

the event were in their beds and as quiet as the victim of their sense of justice. The telegrapher was in another town at a dance. Back at Omaha the front page of the paper was being held for the lynching news, and the managing editor walked the floor and wondered if Smith was going to "fall down." At 1:30 a fine report came with a rush, and it was only when the Western Union made a protest against the unauthorized use of its wires that it transpired that Smith had broken open the door of the telegraph office and sent the message himself.

When the historic trouble at Jackson's Hole was giving the western military posts an excuse for existence, Mr. Smith, who had never been in a saddle in his life, bought a horse at the outposts of civilization and rode forty-eight miles in a howling blizzard with Gen. Coppinger and his staff. The officers bore evidence that he never once murmured, though at the end of his journey, when he was lifted from his saddle, he was rigid. During the Pine Ridge disturbance he was the first man to present the Indian's side of the case, and in doing so incurred the dislike of every white man, the newspaper fellows included, around the agency. He showed up the cupidity and treachery of the sutlers and agents, and aroused interest all over the country in the revolt of the half starved Sioux. As a result the Indians were placed under the charge of United States troops, who would not include starvation in their discipline.

It was a peculiarity of Mr. Smith's that when a big piece of work was to be done, such as the reporting of a state convention, he preferred to do it alone, though other newspapers had four or five men on the assignment. On such occasions he carried with him a small typewriter, which, in spite of all objections, he placed where it would do him the most good. On one occasion a parade-day politician said: "You are disturbing the convention, sir."

"Convention!" cried Mr. Smith, still working at his little machine. "What is a convention without an audience? Why, you understand all about it yourself, Mr. —, I am making an audience for you."

He was certainly one of the swiftest workers who ever sat at a reporter's desk; but he did not make a good editor. He was too restless and too greedy for good assignments. He could not endure vegetating in the office while history was waiting to be written anywhere in the locality. As a reporter he failed in his mission only once. A genial young murderer, who had killed an old man and woman by their own haystack, was to be hanged, and the papers were ludicrously sentimental over him, imagining that his incognito concealed a certain respectable and not unknown patronymic. By means of the previously mentioned geniality he had made friends with the newspaper men, who entertained not very well defended doubts of his guilt. Mr. Smith suggested placing a wire in the stockade, which, connected with the office, would place the news of the execution in the possession of the paper without a second's delay. By this means the paper would have an extra upon the streets almost before the contortions of the executed wretch had ceased. The matter came well at first, and was lucid and dramatic. But after a time the words began to trail. "The priest has given his blessing—the black cap has been placed on—been placed over—the eyes of—the noose." There was no more. Some one in the office used his imagination for the rest. Mr. Smith had fainted. He was a jester

and what he saw just then was not a jest.

Perhaps it was because he had no childhood himself that he was so infatuated with the childhood of Dorothy, his little daughter, and Paul, his still smaller son. If they created an imaginary playmate he had to have an introduction, and would wander the fields with this imaginary friend and his own little ones. Since neither of his babies have reached the lettered age, he taught them to send him "picture-letters," in which they conveyed their requests by means of drawings. They inspired some of his most delicate work, and their happiness was a continual source of joy to him. One of the happiest days he spent this summer was in the company of a number of children whom he had invited out from the city to go violet hunting with him on the banks of the Des Plaines. He was as pleased over his home as a child over a dollhouse, and was forever trying experiments with the hammer and the brush, nor was his labor to his satisfaction till he had invited his friends to behold the work of his hands and heard their expressed admiration. He was exceedingly fortunate in that he married at an early age Miss Eva McDonough, his first sweetheart. She also has been the cause of much of his loveliest versification, not the least charming of which are the poems he wrote concerning her when he was trying life in San Francisco for a time. But he finally concluded that two mountain ranges and a world of plain were too much to have between him and her, and so he threw up a good position and returned to Omaha, where she lived.

He was a man of action, not of reflection, and though he carried the burdens of many he did it with a jocund spirit. When he met with misfortune he took it by the reins and wrestled with it. His writing was never philosophic. He took things as they were, without comment, and his mind was a faithful camera, which reproduced all about him, and in that reproduction preserved the most delicate shadings of human emotion. He revealed in life, and it is unspeakably bitter to think of his unavailing rage at death, which, stronger than he, took him in an unguarded moment and worsted him. Aack, what will so gay a spirit do in the silent halls of death? Will not those strong and restless young feet awake unscemly echoes there?

ELIA W. PEATTIE, in Chicago Record.

IN MEMORIAM.

When the rough and mercurial waters of the Saguway river closed over Carl Smith over a week ago, they put out a bright light and hushed a cheery voice. The death of this man was almost fitting. It closed a life of struggle that was scarcely less turbulent than the waters under which he sank. From my personal knowledge of the man, I cannot doubt but that he looked up in the sky for the last time, and laughed, laughed even as the waters rolled over him, for his was a brave and laughing spirit. He lived a life full of struggles and hardships and was just coming out where there was a smooth, straight path ahead.

Carl Smith came up a hard path. He fought his way through all sorts of discouragements and when he neared a little the goal of his ambition, he was willing to lend a helping hand to those below him. He saw around him struggling men and women, trying to get out of where he had been, and he stopped and helped them. He knew the grinding of poverty and the pain of unrecognized worth, the despair of thwarted ambi-

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tions. He was a man, human in every particular, with faults, "even as you and I."

One might say that he gave his life in the performance of duty. He went out on the water to find a new sensation, to obtain some new thing to write about. He wanted to tell the people the story of his experience in going down the rapids, but he, poor fellow, went down with all his life's bright prospects before him into the night whose dawn we have never seen. It seems strange that one so talented should meet the fate he did while the earth is so cumbered with men who are but the shape of men, but filth and off-scouring of the earth. It is an inscrutable providence, and one is driven to think that things go by chance after all, that there is no guiding hand at the helm.

But there should be no bitterness growing out of the death of this man whose life put forth no bitterness. He wrote brave, hopeful, cheerful things for men and women of today. His work is done and he has gone out to explore that which lies beyond. We who remain behind can only sigh as we think of his passing and wonder what his strong young soul will find to do in that other land. We can but say farewell to that venturesome,

restless soul and hope with all our hearts that he has found—shall we say rest and peace or renewed activity, that which he loved above all else.

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