

HAD A HARD TIME

EXPLORERS SUFFER IN CROSSING GREENLAND

CAME NEAR STARVING

Ponies Were Trained to Feed Upon the Flesh of Their Mates, While the Five Hardships and Mishaps of Fate Compel the Men to Eat Pet Dog.

The story told by Capt. Koch, a Danish explorer, of the crossing of Greenland in company with three hardy companions shows that the dangers and hardships to be encountered on the great inland icefield have not decreased since Peary and Nansen journeyed over a part of the same wastes.

The Danish leader and his three companions, Dr. Wagener, a German; Larsen, a sailor, and Sigurdson, a native of Iceland, were reduced during their journey to eating a pet dog, the only animal left.

After landing on July 24, 1912, the first mishap encountered was the loss of some ponies. Soon after that their motorboat disappeared through the thin ice and the explorers had to wait until the end of September before the ice was thick enough to bear their sledges and horses. When they were ready to start Dr. Wagener fell and broke a rib.

The expedition was ten miles east of Queen Louise Land October 13 and went into winter quarters. Because fodder was short all the ponies were killed except five, which were trained to eat the flesh of their brothers.

During a sledging trip Capt. Koch fell forty feet into a crevasse, breaking his right leg. He was helpless in the hut throughout the winter in a temperature generally fifty degrees below zero. On April 20, this year, the four men broke camp and with five sledges, each drawn by a pony, started on their 750-mile march to the west coast. For forty days blizzards raged. The ponies became snowblind and so exhausted that three were killed.

Then, with the night temperature thirty below zero, the sun's rays burned the skin on the men's faces until they looked like raw beef. Snowshoes were put on the two remaining ponies and helped them greatly in the loose snow. But for the ponies the expedition would have been in a worse plight.

Another pony was killed July 11 because the fodder had given out. Next day the last pony was killed. A few miles further on splendid pasturage was found. The men's rations had been gradually reduced and on July 13 the provisions were all gone.

A howling blizzard capped this misfortune and for thirty-five hours the four men remained in the shelter of a projecting rock without a morsel of food. On July 15 they tried to push on to the coast, so exhausted from hunger, cold and wet they could scarcely move.

The only chance for life was to kill the pet dog, which had tramped with them about 800 miles. This was done and the flesh was cooked and eaten. The meal was hardly finished when the explorer sighted a sailing boat in a fjord east of Proeven on the west coast of Greenland. By means of shots and signals the explorers attracted attention and Pastor Chemnitz, who was on the ship, with the assistance of the crew, soon had the famished and worn out explorers in safety.

FAMILY KILLED.

Entire New York Family Is Found Dead in Their Home.

The bodies of Mrs. Mary Lake and her four children, Horace, seventeen; Walter, eight; Stella, eighteen; and Dorothy, fourteen, were found stark naked in their Brooklyn home Monday, horribly mangled. Beside them dying was a husband and father, Henry Lake, a restaurant chef. Apparently he had killed all five and then fatally wounded himself. Lake died in a hospital in the afternoon. The tragedy occurred as early as last Thursday, possibly Wednesday. Odors from the rooms aroused neighbors and at their request the police broke in. The bodies of the mother and the two boys lay on the bed. The girls were stretched on the floor. All had been shot and several of the bodies bore evidences of being repeatedly slashed with a knife.

In a corner huddled in a pool of blood with a gaping wound in his head Lake was found in a semi-conscious condition and could only mumble incoherently. The room was a wreck. Furniture was overturned and the walls were streaked with blood. Lake was rushed to a hospital, where he died. According to his neighbors he was a kind father, but given to excessive drinking. The police are at a loss to fix a motive for the crime. He was about forty-five years old and his wife was about forty.

Husband Blown to Pieces.

When Mrs. John Herman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., arrived home from a visit, she was met by the family dog, which acted very strangely. She followed the animal and found her husband and two other men blown to pieces in a field near the house. They had gone out to blow up stumps and one of them had probably dropped a box of dynamite.

Waif Saves Parent's Lives

Frances Gardiner, 11 years old, of West Chester, Pa., saved the lives of Mr. and Mrs. William Matson, who rushed her some time ago. The little girl slipped into the room of the older people in the middle of the night, telling them the house was on fire. They had just time to escape, not being able to save any of their clothes.

Puts Real Lid on Town.

Jackpot, the toughest town in Wyoming, has been closed by the sheriff, and the inhabitants are either under arrest or have fled the town. Whiskey and gambling devices were destroyed. A deputy sheriff has been left behind to see that the town is not inhabited.

TO RUN PRESS BUREAU

GREEN SAID TO BE PRESS AGENT FOR McLAURIN.

According to Latest Talk He Will Conduct Campaign Press Bureau at Columbia.

That Leon M. Green will come to Columbia on September 1 and open a bureau for certain papers which will back John L. McLaurin for Governor of South Carolina to succeed Governor Cole L. Blease is the latest gossip in political circles in South Carolina, according to information forthcoming from reliable sources. This program was decided on some time ago, so it is understood, and it is claimed, will be put in actual operation by the first of next month.

That the McLaurin backers are anxious to obtain the endorsement of Governor Cole L. Blease is also well understood, but it is stated that they have been unable to do so. It is understood that Governor Blease was invited to Hendersonville some time back, and the advantages of the McLaurin organization outlined to him, and he was urged to enter the combination, endorse McLaurin for Governor and they would back him for the Senate.

However, the governor has stated all along that he was not going to mix in the next gubernatorial race. It is understood that he declined to have anything to do with the McLaurin movement. It is true that many of his former supporters are now behind Mr. McLaurin for governor and that he was and still is friendly with McLaurin, but will not endorse him or anybody else for governor—that much he has stated several times publicly and emphatically.

Leon M. Green, until recently was editor of the Anderson Intelligencer, a weekly newspaper which has heretofore been a warm friend of the present administration. Col. Green, it is understood, has retired from the editorship of the Intelligencer. Before editing the Intelligencer Col. Green achieved publicity by the activities as a detective of the State government. He is a member of the staff of Governor Blease and has been actively identified with his administration.

BEAUTIES OF DIVORCE.

Ex-Wife Kills Former Husband and His New Wife.

W. S. Godbee, a prominent citizen of Millen, Ga., was shot to death Monday and Mrs. Florence Godbee, his wife, seriously wounded by Mrs. Edna Perkins Godbee, from whom he was divorced several years ago.

The shooting occurred at the entrance of the Millen post office. The divorced woman used a large calibre revolver, which she had concealed in a three shot case at her former husband's. Without warning she fired three shots at her former husband, all of them taking effect and killing him instantly. She then turned upon Mrs. Godbee, inflicting three wounds, which may prove fatal.

After the shooting, during which she had exhibited rare coolness, Mrs. Godbee, the divorced wife, placed her revolver in her handbag and walked, apparently without undue haste, to her home not more than two blocks from the post office and the scene of the shooting. Here she was found a few moments later by Sheriff M. G. Johnston, of Jenkins County, and placed under arrest on the charge of murder. She is now in jail without bail, pending an investigation of the shooting.

Judge Godbee was married three times. His first wife died a few years after they were married, and he then married Miss Perkins, the second Mrs. Godbee, who was such a prominent actor in the tragedy. After living together for some years there arose differences that could not be reconciled and Mrs. Godbee sued her husband for divorce, winning her case.

Alien Land Law On.

It had been expected that the Japanese reply to the state department's last note, regarding the protest against the California alien land legislation, when that legislation became effective, there has been no further move in the matter. Ambassador Okuma has served notice upon Secretary Bryan, however, that the legislation, would be submitted before Japanese answer will be forthcoming in due course.

Stole Brick House.

Samuel Jefferson and David Price, two negroes of Washington, were confessed to the theft of a brick house. They did not carry the structure off in its entirety, but took it by piecemeal. The building, the property of Silas S. Daish, had been a brick residence, but had been torn down to make room for a more imposing dwelling.

Slit Skirt Proved Downfall.

Mrs. Fannie Goodman, of Denver, Colo., wearing one of the latest style skirts, of the sort that must have a slit to afford the wearer room to walk, tried to board a street car. Unable to step up, she made a jump for the platform and fell, breaking her right arm, spraining her ankle and receiving many bruises.

Helped Himself to Cash.

A stranger walked into the New York State Bank, at Albany, thrust his arm through one of the paying tellers' windows, grabbed bills aggregating \$879 and rushed out into crowded State street, where he was lost to view before the astonished teller could give an alarm.

Loses Life for a Woman.

Dawson Co. crew was drowned in the Tallapoosa river at Robertson Ferry when he attempted to rescue Miss Mary Stone Oliver. He reached and assisted her until he had laced her in a boat, but sank immediately after she was out of his hands.

Taunts Drive Man to Suicide.

Wilson Whalen, of Rochester, N. Y., committed suicide when the taunts of his neighbors became more than he could bear. He was a road supervisor, and his delay in getting the roads fixed caused the unfavorable comments.

MOB ATTACKS JAIL

SPARTANBURG OFFICERS KEEP PRISONERS SAFE

THREE MEN WOUNDED

Sheriff and Deputies Cause Crowd Bent on Lynching Negro Charged With Chimney Assault to Disperse By Threatening to Kill First Man Entering Prison Gates.

"Gentlemen, I beg you not to proceed through this gate. I am in deadly earnest. I will kill the first man who advances a step, though he should be my best friend." W. J. White, sheriff of Spartanburg County, thus addressed a mob bent on lynching Will Fair, a negro prisoner, accused of assaulting a white woman, when a crowd of five hundred men, after being repeatedly repulsed with pistol shots, blew down the gate in the outer wall of the county jail late Monday night with dynamite. The mob were impressed with what the sheriff said and dispersed.

Earlier in the evening three men were shot when efforts were made to batter down the jail gate with logs and steel rails. Sheriff White and a deputy held the crowd at bay at first by firing blank cartridges. Members of the mob returned the fire with bullets, however, and in the confusion and darkness Frank Epply, J. C. Owensby and John Turner were wounded, though it is believed not seriously. They were taken to a hospital. Hundreds of pistol and rifle shots were fired when the mob began to use dynamite, but so far as can be learned only one man was wounded. A bullet passed through his hand. His name was not learned.

Will Fair, a negro, was arrested Monday afternoon charged with assaulting a nineteen-year-old white woman, near Whitestone, Monday morning. It was about half-past ten o'clock when the assault is alleged to have been committed. The young woman, a bride of last Christmas, had been to a neighbor's house. On her way home through a patch of woods she saw a strange negro, who leered at her. Trembling, she hurried on, followed by the black. She entered her home safe and locked the front door. Under her own roof she gained assurance, and as the negro had seemingly continued on his way, she gave the matter no further serious thought, but went to her bed room and was brushing her hair when the next chapter of the tragedy was written.

Suddenly she heard footsteps at her back and almost immediately a hand, thrust from behind her, was pressed closely against her mouth, another hand seized her by the neck, and the rough voice of a negro said: "If you yell I'll kill you." The girl then threw every ounce of her energy into an effort to escape from the negro's clutches, but in vain. Picking up a heavy stick, which lay on the window sill, the black brought it down upon her head with crushing force, and the girl, bleeding from an ugly scalp wound, looked like a dead person. When she regained consciousness, a half hour later, she had been dragged to another part of the room.

The unfortunate raised herself unsteadily to her feet, thinking to fire a shotgun, which was suspended from the wall and thus summon her husband. She swooned again as she was reaching for the gun, and was lying on the floor unconscious when her husband happened to enter the house a few minutes later.

The husband took his wife to his father's home, a half-mile away, called a doctor and then went to Glendale and gave the alarm. About 500 people, including a number of Glendale Mill operatives, started in search of the negro, of whom a good description was given by his victim. Sheriff W. J. White headed one posse and Chief Moss P. Hayes, of the Spartanburg police, another. A posse of which Samuel J. Nichols, a well known Spartanburg attorney, was a member, found an old negro who said he had seen within fifty yards of the scene of the assault a negro corresponding in description to the assailant, and told of the direction in which the man was walking.

He said the negro they were seeking was named Will Fair. Will Fair was traced to Glendale, where he was seen to board a car for Spartanburg. Other clues were obtained which led to the arrest of Fair several hours later at the Southern Railway station in Spartanburg by Rural Policeman J. M. Williams. Officer Williams called the negro in the bottom of an automobile, which he pressed into service, and carried him into the county jail by the rear entrance before any but one or two people knew of the arrest. Fair denied that he was the negro wanted, but officers said they felt confident that the chase was over and were only waiting for the identification of Fair as her assailant by the negro's alleged victim to make sure. When he learned of the assault Mayor O. L. Johnson ordered all the social clubs to be closed for the day.

Members of the mob broke into the armory of a military company after midnight and took seventeen rifles. A militiaman with loaded rifle surprised the marauders, and by threatening to kill them, made them return the firearms. William Fair, the negro who was saved from lynching by a mob at the Spartanburg jail Monday night by the firm stand taken by Sheriff William J. White, of that county, and a single deputy, was carried to Columbia Tuesday morning by the chief of police of Spartanburg and is lodged safely in the State penitentiary, temporarily, at least. The negro was spirited out of a rear door of the jail about three o'clock Tuesday morning while Sheriff White held back the mob at the front of the institution and hurried by train to Columbia.

Prison officials at Columbia expect to receive immediate instructions to keep the negro in the State prison until the date of his trial.

The Albany Herald says that "Senator Bacon is holding the hot-heads and woodhens of the Senate down on the Mexican situation."

TILLMANS SPEECH

(Continued From Page One.)

negroes. The States colleges and universities of the South, maintained by taxation, were controlled by trustees elected by the negro Legislatures. Carpet beggars, scoundrels, and negroes were among these trustees, and Dr. Bledsoe and other Southerners like him were ready to cry out: "Iacob, thy glory has departed forever."

At the thought of women anywhere, especially of the South, entering this monstrous and filthy arena, Dr. Bledsoe's chivalrous, sensitive spirit recoiled with horror. He pointed to the women of the North not for what they were, but for what they might become, and would become, and would become if they persisted in their determination to abandon the sphere in which God had placed them. He lifted the kindly finger of warning, he drew the knightly sword of protection; he did level the brutal pike of censure and condemnation. His scholarly mind appreciated the cause of the rottenness of imperial Rome, and believing that history repeats itself, he trembled for his country. I know from experience how hard it is for old men to adopt new notions, to accept new ideals. Visions are for young men; old men must "dream dreams," and cling to their traditions. They dislike to be rudely awakened, and are ever holding back against innovations and changes. The world moves forward, ever forward, because the young men will seek to progress. It is the ideal civilization or condition in society when the two forces are equalized, and the young and progressive visionaries are counseled and directed and held back by the wisdom of their seniors. Old men will see the world rushing along pell-mell, helter-skelter, going to the devil, so to speak, we mourn in spirit. "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," and the transitions are so startling that they hurt us cruelly.

Tackles Suffrage Issue.

I am led to make a few remarks on woman suffrage, although it is a dangerous topic to handle just at this time. I flatter myself, however, that my well-known reverence for good women will shield me from being misunderstood. The idea is fast becoming a practical issue, and Senators will realize the importance of our obtaining as much accurate information in regard to it as the nature of the subject will permit. Much value data could be obtained in States where the experiment is now being tried. Vital statistics should by all means be gathered in those States where woman suffrage already obtains. We ought to have records made of the birth rate, death rate, divorces and other things affecting the every-day social life of the people, which would in a hundred years, say, show us whether female suffrage has affected these things injuriously or not.

In Rome, when the manner and customs with regard to women began to change and they were given more privileges than they had ever enjoyed before, divorces were so largely increased that free love became the rule—the birth rate correspondingly decreased, at Lecky's History shows. Now it is a beautiful dream that female suffrage will purify politics, because our ideals of women are so high, and we regard them so absolutely as the sources of goodness and purity, that we can not conceive of their not elevating and helping anything they touch. But the vital and important thing for us to consider is the effect on women themselves. We had better endure the evils of corruption in politics and debauchery in our government rather than bring about a condition which will mar the beauty and dim the luster of the glorious womanhood with which we have become accustomed all of our lives. We can better afford to have degraded and corrupt politics than degraded and bad women. To have both in ever-increasing degree, as was in case in Rome, would make the world so unspokeably horrible, as well as so corrupt, that good men and women both would disappear from the face of the earth, and civilization would be blotted out like it was in the dark ages after the fall of Rome. Indeed, I am so thoroughly a convert to the belief that "you can not touch pitch without being defiled," that I shudder to think of the consequences to the womanhood of America should suffrage become universal taking in both sexes and all races. Yet the experiment is going to be tried, I fear.

The Ballot a Privilege.

I know the demand for suffrage on the part of women is growing too fast for old fogies like me to stop it, except possibly in the South and New England, where conservatism is more strongly entrenched than anywhere else in this country. I believe religiously that whatever the women ask for, whatever will give them a part in the government, even though it be to their ultimate injury, and the country will have to test and be tested along these lines in spite of all the theories and ideals which have governed us heretofore. Fortunately the United States Supreme Court has declared that the ballot is a privilege—not a right—and that the States alone can confer this right on its citizens.

Neither the suffragettes nor the suffragists—as Representative Heflin calls their masculine sympathizers—ever consider the effect of politics on women; but I sincerely believe that the usefulness and goodness of woman vary inversely as the extent of her participation in politics. I believe she will improve politics, but ultimately, politics will destroy her, as we know her and love her; and when our good women are no longer to be found, and we have lost the breed, the doom of the Republic is near.

It may be contended that information such as I have described would be partial and fragmentary, and that any conclusions based on it would, therefore, contain a large factor of uncertainty. That may or may not be true. But there is at least one subject about which mathematically exact knowledge can be obtained. The number of divorces granted in a State with woman suffrage and the birth rate may be compared with the number in the same State before equal suffrage was adopted, and the relation between the two phenomena

interfered.

I thank God that my lot was cast in a State where there is no such thing as divorce. To get married in South Carolina is the easiest thing imaginable. To get "unmarried" is impossible. "Once married, always married," is the rule. Literally and exactly we believe that "for better or for worse, in poverty and in wealth, in sickness and in health, till death do them part," they twain are one. It is true that, if life together becomes unbearable, a man and wife may separate and live apart; but even then the bonds that bind them are only stretched, not legally broken. In South Carolina we tie a matrimonial knot that baffles alike the skill of legal logic, the dexterity of sophistry, the nimble fingers of a false expediency and the brute strength of a statute. The knot we tie holds faster than the fabled "Gordian Knot" of antiquity. Inegretrably it can not unfasten nor force destroy it. The skeleton fingers of death alone can loose it.

Not the South Carolina Way.

We in South Carolina do not believe in the modern idea so prevalent in this day and time of permitting a man to marry a woman in her youth and beauty, and then, when her back begins to grow skinny and shrunken, her face sallow and spotted, and her eyes dim, to search out among his women acquaintances some young and buxom girl who suits his lustful eyes better and straightway set to work systematically to treat his old wife so that she, in self-defence and to maintain her self-respect, seeks a divorce to get rid of him. There have been glaring cases of this kind of world-wide notoriety wherever the divorce evil flourishes.

When we contrast this type of man and woman with the glorious picture drawn by Burns, these men who have souls are bound to recoil from the one type and bow down and worship the other. Let us have forgotten the verses I will recite them for you:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was bent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo."

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill together,
And mounie a cantie day, John,
We've had wifare anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!"

This song, one of Robert Burns' best, is the very apotheosis of married life among the virtuous and good people of the world.

In thinking about the widespread, unprogressive character of the divorce evil, like all thoughtful men, I have been led to consider the cause of it and the great demerit of a nation which has followed it. The law of sexuality is the most powerful law in nature, and it is the wise provision of the good God who created us with it to compel reproduction, the perpetuation of the race. Wherever the marriage bond is regarded as a sacred one, women are usually virtuous, and virtuous women always make virtuous men, just as good mothers raise up brave and noble sons. As long as Rome had women of the type of Virginia and Lucretia, the Romans conquered all their neighbors and all other nations in Europe. When the women grew to be loose in their virtue, and lost it altogether in many cases, and the women to be of the type of Nero's mother, who committed incest with her own son, as the historians tell us, Rome rapidly decayed and ceased to be mistress of the world. Therefore, it can be safely claimed that civilization itself is dependent on good women, and by good women I do not mean only amiable women; I mean virtuous women.

This State Unique.

The divorce evil does not directly affect South Carolina; but our State is the only one that does not permit divorce in some form. North Carolina and Georgia, States on our borders, both grant them, and on increasingly trivial grounds, if report is true. My State is a lonely isle surrounded on all sides by a turbid flood of raging, maddened waters; and lest we too be submerged, I would see the waters subside and the dry land appear, and under the blessed rays of God's moral sunshine would behold once again over our whole country the fruits and flowers of domestic peace, love and affection, confidence, joy and contentment.

I beg Senators' pardon for having digressed. But as I was going on to say, statistics on the number of divorces granted in States where women have the vote would be very valuable. It would enable us to see the connection between woman suffrage and family life. It appears to me that the relation between "votes for women" and divorce, if not one of cause and effect, is at least one of mutual acceleration. I am no pessimist; but I am enough of a scientist to accept the truth wherever I find it, be it pleasant or unpleasant, and I have read history to no purpose if it has not taught me that the purity and stability of the family has in all ages been the surest bulwark of the State. It has ever been that when the marriage relation became insecure, and women quitted their own sphere to enter that of man, the decay and fall of States followed. So often has this happened that I must believe that the one set of events is the result of the other. I have, therefore, sounded this feeble note of warning on the bloody head of its brother, Hadrubal, and prophetically exclaimed, "Carthage, I see thy fate," so I, looking at the growing craze of woman suffrage and the rapid increase in number of divorces granted in this country, sadly think, if I do not say, "America, thy race is almost run unless something is done to check thy headlong speed."

The demoralization and consequent degradation, which has been produced by the divorce evil, are illustrated by the notorious Diggs-Cammetti affair in California. The ease with which divorces are obtained in Reno led to that place being selected as the one to carry the two respectable girls from Sacramento, and the promise to marry these women after divorces were obtained no doubt had much to do with overcomer their scruples. Such a tragedy

in domestic life could not happen at all in South Carolina. It could not happen anywhere in the South, even in those States where divorces are obtained, and I say it in no boasting spirit.

Northern View of Us.

We have had women in South Carolina and through the South. But the habits of our people and their customs, inherited from our forefathers, all make it dangerous to "monkey with men's womankind". Some Northern people call us barbarians because we shoot the seducer and lynch the rapist. If the California men had our customs, Diggs and Cammetti would not be alive now, because they would have been shot like dogs, and the fathers of the girls they have ruined would be acquitted almost without the jury leaving the box. The unwritten law, as it has been called, is the best law to protect woman's virtue that I ever heard of, though there have been abuses of it and men at times have gone scot-free who ought to have been punished. The more I think about the Diggs-Cammetti case, the more outraged I grow at the state of morals and society which not only permits such crimes against civilization, but encourages them. I am too much of a savage myself to think upon such things with calmness and equality. However, this case is now being tried, and, perhaps, I ought not to comment on it. But I am speaking as I do, not for the purpose of influencing the jury, or public opinion for or against the men who are indicted. I am only using the case to illustrate the argument I am making on the demoralizing effects of woman suffrage and easy divorces.

Among our very rich people in America degeneration and bestiality have gone so far that swapping wives is a common practice. Family life is no longer what it ought to be, and the watering places and hotel resorts in the mountains afford opportunities for getting acquainted with other men's wives and other women's husbands. Lust takes the place of love, with the result that divorce is soon arranged and the swap is perfected under the forms of law. The women are just as bad as the men and divorce their husbands on any slight pretext; if they come across a man they like better, who makes love to them.

A most disgraceful and mortifying fact which every American must blush for is to see how the American millionaires are buying their daughters titled husbands. Some count, baron, or lord, no matter how much of a debauchee and scoundrel he may be, is looked up by the rich father and purchased in the open market just as he would purchase a horse or a stallion. The women submit to legal prostitution for a time. Then the titled debauchee, whose relatives have sneered at the plebeian wife all along, are relieved of her presence. A divorce follows and the unnatural alliance between money and scoundrelism is ended. Oh! the shame of it, but that is the way modern society is progressing. God save the mark!

To me such people seem to be going straight to hell, and I am no stickler for religion. I only abhor from the bottom of my soul the degradation and rottenness now becoming too common in society.

Warns Against Weakness.

The danger, if danger there be, in giving women the ballot at all is increased by the cowardice of public men everywhere. Politicians the world over have always had a keen eye to see which way they think the people are going; and it seems to me that the men politicians are trying to make peace with the women politicians and get on their good side while it is fair weather. I noticed in Saturday's paper that the headlines threatened dire consequences hereafter to any public man who dared oppose the demand for woman suffrage now. I am afraid some of the weak-kneed men will be influenced in their attitude on this momentous subject by this fear. No man, who is a man worth standing in shoe leather, will be influenced by any such motive, and only cowards will yield their convictions and vote to give the women the ballot unless they believe honestly that it is for the best interest of the women and of the country.

The history of the world is full of "crises", or what they now call "obstacles". The crusades are an illustration of what I mean.

Peter, the Hermit, a fanatical monk who was very eloquent, aroused the religious fervor of the Christians in Western Europe to such a pitch that hundreds of thousands enlisted for the Holy War against the infidels. No doubt the fervor was necessary to prevent the Crescent from upplanting the Cross. It was like two storms coming from opposite directions and meeting. The Saracens overran Egypt and Northern Africa, and crossed the Strait of Gibraltar into Spain. They crossed Spain and invaded France, and were only beaten back by Charles Martel, who defeated them at the battle of the tours. It was six centuries before the Moors were expelled from the Spanish Peninsula and compelled to return to Africa.

Later when the Turks had conquered Constantinople the followers of the Crescent overran Southeastern Europe up to the walls of Vienna, where the rising tide of Mohammedanism was only stopped by John Sobieski.

The recent war in the Balkans has wrested almost all of that peninsula from the Turks, but here was so little Christianity, patriotism and sense among the allied nationalities that racial and religious prejudice and hatreds brought on a patricidal strife among themselves.

Children's Lives Sacrificed.

In one of the crusades the children were cradled by the priests and tens of thousands of them gathered and began to march towards the East. What they could do after they got there never seemed to enter their minds at all. They were simply lunatics frenzied with the religious idea.

First and last, historians tell us that upwards of one million, one hundred thousand people perished. The pitiful story is told that five shipsloads of these children who started for Palestine were sold into slavery to the infidels by their so-called Christian leaders. The rest of the children died from exposure and starvation.

It may not be worth while to recall these things, and I only mention them for the purpose of directing attention to the dangerous forces

FOR NEEDED REFORMS

HARMFUL EFFECTS OF POOR SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

John J. McMahan Discusses Vital Question and Gives Reasons for Compulsory Education.

The enlightened mind revolts at the idea of ignorant parents compelling their children to remain in ignorance without availing themselves of the schooling offered free by the State within the reach of every home. Add to those that never go to school the large number that attend irregularly, and we probably have half of the children failing to make proper use of the facilities provided for their education. Let us consider the meaning of it all, as if we were explaining to the simplest mind that does not see the evil.

The child is not his own master, but is subject to his parent. Left to himself, the child will be ignorant and undeveloped. He will not have a compelling desire for knowledge, and will not apply himself to learn, until he is made to taste a sample and perceive that it is good—acquire an appetite for learning. Meantime, unless made to go to school he may prefer to idle at home.

Primitive Tribal Education.

In a state of primitive nature, with no law but the individual will (if there ever was such an individualistic stage of man's progress) it rests wholly with the parent to compel either ignorance or learning, and we can not doubt that the instinct of race-preservation secured for the child instruction in the essentials of well-being according to the then standards—just as in the animal creation the parent teaches its offspring how to obtain food and how to escape from its enemies. But in the earliest known times, there is some sort of custom which none would defy and which is thus the customary or common law. This customary law has from the beginning prescribed the education which is the requisite of the times. Thus among savages in tribal relations, the parent never neglects, and would not be allowed to omit, to give his son the standard training for the chase and for war—the great duties of citizenship at such a period of human society.

Difficulties of Modern Discipline.

In modern times, with the higher developments in the main, there is a strange decadence constantly manifesting itself. There is more parental neglect, relatively, than among savages, and in the more artificial training of the schools to fit for new conditions of man's life, there is more difficulty in keeping alive in the child a zest for learning. Thus even after his taste is somewhat aroused and he has formed the general purpose to learn, he will have his periods of sloth, of reaction, of revolution against the labor of application, against regularity, against system, against obedience—the very things that he needs to become inured to. If allowed to have his own way as his fancy changes, he will attend irregularly, will loiter and be tardy. His latenesses and absences will suffice to destroy the effectiveness of his studying, the connecting links of his learning being lost. When present he will be inattentive to instruction, neglectful of the assigned tasks, will not be seriously in earnest, will not view his obligation to get an education as a closed question, and will therefore dawdle and fritter away his time. If allowed to acquire such habits, he will be injuring instead of building up his character, and will be lessening instead of increasing his future usefulness. A large part of the benefit of true schooling is the acquiring of correct and useful habits of regularity, of system, of obedience, of self-control, of diligence, of steadfastness, of ability to do unpleasant things, and at last the ability to find pleasure in doing duties whether or not inherently unpleasant. This modification of natural desires to recognized duties has come to be best described by a term derived from the classical name for the pupil in school, the ideal of all schooling being the resultant "discipline", the mental and moral acquisition of the true discipline or pupil.

Regular Attendance.

If the child goes to school spasmodically, he will have more friction with the teacher than otherwise, for he will not be as well up in his studies, or as well trained to applying himself, or as accustomed to obey, and thus he will have to be more controlled, punished if need be, and as a result he will be angered and have further disposition to vent his resentment by staying away at will or altogether. Poor attendance breeds worse attendance. Irregular attendance ends in non-attendance. If the parent indulges him, let him be his own

which are being set in motion by those who are preaching and agitating for woman's rights.

If I am aware that in reciting all these horrid and cruel things I am chargeable with making a jeremiad or lament of the decay of our civilization. To others there may be no appearance of decay at all. I may be blinded or giving way to vain imaginings, but it seems to me very real, and I speak my thought frankly and bluntly as I have always done, having been taught by my mother long ago to always tell the truth or to try to, and to shun everything like hypocrisy and double