

# WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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## MEN AND MATTERS

Collier's pays a fine tribute to Colorado's agricultural productivity in its issue of August 3. Says Collier's: "Colorado in 1911 sold more apples than Oregon, Washington, Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming and Idaho combined." Good for Colorado. But in 1911 the four counties, Richardson, Nemaha, Johnson and Pawnee, in Nebraska, sold more apples than all the states named by Collier's including Colorado. Collier's further remarks that in Colorado "alfalfa can be raised wherever irrigation is possible." That's good for Colorado, but Nebraska raises five tons of alfalfa to Colorado's one, and irrigation is not necessary on 1 per cent of the Nebraska acreage of alfalfa.

We have a great admiration for the productivity of Colorado—both agricultural and mineral. But if Collier's wants to make mention of a state that really amounts to something as a producer of agricultural wealth we would call its attention to Nebraska as compared with Colorado. There is but seven years difference in the ages of the two states, Nebraska being that much older. Colorado exceeds Nebraska in area by about 27,000 square miles—an area greater than any one of eight or nine states.

Nebraska has no mines of any description. Colorado mined in 1910 about \$27,000,000 worth of gold and silver—just about half enough to buy Nebraska's production of hay in that year, and not half enough to buy Nebraska's 1910 production of poultry, eggs and butter. In 1910 Colorado mined coal approximating in value at the mine mouth about \$20,000,000—which wouldn't have bought half of Nebraska's 1910 crop of wheat on the farmsteads. Colorado's 1910 production of precious minerals and coal amounted in one-half of Nebraska's 1910 corn crop, amounting to 205,000,000 bushels. The corn that Colorado produced in 1910 would scarcely have provided the seed planted the following year in Nebraska. In 1910 Nebraska produced nearly 13 per cent of the potatoes raised that year in the United States, and one-third more than Colorado.

Of course we are not "knocking" on Colorado. A mighty fine state is Colorado. But we would have Collier's know a few things about the greatest producer of agricultural wealth in the sisterhood of states—Nebraska. Colorado's mine output, including coal, in any one year would not buy either Nebraska's alfalfa crop, wheat crop or butter and egg crop. Two years of her mine output wouldn't buy an average Nebraska corn crop. Colorado's agricultural products in any one year would not be worth as much as the agricultural products of fifteen Nebraska counties we can name any time we are called upon. Nebraska produces more agricultural wealth per capita every year than any other state, and we'll leave it to the census bureau at Washington. Bless you, Collier's, Colorado would have to give us "boot" before we'd swap Nebraska's annual output of eggs for Colorado's annual output of gold and silver—say about \$12,000,000. Colorado doesn't raise enough corn to feed Nebraska's chickens, and the annual wheat output of the Centennial state wouldn't seed the wheat fields of Nebraska one season—not by about a million bushels.

Bigger in area than Nebraska, and practically as old; with mines of gold and silver, quarries of stone and inexhaustible seams of coal, Colorado's output of products, agricultural and otherwise, for three years would not exceed the value of Nebraska's agricultural and live stock wealth production in one year. Merely as a hint as to Nebraska's live stock production we pause to remark that the output of Colorado's gold mines in a single year wouldn't pay for the hides skinned from the Nebraska steers slaughtered every twelve months in the packing houses of South Omaha.

Collier's may take it from this humble little newspaper—and it knows—that Nebraska beats the world in the production of wealth from the soil. We started out to say a few words about Nebraska's apple crop, and that really furnished a good text for this little sermon about Nebraska.

Mention is made elsewhere of the fact that the progressive republican platform—the platform of the "Bull Moosers"—pledges the enactment of an equal suffrage law. The editor of this newspaper happens to be affiliated with the democratic party. He hereby announces that under no consideration will he vote for any candidate for the legislature who refuses to pledge himself to vote in favor of equal suffrage.

We would warn Congressman Maguire and his campaign managers not to underestimate either the strength or the campaigning ability of Paul Clark. It is true that Mr. Clark is a "Bull Mooser" and somewhat in the attitude of a bolter, but the First district republican vote is very largely in sympathy with Roosevelt. Besides the administration republicans are hardly likely to bolt a candidate for congress, even though they may stick the knife into the ribs of the "Bull Moosers" running on the state ticket. It must be remembered that Mr. Clark is wise to all the political tricks that the administration element may undertake. He learned them under the tutelage of some of the present administration supporters.

The retirement of the Mayer Brothers, Charles, Henry and Simon, from active business, is to be regretted from one angle, and rejoiced in from another. Regret that men so successful and enterprising should retire from active business; rejoicing that they have reached a point here they can take life easy. The Mayer Brothers have been engaged in business for thirty years. Beginning in rather a small way—small compared with the business they have just sold, large in comparison with the Lincoln of that time—they have grown with the city. Their faith in Lincoln's future was great from the beginning, and to that faith is due much of their financial success. As they made money in their business they invested it in Lincoln real estate, with the result that today their holdings are extremely valuable. This newspaper rejoices in their success, and wishes for them in their retirement from active business all the enjoyment they anticipate.

The county board of assessment acted well when it cancelled the taxes of the Labor Temple Association of Lincoln. The Labor Temple is not maintained for commercial purposes. It is purely fraternal and charitable. Even that portion devoted to a cigar stand and pool room is not conducted for profit, but for the purpose of enabling the organizations holding stock in the association to better carry out their plans of helpfulness.

Ernest-Seton Thompson says that animals are like some folks. We are not a naturalist, but we incline to the belief that Mr. Thompson has the thing reversed. He should have said that folks are like some animals. Every day we meet men who remind us of that useful animal famous for being without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Every day we meet men who remind us of the omnivorous and none too neat supplier of our pork chops and breakfast bacon; men who remind us of the sneaking and treacherous feline, the snarling cur, the mangy pup and the slimy snake. But, thank the Lord, every day we meet a lot more men who remind us that God "made man in His image." So we don't pay any attention to the men who remind us of beast or reptile, but seek to know those who show by their daily walk that they are proud of the image in which they are created and evidence a desire to live worthy of it.

There is more than one reason why a "public market" will be hard to establish, even if it is possible to establish one. The chief reason is founded on our changed methods of living. No longer do we take the basket upon our arm and go marketing. Not much! We step to the telephone and order our groceries, then wait for the market gardener to come around with the fresh vegetables. We trust the grocer to give us what we order, fairly weighed and fairly priced, instead of making personal inspection and getting prices at first hand. Then, again, comparatively few housewives would carry home a basketful of groceries or vegetables. Not so! That's entirely too "countrified," not au fait, or any other old thing like that. We must have our telephones and our quick deliveries and all that—then we sit around and holler about the high cost of living. It wouldn't cost us much more to live than it cost our fathers and mothers to live, provided we were content to live as they did.

We can remember the time when father put the washboiler on the kitchen stove Saturday night, heated a lot of water and then took his weekly bath in the washtub. Not any for us! We've got to have a porcelain bathtub, with hot and cold water attachments. Father's house was heated by a cook stove in the kitchen and a barrel-shaped stove in the family sitting room. The only bedroom heated was the one above that sitting room, and it got its heat from the pipe from the stove below. We've got to have a furnace in the basement and a thing-a-may-jig attached to it so we can regulate the draft from upstairs without leaving our comfortable rocking chair. Father and mother were content to hitch up a faithful old horse to a democrat wagon when they wanted to take a spin, but we want an automobile and won't have anything else. They thought nothing of walking a mile or two miles when they wanted to go from one side of town to the other, but we hop a street car and cough up a nickel rather than walk three or four blocks.

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\* **Our state is rich in natural resources not yet developed,** \*  
\* **a condition due to the lack of public knowledge of such** \*  
\* **wealth. We therefore, favor a liberal appropriation by the** \*  
\* **legislature for the purpose of giving publicity to the state's** \*  
\* **resources.—From the Nebraska Democratic Platform.** \*  
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When you and I, middle aged men and women, were boys and girls we were tickled to death at the opportunity to hop into bed and sleep on a straw tick, but now we insist upon a bed with springs and one of those high-faulting mattresses costing from \$10 to \$30. Father walked around with his feet shod in a pair of boots that he polished himself when they got a polishing, but we must have tans and patent leathers and scuffers and canvas shoes, and we would rather cough up a nickel to a Greek kid than to apply the brush ourselves. Now isn't it the truth? And wouldn't it be mighty easy to solve the problem of "increased cost of living" by simply making up our minds to get along without a lot of things we have come to believe we have just got to have?

### STILL WE SMILE

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth!" There's always a wad of comfort to be extracted from every trying situation if one only has the faith to believe. And although Will Maupin's Weekly was not among those designated as recipients of constitutional amendment pie from the hands of Governor Aldrich, yet it can smile, even through tears, and find solace in the comforting words of Holy Writ.

We could have used to good advantage the piece of money coming as payment for the publication of one or more of those constitutional amendments, but it is not to be. Being somewhat given to speaking freely and frankly, and wholly ignorant of the art of dodging and trimming; and not at all given to flattery or "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee," we didn't expect even a look-in when the constitutional amendment pie was handed out. Hence we were not at all disappointed when it was made known that this Tireless Booster of Nebraska was among those left pastryless. This fact puts us even further up in the list of the blessed, for is it not written "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed?"

To some who have generous slices of the pastry we extend our congratulations. To a few we extend our sympathy. We always feel sorry for any man or newspaper that will consent to silence honest conviction or desert party in order to revel in the fleeting pleasures of the palate. Pieless, we still pursue the even tenor of our way, conscious of the fact that we are safe, because it is not written, "Never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread!" Give us a steady supply of bread and we'll not miss an occasional deprivation in the way of pastry, constitutional or otherwise.

## CURRENT COMMENT

We do not know who is the prettiest saleslady in Lincoln. There are so dad-blamed many handsome ones among the number that we wouldn't waste time looking for the very prettiest. It is joy enough to be privileged to see them in their aggregate loveliness, without working one's mind about which is the prettiest one. The young saleslady awarded the Ad Club diamond ring for being the prettiest among her army of sisters has our congratulations, of course. But as for us, we are content to call them all friends, content to look upon them in the aggregate as about the handsomest, best trained and most business-like corps of salesladies in these United States, and count it a joy to be able to look upon their loveliness whenever we happen to have a dollar or two we can spend in the stores of Lincoln.

Of course the claim that Nebraska raised 262,000,000 bushels of corn in 1896 is absurd. And to still hold to that claim is injurious to Nebraska. Why? For the simple reason that it gives color to the assertion that our corn lands are wearing out. That 1896 claim was about on a par with the claim that the census of 1890 showed Lincoln to have a population of 50,000 and Omaha a population of 150,000. The 1896 crop of corn may have been Nebraska's largest corn crop, but it lacked a whole lot of being 262,000,000 bushels.

Some gentleman writes to the World-Herald complaining that the wheat reports furnished the newspapers by the Burlington are misleading, and that they result in depreciating the price of wheat. He tries to prove it by calling attention to the fact that wheat fell off 30 cents a bushel in less than three weeks, the decline beginning about the time the crop reports were published. Of course the gentleman is mistaken. The crop condition reports of the Burlington, or any other railroad, had nothing to do with the drop in prices. Buyers have their own means of securing information. Old wheat was high because it was scarce; the supply of new wheat, being abundant and thrown upon the market as quickly as it could be threshed and hauled, naturally brought down the price.

Again, old wheat ruled pretty high for the simple reason that the early reports of crop conditions were pessimistic, especially the wheat conditions. Nebraska's wheat crop is usually a failure about March 1; a half crop on June 1, and always a good crop when harvest time comes. We are increasing our wheat acreage every year, increasing our production thereby, and also by raising more wheat to the acre.

The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly missed a chance to make a very profitable investment—and missed it for identically the same reason that the fellow didn't buy the whole state of Texas when it was offered to him in exchange for a pair of boots. The first week in May we happened to get out into the country, some twenty miles west of Lincoln, and visited over night at the home of a farmer friend. He had in forty acres of wheat, and he was about as blue over the prospects as a man could be. "It won't go ten bushels to the acre," he said. "It's mighty spotted." We recalled some former experiences with "spotted wheat fields," and knowing something about the peculiarities of Nebraska soil, we ventured the prediction that it would make a lot more than ten bushels to the acre. "Well, I'll take \$500 for the forty acres of wheat, and cut and thresh it," said the friend. Lacking considerably more than 30 cents of having \$500 we could not accept the offer. Time passed and the forty acres were harvested. Last week it was threshed. By machine measure it yielded 977 bushels, and was sold immediately for an average of 92 cents a bushel, a little matter of about \$1,000. And we know right where we could have used that \$500 profit to mighty good advantage.

Of course all this talk about a "bumper corn crop" this year is tommyrot. Will Maupin's Weekly never loses an opportunity to sing the praises of Nebraska, but it would err upon the side of conservatism if it errs at all. There are several reasons why this year's crop will not be a record breaker. First, because the weather conditions have not been all they might have been. Second, because of poor seed—and this, too, despite the splendid campaign in advocacy of the seed corn test. What might have been without that campaign we shudder to contemplate. But a good corn crop is practically assured—about equal to the ten year average. If it goes 160,000,000 bushels we'll rejoice and be exceedingly glad. And even that is quite a bit of corn, if you please.

As a matter of fact, Nebraska is not making advance as a corn producing state. Less attention is paid to corn raising every year, for the reason that more and more attention is being given to wheat and alfalfa and dairying. Nebraska will always be a great corn producing state, but she has passed the one crop stage. Twenty years ago corn was about the only crop put in. We've been a real wheat producing state for less than twelve years, and in that time Nebraska has risen from the ranks of the "and others" to third place in the list of wheat producing commonwealths. That's going some!

Some wonderful wheat yields are being reported these days. From lower Gage comes a report of a field that yielded 61 bushels per acre. Yields of 35 and 38 bushels are common, with here and there reports of yields of 40 to 45. And it is seldom one hears of yields of less than 22 or 25. We still stick to it that Nebraska will produce upwards of 50,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

Something like one-half of the Nebraska National Guard is out of the state, leaving only about 600 militiamen to guard us against the invasion of the Goths and Vandals. But we refuse to grow excited over the situation. Were this fair commonwealth to be invaded from the north by hungry Goths and Vandals they would be over-fat and easily captured ere they had gotten as far south as the lower edge of Keya Paha. As for any danger of rebellion at home—it's too all-fired hot. Solaced by these thoughts we sleep sound o' nights despite the fact that one-half of our kahki-clad defenders are absent in another state.