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LINCOLN A HEALTH RESORT OF PROMINENCE

Comparatively few people in Lincoln fully realize this city's reputation as a health resort. Perhaps that is not the best expression, however. It might be better to say that few people realize how many there are who come to Lincoln to seek health or secure the services of the skilled surgeons of this city. Lincoln has a number of splendid hospitals, and the fame of her surgeons has gone out through all the length and breadth of the land. Only now and then does the public prints record a wonderful surgical operation, although minor operations if performed upon some person of great note are often heralded broadcast to the world as marvels of surgical performance. If the records were made public it would stand revealed that some of the most wonderfully delicate and difficult operations known to the profession have been performed by Lincoln surgeons. That the city is famous for its skilled surgeons is evidenced by the fact that men and women come here

from all parts of the United States to be operated upon, and to avail themselves of the splendid hospital facilities provided in Lincoln.

If one could see some of the wonderful cures performed upon helpless and crippled children at the Orthopedic hospital—every day occurrences and performed by Lincoln surgeons—one would stand amazed. Almost every day at that institution the splendid surgeons of this city perform operations little short of miraculous, and there are happy little ones, and still happier mothers and fathers, who will insist that miracles have been performed.

Thus it is, quietly and without ostentation, Lincoln's fame as a place to secure renewed health or correction of physical imperfections has gone abroad to all the earth. Her splendid hospitals and sanitariums, her scores of trained nurses, her learned physicians and surgeons, are advertising her everywhere.

And why should not Lincoln be known as a health resort? It is in the most healthful section of a state that has the lowest death rate per thousand of any state in the Union. Its sulphur-saline waters, drawn from hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, are as healing and invigorating as the waters of Baden-Baden or elsewhere. It possesses all the conveniences of a modern metropolis, with all the homelike atmosphere that the ailing crave. Wide streets, beautifully shaded, handsome lawns so numerous as to make the city one vast park, beautiful illuminations—everything that goes to make up a real health resort—a resort for those really seeking health and not seeking merely to make ostentatious show of wealth.

In this issue of Will Maupin's Weekly mention is made of the leading hospitals and sanitariums of Lincoln.

MEN AND MATTERS

Sometimes the American idea of humor takes a queer turn. Even in the presence of such an awful horror as that of the Titanic's loss there are those capable of seeing something humorous. For instance, an esteemed contemporary perpetrates the following: "Archibald Clavering Willingham Dagraffenried Butt, the president's military aide, ought to have been able to use his name for a life line." We know a thing or two about humor, but for the life of us we fail in our efforts to see anything humorous about the heroic death of Major Butt. Smiling, courteous, brave Archie Butt went to certain death like the splendid gentleman he was. During all those awful moments he cheered the fainthearted, helped the women and children into the boats, and by his every act and deed reflected glory upon American manhood. We have builded monuments to men far less deserving than this splendid young soldier, whose death was as heroic as any upon the battlefield—yea, more so, for he died saving others. It must be a perverted sense of humor that can see anything to joke about in the heroic death of this brave American soldier.

And there was Ben Guggenheim, multi-millionaire. Before the ship went down, and after he had helped everybody he could into the boats, including his own valet, he said to the latter: "If you escape tell my wife that no woman or child died because her husband was a coward." And cheering the rescued upon their way, brave Ben Guggenheim, whose millions could not save him, went smilingly to his death. Then there were the humble and unknown musicians aboard the doomed ship. Facing certain death they cheered the rescued on their way and solaced the doomed souls left aboard with the sweet strains of that sweetest of all hymns, "Nearer, My Go, to Thee." The world's history reveals no braver men.

Out of that awful horror comes one great recompense—the knowledge that in that hour American and British manhood stood the test. Doesn't it make your heart beat faster when you read that the women and children were saved, and that the stalwart men aboard, millionaire and pauper, aristocrat and plebeian, stood side by side and went down to death without a tremor, solaced by the fact that they had acquitted themselves like men! We've had our good-natured jibes and jeers at Archie Butt while he was alive; we've spoken in open criticism of the "idle rich" like Astor and Guggenheim; but today we stand uncovered in honor of their splendid American manhood. We are almighty proud to be of a race that produces such men.

"Be British, my men!" was Captain Smith's plea to his hastily picked-up and undisciplined crew. That remark will go down in history along with Nelson's "England expects every man to do his duty" at Trafalgar, with Stark's "We must whip them today or Molly Stark is a widow," and with Warren's "Wait till you see the whites of their eyes." And the members of that ill-fated crew acquitted themselves like true Britons. And side by side, blood cousins by birth and brothers by every tie of human intercourse, American and Briton, men every one, went down to death with smiling faces and fearless hearts. It is a record of which the English speaking race may well be proud.

God forbid that we should judge harshly or unjustly, but by all the reports we wouldn't trade places with J. Bruce Ismay for all the millions at his command. He will never be able to purchase with dollars what he lost by being among the first to leave that sinking ship. Compare him with Astor and Guggenheim and Butt, or with any one of the hundreds of brave men who preferred death to taking the place of any woman or child. Ismay, with all his millions, can not find or buy in all this wide world a spot or refuge where the disgrace of his rescue will not follow and damn him in the eyes of all brave men."

Omaha in particular and Nebraska as a whole loses a valuable citizen in the death of Emil Brandeis, one of the proprietors of the Boston Store in Omaha and member of the firm of Brandeis & Sons. Mr. Brandeis was one of the most enterprising and progressive citizens in the Nebraska metropolis, always giving of his time and means and energies to advance any good cause. He belonged to the newer generation of business men—the men who are taking advantage of the fact that whatever helps the community and the state helps individual enterprise. Acting upon this, Emil Brandeis made a reputation for enterprise that will be a precious heritage to those whom he has left behind. The horrors of the disaster which destroyed the Titanic come home to Nebraska with crushing force in the loss of such a splendid citizen as Emil Brandeis.

The intricacy, the inadequacy and the cumbersome features of our present primary law, emphasized by the recent primary, ought to have the effect of bringing about amendments that will simplify it without in the least curtailing the privilege of the people to rule. Long before the average voter got half way down that long list of candidates he either became hopelessly lost or wearily and quit voting or quit trying to differentiate between candidates. Outside of the heads of the respective tickets the showing is plainly that the people would not spend the time to solve the ballot riddle. And with full power to nominate every candidate for office, from president down—or up—less than 25 per cent of the people took the trouble to go to the primary. We still hold to our opinion that the people are entitled to no better government than they will secure for themselves.

Last Sunday's rain came just in time to put a crimp in the calamity shouters, and a couple of crimps into those who sought to make weather conditions ground for wheat gambling on the board of trade. That considerable wheat has been damaged is beyond question. But we still insist that with increased acreage, winter conditions above the average and spring conditions on the whole satisfactory, Nebraska is going to harvest her record crop of wheat this summer.

One of the startling features of the recent primary was the vote polled by Jesse Newton of Wymore, who contested with Governor Aldrich for the republican gubernatorial nomination. Mr. Newton's candidacy was looked upon as a joke until the returns began coming in, then the surprising strength he developed caused a gasp of astonishment. Mr. Newton's vote will have at least one effect—it will convince Governor Aldrich that he has got a mighty hard fight on his hands for re-election. We haven't been re-electing governors for some time now.

Lincoln adopted the commission form of government, but it was after the manner that Sandy got into heaven—by a wee bit squeeze. But it was accomplished. This newspaper favored the commission plan, but admits that there are weaknesses in the Banning law. But if we waited for almost any kind of municipal reform until we got a perfect law under which to work, we would be a long time waiting for reforms. The weaknesses in the Banning law are easily remedied. It will be a year before we elect city commissioners. In the meantime we should be directing our energies towards picking out the men best fitted to hold the jobs.

The publicity law in New York reveals some interesting facts in connection with the Roosevelt campaign. George W. Perkins is revealed as having contributed \$15,000 to the Roosevelt cause. Who is George W. Perkins? He is chairman of the finance committee of the harvester trust, a director of the steel trust, a director of the Standard Oil trust and former partner and now handy man of J. Pierpont Morgan. He is the man who helped to collect the life insurance fund for the Roosevelt campaign in 1904. If Perkins gave \$15,000 to the Roosevelt primary fund in New York, how much did he contribute in Illinois and Nebraska? And if Mr. Roosevelt is so entirely acceptable to the steel-oil-harvester-insurance trust combine, how acceptable he should be to the farmers and working men of the country!

CURRENT COMMENT

Mr. Metcalfe's letter to his successful competitor, Mr. Morehead, has the right ring to it. It is the utterance of a game loser, a staunch democrat, and a four-square man. This newspaper advocated the nomination of Mr. Morehead, but not because it thought the less of Richard L. Metcalfe. We have made known our opinion of "Met" more than once. We take occasion merely to say at this time that when the Almighty finished making Metcalfe he knocked off work and called it a full day.

Governor Aldrich announces that he is going after Mr. Morehead and make that gentleman come to the front and state his position on the "wet" and "dry" issue. We opine that Governor Aldrich would rather fight this campaign on that issue than on some others. But if we know John Morehead, and we rather think we do, Governor Aldrich is not going to be allowed to pick the issue. We have always entertained a most friendly feeling for Governor Aldrich, and we trust nothing will ever happen to lessen the friendship that now exists. And it is as a friend that we would call the governor's attention to the fact that instead of outlining the issue and picking the battleground, he would do well to be building a few bulwarks around the record of his administration. Under it the state treasury, for the first time in years, had to register warrants; under it there has been a lot of trouble and dissension in state institutions; under it seven killings have taken place in connection with the state penitentiary; under it no pretense has been made of enforcing the 8 o'clock law and the Alberts law in Omaha. As a non-partisan onlooker Will Maupin's Weekly would advise the governor to be a little less ready to tell how he is going to put his opponent on record on anything. He'll be mighty busy elsewhere.

Meaning no disparagement to the successful candidate, we regret the defeat of Mr. Evans of Kenesaw, who sought the republican nomination for auditor. We longed to see both parties nominate its best man, and if the republican party in Nebraska has any better men than Evans of Kenesaw it is almighty lucky. The wage earner who failed to vote for Mr. Evans, if permitted to do so, failed to vote for a man who has given them arduous and unselfish service without thought of recompense.

Lincoln had a packing plant in the old days, but it succumbed to the hard times following the boom. Now she is going to have another one, and it will be no small affair either. There is really no reason why Lincoln should become a great packing center. She is ideally situated as to railroad facilities—none better. She enjoys the same advantages as to rates as the river cities enjoy, and is nearer to the cattle and hog producing sections. We opine that the new packing plant will not long remain the sole institution of its kind in Lincoln, and that it will grow at a gratifying rate.

The editor of this newspaper filed for the democratic nomination for railroad commissioner without asking anybody's advice and without having the matter even suggested to him. As this is being written he doesn't know how he came out—except that he isn't the low man of the seven by a long ways. But he takes this occasion to thank his good friends all over the state for their splendid support. He takes that vote as something of a compliment, if you please. It isn't every candidate who can run one-two in a field of seven without making any campaign, without any personal solicitation, without any advertising save that freely and cheerfully given by his newspaper friends, and without any handshaking or speechmaking. Whatever the political result may be—and we are not losing any sleep over that—we have accumulated material for a scrapbook that is going to be very religiously cherished in this editor's family.

The defeat of William H. Thompson was not because Nebraska democrats do not love and respect him, but in a considerable degree because there was a very general sentiment that the party owed Ashton C. Shallenberger something for the very shabby treatment accorded him two years ago. In addition to this, they knew that ex-Gov-