To Sumner H. B—m.

The Aldrich plan may be all right,  
And good without a doubt;  
But ain't Nelse apt to git us all  
If we don't watch out?

To Silas H. B—m.

With bugs in the water and dirt in the milk,  
And short-weight scales that the purchasers bilk;  
With more gas in the council than carried in mains,  
And streets ankle deep in mud when it rains—  
There's cut out for you an almighty big task—  
Go to it your best—that's all that we ask.

To Richard L. M—e.

At any old time, under any condition,  
You're able to fill any honored position.  
And sooner or later men'll come and say: "Met,  
We need you because you're the best we can get."  
Not this year, perhaps; that remains to be seen—  
But we need men like you to make politics clean.

To Chester H. A—h.

Whether Roosevelt or Taft,  
Or even Bob La Follette,  
Progressive or standpat, we don't  
Care one bit what you call it.  
Such things will matter not a bit,  
But some folks say it's time you lit.

To Col. John G. M—r.

From Swansea, Maine, to Frisco town,  
From St. Paul down to Rio,  
We hear a swelling cry come down  
For Harmon of Ohio.  
And every day that passes he  
Will see his chance grow brighter,  
For he is backed by bold John G.  
And his far-famed typewriter.

To Dr. P. L. H—l.

Along in June when democrats  
Are met in Maryland's chief city,  
Those from your state will see you on  
Their national committee.  
You're square on party orthodoxy—  
Though some still grumble 'bout that proxy.

To Paul C—k.

They tell me, Paul, that you aspire  
To place now held by John Maguire.  
If that be true, go to it, Paul;  
The race will be a free-for-all.  
But if you win in days to come  
You surely will be going some.  
Yet, judged by talk upon the street,  
You're pretty swift upon your feet.

To William E. S—p.

Your traction problems worry you,  
But they are easy of solution.  
I'll tell you, William, what to do,  
Thus saving each brain convolution:  
Just build a track to each man's door,  
And have a private car c'er ready.  
No more you'll hear the people roar,  
But see them always boosting steady.  
Until 'tis done from here to Helena  
They'll roast you mighty well.

To Dr. J. H. L—t.

If microbes come from Ireland,  
And germs from Germany;  
And corpuscles come from Corpus,  
Tex.,  
Then, doctor, pray give me  
Some information that I need  
As swift the days now roll on:  
Do typhus germs mean I must come  
To a full stop at the colon?

To Benjamin A—s.

Why don't you plan to save expense  
By closing down your plant immense,  
Then lead your mains to U. S. square  
And pipe the council gas that's there?

To Theodore E—t.

This silence on your part, dear Teddy,  
Has gotten on our nerves already.  
Speak up! Or by the great horn spoon,  
We'll call it "Clam Bay" pretty soon.

To Hon. John H. M—d.

I'm sure that grand Nebraska would  
Welcome a man who has made good.  
She needs a business man to run  
Her big affairs, and you are one.  
So let's have done with fuss and  
feather  
And for Nebraska work together.

To William J. B—n.

"Three strikes and out" was the rule  
heretofore,  
But being it's you we'll make it one  
more.  
We'll give you a chance to bat a home  
run,  
And whoop for pure joy if the thing  
can be done.

To Col. Charles J. B—s.

The man who said that "talk is cheap"  
Could easily be taught a heap.  
With 'phoney schemes with fancy frills  
The public has to foot the Bills.