

**Punished
a Horror
Horribly.**

Whatever of excuse there can be for a lynching seemingly existed in Waco, Texas, on Monday, when the negro JESSE WASHINGTON was put to death. That is, the victim of the mob had committed and confessed the crime which of all others comes nearest to depriving the perpetrator of all right to treatment as a human being, or otherwise than as a beast equally dangerous and abhorrent. It was also the crime most likely to fill with frantic rage any community where it occurred—the one that goes furthest toward justifying resort to any measures of no matter what severity, so long as they are reasonably held to promise a deterrent effect.

On the other hand, the killing at Waco presented all of the very worst features that such an episode can have. In the first place, the ravisher and murderer had been promptly arrested and as promptly tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay the only penalty which the people of Texas could possibly consent to put in their laws. They would not dream of decreeing with formality that all such creatures as he should be burned to death, and, indeed, both their own State Constitution and that of their country would forbid it. Yet that was the punishment selected, and not by a small band of men acting in secret and at night, but apparently by the whole population of the place. At any rate, it was done by an enormous crowd, including great numbers of women and children, and it is not reported that anybody protested or objected.

The people of Waco must not think that because, in the circumstances, the legal prosecution of any of them is practically impossible, they will go without punishment. Their heaviest penalty will be in the permanent brutalizing of all who took part in the dreadful affair and of all who saw it. What they did, too, brings disgrace and humiliation on their country as well as on themselves, for wherever the news of it goes—and the news will go far—it will be asserted that in no other land even pretending to be civilized could a man be burned to death in the streets of a considerable city amid the savage exultation of its inhabitants. The assertion is probably not true, but to disprove it will be difficult.

**Traveling
Fast
and Far.**

That an automobile has now been driven from Los Angeles to New York in eight minutes less than 180 hours is a fact the practical importance of which is almost negligible, perhaps, but its interest, as illustrating what can be done with an invention that only a few years ago was the object of every humorist's jesting, is undeniable.

Since those not remote days when the automobilist was supposed to spend most of his time—and as a matter of fact did spend not a little of it—flat on his back under his "horseless carriage," tinkering at its recalcitrant vitals in more of hope than expectation of making it carry him another mile, these machines have been improved into a wonderfully close approximation to the perfectly trustworthy. Their pneumatic tires still are, and apparently always will be, the vulnerable tendon of the mechanical Achilles, but otherwise they meet all the demands of the competent and considerate driver, and to drivers of other characteristics are due so many of the "accidents" still charged to these vehicles that there is little exaggeration in saying that the responsibility for them is wholly on the man—or woman—who steers.

Even the latest of transcontinental records for the automobile leaves the railway locomotive with one almost twice as good, but the competition in that case is hardly fair. The locomotive would be a helpless and motionless monster a foot off its enslaving rails, while the automobile, though it has a laudable preference for good roads, can travel any that are worthy of the name and most of those to which the name cannot by the wildest stretch of charity be applied. Were the preferences of the motor car as carefully consulted and met as are, of necessity, those of its one successful rival not aerial, it could attain and maintain a speed beyond that of any locomotive yet built.

That the smaller machine has changed the conditions of life as much as did the larger could safely be disputed, but the difference is not so enormous, and it promises with the progress of time steadily to decrease.

**Sticking to
Their
Prohibitions.**

From present indications, the Methodist General Conference will not lift, this year at least, the condemnation which the great denomination it represents long ago placed on "dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties and dancing schools."

A majority of the sub-committee of the Committee on the State of the Church, to which the subject was referred, has reported to the full committee in favor of ceasing to name any particular amusements as necessarily and always reprehensible, but the full committee has decided not to commend this report. With the report of the minority, it will therefore go to the Conference for acceptance or rejection, as its wisdom decides. There seems to be little doubt that the majority of the committee, as against the majority of the sub-committee, will be upheld.

The questions involved, of course, are of conscience and taste, and the decision, whatever it may be, is open to argument as to its practical wisdom rather than as to its intrinsic rightness. Any form of enjoyment is wicked for those who think and feel it to be so for themselves, and it is their duty to abstain from it. That the same thing may be either virtuous or vicious, according to the use made of it, seems plain enough to some, but others prefer to let the possibility of evil outweigh the possibility of goodness or of innocence and harmlessness.

Temperament seems to be the determining factor in such cases, and temperament supplies its own reasons and logic.