

## In and About . . . Nebraska

Sorrow has inundated the souls of the boys of Fremont who delight in waking the echoes on the morning of the Fourth of July. An ordinance has been passed placing a ban on fire-crackers of any size larger than the customary small brand, which is generally beneath the contempt of an enterprising youth. The firing of blank cartridges is also prohibited, with one exception. Parading organizations which have been given permission by the proper authorities may carry revolvers and guns and make as much noise as they see fit. This is the only chance the young generation will have to make big noise on the natal day, unless they choose to travel beyond the bounds of the city or visit another town. Fremont has had all the accidents and runaways caused by the explosion of big crackers that it cares to chronicle.

A small dog loved its insane master. In a fit of dementia Frank Bauer, the dog's master, sought a stout tree far from his farm cottage near Scribner and with a rope about his neck hanged himself until dead. He did not count on his faithful little dog following him or grieving over his death. Yet the small beast was not far from his heels. As the man dangled from the tree his animal friend lingered beneath and with nose extended howled mournfully at the body. When the searching party hours afterward came upon the scene, there at his post beneath the corpse the dog still stood sentinel. It was his doleful voice that drew the posse toward the place.

Deep into the bowels of the earth a 3,000 feet well will soon be dug along the Pappio. It is a part of the campaign for oil that has been made the business of a company at Omaha, and it will be the deepest well in the state, it is said. James Connell, in charge of the proceedings, is thoroughly experienced in the oil well business in Pennsylvania and trust is placed in his statement that much wealth in oil reposes beneath the surface of the earth in Sarpy. A company is trying for this lucre and with \$25,000 in capital it has bought up eight square miles along the most promising section of the Pappio. Here, oozing from the soft sandstone of the river banks oil, readily combustible, floats down the stream. The infection has spread even to McCook. Several years ago oil was touched there at a depth of several hundred feet and now some of the folks are reviving talk of trying again.

Term this loyalty: All the teachers in the high school of Minden resigned a short time ago because the board of education refused to sanction an act of the principal. She had expelled a boy because of his misdemeanors and the board refused to give approval. At once she posted her resignation. Immediately there followed that of every other teacher in the school. The members began to think there was really some merit in the proceedings of the principal and this was seconded by some gentle proddings on the part of the public. Reconsideration was ordered and the boy went. Back came the teachers! Harmony again prevails and another mark has been added to the score of unionism.

Thundering down the track plunged the Burlington flyer! Standing between the rails smoking his cigar idled the station agent unconscious of his danger. This is somewhat the way the Axtell Advertiser tells of the miraculous escape from death of Agent W. E. Conrad of the place. On comes the surging, swaying engine, relentless in the force of its speed. Dust rises high on either side as the tearing giant approaches, smoke fluttering straight back. Nearer and nearer it roars and still the agent does not move! A truckman shouts! The agent looks up. How

leisurely he steps from the rails! He is safe! A little later—three minutes—and the train would have been upon him.

The suave hunter is the newest bunco man. Warnings against his blandishments are being handed about by the country papers glibly and with dispatch. He is the man who approaches the farmer in his pig pen and pleads for leave to hunt on his premises. In return he offers a fiver. Only he wants a receipt, for use in case he should be questioned. Therein lies the mischief. He has a receipt ready, to which is necessary only the farmer's signature. Given, away goes the hunter and his quarry is the man who will buy the paper, which he has meanwhile raised to \$50 and which is in fact nothing more nor less than a note. Finding a buyer he flees and later the farmer of course finds himself up against it good and hard.

Fresh from Sweden a colony of thirty-two Swedish gentlemen has bought 3,900 acres of land in Holt county. They are all related and it is their intention to operate on a socialistic basis. Certain they are, that the barrier of their language, untainted with Americanism, will keep all possible intruders at bay, if the quality of their holdings does not.

Spat! fell some object on his mitten. John Guthals of Gilead in Thayer county was driving along a country road to visit a friend. A few minutes later he saw his man over a hill, carrying a rifle. Looking at the mitten he perceived a hole, taking it off he found a wound in his finger, going to a doctor, a 22 calibre bullet was extracted. Mr. Guthals had heard no report; the bullet had soared its way up over the hill and dropped like a spent rocket onto his hand.

Shall it be Amerind or Injun? Wise folks in the east have given it out that the American Indian can be, should be and must be, expressed in one compact word. "Amerind" is supposed to be a perfect compression of both words and everybody is advised to learn it by heart and say it every time he thinks of a redskin. The Nebraska City Tribune protests. It is of the opinion that no Indian that ever hunted bison in Nebraska would relish the new name. Moreover, it suggests, if there is any need of distinguishing the copper aboriginal of America from the people rendered famous by Kipling the thing to do is to appeal to the terminology of youth and apply evermore to the savage the simple, impressive, terrifying whisper, "Injun."

See it? A black ghost! It haunts the town of Alma. No need of a curfew there! Little boys keep indoors at night and their fathers also have a strangely growing preference for home in the evening. The ghost has singled out no special hours for its assaults. Any time between night and morning will do and the lone man on the street need not be surprised to see suddenly ahead of him the wan figure of a woman clad in garments of the darkest shades, a long veil of mourning flowing down from her pallid features. Noiselessly and without apparent movement she steals along the way. If you run she pursues you. If you charge upon her she retreats, invisibly gaining headway. None has yet succeeded in catching her, but she has terrorized a multitude. It is thought she is some woman who died in great agony; nobody has suggested whom. Incantations that may drive her away are advertised for.

## Charles G. Dawes Gentleman and Politician

In a little farmhouse a few miles outside of Lincoln, Neb., a woman who believes that if the next Illinois legislature fails to elect Mr. Charles G. Dawes a United States Senator it will

be because the personal qualities of the man who resigned from the position of Comptroller of the Currency in order to enter the Senatorial fight are not sufficiently known. Personally she thinks he should be made President. Her reasons for this belief are involved in an accident which an old resident of Lincoln relates as follows:

"Not very long ago Mr. Dawes came out here, where he has large financial interests in the shape of farm securities. One farm mortgage, long overdue, happened to come under his personal attention. He saw that the mortgagee was a woman, and at once gave instructions to have the matter investigated before he left the city. This was done, and the woman came for an interview with him and proposed a settlement. This brought out the fact that in order to meet this obligation she would have to make a great sacrifice and dispose of almost all her property. She was an entire stranger to Mr. Dawes, but he quickly canceled the mortgage and declined the payment she offered."

The Comptrollership of the Currency is the first political office ever held by Mr. Dawes, who is only thirty-seven years of age. He is the son of General Rufus R. Dawes, of the famous "Iron Brigade," who was a Representative in Congress from the Marietta, Ohio, district. The friendship which existed between General Dawes and Major McKinley accounts for the personal interest which the former's son took in securing a McKinley delegation from Illinois in 1896. To Mr. Dawes, indeed, is given more credit than to any other individual for getting a McKinley delegation from that state. That was his first lesson in practical politics, and he demonstrated an aptitude as a campaign manager which brought him instantly into prominence and influence. His methods are those of a fair fighter, who scorns an underhand advantage over an opponent.

Mr. Dawes graduated from Marietta College in 1884 and from the Cincinnati Law School in 1886. During vacations he worked as a civil engineer, and after graduating from the law school he became engineer, for a time, of a small Ohio railroad, since merged in a larger corporation. From 1887 to 1894 he practiced law in Nebraska, and after that, for a time, he interested himself in the gas business in various cities. His home is at Evanston, Illinois, and he was appointed Comptroller of the Currency in 1897.

Mr. Dawes is given to furnishing just such surprises in politics as this resignation from office. In the campaign of 1896 his originality and boldness impressed the members of the Republican National Committee, notwithstanding he was the youngest man on the committee. Although modest almost to the point of diffidence, he occasionally conceives and carries out moves that are almost startling when suggested.

When Senator Cullom was a candidate for re-election last year his friends were interested in organizing the Republican State Convention. Mr. Dawes was one of the Senator's firm supporters. At a critical time the Cullom men decided that Mr. Dawes must consent to make the race for temporary chairman. His personal popularity among the delegates was the feature of the gathering. It was clear that if any Cullom man could win against the recommendation of the State Committee for temporary chairman, Mr. Dawes was the man. He was solicited to make the fight. The State Committee had recommended Judge Brown, of Vandalia, a friend of Governor Tanner and very popular.

"Do you gentlemen realize what it would mean if I were defeated?" asked Mr. Dawes. "I am a Federal officeholder. The impression would go abroad that the Administration had been rebuked." But the Cullom men were insistent.

"Very well," replied Mr. Dawes, "I am ready to oblige Senator Cullom. I'll enter the fight, but I call you gentlemen to witness that if I fail to be elected temporary chairman of this convention I'll immediately resign as Comptroller of the Currency."

The majority was a narrow one—less than a hundred—but Mr. Dawes was chosen.—Saturday Post, Philadelphia.

## Old Slim . . . AND on the Pension List

Firemen who love anything at all love their horses for it is they whose agile leaps and bounds take their masters to the seat of conflagration. They love to tear their way to a blaze, and distance and the burdens they bring up behind them curb their enthusiasm not in the least. Then when the horses advance in age and the years of their service grow in number it is with sadness that the animals are relegated to the ranks of the superannuated. Young horses, animals in the prime of their vigor and speed, must stand in the old stalls, ready at any time for any service. Doubtless some of the horses, too, feel sorrow at their waning fortune.

In the extra stables at station house No. 1 stands Old Slim, large, of crinkly black hair and dimensions in accord with his name. He munches his hay in a spirit of complacency and no one would know to look at him that he ever possessed a fiery spirit. Not so far from the alarm bell is he but that he pricks up his ears with animated interest when he hears the clatter of the gong, but his days of vigilance and activity are practically over. Eighteen years ago he was a tiny colt. When six years old, or in 1889, he entered the department. Now he is the oldest horse in the service of the city.

Good health has always favored him and he is still stanch in his long limbs and his teeth are firm. His height is seventeen hands and his weight close to 1,400 pounds though he once weighed more than that. Sullivan, a pretty white horse, was the oldest one in the service last summer but it was sold and now plods along for a man whose business it is to haul brick. This horse came into service in 1886. Showing his spirit and nimbleness one day last summer, Slim leaped a gate bar about four feet high, escaping from the barn and dashing wantonly over the market square.

Slim was not his name when he came into the fire service. Once he was the property of a Lancaster county farmer but the watchful eyes of the authorities in the days of 1889 saw in him the making of a fine fire fighter. Consequently he got his diploma from the plow. With his mate he entered the department and \$400 for the two went from the treasury to the farmer. Long ago the mate went out of service, but still in a limited sense, old Slim is on duty. Two years ago he was dismissed to the stables of the extras and since that time others have dragged to fires the wagons he was formerly proud to whirl after him. These days when some horse is being treated to a new pair of shoes or is temporarily indisposed old Slim marches to the vacant stall, salutes the boys and waits for an alarm. When the bell rings he trots out to the harness as readily as ever, when the signal to go is given he plunges forward with the old time vim and the driver has to look out for the former hard straining at the bits, but the old horse finds himself at the end of a long run good and plenty in need of wind, alas for his age.

He has held his own with every horse in the service since he entered the department and he has served on all the wagons in all the three fire stations. In his thirteen years' career he has gone to scores and scores of fires and the spirit has not perished in him if the flesh has not the same old durability.

Last summer he was offered for sale but no buyer came round who was willing to pay the price at which he was estimated so he will be kept on the extra list possibly till he dies. Most of the firemen are only sorry the old animals are not provided with comfortable hospitals in which they might spend their declining days in peace and good care.

Japan's foreign trade has in thirty years increased from less than \$1 to nearly \$7 per capita per annum.