

cused of having backed out of his agreement.

"No, he didn't", said his companion. "We went to every hat store in town but we couldn't find a Fiske and Brooks hat that would fit him."

"I knew I was safe in making the promise," retorted father. "They don't make 'em in men's sizes."

I have mentioned his readiness to resent any insult calculated to reflect upon his being a minister. Nearly forty years ago, when I was a lad in knickerbockers, I accompanied him to a little town in southern Illinois where he was to hold a protracted meeting. A few nights after the meetings begun father was compelled to reprove some young folks who were disorderly. The disorder continued for several evenings, and finally father sought out the name of the young woman who seemed to be the ring-leader of the mischief and a night or two latter called her by name and told her she must either behave or remain away from church. The next morning the gentleman of the house where we were staying came rushing home from his store to tell father not to go down town, saying that Major _____, father of the young lady, was on the corner by the drug store, carrying a blacksnake whip and threatening to horse-whip that d—d preacher for insulting his daughter. A minute later father was on his way up town, the little son ambling along behind at a safe distance and eager to see the fun. The boy knew what would happen to the man who undertook to horse-whip the brawny father who stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet and weighed over 200 pounds—every pound of it bone and muscle. There was a big crowd on the corner, all anxious to see a preacher horse-whipped. The crowd parted as father approached, and he, never pausing, gave them a cheery good morning. Just then Major _____ halted him and with oath-interlarded language demanded an apology, offering the alternative of a horsewhipping. Father refused to apologize for having done what he deemed to be his duty and warned the irate parent not to attempt to use the whip. Again the demand for an apology, again a curt refusal, and then Major _____ raised his whip and took one step forward. Only one blow was struck—and it was not by Major _____. A straight right to the point of the jaw, backed up by a bicep as hard as iron and 200 pounds of weight, and Major _____'s body performed a graceful parblosa through that drug store window. For a time the crowd thought the fallen man was dead. Father merely remarked that if needed he would be found at Brother Blank's store and went his way. Brother Blank hovered between his own place of business and the drug store where friends were trying to restore Major _____ to consciousness.

"I'm afraid you've killed him," said Brother Blank.

"Nonsense," replied father. "Men are not killed by hitting them in the jaw. I merely jarred that man's brains a bit, and when he recovers he'll know a lot more than he did before."

There was no more disorder in church during that series of meetings, nor were there any hints at other attempts to whip that particular preacher.

Father was, I believe, actually devoid of fear. At Oregon, Mo., a number of years ago a man who still lives there became crazy drunk and begun shooting up the town. He finally crossed over to the gate of the court house square and swore he would kill the first man that dared to approach him. Father happened along and inquired what was the matter. Upon being told he started

towards the frenzied man, unheeding alike the warnings of the crowd and the threats of the man with the gun.

Looking the man squarely in the eye father walked up to him and said: "Give me that gun!" For a minute it looked like death was at hand. But the frenzied man hesitated, wavered a bit and then meekly handed over the gun. Father then took him by the arm, led him to where his horse was hitched, helped him on and said: "Now you go home and sober off, and when you are sober come in and pay your fine like a man."

Two days later the man, sober and in his right mind, came to father's house and asked him to accompany him to the office of the justice of the peace and intercede for him. Father agreed, and succeeded in having a minimum fine imposed. I saw that man three days after father died, and as he took me by the hand and tried to give me a word of sympathy his voice was choked by sobs and the tears streamed from his eyes:

"Your old father was the biggest, best and bravest man I ever knew," he finally managed to say.

This was a tribute wrung from the heart of a man who knew my father.

I could indulge in these reminiscences by the hour, for I was my father's companion from the time I was big enough to walk until the time came when I spread my fledging wings and flew away from the home nest. But I will indulge in just one more:

Three or four years after the incident last mentioned father was located in another little Missouri town, in which community there existed a blood-feud such as the people of Nebraska know nothing about. It was known that should the leaders of these two factions meet there would be bloodshed. The meeting happened at a church social in the town hall. One of the feudists spied his enemy across the hall with his back towards him, and drawing a wicked-looking knife made his attack. The assaulted man turned just in time to ward off a blow that would have meant death had it landed, and then drew his own knife. A minute later the fighters had that end of the hall to themselves. They were by no means small men, but father, rushing in from an ante room, comprehended the situation instantly. A few strides and he was by the side of the infuriated men. With a sweep of his powerful arms he seized a man in each hand, pulled them apart and dragged them to the door. There he threw one from him, and quickly disarmed the man he held. Then, before the fallen man could recover he disarmed him, and the fight was over. A few minutes later father was enjoying a bowl of oysters as unconcerned as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

A book might be written, may yet be, of his experiences as a farmer, as a holder of important office in Missouri before the war, as a soldier under the old flag and as a pioneer preacher. His schooling was brief, yet he came to be one of the best informed men of his time. As an orator, whether in the pulpit or upon the platform, he had few equals. And everywhere, and at all times, he was an upstanding, four-square, man among men.

But his smiling face is forever hidden from our mortal sight; the sound of his gentle voice and of his hearty laughter; of his kindly admonition and of his his loving counsel, will never again be heard by mortal ears. But his memory will be cherished in the hearts of the thousands who were privileged to know him. I can look back and recall more than four decades of his fatherly love and guidance—more than two score years in which he was to me more than father. He fought the good fight, he run the race,

he finished the course. Today he is wearing that crown of righteousness reserved for those who love the Lord and diligently serve him.

O, let me build a faith like his—foundations deep and wide.

Let me, with loving trust like his, build faith that will abide.

And when I walk the shadowy vale I shall not walk alone.

For from His words I shall have carved my faith's foundation stone.

The red clay of Oklahoma encompasses all that is mortal of this grand old man. The flowers placed upon the mound have withered. The songs sung have died away among the low hills about. The prayer breathed by the chaplain has long since reached the throne. And thus, having committed his body back to the dust from whence it sprung, and serene in the faith that his soul has gone back to the God who gave it, we pay this last loving, though feeble, tribute to this prince, this great man, who has fallen this day in Israel.

—WILL M. MAUPIN.

Guilty as Charged

The prisoners at the bar are the men who erected that magnificent steel and stone building at the corner of Tenth and O streets, Lincoln.

They are charged with having committed a misdemeanor, in that they did, with malice aforethought, and intent to assist in building up the city while profiting themselves, design, prepare and erect one certain handsome building, eight stories in height, of steel and stone.

Their guilt was decided before a girder was cast, or a stone cut.

Henceforth and forever, as long as that building stands, they are to be fined not less than \$2,500 or \$3,000 a year for their misdemeanor.

For being so foolish as to invest a quarter of a million dollars in a building, that is an ornament to the city you are hereby sentenced to pay \$3,000 a year in perpetuity as a fine! The beneficiaries are the wise men who own ramshackle buildings on nearby lots or vacant lots here and there about the city, which are enhanced in value, without being taxed more, on account of because of your foolish enterprise and public spirit.

Call the next case!

The progressive and public spirited gentlemen who are erecting the Old Line Bankers' Life building at Fourteenth and N streets, Lincoln.

Same charge.

Same findings.

Same fine annually in perpetuity.

Maybe—only maybe—some of these days the men who are really doing things will wake up.

*Printing of
Every Description
Promptly Performed*

**THE WAGEWORKER
PRINTERY,**

1705 "O"

Auto 2748 - The Good Kind