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THE LUST OF THE LYNCHERS.

We used to speak of epidemics of lynching, when that barbarous practice received some unusual impetus and seemed to show evidence of contagion. The expression granted the existence of a moral and social weakness which would yield to scientific treatment, but the recent revival of the scourge in its most virulent form indicates that its seat in the white man's nature is of a mental rather than a physical character. Oklahoma's recent disgrace, through the ruthless murder of a colored woman and her child by a jelly-brained mob, has been quite surpassed in Pennsylvania, where a wounded Negro prisoner, chained to a hospital cot, was carried and dragged, cot and all, over several miles of road, and thrown into a blazing fire, where, against his struggles to liberate himself from his chains, he was kept in place and in fiery torment with fence rails, pitch-forks and other improvised prods and tongs. His crime was attempted robbery and the killing of a white officer undertaking his arrest. His punishment was far beyond the revenge of the savage.

Race hatred, pure and simple, and the undeniable social degeneracy of that strata of the white race which knows no other source of reform than violence, gives little hope for the success of the desire of reasoning men for the triumph of law and the adjustment of racial relations in the United States upon a common standard. It is interesting to note the similarity of procedure in Pennsylvania and in the darkest South in these lynching cases, even to the subtle manufacture of false press reports. The white man commits a thousand crimes to avenge one crime of a Negro. And he is so unashamed that he ravenously gathers souvenirs of his own atrocities and exhibits them with glee and gloating.

Lynching is a white man's problem; Negroes should hold no mass meetings over it. In the endeavor to minimize and eradicate crime, we are doing our part well, but the white man's civilization is at stake.

Race hatred is the pall of national glory, and the white man's best efforts are needed for his own redemption.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

IT is often by unpleasant contrasts that pleasures are realized and appreciated in their fuller degree. After the rigors and hardships of winter we fairly revel in the beauties of summer. The man who has never known a day's sickness does not realize what a blessing health is, but the man who has been afflicted, and is cured, sets high value on the hardened strength that he has regained. And men are often taught the value of things by a scourge that is nothing less than providential.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Yet many of us see no good in the ills that we bear. Naturally we lament and complain of them, and would escape them if we could, but after all, they bring their benefits.

The colored American is working his way up through a thorny path. He gets a prick here and a gouge there, and seems never without a thorn in the flesh, yet the wounds heal almost as fast as they are made and the ointment of wisdom points us to a cleaner course and fits us for a harder struggle. There is joy in the progress we are making, but there is no danger of our forgetting that we are not yet out of the bramble.

In fact, we are a long way from the clearing, for no sooner do we escape one thorny thicket than we find ourselves struggling against the galling scourge of another. But we learn by experience the nature of the bush we have to overcome, and in spite of its virulent and tangled meshes, we know better how to clip its thorns and heal its wounds.

During all of his active official life, United States Senator Benjamin Tillman of South Carolina was a veritable thorn in the flesh of the weak and struggling American Negro. He pierced and wounded him ruthlessly and without mercy, but the very savagery of his attack brought forth a blessed store of sympathy, which healed the wounds and helped the Negro on his way. In the course of time, under the rush of many feet and the ordinance of Providence, the bush of Tillman was stricken and blighted, and it is withering and dying, almost alone and forgotten in the heat and ooze of its native swamp. But the species is by no means extinct, for as one falls and is trampled into the mire of forgetfulness, another raises its vicious, thorny head in the forward path. In the State Democratic primary election held in Mississippi last week, James K. Vardeman, ex-governor, radical sensationalist and Negro-hater, was endorsed for election by the Legislature to the office of United States senator, over Senator Leroy Percy, the present incumbent, and one other candidate. Senator Percy is a man of high mind and liberal spirit, and his campaigns have been waged on lines directly opposed to the vicious race policies of Vardeman and Tillman. The result of the primary election indicates that the people of Mississippi have not yet heard the voice of Progress loudly calling for the awakening of the South. But the Negro knows what to expect of Vardeman. There are others of his species in Congress, but none so vicious. Yet the light in the nation is greater than the light in Mississippi, and we predict that the Vardeman of the bayou and swamp will find many a pruning knife awaiting to clip his thorns when he is transplanted in the cultivated soil of the United States Senate.

City Children House Is Much Better Than Flat for Caring

By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL



IT is hard to lay down any hard and fast rule as to which is better, a house or a flat. A family of small means and without children can generally get more comfort for the same money in a flat than in a house. The mere fact of having all the rooms on the same level and not being obliged to go up and down stairs, is a great saving of labor to those members of the family who wear skirts.

One of my college classmates told me that until she tried it she had never realized the difficulties of going upstairs with the baby on one arm and a lamp in the other hand, and trying to hold up her dress at the same time. It really seemed as if nature should have given women a third hand.

But when there are children of an age to run about, their parents need a house. Children must play if they are to be healthy and happy, and they can hardly play in a flat without disturbing the neighbors and causing distress to aged people and invalids.

There are also many grown persons who prefer a house because of its greater privacy. Flats are better for some families and houses for others. As I said in the beginning, no hard and fast rule can be made.

My father had so strong a conviction of the unwisdom of bringing up families in flats that he built a number of small houses for single families, although the drift of things was all the other way. He found that most people preferred flats, and he lost money by the undertaking.

Some day, no doubt, a method will be devised whereby grown people can live in the city near their work, and yet the children can have pure air and space in which to play.

Perhaps it will be in roof gardens, or perhaps large vans will take the children out in the morning to study and play under supervision in the country all day, and bring them home at night. At present flats are certainly not adapted for children.



Proper Manner of Greeting One's Wife

By N. TREBLE
Miller, Ind.

as a lump of sugar in a barrel of pure water. It isn't destroyed, but it can't be noticed.

I saw a man at the train who had gone there to meet his wife, who had been visiting her mother, and now for at least a second time had left the dear old home and had come to him. He kissed her with his hat on. Some of his women friends came in on the same train. To these, a minute later, he politely tipped his hat.

Now, in order to show "the same respect," which should he have done, lifted his hat as his wife passed by or kissed the bunch? It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, as the boy in the geometry class said when he threw the yard stick back at the teacher.

If I should ever abandon my present home to dwell in a foreign land, I am very sure that England would be my choice of residence.

I can tell you briefly why I would prefer England. It is mainly on account of my children. In that country boys and girls do not consider themselves on a par with their parents, but are deeply imbued with respect and reverence for their elders. They remain boys and girls for a much longer period than in the United States. In this country there is a shocking lack of deference and regard for old people on

the part of the young.

Our American juveniles are prone to put themselves on an adult basis prematurely. Every immature lad fancies he is smarter than his father and scorns the paternal counsel. It is wholly different in Great Britain. There the youngsters of both sexes are modest and mindful of paternal advice, and consequently when they are at last ready for life's combat on their own account, they are well prepared through long years of wholesome discipline. I like the English way of bringing up children; it is thorough, serious and eminently practical.

Speeding Autoist Not Always to Blame

By S. SEXTON
Chicago

dodge. First they start forward. The driver turns his machine out of the way. Then they suddenly decide to jump backward. The chances are that the next thing a dodger knows he's in a hospital.

"As a matter of fact, the only safe thing for a man on foot to do when a smashup seems inevitable is to stand perfectly still. That may sound funny, but think it over and you'll find it's good common sense. At any rate it does not confuse the man at the wheel and it gives him a chance, if there is one, to avoid the man in front of him."

"There are two sides to every question, and, take it from me, the speeding autoist isn't always as black as he's painted." A burly crossing "cop" made this remark to me as he was directing traffic at a busy downtown corner one afternoon last week.

"Half of the accidents that occur every day in the week could be avoided if it were not for the pedestrians themselves," he went on. "Why, nine out of every ten people become completely flabbergasted when they get out into the middle of the street. When they find themselves in front of a machine they immediately begin to

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