

A WEEKLY
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OF
CHEERFULNESS

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

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SOME FEW THINGS POLITICAL

A few years ago Mr. Bryan gave voice to a sentiment that has since become a classic. "Harmony," said Mr. Bryan, "is not always a desirable thing in politics."

If lack of harmony is all that is needed to make politics desirable at this time, then we surely have it. Mr. Bryan has a large meat cleaver in hand for use upon the anatomy of one Judson Harmon. Theodore Roosevelt, having selected his successor in the White house, now proceeds to indict his own judgment by announcing that he is out to beat the man he made. After making a gallant fight to compel his party to move forward, LaFollette now finds himself shunted to one side and the fruits of his labor claimed by another. Harmon democrats with keen-edged and glittering knives are lying in wait for Woodrow Wilson, and Wilson democrats with sandbags and slungshots lurk in dark corners, waiting for Harmon to come along. "Gentlemen may cry 'peace, peace,' but there is no peace."

"Parties? There are no political parties today!" declared a man the other day—a man who has represented a big constituency in the halls of congress. "We have two organizations, each trying to out-do the pops of sainted memory, while well balanced and thoughtful men are compelled to stand aside and make way for agitators and popularity seekers." And so saying he buried his head in his hands and indulged in fit of near-sobbing.

Funny old world, this. Today we see men chasing about and loudly advocating the very things they were denouncing in unmeasured terms a few years ago. Remember the wave of ridicule and laughter that swept over the country a few years ago when the platform adopted by the "pops" at Omaha was promulgated? And the ridicule and laughter were renewed when the "pops" met at Ocala and put out their revised and improved platform. Now just read the speech delivered by Roosevelt at Columbus a few days ago and compare it with the Omaha and Ocala platforms. Those old "wild-eyed pops" were moderate in the extreme.

Those who have time to wade through the newspaper contributions of Albert Watkins always find there in something worth while. The trouble with Mr. Watkins is his lack of terminal facilities. But as before remarked, he always says something worth while, even though it takes him a long time to say it. His comment upon Roosevelt's Columbus speech was a gem. "He is an orator of the obvious," said Mr. Watkins. That's worth remembering.

"He looks good to me," says Frank Kennedy of the Omaha Western Laborer," referring to W. J. Kelley, who is seeking the democratic nomination for secretary of state. Mr. Kelley looks good to a lot of us. He is a great big, goodnatured, capable, honest, energetic westerner who believes in doing well every duty that comes to hand. He believes in keeping faith with the people, hence his cognomen, "Plat-

form" Kelley. What he says he means, and what he means he'll carry out or burst a hamstring.

Either State Treasurer George doesn't care a rap about renomination, or he is sleeping comfortably over a political volcano. A couple of hustling republicans are after his job. The Roosevelt entry may serve to wake Mr. George up to the gravity of the situation confronting him. He cannot depend upon being carried back by a "Taft wave," for the simple reason that there isn't any "Taft wave." We opine that Mr. Hamer is going to make it extremely lively for Mr. George between now and April 19.

Floyd Seybolt of Geneva clearly has the inside track for the democratic nomination for state treasurer. He is making an active and dignified campaign for the nomination, and he has the proof right along with him that he is a capable man for the important

place. For years he has been engaged in the line of business that peculiarly fits him for the office, and he would be no stranger on the job.

F. M. Currie, head and front of the Taft organization in Nebraska has this to say: "The republican party is bigger, wiser and has a greater responsibility than any individual. No individual is absolutely necessary to its success." And he was looking straight at Roosevelt when he said it. For all of which Mr. Currie stands charged with lese majeste, political mayhem, and treason. Likewise, he is a candidate for the first vacancy in the Ananias Club.

Not everybody interested in politics understands the real situation in the contest between Victor Rosewater and Robert Beecher Howell for the position of national committeeman for the g. o. p. Howell, a civil engineer of much more than local reputation, is an ex-lieutenant of the navy. He crossed swords with Andrew Rosewater, brother of Edward, and himself an engineer of wide reputation. Edward took up

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NEBRASKA'S BIRTHDAY

Forty-five years ago today, March 1, 1867, President Andrew Johnson affixed his signature to the congressional act that put the star of Nebraska upon the flag of the republic. Within the short span of that forty-five years this state has made such progress, physical, mental and financial as the world never before witnessed. Accounted then as being but the merest desert, incapable of supporting men save along the shores of the Missouri river, it has developed into the largest producer of agricultural wealth in all the sisterhood of states.

Forty-five years ago there was not a mile of railroad within the borders of the commonwealth, fewer than 50,000 people, without a town of any considerable size further than a dozen miles from the Missouri river, not a factory, not a college, not a single industry worth mentioning. Today there are 6,000 miles of railroad, a million and a quarter of prosperous people, factories dotting the landscape, great colleges and universities, and a busy people engaged in producing wealth at a rate the most optimistic never dreamed of, even a score of years ago.

A history of Nebraska's forty-five years as a state, written without dry statistics, but as a novelist would write, would read like the veriest fiction. It would rival the Arabian Nights in its seeming imagery, and it would prove beyond a peradventure that truth is stranger than fiction.

There is not in all history a similar expanse of territory that has been so rapidly developed, so productive of wealth as Nebraska within the same given length of time. Within the memory of men yet Hale and hearty this was the Great American Desert. That so-called desert began within sight of the Missouri river bluffs and extended westward for 500 miles. It was inhabited only by the Indian, and was the natural habitat of the buffalo and the antelope. Today it is a veritable orchard every mile of the westward way across the state from the great river. All this progress, all this development, has come within the short span of a half-century. Forty-five years ago a desert—today the fourth largest corn producing state and the third

largest wheat producing state. The seat of the third largest cattle market and the second largest hog market and the largest sheep market in the world. With a permanent school fund approximating \$9,000,000 in interest bearing securities, with the fourth largest state university, with the largest average of production per acre cultivated. Her thriving cities stand where forty-five years ago men declared nothing could exist save a state of desolation.

Why shouldn't we be proud of Nebraska? And why should we not pay our tribute of respect and admiration to the pioneers, many still with us, who wrested the state from the grip of the desert and made it to bloom and blossom as the rose. Why should we not celebrate with acclaim each recurring anniversary of the state's admission into the Union? And why should we not begin now to make preparations for a glorious celebration of the semi-centennial of the best state in all the Union—a state that stands first in education, first in agricultural wealth production, first in every reform, and first in prosperity and contentment?

March 1 of every year should be set aside as "Nebraska Day" in every public school. Our children should be taught the glorious history of the commonwealth and led to pay their tributes to the men who have accomplished these glorious results.

In the broad blue field of the nation's flag no star shines brighter than that of Nebraska. Massachusetts may boast of her men of Lexington and Concord, but Nebraska may boast of her men of the sod house and the ox team. Virginia may boast of her lineage, but Nebraska's proudest boast is not in the blueness of her people's blood, but in the red corpuscles that have made her men and women the greatest pioneers and developers the world has ever known.

Nebraska's anniversary. Let its celebration of the event be but a forerunner of the greater celebration we are to have in 1917, just as her proud position today is but a forerunner of what her position in the sisterhood of states is to be ere another forty-five years have passed into the limbo of time.

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

AN OLD TIMER'S WAILINGS

The Old Timer leaned up against the tall building on the sunny side of O street, and gazing meditatively upon the huge snow drifts indulged in a spell of reminiscences.

"There's a lot of things that make me tired," he remarked. "When I came to this state more than a quarter of a century ago I paid 10 cents a mile to ride on the railroad. Now we ride for 2 cents a mile, and every reduction save that of the one from 3 cents to 2 cents a mile was voluntary on the part of the railroads. We hear constant howls about excessive freight rates, yet there isn't a country in the world where freight rates are so low or the service so good. The cheapest thing we have is freight service.

"When I was a boy we paid 70 cents a gallon for kerosene. Today we can buy it, delivered at the kitchen door, for 7 and 8 cents a gallon, yet we throw fits at the very name of

Rockefeller, the man who made 7-cent kerosene possible. We are paying 11 cents for gasoline, and it would be just as easy to make us pay 25 or 30 cents a gallon.

"Twenty years ago I could go to the best hotel in Lincoln and get the best room in the house, with three meals thrown in, for \$2.50 a day. Now I've got to pay the \$2.50 for the same room, and cough up extra for my meals. We don't hear a complaint about hotel rates, but the air is filled with complaints about railroad extortion after reductions that have brought freight rates down more than 50 per cent in twenty years.

"Pullman is damned from Hades to Omaha every day, yet you can't show me where a man gets more for his money in the way of comfort, luxury and traveling safety than he gets for the \$3 he pays for a berth in a Pullman car between Lincoln and Chicago. And the Pullman rates have been reduced 50 per cent within the last twenty years. My wife and I may have a section in a safe and luxurious steel car from here to Omaha for \$3. A polite and efficient negro servant is at our beck and call. We have as many conveniences as we would have in a first-class hotel, with a lot more attention. We have privacy, and we are safer than when walking down O street. Yet Pullman, next to Rockefeller, is the worst condemned man in America.

"Twenty years ago we could pick up a newspaper and at a glance tell what it stood for, what political principles it espoused and what candidates it supported. Can't do it now. The only way to tell is to go through the books in the counting room, 'for where a man's treasure there his heart is also.' We haven't any political parties, and we have no men of fixed principles. All of them are appealing to unstable popular favor. The things political managers damned yesterday are the cornerstones of their political faiths today.

"On every side I see hard working men who have struggled and pinched and saved to pay for their little homes, and every year our benevolent government socks a fine upon them for being thrifty and enterprising. All around them I see drones of society who have sat around doing nothing but look wise, who are rich. They haven't created anything, but, because of our dampfophilousness they waxed rich by being able to gobble up community-made values—values that the community ought to have for its own. We still fine enterprise and pay a premium to the drones. Yet we talk about this being an 'enlightened age.' It makes me sick.

"A few months ago I attended a meeting in which farmers predominated. They spent the entire time damning the railroads for high freight rates. Most of those farmers traveled to that meeting in wagons over country roads that were the heaviest ex-

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