

CURRENT COMMENT

Once in a while—sometimes twice in a while—we hear Nebraskans wishing they could go to California. They talk about climate and our rigorous winters, and the chances for success further west, and all that sort of thing. To such we commend the careful reading of some extracts from a letter written to Will Maupin's Weekly by a man who is out there. He knows what he is talking about, and he voices the sentiment of thousands who have been lured from the middle west by the glittering baits thrown out by California. Here's part of what he says:

"It sure does seem good to get a taste of the real stuff once in a while—I refer to your boosting, enthusiastic Weekly. Long may it wave! I am sick and tired of California. Hard to believe, isn't it? Of course the climate is something here, but I long for the seasons—for the mellow fall, and the advanced spring, when everything takes on new life. Here it is the same dreary monotony, except that when it rains in winter it rains! I am looking for a job back in the middle west, somewhere where a man can raise something besides hope. In this burg everything is 'keep off the grass!' and I haven't found a single gold nugget, save the hope that I may be granted the grace to get away from Greasers and swindlers. By the way, don't ever come out here until you are real rich and don't have to work, or are willing to live on 'hand-outs.' I am sincere when I say it. Some California flowers are before me as I write, but I would give all of them for a few spring violets and a sight of trees just budding."

Nebraska, a state that has a right to be proud of many things, ought to hang her head in shame every time she thinks of the miserable wage she pays the devoted men and women who are the teachers of her children. Omaha, the metropolis of this rich young state, pays her schoolteachers a minimum of \$420 for the first year of service, and a maximum of \$830 after ten years of service. Forty dollars a month as an inducement to men and women to devote their lives to the education of the rising generation; seventy dollars a month as the goal to be won after a life of devoted service. And the average in Omaha is better than the average throughout the state. Our teachers should be the best paid profession in the land. The wage ought to be big enough to call to the profession the best blood and brain and endeavor of the republic. Nebraska is robbing herself by the shabby treatment she accords to the teachers in her public schools.

The Commercial Club of Hartington, Cedar County, seems to be a "live one." Thursday night of last week it gave a banquet at which 265 people sat. Eloquent talks were made upon the subject of publicity and home patronage. When you can get 265 men out to a business pushing banquet in a city of 1,500 people you may set it down that you've struck a community that is full of "go." Hartington is the county seat of Cedar county, and although Cedar county is one of the smaller counties of the state Will Maupin's Weekly is here to remark that it is one of the best of the counties. In 1910 Cedar county produced 4,400,000 bushels of corn, 86,000 bushels of wheat, 2,800,000 bushels of oats, 39,000 bushels of rye, 48,000 tons of hay, 7,500 tons of alfalfa, 37,000 bushels of potatoes, and 3,000 tons of millet, Hungarian and kaffir. Her total agricultural output was worth \$3,800,000. All this from 150,000 acres, including the acreage from which wild hay was cut. This is an average of more than \$25 an acre. In the year of 1910 Cedar county shipped to market 24,000 head of cattle, 63,000 head of hogs, 462 horses and mules, 5,300 sheep, 3,120 pounds of dressed poultry, 164,000 pounds of live poultry, 24,500 dozen eggs, 2,000 pounds of butter and 108,000 gallons of cream. In 1910 Cedar county produced more than \$5,000,000 worth of products. With a live commercial club at Hartington to urge on to greater endeavor, Will Maupin's Weekly expects to see Cedar county pass the \$6,500,000 mark in this good year of 1912. The soil is there, the hustle is there—al that is necessary is to get the spirit to working right.

Will Maupin's Weekly is in receipt of a copy of a weekly newspaper called "The Menace," with a request for "exchange." We must decline. "The Menace" is evidently published by fanatics who see in the Roman Catholic church a menace to about everything that is worth while. The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly is a Protestant, but to date he has been unable to agree with those who would put the Catholic church out of business. If the Catholic church is right it will prevail. If it is what "The Menace" says it is, then either God will visit it with His displeasure or there is something wrong with the religious system we have been raised in and under. We are too busy with important matters to waste any time in a fool religious warfare.

Noting that Mr. Bryan's request of Victor Rosewater for a ticket to the Chicago convention had been referred to the Nebraska delegation, Fletch Merwin, of the Beaver City Times-Tribune, says he has a ticket that Mr. Bryan is welcome to use, without any strings being attached thereto. Being now assured that Mr. Bryan will secure admission to the republican circus in Chicago, we will proceed to do a bit more boosting for Nebraska.

"Doc" Bixby says that Will Maupin can not give one good reason for supporting John H. Morehead for governor. As usual the genial "Doc" Bixby is wrong. We'll give Bixby two columns in this newspaper in which to tell why he is supporting Aldrich if he'll give us six inches of space in his "Daily Drift" department of the State Journal to tell why we are supporting Morehead.

It was the Nebraska Press Association, in convention at Kearney nine years ago, that gave the first impetus to the movement that resulted in the abolition of the pass evil and laid the foundation for practically all the reforms that have been accomplished in Nebraska during the past eight years. Now let the newspaper men in session at Lincoln take hold of the problem of taxation and submit some scientific plan for the reformation of our revenue system. That's the burning issue in Nebraska right now—greater than the question of the presidency, or the governorship, or the senatorship, or any other old office to be filled by some man.

Commissioner Ryder of Omaha, who has charge of the police department, wants to know how to handle the "social evil." He will have no trouble in finding a thousand people in Omaha who know just how it ought to be done. They are people who know absolutely nothing about it. When we want advice as to the

proper rearing of children we always go to some finicky old maid who never had any children—so far as anybody knows—or some old bachelor who is either not a father or has dodged responsibility for his children. Those of us who are the parents of children always confess our inability to tell how they ought to be reared. So, when we want to know how to handle the "social evil" we always seek advice from those who know nothing about it. The trouble with their plans is that they never take into consideration society's duty to society's victims. We'd rather trust to the good sense of Jack Ryder, experienced newspaper man, in handling that great question, than to trust all the ministers and would-be social reformers in Omaha.

Just as soon as everybody is supplied with an automobile, business in other lines will pick up. But people are so busy buying buzz buggies that the drygoods man and the grocer will have to be content with selling only such dry goods as people must have to comply with the law, and the grocers must be content to sell just enough foodstuffs to keep people physically fit to joy ride.

Is there anything ominous in the fact that the republican national convention will be called to order on June 18, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo?

THE WONDERS OF LINCOLN COUNTY.

Lincoln county, Nebraska, is squarely in the center of what was once designated as the "Great American Desert." It is anything but a desert now. On the contrary, it is a fruitful garden—one of the most productive counties of the state, and developing at a wonderful rate. There are Nebraskans who think they know something about the state, but who still hold to the old idea that western Nebraska is unproductive, that Lincoln county is thinly settled, devoted wholly to cattle grazing, and unfitted for general farming. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In 1910 Lincoln county produced 1,508,000 bushels of corn, 274,000 bushels of wheat, 340,000 bushels of oats, 98,000 bushels of barley, 106,000 bushels of rye, 103,000 tons of hay, 32,500 tons of alfalfa, 101,000 bushels of potatoes, 68,000 bushels of speltz, and 6,000 tons of millet, Hungarian, sorghum and kaffir. The total value of Lincoln county's agricultural crops in 1910 was upwards of \$3,560,000. In that same year she shipped to market 24,000 head of cattle, 32,000 head of hogs, 1,056 horses and mules and 4,900 sheep. Also 4,860 pounds of dressed poultry, 13,500 pounds of live poultry, 60,000 dozen eggs, 60,800 pounds of butter and 73,000 gallons of cream. In 1910 Lincoln county produced \$5,000,000 worth of wealth. She did this on less than 250,000 cultivated acres, an average of more than \$20 an acre. Only one-fifth of Lincoln county's acreage is being cultivated, the one-fifth including the more than 100,000 acres from which the wild hay crop is harvested. There are more than 400,000 fertile acres in Lincoln county awaiting the plow—every acre capable of producing like the acres now cultivated. The county has good railroad facilities, good schools, good roads and a hospitable people.

She ought to be making her resources and possibilities known of all men.

Mrs. Blatch, champion of equal suffrage, scores heavily when she points to the "vulgar quarrel" between two prominent citizens of the republic in their "squabble." One thing is sure, and that is that the women, God bless 'em, couldn't do any worse at the governing business than the men have done. If there is even a remote possibility that the women might do better, then for goodness' sake let's give them a chance.

Roosevelt wants to create another "bureau" or "commission," this time for the purpose of seeing to it that some of the benefits of protection get into the pockets of the workingmen. That is the usual demagogic plea. A protective tariff will always be a burden on the worker and a premium for the employer. All that a commission such as Roosevelt favors could do would be to afford some more fat jobs for personal friends—their salaries to be paid for by the workers.

When the law goes into effect compelling newspapers to print the names of their stockholders, we want to see the list submitted by the "American Economist," subsidized organ of the tariff barons.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

MEMORIAL DAY 1912

WILL M. MAUPIN

Long gone the years since the war bugle's blaring
Called them to march to the fife and the drum;
Long gone the years since war's campfires were flaring—
Gladly today with sweet flowers we come.
Flowers to garland the graves where they're sleeping;
Blossoms of May whose rich perfume is sweeping
Over the tombs where Old Glory's watch keeping—
Red rose, and lily, and violets blue—
Colors you fought for we're bringing to you.

Yours was the task that called men for the doing,
Heedless of self that the Nation might live;
Yours was the work of a Nation's renewing—
Ours to pay tribute with flowers we give.
Flowers of May for your graves we are bringing;
Honor and praise to each hero we're singing;
Proudly above you Old Glory we're flinging—
Red rose, and lily, and violets blue—
Colors you fought for we're bringing to you.

Long gone the years since your strong-heart endeavor
Made of Old Glory the flag of the free;
This is our task—that we keep it forever
Just as they left it to you and to me.
Red for the blood shed for freedom for others;
White for the truth that all men are but brothers;
Star-dotted blue for the heaven that covers—
Red rose, and lily, and violets blue—
Colors you died for we're bringing to you.

Standing today 'neath the folds of Old Glory,
Let us renew the great faith that they gave.
Let us gain strength from their valorous story,
Decking with garlands each flag-mounted grave.
As these have died, let it be our endeavor
Each day to live that the old flag forever
Shall float o'er a Nation where wrong exists never—
Red rose, and lily, and violets blue—
Colors you died for, God help us keep true.

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For Every Congressional District in Nebraska.

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GOOD SERVICE.

The garage of Roy H. Quincy at 828 M St., makes a specialty of general repairing and overhauling of automobiles. His garage is a new brick building fully equipped with all modern devices necessary for the rebuilding of all kind of cars. Only first class mechanics are employed and no car leaves the shop without the careful inspection of Mr. Quincy. He carries all kinds of auto supplies including oils and gasoline. If in need of high grade work your business is solicited, a trial order is all I ask. Auto B4216.

One death and three heat prostrations is the record of a hot wave which struck the national capital Sunday.

E. Fleming

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