

WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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ISN'T THIS JUST TOO SWEET NOW?

Isn't this newly founded amity between Omaha and Lincoln just too perfectly sweet for anything? No reason at all why it should not have existed all the time, and doubtless it would had it not been for the damphoolishness of a lot of narrow-minded men—but it hasn't. Now that it is here, and seemingly well established, it makes us feel mighty good. We've labored for it many years.

When a few big-souled Lincoln men hustled around and got a train load of big-souled Lincoln men to go to Omaha and whoop it up for Ak-Sar-Ben, something started. Omaha turned right around and sent 4,000 of her citizens to the state fair, and incidentally to sing the praises of Lincoln and the new-found friends of Omaha resident here. In a couple of weeks 'teen thousand Lincolnites will journey to Omaha to whoop it up for that city and pay deserved tribute and homage to Ak-Sar-Ben. And now comes along a proposition from Omaha to build a magnificent new state house—IN LINCOLN!

Bless Omaha's dear old heart! If she's got any big project in mind that Lincoln can help her out on, just tell us. We'll shed our coats, roll up our sleeves and pitch in and help until we sweat like Jamaica niggers and make blisters on our hands as big as silver dollars.

Dog-gone it, we're feeling so good that we've just got to burst forth into song, to the accompaniment of the loud hew-gag and the beating of the tuneful tom-tom:

Now Omaha and Lincoln joined have bridged the bloody chasm; The pin-head and the jealous-eyed have thrown their final spasm; The hammermen have been subdued, the booster takes the rostrum; No more for aye the chronic grouch will deal us out his nostrum. Instead of growling day by day we sing each other's praises. Upon the good points either has the other fondly gazes. From Kennebunk to Junglepore, from Ind to Atabaska, We'll make 'em notice Omaha—and Lincoln—and Nebraska.

The fifty miles that separate once seemed an awful distance, But glory be, our common sense and long years of persistence Results at last in bringing near and making us close neighbors, And gobs of joy that now result well pays us for our labors. There never was a bit of sense in clawing 'round like felines, Or growling like a mangy lot of mongrel yellow canines. And now that we march hand in hand with billing and with cooing We'll lead 'em all so gol-darned far there'll be no use pursuing.

Now curses be upon the man who tries to come between us. We'll slam his coco, bust his slats, until he's sad he's seen us. And what is joined together now may nothing rend asunder— Too long we scrapped like cats and dogs—it hurt us both, by thunder! Avaunt, you mossback! Seat, you grouch! And welcome, O you booster! You bet your life these thriving burgs will not scrap like they use'ter.

They've got their voices joined in song, a melody none sweeter, And sing for old Nebraska now—God bless her, can you beat her?

We cheerfully admit the musical and literary imperfections of this song, but we'll be gol-swizzled if we'll admit that there's anything lacking in the sentiment we try to express therein. We willingly admit that when it comes to voice our vocal efforts call to mind a gang saw ripping into a big knot, but we would have you remember that "behind the song is ever the heart of the singer," and we claim that the thing lying closest to our heart is the welfare of these Nebraska cities, and of every Nebraska city, regardless of size—and of Good Old Nebraska.

Let's see to it that the era of good feeling continues, and that this splendid—and profitable—friendship grows stronger as each passing day dawns and waxes and wanes.

WE NEVER FORGOT THEM.

Ordinarily a newspaper does not pay any attention to anonymous communications—usually because the writer of an anonymous communication is a coward and poltroon. But we have just received what Marsh Elder would call "A synonymous postal card without no name signed to it." It reads as follows: "All right to boost Nebraska, only don't forget your friends who fed you when you were starving. Speak a little respectful of others, for you may have to go back to them some time." God forbid that we should ever speak disrespectfully of those who, in the bleak years of Nebraska's pioneer existence, succored hungry and sold Nebraskans. God forbid, too, that the time should ever come again when we may find it necessary to "go back to them." We are so interested in the welfare of those who once aided us that we want them to come here and grab off a share of Nebraska's prosperity. That's what we are trying to prevail upon them to do. They helped us when we were worse off than they; we want to help them now that we are better off than they. We assure "Justice" that he reads with mighty poor comprehension the cheerful and optimistic articles in

this newspaper. His ideas of "Justice" seem to be sadly warped; his conceptions of decency utterly lacking—else why his failure to sign his real name?

THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

Will Maupin in his Weekly of last week got out a splendid edition—one of the best of its kind ever published in the state. In it he vividly portrayed the past and present conditions and the future greatness of Nebraska—one of, if not the greatest state in the union. Maupin is not only a "fact" gatherer, but is one of Nebraska's best newspaper pensmen. Last week's issue should be read by every individual interested in development.—Tamora Lyre.

STANDING UP FOR NEBRASKA

Jones was a good provider in a rather careless way,
Giving little heed or caution to the brand of goods he bought.

He imagined all his duty was accomplished for the day
If he merely got a plenty for his family—as he ought.
But his wife was truly loyal to Nebraska, and had sense,
So when Jonesy brought some flour home she at once gazed
gazed on the sack;

Then she said: "Now, hubby darling, I am meaning no offense,
But 'twas not made in Nebraska, so you'll have to take
it back!"

You will have to take it back;
Got the wrong name on the sack.
Must be made here in Nebraska or you'll have to take it
back.

William Peter Andrew Wilkins bought a box of candy fine,
Paying for a fancy label and a big Chicago brand.
Then he spruced up and departed for a call on Evangeline,
Meaning on that very evening to demand her heart and
hand.

Angeline was quite a booster and stood up for her home state,
So when William P. A. Wilkins, thinking thus to earn a
smack,

Handed her the foreign candy she remarked with air sedate:
"This was not made in Nebraska, so you'll have to take
it back!"

You will have to take it back;
Of the right brand there's a lack.
Offer me Nebraska candy or you'll have to take it back.

Billy Blivens of Nebraska left the state by death's dark route,
Full of years and full of honors. And old Peter swung his
gates

To admit good Billy Blivens, who, without a bit of doubt,
Was entitled to admission to the heavenly estates.
Billy paused beside the portals and he gazed upon the sight
Stretching out before his vision—not a smile did Billy
crack—

Then he said to old St. Peter: "Well, this place may be all right,
But I much prefer Nebraska, so I guess I'll travel back!"

Billy now is coming back
To the state where there's no lack
Of the good and true and beautiful—so Billy's coming
back!

WORKING FOR NEBRASKA ALL THE TIME.

The latest issue of Maupin's Weekly, of Lincoln, published by Will Maupin, labor commissioner under Governor Shallenberger, is certainly the booster number it is intended to be. Mr. Maupin is the Nebraska editor who has caused the apple growers of Idaho and Washington to sit up and take notice that Nebraska also raises apples. He has challenged attention to the statement that Nebraska raises more apples than either of these states. The quality and market-ability of the Nebraska apples has thus come under discussion and even if William has accomplished nothing more, he has accomplished a great deal by doing that. We shall expect the former commissioner to be distinguished from the rest of his tribe, in decades to come, as "Apple" Maupin. And, likewise, he is "Booster" Maupin.—Grand Island Independent.

NEBRASKA'S BEST ADVERTISER.

Will Maupin's 28 page Harvest Special issue representing the ninth annual booster edition of his most valuable weekly paper more properly known as the Nebraska Magazine, reached us Monday. It's a dandy. It's a booster. It's the best piece of Nebraska advertising we've ever seen. It contains subject matter that should be taught in every school room in the state. It contains matter worthy of careful perusal by every one worthy of the name of a Nebraskan. There is no better way to know your native state than to regularly read Will Maupin's weekly.—Norfolk Press.

WHAT IS HURTING LINCOLN NOW

Not much, to be sure—but plenty. And it is high time that this plenty be materially reduced.

Every time somebody endeavors to do something worth while, up jump a lot of "grouches" and would-be "reformers" to make a protest. They see a graft in everything, mistaken notions in every proposition, and crookedness in every public transaction.

The city school district issued a big block of bonds, making their terms unusually advantageous to the district. Mr. Barkley managed the bond sale advantageously to the district, saving it several thousand dollars and incidentally making a bit of money for his work. Immediately the anvil chorus begins.

Mr. Ferguson serves the school district well and faithfully as a member of the board of education, giving freely of his time and business experience, and receiving not a cent therefor. He happens to be president of a brick company, and because it is proposed to build the Lincoln high school of Lincoln brick, and buy them of the company of which Mr. Ferguson is a member, up jump the hammer wielders.

A score of men work unceasingly and without adequate remuneration to make the state fair in Lincoln a success. Because the things usually incident to a big exposition happen, local newspapers give space to idiotic complaints because pop is sold for 10 cents a bottle, and people charged a bit extra for comfortable seats to see exhibitions that they couldn't see anywhere else for twice the money. Intimations of "hold-up prices" receive editorial mention with insinuations that they are true.

Enterprising men combine their capital to build a huge and handsome public building. They needed, and had to have areaways to gain admittance to basement rooms. Up jumps a coterie of "hang backers" who object, claiming themselves to be the protectors of the public. In this wise is public spirit curbed.

The city needs parks, and to secure them must have money. The proposition is defeated by men whose wealth was secured by reason of the fact that men and women who most need parks have builded here a city and thus vastly increased the value of real estate held by these "mossbacks."

A wealthy and public spirited citizen gives the city a beautiful fountain. It is kicked around from pillar to post by "pinheads" who did not like the political position of the aforesaid donor. Yet we wonder why other wealthy citizens do not confer favors upon the community.

With civic problems of grave moment confronting us, we find that the question of the "four-foot" line monopolizes attention.

Not half the schoolhouses in the city have adequate playgrounds.

Lincoln has more "culture clubs" than any city of its size in the country. Their members know more about theosophy, high art, Browning, literature and such like subjects, than they do about the whereabouts of their young sons and daughters at night.

Lincoln, a city of 50,000 people possessing more than the average amount of wealth per capita, has a city jail that is a stinking disgrace, but every time the fact is mentioned the subject is changed by men who prefer a perpetuation of the disgrace to spending a few thousand dollars to secure decency and commonsense treatment of offenders.

Yet Lincoln is a splendid city. It has thousands of earnest, progressive citizens. It is a city of homes and schools and churches. It exceeds the average municipality in intelligence and in morals. But it would seem that it has not yet learned the lesson of co-operation, the necessity of developing a civic spirit, or the need of lending a helping hand in building up.

It is time for introspection.

OMAHA AT THE STATE FAIR.

Manager Parrish of the publicity bureau of the Commercial club and those who co-operated with him are entitled to a public vote of thanks for their splendid services in making Omaha day at the state fair so unqualified a success.

The influx of Omahans into Lincoln and the fair grounds Wednesday made our sister city and the fair management gasp with surprise and pleasure. It was an unprecedented and entirely unexpected showing that Omaha made. The train service between the two cities, including a number of special trains, was swamped, and in addition hundreds of Omahans went down in automobiles.

Omaha got more and better advertising on that day than it has had for many a day. Omaha made multitudes of friends, and doubtless caused more than one embittered and biased critic to sit up and overhaul his judging faculties. But far better than all that, Omaha, through several thousand of her representative citizens was enabled, in one day and at one place, to strike up an invaluable acquaintance with the state on whose development and prosperity Omaha's own future, in so large a measure, depends.

The better we in Nebraska come to know each other the better we will understand each other. The better we understand each other the more genuinely friendly and mutually helpful will be our relationship. And with that we can work together and pull together effectively.—The World-Herald.