

It's a Money Saver-CAPITAL COAL

Both 'Phones **Hutchins & Hyatt** 1040 O Street

THE COMMONWEALTH POWER CO.

Backed by millions of money and promoted by men who have the energy, the enthusiasm and the determination to succeed, the Commonwealth Power Co., organized under the laws of Nebraska, stands ready to develop one of the greatest natural water powers in America—that of the Loup river. The organizers of this gigantic proposition have evidenced their good faith by paying into the state treasury of Nebraska a filing fee amounting to \$3,750. They have emphasized it by purchasing the land necessary in the development of their proposition, paying therefor many thousands of dollars. The deeds to this land is now in the company's possession. Thousands of dollars have been already expended in surveys, other thousands in securing data, still other thousands in plans and specifications. All that now stands between the people of Nebraska and the rapid development of one of the most gigantic plants in America is permission for these enterprising men to set to work—the mere confirmation of their right to proceed under the laws of the state.

This Loup river power project has been "in the air" for many years. Engineers of world-wide fame have confirmed the report that its possibilities are little short of the infinite, and that it is the most stable stream in this country from which an enormous power may be secured. Other power streams are subject to flood conditions that make investment insecure, although providing enormous power; but the Loup flows steadily, month in and month out, reducing danger to a minimum and offering safety as well as enormous power. Scheme after scheme has been suggested, and plan after plan has been offered. But ever and always have they been fronted with the awful problem of money—for it will take millions to develop this power project. Twenty years ago, when the idea was first suggested, capitalists laughed at it. "What, invest millions in a power plant in a state of farmers, with no manufacturing possibilities? Not us." But as the years went by and the plan was still urged, Nebraska was developing. Despite the utter lack of fuel supply manufacturing grew by leaps and bounds, and villages became towns and towns became busy cities. Today all that stands between Nebraska and success as a manufacturing state is cheap power; the lack of fuel, if you please. And all these years that Nebraskans have been bemoaning this lack, Nature has been laughing as she wasted thousands of horse power every day in her rivers—laughing at the stupidity of Nebraskans.

And now we are just beginning to realize our duty to ourselves, only to be still frittering away valuable time on theories and dreams, while men with energy and money are begging for a chance to develop a project that will mean untold millions in investment, in development and in productivity.

Frankly stated, the Commonwealth Power Co. is a "Moore Syndicate" project. The Moore syndicate, backed by millions of money, has developed many power projects in the United States, and its every venture has been successful. It has harnessed the forces of nature and made them do the bidding of men, and wherever it has done so it has enriched the community, offered opportunity to the people and built up business. The plan of the Commonwealth Power Co. comprehends the investment of \$7,500,000 in power plants, of which there will be three, one each at Genoa, Columbus and Schuyler. These plants will develop 150,000 horsepower, connected load, to be distributed over a range of country extending from Hastings and Grand Island on the west, Omaha and Sioux City on the east, and south to the Nebraska-Kansas line. In this territory there is now in use slightly less than 84,000 horsepower. This project when completed will supply all this power, with 70,000 more for future use as manufacturing and electric road business develops.

The land necessary for the building of dams, power houses, reservoirs, etc., has already been purchased. Every plan, specification, blue print, is ready. It is known as near as human engineering skill can estimate just how much cement, stone, iron, steel, sand, must be bought—and the money is ready. As a matter of fact, the contracts are ready to be let as soon as the necessary time for advertising and compiling the bids is elapsed.

Developing power and transmitting it are really two separate functions. It must, at least, be so considered in this case, for it is imperative that a right of way be had along which to conduct the high tension wires. It would be too dangerous to string them along highways as telephone wires are strung. The wires of the Commonwealth Power Co. will be held by steel towers so high that it will be fifty feet from the ground to the lowest wire. These towers are built like windmill towers, only stronger. They will stand eight to the mile in a right of way sixty feet wide, and will cost from \$150 to \$190 each. More than 6,000 of these towers will be erected ere the plans of the company are completed, for these plans contemplate 800 miles of actual transmission.

The power canal will be 150 feet wide and 16 feet deep, capable of carrying 3,200 cubic feet seconds of water, which vast volume will be necessary to carry the "peak load." The head gates will be above Genoa, and the first power plant will be near that little city. The canal will gradually be elevated along the bluffs and carried to a point near Columbus, where the second power plant will be located. Then from this low point the canal will again gradually ascend the high lands and the water carried to a point near Schuyler, where the third plant will be located. From thence the water will be turned into the Platte.

It is a gigantic scheme—almost too big for the mind of any but a skilled engineer to contemplate. But the best engineers in America have studied it carefully, and they are a unit in commending it, commending it to the point of enthusiasm. And hard-headed men of business, men who are neither dreamers nor "easy marks" for promoters, have studied it, have grasped its possibilities and are ready to invest their millions. What the completion of this great plan would mean to industrial Nebraska is beyond computation. It would mean the investment of millions in manufacturing plants to work up into the finished product the raw materials we produce so abundantly in Nebraska—and that would mean employment for thousands, the building of homes, of towns. It would mean a gridiron of electric

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roads throughout the east half of Nebraska. In short, what it would mean would require multifold volumes to relate.

And now, after twenty years of waiting and hoping, Nebraska is at the point when the dream of her progressive citizenship may be realized. The latent power is there, and men stand ready to use their millions in its development. Shall we not encourage, rather than discourage, them? Shall we not bid them Godspeed, rather than throw obstacles in their way?

The officers of the Commonwealth Power Co. are as follows: W. E. Sharp of Lincoln, president; Stanford Ladd of Detroit, vice-president; J. A. Morrison of Detroit, secretary; E. J. Hainer of Lincoln, treasurer. These names are a guarantee of good faith; they put the great scheme far above any hint of mere exploitation or cheap speculation.

Will Maupin's Weekly has been urging the development of Nebraska's resources. It believes that this is the greatest development scheme possible. It has unbounded faith in the men who are behind it, the greatest faith in its success, and the greatest faith in the wonderful impetus it will give to the better development of the resources of the best state in all this Union.

HUGH JONES AND HIS ANTELOPES.

We tried our level best to get a picture of Hugh Jones, owner of the Lincoln Baseball Club, but Jones is so modest that we didn't have the heart to insist when he put up a holler. Then we tried to get a picture of his Antelopes, but dog-gone 'em, they were going so fast that nary a camera in town could catch 'em. Shutter just wouldn't work fast enough. Besides, we were kept so busy whooping for joy at the wonderful gait that we plumb forgot about three-thirds of the time that we really wanted that picture.

Hugh Jones came along just at the time we had to have him. We were up against the real thing. The baseball outlook was about as bright as the atmosphere inside of a long rubber boot, and there wasn't a "fan" in town that wasn't walking around

with a face long enough to eat oats out of a churn. We were up ag'in it for fair. But just as always, when we were just about to tear up our rain checks and go home in despair, along came Hugh Jones with a pocket full of real money and a head full of the wise stuff—and look what's happened! Of course, he couldn't jump right in and win a pennant before we'd turned the steam off the radiators, not any more than a tailor could make a silk purse out of a fernal porker's auricular. But he could instill the ginger, poke a hole in the dark cloud, and let a streak of light through—and he did. He brought order out of chaos, established confidence and gave us a correct imitation of a man who knows more than a thing or two about the national pastime and its pastimers. When he took hold the team was plugging along at the tail end. The only reason it was in eighth place was that there are not nine clubs in the league. Now look! Look your eyes out of your heads—fourth place and still a-climbing. And Col. Jones still loiters around the gate, looking not a bit different than he did when the outlook for the club was about as bright as that before the fisherman who had walked 'leven miles to the lake, only to find that he'd left his bait at home in a tin can on the piano.

We are mighty proud of the herd of Antelopes that Hugh Jones has corralled, proud of 'em from little Willie McCormick, the midget left fielder, to Big Dave Lloyd, the giant second baseman; from big fat Rip Hagerman, to tall, slim Harry Smith—proud of the whole outfit, Strat, Jake, Tom, Lefty, Red, Seattle Charley, Smiling Bill, Ach Louie, Marty, Cy, Carney, Little Tom Tuckey, the bat boy, and the groundkeeper. We hate to see 'em lose as bad as anybody can, but when they do lose we know it isn't because they didn't try to win. We don't expect to raise any pennant at Antelope park next season. We are content to know that the team raising it had to go some to head off the Antelopes. That bunch, under the guidance of Hugh Jones, ably and craftily aided by William of the Joyful Phiz, is a mighty good advertisement for Lincoln and the source of unbounded joy to something less than 'steen million of us who dearly love to whoop 'er up, abuse the umps and play the game over again after the last man is out.