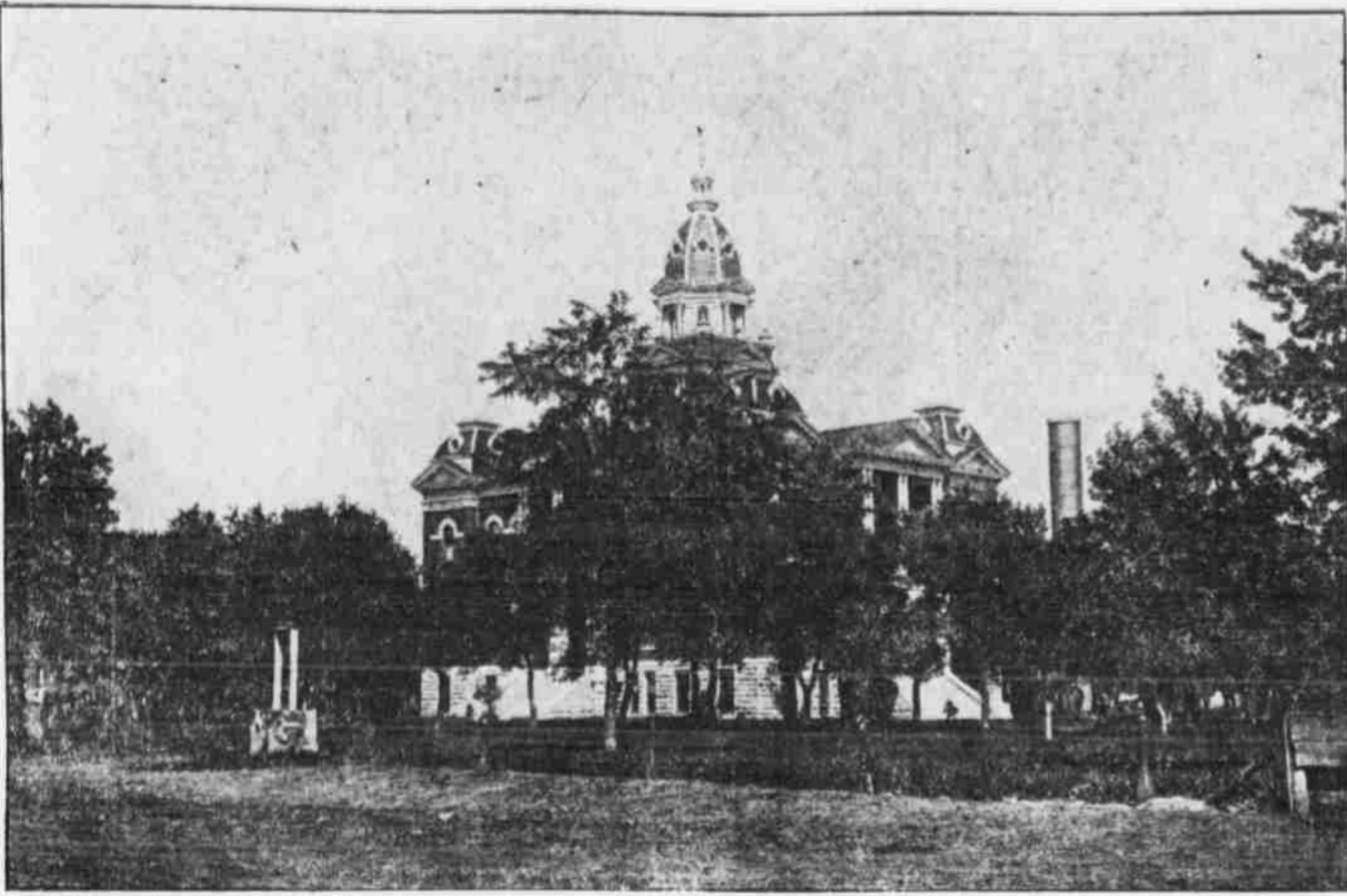


JOHNSON COUNTY ONE OF NEBRASKA'S RICHEST GEMS

Tecumseh, the Political and Social Center of a Region of Fertile Soil, Where Enterprise and Pushing Energy Have Made the Earth Yield Opulent Tribute to Man's Intelligently Directed Effort



JOHNSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, TECUMSEH.

shipping points for grain and live stock. The country produced last year 683,000 bushels of corn and 303,000 bushels of wheat, while the hogs shipped out of the country amounted to about 21,000.

Why County Grows.

How much of Tecumseh and Johnson county's rapid and substantial growth and development is due to natural results and advantages, and what percentage is due to the remarkable enterprise and public-spiritedness of William Ernest is, of course, impossible to determine. Certain it is, however, that the entire county has received much in both directions and combined results are in the highest degree gratifying to all whose interests or attachments are centered there. Mr. Ernest is of a quiet and rather retiring disposition, yet his whole bearing invites friendship and confidence and co-operation as natural as the spring invites the flower. He is past middle age, but is robust in mental and moral qualities and is a man whose voice, smile and hand grasp all testify to the solidity and worth of his manhood. Mr. Ernest has had much to do with the material progress of Tecumseh. This little city certainly has the natural resources for development. It may be that the material is



BUSINESS BLOCK ON WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE, TECUMSEH.

EVERY community has its strong points as a place of residence or as a commercial or manufacturing center. Everything that goes to make life pleasant and profitable, either in a social or business way, is a public asset and has a distinct commercial value.

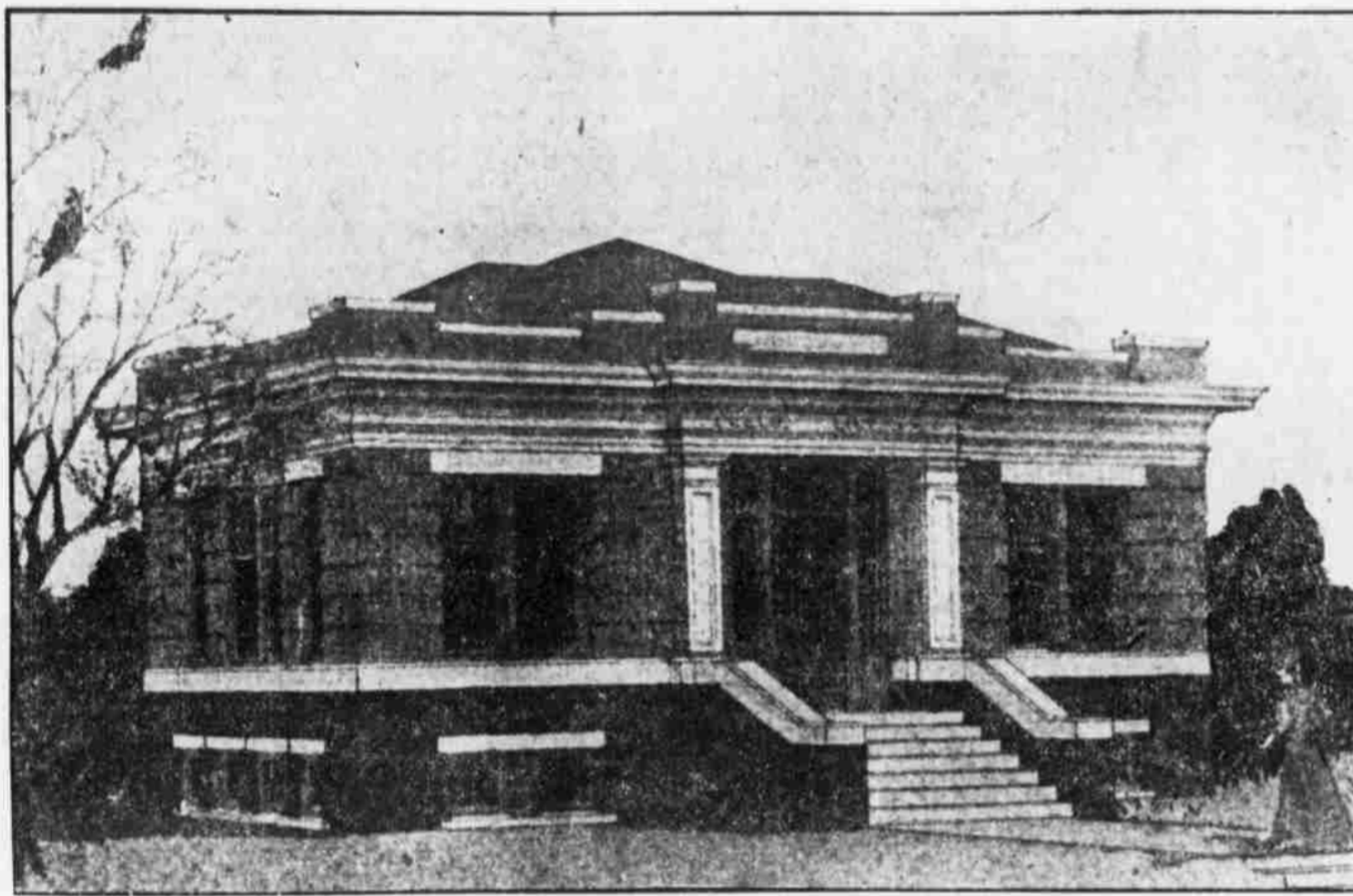
Johnson county not only leads all other counties of the state in breeding, buying and shipping of high-grade draft horses, but it secured first premium at the St. Louis exposition for the best beef steer in the United States. But few years ago the production of well-bred cattle and horses in Johnson county did not merit attention. Today it is the banner county of the state. And it is in this section of the great and bountiful west that the best of the beef you eat doth grow.

The Spaniard was the original cattle ranchman in America and he made a success of it from the start. He adapted himself to the new conditions, invented new appliances, or made new use of the old ones. Even today most of his methods are in force and his language is handed down in the familiar terms used on the range. The Spaniard's horse had much to do with his success as a ranchman. This useful animal, the ancestor of all the cow ponies, he brought with him from Europe. With its aid and with that of an invention of his own, the lariat, he laid the foundation of a business which has made the fortune of many men and now feeds a large proportion of the world's civilized population.

Yankees Cut In.

Up to this time the Spaniard and his descendant, the Mexican, had the business in their own hands. The occasional man from the north was merely a hand, a "puncher," and rarely owned stock of his own, but it did not take the man with Yankee blood and Yankee commercial instinct long to see the enormous profits to be got out of the business, and little by little he began to acquire, by purchase or otherwise (largely otherwise), a bunch of his own, which he marked with his brand. The American and the Englishman, who came to it by way of the States, caught on amazingly; the dash and excitement of the life got into their blood, the commercial possibilities of the industry appealed to their business sense and gradually they worked their way up from "punchers" to principals. They became masters, and the Mexican, that expert horseman and skillful rope thrower, became the puncher.

The cattle market is moving westward. They have stopped growing cattle and are now growing beef in



CARNEGIE LIBRARY BUILDING, TECUMSEH.

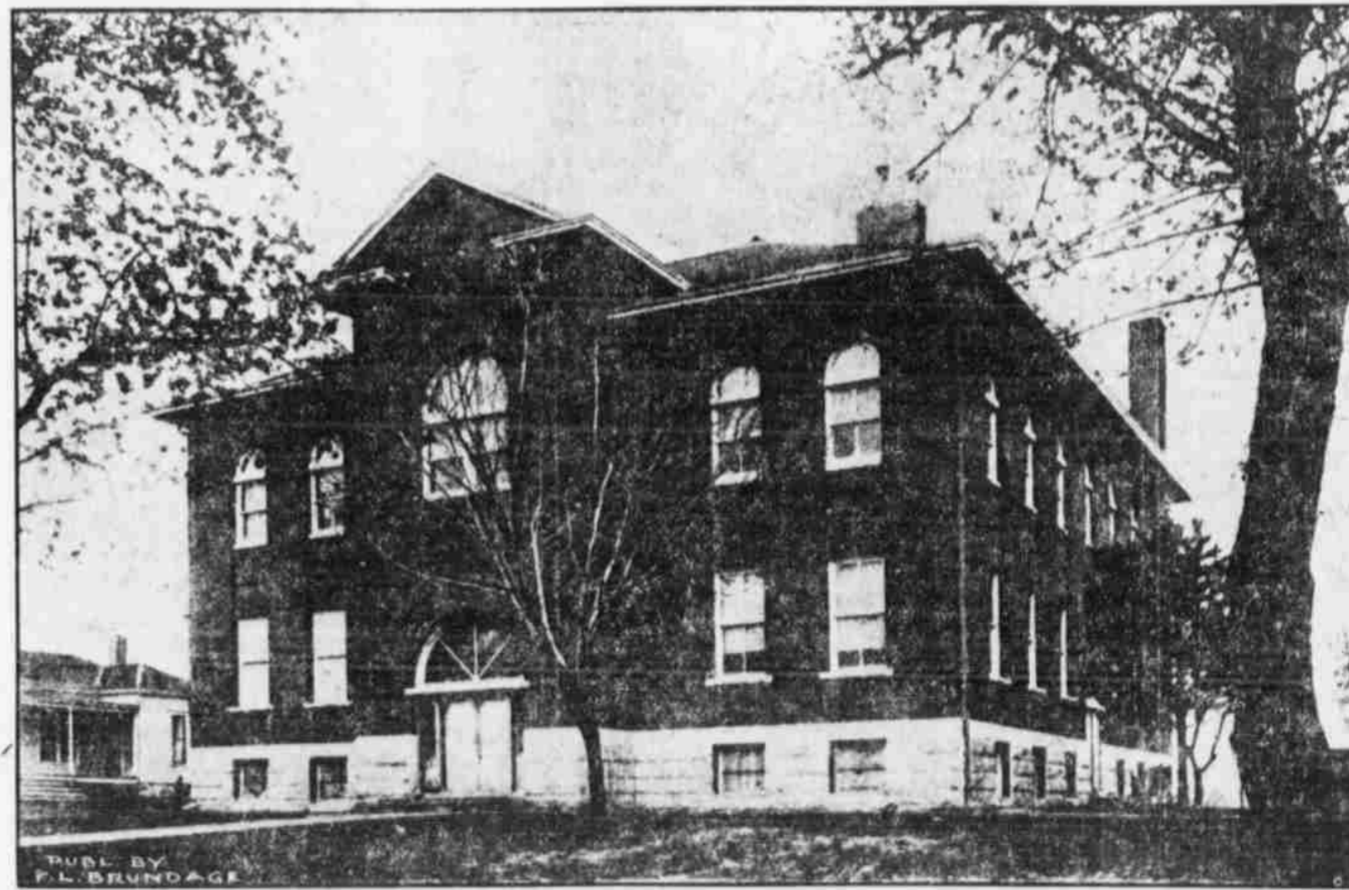
Johnson county. They have discovered that legs and horns are the least eatable portion of the beef animal. Slowly the complexion of the western herd began to change. Quality has begun to count as against quantity. The game today is to get the steer to marketable size when 18 months old and weighing about 1,200 pounds. You could never put your industrial finger on the range steer. His numbers and his qualities were always a problem. Ten years ago the Short-horn cross was in full evidence. Beef was shorter in horn and leg all over the west. The 2,000-pound steer is fast passing, for fashion exists in beef as in all else. After him came the Jersey, the Alderney and the Holstein, but these passed from all beef plans as impossible of profit. Then came the steer, dehorned or harmless, all beef, blocky, small-boned, with no waste before or after death. He is 18-karat fine and has had eighteen months of luxury. He is a new product in the new west and has come to stay.

Colonel Ben Miller & Son have been buying and shipping horses from Tecumseh for the last fifteen years. This company handles nothing but the first grade of well-bred horses. In the first three years, from 1893 to 1895, they paid an average price of \$30 a

head. In 1900 they paid \$43, in 1905 \$110, and last year they were paying an average of \$160 per head, and the horses have been no better than the ones that brought but one-fifth that amount. This company for several years has been buying more than 100 carloads of horses each year. Last year they purchased 193 carloads, amounting to 4,953 horses, for which they paid \$588,000. This accounts in part for the wonderful prosperity of the farmers of Nebraska.

Johnson County's Size.

Johnson county has but 378 square miles and a population of about 13,000. Tecumseh, the county seat, has 2,500 population, and is one of the brightest, cleanest and most progressive towns for its size in eastern Nebraska. Sterling is another town that would attract the attention of a stranger as being unusually prosperous. It has about 1,000 population. Crab Orchard has about 400 people that seem to be entirely contented and happy. Cook has but 350 people, but it is surrounded by some of the very best farming country in the state. The several artesian wells add much to this village, as they furnish power for a limited amount of manufacturing. Elk Creek has 400 population and Vesta 150, both being supported by a rich farming country and both prominent



HIGH SCHOOL AT TECUMSEH.

not being used. It may be that Tecumseh does not realize its own resources. Whether conscious or unconscious, however, is a question we shall leave for the citizens themselves to answer.

Every city dreams. Every city longs for greater prosperity; every city hopes for commercial power and municipal advancement. The fault of nearly all ambitious little cities is that they look for growth to come from without instead of within. Tecumseh has the element and resources that will bring growth and prosperity. It needs a little pushing and it is receiving it from some of its best citizens. The city already has a fine start; it has location; it is favored by nature with scenic beauty; it has handsome streets; it has good walks, water works, electric light and, in fact, all the other modern improvements.

There are two distinct classes of settlers in a new country. On the Pacific coast they settle up the country. In Johnson county they settle down in the country. The difference between a period of settling up and settling down is the difference between adventure and development. And this spirit has had much to do with the prosperity and development of this county.

When the Chinese Ruler Died

PEKIN, Sunday, Nov. 15.—All morning the shopkeepers along the main streets and in the alleys have been busy. Armed with utensils varying from a pancake shovel to a long-handled garden spade they have been scraping, scraping, scraping. Door frames and doors, posts offering any available surface in the labyrinth of lattice woodwork of the shop front, have received attention.

Red and yellow paper posters are the prey of the hunters. That sign posted on your house wall last New Year time by your opposite neighbor "May he who comes out of that door across the way have happiness this year," those fine, big, high-meaning characters or those quotations from the writing of the sage that you yourself pasted on your own shop front are but crinkled scraps of paper now.

Out from among the steaming iron cauldrons of this dusky cookshop comes the boy, usually. All day long he sings to the passerby the joys and

merits of his shop' "boaboa," round balls of dough and meat, while the cooking staff in the shop rattle and drum their dough rollers on the table. Today he has stopped singing, they drumming. He climbs aloft on a pyramid of stools and tables and pulls down a streamer of red cloth hanging in front of the shop. Up goes a piece of blue cloth instead, suspended from the bottom of a brass pot emblem showing that here the hungry may be filled.

Blue Goes Over the Red.

Across the way an old money changer is out in front of his cash shop, replacing with a blue tassel a red one adorning the strings of make-believe brass cash that advertise his stock-in-trade. Red board signs that can be taken down come down, blue paper is spread over the offending red of those that must stay up.

A police official—importance itself—the proprietor of a new lumber yard Fate and Despair respectively, and the proprietor's gorgeous red fence and

gateway, highly polished and just finished, form a drama. Police officer inexorable, proprietor sorrowful, fence and gate shortly somberly garbed in black is the next chapter.

The morning grows and slowly as each shopkeeper adds his contribution a cloud of blue crested with white characters creeps up each street and alley until all the city is on sober hue. But why this sudden activity, this transformation?

The busy Manchurian policeman a modernist in uniform and cap, bobbing into each tiny shop along the streets, stops a minute.

"Hwang Shang sur la!" he emphatically declares to you in his highly inflected Pekin tones, and then you know. Red and yellow are colors of happiness. Blue is the imperial mourning color. The emperor is dead.

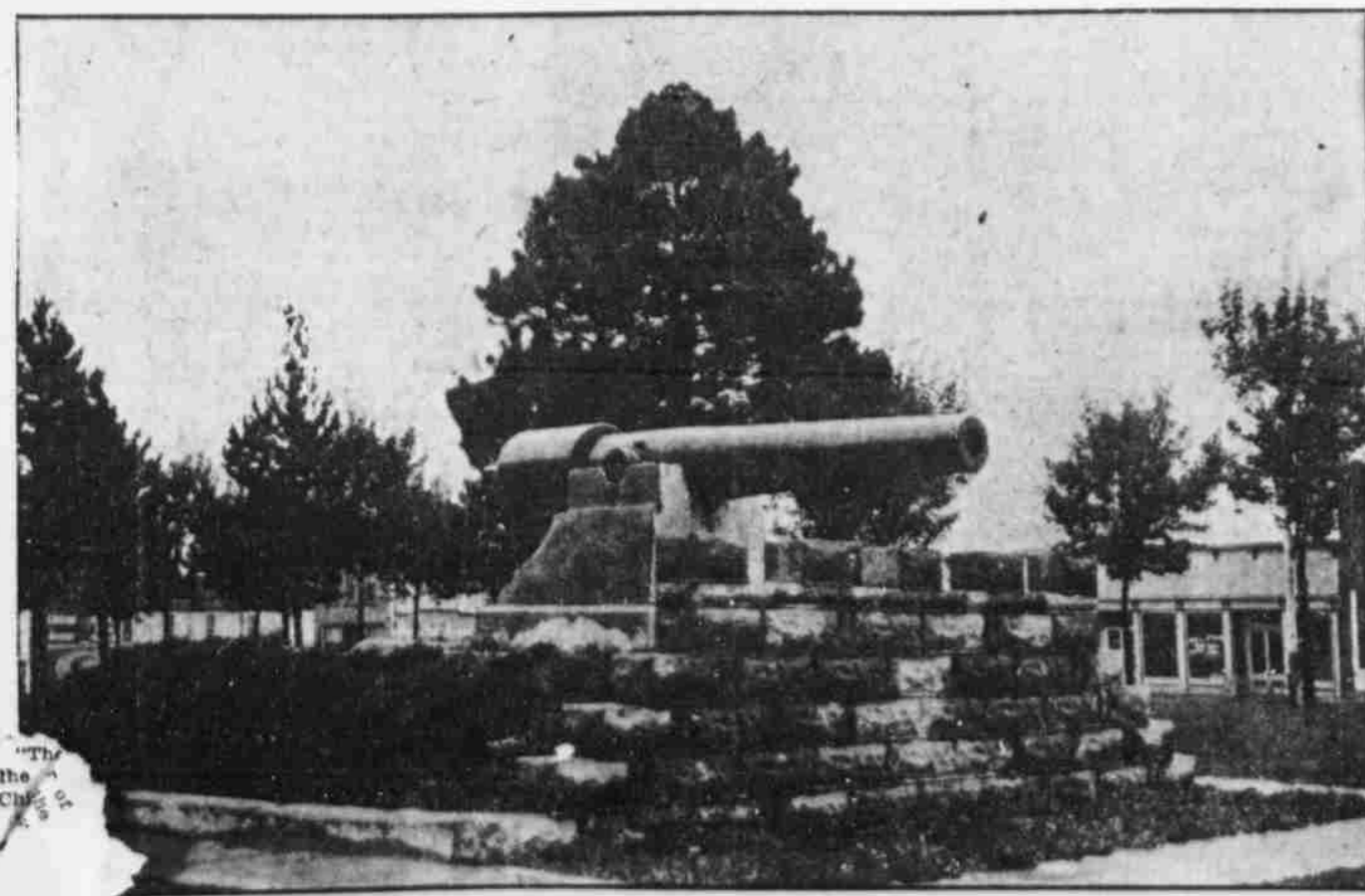
Cold, Gloomy, Quiet.

Evening is crisp, cold, but gloomy. Around the east and north palace gates heavy Pekin carts are rumbling, hurrying officials in and out. Down around the legation quarter late in the evening you walk in stillness, finding only a few more rickshaws than usual wrangling along and a few more carts. Out of the darkness along the Austrian glacial, an open space of ground kept so by treaty, and into the circle of an electric light, swings an Austrian patrol of four musketed and bayoneted bluejackets from Kaiser Franz Josef's navy on their evening tramp around. Down Legation street you go, passing a stalwart German sentry, high-booted and helmeted, the brass spike of his helmet top glinting as you pass. A French sentry patrols, the long, slender bayonet on his gun reaching almost the top of the high French legation.

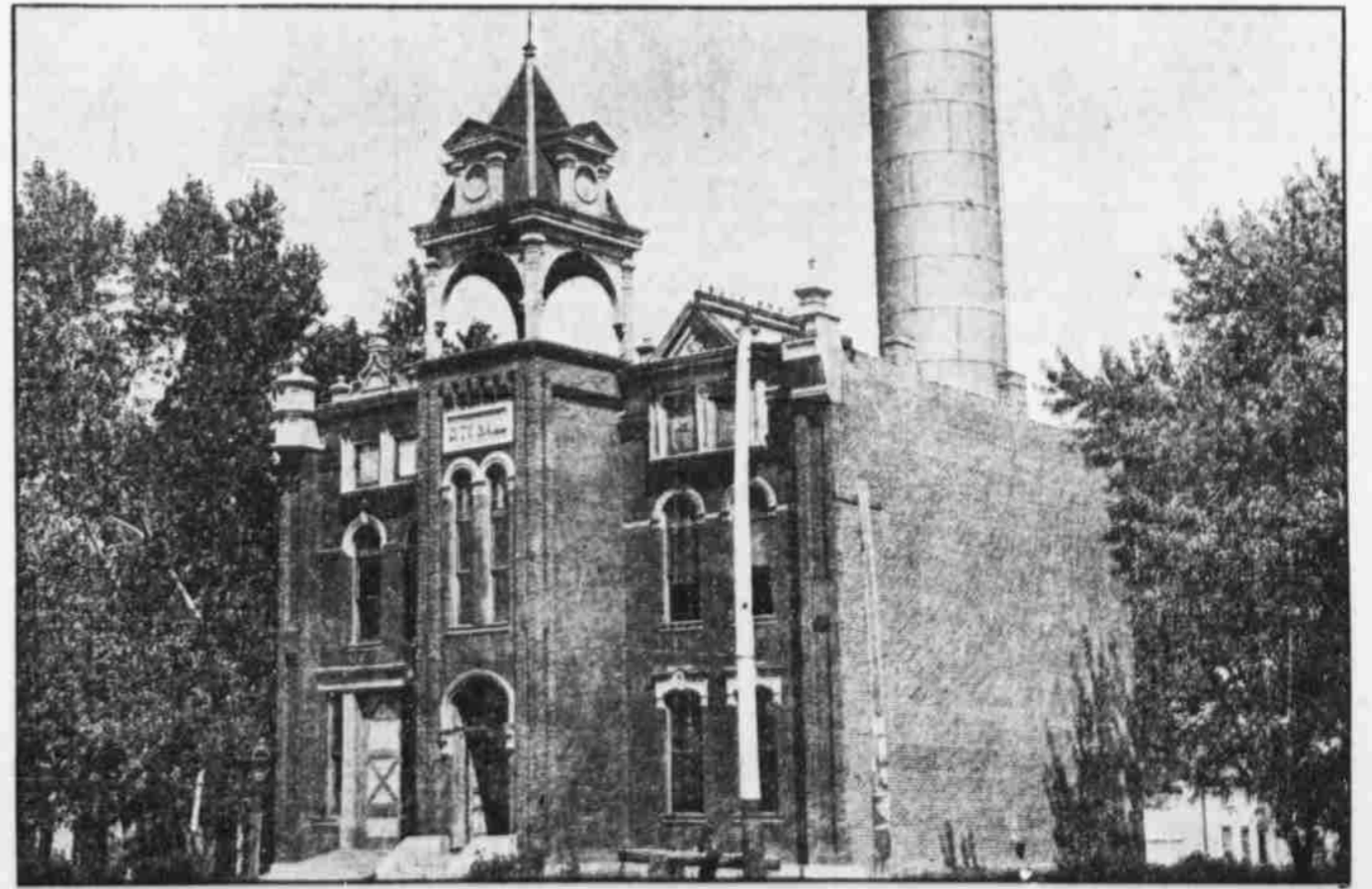
Legation street, though deserted-looking, is busy. Flags were sent to half-mast this noon when official word came that the emperor was no more. Dispatch writing became the order of the day. But just now, if you could see, it is probably busier. There seems to be a subdued excitement in the speed of the rickshaws and carts and people you meet, not to be explained by the announcement of this morning.

Back out of the legation section into the native part of the Tatar city you go, and your Chinese friend, whose

(Continued on Page Three.)



TROPHY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR AT TECUMSEH.



CITY HALL AND WATER TOWER, TECUMSEH.