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Where Are We At?

The Monroe doctrine, about which we have boasted for so many years, seems to be suffering from republican paresis. Since we stepped across the ocean into the eastern hemisphere and grabbed off a lot of territory we have not been in much of a position to kick when some European monarch stepped across the ocean and grabbed off a lot of territory. Germany has never admitted the force of the Monroe doctrine, and England has only given it a half-hearted recognition. But all the time we have been blowing about how inviolable that doctrine is and what we would do in case any old European nation tried to secure a new foothold on our side of the globe. Yet, after all our blowing and parading, the time has come when we've got to admit that he was in a humiliating and embarrassing position. England and Germany are hammering away at poor little Venezuela, and we are so completely tied up in the Philippines with our "manifest destiny" and "world power" dampfoolishness that we are compelled to quibble and evade and palter and fool around like schoolboys instead of calmly but firmly telling Germany and England to skip out.

This newspaper has almighty little use for Grover Cleveland, but it has a lively recollection of another Venezuela incident that occurred while Grover sat in the White House. England was mixed up in that little deal, too, but England skeddaddled home in a hurry when Grover stood up and threatened to take the blinders from the eyes of the American eagle. But that was before we embarked in this "world power" business. We can't make any more bluffs at being the whole thing on this side of the globe and not wanting on the other side. We've exposed our cards and Germany and England are in pretty fair shape to call any bluff we might make.

It's rather humiliating, to be sure, but it is only what we should have figured on when we swelled up and embarked on this "manifest destiny" business of grabbing far away lands and ruling alien peoples after the manner of kings. It's a pretty mess we've got ourselves into—and for what? A lot of islands that will forever embarrass us, will surely weaken our ideals or human liberty, and eat like a cancer into our liberties.

Christmas.

It was tiny Tim who, baring his head when the Christmas chimes sounded, exclaimed, "God bless us every one." And The Herald echoes the wish of the lovable little character sketched by Dickens by exclaiming, "God bless us every one."

Christmas is of all times the time of happiness, praise and generosity. It is a time of gift-giving, of home coming and of good cheer. It is a time of gift-giving because the anniversary is by common consent recognized as the anniversary upon which the Heavenly Father gave to the world the richest gift in His possession—the gift of His only begotten Son, who died that we might have life everlasting. And as we think of this priceless gift to humanity, as we think of Christ's teachings and of His sacrifice for us upon the cross of Calvary—when we think of this inestimable blessing given to us it is meet and proper that we should rejoice and that our hearts should be filled with love and gratitude.

May the coming Christmas day find peace and joy and plenty in every home. And may the Heavenly Father, the Father who has watched over us during all the days that are past and gone, continue to watch over us and keep us in His divine care.

To all, without distinction as to race, age, color, sex or previous condition of servitude, The Herald wishes a Happy Christmas.

SOMEHOW or other the strenuous talk put up by Colonel Mosby concerning the fences reminds us of the equally strenuous vociferation indulged in against the trusts by one Theodore Roosevelt a few months ago.

THERE will be slim picking around the legislature this time. The republican majority is so large that the railroads are sure of getting whatever they want.

BY RAISING the freight rates a few notches the railroads will reimburse themselves for what they spent in electing the g. o. p. ticket last fall and have money enough left to buy another legislature—and then have some.

Maupin's Way of Thinking . . .

Prepared Specially for the Herald, by WILL M. MAUPIN.

When I woke up Monday morning I knew something was going to happen. It could be felt in the air. About 10:30 Sam Smyser and Sheriff Reed walked into the sanctum. After communing with the water barrel and taking a few puffs at the peace pipe we began—I to listen and Smyser and Reed to sing the praises of Box Butte and Alliance. If I owned that county and city I'd hire Smyser and Reed to travel and sing their praises. They do it right.

Railroad logic is almost as devious as republican logic. The railroads claim that they are compelled to raise rates in order to meet expenses, and in the next breath admit that there is a freight blockade because they are unable to provide enough cars for the traffic.

SOMEHOW or other we incline to the belief that if Richard Olney were secretary of state instead of the lackadical John Hay we'd hear something like this, concerning the Venezuelan matter: "On the western hemisphere the United States is supreme and its fiat is law."

As usual both Germany and Great Britain have tackled somebody very much smaller than themselves.

The treasury building at Washington is being cleaned on the outside by the sand blast process. It will be cleaned on the inside by the usual republican congressional appropriation methods.

After studying the president's course of action during the past eighteen months one will conclude that it could all be summed up in the following weekly diary:

Sunday—Must rest up for the strenuous work of tomorrow.

Monday—We must shackle cunning as we shackled force. Wish they would let me get at it.

Tuesday—Gigantic combinations of capital are a menace to industrial safety and should be curbed.

Wednesday—Have concluded that only some of these giant combinations of capital are a menace.

Thursday—It's hard to tell 'em apart; will have to go slow.

Friday—If we get after the big ones we are liable to injure the little ones. Must move with caution.

Saturday—It is dangerous to move at all. Must wait and see which ones refuse to assist in perfecting my machine.

An ancient Russian artist has painted a picture for the White House. It represents Theodore Roosevelt on horseback, leading a long column of regulars and volunteers up San Juan hill. The mere fact that Roosevelt did not ride a horse during that engagement, together with the added fact that he did not command any regulars, to say nothing of the fact that he did not lead anything or anybody and would have seen his regiment annihilated had it not been for the bravery of the Ninth infantry (colored), do not seem to have bothered the Russian artist a little bit. Now let us have a painting of Roosevelt fighting a Mississippi bear with a bowie knife and chewing holes in the bear's neck to make it loose its hold. It would be just as "historical" as the other painting and not a bit more absurd.

A few years ago Theodore Roosevelt, then a member of the civil service commission, posed as the especial champion of decency and honor in politics. Then it was that he denounced "Ret" Clarkson as a "spoilsman," a "dangerous man," a "trafficker in political morals," and a few other choice epithets. A few months ago this same Theodore Roosevelt gave "Ret" Clarkson the fattest political job at his disposal, the collectorship of the port of New York.

"Gas" Addicks of Delaware is such a political corruptionist that his name is a hiss and a byword in all parts of the country. He is openly and notoriously corrupt; he is a trafficker in votes; a buyer of venal legislators and a manipulator of immoral political schemes. A few days ago Theodore Roosevelt harkened to "Gas" Addicks and appointed an Addicks man to a fat federal office in order to help Addicks achieve his senatorial ambitions.

"Ret" Clarkson is traveling through the south bagging Roosevelt votes for the 1904 convention. That is what the eminent civil service reformer, Roosevelt, appointed him for. "Gas" Addicks will see to it that Delaware sends a Roosevelt delegation to the 1904 republican national convention. That's the reason Addicks' man was given the fat federal job. Still there are a lot

of people who will insist that Theodore Roosevelt is a great and strenuous political reformer.

Colonel Mosby's fulminations recall the story of the boy:

"Willie!" called the boy's mother.
No reply.
"Willie!"
Silence on Willie's part.
"You, Willie; answer me!"
Never a sound from Willie.
"Say, boy," exclaimed a bystander, "don't you hear your mother calling you?"

"Yep."
"Well, why don't you answer her?"
"Huh! Don't have to answer till pa calls. When he yells 'Bill' I answer and git fr' th' house."

Pa has called and Colonel Mosby is in California engaged in the harmless work of looking up forest reserve matters.

A few days ago two negroes were lynched in Indiana. Indiana is a northern state with a big republican majority. But the northern papers won't throw any conviction fits over the Indiana lynching. They will reserve their conniptions for a lynching in a southern state.

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