

MESSAGE FROM PEACE UNION

CAUTIONS THE CHURCH PEOPLE AGAINST PARTISANSHIP IN DISCUSSING THE WAR.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS JOIN

NEW YORK, March 1.—The Church Peace Union, founded a year ago by Andrew Carnegie, through its secretary, the Rev. Frederick Lynch, made public here today a message which the union has addressed to "the churches and clergy of America," cautioning ministers and church people against partisanship in discussing the European war, and protesting against the present agitation for increased armaments.

This is said to be the first time in church history that Catholics and Protestants have joined in signing a common letter addressed to the churches. The Peace Union's letter is signed by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, and Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. The president of the union is the Right Rev. David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York, who is one of the signatories. At the first meeting of the Church Peace Union on February 10, 1914, it was announced that Mr. Carnegie had made it an endowment of \$2,000,000, its aim being the furtherance of the cause of international peace through the united efforts of all religious bodies. Twenty-nine prominent clergymen and churchmen, representing all denominations including Jewish organizations were appointed trustees. It is these men who have signed the message in question. Following are some of the striking paragraphs in the message:

"Partisanship is adding fuel to a fire of passion which already is too hot. Clergymen should ally prejudice, not intensity. Each of the warring nations believes in the justice of its cause. Their disputes are of long standing, involves all the governments concerned, and their full history is yet to be written. In such a period of such tense feeling it is not easy to unravel the tangled skein of motives and events. It is a grievous thing that there is war between people whom we respect and count our friends. In this calamitous hour, denunciation of either side assumes a superhuman knowledge of complex policies and purposes, imperils the influence of our government in preventing peace, aggravates a quarrel which we should help abate, creates dissensions among our own people, inflames a war spirit in America, and gives force to the criticism that the church has abdicated its sacred function as the maker of peace and concord.

"We should realize not only that each of the warring nations has helped to create the conditions of which the war is a tragic expression but that these conditions characterize Americans as well as Europeans. We are quite as belligerent in temper as other men. We should condemn the cause of war; but we should look for them not so much in state papers as in the fears and prejudices and rivalries which are common to men everywhere except as they are influenced by the divine spirit. Our own freedom from militarism has been due to protecting oceans rather than to superior virtue. The present clamor for an armament to resist a possible attack is prompted, not by peril, but by the disposition to echo on our side of the sea the cries which have been heard in Europe for years, and it is engendering the same suspicions that have wrecked the relations of Germany and Great Britain. Are we to repeat the policy which is drenching the continent with blood? This is the time to prepare not for war, but for peace.

"Materialistic civilization has developed mind and energy rather than conscience. The people whose universities are the greatest, whose statesmen and philosophers the most famous, whose industrial achievements the most advanced, whose armies and navies the most colossal, are the very ones that are fighting. Modern science has equipped race hatred with dealer weapons and thus increased its power for ruin. A world order built up by secular education and dependent on force has collapsed. Christianity has not failed; but nations have failed to be Christian.

"Religion too often has been conceived as so local and personal that it had no relation to national policies. Men in their covetous enmity as a state have ignored moral laws that as citizens they uphold. The time has come to insist that the law of the jungle should be replaced by the law of humanity; that there is no double standard of ethics; that there cannot be one rule for individuals and another for their governments; that deceiving others, oppressing the weak, stealing territory, destroying property, and murdering rivals, acts which are criminal between men, are no less wrong between nations; that the real greatness of a people lies not in regiments and battleships but in justice and forbearance; and that 'righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

"If nations fear and hate one another, they will fight whether they annually add one or a dozen battleships to their navy, or a thousand or a hundred thousand men to their army. The Golden Rule must be made effective in international intercourse. This is the urgent duty of the churches, and American churches now have free opportunity to speak. They should be the channel through which the grace of God can become operative. They should make clear the distinction between the teachings of Jesus and so-called modern civilization, cease baptizing national pride and selfishness with the name of patriotism, put forth greater effort to

make the divine spirit leaven all human relationships, and proclaim the missionary message of international Christianity, of altruistic ministries to other peoples, of God as the universal Father instead of a national deity, of the unity of the human race, of religion as 'the power of God unto salvation,' and the antithesis of the human race, of religion as 'the power of God unto salvation' and the antithesis of aggression and brute force."

POPE ADDRESSES LARGE AUDIENCE

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF "BOOZE AND BUSINESS."

MRS. SHEPARD COMES THIS MONTH

Rev. Joseph Pope, of the State Anti Saloon League, addressed a very large audience at the Presbyterian church last Sunday on "Booze and Business." The address was entirely free from rant, being a calm, dispassionate and impressive discussion of the liquor question with reference to business.

Praises Mrs. Shepherd.

Of Mrs. Mrs. Lulu Loveland Shepherd, the W. C. T. U. national lecturer, who is to speak in Lewiston this month under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U., the Portsmouth, Ohio, Daily Times says: "When the president of Ohio's W. C. T. U. at the great state convention conducted Mrs. Shepherd to the platform, there were cheers and tremendous applause for the woman who is known throughout this section as the 'Billy Sunday of the White Ribbons,' and throughout the west as the 'Temperance Cyclone.' Mrs. Shepherd is of splendid physique and with a voice that rings clear and strong to every corner of the big tabernacle. For an hour or more she held her audience spell-bound. They drank in every word uttered, and so impressed were they that when she completed her address there was not a sound for a few seconds, and then there burst forth such applause as is seldom given a woman speaker.

WORLD'S RECORD GOES TO NORWAY

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The world's record for ski jumpers has passed from America to Norway. It was announced here today by Aksel H. Holter, secretary of the National Ski association of America.

Ragnar Omundset, the Chicago professional, whose jump of 166 feet at Ironwood, Mich., established a world's record in 1913, was outjumped by Amle Omundsen of Christiania recently when he jumped 177 feet on the Eker Ski club slide, an especially steep slide graded by the Norwegians with the idea of winning the record.

WINTER RAIN.

Rain in winter comes with a very different spirit than does the rain of spring. It has been called sullen and slow. It does beat against the windows with a kind of soggy dreariness. It trickles from the sooty roofs and chimneys and slashes icily along the dingy snow banks.

But to anybody who likes the mere actuality of nature's processes, there is a gleam of promise even in winter rain. Old water courses are beginning to show their ways again through the retreating snows of February and the winter rain gurgles ecstatically down over the banks and into the furrows worn by ages of just such changing routine.

Matted dead leaves have been held quiet by the stern frost fingers and the winter rain loosens them and drags them into hollows where the violet roots are waiting for the softer showers of spring. Brown buds are swelling discreetly, wary of too open a heart to the blasts of February, but conscious of the mysterious pulse of life somewhere deep within.

To be sure, the sky glowers cold and dark, the chance lightning along the far horizon is abnormally garish over snowy meadows, and the wind dashes the falling spray about with sharply chilling force. But the sun gleams out through the harsh bluster, the sky laughs back with the same old blue. There is the lure of elemental vigor even in the winter rain.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

A line with his policy to get rid of his veterans, Manager Cantillon of the Minnesota club announces the release of Pitcher Joe Lake unconditionally and the sale of infielder Leo Tannahill to Los Angeles. The Louisville club has unconditionally released Pitcher Bill Burns. Manager Cantillon of the Millers says he expects to retain only Dave Altizer of his veterans.

SOME MYSTERIES THAT HAVE SIMPLY DEFIED A SOLUTION

CRIMES THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN EXPLAINED MAKES DETECTIVE FICTION COMMON.

Murder, we are told, will out. Yet nearly 100 years have passed since Margaret Blake was stabbed to the heart as she slept by her husband's side in an humble New York tenement. Did her husband kill her or was it the deed of one of the two poor women who boarded with the Blakes and shared the same room? Twelve good men and true could not decide in a certain July day in the year 1816, nor has time solved the mystery.

Paterick Blake (his first name is so spelled in the records of the time) was a laborer. On the evening of April 23, 1816, he came home to his room and found his wife, with whom he had lived happily for many years lying in bed. She was sick or drunk — which of these two was her condition was not brought out at the trial. Since Mrs. Blake was unable to prepare supper, the two boarders, Catherine McGee and Jane McFall, cooked some potatoes and fish, and shared the meal with Blake, who sat on the edge of his wife's bed as he ate. Mrs. Blake was offered some supper, but said she was not hungry.

About 10 o'clock Paterick Blake went to bed with his wife and fell asleep while listening to reminiscences of Ireland exchanged between her and the two boarders. By 11 o'clock the room was dark and silent as the four weary toilers slept in preparation for the coming day of arduous and ill-paid effort. But at 4 o'clock Catherine McGee woke suddenly to find Blake standing by her bed holding a light.

"I am afraid Peggy is dead," he said. "She will not speak to me."

"That cannot be," said Catherine. "She was well enough last night. Perhaps she is asleep; try to wake her up."

From her bed she saw Blake seize his wife by the shoulders and shake her in an effort to wake her up. But Margaret Blake was dead. Blood oozed her ragged nightgown and the wretched bed, blood from a deep wound in her breast. And at that very moment there was a blood-stained knife in Paterick Blake's pocket, and his hands were stained with blood.

Obviously, the reader will say, Paterick Blake was a murderer and the jury men who failed to convict him were fools. But a perusal of the record of the trial, contained in Volume I. of "American State Trials," edited by John D. Lawson, LL. D., and published by the F. H. Thomas Law Book company, seems to entitle that long-dead Irish laborer to a Scotch verdict, at any rate.

In this extraordinary book, full of tales that make the writings of Gaboriau and Conan Doyle seem commonplace and dull, we read the testimony of Catherine McGee and Jane McFall, of friends of the prisoner, of the coroner, of the physicians who examined the body of the dead woman, and of the keeper who searched Blake in the Bridewell. We read, also, the thoughtful arguments of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. John Rodman, and of the counsel for the defense, Messrs. Ogden and Sampson, and the well-balanced charge of the learned Mr. Justice Platt. And these documents show that what seemed at first glance to be a simple story of sordid crime is, in fact, a black and terrible puzzle.

What was the conduct of Paterick Blake after he awakened Catherine McGee and told her his wife was dead? It was brought out during his trial for murder that he said, "I am a poor man this morning"—surely a strange exclamation for an assassin—and went out of the house. But he did not, as he might easily have done, go out of the city, far away from the officers of justice. Instead he went to the house of the Hanleys, who lived near. Amazed to hear some one knocking at their door at 1 o'clock in the morning, their amazement was increased when they heard their neighbor say, "Peggy is dead."

He took them to that blood-stained bedroom, where the horror-stricken boarders watched over the dead body, and stayed with them there for over an hour. Then he went out again, this time to return with his grown son. A few minutes after his son's arrival Paterick Blake again left the scene of the crime.

Nor this time did he make his escape. Instead he did what no murderer if murderer he was ever did before. He went to the office of John Redient, coroner of the city of New York, told him that his wife had been murdered and brought him to his home. Here is the evidence which the coroner gave when he was called to the stand by the district attorney as a witness for the prosecution:

"I am coroner of this city. On the morning of the 23d day of April last, a prisoner, with another, came to my house, and prisoner said that he went to bed between 9 and 10 o'clock of the preceding evening in the same bed with his wife, and that he woke at about 4 in the morning and found her dead. Inquired whether she died in a fit; he said he knew nothing about it, and wished me to go and view the body. I proceeded with the prisoner and his companion immediately to a cellar kitchen in Anthony street, in which there were three places for sleeping, one of which was represented as the place where the prisoner and his wife slept and this was a bedstead; the other places were (where it was said two women slept) in bunks or miserable beds, the nearest of which I should judge to be within three or four yards of the bed where the prisoner slept. One of these bunks was in full view of the prisoner's bed. I turned up the clothes from the body and found a wound under her right breast. My impression is that it was her right breast, but am not certain. There

was much blood in the bed and on her clothes. The body was lying on the left side. The prisoner appeared totally indifferent and insensible.

sent for surgeons to examine the wound. Discovered the scar of a wound near the same place where the recent wound appeared, and asked the prisoner how the wound was made. He said it was made by falling on a knife she held in her hand. After the examination of the deceased I asked the coroner's jury whether they wished to examine the prisoner. At their request the prisoner took off his coat, and I discovered blood on the shirt sleeve of his right arm, between the wrist and the elbow. There also appeared to be blood under the root of his finger nails. I asked him how that blood came there. He said he did not know, and appeared to be ignorant—was stupid or insensible.

About this time Abner Curtis, a police officer, brought a jackknife four or five inches long in the blade, on which there was blood. Prisoner was asked whether this was the knife, to which he answered it was. He was asked whether he knew how the blood came on the knife; answered that he did not.

The coroner identified the knife, which was a jackknife with a large, sharp-pointed blade about four inches long. Several physicians testified that the wound which caused Margaret Blake's death had been made by a knife like this knife. One of them, Dr. Thomas Cook, mentioned the fact that he had noticed the old scar to which the coroner had alluded, and Rodman, the district attorney, tried to show that this scar was the relic of a wound received from the prisoner during a quarrel, and thus to prove evil intent on the prisoner's part as motive for the crime. But the fact of this bygone quarrel was not proved, and Mr. Justice Platt ruled out the evidence of evil intent.

From the evidence of Catherine McGee it was learned that before going to bed she went to the side of Mrs. Blake to bind a handkerchief around her head, thinking, she said, that the woman was drunk and that this would do her good. But she was not allowed to apply this delightfully simple remedy for drunkenness, for Paterick Blake angrily told her to leave his room alone. She noticed, she said, blood on the back of Margaret Blake's hand. She asked Blake how it came there, and he answered: "None of your business."

The prosecuting attorney stated, in summing up, that the conclusion was irresistible that one of the three persons who stayed in the apartment on the night of April 23 was guilty. The woman was murdered, he said, in the dead of night, after the boarders and Blake had retired to rest. The door, it had been proved, was bolted. He said that Jane McFall had not the power to kill Margaret Blake and that Catherine McGee had no motive for the deed. Therefore, he said, Paterick Blake was the murderer.

But Mr. Ogden of the defense said that the presumptions against the prisoner were strong, those in his favor were stronger.

The jurors retired. When scarcely five minutes had elapsed they returned and announced their verdict—not guilty.

In this case there was no brilliant array of talent arranged on either side. Very different were the actors in another drama, the record of which is preserved in Dr. Lawson's unusual volume—the trial of Levi Weeks for the murder of Guleilma Sands.

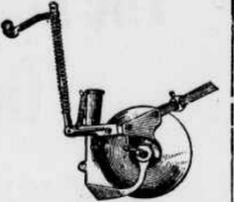
This was heard in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, New York City, in March, 1800. The judges were the Hon. Chief Justice Lansing, the Hon. Richard Varick, mayor of New York City, who had been Washington's recording secretary, and the Hon. Richard Harrison, recorder of New York City. For the people appeared waldader D. Colden, who in 1818 became mayor of New York City. And probably, as Dr. Lawson says, no other person tried for a felony at any time or in any part of the country has had such eminent counsel as Weeks had. They were Brockholst Livingston, afterward a judge of the supreme court of the United States; Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

The scene and circumstances of the Blake murder were sordid enough, but the murder of Guleilma Sands, even more revolting in its details, has nevertheless about it an element of romance missing in the Irish laborer's shanty, and its setting is most inappropriately quiet and refined.

Elias and Catherine Ring were kindly old Quakers who kept a small boarding house on Greenwich street, New York City. One of their boarders was Levi Weeks, an industrious and apparently virtuous young carpenter, whose brother, Ezra, was a citizen of considerable wealth and promise. It was noticed by various members of the household that Levi was growing more and more attentive to Guleilma Sands, Mrs. Ring's beautiful young cousin, who resided in the Ring house, and the expected match was regarded with complacency by all the friends and relatives of the young people. Indeed, Guleilma "confidentially" informed Mrs. Ring and Hope Sands, Mrs. Ring's sister, that she and Levi were soon to be privately married.

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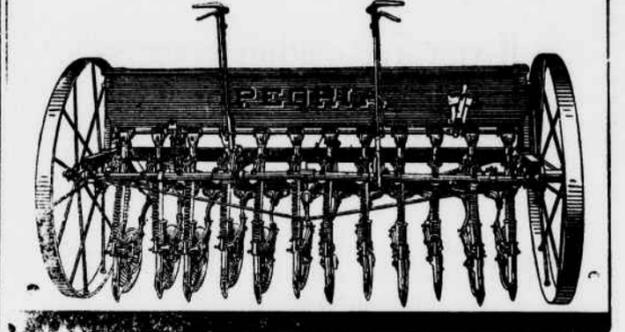


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up to that time had created so much excitement. During the trial, and for many years after, the murder of Miss Sands was an endlessly interesting topic of conversation. Several pamphlets were written about it, and as late as 1883 Theodore Fay embodied the chief incidents of the story in his novel, "Norman Leslie." The public believed that Levi Weeks was guilty, and, indeed, the unprejudiced reader of the evidence cannot help feeling that the case against the young carpenter was terribly strong. But Levi Weeks' brilliant counsel defended him with such learning and eloquence, and succeeded by means of their witnesses in establishing an alibi so nearly complete that he was acquitted. Popular indignation against him, however, was so strong that he was driven from New York City, and of his later life nothing is generally known.

Catherine Ring and her sister Hope testified that Guleilma left the house on the fateful evening at about 8 o'clock, and they believed at the time that she was joined by Weeks soon after she had descended the steps. They testified, also, that Levi came back at about 10 o'clock pale and nervous. Several witnesses gave evidence to the effect that they were aware that greater intimacy than was proper had for several months existed between Levi and the murdered girl. It was shown that a sleigh containing two men and a woman had been seen near the Manhattan well on the night of December 22, and the probability of Levi's having used his brother's sleigh at that time was strongly indicated.

How could the prisoner break through the links of a chain of evidence so strong as this? Perhaps the chief defensive weapon in the arsenal of Messrs Burr, Hamilton and Livingston was the alibi which covered all the evening of the crime except about 15 minutes. Ezra Weeks testified that his brother had come to his house between 5 and 6 o'clock on the afternoon of December 22 and stayed until 8. Then he left, to return after 15 or 20 minutes had elapsed, to discuss some of the business of the next day, for the Weeks brothers worked together. He stayed until 10 o'clock, being throughout the whole evening, to all appearance, in the best of spirits.

Now, it had already been determined that the crime was committed about the hour of 8 o'clock. It did not seem likely that Weeks could have gone from his brother's house to that of the Rings, lured Guleilma from that place to the Manhattan well, murdered her and thrown her body into the water, and returned to his brother's house in 15 minutes. Another thing that militated against the prosecution was the conduct and testimony of a witness of their own, one Richard David Croucher, Croucher was so eager to injure the prisoner's character, and showed so strong an animus against him, that he seems to have brought himself into suspicion. And this suspicion, it seems, Aaron Burr by no means endeavored to dispel. Indeed, the witnesses for the defense showed that as soon as Levi Weeks was indicted Croucher began to busy himself with efforts to persuade all his friends and acquaint-

ances that the young carpenter was guilty. Undoubtedly Chief Justice Lansing's charge to the jury had much to do with the prisoner's acquittal. He said that the court was unanimously of the opinion that the proof was insufficient to warrant a verdict.

AIRSHIP AGAINST THE SUBMARINE

AVIATORS AT GREAT HEIGHTS CAN SEE FAR INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

SAW WHILE CROSSING THE CHANNEL

PARIS, March 1.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—It has been proved that aviators from a considerable height can see further into the depths of the sea than when they are flying near the surface, according to Vincente Vesa, an authority who has been discussing the subject of the aeroplane against the submarine. Bleriot, after his first crossing of the channel in aeroplane in 1909, said that when he was approaching the English coast he was startled by a most unexpected spectacle. Looking straight down into the sea he saw what he first took to be a shoal of whales swimming in line at a considerable depth. The line was flanked on either side by two torpedo boats, and further inspection convinced him that the great fish were submarines escorted by torpedo boats maneuvering in the channel.

Another aviator who flew over the sea near the mouth of the Seine in 1911 declared that he distinguished clearly the bottom of the sea with its banks of sand, rocks and variations of formation.

A writer in the "Imparcial" of Madrid calls attention to the greater advantages of the aeroplane over the submarine as compared with war vessels. A submarine cannot torpedo an aeroplane, while the latter may follow his antagonist and dive close to the surface if necessary without the slightest danger from a submerged vessel; on the other hand the slightest breach in the submarine shell by a projectile dropped by the air may be fatal. In order to use its small guns effectively the submarine must come to the surface, increasing the chances of being hit.

A French aviator says that if the aeroplane has not done remarkably efficient work in fighting the submarine it is largely due to the difficulty in gauging the comparative speed of the two craft.

A real estate want in The Democrat will pay every time.