

THE GLORIES OF NEBRASKA

Mrs. Ada M. Sanders of Westminster, California—California, mind you—has written the Lincoln Commercial Club asking that she be permitted to advertise the beauties of Lincoln and Nebraska to the people of the Pacific coast. She wants to know what she can say about Nebraska that is calculated to attract emigration thereto from California and other Pacific coast states.

We haven't the pleasure of Mrs. Sanders' acquaintance, nor do we know her ability as an advertiser. But this we do know, if she wants to advertise things that will exceed any advertisement ever penned by the most enthusiastic publicity agent, let her turn her hand to advertising Nebraska—climate, productivity, enterprise, possibilities, anything attractive to the human mind. The trouble with most advertised articles is that they fail to measure up to the advertisement. Not so with Nebraska!

Climate? None finer, because there is just enough of the chill to set the blood to tingling; just enough of heat to ripen the greatest crops grown in the temperate zone without enervating the toilers; more days twice over with clear skies than with cloudy; springs that renew youth and autumns that rival the boasted fall weather of Italy.

Productivity? More wheat, corn, oats and rye per acre than any other state in the union. Fourth in corn and wheat, third in oats and rye, third in sugar beets, fourth in dairying—and coming fast in all of them. Sixteen million acres of fertile land awaiting the plow of the husbandman. Not one-third of the fertile lands of the state under cultivation, and yet one of five states raising more agricultural and dairy products than they consume.

Possibilities? Room, welcome, homes and competence awaiting 300,000 industries tillers of the soil. A million horsepower going to waste in her streams, all ready to be harnessed to the wheels of industry that will turn Nebraska raw material into finished products—boots, shoes, woolens, cereals, flour, meal, brick, tile, cement, agricultural implements—anything and everything made by machinery handled by men of brains and energy and skill.

Enterprise? In less than forty years Nebraska enterprise and push and thrift have builded a state of a million and a quarter of people on what was deemed a "desert" a half-century ago—a state with a permanent school fund of nine millions of dollars; the fourth largest state university in the republic; \$200 in bank for each man, woman and child; 340,000 school children and not one of them ever going hungry to school through necessity; without a dollar of state debt, bonded or floating; four thousand miles of railroad; the largest creamery in the world; the largest butter

market in the world; wholesale establishments that compete with Chicago even in Illinois, and dominate the markets between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast; manufacturing establishments whose output is sold in every civilized country and used in every country, civilized and semi-civilized; cities with skyscrapers and without slums, and villages with public utilities not possessed by the big cities a quarter of a century ago.

Anything about Nebraska calculated to attract that you might advertise? Bless your enterprising soul, dear madam, when it comes to having good things to advertise—things that are so good that they will make the best written advertisement read like the output of a new graduate from a correspondence school—Nebraska has every other state backed off the boards, pushed up in the corner and calling for help!

If you want to see the real thing in territory that will attract the people who are looking for homes, just get on a Union Pacific or Burlington train at Omaha and ride west by daylight any old day between now and August 1. Better do it before July 1, for then you will get the best glimpse—only a glimpse—of Nebraska's richness and greatness as a state of golden opportunities for the homeseeker.

Here we go—either route! What a great chess board, with squares of yellowing grain and green alfalfa and corn. Roomy, modern farm houses for castles, prosperous farmers afield for knights, happy farmers' wives for queens, cathedrals and churches to represent the bishops, and lowing herds and fattening hogs to represent the pawns in the great game of prosperity we of Nebraska are playing! What a prosperous looking little city! Thirty years ago its site was as bare of houses as Hades is of water, and the surrounding country deemed as unproductive as Sahara. Today the city has ten thousand people, every municipal improvement, including municipally owned waterworks and electric lights; splendid sanitary school buildings, commodious churches, and enterprising merchants. The country round about produces more of wheat and corn and rye and oats and alfalfa than any similar area in the world. There are a dozen such cities in Nebraska outside of Lincoln and Omaha, a score with from three to five thousand, a hundred with from one to two thousand. It would be more difficult to find a Nebraska farm house without a telephone than to find a trust magnate with a conscience; more difficult to get out of sight of a Nebraska school house than to get in sight of King George's coronation.

If all that was raised upon Nebraska farms last year—grain, hay, live stock,

butter, poultry and eggs—were loaded into standard freight cars and made up into one solid train, before that train could start on a straight track it would be necessary to bridge the Atlantic ocean, the English channel and the Baltic sea, for with the caboose in St. Petersburg it would be necessary to run a bridge one thousand and four hundred miles out into the Pacific ocean west of San Francisco to find a place for the locomotive! Bless you, dear madam, if the butter made in Nebraska last year were packed into pound cartons and those cartons stacked up, end on end, they would make a column of butter two and one-half inches square and two hundred and eighty-five miles high. Thirty thousand Washington monuments stacked up end on end would scarcely equal in height that one year's output of Nebraska butter so placed! Loaded into standard freight cars, 36,000 pounds to the car, it would make a train of 1,200 cars, thirty-three miles long!

Nebraska is 1,500 miles from tidewater, yet her manufacturers are making marine engines and selling them in Russia, Germany, China, Japan, France, India and England! Nebraska flour and Nebraska packed meats are as staple in Great Britain and Europe as they are in Nebraska, and the chances are ten to one that the "prime roast beef of old England" that graces John Bull's table today was raised on a Nebraska farm and packed in South Omaha.

Suppose, dear Madam, that there was just one bushel of oranges in the whole world, and California oranges at that; and just one bushel of apples in the world, and Nebraska grown Jonathans or winesaps—wouldn't you be tickled to death to trade the oranges for the apples?

Has Nebraska anything to advertise calculated to attract the homeseeker? Why, dear Mrs. Sanders, we haven't begun to tell you what she has. We couldn't tell it all, even though we were gifted with the inspiration of a Paul or a Shakespeare and had an eternity in which to tell it. Nor would it avail to tell even half the truth, for half the truth about Nebraska would be considered greater prevarication than any ever yet indulged in by the phenomenally gifted artists in the dispensation of superheated atmosphere who have been writing about the glories of the Pacific coast country for the past generation. Here in Nebraska we live with and for one another, not upon one another as is the custom in regions further west that we will refrain from specifically mentioning. Here we reap our abundance from the soil, content that others, nameless here, may garner their little from the misguided tourist searching for the unattainable—a better country than Nebraska.

We wish with all our heart, dear