

HATS OFF TO THE JAPS

However much the Japanese may be accused of taking themselves as a people a little too seriously, there's no denying that they maintain the highest national ideals, and in New York Thursday it was shown that the rank and file of their army and navy have been taught to hold their service as one of dignity rather than frivolity.

Press reports tell of the gracious compliment they paid to American traditions when on their sight-seeing tour of New York City. The shore leave given the party of seven hundred sailors was limited, and it was impossible to make the pilgrimage planned to the tomb of General Grant and to visit the Bowery within the allotted time. The little brown patriots deliberately passed up the gay Mecca of Gotham's guests, and chose to pay reverence to the dead warrior and statesman, who in the days of Japan's dawning consciousness was revealed to her people as typical of America and American institutions.

According to all traditions of Jack Tar ashore, it was an amazing choice, but it was consistent with the spirit of awakened Japan. For centuries the people of the sunny little islands lived content in their isolation, cheerfully epicurean and perennially amused. Then an American ship broke over the horizon line of this comic opera existence, and marked the beginning of a new era.

The half century that has passed since then has made the transformation of the nation the evolution of the individual, and triumphant foreign war has effected the absolute climax of patriotism. To the Japanese sailor imbued with this spirit, a dead hero is of far more interest than live buffoons.

But in the incident there is food for some serious thinking. Out of seven hundred American visitors who were offered a similar choice, it is a question whether one would be more swayed by reverence than curiosity; certainly the seven hundred would not have voted without dissent for Riverside.

In times of war excitement the loyalty of America rises to the emergency, but the country has a right to call for devotion in times of peace as well.

The jingo spirit may be overdone, but when it is replaced by a nonchalant heedlessness of civic demands and public interests, we are letting the Japanese pupil far outrun his first teacher.—Butte Miner.

TWO PINTS OF WHISKY

It's a pretty good temperance sermon that is preached by the farm hand who murdered William Cople and his wife on their farm near Emerson, Neb.

Loris Higgins, the murderer, says "Mr. and Mrs. Cople were both good to me and I liked 'em fine." But he killed them.

"I went out doors to vomit," he says. "I met Cople and then I reached inside and got the gun, took careful aim and shot him in the belly. He hollered and I shot again. Then Mrs. Cople came running out, and I shot her twice."

Then he went into the house, where the children were. They asked, "Where is papa and mamma?" In a little while he fled, and in a day or two was captured. In a little while longer, most probably, he will be hanged.

Why did he do it? "I never had any motive," he says. "I was crazy drunk; that's all. I went to bed in the fore part of the night, after drinking a part of a pint of whisky that Cople brought home from town with him the night before. He brought two pints and I drank most of it."

The man and woman were friends to Higgins; they were good to him,

and he "liked 'em fine." He drank the most of two pints of whisky and, "taking careful aim," became deliberately their murderer.

Their lives, taken in the insanity of drunkenness; his own life, paying the penalty in shame and horror on the gallows; three lives are a pretty stiff price to pay for two pints of whisky.

And three lives aren't the whole price. The murderer says he "wants to live long enough to see his poor mother" before he dies. Then—cheap bravado—he is "ready to take his medicine."

But the poor mother, too, will "have to take her medicine." Who will measure the price she will pay in the awful immediate future, and in the dreary years that follow, for those two pints of whisky?

Are two pints of whisky worth that much?—The Omaha World-Herald.

HIS EXCUSE

Dr. Edward Everett Hale at the divorce reform congress in Washington said of certain divorce laws:

"The apologies put forward for these laws remind me of the apology that a gourmet bishop once made during Lent.

"The bishop happened to sit at dinner beside an irreverent young woman. He ate his oysters and then, with flashing eyes, a heightened color and every indication of enjoyment, he fell to upon a plate of rich turtle soup.

"The young woman, watching the bishop swallow this costly food, could not restrain a sneer.

"I thought," she said, "that you fasted during Lent, bishop?"

"The bishop put down his spoon and allowed his face to become pensive.

"Ah, I do fast in Lent," he said. "I subsist chiefly on fish." He swallowed a lump of meat worth about half a dollar. "Turtle," he added, "is a kind of fish."—New York Tribune.

HAD THE PROOF

When Farragut ran the gauntlet of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, the little gunboat Cayuga went in the lead, and was everywhere in the thick of the fighting. A colored boy of the crew was passing powder when a spent grape-shot struck a casting near him, shattered and flew in many directions. One piece hit him on the thickest part of the forehead, says the author of "A Sailor of Fortune," and dropped to the deck.

He picked it up nonchalantly, put it in his pocket and kept at work.

When the fight was over and the members of the crew were bragging, this boy, who was not over 14, stepped up to some of them and pulled the grapeshot from his pocket.

"You hush!" he said to the boasters. "Dat shot done hit me on de haid an' broke in two! Dere's de shot and dere's de place it hit me. You can see foh youse'f."—Ex.

THE OKLAHOMA HOLD-UP

The constitution drawn by the new state of Oklahoma is the admiration of all people who are wishing to see hobbles put on those large law breaking trusts and corporations that are riding the people.

Oklahoma has not received the president's final endorsement and there are some noted newspaper men who are saying that the much prated "square deal" does not extend to the new state.

Oklahoma is almost solidly democratic. There is no state in the union that is as strongly republican as Oklahoma will be democratic.

And therein hangs a tale.

Oklahoma will have seven votes in the next electoral college. There seems to be no dispute about what candidate those votes will be for and

it is rumored in Washington that there is a plan on foot which has the president's square deal endorsement to hold this state up till after the next presidential election.

At present the state is over run with a lot of carpet-bagging federal politicians who have a soft berth.

Oklahoma was one of the first states to adopt the two cent fare, but as long as the federal government can keep those peoples hands tied the railroads can charge as they like. Oklahoma is democratic and

strange as it may seem will be prohibition.

A good reason for this fact arises from the population, many of whom are Indians. Statehood withheld and the whisky bootlegger still plys his trade.

If the reports are true that there is a well developed movement on hand to hold up this state then a roar will go up from the southwestern states that will not bode any good for the perpetrators of this outrage.—Nebraska Liberal.

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