

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska.

Spanish veterans held their first meeting at Lincoln with a good attendance.

Rev. Hayes, for two years at Columbus, has accepted a call to St. Paul, in this state.

The corner stone for the proposed new Catholic church at Schuyler was laid last week.

The spring wheat harvest is expected to commence in Gage county about the 20th of June.

At a recent meeting of the Woodmen of the World in Omaha 1,305 members were initiated.

Washington county apple growers believe they will have much of the fruit to sell in the autumn months.

The Masonic temple at Fairbury appears to be a go, judging by the enthusiasm of the people in the project.

A number of harmless insane will be discharged from the Lincoln asylum to make room for more pressing cases.

Frank G. Cox, who passed forged checks at Fremont, will think over his transgression for three years in the penitentiary.

Baptist ladies in Fairbury are trying to gather up a load of waste paper that their church exchequer may be strengthened.

J. Ahew Smith, wanted at Carlisle, Ill., on the charges of forgery and murder, was arrested in Syracuse by City Marshal Meeker.

The season for destructive storms is at hand. WIND and LIGHTNING will destroy and damage buildings and kill and maim stock in barns and pastures. Protect yourself by insuring them in the Nebraska Mutual Ins. Co., home office, 141 South Twelfth street, Lincoln, Neb. Write us for particulars.

The Crete Young Men's Christian association has started a campaign to raise \$20,000 to erect a building. More than \$8,000 has already been pledged.

Dr. E. G. Winkler, a dentist who recently located in Valentine, was arrested on the charge of practicing dentistry without a license from the state board.

The Alma Interstate Driving park stables are full of horses in training for the fall races which take place during the Alma Interstate fair in September.

George and Scott Burke, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Burke, were drowned in Hooper creek, four miles south of Adams, while out picking berries. The boys were eight and nine years old.

Jacob Crocker, a well-to-do farmer living about ten miles southwest of McCook, threw himself head foremost down an abandoned well on his farm. The well was 150 feet deep. He was instantly killed.

Two hundred chickens were lost and \$500 worth of property destroyed as the result of a fire on the Charles Hill farm, southwest of Hastings. The fire started in a barn from a defective brooder or incubator lamp.

E. C. Burns, formerly deputy oil inspector for the Fremont district, for many years postmaster at Scribner and representative for two terms of Dodge county in the state legislature, died at his home in Scribner.

The Cass county mortgage record for May shows: Fifteen farm mortgages filed, amount \$44,450; released eighteen, amount \$47,389. Ten mortgages on city property filed, amount \$4,975; released ten, amount \$2,803.

His attorney at Grand Island has filed suit for John J. Slattery for \$10,000 damages against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Thomas Graham for the injuries sustained by his being pushed off a moving freight train, as alleged, and having his skull badly injured and his leg cut off.

The annual camp meeting of the Nebraska state holiness association will be held this year at Epworth park, Lincoln, starting June 18. Men from the national association have been secured to lead the meetings, which are expected to be this year very successful. Ministers and laymen from all denominations will be present.

Coroner Howard of Howard was called to the farm home, some eight miles northwest of that city, of Peter Paulus, the information being that at an early hour Mr. Paulus took his shot gun and went out to the barn and shot himself and that he soon died. Mr. Paulus lost his wife a few months ago after some months of severe sickness, and it is thought that his mind had become unbalanced from this and other causes.

John Peterson, residing near Friend, was drowned while attempting to cross a swollen stream.

At the election held in Wayne the proposition to vote \$50,000 bonds for the construction of a high school building carried by a large majority.

The fees collected in the office of the secretary of state during the month of May amounted to \$4,205.68, divided as follows: For filing articles of incorporation, \$3,657; notary commissions, \$58.10; motor vehicles, \$3,540.20; brands, \$52.50; certificates and transcripts, \$47.25; labels and trade marks, \$36.63.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS

THE WARD BOSSES

By ERNEST M'GAFFEY



WARD "bosses" come and go. They rise and fall, and one makes room for another. The fluctuations in politics are as sudden and abrupt as the changes in the stock market, and the "boss" of last year may be the plainest of plain citizens the ensuing year. One thing is morally certain, there will never be an elimination of "bosses" in politics, because leaders are an absolute necessity in every movement, and prime ministers and presidents are as surely political "bosses" as are the ward politicians who hold their wards in the hollow of their hands.

Some people, good people, too, have started in to fight "bosses," and have ended up by co-operating with them and getting their aid to improve conditions in certain districts. Fighting a political "boss" is an uphill job, for "the respectables," so-called, are usually too busy to give any assistance, and the "boys" are all with the "boss."

I remember a reformer who tried to win out on the presidency of a ward club against the "boss." He tried two years and was defeated, but the third term he seemed to be sure of success. Nearly every one of the members of the club promised him aid, and Dugan, as I will call him, had high hopes. The night of the election, with 189 members present, Dugan's name was put before the club amid a storm of applause. His nomination was seconded by at least five additional speeches, each a glowing eulogy of "Danny Dugan's staunch qualities and services to the party." Dugan sat entranced with the praises which were being handed out to him. The "boss" candidate, Casey, was nominated in a half-dozen words and feebly seconded by only one individual.

Dugan himself was appointed one of the tellers, and a roar of approbation shook the hall as the chairman announced his selection. Dugan went up and down the aisles, and everybody gave him the "glad hand" and folded their ballots and tossed them into the hat he carried with "There's another for you, Dan, old boy," or "Hurrah for Danny Dugan."

He had a ballot shoved at him with the injunction, "Make it unanimous, Danny; hurl in a vote for your own ticket," and he put his ballot in the other teller's hat and sat down in the seventh heaven of anticipation. The counting was finished in a few minutes and Dugan smiled as he saw the ballots all going over to one side. "It's a walk-away," he whispered to the man next to him. "It's a landslide," said his neighbor. The chairman stepped to the front of the platform and announced the vote for president as follows: "For Peter Casey, 188 votes; for Daniel Dugan, one vote." Dugan grabbed his hat and madly

rushed from the room, with a perfect howl of cheers following him. It was his last appearance in politics.

The term "political boss" images to most people a stoutly-built man with a plug hat and a large diamond, who smokes long black cigars and rules his ward or district with a rod of iron. Sometimes he is represented as a man with a heart bursting with sympathy for the poor, who squeezes the rich citizen to help out the constituents whose votes he harvests on election day. He is generally typified as eloquently profane, and story-writers delight to set him down invariably as of Irish birth.

As a matter of fact, however, there are just as many different "bosses" as there are nationalities in the large cities, for a "boss" is simply a leader for the time being, and that may be for a few months, a few years or longer. And some of the most successful of all "bosses," politically speaking, have been Americans. The present president of the United States is one of the most masterful of political bosses. Who in his party, dare openly say him "nay" with any hope of winning out against his rock-rooted strength?

The "boss" in the cities, however, especially the typical ward "boss," is often a man who may be evolved by either accident or design. Sometimes a man goes into the game to help a friend out, or to satisfy a grudge, and the glamour of the thing attracts him and he stays in, to finally emerge as a full-blown "leader." And some one of the young fellows who go into politics deliberately will work on for years in the same ward, growing up with the people who live there, identifying himself with them and their interests and finally winning the confidence of his constituents so lastingly that they will vote almost to a man as he wishes.

A true "boss" both follows and leads. He knows what his "people" want, and he does not stray far away from their desires. If his ward has a constituency which favors a liberal interpretation of the liquor question he is for the "open" Sunday, and even the all-night saloon, if necessary. He is strong on the subject of "the poor man's club" and hot against "blue laws" and for the maximum of "personal liberty." Incidentally, he favors a low license, usually.

If a "boss" lives in a Prohibition district he fulminates against "the demon rum" and points out statistically the ruin wrought by drink. This may not prevent him from having his "high-balls" at the club, or his champagne at the political banquets, but makes him strong with the voters whose support he seeks. He is on the alert for "blind pigs," or places where liquor is smuggled in and sold secretly, and he leads delegations to the

mayor's office and to the legislatures to protest against the vice of drinking.

The average "political boss" is in politics strictly for "what is in it," and that means that he is neither in the game for his health, his recreation nor his spiritual welfare. And why not? Do business or professional men enter into their respective vocations for any of the above reasons? I trow not. The "boss" has one fixed, set idea, and that is to "get there," as he would express it; to accumulate a large roll of simoleons and then retire to some respectable residence portion of the city and forget the low, coarse mob with which he was compelled to associate while he was getting his start. The successful ones do this, and the unsuccessful ones remain at the same old stand, reviling the ingratitude of the ones who "made the rifle" and got away with their "bundle."

Ward "bosses" often combine to accomplish results, and they often cut the ground from under one another without the slightest compunction. I never knew but one "boss" whose word was absolutely and entirely to be depended on both as to what he could do, and what he would do. He could tell to a certainty about how his ward would go, and if he gave his word as to the delegates he never under any circumstances broke. He was a man of strong likes and dis-

likes and exceedingly blunt in his way of putting things. But he could neither be wheedled nor intimidated. The mere fact that he had promised the support of his delegates in a convention to a certain candidate did not determine that he would support that candidate at the polls on election. But just so far as his word went, that promise was iron-clad and irrevocable.

Time was when a "boss" was to be marked by his reputation for physical prowess. But those days are in the ebb and yellow leaf. Strange to say, even in the toughest of the "tough" wards, the "leaders" are very seldom row men who depend on their "knock down and drag out" abilities. The "boss" of to-day aspires to be a "dresser" and a wit, not a "slugger." Pugilism is left to its regular exponents, and though many of the "bosses" may be patrons of the sparring matches, they have given the rough-and-tumble method of the past the good-by, and plume themselves on smoother plans to achieve success.

Such a thing as a conscience is something that no unscrupulous ward "boss" will harbor, for to him conscience is a dead letter in politics. Besides, a "boss" may be in one party one year, and on the other side of the fence the next year. He may support a measure at first and then "switch" and fight it. Expediency is his watchword, and he will support a man whom he cordially despises if he can see advantage to himself in the end. The questions of party principles have an exceedingly hazy interest to him, for the class with which he mingles, and the interests which he represents, have no time at all to study political economy, and no inclination towards the ethical side of politics.

It was a matter of genuine interest to meet the various "bosses," big and little, and weigh them and analyze them as they came into my perspective. They were always a trifle curious as to just how I happened to be in politics, and I am quite certain they were decidedly uncertain as to just how I came to be holding down a fair-salaried position when I could not deliver delegates; and yet, meeting me in the game at every turn, from the primaries to the national conventions, as they may have expressed it, and that in some mysterious way I must be of some value in the sum total of elements making up political life.

The question of silent "bosses" and talkative "bosses" is one which has been variously reviewed, and the average judgment has been that the silent "boss" was the great power. The fact was that the "silent" boss could talk fast enough when he wanted to, and the talkative boss could "stand pat" when he so desired. If it was the nature of a "boss" to talk he did so; if he was naturally a secretive man, he kept still generally. The most effective combination was the "Boss" who could talk or keep still as occasion demanded, and who could neither be goaded nor coaxed into either silence or speech against his better judgment.

It could be said in favor of nearly every real ward "boss" that he was not an orator. Not in the sense of a "silver-tongued spell-binder." Many of them could give good, common-sense talks, and effective ones, too, but they did not essay to split the welkin with their perorations, and rather despised in their hearts the "wind-jammer" and his periods. At the same time, for a genuinely great speaker they had a deep respect and enjoyed hearing him. As for the "man with the pen," they were never unwilling to avail themselves of his services if he could "make good" with anything to help on a campaign.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.
(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

EVANS' GREAT WORK

ENVIABLE RECORD OF REAR ADMIRAL IN THE NAVY.

Includes Service in Two Wars and Two "Near Wars"—Retirement Due to Wound Received in the Civil War.

San Francisco. — Rear Admiral Evans' two starred flag fluttered down from the main of the Connecticut in the bay here recently. In three months he will retire from the active list and will then be able to look back on a record which includes service in two wars, the civil and the Spanish-American; two "near wars," the Chilian imbrolio and the Bering sea sealing dispute; command of two fleets, the Asiatic and Atlantic, and accomplishment of the transfer of the latter force from the Atlantic to the Pacific via Magellan in the longest cruise ever attempted by a command of such size. As a flag officer he has had the most important sea command during the period that the new battleships were organized into a fleet and brought the new system of target practice to its present high stage of efficiency. He brings his service afloat to a close now because of ill health, which is partially due to the wound with which he began his conspicuous career at Fort Fisher in the civil war.

His life at the naval academy was an entertaining account of study, discipline and occasional escapades, cut short by the civil war, which called the midshipmen into active service. Then came the landing party at Fort Fisher, when Ensign Evans was shot in the leg and lay for hours on the sand dunes. He was sent to a naval hospital, where a surgeon determined to amputate his leg, and was only dissuaded by a revolver in the hands of his equally determined patient, who



Rear Admiral Evans.

preferred to limp, as he has done, on that leg for 45 years rather than utilize a wooden limb. Another charm in the book was a peep behind the scenes which it gave to the reader. As commanding officer of the Yorktown the author remained in Chilian waters throughout the uncertain period following the Baltimore incident at Valparaiso. Here his role was diplomacy, placating the Chilians, but permitting them to see that the Yorktown meant business if trouble came. This was successful service, and when the next ticklish job came along, the Bering sea sealing dispute, which also brought a war cloud, Commander Evans was senior officer present in the North Pacific.

He did well. His reputation was made and the path laid clear before him for command of the crack armored cruiser New York, which went to Europe and gave him opportunity, which he improved, to become the friend of the emperor of Germany. After that he commanded the Indiana and at Santiago the Iowa. A gift for epigram had enabled "Fighting Bob" to epitomize certain situations in a manner which the public approved. He remarks that in a certain contingency he "would have made Spanish the court language of hades" brought him no little popularity with the country at large.

Near the close of 1903, when the secession of Panama had raised a great rumpus in South America, Rear Admiral Evans was ordered to proceed to Honolulu, which he did at an average of more than 13 knots for the battleships, the oldest of which was the Oregon.

This was a most creditable performance. A year later Rear Admiral Evans returned home, expecting duty on the lighthouse board, but President Roosevelt personally requested him to take command of the Atlantic fleet. He did so in March, 1905. It then consisted of six battleships. It now has 16.

The Atlantic fleet had gone through a period of uncertain policy. Under Rear Admiral Higginson there were complaints that the men did not get enough liberty or privileges, and it is a fact that desertions were numerous and re-enlistments few. Rear Admiral Barker filled in between the Higginson and Evans commands. The latter brought with him as chief of staff, Capt. J. E. Pillsbury, and the two took hold of the fleet with a firm grip. The men were promptly given as much liberty as possible, athletics of every description were encouraged, baseball and football leagues formed, regular schedules for boxing championships arranged in all classes, and rowing races were regularly held.

LONGEVITY IN HOT CLIMATES

Tropical Races Are Shown to Be Much Longer Lived.

Because in tropical countries more decayed vegetable matter is found and in consequence more malaria, the idea has become popular that only vigorous health and long life are likely in northern latitudes where frost now and then asserts itself. The fact that humanity matures much earlier in tropical climes seems to warrant the conclusion that it must necessarily perish much earlier. Dr. Luigi Sambon of Rome attempts to put the popular impression to sleep by an elaborate exhibition of statistics.

He doesn't contend that the warmest climate is the most suitable to a man, under the conditions of modern civilization, but he remonstrates vigorously against the idea that a cold and variable climate is the most conducive to the physical and intellectual improvement of the human race. While northern climates may produce stalwart frames, statistics show that they do not conduce to longevity. In proof of his position the doctor cites the fact that the average Arab outlives the average Esquimaux by not less than 25 years.

He shows that the people who live along the unhealthy coasts of Central and South America survive the inhabitants of the higher and cooler altitudes of the interior. He shows also that the Hindus, who often reach puberty as early as nine years, live to a surprising old age. The inhabitants of the southern countries of Europe are found to live much longer than those of the more northern latitude.

To illustrate, in England in a population of 27,000,000 there are but 146 centenarians, while in Spain, with a population of but 18,000,000, there are 491 centenarians. The probabilities are that the great mortality found in southern latitudes is found in the cities, and is therefore not so much the fault of the climate as of an indifference to sanitary laws.

Forcing His Chances.
"So Shadiboy is in trouble again?"
"Yes, a bit of a card scandal."
"I told him not to play unless he could afford to lose."
"He must have gotten your advice mixed, and decided he couldn't afford to play unless he didn't lose."—Washington Star.