

Scenes at the Polls at Omaha's Municipal Election



IN THE THIRD WARD—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



IN BOHEMIAN TOWN—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



AT TWENTY-EIGHTH AND FARNAM—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



AN UPTOWN WARD—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

Henry T. Oxnard

WASHINGTON, March 16.—(Special.)—Henry T. Oxnard, president of the American Beet Sugar association and president of the American Beet Sugar company, is one of the mildest mannered of men. He bears the look of the keen man of business, and such he is. There is nothing of the eerie or uncanny about him, and yet the newspaper press of the east has in the past six weeks held him up to the public gaze as little less than the faithful disciple of "old nick," with cloven hoofs, a trident-pointed tail and a leer. He has been charged with all the crimes of the calendar, more particularly as the real author of the Porto Rican tariff measure as originally reported from the ways and means committee. All this, because he has forsooth stood up for the sugar interests of the United States, for the home product of sugar against foreign output which has sought to be admitted free of duty from the island of Porto Rico. It is not my purpose to discuss the rights or wrongs of this proposition. I leave that question to the statesmen whose duty it is to provide laws for the new island which has become part of the territory of the United States by the treaty of Paris.

Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indiana, Utah, Iowa and California are vitally interested in the home sugar question. Thousands are employed in the raising of sugar beets and their manufacture. And because Henry T. Oxnard, the representative of the great interests in which he is a central figure, has endeavored to protect the home product and to maintain a stable market for the output of the American beet sugar factories, the Washington newspapers, without regard to politics, have classed him among the most vicious lobbyists of modern times. It is not my purpose to defend Mr. Oxnard, for he needs no defense, but, in view of his work as an American producer, to tell something that will be interesting to the public about this young business man who occupies such a commanding position in the public eye today.

In the rose garden of Henry T. Oxnard's

recollections as a boy there still lives a dream to be great in the world of business, and he seems to be in a fair way to reach the goal of his ambition. Now and then he has dabbled in politics, but as mere pastime, always with an eye single to the advancement of his business in the upbuilding of the United States and the industry which has been almost phenomenal in its growth.

Henry T. Oxnard comes of a family of sugar refiners. Today all his brothers are engaged in the beet or cane sugar industry. One is a chemist, another in charge of the western interests of the company and still another looking after the details and handling the output of the several Oxnard factories, while Henry T. Oxnard is the generalissimo, being supervisor not only of the American Beet Sugar company, but, as I have said before, the president of the American Beet Sugar association. The Oxnard family are American to the core, although Henry T. Oxnard was born in Marseilles, France, June 22, 1860, while his parents were traveling in Europe. With the exception of Henry all the other children were born in the United States. Oxnard attended the public schools, where he prepared for college and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1882.

After leaving college he went into business with his father and brothers, sugar refiners, their factory being located in Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1888, realizing the possibilities of the sugar industries, he went to Europe and spent two years investigating the growth of the beet and its manufacture. As the result of that investigation in 1890 he located the first Oxnard beet sugar factory at Grand Island, Neb. Later came the Norfolk factory, a great improvement over the Grand Island plant, and still later he located the factory in California. So rapidly did the industry extend that within a space of five years other factories were erected, until today the output of beet sugar factories runs into thousands of tons of refined sugar annually.

Fate has been kind to Henry T. Oxnard.

In her woof of life's thread she has woven him a fabric made up of wealth, health, social position and given him a mind that has been able to grasp the ever-changing needs of the business to which he has devoted his life. In his social life Oxnard is almost a dilettante. He loves the beautiful and enjoys the society of brilliant people. He is one of the leading club men of New York and when in Washington can always be found at the swell Metropolitan club, of which he is a member and which is the club home of the exclusive diplomatic corps and the leaders of the army and navy. And yet, I do not know, with all his prestige, his wealth and social position, of a more modest man than Henry T. Oxnard.

As an instance of his modesty is recalled an exceedingly funny circumstance in connection with one of the annual dinners of the Gridiron club, when Frank H. Hosford, one of the brilliant corps of newspaper men of the national capital, was its president; William E. Annin, formerly of The Omaha Bee, now at Phoenix, Ariz., was the retiring president. On this occasion President Dole of Hawaii was the guest of honor.

During the evening Mr. Annin indicated to Mr. Oxnard that he would be expected to follow Mr. Dole in a short speech taking the sugar end of the discussion, as Mr. Dole was expected to speak not only of the possibilities of Hawaii, but also of its sugarcane industry. Oxnard received this announcement with consternation. He said that he was not a speaker and that it was out of the question for him to be considered in that connection. Mr. Annin was obdurate. He would not take "No" for an answer, and told Oxnard to get ready, as the president, Mr. Hosford, was a czar when it came to preside over a Gridiron dinner. Oxnard wanted to negotiate for time, but Annin would not hear of it. He said that he would be expected to follow Mr. Dole, and Oxnard grew as white as the damask that covered the banquet board. Annin hovered around him like a bird of prey, every now and then jabbing him with the information that he was up against it and it was either speech or a disgraceful fluke on the part of the president of the American Beet Sugar association.

Oxnard was visibly nervous, as he had

been assured that he would not be expected to make a speech when he accepted the invitation of the "Gridironers" to their dinner, and now he saw visions of dire failure staring him in the face. He said to Annin that if he would arrange that President Hosford pass him by he would buy terrapin and champagne at Chamberlain's until morning. Annin said that it could not be arranged and left Oxnard in fear and trembling, waiting for Hosford's axe to fall.

But he was never called upon and with the lightest possible heart he gathered a number of his good friends and repaired to Chamberlain's, after the dinner, where the terrapin was bought with that which is its natural accompaniment until the gray of morning. Hosford was entirely unconscious of the game of bunco which Annin had set up on his friend, and as Hosford came into Chamberlain's Mr. Annin, in a loud voice, informed the president that Mr. Oxnard was paying the debt of gratitude which he owed the president for not calling upon him to reply to Mr. Dole's speech.

Hosford, who had never been told of what was going on, in a moment of candor said that Oxnard had never been considered for a speech at all, nor would he have been permitted to talk had he bought seventy cases of champagne. That night's entertainment cost Oxnard \$150.

E. C. SNYDER.

About Two Women and a Mouse

An usher rushed a woman down a side aisle at one of the theaters early the other afternoon and pointed to the seat next but one to the box, reports the New York Sun. The woman took her seat and, after the fashion of women at matinees nowadays, removed first her veil, then her gloves, then her coat and finally, to the satisfaction of the three men sitting in the row just behind, she took off her hat. Then she gave a little shriek and gathering all her properties into her arms went off up the side aisle at a scorching pace. She returned in a minute with an usher. "Oh, I saw it plain as daylight," she was saying. "It ran right out of that hole

in the corner—there by the box—oh, I simply can't sit here if I thought—" "There—there, madam," said the usher soothingly, "it won't come back, I'm sure—anyhow, you would be in just as great danger in any other seat, you know. Certainly, we'll get a trap at once; it shan't happen again. I didn't know there was a matinee mouse in the house. We have a few evening mice, I must admit. It doesn't matter so much then. Our mice are well disciplined and I didn't know there was one of the lot who would risk frisking a tail at a matinee."

The undue and somewhat mirthful interest of the three men in the row behind had its effect, and the woman finally reseated herself—her skirts well tucked up, however, and her feet propped up out of harm's way. Pretty soon along came another woman. She was booked for the end seat next the box. Neither knew the other, but a common calamity breaks down all convention. "A mouse! Not really?" she cried upon hearing the state of things. "Gracious goodness! I shan't enjoy the play one bit." (Expressions of undue and mirthful interest from the three men behind). "When the house fills up I don't believe it will dare come out," said the first woman. "You know they're afraid of people." "Yes, but they like quiet and I've heard that there are lots of quiet places in this play," said the second woman, still standing, skirts adjusted to a rainy-day altitude, and casting apprehensive glances around her. "Just suppose that mouse should take a notion to come out when the house is perfectly still—I know I should scream—indeed I should—I always do—why, it might create a panic, that mouse might." (More expressions of undue and mirthful interest from the three men). "If we just had something to stuff in that hole," said the first woman. "I know, I have an extra program. Take that." "I'd have taken the only program I've got," panted the second woman, down on her knees, and busily stuffing the program into the hole in the corner. "There, no mouse could possibly gnaw through that until the matinee's all over and we're safe at home." Then the two settled back to enjoy the play. The three men found the play pretty tame after this impromptu prologue.