

THE CHIEF

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TELEPHONE, SEVEN - TWO

Nebraska's senators captured five committee chairmanships.

Senator Dietrich still maintains his innocence and declares that a public trial will completely exonerate him.

It is about time for the Good Roads Association to wake up, if anything is to be done before bad weather sets in.

The reception accorded Mr. Bryan in England should be gratifying to all Nebraskans regardless of political affiliations.

The validity of the new revenue law has been sustained by the supreme court commissioners, with the exception of the clauses relating to foreign insurance companies.

It is rumored in eastern society circles that Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, is to marry Arthur Iselin, son of C. Oliver Iselin, the famous yachtsman.

Senator Morgan is still harping on the subject of the Nicaragua canal. He joins the Colombians in accusing the United States government of fostering the Panama revolt.

Reports from Washington indicate that United States District Attorney W. S. Summers will continue to hold his office, at least until after the Dietrich case has been disposed of.

Congressman Burkett's senatorial boom is assuming large proportions, and should the members of the legislature be as liberal with their votes as the newspapers are with their support, his election will be unanimous.

The rapidity with which the reports of strained relations between Russia and Japan are received and denied is only equalled by the slowness of the Russians in carrying out their promises regarding the evacuation of Manchuria.

Senator Newlands' resolution inviting Cuba to come into the Union as a state, Porto Rico to form a county of the state of Cuba, is taken seriously by no one in this country and is the cause of much mirth among the Porto Ricans.

With a tri-weekly, two semi-weeklies and a couple of weekly papers, Red Cloud would seem to be fairly well supplied with newspapers. However, the fools are not all dead, and it is not altogether unlikely that some fellow with more money than sense will see in Red Cloud a field for a daily newspaper.

It is hinted that Mark Hanna's remark concerning the position of a certain picture on the walls of his office was misquoted. He did not say "between the pictures of Rosewater and McKinley," but "between the pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt." Someone was evidently endeavoring to "jolly" Editor Rosewater of the Bee.

The game law passed at the session of 1900 protecting quail until November 1 of this year was a wise measure, as is shown by the large increase in the number of quail to be seen in a trip through the country. The quail season closes on the 30th of this month and will not again be open until November 1 of next year.

The vote on the Cuban reciprocity bill will go over to the regular session of Congress. The absurd rule of the United States Senate which permits

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one man to block legislation by objecting to a measure coming to a vote is pernicious and should be abolished. Just because Senator Morgan's pet measure, the Nicaragua canal bill, has been pigeon-holed by the senate committee on inter-oceanic canals, should not give him the right to delay action on other important matters.

Tardy Justice to Paul Jones.

Senator Lodge's resolution to provide for the discovery of the grave of John Paul Jones and mark it with a fitting monument is a belated tribute to the most remarkable of American naval commanders if not the most daring fighter on the sea who ever lived.

Paul Jones, in his own day, was crushed and impoverished by jealousy in the naval department.

After winning, under the most adverse circumstances, the most brilliant victories ever gained on the seas, he was forced to turn to France and to Russia for recognition.

John Adams of Massachusetts appears to have been bitterly opposed to Jones, characterizing him as ambitious and intriguing and referring to him as a foreigner from the south (Virginia), arrogating to himself the merit that belonged to New England sailors, and the influences exerted by Adams were sufficient to deprive the greatest of the fighting sailors of the revolution of the honors he had won.

France voted Jones a gold and jeweled hilted sword for his magnificent services for the American colonists, but the colonists themselves gave him nothing but envy and neglect.

Seems tragical, doesn't it? But it seems to be typical of the naval department. The gallant Decatur shared a little better fate. Commodore Truxton of the Constellation was court martialed. Admiral Schley—but everybody remembers how public opinion alone saved him from being damned by official envy and malice.

But Jones, in spite of the official ban, has lived in the hearts of the American people. Every schoolboy revels in his memory today, while the official favorites who crowded him down are forgotten.

Is it not on record that every one of the thirteen federal ships was captured by the British, while Jones was the only one of the American commanders who gained any victories on the sea during the war for independence, all the other distinguished marine exploits being achieved by privateers?

Little wonder that his memory was not buried with him in his obscure grave and that official envy could not effectually cloud his glorious career!

The American people love fair play. They look beyond the gold braid and the padded reports for real heroism.

And now, 110 years after Paul Jones died in a strange land, in obscurity and poverty, a New England senator proposes that a monument be built to his memory.

Well, no monument is needed to attest Paul Jones' greatness. But let us build one to attest to the world our appreciation and our worthiness of him.

Let it be a monument not only to him but to ourselves. His immortal fame is safe without it. But our sense of justice and fairness needs some most substantial manifestation.

Don't Be a Whiner.

A writer in the Saturday Evening Post tells of an applicant for a position who approached a politician and detailed at length his misfortunes and troubles, after the politician had already given him a promise of employment. The politician withdrew his promise and said: "I don't want you. I never hire hard luck people, and especially the kind who talk about it."

There is some hard sense in that. There is something for the young men who search for employment to think about. A smile is an asset for the man with ambition and desire to do something. The tear and the whine should be left to the professional beggar.

When you want a place and have reached the man who hires, don't bother him with the story of your past life. Don't tell him how you were forced to work for \$7 a week and lost your job because of favoritism. Don't

tell him how you were late at the office several times and so lost out, although it was entirely the fault of the unruly alarm clock. Don't tell him that you have a habit of sending in word that you are sick and can't work every time you have a bit of cold or pain in your stomach.

If you do, he'll be bored, and he'll set you down as a living, walking hoodoo—a man that he doesn't want about the place. You'll do well to conceal your faults and register an inward vow to cure them.

No, take off your hat—there is nothing but courtesy in the action—look the man straight in the eye and tell him what you know you can do. Tell him you want an opportunity to show that you can deliver the goods. Answer his questions truthfully and let him know that at heart you are a true man.

And don't tease. When he says "No!" it is time for you to get out. You can always go again, you know. You can keep on applying for that position, and it is almost certain that you will land in some capacity and the coveted chance will be yours.

Remember, the whiner is a beggar. He may get alms, but seldom consideration or respect, and rarely a position. There are mighty few employers who will not give a frank, decent, aggressive and courteous young man a hearing.

The Machine-Made World.

The conviction seems to be general, and justified, that this is soon to become a world of machinery.

Indeed, it has become such to a marvelous extent already, as regards all essential affairs, from the manipulation of politics down to the sewing of buttons.

If the progress of invention in the last 100 years be any indication, no strained imagination is required to see that flying machines will some day be as common as cabs are now, that books and newspapers will be superseded by machines of the telephonic and phonographic species, and that the human anatomy, by disuse of the physical and development of the mental, will evolve a mere brain box.

It is to be supposed that it will be a world in which everything will be so perfectly ordered that it will run like a well-oiled machine.

There will, of course be no poverty and no crime, and everybody will be supremely comfortable—

And unspcakably bored. Strange—isn't it?—how we madly strive for mechanical inventions to secure us further ease, and then, for our happiness, revel in the memories of our early days, when these things were unknown and life was sweetened and given meaning by hardships and privations.

What prince of wealth, with all the new-fangled machine comforts that money can command, does not look back to his boyhood days on the farm with the same warm corner by the kitchen stove in the fall, as the only time of genuine, soul-satisfying comfort in all his successful life?

For romance that appeals to the heart do we not turn to the rich old days of stage coaches and tallow candles, of the spinning wheel and the hoe and the sickle?

There is little doubt that the man who can imagine the machine made world of the future would rather die than live in it.

A world where everything is combined and used for some coldly practical end, where the stimulus of want and ambition does not exist, where pleasure, not being productive, is of course unknown, and where science has total ly eclipsed romance—would not such a world be very soon peopled exclusively by lunatics?

A Curious Interpretation.

Ex-Senator W. V. Allen, according to newspaper interviews, does not regard the Nebraska election as a defeat for the populist party, but purely and simply a setback for the democratic party. The ex senator, however, does not disclose the mental processes by which he arrives at this conclusion, and his reticence on this phase of the matter is prudent. The broad fact is, of course, that the election is a tremendous defeat both for the populists and democrats of Nebraska. They were united; they were fused; they made common cause; they supported the same ticket as fusionists. As fusionists they were signally defeated by the republicans.

But an even more singular expression of belief on the part of the ex-senator, that the Nebraska populists, while supporting separate and antagonistic national tickets will next year fuse on state and local tickets. It would thus appear that fusion or anti-fusion is a matter of "principle," so far as the populists are concerned.

Or is it possible that this is the ex-senator's interpretation of Mr. Bryan's design for the coming year, wherein he will himself be found within the re-organized democracy? He may reason that he would thus be able to lead a larger number of his populist followers over into the democracy by maintaining local fusion, although a separate populist national ticket were nominated.

It is likely ex-Senator Allen is figur-

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