

**THE CROWN IS IT A TRINITY?** Prince of Japan is preparing to visit the United States. England and Japan have entered into a formal alliance for the purpose of preserving the integrity of China, and defeating the Manchurian agreement.

The United States, as a government, has affixed no official signature to this document, but, by reason of her own extensive interests, acquired rightfully or wrongfully, and maintained through acuteness or stupidity, as the individual may see it, but still undeniably not to be encroached upon, is she not in all probability tacitly a party to the contract? It looks so.

About three years ago, when an obscure Nebraska paper predicted a triple alliance, of these powers within five years, the laugh which followed reached both oceans; but changing seasons bring changed conditions, and here we find the prophecy fulfilled, or, at least, nearly so.

Whether or not the situation is acceptable to the individual, he cannot avoid feeling a certain degree of pride in the thought that in casting up the balance of power among governments, in taking the political poll of the globe, each foreigner makes a super-human effort to lift the United States out of the doubtful column, and add it to their own roll of supporters.

**THE YOUNGER BROTHERS, NOTORIOUS DESPERADOES AND MURDERERS,** having been released from the dungeon keep, and similar pardons having been granted by governors of Nebraska and other states, it is high time that the virtuous republican press turned its belching batteries in the direction of the men who signed these paroles and pardons, if the editors are really sincere in their desire to see justice meted out to evil-doers.

Undeniably guilty of almost every crime in the decalogue, are not these men more fit subjects for penal servitude than the man who weakly listened to the voice of the siren who sang and for the want of a few paltry dollars was cast into the cell?

It is a matter of public comment that there are men now enjoying the respect and confidence of the people; men who are intemperate in their condemnation of the course of Governor Savage, who, had the iron hand of adversity fallen upon them at a certain time in their lives, would have gone down to disgrace and ruin, besides being held amenable to the law for their misdeeds. Can it be possible that a panic or a crop failure can brand a man as a criminal, while another as reprehensible but more fortunate, does evil in a period of opulency

and in consequence is rated a respectable financier?

What a sordid, greedy, selfish, penurious justice which, biased by the loss of a few miserable copper cents to the individual, rises to condemn the pardon of a broken old man, more sinned against than sinning, and who has already served what in ordinary cases is considered a sufficient term for offenses of this character, but has no word of reproof for those who grant legal absolution to the looter, the night rider, the murderer of innocent babes and defenceless women.

Is it a plea for justice, a miserly demand for the pound of flesh, or—a shallow demagogic assumption of virtue "for the good of the party"? Discrediting the motives of these virtuous gentlemen, as they so freely discredit the motives of the governor; extending to them no greater measure of consideration than they grant to those who honestly and sincerely contend that Bartley has suffered enough and is now being made the target for a pyrotechnic display of republican buncombe, the question is, would a proffered bribe of \$35,000 induce one of these gentlemen to pardon Mr. Savage?

**CHURLISH.** Observing international courtesy, President Roosevelt

very properly appointed delegates to represent this country at King Edward's coronation. This act of common decency on the part of the chief executive has provoked wrath in some quarters, where demagoguery and jingoism would earn more approval than the dignified course which Mr. Roosevelt, being fully acquainted with the ethics of his position, saw fit to pursue. Stranger yet, the prime objector is the man who aspired to this high office, and about whom it has been hinted that once installed in the presidential chair, with no proper conception of the high character of the office, he would proceed to play the cheap jester, for the benefit of the upper gallery, rather than act the manly part and earn the plaudits of box, dress-circle and parquet. Surely these remarks are in no wise personal.

**REPARTEE.** A virtuous senator informed President Roosevelt

that a person who had just been appointed to an important office was a faro dealer. The president had a far-away look in his eye when he responded that he had known senators to play poker until 4 a. m., but that far-away look did not prevent the tattler from resenting the remark as entirely too personal.

**ETERNAL VIGILANCE.**

At no time since this reeling sphere attained momentum have the sun's rays glanced once across the face of a country, and shone upon no element of discontent, no smoldering fires of rebellion.

The same blight appears everywhere, from the great civilized and enlightened governments, whose peoples, as a whole, dwell in peace and amity, to the cannibalistic jungle tribes, each consisting of little more than a single family, but harboring within the narrow confines of the Chieftain's kraal the same disgruntled unrest, the same revolutionary sentiments, which crouch in the corridors of the white ruler's gilded palace.

That these cancers on the body politic may ever be completely cured is doubtful, as the poison lies deep, and vital parts are affected; but, proper precautions being taken, the dread disease may be stopped and held in check.

The subtle poison of anarchy, the slow malignant growth of envy, the flaming fever of revolt, the premonitory symptoms of senility and decay, should each be given timely attention and intelligent treatment, due importance being always attached to the old truth that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

In the black man's country the remedy is surgery; it goes to the head of the evil. In the white man's country, the remedy is homeopathic, but effective, the white, silent packet that passes through the hands of any man, who has the power to make it potent for good or evil—the ballot.

**THE REBUKE DISCOURTEOUS.** A gentleman who was soliciting funds for the erection of a church

edifice once waited upon Horace Greeley, at a busy hour of the day, and, upon being refused admission, called through the transom: "Let me in; I want some money to keep men from going to hell!" Instantly the answer came from within: "I won't give you a cent; there are not enough men in hell now!" It is supposed that the ill-mannered solicitor was uppermost in Mr. Greeley's mind when he administered this somewhat inelegant though thoroughly deserved rebuke; but now poor Cuba, starved, naked, scarred Cuba, more humbly and at a more opportune time, makes much the same appeal, and receives much the same answer, which is in her case utterly unmerited and inexcusable, as she asks not for a donation, but simply pleads in the name of Justice for the right to live and prosper by her own honest effort.