

Wayne County's Fertile Acres the Source of Great Material Wealth



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WAYNE.



WAYNE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.



WAYNE COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

FROM the days of the trapper and fur trader, of the buffalo and Indian; from the primitive prairie and unexplored rivers, to Wayne county as it is known today, is a wonderful pilgrimage fraught with untold hardships and heroic struggles.

The early trials and failures of the pioneer of Wayne county were largely matters of plain chance. The workers were encountering forces they did not know and could not measure. It was a fight in the dark. Today they know what they are doing and to what end they are doing. Their labor is intelligent and therefore vastly more effective than before.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years prairie farming in Wayne county has ceased to be an experiment. It has gained the dignity of a profession in which the greatest reward, both industrial and social, goes to the men best equipped and disciplined for their work.

This new farmer of Wayne county has not satisfied himself merely with attention to agriculture. It is he who has worked out the solutions of many of those problems which once sorely puzzled the farmer. He is a practical economist, and his work in this field has given to the products of the farms a clear and distinct meaning and value in the world of commerce.

Railroads a Factor in Fight.
A satisfactory adjustment of this condition did not depend entirely upon railroad building. The railroads, here as elsewhere, had to be won over to the service of the people, upon terms that would leave something in profits for the shippers. It would be foolish to say that this struggle is over for the Wayne county farmer, but the cause of the farmer is making steady gains. It is not too much to say that the railroads and the people are coming to a pretty fair understanding of their common dependence.

Aside from railway extension, there has come another change in conditions. The markets for farm products are moving closer and ever closer to the heart of the farming country. The growth of the great packing industry in the Missouri valley illustrates this. It is no longer necessary for the prairie breeder to ship his stock to Chicago or remote points. The markets at Omaha, Kansas City and elsewhere in the west are quite as good, and the establishment of stock yards at these points, with the unfailing demand for choice stock, makes markets for grain and forage crops.

The towns and cities of Wayne and adjoining counties are becoming more than mere trading places for raw farm products; they are doing their share to give to these products their final value in the markets. Manufacturing is already far past the experimental stage in the west.

In Northwestern Nebraska.
The prairies of northeastern Nebraska offer to the state a treasury of exhaustless life—a life of firm first relations with the soil, of fixed industrial principles, of limitless capacity for expansion and service. What politics, or statecraft, or finance cannot do in the way of perpetual restoration of life's wear and tear, that the miracle of the soil can do. There lies the unmeasured, the unguessed power of the western prairie country.

The returns of yields of cereals, vegetables and fruit from farms in Wayne county almost challenge belief. The farmer is able, year after year, to make his land produce bounteous and profitable crops and to eliminate in a great measure the possibilities of failure. Painsstaking, intelligent mastery of progressive methods, coupled with consistently applied labor, insure a measure of success that is not exceeded in any county in the state.

Wayne county is one of the choicest bodies of farming land in the state of Nebraska. If there is a poor quarter section, we are at a loss to locate the same. The county has 256,730 acres in farms, with 163,500 acres under a high state of cultivation. During the continuance in

force of the statute of February 25, 1879, the county was without definite boundary. Wayne county lying on the divide between the Elkhorn and Logan Valley is mainly upland. From one-third to one-fourth of the surface is valley.

This county is quite fortunate in its surface soil. It lies east of the sand deposits and both its valleys and rolling prairies are composed of exceedingly fertile soil. The county is well watered by the Logan creek and its branches, Dogtown, Rattlesnake and Coon, in the eastern, northern and central portion. Plum, Humbug and Spring creeks have their sources in their southern part and flow south into the Elk-horn.

Beginnings in Wayne County.
The pioneer settlers of Wayne county were B. F. Whitten and Mr. Bean, who located on the Logan in the summer of 1868. William Jones followed shortly after and took up a homestead. In the same year a small colony from Illinois at the head of which was Willard Graves, entered the county and settled mostly in the southeastern corner on Coon creek.

The first postoffice was established September 8, 1870, near the Logan bridge and called Taffe, after Hon. John Taffe of Dakota City. William Agler was the first postmaster. The first child born in the county was Pattence C. Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, December 16, 1870. The first marriage in the county was that of Mr. T. Sperry to Miss Sarah Ann Eays, May 14, 1871, and the first death, that of a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Vroman, August 6, 1870. First sermon preached in the county was by Elder Vanduser of the Methodist church at the home of A. S. Miner near the Logan bridge in October, 1870. First school was taught by Miss Jane Olin in the summer of 1871, at LaPorte, the whole county then being in one school district. The first practicing physician was R. B. Crawford.

Organized Under Governor Butler.
The county was organized by the proclamation of Governor David Butler, in the fall of 1870. The first election was held September 5. The electors of the county have voted bonds at different times and for different purposes. On February 23, 1874, they voted bonds for \$15,000 for the purpose of building a court house. Total vote of the county was forty-seven. There were 23 for and 24 against. The next bond election was held January 18, 1876, when \$30,000 in bonds were voted to aid the Covington, Columbus & Black Hills Railroad company. The bonds carried by fifty votes and fifty majority, no vote being cast against them, but they were never issued.

The Burlington & Missouri Railroad company owned originally 23,000 acres of land in this county. There was at first twenty-five sections of agricultural college land. There has never been much government homestead land in the county, as there are not more than about thirty homesteads in the county. More than one-half of the entire county was at one time owned by private parties, nonresidents who held it for higher prices.

The village of LaPorte, formerly located seven miles southeast of the present city of Wayne, was laid out May 22, 1874, by Solon Bevinis. It was located on high rolling prairie on the north side of the valley of Coon creek. It was made the county seat in the fall of 1871, and the court house was erected in the fall of 1874, at a cost of \$11,883. The school district of LaPorte contained forty-three children. The postoffice was established February 21, 1871. C. H. Hunter, postmaster. The people of Wayne county held their first Fourth of July celebration at this point in 1871, with M. T. Sperry as orator of the day. C. H. Hunter read the Declaration of Independence and R. B. Crawford had charge of the singing. There is little left of LaPorte, except the old court house, to tell the story of the deserted village.

When Wayne Was Born.
The village of Wayne was laid out by the St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad company in June, 1881, and it has been a success from the start. The first house was built by R. T. Maxwell in July, 1881. The first store was opened August 1, and within a month a general store was opened by Britton, Hardenburgh and Johnson. The Logan Valley bank was moved here from LaPorte.

October 1. N. F. Bennett commenced the first hotel about the same time. The Wayne County Review moved from LaPorte in November, publishing the first number in Wayne December 1. The depot was completed May 1, 1882, yet the railroad reached Wayne in the fall of 1881.

The present condition of the county is one of thrift and prosperity. Go where you may in this commonwealth and you will find little indications of poverty. It is not a large county, but it is one of the richest counties of its size in the entire state. To the stranger traveling through this county, it is but little wonder that contentment and good cheer reign supreme. It is settled by an excellent class of people, who have made the most of their opportunities and have carved out homes from the raw prairie that would be an honor to any of the old settled states. Many farmers own automobiles, several carriages and a piano, and there is a general feeling of peace, plenty and prosperity. The county as the present time has a valuation of \$21,561,500.00, and it has a population of about 14,000. But few counties in the state are as well provided with free curators, and rural telephones as Wayne. There are fourteen rural routes in the county that serve on an average of about five hundred people each, and more than 80 per cent of the rural population are in touch with the outside world by telephone. In some localities they have a regular hour for a neighborhood chat, which does much to keep them in touch with their county, state and world at large.

Active School Life.
The county from the start has had an active school life. There are eighty-one school districts with ninety school buildings and 125 teachers. A. E. Little is serving his second term as superintendent of the schools of the county. He is a man well qualified for the position and the schools have made excellent progress under his management.

The county has seven banks and fourteen grain elevators. Wayne county has sixty miles of railroad and six railroad stations. But few counties in the state have villages that will compare with Winslow and Carroll, with a population of nearly 1,000 each. They are both good trading points for a rich section of farming country, and they early acquired the spirit of western hustlers, so common to towns of this size through Nebraska.

It would be difficult to secure a correct impression of this county without driving out to some of the prosperous farms and the large feeding pens. One soon forms the impression that the chief industry is in the growing and fattening of well bred live stock. It is quite plain that a large share of the farmers income comes from this source. Last year the farmers of this county sold and shipped out more than 25,000 head of beef cattle, 47,000 fat hogs, 274 well bred horses and 500 ton-ton sheep. Besides this these farmers sold and shipped out 455,000 bushels of corn, 56,000 bushels of wheat and 662,000 bushels of oats.

Dairy and Fruit Raising.
Wayne county is making rapid progress in the dairy industry. At the present time these farmers have 6,574 cows on their farms, where they are using 583 hand separators. Last year they sold and shipped out 6,500 pounds of butter and 28,700 gallons of cream. At the present time these farmers have 15,000 acres seeded to alfalfa. The poultry industry bids fair to become more and more prominent each year. Last year there was marketed by the farmers 119,000 dozens of eggs and 232,000 pounds of dressed poultry. A better impression can be obtained of the resources of this county when we state that last year the farmers produced 92,500 acres of corn, over 7,000 acres of wheat and 57,500 acres of oats.

It is encouraging to note the progress that is being made over the entire county and the special pains that is being taken on nearly every farm to produce enough fruit for home consumption. It is an exception to find a farmer who has neglected to provide himself with an unlimited supply of strawberries and in most cases raspberries as well. At the present time the farmers have growing and in full bearing 20,000 apple, 555 pear, 1,500 peach, 15,800 plum and 12,000 cherry trees.

Holding the key to a rich territory that is constantly developing and expanding, the

city of Wayne is certain to be an important distributing and jobbing center. The city owns its own water works and electric lighting plant, and both are run at a profit. The schools are in a flourishing condition. The churches are not only well attended, but the pulpits are filled by some of the most able ministers in northern Nebraska. The business blocks of Wayne will compare favorably with other cities, and the stock of goods carried by the merchants and the sharp competition in trade draws customers for many miles in every direction.

Wayne is the county seat of Wayne county, and its court house has every appearance of this city remaining the county seat for all time to come. The streets of the city are well laid out and bordered with many excellent shade trees. It seemed to be the intention of the citizens of this city from the very start, to make it one of the most homelike little cities in the entire state. This can be appreciated best by visiting it in midsummer. The city has three banks, with a deposit of \$1,000,000, which is perhaps the best showing for its size of any city in the state.

The city is now engaged in putting in an extensive sewer system. The city has a first class creamery that has done and is doing much for both the city and the farming community. The flouring mill located here has been a potent factor in drawing trade from other towns and counties. The two brick yards manufacture and ship out large quantities of brick, besides supplying a strong home demand. The X-ray incubator factory, located here, is responsible to a certain extent for the large increase in the poultry industry in this county.

The Commercial club of the city, consisting of eighty members, was organized about six years ago, and its influence has been seen and felt on every hand. The State Normal School was secured for this city largely through their efforts, and they are ever on the alert for anything that will add to the beauty or business of the

city. The several women's clubs are doing their full part for making the city more attractive in every respect.

Nebraska Normal School.

By a recent act of the legislature the property of the Nebraska Normal college becomes the property of the state for use as a state normal school. The Wayne Normal has successfully taught more than 5,000 young men and women during the last sixteen years. The college is located on a beautiful campus of ten acres just north of the city and three-fourths of a mile from the depot. Good walks lead from all parts of the city to the buildings. The college building and the auditorium are built of brick and nicely finished. Each building has three floors used for recitation purposes. The departments of science, music and shorthand are conducted in the college building. The offices, chapel and other departments of the school are in the auditorium. The two buildings contain thirty recitation rooms, offices, faculty room, cloak rooms and are furnished throughout with appropriate furniture, apparatus, electric lights and hot water heat. A majority of the young men on the farms finish their education in the county schools. They have had but little or no opportunity for a higher education or to become acquainted with the science underlying farm work. These facts have led this school to organize a year course in agriculture.

As long as civilization endures, people must wear clothes and eat the food of civilized man, and just so long will a market obtain for the products of Wayne county. Therefore, it may be truthfully said that their prosperity and welfare are grounded in the earth and plenty and content are their heritage.

The past has dealt kindly with the city; the present is all that could be wished, and the future holds out promises, the contemplation of which must fill its people and friends with joy, in anticipation of the many blessings in store for it. Wayne has found itself and is here to stay.

Selections from the Story Teller's Pack

In a Bad Way.
DOCTOR came up to a patient in the District insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks, as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor. "Two weeks!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Alternative is Dear.
Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York said epigrammatically at the Colony club: "We face today two tragic paradoxes—first, the unemployed man, who has a right to work; and second, the employed child, who has a right not to work."

A reporter complimented Rabbi Wise upon this epigram's brilliance. "Brilliant, or not, it is true," the rabbi answered. "It is particularly true in the child's case. The child, poor thing, is always getting the worst of it. Some legal and permissible way is always found to do him wrong." Rabbi Wise smiled: "There was a little boy," he said, "who was given underdone apple pie for his supper. The little boy ate heartily of the pie. It disagreed with him and his great pain he roared lustily. "A visitor said, with a frown, to his mother:

"He's got no business to yell like that. If he were my child he would get a good sound spanking." "Yes, sir," the mother admitted. "I don't believe though in"spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but you can turn him over."—New York Times.

Language of Clothes.
A pompous colored woman wheeled into the cloak department of a downtown store. "Can I direct you, madam?" inquired one of the managers. "Yes-sah. Ah wants the gown depicted in the paper."

"What kind of gowns, madam?" further inquired the official. "Why, women's gowns, of co'se," replied the customer, disgusted. "Y'all think Ah wants a gown fo' a man?"

"But, madam," explained the manager, "you see we have different kinds of gowns. There are tailor-made gowns, evening gowns and night gowns."

"No sah," put in the woman, promptly. "Ah don't want no tailor-made gowns, or night gowns, or early in the evening gowns. What Ah wants is jes' a plain gown to do washin' in. Ah wants a calico wrapper. That's what Ah wants."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Knocks for the Ballroom.
Following the statement he made during his sermon last Sunday that "society in this city is rotten," Rev. J. Frederick Bake, pastor of the First Baptist church of Crawfordsville, Ind., in a signed interview says the ball room is responsible for much that is deplorable in society. "Girls go to the ball room because they like to be hugged," he declares. "Announce a dance for girls only and how many would be there?" he asks. "The dance is all public silliness," he continues. "When people are a failure in their head they try to develop their feet. The ball room is silly and dancing is simply hugging to music."

This Will Jar You.
London is holding its sides because of a wonderful new joke. It's rather a shame to tell it to you Sunday morning, when your thoughts should be serious, but it's too good to keep. The first Englishman asked the second: "Why is Melba like a Dutch oyster?" Get ready, now; it's coming. "Because she is an Australian." Isn't that the same of wit? An "oyster alien!" And people dare to say the English are not humorous.—Springfield Republican.

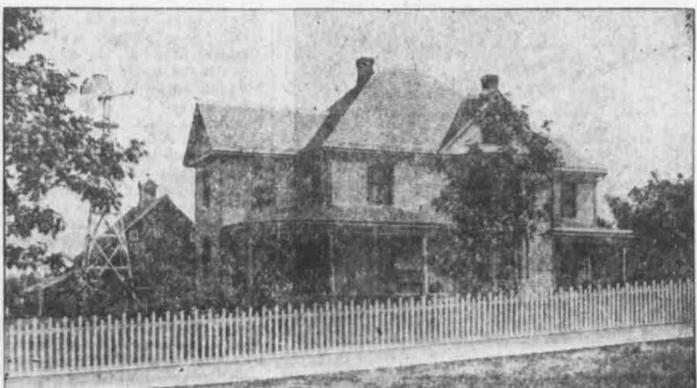
True Story of Sheridan's Ride.
In Harper's for June is printed the narrative of one of Sheridan's scouts in which he tells the true story of Sheridan's famous ride.

"I looked across a large clear field and saw a black horse at full speed coming out of the woods, and I said to Campbell, 'There comes the "Old Man"—we always called General Sheridan the "Old Man"—and he said, "Can't be; he's in Washington. I looked again for a moment, and then said, "It's him; there come a couple of his staff officers a hundred yards behind." We stopped, and General Sheridan came up, pulled in his horse, and said, "Boys, how it it?" Campbell replied, "General, it's a rout." He threw his eyes quick at me, and said: "Not quite that bad! The Eighth and Nineteenth are scattered, but the Sixth is solid." "A young lieutenant, with a Nineteenth corps badge on his cap, was hurrying by. Sheridan wheeled around to him. "Lieutenant, where is your command?" "I don't know," the lieutenant shouted, and was hurrying on again. "Damn you, turn back and find it!" Sheridan yelled, and passed on. The lieutenant stopped. "Who was that scout?" That was General Sheridan," I said. "I'll turn back!" he cried. "It was the same all along the road; the men were coming back up the valley faster than they had run down it; ahead of us they were running toward the road, and lining up on either side, and as we rode along there was just one great roar of cheers."

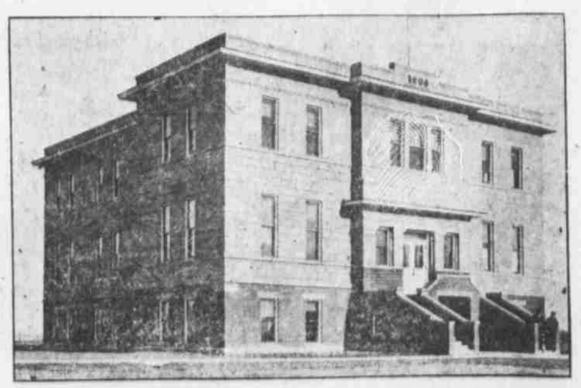
He told of the ride back to the front, where the Sixth corps and remnants of the Nineteenth, has been sullenly battling—holding off the confederate army all the day; of how the ebb-tide that had turned came rowing back to the fight in a flood of men who could scarce be held back from the attack until the lines were sufficiently reinforced and reformed. And when he told of Sheridan, bareheaded, riding alone in front of his battle line where it waited the command to advance, he rose from his chair, and his eyes alight with the old battle fire, he pounded the desk with his fist. "There has been a lot told and a lot written of what Sheridan said that day, but here is what he did say—the very words; I was there, I heard, and these are his very words. A man, out of the ranks, called, "General, where will we sleep tonight?" General Sheridan stopped his horse and turned; he didn't speak loud, but in the hush that fell his words seemed to ring. "We'll sleep in our old camps tonight, or we'll sleep in hell! And a moment or two after that he gave the signal to advance, and the whole line moved out, cheering like mad. History tells the rest."



FARM HOME OF L. M. OWENS NEAR WAYNE.



FARM HOME OF W. H. GILDERSLEEVE NEAR WAYNE.



NEW BUILDING OF THE NEBRASKA NORMAL COLLEGE, WAYNE.