

NOTES AT RANDOM

LEM CHASE is not crazy. For he himself hath said it. Clem Chase has friends in this city who will be relieved to know that the handsome editor of the Omaha Excelsior is still sane. We quote from the Excelsior:

It was about ten o'clock one night last week and I was in the midst of an article on wheat in the Chicago Tribune. (When I need distraction I read up on something that I don't know anything about.) The generous pages of that great daily paper protected my face from the heat of the grate fire which was tossing my feet very comfortably. I must also confess that I was smoking my annual cigar, which I put down in some alarm when I heard a step on the piazza, followed by a hurried jerk at the door bell. Somewhere else in the Tribune I had just read of a banker who had been overpowered by tramps at his own door, which he opened himself at a late hour in answer to a call. So I inquired what was wanted before I turned the latch.

"It's a reporter for the World-Herald and does Mr. C. C. Chase live here," was the reply.

That sounded plausible and I invited my late visitor in.

"Is this Mr. Chase himself?" he inquired adding, "You don't look as if you were breaking off as he knocked the snow from his hat and saying, 'Well we have had a telegram from Lincoln about you, as there is a report there that you are dangerously ill—you don't look dangerously ill, sir!'"

This was highly interesting to me. I invited the young man into my study and having but my one cigar offered him a box of cigarettes, which he politely refused. Then we sat down and I said:

"Do I look sick?"

"You appear to be in fine health," replied the reporter and then, apparently reassured as to my condition, suddenly said:

"Well, I may as well show you the telegram, as I think you will be interested." He unfolded a bit of "news print" such as is used in newspaper offices and handed it to me. It reads as follows:

STATE JOURNAL OFFICE, Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 1. Reported here on the street that C. C. Chase is deranged. Result of an attack of the grippe. Inquire and answer.

WILL O. JONES. This was a pleasant piece of news to break to a man at his own home at ten o'clock of a winter's night. I looked at Mr. Reporter and he looked at me. Then we both smiled and I remarked:

"I don't understand it. I do not think I am deranged. I know I have not had the grippe. I have never been seriously ill in my life."

Then I thought a few moments while my visitor contemptuously eyed the cigarettes.

"It must be some other C. C. Chase—oh!" here it flashed over me and I saw a chance for revenge, revenge for many misunderstandings, for bills laid on my desk which did not belong to me, for letters received which were very sweet and tender but signed by girlish names I knew not of, for postage paid on undelivered letters relating to hogs, and cattle, and missing freight cars, and all that sort of thing, all of which after I had once got on the right scent I had re-addressed and sent on their way to Mr. C. C. Chase, traffic manager of the G. H. Hammond Co., South Omaha. "It may be," I said, slowly, "that the C. C. Chase who lives up in Kountze Place has had an attack of the grippe. You might hunt him up."

I know the fellow would do it, and I bowed him out with a smile.

It worked to a charm. I telephoned down to Hammond's the next morning, and inquired for C. C. Chase. He was not in just then, but they sent his pretty typewriter to the phone. At least I suppose she is pretty—her voice was.

"Is Mr. Chase ill?" I began.

"No sir; not that I know of," she replied.

"Do you happen to know if a man came out to his house last night to inquire after his health?"

"Well, I believe I do. That man got him out of bed after midnight to ask him if he was deranged," (with a laugh).

"Then Mr. Chase is not deranged?" I inquired solicitously.

"No, sir. He acts awfully funny some times"—came the laughing answer, "but I don't think he is deranged."

That settled it. I had only been astonished out of a comfortable column in my Tribune. My doubt (whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting) was routed out of a comfortable bed to an ever a ridiculous inquiry. I suppose he has it in for me. I certainly have it in for that man Jones of the Journal and that's one reason that takes me to Lincoln this week. I am looking for him.

True manliness was exemplified in Frank L. Hathaway, whose death is reported elsewhere. His strong moral nature was proof against the weaknesses which are common in young men, and he led a singularly pure and upright life, respected by every one who knew him. Considerate, tender hearted and with a healthy love for life, he was yet strong willed, and he was always true to himself and his character. He was a manly man, and his friendship was an honor. His was not a demonstrative nature; but he was thoroughly appreciative. His affection for his family and his friends was intense, and he found much pleasure in delicate manifestations of his regard. In the business career upon which he had entered so auspiciously he was charged with great responsibilities; but he proved himself able to cope with every difficulty, and had his life been spared, he would have achieved marked success. In business as in all else he was the same, upright, thoughtful, considerate.

Mr. Hebard, the secretary of the charity organization society, endorses the article in last week's COURIER entitled "To What Extent are the Poor Deserving?" We said that every able bodied man in this city could, if he tried, find

employment of some kind sufficient to keep him and his family independent of charity. Mr. Hebard says that this is true. But it is not work that these people want. They want charitable donations. One day last week several men entered one of the banks and asked for money. Each was told he could earn fifty cents by cleaning the snow off the sidewalk. In every instance the offer was refused.

Many people have wondered why Mayor Weir should have waited until March 1 to commence his moral crusade. The reason is not difficult to find. The mayor has all along manifested a bitter hatred for Frank Waters, police judge, and it is clear that it is his purpose now to manipulate his moral crusade to the prejudice of the police judge, who is a candidate for renomination. We predict that it will not be many weeks before the mayor will be charging his failure to make Lincoln as pure as the beautiful snow on Judge Waters.

The following summary is made of Congressman Bryan's bill to punish crooked bankers: The bill applies to the president, director, cashier, teller, clerk or agent of the national banking association who willfully misapplies any of the moneys, funds or credits of the association, making him guilty of a felony, and punishing him with an imprisonment of not less than five nor more than ten years, if the amount is under \$100,000 in value, and not less than ten nor more than twenty years if the amount is above \$100,000 in value. The bill covers forgeries of every character of bills of exchange, bonds, drafts, mortgages, judgments, etc., and includes bookkeepers, collectors, etc. There is a general impression that this bill simply applies to stealing money. It applies to fraud and false certificates and all sorts of deception in connection with the managements of national banking associations, whereby those interested in them are made to lose money. It is time more stringent provisions are adopted for the punishment of dishonest bank officials, and Mr. Bryan's bill, or something like it, ought to become a law.

One of the provisions of the Bryan bill is as follows: "And persons arrested under this act shall receive no other or better treatment or greater privileges while in custody, before conviction or after conviction, than is accorded to persons in custody for violation of other laws of the United States."

LITERARY NOTES.

The personality of a famous man can at times be brought delightfully close to us, and this is particularly true of the picture we get of Nathaniel Hawthorne in his youngest daughter's description of "My Father's Literary Methods" in the March Ladies' Home Journal. Many mothers will have cause to thank Mrs. Burton Kingland before she finishes her series of articles on the wisest training of "A Daughter at Sixteen," the first article appearing in this issue. The Rev. Lyman Abbott writes vigorously and critically of the different relations of a church to its choir, and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney gives the second of her delightful "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends." The biography of the number consists of an interesting sketch with portrait, of Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst, and of an equally delightfully one with portrait, of President Tyler's daughter, who was at one time mistress of the White House. Mr. Stockton carries "Pomona" still further in her travels abroad. "My Literary Passions" continues to afford Mr. Howells opportunity for expressing his estimate of books and their authors. Among the poets of the number are Eugene Field (whose first love song is given), Harry Romaine and Charles B. Going. Madeline S. Bridges and Edward W. Bok each contribute their first "pastels." Three exquisitely illustrated fashion pages, "The Art of Dressing the Bride," "The Early Spring Bonnets" and "The Early Spring Gowns" are given by Mrs. Mallon, and Miss Hooper contributes two equally valuable ones on "Colors and Materials for Spring" and "The First Spring Sewing." H. H. Battles writes of "The Etiquette of Flowers," and Eben E. Rexford gives much valuable advice on "Making and Caring for a Lawn," while Miss Scoville gives much practical counsel on "What to Do in Emergencies."

The Plattsmouth News is for Nemaha county. It is boosting Majors for governor and Howe for congressman. Mr. Howe will probably see to it, however, that his paper doesn't hug the Majors' boom too closely.

H. C. Young and J. J. Buttler are getting up a large crowd for Texas February 13th via the Missouri Pacific route. Call and see them before making your arrangements elsewhere. 1201 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

The Winter of Your Discontent may be made glorious if you spend it in California. And a round trip ticket to San Francisco via the Burlington Route will best bring about the transformation. It costs \$65.00 only, and may be purchased at the B. & M. depot or city office, corner O and Tenth streets, where full information regarding routes, etc., may also be obtained.

GEORGE W. BONNELL, C. P. & T. A.

CLEVELAND AND HAWAII

[Written for THE COURIER.]

IN the whole range of the diplomacy of all the nations of Christendom, I do not believe there can be found an instance where a policy so disastrous to its own interests was ever inflicted upon a nation by its own officers as has been inflicted by Grover Cleveland and Walter Q. Gresham upon the United States in regard to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. It brings humiliation to every patriotic citizen, and the resolution recently passed by the national house of representatives, severely arraigning Minister Stevens and charging the overthrow of Queen Lili and her government to him and to Captain Wiltz of the cruiser Boston, is the climax of national disgrace. The resolution itself is the concentration of falsehood and misrepresentation. The blind and unreasoning partisanship of the democrats of the house in thus vilifying American officers of high rank surpasses belief. It is said Captain Wiltz, one of the most efficient officers of the navy, went to his grave with a broken heart because of the pulling down of the stars of glory in Hawaii by Paramount Blount, and the false statements reported by him to the Washington government, and put in circulation in the United States by Cleveland, Gresham and their followers.

The course of this peculiar administration respecting Hawaii presents a black page in our history, and it is a reversal of all the traditions and policy of the democratic party during its long lease of power prior to 1861. It had always favored the acquisition of new territory whenever it was possible to obtain it. Jefferson inaugurated the policy of annexation when he purchased from the first Napoleon, and it was one of the grandest achievements of the century prior to the civil war, and who regrets that great event now?

When Franklin Pierce was president, James Buchanan was minister to England and General Dan E. Sickles, now member of congress from one of the New York city districts, was the secretary of legation. Pierre Soule, who had been United States senator from Louisiana, a very eloquent advocate, next to Rufus Choate in oratory in my opinion, was minister to France. I do not now recall the name of the Minister to Spain, but these three American ministers, with Sickles, met in Ostend by a pre-arranged plan of the American secretary of state, William M. Marcy, of New York, and held a secret conclave, the purpose of which was to initiate some plan for securing the annexation of the island of Cuba to the United States. But the project becoming noised abroad, a fierce tempest was raised in Spain at the very mention of the scheme, and it was abandoned. But the democratic party was in favor of it, and so was Secretary Marcy. He was secretary of war under President Polk during the Mexican war, and at its close had much to do with securing the conditions of the treaty with Mexico by which California and all the vast territory accompanying it were annexed to the United States. And who regrets that great event now?

It was under democratic auspices that the then independent nation of Texas was annexed to the United States, and who regrets that great event now?

During the presidency of Andrew Johnson, William H. Seward, then secretary of state, negotiated a treaty with Russia for the sale of Alaska to the United States. And who regrets that acquisition now? True, it was not brought about by the democratic party; but as a party it made no opposition to the measure, if I remember rightly. There was no enthusiasm in the country over the measure, the islands being regarded as a wild, desolate region way up toward the Arctic ocean. It was, however, looked upon as an important point in case of naval operations in that section. The development of the seal fisheries there has rendered that acquisition one of great value.

When the treaty was before the senate for ratification, Charles Sumner was chairman of the committee on foreign relations, and had charge of it. He advocated ratification with remarkable earnestness and power. He made a most eloquent and brilliant speech. Old senators who had heard him often pronounced it the greatest speech he had ever delivered. Unfortunately no record was kept of it, as reporters are not admitted in executive sessions, and it was thus lost to the world. I voted for the treaty, for I am naturally an annexationist, believing the United States should take possession of all the country which offers itself to us. This is our duty, for we are living under the best government ever created, and it is only right to desire that other people should enjoy the same blessings with ourselves.

Some three years after this transaction an extraordinary inconsistency on the part of Sumner and others who earnestly advocated the ratification of the Alaska treaty, developed itself when President Grant sent to the senate the treaty for the annexation of the island of St. Domingo, which had, by order of the president, been negotiated by his secretary of state, Hamilton Fish, with President Bazet of the republic. Senator

Sumner and his immediate friends attacked this treaty as fiercely and with as much verom as they had earnestly zealously fought for the annexation of Alaska, and it was defeated. The possession of that island would have been of inestimable advantage to us as a naval and coaling station, and as a safe harbor of refuge from storms in the Caribbean sea. It is rich in tropical fruits, and in the production of sugar and molasses. The country and climate are admirably adapted to the conditions and wants of our colored population had they desired to emigrate to that country. I never could see the consistency in purchasing the apparently barren island of Alaska 2,000 miles distant in the northwestern ocean, and rejecting the purchase of the island of St. Domingo, so important to us for military, naval and commercial purposes, and laying at our very doors. But the explanation of these apparently contradictory positions I imagine, was this: A most bitter quarrel had grown up between Senator Sumner and President Grant, which involved nearly all the republicans of both houses of congress, and well nigh involved the peace of the republican party. The cause of the estrangement between these two great republican leaders during that period grew out of the course pursued by J. Lothrop Motley, author of the history of "The Dutch Republic," who had been appointed minister to England by General Grant at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Sumner. Motley had spent most of his life in England in association with the aristocracy, and had become pretty nearly Anglicised instead of Americanized. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the present chancellor of the exchequer under Gladstone, and a prospective heir to his place as leader of the liberals when Gladstone shall pass away, had married Motley's daughter, and his affiliation with the English was marked. His relations with Sumner were of the closest kind. He seemed to think it his duty to confer with him, as chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs, as to the concerns of his mission more than with the president through his secretary of state. There was friction at once as a consequence, which grew into the proportions of a disastrous political quarrel between Grant and Fish on one side, and Sumner and Motley on the other, which severed friendship and alienated feelings between friends which had been the growth of years; but which could never again be restored. Grant and Fish charged that Motley virtually ignored them and received his inspiration from Sumner. That condition of things could not last, and the result was that Motley was recalled. This made Sumner extremely hostile to Grant and Fish, so much so that all intercourse between them ceased. Sumner being chairman of the committee of the senate on foreign affairs, it was very embarrassing for the president and secretary of state to hold official intercourse with him, and still more so, social intercourse. This struggle continued, neither side showing any signs of yielding. At the next session of the senate the committees were re-organized, and Sumner was displaced from his old chairmanship, which almost broke his heart. This affair, together with his domestic troubles, the separation from his wife, made him a changed man. Not long afterwards, Charles Sumner, the great Massachusetts senator, was borne through the streets of his native city of Boston to the solemn notes of the muffled drum, with the trappings of a splendid funeral, on his way to the quiet shades of Mount Auburn, where he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking this side of the grave.

This was a most lamentable estrangement between two great world pronounced leaders in their respective spheres. It ought never to have come to pass. I grieve over it now as I write of it. It is a sad memory to me, for both Grant and Sumner were my fast friends. But I have digressed. It is my full conviction that if Hawaii had come to Cleveland and his administration as it came to Harrison and his administration, they would have received it with outstretched arms. But they would not finish what Harrison had begun, and they now find themselves carrying out a policy which discredits the nation. This rich treasure of the Pacific must be lost to the American nation for the present through the narrow minded, selfish policy of Cleveland, Gresham and the democrats in the house, who dare not vote their honest convictions against the wishes of their political master, Grover Cleveland. I do not believe any American president ever used the power and patronage of his office to accomplish his purpose as Cleveland has used his to carry through the resolution referred to in regard to this Hawaiian question, and the bill for the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law.

JOHN M. TRAYNER.

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