

Will Maupin's Weekly

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HENRY C. RICHMOND.

If every voter in Nebraska knew Henry C. Richmond as I know him, he would be elected auditor next November by the largest vote ever given to a candidate for state office in Nebraska. I have known him intimately for twenty years, worked with him in the old days when we were daily newspaper reporters upon the same newspaper staff. There is not a thing one may do in honor for a friend that Henry Richmond would not do for a friend, and while he has made implacable enemies because of his penchant for speaking his mind, there is not one of them who can truthfully say that he ever met them other than as a chivalrous foe. His friendship is not of the lip-service kind, for he'll fight for a friend, and do it at the drop of the hat. A few of us will never forget the time when Richmond, a reporter in South Omaha, went to the assistance of a friend unjustly held in durance, and when insulted by the chief of police proceeded to give that worthy a thrashing that made quite a change in the then prevailing method of treating prisoners. Richmond never had a dollar in his life that he wouldn't give to a friend who might need it more than he. A giant in physique, he has the tender heart of a child, and a hard luck story needs only to be started in his hearing to get a hearty response from him. But for all his tenderness, he is not an "easy mark." He is as quick to detect sham as he is to respond to a just appeal for help. During all the years I have known him I have never known him to refuse to assist a worthy cause or individual, and once he starts he throws all the energy of his big soul into his work. And Richmond's capacity for work seems unlimited. No matter how hard the work may be driving him, he is always the same suave, smiling, good-natured Richmond. It has been my privilege to have known, personally, often intimately, every state official Nebraska has had since 1890. I do not speak slightly of one of them when I say that Richmond would perform his official duties as ably, as honestly and as politely as any one of them. Just as he made the office of chief clerk of the house in 1911 a place where work was carried on with clock-like precision, so would he make the auditor's office. He would be no man's man, but he would be the polite, painstaking servant of every citizen who had business with that department of state. I do not believe that Henry Richmond could if he would wrong any man or lend himself to any wrongful cause. I know his ability, and I know that he would, if given the opportunity, make a record in the auditor's office that would redound to the welfare of the state and be a matter of pride to his family and his intimate friends.

I would like to write just what I feel about this prince of friends, but I fear to put myself in the attitude of being fulsome in flattery. But fully cognizant that it doesn't make much difference what I may think about any man, I want to pay my tribute of esteem to a man whom I have learned to love and to trust. I want my friends to know him as I know him, convinced that if they do they will esteem him as I do and be as interested as I am in his success.—W. M. M.

PAUL CLARK'S "RED DEVIL."

And now Paul Clark, republican candidate for congress, is being grilled because he is the possessor of a big red automobile, thus qualifying him for the aristocracy. To listen to some of the comments upon Clark's ownership of a benzine buggy one would be led to believe that it is an imported machine, with mother-of-pearl body, in-laid wheels and silk-woven tires. Examination of the aforesaid gas wagon discloses the fact that it is the one Noah used while he was traveling about trying to convince his neighbors that quite a rain was coming. Having survived the shower, it was renovated by divers and sundry until it came into Clark's possession through a trade in which the chug gig, a plug of chewing tobacco and a wide variance from the real facts figured. Instead of being chided for campaigning in that automobile, Clark is deserving of sympathy. Maybe it was red—once. It is now a faded out symphony in dull tones, rattles like a coal wagon over a cobble pavement and is as erratic as a dyspeptic and as unreliable as a furnace in zero weather. We are not charging Clark with aristocratic tendencies for cavorting around in that honk cart. On the contrary, we are admiring him for his courage in trusting himself therein, and complimenting him upon his "nerve" in being seen running it.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Over and over again we hear the same old story—Nebraskans go to California, expecting to make it their future home. Then they are attacked by that strange complaint, nostalgia—which is nothing more nor less than "home sickness." They discover that there is no place like Nebraska, and they yearn to get back. Sooner or later those who can get back come with a rush, and when they rush across the border into the good old state they are so happy that they smile, and smile so widely that they have to hold their hands on the rear of their necks to keep the dome of their heads from falling backwards. There is something about the tang of our falls and winters, something about the taste of the atmosphere, something about the rush and bustle and solidity of the good young state that not even the boasted climate of California can offset. Sooner or later they all come back to Nebraska—that is all who do not die of home sickness before they can save up the price of a return ticket.

AN HUMBLE SUGGESTION TO A COMMITTEE.

It is none of the business of Will Maupin's Weekly what hte committee in charge of the Wilson meeting does with the distinguished visitor. But the fact is, the visit of Woodrow Wilson is about the biggest thing Lincoln has had for years. We've had Roosevelt, and his first visit was a mighty big event. We've had Taft, and his first visit was a big event. This will be Woodrow Wilson's first visit to Lincoln. The best results can not be secured by a single meeting at the auditorium. He ought to have a chance to specialize more than he possibly can do in a single address. And here is our suggestion:

Arrange a meeting at Memorial Hall of the University at 7:45 and let him address the students for 30 minutes. Then hurry

him to the Labor Temple and let him address the workingmen for 30 minutes. Then, if possible, a few minutes' address between acts at the Oliver, and then the main address at the auditorium. The first thing to be considered is not whether this or that faction has the management of the affair; it is the results to be achieved. Mr. Wilson can not do himself justice in a single address, nor can he be seen and heard by all the people who are anxious to see and hear him. Give us all a chance, regardless of whether it may interfere with some of the personal plans of a few.

SPEAKING OF BASE BALL.

Manager Jones of the local ball team avows his intention to attend the annual meeting of the Western League and insist upon a 154 game schedule. Weather conditions right this minute are the best kind of an argument in favor of the Jones' contention. The next best is the fact that a schedule too long allows the enthusiasm of the "fans" to fade, with a consequent loss to management. Considering Lincoln's bad start, due to facts known of all followers of the pastime, the Lincoln team doesn't end the season in its proper place. But it has done mighty well. It has put up the article of ball that Lincolnites like, and the management has shown the right sort of disposition. Putting up \$20,000 for a tail end team, then hustling right out and investing in a 50-foot extension to the grand stand shows the faith and hustle that we like to see—and Col. Jones showed it. Under all the circumstances we are well satisfied.

Just now the daily newspapers are making much over an Iowa man who is the father of twenty-five children. For the life of us we can not work up much enthusiasm in behalf of such a man. Our sympathies go out to the wife. Race suicide is one thing, but this Iowa man's example is another. We read with some interest Roosevelt's views on race suicide, but we'd much rather hear what Mrs. Roosevelt has to say about it. Instead of advertising that Iowa man by name in the columns of this family newspaper, we'd suggest another form of attention.

Let us frankly admit that the weather man put a crimp into the corn crop. No sense in trying to conceal the facts. The cold snap caught a lot of corn. But do not overlook the fact that Nebraska has a lot of corn that was out of danger. Nor should you overlook the fact that Nebraska's corn crop this year is in as good condition as that of any other state in the corn belt, which means that Nebraska will still hold her place as the fourth largest corn producer in the Union.

A. W. Ladd has been editing and publishing the Albion News for thirty-three years. The News is one of Nebraska's best weekly newspapers, just as A. W. Ladd is one of the best newspaper men in the west. The success Mr. Ladd has achieved has been won by honest and well directed effort, and is thoroughly deserved. Albion should be proud of such a newspaper.

During campaign times the wise candidate makes it a point to attend some prominent church on Sunday. But everybody knows that the average candidate would prefer to be fishing.

There isn't a state or territory in this Union whose 1912 output of gold and silver would pay for Nebraska's 1912 output of wheat.

Are You Interested in the Best



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Are You Fond of that Which is Distinctive?

MEN WILL FIND SUITS HERE AT \$15, \$20 and \$25

THAT are the best made in America and that really are distinctive. In choosing the fabrics that go into these suits we select patterns that our manufacturers sell to no other Lincoln store and we buy only three to six suits of a pattern. That is the reason why you buy distinctive clothes when you invest \$15.00, \$20.00 or \$25.00 with us.

This is Top Coat Time

Within the next few days you will find top coats much in favor. We have a very excellent assortment in black, oxford and cambridge gray at \$15, \$20 and \$30. They are, of course, the 43-inch length and are correct in every detail. A full assortment of Gabardines and Slipons if it is a rain coat for which you are looking.

Armstrong Clothing Co.

GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS



A Good Place To Go

When one is troubled with tired and sore feet it makes life miserable and relief is sought. So many people do not realize it is in ill-fitting footwear. If this seems to be your trouble we advise that you call at the Cincinnati Shoe Store, 142 North Twelfth street. They say, "It pays us better to please you—it brings you back. That's why we please." You will find our shoes fitable and durable and at money saving prices. Come in and see our line.

CINCINNATI SHOE STORE
142 North 12th street.

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It is proof that it was printed in an 8-hour shop, manned by Union workers, drawing good wages and working under mutually satisfactory conditions. This newspaper is printed in a shop Union in all Departments.

Demand this label on your printing

WAGWORKERS, ATTENTION
We have Money to Loan on Chattels. Plenty of it. Utmost Secrecy.
Kelly & Norris
Room 1, 1034 'O'

THE CENTRAL
National Bank of Lincoln
Capital \$150,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$50,000.00

Stor's Old Saxon
Brau
EVERYBODY DRINKS IT

Stor's Triumph
BEER
BEST YOU CAN BUY