

Frank Thompson humble in 1858. He was young, able and vigorous; his father was a judge and had been a congressman; he had finished his preliminary schooling and he went into the Altoona shops because he liked machinery better than law. He did what Mr. C. P. Huntington recommends young men to do if they do not study a profession,—that is to get into business early. He was a fine example of the results of a business training as compared with a college training. When he had been three years in the Pennsylvania shops the war broke out. Thompson was a youth consumed with energy and ambition and already he was an accomplished engineer. Col. Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Road, who was assistant secretary of war made him his chief assistant. For three years until June 1864 he worked for the government, conjuring up burned bridges, reconstructing dismantled railroads and keeping open and operating an apparatus by which soldiers and supplies could be carried to the front. Then he went back to the Pennsylvania railroad and became division superintendent. From that time until 1897 when he became president his course was steadily upward." His story is told here because his success is a confirmation of what President Northrup, in his memorable and noble commencement day oration, said or implied that a young man whose tastes and instincts are nonprofessional but active and commercial should get into business life early before the impetus of first youth is exhausted, before he has become rhetorical and theoretic, or has become too accustomed to books and their anasthetic influence to be of much use in railroad shops, behind the throttle of an engine, or in the shops and marts of men.

Idolatry.

It is the way of the heathen to bow down to an image not at all beautiful or perfect, and worship, regardless of its solid brass or cracked wood, or warped clay foundation. Let us not rant as the heathen do over an image of brass or wood or clay or a mixture of all three. The Kipling cult and sect is getting silly. It is enfeebling its idol; and the little god with glasses is writing pot-boilers like Stalky & Co. He is becoming irritated over his failure to create a heroine or anything feminine that is not either shadowy or mannish, or vicious, and like the unsuccessful sculptor who tries to rival the Venus de Milo, he says "venuses are not worth modeling anyhow." It does not matter that he has written the best poems and stories of the decade, he has failed to portray a woman that is worth knowing and associating with. Therefore and in spite of the art with which he has drawn Tommy Atkins and his inspired introduction of the jungle beasts to the world, he must be pulled down off the pedestal to which we were willing enough he should be elevated when he was a young man and had written few books and we thought he might do better with half of creation when he once got started. Why Shakspeare, four hundred years ago made Portia, Desdemona, Beatrice, Imogene, Rosalind, Hermione and fifty others, modern and love—compelling women of infinite wit and fascination that will bloom when Kipling's poor little cocottes are dust. I think he could do better at his drawing board if he did not despise his models. Did he not learn with his jungle beasts that he could not paint them or introduce them to sympathy unless he first loved them and appreciated their subtlety himself?

For his failure, for his scorn, he can not keep the love of generations of men and from even the little temporary platform onto which the sect has boosted him he will have to come down.

A Denver Sensation.

Reverend Henry Myers of the Broadway temple of Denver preached a sermon last Sunday, which he said would start "every little country editor to grinding his scissors and dipping his pen to give me a smell of some of his theological fire and brimstone."

Mr. Myers is the successor to Myron Reed who preached charity and took the Keeley cure himself. Mr. Myers has evidently not gone back on the traditions of that pulpit for among other things he is reported to have said that "A city is safe when gambling and rum-selling and sporting, with all concomitant associations are localized and restricted, but it is a dangerous place when all those unavoidable and indestructible forms of evil are forced by law to hide in some dark and dismal subterranean den. Let them (the religious people) go as I did to the Overland Driving park, or to the gambling houses of Denver, and they will be convinced that the gamblers of this city can give them some practical points in ethics and honor. They will be satisfied that the horse racers, and prize fighters, and rumsellers, are not the most dangerous men in the world. What I thought would choke me to death twenty-five years ago, I can swallow now with comfort and ease."

Doubtless the Rev. Meyers has become so familiar with the bad men whom he says he loves, that their assaults upon society seem justifiable, and society for abhorring them for the evil they do to others seems pharisaical.

There has always been a good deal of talk about the squareness of gamblers. But strictly speaking, a man who makes his living by gulling other people is so crooked that no just and generous dealing in other matters outside of his business can make him worthy of respect. Mr. Myers has too high an opinion of the gambler and too low an opinion of the average man. For instance, he says that "scatter the gambling houses and the saloons and you will have a gambler in every ward, and a distillery and brewery and a saloon in nearly all homes." Every one familiar with Denver can recall at least twenty homes which would turn into neither a distillery, nor into a brewery, nor into a saloon if Colorado should adopt a prohibition regime. These lists would not overlap enough to make the number of temperate people in Denver inconsiderable. Yet the statement of the man, who claims to be a preacher, reads: "And you will have a brewery, a distillery and a saloon in nearly all homes." "Nearly all," means very many more homes containing a distillery, brewery and saloon than the homes without these household conveniences. This is a slander on Denver and the decent people there doubtless repudiate the Rev. Myers—his words and works.

"How Colonel Stotsenburg Fell."

John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Record tells the story of the charge at Lingua in which Colonel Stotsenburg fell. Mr. McCutcheon says that the Colonel said he was tired of the fighting and wished himself back in America. And the correspondent adds that "there were many things about Colonel Stotsenburg's tragic death particularly sad."

Considering "these things" Colonel

Stotsenburg's steady heroism, his daily choice of a conspicuous place in the famous charges of the First Nebraska, gives more of an insight than ever into the rare character of the man. In the face of ignorant criticism by a state, of jealous cabals organized by Colton and of cowardly and treasonable attacks from Omaha politicians, Colonel Stotsenburg did his duty just as he had before, only a strange quietness and indifference for promotion settled upon him, though he led his regiment just the same, and he fell with a bullet through his heart with the affectionate cheers of the men, in his ears. There are supreme moments of exaltation in every soldier's experience, where to charge an entrenched enemy is as easy as taking a summer stroll, but the unwavering and constant obedience to the duties of a soldier's life rendered by Colonel Stotsenburg was a matter of principle, of habit and of conviction so deep that outward circumstances could not affect his conduct though they might break his heart. Describing the Colonel's last charge Mr. McCutcheon said:

"When the artillery had opened and the three-inch shells were screaming across the open field Col. Stotsenburg rode up, having just got off the train at Malolos. He heard there was fighting out toward Quingua and that his regiment was in it, and as fast as a horse could carry him he had ridden out. It was then after eleven o'clock, and the fighting had been going on for several hours. On reaching the field he dismounted and walked out in the open field toward the extreme right of his command. It was at this time that General Hale decided to withdraw the Nebraska men from the sun until the artillery had finished the shelling and until the time would be ripe for a charge across the open. He had just ordered Major Mulford to carry this message when he noticed that the men who had been crouching behind the rice ridge had risen and were rushing forward. The troops in the trees were running out to join the line that was sweeping across the field. Stotsenburg was leading them, but whether he gave the order to charge, or whether the mere sight of him coming out on the field was the inspiration for his men, I don't know. It is true, however, that he no sooner was seen by his regiment than they dashed forward.

"They're not withdrawing. They're advancing!" shouted General Hale as he saw them. "Go and bring them back."

"I'll try, general," responded Major Mulford, "but after they get started it's mighty hard to stop them."

"Mulford raced out after the long stream of brown figures, but they had advanced half across the field before he reached them. He saw Col. Stotsenburg over to the right running forward—the men had been advancing in short rushes one company firing while the next went forward fifty yards, and then the latter stopping to fire a volley until the former had advanced—but now they were all rushing and cheering wildly, with not a stop or a pause. It was a cyclone of soldiers that would have been as hard to stop as a stampede of cattle. Major Mulford knew that it would be impossible to stop them and that a withdrawal at that time would have been disastrous both in its moral and physical effect, so he yelled 'Forward!' and joined the men as they stormed the trenches in the teeth of a gale of bullets. It was all over quicker than it takes to write it. The Filipinos fled, terror stricken, back over another line of trenches, through the town and across the river, while the Iowas poured volley after volley into them as they ran.

It was one of the most gallant and thrilling charges of the war, but what a

deadly one it was, Col. Stotsenburg lay out in the field with a bullet through his heart. Lieut. Sisson was killed in the same way. The wake of the charge was strewn with men who had gone down, and many of those who were in at the finish carried wounds that stained their garments with blood—but still they kept on in a fever of enthusiasm.

Then the news swept through the regiment that their colonel had been killed. The instant change that came over the men was pathetic and sad in the extreme. From the heights of enthusiasm and excitement to which the successful charge had elevated them the news of what it had cost made their spirits sink as quickly as they had risen.

Back along the road to Malolos the report ran like wildfire. Men half-dead with fatigue and half-mad from the deadly heat of the sun passed the word back from group to group, until all one could hear among the lowered tones of the voices was: "Colonel Stotsenburg is dead."

Ambulance after ambulance passed along so heavily loaded with dead and wounded that the whole army was stricken with a sense of the severity of the fight. An orderly rode along with the colonel's helmet, which every man along the road recognized and watched in silence as it passed. Then came an orderly with Lieutenant Sisson's faded brown blouse, in one pocket of which were three letters from home which had just come the evening before.

A Guess.

Like a strong man who divests himself of superfluous clothing to run a race or like a cat which gives up her nap and her saucer of milk to watch a mouse's front door, it is suspected that Mr. Thompson is getting ready for the legislature which meets two years from now. In two years Nebraska will send another senator to Washington and the man who begins now to make friends of enemies, to strengthen his claims on the friends he has, to dispel any rumours of diabolical selfishness which may have attached themselves to his name, and to place as many people as possible under as many obligations as possible, is the man who, from a politician's standpoint, will have the most and the best chances.

COMPLETELY WRECKED.

Wheeler—Did you hear about Scorch-er? He ran into a ditch and was knocked speechless.

Spinner—What about his wheel?

Wheeler—It was knocked spokeless.

FRANKNESS.

"How long have you kept Summer boarders?"

"Oh, we kept one a week once."

IN A NUTSHELL.

Jiggs—I don't see why we should meddle with the Filipinos. They seem to be happy and contented.

Jags—Yes, that's true; but they'll never know it until we civilize them.

"Do I understand you to say," inquired the clerk of the Summer hotel, "that you are accompanied by your wife and six children, and want only one room?"

"That is all for the present," said the nervous looking individual with the hectic flush. "We've been living at a seaside cottage for the last six weeks, and I want to get used to more ample quarters."

Wife—That cook has been here too long. She wants to run everything.

Husband—How long has she been here?

Wife—Nearly eight days.