

pay the loss. No allowance is made by the commission for such contingencies.

The Traction Co. may want to extend a line, or build a new one. The preliminary survey, field notes, etc., cost say \$5,000. This the company must pay in cold cash. It is not considered in the physical valuation upon which the company is allowed to pay dividends, yet it certainly is a part of the actual cost of building the new line. Any wonder the company is slow to make extensions or build new lines.

As remarked in the beginning, Will Maupin's Weekly holds no brief for the defense of the Traction Co. It is desirous, however, of having a settlement of the continual dispute between the corporation and the municipality. The public and the Traction Co. have so many interests in common that it is vitally necessary for the two to work together in harmony. This is impossible while the municipality on the one side is imposing intolerable conditions, and the Traction Co. on the other is unable to make headway. The city is deserving of better street railway facilities. There is need for extension of lines now operated, for quicker service on some lines, for better cars, for better roadbed. How can these things be secured when the Traction Co. is assessed for more than it is allowed to pay dividends upon?

Is there not some amicable basis upon which we may get together to enable the Traction Co. to make a decent profit while giving the city the service the city so much needs and should have?

Suppose we wipe the slate clean of all animosities and get together without prejudices or personalities for the sole purpose of working for the best interests of Lincoln.

TIMBER IN NEBRASKA.

When the Argonauts were trailing across Nebraska the only timber they found consisted of a few sparse growths of cottonwoods and box alders along the rivers and creeks. "A country that will not grow timber will not grow anything," said these pioneers. History informs us that the first settlers of Illinois and Indiana thought the same thing and refused to settle upon the prairies. Instead they laboriously cleared the timber lands and made their farms. These Argonauts and early pioneers little thought that the treeless prairies were the most fertile sections.

Nebraska is no longer a treeless plain. On the contrary, it is one of the best timbered states in the Union, although the timber is not of commercial value for lumbering purposes as yet. But within the next quarter of a century Nebraska will be selling millions of dollars' worth of walnut timber annually. Already large groves of walnut are at the commercial stage—groves set out by the homesteaders who took advantage of the homestead laws twenty-five or thirty years ago. It may surprise even Ne-

braskans to know that "treeless Nebraska" won the gold medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for the best forestry exhibit. The government has set aside a vast forest reserve in the sand-hill region in northwestern Nebraska, and already it has been demonstrated that this section is the natural habitat of the pine and spruce. In a few years these forest reserves will be filled with commercial timber. The chief danger has heretofore been from fires, but the forest rangers, with their splendid organization and fire fighting plans have obviated this danger.

"Arbor Day," now a world-wide anniversary, was established first in Nebraska by J. Sterling Morton. It gave tree planting its greatest impetus and was one of the chief causes that transformed Nebraska from a treeless plain to one of the best timbered of the states. Literally millions of trees were planted as a result of "Arbor Day." The cottonwood, which was a godsend to the early settlers because of its quick growth, has almost disappeared, making way for the elm, the walnut, the oak, the maple and the catalpa. While states rich in natural timber have been devastating their forests, Nebraska, naturally treeless, has been growing vast forests.

IT IS WELL TO KNOW.

Good friends in the east, honestly there hasn't been a buffalo running at large in Nebraska for more than thirty years. There are more Indians in the state of New York, not counting the Tammany Braves, than there are in Nebraska. Dress suits and evening toilets no longer attract attention in Nebraska, not even as far west as Sidney or Chadron. Our eastern friends may visit any section of Nebraska and wear silk hats without being in the slightest danger of having the aforesaid tiles shot from their heads by exuberant cowboys. Buffalo Bill's Wild West show is as much of a curiosity to Nebraskans as it is to New Yorkers, Washingtonians or Bostonians. A "cowboy" dressed in "chaps" and wearing a "six-gun" on each hip would be followed down the streets of any Nebraska town by a jeering crowd of boys and be the laughing stock of staid business men. The cowboy of the west exists today only in the imagination of the fiction writers and among the scions of the rich easterners who come west under the mistaken notion that they are entering a "wild nad woolly country."

Candidly, good eastern friends, many Nebraskans "dress for dinner," dress suits are common at our theatres—and we have in the Brandeis theatre in Omaha as fine a playhouse as any in Boston or Philadelphia, and perhaps as fine as any in Gotham. The only "bad men" we see are in the melodramas, and the only "cow girls" are found in the same environment. And Nebraska is not "out

west," thank you! Omaha is nearer the center of population of the United States than Boston; and Omaha, too, is nearer to Boston than it is to San Francisco. We Nebraskans are not "out west" until after we have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and starting from Omaha or Lincoln we have to travel fifteen hours by fast train before we are in sight of even the foothills of the Rockies.

Commercial Clubs are maintained in two score thriving Nebraska cities, and it is easier to sell a "gold brick" in Wall street than it is to sell one to a Nebraska farmer or business man.

Automobiles? We no longer turn our heads when one goes by, because they are as common in Nebraska as in Massachusetts. The Nebraska farmer no longer hitches up the old gray mare and "Bill" to the farm wagon when he goes to town to do his marketing. Not he! Mr. Nebraska Farmer puts the wife and babies in the rear seat, stowing the butter and eggs beneath, jumps into the front, seizes the steering wheel and whizzes off to town in fifteen minutes instead of jolting along for two hours as of yore. The next day, it may be, he jacks up the rear trucks of his auto, throws on a belt and uses the machine to run his corn-sheller, or his hay bailer, or his stacker. Believe us, the only difference noticeable between a Nebraska farmer in town and the resident of the city is that the farmer is usually the better dressed man of the two.

NEBRASKA IN LITERATURE.

Nebraska has furnished the world with several literary stars. William R. Lighton is a Nebraska product. George C. Shedd, is another. Keene Abbott started his literary work in Nebraska. Walter Wellman learned the printer's trade at York and engaged in newspaper work there. Frank Spearman, whose railroad novels have delighted thousands, laid up the materials for those stories while practicing law at McCook, Nebraska. Elia W. Peattie was a resident of Nebraska for many years. Kate M. Cleary, whose stories of pioneer Nebraska are classics, lived for years in a little Nebraska village, and there performed her literary labors.

THE PLATTE RIVER.

The Platte river has its source in the foothills of the Rocky mountains near Denver, and flows eastward for 600 miles and empties into the Missouri river near Plattsmouth, Neb. Its most southerly point is at South Bend, Neb., and its most northerly point is at North Bend, Neb. Its bed is wide and sandy, but it is a shallow stream: Also it is very deceitful in its looks; you may not think it is running much water, but it is. The Platte "underflow" is one of the wonders of the scientific world. The Valley of the Platte is as fertile as the Valley of the Nile, and far more beautiful to the eye.