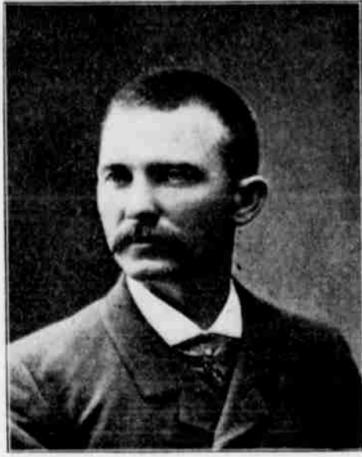


Recently Elected Mayors of Nebraska Cities



JOHN MATTES, JR., NEBRASKA CITY.



J. W. FERGUSON, MINDEN.



J. C. HARTIGAN, FAIRBURY.



CLARENCE E. SMITH, TECUMSEH.

Eight Nebraska Mayors

The election of John Mattes, jr., as mayor of Nebraska City was a tribute to independence of character and to honest ability. He was selected as a candidate by the substantial business men of the city, who circulated a petition making him a candidate without consulting him, and he was elected without contributing one cent to get upon the ticket or one dime to secure his election. John Mattes, jr., was born in Germany. At the age of 20, in the year 1879, he came to America. He tried Iowa until prohibition became violently in force there, when he came to Nebraska City and established in 1886 the Mattes Brewing company. Mr. Mattes is especially educated in chemistry as applied to the art of beer making. He writes good English. He expresses thought tersely; he reasons well; he is honest; he is courageous. In 1887 Otoe county made him a representative and in 1891 and 1893 a senator in the legislature. In 1893 he was appointed by the secretary of agriculture a propagandist to encourage and increase the use of American farm products in Germany, with instructions to give particular attention to introducing the use of foods made from Indian corn. He worked intelligently and finding very little inclination among the Germans to eat food made of corn or to drink beer made from it Mr. Mattes, in a wise and patriotic letter, resigned the agency of the Agricultural department. He declined to accept a salary which, in his own judgment, was not justified by the results to the producers and to the government of the United States.

The new mayor of Blair, J. H. Flock, was born in 1864 near Toronto, Canada, came to the United States in 1884, located in Blair two years later and became a citizen of the United States in 1886. He has been engaged in the lumber and grain business for fourteen years and local manager for the Crowell Lumber and Grain company for seven years. He is a republican. He has never aspired to any political office and was a candidate for the first time when he ran for mayor.

Twenty-two years ago on April 5 Jacob Fisher landed in Hastings, when it was no more than a struggling village, and from that time has been one of Hastings' most energetic and progressive citizens. While always taking a prominent part in politics beyond serving one term in the city council Mr. Fisher never would become a candidate of his party until two years ago, when he was placed in nomination for mayor by the republicans in opposition to a "citz-n's" nominee who was thought by many to have a "cinch." After one of the hardest fought municipal campaigns ever waged in

the city he was elected by a majority of 29. That he was faithful to the trust and an efficient mayor was attested by his renomination and election this spring by a splendid majority.

Harry S. White, who was elected mayor of North Platte by the republicans during his absence in California, was born in Elburn, Ill., March 24, 1841. He served during the civil war in the famous Eighth Illinois cavalry. In 1879 he went to Wyoming and engaged in the cattle business, owning a large ranch on Horse creek, thirty miles northwest of Cheyenne, selling out to an English syndicate in 1881. From Wyoming he removed to Lawson county, Nebraska, where he again engaged in the stock business and where he still owns a large ranch. He was elected treasurer of Dawson county by the republicans in 1892, serving four years. In 1895 he removed to North Platte to become the president of the First National bank. This position he still holds.

Captain John C. Hartigan of Company D, Second regiment, Nebraska National Guard, was elected mayor by the largest majority ever given a candidate for that office in the city of Fairbury. He volunteered for service in the Spanish-American war and was with the regiment until it was mustered out. He was born at Kansas City, May 20, 1870, came to Nebraska in 1879, resided at Plattsmouth until 1888, when he moved to Hastings, Neb. He was admitted to the bar in 1889 while attending the Hastings college and was the youngest lawyer in the state at the time of his admission. He engaged in the practice of law with his father, M. A. Hartigan, until 1894, when he located at Fairbury. He has participated in all the important litigation in Jefferson county since locating there and has filled the positions of city clerk and city attorney.

There was no party politics in the city campaign at Tecumseh. Clarence E. Smith, who has been city clerk the last three years, was elected mayor. He is engaged in the real estate and farm loan business. Mr. Smith was born in Henry, Ill., and has lived in Tecumseh twelve years.

The new mayor of Minden, J. W. Ferguson, is not a novice in politics. He came to Nebraska in 1878 from his native state, Illinois. He was deputy county clerk of Lancaster county from 1878 to 1880 and register of the United States land office at Lincoln from 1894 to 1898. He was alternate delegate at large to the three national democratic conventions that nomi-

nated Grover Cleveland for president. He moved to Minden in 1883, where he has since been engaged in the real estate business.

Mayor B. O. Hostetler of Kearney was re-elected by a large majority. He was nominated by the republicans on a law and order platform. Mayor Hostetler was born on a farm in Blackhawk county, Iowa, May 20, 1861, where he spent his boyhood days. He ranked second in a class of thirty-six that graduated from the collegiate department of the Iowa State university in 1885. Mr. Hostetler received the degree of bachelor of philosophy and three years later that of master of arts. He is also a graduate of the law department of the Iowa State university. He began practicing law in Kearney in 1887, starting without a dollar. Today he owns 1,360 acres of fine improved farm land in Buffalo county and business property in Kearney.

Bunch of Short Stories

Among the stories told of the late Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin is one illustrating his political sagacity. He considered himself personally responsible for a republican majority in Wisconsin and was quite sensitive on that subject. During the Garfield campaign a gentleman, then unknown, but now occupying a prominent position in public affairs, appeared at Sawyer's office in Oshkosh with a letter of introduction from Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, chairman of the republican national committee, who stated that the bearer had been instructed to visit Wisconsin for the purpose of making a report on the political situation and the prospects of the republican ticket. This pricked the old man's pride. He resented, in his good-natured way, the invasion of his territory. After looking out of the window for a few minutes he looked at his watch, handed back the letter of introduction to his surprised visitor and remarked, with deliberation:

"There's a train leaving here at 5 o'clock that will get you into New York day after tomorrow morning and I'll send up one of my boys to see that you get aboard. When you get to New York you tell Jewell that old Sawyer read that letter and said there was nothing for you to report on. You might add, however, that old Sawyer asked you who was looking after things in Connecticut."

Hon. "Joe" Blackburn of Kentucky, though he will not again be a member of the senate until March 4, 1901, nevertheless is very much in evidence around the senate wing of the capitol, reports the New York Tribune. The marked improvement in Colonel Blackburn's appearance in the last

year is the first subject mentioned to him when an acquaintance greets him.

"What have you been doing, senator, that you have been able to reverse the order of nature and become younger instead of older since you left Washington?" asked a friend, who proceeded to inquire: "Have you found the fountain of youth?"

"I think I have, sir. Yes, I think I have found the fountain of youth, sir."

"It's in Kentucky?" was the natural question.

"Yes, sir, in Kentucky, sir; but it is right here in Washington, sir, and I can conduct you to it, sir; but I daresay you will decline to take advantage of it, sir."

"Never!" exclaimed the questioner. "Tell me what you have done to grow young again and I will do it."

"Then, sir," replied Mr. Blackburn, looking earnestly into the eyes of his friend, "take my advice and quit putting sugar in your whisky."

In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As sergeant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could," writes William R. Moody of his father, Dwight L. Moody, in the Philadelphia Post. "On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ringleader among the worst element in the town, made persistent and malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great annoyance. After being repeatedly warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rules ever to turn a scholar out. Grace had failed and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell:

"If that boy disturbs his class today and you see me go for him to take him to the ante-room, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return."

"The meeting proceeded. The boy began his interruptions and Mr. Moody made for him. He seized him with a strong grasp, hurried him into the ante-room and locked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he himself had known in his boyhood days in New England, and when he returned there was a flush upon his face, but it had in it an expression of victory. This boy was soon afterward converted and many years later told a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that gospel exercise."

Surgeon General Sternberg of the army says that when he was going into the battle of Bull Run the Irish-sergeant major of his regiment came to him with a big bag of gold coin weighing three or four pounds and said:

"Doctor, I know that I'm to be kilt entirely, an' I want you to take care of this

money an' see that it gets to the ould folks at home."

There was no time to remonstrate or to make any other arrangement, relates the Chicago Record, and dropping the bag into the surgeon's lap the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and embarrassment to him. He tried to get rid of it, but couldn't find any one willing to accept or even to share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away for the sake of the "ould folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold, and making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long, hot and weary march that followed the gold pieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "ould folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington. There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.

The Rare Old Jest

Detroit Journal: The khalifa rended his garments.

"The lion's teeth are drawn at last!" he wailed, in poetic reference to the late defeat of his arms at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon.

But the court jester remained quite buoyant.

"Yes, the lion will have to gum Arabic from now on!" observed this functionary. Hereupon there was much gaiety in the royal tent, and adversity was for the nonce forgotten.

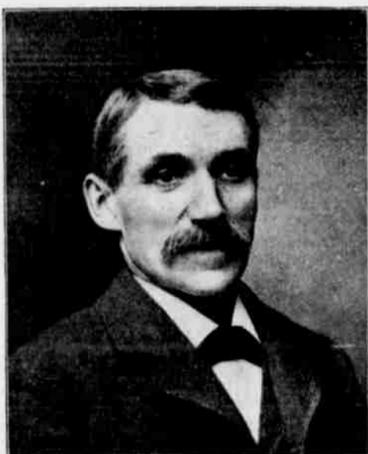
Really Emancipated

Chicago Post: "You talk about emancipated women!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Why, you can't even give a definition of the term."

"Yes, I can, too," hotly retorted the sweet young thing.

"Well, what is an emancipated woman?" he demanded.

"One who can sharpen her own lead pencil," she responded promptly.



JACOB FISHER, HASTINGS.



J. H. FLOCK, BLAIR.



B. O. HOSTETLER, KEARNEY.



H. S. WHITE, NORTH PLATTE.