

TO CRUSH POLYGYAMY

What ex-United States Senator George F. Edmunds Says.

"AMEND CONSTITUTION."

Author of Mormon Act of 1892 Calls on the Nation to Wipe Out the Dreadful Evil—It Is Spreading in the West Rapidly, So He Declares.

The following are extracts from the opinion and recommendations of ex-United States Senator George F. Edmunds, on the Mormon question in the Christian Herald. Mr. Edmunds is the author of the Anti-Polygamy Act of 1892. The evidence obtained by the Senate Committee in the case of Senator Smoot, disclosed that some at least, of the chief rulers of the Mormon Church have deliberately and continually carried on the practice of polygamy without prosecution or annoyance, in the face of their pledges made to two Presidents of the United States, and have set an example naturally and almost necessarily to be followed by their Church members and adherents, without any danger of interference by the legislative or any other department of the government of the State of Utah. They know that Congress has no power, and that the State has no disposition to interfere.

The committee investigation has also developed evidence showing that the hierarchy continues to control the government of the State, and that the choice of officers, and their official actions, in some degree at least, are subject to its control. It can quite correctly say with the French king, "I am the State." All this is consistent with more than half a century of its history, and should surprise no body.

The practice of Mormon polygamy and the political influence of the hierarchy have been gradually and steadily expanded into the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma, and into the States of Idaho, Wyoming, California and Oregon. This is a condition of things that should receive the most serious consideration of the great body of the citizens of our country, to whom both the institution of polygamy and the interference of religious or professed religious organizations with the political autonomy of any republican country is abhorrent.

What then can be done toward destroying the evil? The National Constitution can be so amended as:

First, to prohibit polygamous marriages and provide for their punishment, and

Second, to require all persons taking office under the Constitution or laws of the United States or of any State to take and subscribe an oath that he or she is not and will not be a member of any organization whatever, the laws, rules or nature of which require him or her to disregard his or her duty to support the Constitution and laws of the United States and of the several States.

These two provisions, which, it is believed, have the effect, substantially, to eradicate the practice of polygamy in all the States and Territories alike, and would, likewise, prevent office holding, either under National or State jurisdiction, by persons who felt that they had any obligations of a civil or political character paramount to their obligations to the whole country or to their States.

The first suggested amendment would in no wise interfere with State sovereignty, unless the State should desire either to establish or tolerate polygamous practices, for each State could prohibit and punish the same acts against its sovereignty if it should (as it ought) choose to do.

The second suggested amendment does not in the least interfere with the sovereignty of any State, but rather supports it; and it would be inconvenient and troublesome only to persons really unfaithful to their whole country or to their State, or (as it might be), to any State or community which was willing that its chosen officers should be under obligations paramount to those they owe to their country, State or community.

Woman Works as Blacksmith.

The town of Prescott, Ariz., claims to have the only woman blacksmith in the country. She is Mrs. Mollie Thompson White, wife of E. B. White, a prosperous blacksmith. She is a good looking woman of less than middle age and seems to enjoy her work. The pair have no children and when White ran a shop at Independence, Col., Mrs. White used to take her sewing and sit in the shop rather than be alone. Gradually she learned to do things connected with the work and is now an expert. Although she can shape a hoof and set a shoe as well as her husband she does little of this work, as he fears she might get hurt. She does all the wagon painting that comes in and swings a sledge as well as her husband. She also delights to hunt, and boasts that she is a better shot than her husband. He admits it with pride in her ability, but boasts in turn that he is superior in the gentle art of cooking a beefsteak.

India's Many Political Divisions. In traveling the 1,900 miles from the northern extremity of India to southern, one passes through as many political divisions as there are great divisions of Europe, and differing as widely in climate and customs.

SAILORS ARE NOW OFFICERS.

Plenty of Room at the Top for Jackies in the Navy.

That there is plenty of room at the top for the enlisted man in the United States navy was clearly demonstrated by the recent appointment of nine machinists and gunners to be ensigns. Whatever the flow of naval promotion and faithful or distinguished service may bring them before they reach the retiring age of sixty-two years, these ensigns are now on an equal basis with graduates of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

These ensigns, who began their naval service by application to the recruiting officer are: Walter E. Whitehead, Frank Renschbach, Chas. Webb Denmore, Francis Dominic Burns, Clarence Sylvester Vanderbeck, Joseph Daniels, Owen Hill, David Lyons and George Charrette. Warrent Machinist E. H. Campbell successfully passed this professional examination, but was found physically deficient. He may be appointed later.

These officers will be known as "mustangs" as long as they remain in the service. That is the convenient designation of an officer who is not a graduate of the Naval Academy. It carries no suggestion of reproach, however. Some of the finest officers in the service during recent years first entered the navy from civil life during the civil war. One of the latest examples was Rear Admiral O'Neill, recently retired, who was Chief of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance.

In the navy to-day the place of the warrant officer is a highly important one. He constantly performs duty above his station. There are too few officers in the navy to man properly all the ships in commission. Watch and division duty accordingly falls upon warrant officers, and as a rule they discharge these duties in a most capable fashion.

Nothing could afford more convincing testimony of the worth of these warrant officers than the letters of recommendation from officers under whom they have served and the "reports on fitness" in which these officers give detailed answers to certain questions about the candidates. Of these questions the following, "Would you have any objection to this officer serving under you in peace or war?" is invariably answered with "no."

Sometimes the commanding officer goes further, as did Captain "Tom" Perry, who wrote on one candidate's report, "On the contrary, I would be glad to have him."



General Baron A. V. Kaulbars, Commander of Russia's third army now at the front.

Talks Without a Tongue.

Philadelphia. — Tongueless, yet able to talk better than when in possession of his organ of speech—that is the remarkable condition of William Bunting, a wealthy bachelor of Elmer, N. J., who is receiving treatment from Doctor William B. Van Lennep, professor of surgery in the Hahnemann Homeopathic Medical College, of this city.

Mr. Bunting came to the Hahnemann Hospital weeks ago. His tongue was swollen to twice its normal size, and had to be removed.

After the operation the first words the patient spoke. "Is it all right?" were the plainest he had spoken since his trouble began several years ago.

Degrees and Kites for Dogs of War.

Rome.—One hundred and five canines have received their degrees and as many full-bred collie dogs have been given a medical kit bearing the Red Cross insignia.

These are the property of the Italian Government and are considered among Italy's most valuable possessions.

The discovery that the intelligent collie dog, who so love to track up a lost traveler, and who will spend days on the scent, could be turned into competent war nurses was made about two years ago by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps.

Skin Like Crazy Quilt.

Northport, Wash.—S. H. Tweedell, a young man who was scalded at the smelter several months ago, is beyond danger and rapidly recovering, but his body is a spectacle. Nearly 800 skin patches, one to three inches in length, were grafted on his body.

Mr. Tweedell was caught in a lime bin and subjected to scalding steam for twenty-five minutes. The skin grafted on his body was given largely by his fellowworkmen and his brother Walter.

RECRUITING THE ARMIES

Russia's Unlimited Supply of Trained Military Men.

JAPAN'S STANDING ARMY

Every Man in Russia is a Soldier—Japanese Considered by Experts to Be the Better Fighters—Japan's Strong Point is in Caring for Her Men.

Washington.—Russia has an almost unlimited supply of men with military training, and the size of this army which she can gather in wartime is estimated at 4,500,000, including about 75,000 officers.

Every man in Russia is a soldier, that is, every man between the ages of 21 and 43. With the exception of educated persons, those who have been graduated from universities, colleges and grammar schools, five years with the colors or in active service is required. A graduate of a university is required to serve actively for a year only. Those in the active service are, of course, receiving training continually.

The reserves are trained for a fixed number of weeks periodically. Regimental barracks are scattered from one end of the empire to the other, and the mobilization of the troops, although a vast undertaking, is systematically carried out. Besides the periodical drill to which the reserves are subjected, there are many companies and regiments which are called out for active duty in quelling riots.

In Japan the total of available reserves falls far below that of Russia. Some experts, however, believe the Japanese are better fighters.

The Japanese standing army consisted before the war of only 167,633 officers and men, while Russia's peace quota was 1,000,000 men and 45,000 officers, according to figures supplied by each Government. The organization of the Japanese army is rather complicated, but its efficiency has been fully tested in the mobilization and transportation of the troops to the field.

In Japan all men from 17 to 40 are liable to military service. In addition to the standing army are the reserves; then what is known by the German term landwehr, and the first and second depots.

The reserves consist of those who have quitted the active service. They are enlisted in four years and four months and are considered part of the standing army.

The landwehr, which is brought into service after all the reserves have been called to the colors, is composed of those who have quitted the standing army, active and reserve, and the enlistment period is five years. The first depot comprises all those who have not enlisted in the active army for a term of seven years and four months. Those who had not previously enlisted in the first depot comprise the second depot, the term of service of which is only a year and four months.

These divisions are called out in regular order. Training of three or four weeks each year is given to all those not in the active service, much after the manner of our own State militia organization.

In war times the reserves are put into active training, and a depleted regiment can easily and quickly be filled with trained and experienced men. There is also a fifth division called the landsturm, which consists of those who have gone through the landwehr or first depot, but who have not been in other service. In this manner the ranks of the army are quickly filled.

Aside from all these there are thousands in the empire who can be called upon for active service and, counting every man eligible for the service, the total military strength of Japan would be upward of 1,000,000 men.

On paper this number compares poorly with the Russian figures. The main problem which each nation must face is that of feeding her soldiers and this is Japan's strongest point.

The All-America Football Team. Walter Camp announces in Collier's the following names as his selection for the first, second, and third all-America teams:

First Eleven—End, Shevlin, Yale; tackle, Cooney, Princeton; guard, Piskarski, Pennsylvania; center, Tipton, West Point; guard, Kinney, Yale; tackle, Hogan, Yale; end, Bokorowski, Chicago; quarter, Stevenson, Pennsylvania; half, Hurley, Harvard; half, Heston, Michigan; full, Smith, Pennsylvania.

Second Eleven—Weede, Pennsylvania; Thorpe, Columbia; Gilman, Dartmouth; Renshaw, Yale; Tripp, Yale; Curtiss, Michigan; Gillespie, West Point; Rockwell, Yale; Reynolds, Pennsylvania; Hubbard, Amherst; Mills, Harvard.

Third Eleven—Glaze, Dartmouth; Bokkewicz, Pennsylvania; Short, Princeton; Terrey, Pennsylvania; Thorpe, Minnesota; Doe, West Point; Rothgeb, Illinois; Harris, Minnesota; Hoyt, Yale; Vaughn, Dartmouth; Bender, Nebraska.

Largest Cat in Indiana.

Harry Grinup of this city owns a two-year-old cat which weighs eighteen pounds. The cat is named Jim Kiley, in honor of a citizen of Covington. The cat is supposed to be the largest in the State of Indiana.—Covington Indianapolis Star.

He who is the picture of health should be in an enviable frame of mind.

THE BLAZING STAR ON PECOS TRAIL

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

It was a very dark night on the old Pecos trail. There was thunder and storm in the air, and the hand was restless. As yet there was not a breath of wind, and the cook's tilted wagon loomed white in the smolder of a dying fire, which also showed the sleeping figures of a dozen blanketed men on the open ground. A hundred yards away nearly three thousand long horned cattle were "bedded down" in charge of the two night herders, who revolved slowly around the herd, singing to keep them quiet. The whole outfit was of the S-S brand, and was on the drive from Central New Mexico to far away Colorado.

"Some day I'll wander back again—"

To where the old home stands—sang Murray plaintively through the darkness. From the other night herder came the vigorous rhythm of a Salvation Army melody. The cattle were in that state of uneasiness that sometimes comes from atmospheric conditions, and drives the cow puncher to the brink of madness. They refused to lie down, and little files were continually breaking forth, repressed in one place only to start afresh in another. To Murray, riding his rounds, they seemed possessed by a legion of demons.

"The little cottage down the la-ans, so far in o-o-ther lands—"

he continued, not unmelodiously. The "little cottage" was a brownstone house on Madison avenue. Murray was the nephew of one of the largest ranch owners of the West, and had come out to the plains to learn the cattle business, and to recover from the strain of examinations at Columbia. To avoid any possibility of favoritism he had pluckily declined to serve as one of his uncle's cowboys, but had obtained an independent position on another ranch, where he might be sure of tasting the hardships of the trade without stint.

"I'll wait beside the cottage door—"

The clouds had rolled up darker, and sheet lightning began to play along the rolling horizon, with a mutter of thunder. The cattle were all on their feet, a sea of rattling, locking horns and great eyes gleaming in the flashes. Jim, the drive foreman, who always slept with one eye open, hastened to kick the recumbent cowboys out of their blankets, and horses were rapidly roped and saddled up.

The steers were still under control, and might have been held, but at this critical moment three pistol shots suddenly cracked loudly from somewhere in the darkness. The effect was instantaneous and terrific. In the space of a breath the herd had broken all bounds, and was off in blind panic, a roaring, struggling, stumbling torrent of living terror. At the same moment the wind came, and the stinging rain with it.

Every cowboy drove in his spurs and dashed toward the head of the stampede, revolver in hand. No force on earth could face the maddened beasts, but the men strove hard to turn them, riding recklessly upon the very edges of the rush, pushing in, yelling, cursing, firing their revolvers into the very eyes of the cattle. Under this attack the herd did swerve a little, and then, from some new unreasoning impulse, it burst like a bombshell into that most disastrous of all plains mishaps—a "blazing star." The solid herd strained suddenly in all directions, scattered in knots and bunches, and two and three, and washed into the storm and darkness.

The horizon cleared a little, and the figures of the cattle and of the wild riders could be seen like silhouettes against it. There were not nearly enough men to follow every detachment of the herd, but each selected the largest fragment he could see, and set himself to overtake and round it up.

Murray dashed off after a string of perhaps fifty beasts, which utterly disregarded his efforts to turn them. Suddenly, by a lightning flash, he detected a steersman crowned hat on the other side of the stream of animals. He could see only the hat, but it evidently belonged to a man who was riding the herd as recklessly as himself. No cowboy in the outfit wore such a headgear; its use is almost entirely confined to the Mexicans, and a great comprehension began to dawn upon him as to the original cause of the stampede.

By instinct he reached back for his six shooter, but the weapon was not there. No doubt it had been jolted from its holster by the rough riding of the night. It was a matter of immediate necessity to dispose of the brigand in some way, and Murray had only one weapon left—his "hog." The Mexican yip was not more than fifty feet distant, but the rain and intermittent light, as well as the terrific pace, made aim and revolver practice equally difficult; but he caught the coil from his saddle bow, and, without sickening speed, swung the great noose round his head. It was already launched when, like a discharging gun, the target suddenly disappeared, and the front of the stampede vanished out of sight with an indescribable plunging crash.

A deep creek gully lay in front; Murray knew that it must be in a flash, even before the wiry bronco made a spring into the gloom. The guide was wide, but with a leap worthy of a hunter the pony landed its fore feet on the opposite bank, pawed a moment for a foothold, and then fell back into the bottom, where the cattle were piling themselves upon one another. But Murray had kicked his feet loose at the leap, and threw himself over the animals' shoulders as free as a bird.

The creek had checked that part of the stampede. The rain was still high with struggling, wounded cattle, and somewhere among them no doubt lay the Mexican.

The weather had cleared, but a wet wind blew hard as Murray started on foot back toward camp, along the heavily marked trail. It was lightning for the dawn when he arrived, and he found there only the cook and Jim, the foreman, who had just come in with a small bunch of cattle from the wash. He had seen nothing of the outlaw, and when Murray told his story he was very surly. No doubt the robbers had been hanging on the drive for days, awaiting a favorable opportunity for their act of wholesale brigandage.

One by one the men came straggling in, wet, muddy and silent. Almost all had seen something of the "rustler," and some had exchanged shots with them; but in spite of the few head of cattle that the men drove in, there was the hard fact that the outlaw had been successful, for at least twenty-five hundred head were missing.

Breakfast was hurriedly prepared and gloomily eaten. Then each man roped a fresh horse from the "cavvyard," and they rode away in search of the lost. In ones and twos they scattered all over the surrounding plains, and whenever they saw a stray steer with the S-S brand they gathered him in. When a sufficiently large number had been collected they were driven back to camp.

But the bulk of the herd still remained unaccounted for, and in the afternoon the cowboys went farther afield in the search for some trace. Murray was riding with a callous man, who, in recognition of the fact that he hailed from the Mormon State, was usually called "Utah," or more correctly, "Ute." They were already many miles from camp when they came upon a trail deeply trampled in the soft ground, where a great number of cattle had recently passed.

Beyond question it was the hot herd, got under control of the "rustler," for there were many pony tracks along its edge. There was no other outfit in the neighborhood, so far as they knew, and Ute declared that he could tell the track of a steersman as far as he could see it. The cattle had evidently been moving fast; no doubt the robbers would drive them as fast and far as possible, in the hope of distancing pursuit. A strip of desert lay fifty miles ahead, and it was Ute's opinion that the cattle would be taken over this so as to lose the trail, and then they could be rebranded at leisure, to appear no more as S-S property, but as L-L's, or something equally novel.

So without hesitation the cowboys took up the trail. It was as easy to follow on the muddy prairie as a turkey, and from time to time there were marks as of smaller bands having joined the main herd. Yet though they followed through all the rest of the afternoon, they never caught sight of the distant steers on the sky line. Mile after mile was passed at the varying pace of the tough little cow ponies, and the clear Western star came out to watch that tireless—and, it seemed, hopeless—pursuit of the stolen cattle.

Murray dozed in his saddle, worn out with hunger and weariness, and lost count of time as he monotonously swept on through the darkness. At last he was sharply brought to himself by Ute's hand on his bridle bringing his pony to a sudden halt.

"What is it?" he exclaimed.

"Speak low. There they are," muttered Ute.

Murray looked, the sleep effectually jaded out of him. They stood on the crest of a long roll in the prairie, and perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead gleamed a little fire. "In the starlight a great mass shined black on the black earth. This was the stolen herd, and a slow, fatal lead, then, came from its black side. The night guard was set.

The cowboys sat on their horses for some minutes, staring silently into the faint gloom. A tiny black band out as one of the distant herds, lighted a cigarette, and even at this distance they caught a glimpse of his dark face and high crowned hat. A tramp and neigh of horses sounded from where the "cavvyard" was stationed.

"What's to be done?" asked Murray.

"Nuthin', I reckon," answered Ute, in a tone of perplexity. "Maybe some of the boys'll come up."

"They'll never get here in time," said Murray. "How many men do you suppose those fellows'll have on 'em?"

"Likely two or three night herders, an' maybe a horse wrangler with the cavvyard. Reckon the fellers'll be cizin' us, 'cause they'll think they've got us for snags to be safe. An' I reckon they have."

Murray considered the situation, regarding the silent encampment. "Look here," he said at last, "why don't we—and he unfolded his plan.

It was magnificently simple, and perfectly so. "One of them would approach the horse herd, quietly, on foot, overpowered the 'wrangler' in the darkness, and turn the horses loose. If possible, one or both of the cattle guards would be disposed of in the same fashion. Then cattle and horses could be stampeded by a simultaneous rush, and the Mexicans, left without mounts, would be unable to pursue."

The plan appealed to Ute in its general principles, but he objected to the details of its execution—not from his fear of danger, but from the seasoned cowboy's dislike to entering upon any enterprise on foot. It was out of his line, he would have preferred charging down upon the out-

fit with his horse, and he was not at all sure that he would be able to do it.

When he could finally see a group of men, a score of men, he decided to wait until the morning of their guard. But though he waited a long time there was no sign of any watch being set. In that case, as he decided, the cowboys must be waiting, and, creeping forward, he ascertained that such was indeed the case. The simplest matter immensely. Three minutes sufficed to get every man and the animals very close.

Murray at last started back to camp. His companion, rejoicing in his preliminary triumph, when he was aware of foot beats slowly approaching him. It might be Ute, coming to look him up—but a little coil of rope gleamed from the rider's face, and a gleam of twenty yards the sound called loudly. "Quiet, ray!"

Murray lay flat upon the ground, his hands in the grass, and his feet tucked under him. He lay perfectly still, his eyes on the man who came along in the darkness.

"What's that?" cried the man, the voice rising up closer. "Is that you, Murray?"

Murray could see the man's face alternately bright and dark in the red gleams of the cigarette. He came still nearer, and yet nearer, whispering of Murray's barrel bearing on his breast. "Until the horse blood with in six feet. Then, muttering something in Spanish, he struck a match sharply on his saddle.

Comment was impossible. Murray fired, but a sudden impulse, not at the man but at the pony. With a convulsive plunge, the horse went sprawling, throwing the startled rider. A sudden shout arose from the vicinity of the fire, followed by a burst of oaths and expletions. The Mexicans were up, and from the further distance Murray heard the wild whoops of Ute, starting down to meet him.

The horses in the "cavvyard" had scattered in fright at the shot and the resulting disturbance, and Murray sent a second shot and a yell after them. Then he ran for the Mexicans, who were dashing toward him, and the drumming hoofs of the cattle herd were sounded from the distance. He met Ute, and swung himself into the empty saddle without checking the bronco's speed. The camp of the brigands was in confusion. The men were vainly trying to catch their horses. The cattle were already alarmed; too, their excited trampling and the rattle of horns sounded above all the racket. It was the psychological moment; and the Americans charged down toward the stampede, at full speed, raising the slogan "Howdy-cowboys! Too-top-la! He-yah! He-yah! He-yah!"

A momentary volley was fired from about the fire, but no damage was done. A shower of Mexican bullets whizzed by Murray, and from his panic-stricken arm he loosed a long streak of flame, but before the shot could be repeated or retaken the Mexicans were scarce, overhead and away. As the cowboys advanced down the slope, startling and shouting, and firing their revolvers, the frightened cattle gave way before them. There was a surge, a trumpet struggle for a moment, and the second stampede was off.

It was no blaster star this time, but a straight bolt of the terrified herd. Close on its flank rode the shouting cowboys, and from an ever increasing distance in the rear the rain of bullets and arrows, some of the bullets striking an anticipated billet in the flying herd.

The victors made no attempt to turn the stampede, but contented only to keep it from returning. The herd and further behind scattered the shot, and in three minutes the stampede was out of sight and sound. The stampede was not a thing that they could come to prevent.

Next morning the rest of the herd came, coming up on the trail of the cattle at a hard gallop, and they fired hard, lagging at a slow and broken by two Mexicans who were killed in their saddle.

The rest of the herd was not so lucky. They were not so lucky as the first herd, and they were not so lucky as the first herd, and they were not so lucky as the first herd.