

**THE RED CLOUD CHIEF**

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 THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

These balmy spring-like days numerous local nimrods may be seen chasing the sprightly cotton tail and jack over the hills and using costly ammunition that possibly could be used to a better advantage on the European firing line (judging from the number of shells taken out and the few bullets brought back). Likewise numerous "popular" gentlemen who have been bitten by the political bug are preparing for a big spring drive and within a short time the voter will be the target for the hot air guns of the office seekers. We learn that a certain dignified, elderly gentleman, of telephone fame, has doped out the sheet for the Republican party in this county and left a blank space after County Treasurer. We are at a loss to know who will place his name on this blank line—but until we see the smile as bright as the morning sun and the shake-brother-shake expression on his countenance we will not accuse him of pursuing any political phantom.

The Seward Tribune states that a new brand of thieves have been working in that city, they having entered the high school building and "swiped" the German language books. We are strongly in favor of coaxing them down this way as they may be successful in doing what others have failed to do—by more lawful and honorable means—prying some of the school boards loose from the idea that in order to become a thoro scholar and a success in this life, we must master the language of devil's only rival—the kaiser. We continue to abstain from meat on meatless days; wheat on wheatless days; spend sleepless nights trying to figure out how we can pay the grocer, the butcher, the baker, and still have two bits left over to buy a war savings stamp to help win the war and feed our soldiers and furnish the necessities of life for those rendered homeless and left starving in order to satisfy the craving of the blackest soul ever housed in a human body—and at the same time continue to permit his language to be taught to the children, some of whose fathers and brothers may be compelled to give the last drop of their blood to help defeat this human viper who seeks to conquer the world. By the way what has become of that petition bearing the names of so many of our patriotic citizens? Has it been placed in the files of good deeds or the cabinet of good intentions? WHICH?

It Becometh and Behooveth Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Roosevelt and All Their Phonographic Cult, to Chirp Like a Cricket, Not Roar Like a Lion.

An editorial by Martyn H. Glynn in The Times-Union, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1918.

Today, the people of this country can be divided into two camps. Those who wanted war at any price. And those who hoped for peace, if peace could be maintained, without the sacrifice of national honor.

Now we are at war and we have the astonishing anomaly of the leaders of the "war buzzards" trying to gnaw the vitals out of our commander-in-chief, while the great majority of those who stood for peace, while peace spelled honor, are upholding the president's hands as Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses in his battle with Amalek.

The present volcanic attack against the war policies of President Wilson is no haphazard incident. It is a well-laid plot, nicely trained and strategically timed. Its purpose, no matter how secretive its sponsors, how insinuating its methods, how seductive its arguments, is to give the republican party a majority in the next house of Representatives and to pave the way for a republican president in 1920.

From a political point of view this may be tolerable; from a patriotic aspect, in a national crisis like this, it is odious and detestable. The business of the nation today is to win the war; and the political leaders, who for party gain or personal aim lay the slightest obstacle in the way of the happy consummation of this business, clothe themselves in a diabolical livery and surround their political machinations with a brimstone scent, a sulphurous odor offensive to people who revere patriotism in politics, but abhor politics in patriotism.

For months Colonel Roosevelt has been injecting politics into the war through his articles in the Kansas City Star and Metropolitan Magazine. With craft and caution he has planted a bomb intended to blow President Wilson out of political existence, and in this "Guy Fawkes" plot he has had the unctuous assistance of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and the crafty support of Senator Wadsworth of New York.

But cunning and unctuousness cannot win a contest like this. The mountain of truth is too big to be discolored by such daubing brushes; the facts too potent to be minimized by impish dissimulation or distorted by cunning castigation. The Bible says he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. Well, Roosevelt and his followers first drew the political sword in this dispute, and with their assumptive valor they should not cry for quarter before the blade of their own rapier.

For sixteen years before the present democratic administration the republican party was the custodian of the welfare of this nation and in all these years it did little to put this country on a basis of adequate preparation for war. Grover Cleveland started the American navy on its way to imperial strength; but Theodore Roosevelt, as president of the United States, inaugurated a naval program

that curtailed the Cleveland policy. Great as our navy is today, it would be far greater still if the policy of Cleveland had prevailed and the plans of Roosevelt buried in the bottom of the sea. And as it was with the navy, so it was with the army; for Theodore Roosevelt left the army of the United States weaker than he found it seven years before.

No sooner, however, had Woodrow Wilson, with his panoramic view of the history of the world in peacetime and in war-time, his thorough knowledge of democratic aspirations and economic possibilities, his sympathy with the masses and his consideration of the classes—no sooner had he become president of the United States than the wheels of progress were set in motion to equip this nation as years before she should have been equipped for the solution of pressing national problems and the handling of contingencies of an international nature.

Of all the legislation of President Wilson to carry out this progressive program would be superfluous here. The world knows it by heart. It ensures him a splendid place in the annals of statesmanship. It is the unmistakable triumph of the democratic yearning with which the heart of mankind throbs and pulses today. And it carried Woodrow Wilson to a wonderful victory in 1916 against an avalanche of money and a labyrinth of intrigue.

His federal reserve bank law, which Mulhall, the famous English economist, said was worth more to the world than the Panama canal, saved this country, with the advent of the war, from the most stupendous panic in the history and enabled us to ride the tumultuous waters of "world war" unscathed with hardly a squeak or a tremor of our old ship of state. Without this federal reserve bank today the United States would be grinding and pounding on the rocks of disaster. Nor is this all.

From a vision almost prophetic came the federal revenue bill, which wrung a lordly portion of governmental revenue from internal taxes instead of from tariff impost, which under the baneful influence of war dwindled to a sum insufficient to provide lubrication for our gears of government, let alone provide fuel for the treasury boiler that makes the wheels of national life go round.

Our national experience, since the war started, must carry conviction to every fair-minded American that for these two measures alone we owe an ineffable debt of gratitude to the wisdom and the statesmanship of Woodrow Wilson.

And of our military realm we have the self-same tale. Theodore Roosevelt may indulge himself in all the weird juggling of language that pleases his fancy; he may insensate himself in such inspirational riot of emotional frenzy as may give fire to his tongue and flare to his imagination; but the fact remains undeniable, ineffaceable, irremovable, that in two years of antebellum days Woodrow Wilson did more to put our army and our navy on a footing for war than both William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt did in the whole eleven years of their supreme reign.

During these two years preparedness for a possible war was pushed by President Wilson as fast as the sentiment of the country would permit and quite as fast as even the most violent of his present-day critics then deemed expedient or politic.

Suddenly, however, conditions created by the autocratic dogmatism of Germany disregarding treaties and throwing promises to the winds, hurled us into the seething whirlpool of the war. Then the very men who had been at the helm of the ship of state for sixteen years, the men whose policies had weakened the army and stunted the navy, began to howl because we could not equip a million men over night and put them in the trenches of France in a day. They forgot the experience of England; they forgot the experience of France; they forgot their own neglect of our martial strength; they forgot everything but their own personal advancement and their own political advancement.

Mythology tells us that Minerva sprang full-armed from the mind of Jupiter; and, despite the fact that the age for mythological miracles has passed, these acrimonious out of air and by some sort of prestidigitatorial art transform a million civilians into full-trained soldiers between the sinking and the rising of the sun. What these critics had failed to do in sixteen years, they insist that Woodrow Wilson should do in sixteen days. The wind listeth in the night, the dew falls, the stars came out, the moon works her magic charm and behold at dawn a full-grown mushroom whitens the lawn where at sunset only an embryonic stalk snuggled in the grass. This is the kind of marvel, this the kind of impossible legerdemain that Colonel Roosevelt and his school demand should be duplicated in our military world. They demand that an invincible army be created over night out of wind and dew, starlight and moonshine. But they fail to provide the Aladdin's lamp with which to work the miracle; they fail to furnish the necromantic art wherewith to ram into a night the task of a decade.

And this miracle, too, they demand in the teeth of the hoary-headed truth that from the days of Washington, Franklin and Adams this nation has set its face against a militaristic policy. A large army, a potential military establishment, has been the ghost that has given this country sleepless nights for 140 years—a fictitious ghost, perhaps, but nevertheless a ghost hypnotic in its influence and awesome in its sway. And the navy, too, has been hampered by a short-sighted sentiment of the great interior part of the country, whose congressional representatives persistently opposed large naval appropriations from fear of retrenchment against the "home town" projects of their own native hearts. For this ingrained repugnance to a big army, an adequate navy, neither the republicans of today or the democrats of today are to blame. The fault lies at the door of the predominant sentiment of the nation since 1776. And as we have sown, so today we reap.

General Winfield Scott, one of the world's greatest soldiers, compressed an historic situation in a nutshell

when he said: "Republics are never prepared for war."

The business of republics is peace; the business of autocracies is war. Autocracy lives by the sword. The father and grandfather of Frederick the Great said so; Frederick himself said so; and so saith the kaiser and the crown prince, too.

A love and a craving for peace, however, form the very genesis of a republic. To this genesis republics depart only at the call of honor or the command of necessity. Hence it is, though critics may forget, the people remember, that in eight months of war the United States under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, has done twice as much, and even more, than England and France did in the corresponding period of time.

The accusations, the exaggerations, the fabrications, the distortions of supercilious censors and envious-fanged contentions of the Wilsonian police-wear such a flimsy gossamer covering as to expose this political plot in all its naked hideousness.

We make no claim that the administration has created sunbeams out of cucumbers or performed feats beyond the pale of human possibility; but we do maintain that its efforts have been amazing; its accomplishments beyond compare in the history of modern warfare.

We have not whipped the kaiser yet; but we will whip him if calumniating critics do not dampen the fires of enthusiasm or grease the tracks whereon must ride our national chariots of war. We have more men in France today than Roosevelt knows or Germany suspects and a million more are waiting for the ships.

We have an army so well cared for that the death rate in our ranks for the four months ending Jan. 1, 1918, averaged only 7.5 per thousand—a death rate, mind you less than the death rate for men of a like age in peaceful vocations at home. Compare this with the death rate of 20.14 per thousand under the good old republican rule of the days of the Spanish-American war. Compare these figures and then applaud the Roosevelt charges if you can!

True, we have made some mistakes, but in the magnitude of our undertaking some mistakes were inevitable, unavoidable. In balance though with the wondrous achievements these mistakes have been trivial and not worthy of the attention of the men who minimize their talents by trying to magnify mole hills into mountains.

And, furthermore, unlike the Spanish-American war in which Mr. Roosevelt was a king pin:

We have no army contract scandals. We have no embalmed beef horrors. We have no fat old generals going to war in carriages and leading battle charges from easy rocking chairs.

We have no unpleasant gossip about the appointment of political generals and society admirals.

We have no round robin letters from presumptuous and inferior officers denigrating discipline and exalting self.

In the face of these facts the wild rantings of Roosevelt and his fellow political conspirators are boomerangs pestilential to the ears and revolting to the sensibilities of others but harmful only to the men who hurl them. On the estimation of thoughtful people these critics make no indelible impression. They may ruffle the surface of the pool of comment but they stir not the depths of public opinion. And with Roosevelt, Lodge and Wadsworth as the great creators of this curtain of camouflage political fire, fed by the tissues of ambitious misrepresentation fanned by the sinister winds of political oratory—there stalks forth from memory's closet the skeleton of Alger's embalmed beef with its concomitant stench; there looms into view the commander of the United States forces in Cuba too fat to ride a horse going to battle in a carriage and lolloping in a portable bath tub while our soldiers had no medicines to conquer tropic ills; there looms into view this self-made commander of the United States forces in Cuba fighting his battles from the sensuous folds of a soporific hammock, while the stupidity and carelessness of an inefficient military medical force our soldier boys found typhoid fever more deadly than bullets from the Spanish guns.

And so, in view of these verities which no political manipulation can scratch from history's page, in view of the official funereal-hued glories and the official scarlet-tinged scandals of the Spanish-American war; in view of Alger's embalmed beef of odoriferous memory; in view of inferior ships purchased by the Government at superior prices; in view of the stigma and disgrace that typhoid fever killed more than Spanish bullets sent to their grave; in view of the cable which Dewey cut to save the Navy from the malefic influence of republican politics at Washington; in view of army contracts which brought a blush to the cheek and rage to the heart of the nation; in view of the attempt to deprive Schley of his share of the glory in the Santiago victory; in view of the papier-mache generals created as a sort of "iron cross" reward for services rendered the good old republican party on many a bloodless field of politics—in view, in fine, of the bathos and pathos of flagrant republican mismanagement in the Spanish-American war, it becometh and behooveth Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Roosevelt and all their phonographic cult to chirp like a cricket not roar like a lion.—Omaha Nebraska.

Report of Women's Red Cross Auxiliary for month ending Jan. 31, 1918:

Shipped during January as follows:

24 outing bed shirts	18 sweaters
15 bath robes	27 pr. socks
15 suits pajamas	3 pr. wristlets
12 napkins	2 helmets
48 handkerchiefs	1300 1x4 compresses
12 operating towels	65 3-yd rolls

FINANCIAL REPORT

On hand Jan. 1	\$319 20
Webster Co Chapter	500 00
Membership Fees	8 00
Monthly Subscription	121 50
Other Donations	11 01
Total	\$960 61
Expenses	\$247 98
Balance on hand	712 63

We have Named Our Store

The  
**Day Light Store**

You are cordially invited to come and see our stock—everything new. Prices and Goods Guaranteed. Your trade solicited. Come in and be satisfied.

Cash or Trade for Your Produce

**J. E. BUTLER**  
 Both Phones Bell 45

**Electric Wiring**

If you want your home store or garage wired let me furnish you an estimate on the job, complete.

**Everything : Electrical**

Our prices are right, workmanship the best and material guaranteed. We order any special fixtures you want and install them satisfactorily. Let us figure on your next job

**E. W. STEVENS**

We Serve Only the Best

**DINE**

AT OUR CAFE

**Powell & Pope**

We solicit a share of your patronage during 1918

**PLATT & FREES**

Hayes Auto Bus  
 To and from all Trains

TAKE THE  
 Hayes Auto Bus  
 To And From All Trains

Why don't You buy her the Best Range?



The most important part of home equipment is the cooking range. Look at the range your wife or mother is using. Ask her if she is perfectly satisfied with it. Then come and see us. We will show you

The Walls Are 3-Ply

**The SOUTH BEND Range**  
 ALL-WAYS PREFERABLE

The Oven Is Air-Tight

**TRINE** Your Hardware Dealer

**KODAKS**

Better Kodak Finishing And Developing.

A Full Line of Supplies

ROLLS DEVELOPED—10c

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO US

**Stevens Bros.**

The  
**Hamilton-Cather Clothing Co.**

Everything a Man or Boy Wears

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