

ADVERTISE NEBRASKA.

All of our exchanges—papers from this state and Kansas—tell of big yields of alfalfa seed and enormous profits, \$100 to the acre and higher. One paper says, "How Texas would advertise such yields as these." Sure, Nebraska accepts it as a matter of course, yet in other states where land dealers are at work selling mesquite brush and sand hills for farms, such stories as these would be sown broadcast. Nebraska has wonderful resources yet undeveloped. She is the greatest agricultural state in the union, and has the most healthful climate and it is the duty of the newspapers to let the world know these facts by constantly printing such stories of wealth as these about alfalfa seed, and others of people seeking a better climate elsewhere and at last returning here satisfied with Nebraska.—Fairbury Journal.

AUTUMN IN NEBRASKA.

Talk about "Sunny Spain" and "Blue Italian Skies!" Talk about the balmy air of France, the health-giving breezes of the southern pine lands! Talk about climate anywhere. Why, Nebraska in the autumn has got 'em all backed off the boards and calling for help. Just enough of clouds floating lazily across the blue of the sky to make a delightful contrast of color; with a clear sun shining with just enough heat to send the blood coursing merrily through the veins; with soft breezes carrying on their wings the balm for the healing of all the ills to which flesh is heir; with orchards a riot of red and gold as the apples hang ready for the gathering. With the sumac gleaming along the roadsides, the goldenrod nodding to the passerby, with pastures fresh and green as when spring first opened, with granaries full to bursting—say, search the world over and nowhere will you find a state or a province to compare with good old Nebraska in all that goes to make the life of the citizen worth living!

There is an inspiration to endeavor in the very air. There is provocation for song in the gleam of the sun among the rapidly changing leaves and grasses. There is health and vigor in sunshine and atmosphere. As the sun rises in the morning it comes up in the midst of colors that only the master-painter God knows how to mix, and at eventide the flashing colors, changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity make man stand in awe as he views the wonder-working miracles of the Creator. Everywhere is peace and plenty and prosperity; everywhere is everything that is conducive to the happiness of mankind. Out here upon these broad plains where men have a chance to expand, mentally as well as physically, where womanhood is not blighted by commercialism or industrialism, where children troop merrily to school well fed and well clothed—out here in Nebraska where breadlines are unknown and the hopeless worker are scarce

as moisture in Hades, we are building the mightiest state of the Union.

Are you looking for bright sunshine, and clear skies, and balmy winds? Come to Nebraska. Are you looking for contentment? Come to Nebraska. Are you looking for opportunities to grow in grace and knowledge? Come to Nebraska.

And come right now! We await you with a welcome that will warm the cockles of your heart, a welcome as genuine as the laughter of childhood, the song of the birds or the rippling of the streams.

POOH-POOH—ALSO PISH-TUSH!

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is to be honorary president of the International Brewers' Congress in Chicago next month. Secretary of State Knox wrote some letters to foreign countries giving formal endorsement to the congress. Now comes a lot of ministers to protest and to ask President Taft to order his secretaries to have nothing to do with the meeting. Of course President Taft should pay no attention to the ministerial protestants. What a waste of valuable time and effort such protests are, anyhow. And how much better employed our ministerial friends might be, to be sure. If we mistake not the brewing business is quite as respectable as many other lines of human endeavor. It has the added advantage of being formally recognized by the government, and it seems to us that we remember the fact that the brewers bear quite a large share of the expenses of conducting the government.

The trouble with so many of our prohibition friends is their impracticability, their failure to recognize existing conditions, their lack of poise and balance. They spend altogether too much time tilting at windmills and not enough time in fighting real facts. While our ministerial friends are raising particular hobb over Secretary Wilson's being made honorary president of the brewers' association, doubtless there are scores of people right in the home towns of the aforesaid ministers who are injuriously affected by evils that the ministers have been studiously overlooking for years. Why not spend a bit more time fighting the causes that lead to conditions, and less time battling with conditions that must forever remain if causes are not abolished? Those Iowa ministers who declare they will take the Wilson-Knox-Brewery matter up with the president when he arrives within the Hawkeye state, are merely advertising themselves as a lot of notoriety-seekers. They make us tired.

THE WRONG VIEW.

A scientist once evolved the idea that grasshoppers heard through their legs. He proved his contention by placing an un-mutilated grasshopper upon one end of a board and scratching the other end of the board with a pin. The grasshopper jumped. "Aha, he heard through his

legs!" shouted the professor. "Now to prove the assertion." Whereupon he pulled the legs off the grasshopper and returned him to the board, and no matter how hard the professor scratched with the pin the 'hopper did not jump. "Aha," shouted the professor, "this proves that having no legs to hear with he therefore does not jump with fright!"

Every time we hear some social reformer declaring that strong drink is the prime cause of poverty we are reminded of the professor and the grasshopper. Drunkenness thrives best in communities where idleness is most prevalent. Given opportunities to work at decent wages, and drunkenness diminishes among men. This newspaper holds to the theory that poverty is the prime cause of drunkenness. Abolish the causes that produce poverty and you have limited drunkenness. But poverty does not follow overindulgence in strong drink. On the contrary it comes on ahead of it.

AN IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

During the past week Lincoln has been host to two conventions which, though small in numbers, were among the most important gatherings Lincoln has ever entertained. These were the International Association of Factory Inspectors and the International Association of Bureaus of Labor Officials. The delegates attending these conventions were vastly more than mere officeholders. Many of them are sacrificing greatly to be in a position to enforce laws benefiting humanity. We know of a dozen or more of the delegates who are working for from \$1,800 to \$2,500 for their states who could get double that salary as specialists for big corporations. But their hearts are in the work.

These men are constantly studying to protect life and limb, to make the lot of the wage earner easier, and to lift the level of social well being. Their deliberations were marked by zeal to advance the cause in which they labor. What they accomplished while in Lincoln will have a marked bearing on the work of the departments during the years to come. It has been the pleasure of the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly to know most of these men for years. It was through his efforts that the two conventions selected Lincoln. Now that the delegates have gone this editor believes that they will advertise Lincoln to an extent that will make the small outlay for their entertainment trivial by comparison. To the Commercial Club and its efficient secretary, Mr. Whitten, Will Maupin's Weekly extends its thanks for the courtesies extended to the delegates to these two splendid conventions. The real worth of a convention to a city is not always measured by the convention's size. The two conventions just closed have benefitted Lincoln and Nebraska immeasurably.