

Manila or Sampson at Santiago. They stood up in that court against the oppressor of humanity, as enduring and as resisting as the Rock of Ages.

So it has come to pass that D. E. Thompson wants to represent the state of Nebraska in the United States senate. Well, there's nothing small about D. E.'s aspirations, and especially when it comes to good selfish grabbing and D. E. is the dispenser. The dividends of the nation's stockholders will be as lean as those paid to the depositors of the Capital National bank. Senatorial timber must be scarce in Nebraska when D. E. Thompson, unsolicited, comes to the front and offers himself, to the presumed detriment and sacrifice of his own personal business.

It is a clever piece of financial engineering for a lot of robbers to make a dash and raid a city, plunder its people and leave it a bankrupt. One of the cleverest of the gang returns and says: "What kick have ye coming? Did I not dispense a fraction of my portion of the steal, build you a reading room, let your ragged, half starved, half naked children get Sun-a-ton of flour, a car of coal and, incidentally, let all the papers of the city and state know of my good works?"

D. E. Thompson's promotions were rapid. From brakeman he rose to division superintendent. He was looked upon as a very shrewd speculator and money maker. In those rapid strides of success he became a banker. He joined hands with Charley Mosher & Co., the bank-wrecking experts. When those two great heads formed a junction it is said that the stock of the bank ran from par—\$11—to \$140 per share. It actually attracted the attention of eastern speculators and such an able financier as the Chemical National bank was struck by this slick firm of bankers and it was so easy for the smooth president and his cashier to furnish capital. All they required was that they, themselves, put their personal paper in the bank with no security. The president, it is claimed, had \$75,000 of this kind of capital and the cashier \$50,000. And this kind of paid up stock, it is said, was O. K.'d by the government examiner and it drew 15 and often as high as 18 per cent interest semi-annually.

In this boom of prosperity it is claimed that D. E. Thompson got in his fine work on his acquaintances in the employ of the "Q" system, from the engine wiper in the round house, the car-greasers, the section foreman and his hands, the telegraph operators, the road boss, to the lunch room owner and the hotel keepers. If he could not get the proprietors of the hotels to come to the Capital National bank it is said that he worked on the landlord's wife and the latter had such confidence in Mr. Thompson that she went against the judgment of her husband and deposited in the Capital National, on the recommendation of D. E. Thompson, this guardian of the wealth of the humble. It will be seen later on how he protected and stood by his clients and every tax payer in the state. If the republican party thinks that the selection of D. E. Thompson for United States senator will heal the wounds and bring the erring lambs of the party to the fold they are much mistaken as was Spain when she declared war against Uncle Sam.

Now, Mr. Courier, a large majority of American voters demand an amendment to the constitution to vote for United States senators, the same as for any other candidate running for office. It is just. For the purity of politics such should be the case.

If the people cannot get just this change, would it not be wise for the present legislature of Nebraska to en-

act a law, the substance of which is that all candidates for the United States senatorship should come under a civil rule and stand examination by competent judges? Take it for granted that that is already a law on the statute books of Nebraska and that Mr. Thompson held an office of trust very important in the state, the office being as a heavy stock holder in the Capital National bank and as a director of that institution he was an office holder for the state, as the following proposed examination will prove before a legislative assembly.

Before Mr. Thompson resigned as a director of the Capital National bank, he saved himself from the assessment when the crash came, it is believed there was to the credit of city, county and state about \$350,000 in the bank. Now comes a hypothetical examination before the assembled body of the legislature.

All of the city, county and state officers go in there to examine the candidates for senator and to put them through a thorough process of sweating. Thompson comes first as a candidate. The commonwealth's officers will ask him concerning the money their separate institutions should have had, which was stolen by Mosher et al.

Chancellor Canfield is the first to ask D. E. Thompson some pointed questions.

"What has become of the University appropriation?" He exhibits the plans of the addition that was to have been made to the institution with the money that was stolen. "Mr. Thompson, what have you to say for yourself in respect to this money?"

"I decline to answer," is the reply. The chancellor puts him in some tight places, but he gets out by evasive answers, so the chancellor has to put away his plans and wait a few more years for another appropriation.

The state prison comes next to find out what has become of its share of the money. William Dorgan represents the prison. Let the audience pay strict attention to the withering, blustering, galling fire. Mr. Dorgan brings with him smokeless powder to bear on this man Thompson, who desires to represent the state in the senate.

Mr. Dorgan finds Thompson's memory in a cloudy condition to answer for the prison appropriation. Well, William can afford to be lenient in this kind of state scrapping. His own memory in days gone by was not at all times in the most healthy condition under fire.

The next delegation is the state asylum. "Mr. Thompson, as a stockholder and director of the Capital National bank, tell us what has become of the appropriation for those poor weak-minded creatures in the asylum. What have you to say as a director?"

"I decline to answer." Mark that, legislators.

The next delegation is from the Hastings asylum. It is headed by Dr. Johnson. He naturally desires to know what has become of the Hastings appropriation from this model candidate for the federal senate. "Let us hear from you, Mr. Thompson, as to what became of the appropriation for the feeble, weak-minded patients of the Hastings institution. What have you to say?"

"I decline to answer." Pay strict attention, law makers of the state, to Mr. Thompson as a candidate to the honored office to which he aspires.

The next delegation to be heard from under the new civil service reform is that of every teacher, male and female, in the state of Nebraska. Each instructor brings so many pupils, boys and girls, from eight years old up. Makes way for them to the

center of the intelligent legislature. They gather in a body. Look at them, gentlemen, the coming fathers and mothers who will take our places when we are gone.

"Mr. D. E. Thompson, as a stockholder and director of the Capital National bank, what has become of the appropriation that was made to educate these children. Please state candidly."

"I decline to answer."
"What. A charitable man like you? So generous in flour and fuel and excursions? You refuse to answer?"

Honored gentlemen, we as American citizens of the most powerful civilized nation of the world; we pride ourselves on our institutions of learning, the peer of any in existence. Every American of an intelligence loves his public school, takes pride in the brainy pupils they turn loose on the world to work for an honorable living in whatever station or vocation they may be called.

Now, gentlemen of the legislature, how long can we maintain our public schools and turn out this class of scholarship if the liberal appropriations made for their education is carried off in the manner it was by the Mosher gang? Gentlemen, D. E. Thompson was a director of those funds. We, gentlemen, censure other nations and governments for the ignorance of their subjects. In Spain, for instance, only 30 per cent of the people can read or write. And well has Spain paid the penalty for its ignorance in the past twelve months. Study carefully this man Thompson before you select him to represent you at Washington.

Then comes the next delegation to put Thompson through a crucial process of sweating, under the civil service reform. Its leaders are well known to every one in Lincoln for honesty, morality and good citizenship. Their records are unimpeachable. Mr. Chairman, please call to the sergeant-at-arms to clear the way for this coming multitude. The sergeant cries out to the presiding officer that all is ready. Conduct that delegation to the center of the hall. All eyes are turned. It comes. It is headed by the Hon. Henry Gerner and Mrs. King and following them are eleven hundred depositors of the Capital National bank, representing nearly \$600,000—every one of them a one hundred cent dollar.

Legislators of the land, take an impartial view of the body of plundered humanity. As a director of the Capital National bank, I call on you, Mr. Thompson, to hold up your head and take a view of those hoodled creatures, and you a director of the institution that plundered that colony of industrious citizens. What have you to say in defense of yourself to those people? Why should you expect these legislators to send you to Washington to represent the state in the senate? Mr. Gerner will ask Mr. Thompson a few questions in regard to the Capital National bank steal.

"Mr. Thompson, will you state to this legislature and to these 1,100 depositors why you sent in your resignation as a director of the Capital National bank, to Mosher and his understrappers dated six or eight months previous to the robbery, or failure, as you call it, and why you continued to act as a director during the interim of six or seven months and also why the fact of your alleged resignation was not announced until the eve of the closing of the bank? Why did not even the other directors of the bank know of your resignation until their last meeting? Mr. Thompson, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I decline to answer. You are pry-

ing too much into my personal affairs." Legislators of the state of Nebraska, Mosher lost his man for state treasurer in the convention of the summer of 1892. He knew he was gone as far as state money was concerned. It is said that Mosher began at that time to send east all negotiable paper in the bank to be discounted and that was the beginning of the plan for the robbery which followed later. Then innocent D. E. Thompson sneaked out, kept mum as a director and let the state, county and city and individual depositors be fleeced out of nearly \$900,000. Legislators of the state, look calmly. Behold, gentlemen, Mosher's return to his victims of a mutilated fifteen cent dollar and what rasps the feelings of those victims most is that they were robbed by a government institution.

Respectfully,
P. J. KENNEDY.

BISMARCK, THE MAN THE STATESMAN.

There is no better or more convincing proof of the value of "Bismark's Autobiography," published by Harper & Brothers, than the fact that over three hundred thousand copies were sold in Germany within ten days after publication, and the appearance of these remarkable memoirs is an event that concerns not only Germany; it is of vast importance to the world at large. It gives us, of course, almost a complete history of Europe during the last three-quarters of a century, but more than that it gives us a clear insight into the private and public life of the man who, perhaps more than any other, made this history.

The sympathy of the world was with Bismark when, a few years ago, he was forced to resign the chancellorship and retire to his country place at Friedrichsruh with nothing before him but the cheerless prospect of an idle and inactive old age. He had always been the thick of events, and it goes without saying that the day of his retirement was the bitterest day of his long life. But as we now see it, that day was the most



suspicious one of the world. For had the Iron Chancellor remained in public life, it is probable that his monumental autobiography would never have been written, and we would never have known the great diplomat as he really was. The idea of an autobiography was first suggested to Bismark in 1889, but as he was still in active public service at that time, it was impossible for him to attempt such a task. But after he had retired to his peaceful retreat at Friedrichsruh, the thought became more and more pleasing to him. He was a man after Kipling's own heart. He liked to do things, and with his life behind him and with the monotony of idleness before, it was with relief that he turned to the doing of his last great work, the fit telling of the story of his life. Like Napoleon on St. Helena with the memory of his past greatness, living over again Jean, Wagram, Waterloo and Austerlitz, one may imagine Bismark watching from afar the political arena and longing to be again at the helm, setting his course for the nation. And in telling this his own story, Bismark is once again in the strife, he lives again in the old-time fighting days, and while in the old library at Friedrichsruh he dictated this wonderful biography to Lothar Bucher, the fire and vivid picturesqueness of his words proved beyond a doubt that the old statesman, in spirit at least, was living again in the days when he had at last realized his ambition when France was crushed and Germany united.