

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. *

NEBRASKA ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

Friday, March 15, Will Maupin's Weekly will appear as a "Nebraska Anniversary Number," commemorating the forty-fifth anniversary of Nebraska's admission to the sisterhood of states. This newspaper has made a record for handsome and interesting special editions. This one will excel all previous records typographically and in the value of its contents. It will tell the story of Nebraska's development. It will tell about her wonderful productivity and her splendid possibilities. It will not be filled with dry-as-dust statistics, but filled with interesting facts, with comparative statistics presented in striking form.

In short, next week's issue of Will Maupin's Weekly will be such as to commend it to men and women who are "standing up for Nebraska," and it will be filed away in many homes for future reference. It will be a worthy edition, worthy of the state it seeks to promote, and a credit to the print shop that gets it out.

LOOKS RATHER QUEER.

The Lincoln Star calls attention to a situation that, to say the very least, looks mighty queer to the unprejudiced observer. It was Theodore Roosevelt, who, as president, swept aside the Sherman anti-trust law and allowed the steel trust to gobble up its only competitor, his excuse being that it was necessary in order to stop a panic—a panic started with that very end in view. Now Theodore Roosevelt is again a candidate for the nomination, and it is interesting to note a few facts in this connection. The steel trust is really the "bridge combine," that trust fixing prices for bride material and dictating who shall engage in the business of supplying it. That much has been disclosed by government investigation.

The Roosevelt boom in Nebraska is being handled from Omaha. One of the Roosevelt candidates for district delegate is John E. Baum, wholesale iron and steel—supplying much of the material that goes into bridges. Another candidate for district delegate is John Towle, steel bridge contractor, president of the Western Bridge and Concrete Co., and president of the Omaha Heavy Hardware Co., which sells steel beams, structural iron, etc. One of the Roosevelt candidates for presidential elector is W. J. Broatch, actively in the wholesale iron and steel trade for almost as many years as Nebraska has been a state.

The more you think it over the more significant it looks.

WATER POWER IN NEBRASKA.

Enterprising citizens of Burwell are no longer going to allow a mighty fine water power to go to waste. The Burwell Electric Co. has been organized, made up of men who may be depended upon to do things, and it is going to tap the North Fork of the Loup river and develop a water power that will furnish not only Burwell, but Ord and several other neighboring towns with light and power. Ira V. Reasoner is president of the new company, H. A. Reese, vice president; C. O. Beardsley, treasurer, and D. B. Huff, C. O. Beardsley, Mr. Reasoner and Mr. Reese are the directors. Will Maupin's Weekly knows some of these gentlemen, and knowing them it is of the opinion that it will not be more than six months ere Burwell is using electric power generated by the Loup river.

There are scores of other thriving little cities in Nebraska just as favorably located as Burwell for the developing of water power sufficient for their needs, and more. Some of them are already planning to begin the work this spring. Others are preparing plans. And there are others that are injuring themselves by neglecting their opportunities.

The beet sugar manufacturers promise us that if the sugar duty is retained the'll invest millions in the industry during the next few years. They've had the protection for fifteen years, and all the sugar they make in a year wouldn't sweeten the breakfast coffee of Americans for a week.

Those Mississippi legislators who are demanding Senator Percy's resignation evidently imagine that he meant it when he said he would resign if called upon. Maybe he had a mental reservation concerning "consecutive," or something equally good.

We greatly fear that a number of our republican friends expect to get into office on the "Roosevelt wave," just like some others of our friends expect to get to heaven on the religion of their wives.

The commerce court has declared that the railroads are justified in raising the rates on coal. We are beginning to realize what that commerce court was instituted for.

If the disclosures from Lawrence, Mass., appeared under Russian date lines we'd have a million Americans throwing fits about the awful atrocities permitted by the czar.

Let's see, Homestead occurred just in time to defeat Harrison for re-election. And Lawrence surely is not making Mr. Taft's chances any brighter.

What Mexico needs is a Roosevelt. In other words, a solemn pledge to a friend don't go if there is any reasonable excuse for breaking it.

There's a lot more profit in boosting for Nebraska than in boosting office-seekers into fat jobs—for everybody except the office-seekers.

Horrible thought! Through the mutations of time the day will come when this country will just have to do without Roosevelt.

A Lincoln department store is advertising a "liquid powder," yet we are told that there is nothing new under the sun.

Leading democrats in Nebraska are working manfully to insure the election of the entire republican state ticket.

"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and William Howard Taft now has his Theodore Roosevelt."

"A Certain Rich Man" is the title of a recent novel. It does not refer to the editor of this newspaper.

By breaking windowpanes those British suffragettes are making light of a serious matter.

ABOUT HOLT COUNTY.

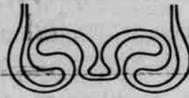
A couple of weeks ago Will Maupin's Weekly told the story of

"Bill" O'Brien's big colonization scheme in Holt county. And immediately thereafter a lot of fellows whose knowledge of Nebraska is limited to the zone of heat thrown off by a steam radiator winked knowingly and began commiserating with the poor fellows who had been deluded into locating in Holt county.

"Why, Holt county is in the sand hills. It isn't worth a darn for farming purposes," they exclaimed.

That's all they know about Nebraska, or about old Holt. Holt county is a long ways from the so-called "sand hills" region. It is at the head of the splendid Elkhorn valley, than which there is no more fertile soil in the world. True Holt hasn't settled and developed quite so rapidly as some of Nebraska's counties, but it is curing that defect mighty fast. A few men like "Bill" O'Brien are waking things up.

Agriculturally old Holt stands away up in the list of Nebraska's productive counties. In 1911, admittedly a short crop year, Holt produced more than \$3,100,000 worth of grains and grasses. In that year she owned 17,256 dairy cows, 47,893 other cattle, 23,795 hogs, 3,900 sheep and 14,657 horses and mules. Nor is it lagging far behind in fruit culture. Holt has 65,000 apple trees, 17,000 plum trees and 13,000 cherry trees. In 1909 Holt shipped to market 130,000 pounds of poultry, 51,000 dozen eggs, 51,000 pounds of butter and 15,000 gallons of cream. In that same year she shipped to market 17,000 head of cattle, 25,000 head of hogs and 2,500 head of horses and mules. In other words, old Holt is producing annually more than \$5,000,000 worth of agricultural and live stock wealth, with her resources almost untouched. Mighty good record, isn't it? And when "Bill" O'Brien started out to enable a lot of industrious and energetic men and women to acquire homes he wasn't handing them any gold brick, eh? If he was there are a lot of people who would be almighty glad to get hold of a few bricks of the same kind.



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HOW ABOUT IT "MET?"

In one of his occasional bulletins as a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor Richard L. Metcalfe proposes exemption of the machinery of factories in this state from taxation, the purpose being to induce the location of new factories and thus of course add to the prosperity of the state. But how could a democratic opponent of protection and subsidy propose such a thing and get away with the goods without being discovered? Protection under the guise of an exemption is still protection and discrimination. Explanations are in order.—Kearney Hub.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.

Floyd Seybolt of Geneva seems to be the coming democratic candidate for state treasurer. He looks good to us and his business career for the past twenty years in Nebraska is certainly sufficient evidence that the democrats

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THE OLD-TIME FIDDLERS GET BUSY

A tournament of the old time fiddlers was held in Omaha last week. None of your high-faultin' operatic airs for them. No sir-ee! Digital dexterity had to give way for pathos and real heart interest when those old time fiddlers laid their cheeks against their fiddles and swept sweet strains from the strings. Chopswoloinkevitch's sonata in Q, and Slapstikowski's fugue in Asia Minor, and Skipalinkosassidge's sniffony in Q major were shoved to one side, while those old timers played real music—the kind that reaches right down into your innards and picks holes in your heart. "Scenes That are Brightest," "Departed Days," "Money Musk," "Ol' Dan Tucker," "Arkansaw Traveler," "The Heart Bowed Down," "Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," Kentucky Home," "Suwanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home." Ah, there's the old tunes for you—melodies that melt your hearts, turn your thoughts back to other days and lift the weight of years from your shoulders. Wouldn't you just love to hear those old tunes played on a violin by one of those old past masters in "fiddlin'" who play for the love of it and not for pay?

We know the old time fiddler who won that Omaha contest. Time and again we've sat for hours while he bent his gray head above that fiddle, cuddling it under his chin as a mother cuddles her babe to her breast, and making it sob and wail; then making it laugh like a child amidst the flowers; then making it bring back the faces cheeked maiden waiting in the lane for her lover; then making it croon a lullaby that a million mothers have used to put their babies to sleep; then making it brink back the faces of loved ones gone before, telling again the old stories of love and hope and life—ah me! If every throb of joy that old fiddle has given to human hearts could be made over into roses and banked around the feet of the gray-haired old fiddler, he'd be smothered by their perfume and obscured from the sight of his fellows by their petals. Under the spell of its music old men and women have closed their eyes to the light of day, and sitting silent and still have lived over

the days of their childhood, lived over again the days of their sweetheating, lived over the days of manhood's prime.

"Old Man Armstead's Violin!" It was its music that led our feet under the big maple trees in a country town, and there we found the Little Woman. Oft we heard her singing to the accompaniment of that violin. Often we've danced to its rollicking music. And after all this we are not surprised that the judges at the Omaha tournament decided that George W. Armstead of North Bend was the best old time fiddler of the lot. Mr. Armstead is the father of Mrs. Will M. Maupin of Lincoln.

"There ain't no use t' talk t' me
'Bout Paedrewski an' his class;
F'r when it comes t' classic art
I got t' let 'em by me pass.
My ears wan't trained f'r them fugees
What makes up such an awful din,
But I can listen by th' hour
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

"Once't on a time I went t' hear
Th' famous Thomas orchestray.
I sw'ar it only sawed an' blowed,
An' nary tune I heard it play.
Now, as f'r me, 'Departed Days,
An' them ol' tunes th' darkey sings,
All sound a blamed sight better from
Th' Ol' Man Armstead's fiddle-
strings.

"Sonatys an' great symphonies
May suit th' edikated taste;
But as f'r me I got no time
T' put t' such a sinful waste.
Th' music that I love h' best
Is them ol' tunes that's looked with-
in
Th' strings that's stretched across th'
bridge
Of Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

"An' when my life o' toil is done
An' I am summoned up on high,
I want some music soft and sweet
T' waft me upward to th' sky.
I want, when Peter swings th' gate
T' let this weary traveler in,
T' be a keepin' joyful step
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.
—W. M. M.

cannot possibly make any mistake in nominating him. His qualifications are par excellence and he is a gentleman whose social qualities have won for him many friends in every section of the state.—Plattsmouth Journal.

THE CALAMITY LETTER.

About seven months ago, when enthusiastic friends started to boom him for a third term, Mr. Roosevelt expressed himself as follows, to the editor of a Pittsburg newspaper:

"New York, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1911.—My Dear Mr. Moore: I very greatly appreciate your kind and friendly feeling, but I am sure you will understand me when I say that I must ask not only you, but every friend I have, to see to it that no movement whatever is made to bring me forward for nomination in 1912.

"I feel that I have a right to ask all my friends, if necessary, actively to work to prevent any such movement.

I should esteem it a genuine calamity if such a movement were undertaken.

"Again thanking you for what you have said, and moreover thanking you in advance for following my wishes in this matter, as I know you will do, I am, very sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."
Mr. A. P. Moore,
The Pittsburg Leader,
Pittsburg, Pa.

What has happened since August 18, 1911, to make Mr. Roosevelt and the third term less of a calamity than when that letter was written?

Mr. Roosevelt then asked "all my friends actively to work to prevent any such movement." Now he asks all his friends to actively work for a third term.

What "genuine calamity" attached to the third term then that does not attend it now? Mr. Roosevelt owes the public an explanation, which, no doubt, will be offered soon.—Chicago Daily Journal.