

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The Vulgarly of Waste.

When you see a housewife who keeps bread lying around until it molds; who permits mildew to get into the clothes; who allows her stockings and those of her family to fall to pieces for want of darning; who cooks up a lot of food which she ought to know will not be eaten and that will be cast into the garbage can; who "thrashes through" her best frocks by putting them on to do kitchen work, you may be sure she is "tacky." You will never find a woman of that description who is not cheap and who hasn't a common streak in her as wide as a gate. Well, it is exactly the same with a people or a nation, says the Kansas City Star. When you see a country reckless in the use of its resources and heedlessly destructive of the treasure with which it has been endowed by nature, you can depend upon it that it possesses the ingredients of cheapness and inferiority. We laugh a great deal about the proverbial disregard of the future commonly witnessed in our "colored brother" as long as he has a dollar in his pocket. But what essential difference is there between the complacency of the "Sene-gambian" with the price of a meal and a lodging ahead, and the blind indifference of a country and its people that go ahead despoiling timber lands, consuming coal with heedless extravagance, permitting vast quantities of gas and oil to get away, and taking no care whatever to make provision for any reinforcement of the supplies which it consumes. So, while the congress of conservation at Washington is in mind, let us not forget that the wastefulness habitually practiced by the American people is not only wicked and hopelessly stupid, but that it is likewise cheap and "tacky" and reveals not one trace of sane judgment or proper breeding.

Canada After Settlers.

The Canadian Dominion has not yet found it necessary to begin the conservation of resources, though the time may come sooner than is anticipated. Just now the principal effort appears to be to attract settlers and to open up regions which the railroad companies are desirous of having developed. The announcement comes from Vancouver that the government of British Columbia is planning to sell vast tracts of land, having decided to dispose of \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 worth this year. In the operations the government will have the active aid of one of the big railroad concerns. An American has been engaged to manage the deal, says the Troy (N. Y.) Times, and part of the project consists of laying out a model city, with paved streets, sewers, water system and other conveniences. Another feature of the plan will be the employment of a landscape gardener to arrange surroundings that will be ornate and attractive. All this is done with a view to making settlers feel at home and providing them with advantages such as are seldom found in a frontier region. The contrast with the experiences of the earlier pioneers in the United States and Canada is impressive.

Automobiles have ruined so many macadamized roads that an international congress has been called to meet in Paris on October 11 to consider plans for saving the roads. The macadam road, as everyone knows, is composed of layers of crushed stone held together by a binding material rolled into the surface. This method of paving was devised for the use of iron-bound wheels over the road they crush the small stones, and the dust sifts into the crevices between the larger stones and binds them more tightly together. With judicious use, such a road improves with age. The automobile, however, runs on an air-filled rubber tire. This tire, instead of crushing the small stones, sucks the dust out from between the large stones, and the wind blows it away, leaving the roadbed rough and uneven. Road experts on both sides of the ocean have been seeking for some surface dressing that will seal the road when once made so tightly that the rubber tire cannot draw out the binder by suction. Oils with asphaltic bases, coal tar preparations and calcium chloride have been used with some success in allaying the dust and preventing the wear of the roads, but they are not wholly satisfactory either here or in Europe.

Getting right down to a final analysis, one of the most successful navigators of the day is he who can paddle a canoe with a nervous woman of 150 pounds or upward as a passenger and land the cargo safely.

Altogether during the year 1908 there will have been under construction buildings directly or indirectly connected with Princeton university representing an expenditure of nearly \$2,000,000.

Capt. Fithugh Lee, Jr., military aid to President Roosevelt, has been designated by the war department to attend the course at the French school of equitation at Saumur, France, this summer. Capt. Archibald W. Butt, depot quartermaster at Havana, will be ordered to duty at the White House as military aid.

A Chicago judge holds that a woman has no right to wear a man's overalls. It is a safe bet he is not a married

HEAD OF PHYSICIANS

COL. WILLIAM GORGAS, CLEANSER OF PANAMA ZONE, HONORED.

New President of American Medical Association Has Attained an International Reputation Among the Scientists.

Chicago.—Col. William C. Gorgas whose work as chief sanitary officer of the Panama canal zone and previous work of like nature have been recognized by the medical profession in his election to the presidency of the American Medical Association, has attained an international reputation among scientists. He is generally given credit for the measures that freed Havana of yellow fever and made the canal zone, once considered one of the deadliest spots in the world, as healthful as Illinois or Vermont.

Col. Gorgas is a native of the south. He was born in Mobile, Ala., October 3, 1854. His father was a leader in the confederate army—Gen. Josiah Gorgas. At the age of 21 Col. Gorgas was graduated from the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. He finished his professional course four years later at Bellevue hospital medical college, New York city, and became a member of the house staff of the hospital. After a few months of this work he entered the army service.

His first appointment was as a lieutenant of the medical corps, in 1880. He was sent to Fort Brown, Texas, where he was the victim of an attack of yellow fever. Misfortunes have been the making of many men, and in the case of Col. Gorgas personal experience with the dread disease gave him an interest in it that was destined to bear important results for the good of the world.

One year after the appointment of Lieut. Gorgas to the army service, Dr. Carlos Finlay, a practicing physician in Havana, first brought to the notice of the world the theory that mos-



quitoes caused the spread of yellow fever. Maj. Ronald Ross of the British-India medical service also discovered that malaria was also carried from one person to another by the bite of the anopheles mosquito, and scientists began to awaken to the importance of systematic and thorough investigation on this subject. Col. Gorgas made such an investigation in Cuba.

Mosquitoes, according to the army investigations, do not originate the germs of either yellow fever or malaria, but carry both, after biting human beings. The stegomyia insects are natives of India and the Philippines, but the yellow fever organism has never been taken into those countries, hence the mosquitoes are not dangerous to life or health there.

For his work in Havana Maj. Gorgas was promoted to colonel by special act of congress in 1903. He was sent to the Panama zone as chief sanitary officer, and March 4, 1907, was made a member of the isthmian canal commission. At Panama he proceeded to "clean up" and to prevent the development of disease by fighting the mosquitoes.

"We fought the yellow fever mosquito with chemicals and screens, destroyed the breeding places of the malaria mosquito, drove him back several hundred yards from our camps and villages, put wire netting into the houses and advised everyone to take three grains of quinine daily," said Col. Gorgas last October. "I think I am justified in saying that we have malaria under control. Our death rate among Americans last year was less than four persons in 1,000, and we have 4,800 men and 1,200 women and children along the zone from Panama City to Colon."

Describing the general measures for sanitation along the Panama zone, Col. Gorgas said:

"We found a strip of country ten miles wide and 46 miles long, with a considerable settlement at each end and almost 25 hamlets between. We followed the methods which had rid Havana of yellow fever, a scourge that had been epidemic for 150 years. We stopped the fever in 16 months."

"In the city of Panama alone, where each house was fumigated three times, we burned 100 tons of pyrethrum, 200 tons of sulphur and large quantities of other disinfectants. Four hundred men were engaged in the work. Ninety-eight per cent. of the West India negroes, who came to dig the canal, had malaria, and the parasite was found in the blood of 70 per cent. of those persons whom we examined at random."

What He Does.
"Pa, what does a king or an emperor do when he grants anybody an audience?"
"He does about what your mother does when she grants me an audience—talks most of the time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Leader.
"There goes one of our leading citizens."
"He doesn't look very prosperous."
"He isn't. He leads unmuzzled dogs to the pound."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Southwick, the pretty little seaside resort a few miles from Brighton, England, has found out that it has a ghost, and efforts are being made by the inhabitants to discover its identity.

The story of the discovery is told by a correspondent of the Hove Gazette, who states that one evening re-

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS



"HELLO, Billy!"
"How are you, Jack? Glad to see you got that appointment. What is there in it for you?"
"Four thousand a year."
"Oh, I don't mean the salary—to hell with the salary; but what is there in it for you on the side?"
"Not a cent. Just the salary, that's all."
"Come off! Why, two of that last bunch cleaned up ten thousand apiece before they walked the plank."
"Well, it's a new deal. No side issues for me. Just the little four thou. That's all."
"Why, you ain't honest, are you, Jack?"
"Well, I never had 'Honest John' tacked onto me for a handicap, but I don't want to go along the street looking back to see if anyone's following me."
"But those fellows are alive and well to-day, and the statute of limitations has run on 'em."
"Yes, maybe; but it would be just my luck to get 'snaked.' My tailor says stripes are unbecoming on tall men, anyway."
"You're foolish, Jack."
"A regular lobster, Billy; but when I'm let out I want to sleep nights, without listening for some one to ring the door-bell and ask 'how about it?'"

The foregoing conversation is verbally a correct transcript between an appointee to a city office and a political acquaintance, the well-known and almost "disbarred" attorney, the Hon. William "Skipshin" name. It occurred just as written down, and is merely given to illustrate the general idea prevalent among the crooked, the crafty and the unscrupulous that public office was a private "snap." The salary was supposed to be merely expense money for being in the political game; the real "money" was to be gotten out of "side deals," schemes where the official was to use his influence and his opportunities to get into "something good," whereby for favors either directly or indirectly granted he got what is known sometimes as his "rake-off," or his "bit."

If he was in a position where contracts were to be let "to the lowest bidder" it was his business, as a "grafter," to see that his "man" was the lowest bidder, or to have a "combination" among the bidders so that the contracts would be divided among two or three favored firms or individuals; or to work in some one as sub-contractor, or in various ways "get a finger in the pie," so that he could "help up" somebody for "a divvy." Where individual officials had the entire control of their offices, their opportunities for "graft" were, of course, extensive; where officials were co-associated in city work, there had to be either a complete and general understanding as to "crooked work," or there might be underhand work by one or two men which was hidden from the rest.

The public had weird and unique ideas about "graft." The fact that "grafting" was carried on in city hall and city departments to a greater or less extent during every political administration was a fact that was undeniable. Sometimes an administration was especially corrupt; sometimes the administration was headed by a man who was even by his bitterest enemies acknowledged to be strictly honest. But as no one man could oversee the ins and outs of every department in the city, there was bound to be some "grafting," however petty, somewhere in the various offices or departments.

But the public generally seemed to be of the opinion that the instant a man was appointed or elected to office his entire nature changed. The people imagined, apparently, that a business man whose integrity, through many years, had never been questioned became "crooked" the instant he took the oath of office. And because of this, the most insulting and libelous statements were being bandied back and forth by irresponsible parties, concerning men who were honestly and conscientiously doing their duty in public offices.

Citizens who appropriated without any legal right the sidewalks in front of their stores for shipping purposes—men who would follow an alderman for weeks in order to get a bay-window put in a downtown shop contrary to the ordinances, people who hung about the city hall from dawn to twilight trying to get a railroad pass, would enter a public office with the air of Daniel going down the elevator into the lions' den. And if a question was asked them when they stated their business, they always imagined it had a hint of graft in it. Well, now, let me tell you: These folks that are always scenting "graft" in every public office and office—these "Holy Willies" that assume such an "uncgo gild" air, they are often the people that will bear watching themselves.

The fact of the matter was that that real "graft" was handled by men who worked it so that nearly always it was entirely legal, in the strict letter of the law. A measly five or ten-dollar bill handed here and there for some favor was a mere bagatelle. And as for "graft" in politics, the legislatures of the various states are as mighty universities to kindergarten compared to city administrations. As for the United States senate—but that is the "king row" on the political checker-board, and not a matter for comment in this article.

Money is the cheapest and least dangerous form of "graft." I mean money that buys favors; bribes, in a word. "Graft" concerns itself with "shares," "stock," "interests"—things that cannot be traced so easily to corrupt sources. Big grafters are afraid of cold cash. They want something that can be

IS HAUNTED BY GIRL'S GHOST

Spectral Form That Inhabits Old Forts at Southwick.

Southwick, the pretty little seaside resort a few miles from Brighton, England, has found out that it has a ghost, and efforts are being made by the inhabitants to discover its identity.

The story of the discovery is told by a correspondent of the Hove Gazette, who states that one evening re-

manipulated so that the ugly word "money" can be eliminated in case of an exposure. Cash is a hard commodity to "juggle," but shares and stocks can be better explained to a jury. So only the ignorant or most brazen of the big "grafter" go after the money in the form of U. S. bank bills. Records are tell-tales; and money taken wrongfully and unaccounted for often returns to plague the hypotheater with a penitentiary sentence.

Another thing that seems to be overlooked is that legislation will not cure "grafting." True, it can and does punish the individual; but nothing but an aroused spirit of higher citizenship will effect a general cure of the evil. If you want to know how many people in your city and county are out after "something for nothing" get into a political position which either actually gives you chances for bestowing favors, or apparently offers the opportunity. Ninety-five per cent. of the people who call on you come for the purpose of having you do them some favor, either for themselves or others; and they are not at all particular about how the favor is done, so that it be done. For myself, I know I was bombarded day and night after I got into office with requests that ranged all the way from the impudent to the ignorant. Requests to aid in the way of evading or ignoring city ordinances were matters of daily occurrence. And the charming thing about it was that the parties assumed that this was a matter of course in the routine business of the city hall. It was not merely "what's the constitution between friends?" but "what's honesty between acquaintances?"

"Skate" No. 1 would introduce "Skate" No. 2, and the latter would unfold a scheme to "pull off" something in some other department of the city hall, which was not only against all canons of decency as regarded common honesty, but so ridiculously apparent that no one but an ignoramus would concoct such a plan. Now these things happened so often that if you got mad at each occurrence you would be in a state of semi-apoplexy half the time. The only thing to do was to cut the interview short by saying "I haven't anything to do with that department; if you have any business with that end of the city go there yourself."

But when you come to pin down any great amount of "graft" in most of the city administrations' offices you failed, from the simple reason that there was comparatively little of it. Was it because greater publicity and greater vigilance was being had through a hostile press and a watchful opposite party? Or was it because an improvement was being made in the character of the men elected and appointed? Or was it both? At any rate, there was a steady advance for the better during the cycle of at least eight years of my experience in politics. Given an able and vigilant man at the head of a city's affairs, and "graft" will be reduced to a minimum during his term of office. Given any other kind of a man, and once more "graft" will lift its hydra head, and once more "graft" will manifest itself, that the tendency to make "a little on the side" seems to be apparent in all administrations, but is either dormant or active as the man at the helm is either alert or inattentive. Like yellow fever in Cuba, it is always present, even if only one case of it.

The cheap "grafter," when found out, never had

any friends. In the first place, he had not stolen enough so as to lay away anything for high-priced lawyers, so he could neither pose as a martyr, nor go into court and make a fight. Usually he "lost his job for quite a while," his petty speculations were laughed at, and he found himself in the street, an object of contempt and jeers. But when a man had gotten away with forty or fifty thousand dollars, it was an entirely different proposition. He could then put up a good, stiff "bluff." In the first place, it was "up to him" to pooh-pooh all rumors or assertions which had been made against his office. Next, to explain that all this talk about "graft"

was the work of political enemies or "a discharged employe seeking revenge." A very fine article of "rosy talk" was usually indulged in by a "grafter" who "was on the run."

Then, when he was finally indicted, his lawyers would consent to tell what an outrage it was that their client should be so persecuted. All criminal proceedings which seek to bring a "grafter" to "book" are known by his lawyers as "man-hunts." The big "grafter's" friends flock to the courtroom, and quite frequently the utmost courtesy is extended to him by officials high up in jail circles; especially if he be of the same party as the jail officials. If he happens to be on the other side of the political fence, these courtesies are omitted.

After a big "grafter" is convicted there is the usual appeal to the higher courts and a lot of skirmishing to keep him out of the penitentiary, but he gets there just the same. He may, after serving a year of his sentence, become so ill that he will have to be pardoned. If he has returned part of the money he stole, this is a chance not to be overlooked. But if he is "stiff-necked" and insists on hanging on to what he got, the chances are not so favorable. Only a ridiculously small percentage of the big "grafter's" have been punished. Some of the biggest of them all have absorbed their graft legally. But it was "graft," nevertheless. On many, the statute of limitations has "run," and prosecution made impossible. But it is cheering to relate that "grafting" is not quite so fashionable as it used to be by reason of these prosecutions; and much as the "reformer" has been held up to ridicule, it has been the reformer and the reform organizations that have made "grafting," if not unpopular, at least dangerous.

Petty "grafting" can never be wholly stamped out, as it can be handed around by means of presents, privileges, etc., in such a way that it cannot be traced so as to provide ground for criminal prosecutions.

The technical term "graft," while peculiarly applied to politics, is not confined to that sphere only. Business, banking and railroad circles have the disease. In city administrations the spot where it is liable to make most insidious headway is in city councils. There it may be found either indirectly or directly apparent. And it is there, after all, that it is most dangerous, because affecting an entire city. If a public official steals from his office, it is not such a direct injury to the public man as the man who "sells out" to jam a franchise through a council.

And so, in the last analysis, the eyes of the reformers and the citizens should be fixed steadily on city councils. The best candidates for aldermen are none too good; the salary should be such that a man could give all of his time to the work and be well and even handsomely paid. If the public expects a man to give \$5,000 worth of time in the city council for \$3,000 salary, they are merely putting a premium on "grafting."

The day of the brazen "grafter" has gone by. The new regime is making for better things. The only way that "grafting" can flourish nowadays is by having a city administration in full accord with the most influential newspapers of a city, apply the "graft" legally, pocket the "rake-off," point to the "statutes in such case made and provided," and so far as the public is concerned, "let the galled jade wince."

Like Fighting Like.
"On the new sheath skirts—" suggested the fashionable dressmaker, tentatively.
The police official, stern in his sense of duty, frowned.
"It is war to the knife," he declared.

"SKATE NO 1 WOULD INTRODUCE 'SKATE' NO 2"



"WHAT'S THE CONSTITUTION BETWEEN FRIENDS?"



"THE CHEAP GRAFTER NEVER HAS ANY FRIENDS"

The reason why you shouldn't say appropriated instead of took is because it gives the smooth gentleman more time to get away in.

'GATOR ON THE RAMPAGE.

Edifying Story That Is Vouched for by the Georgia Ananias.

"Yes," said the fisherman, "the man had fished all the forenoon, 'n' hadn't got a nibble, so he took another swabber out the jug, pulled off his boots, an' lay down on the river bank an' went to sleep. As soon as he went to snoring 'good, an' alligator had been watchin' him all the mornin' crawled up an' swallowed his boots, likewise the jug, with 'bout half a gallon in it. I reckon. The cork came out, an' of course, the 'gator got the full benefit of the whisky, which so turned its head that it lashed the water with its tail till the river was a foamin' mass, after which it crawled up on the bank agin an' made despr't efforts to climb trees an' turn double-scissorsaults, an' do all manner of impossible things."
"Why didn't it swallow the fisherman, instead of his boot?" some one asked.

"Gators, gentlemen," said the storyteller, "can't stand ever' thing. They must draw the line some'ers."—Atlanta Constitution.

Romance and Reality.

"Let the youngsters have their romance—an' it'll be all the better for 'em if they git a purty good dose on it; but don't hide from 'em the fact that that's somethin' in the shape of trouble a-waitin' for 'em up the road," said Mr. Billy Sanders. "Not big trouble, tooby shore, but jest big enough to make 'em stick closer together. It ain't no use tryin' to rub out the fact that life is what it is. It's full of rough places, an' that are times when you have to leave the big road an' take a short-cut through the bamboo briars for to keep from slippin' in a mudhole. The briars hurt, but the mudhole mought smother you. It ain't no use to deny it, trouble is seasonin'. I never know'd it to hurt anybody but the weak-minded, the wilful an' them that was born to the purple."—Joel Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus Magazine.

Up to His Tricks.

Lord Rosslyn, at a dinner in New York, said of a notorious London spendthrift:
"When he was at Oxford he wired once to his uncle, whose heir he was: 'If you don't send me a hundred by Saturday, I'll blow my brains out.' His uncle wired back: 'You telegraphed me that before, and when I forwarded you my best revolver, you went and panned it.'"

Why He Kicked.

Stella—My fiance refused to let me take charge of a booth at the church fair last week.
Mabel—What were you going to sell?
Stella—Kisses at a quarter apiece.

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