

# HANGING IS BARBAROUS, ASSERTS EMINENT BRAIN SPECIALIST.

**There Is Much Proof That Dr. Spitzka Makes No Idle Assertion in the Claim That Hanging Is Barbarous—Lynch Law Usually Takes This Form of Execution and Among Many Barbarous or Only Semi-civilized People Hanging Is and Has Been a Favorite Method of Execution—New York and Some of the Other States Have Abolished This Form of Capital Punishment for the Electric Chair, but Other States Still Adhere to It.**

**B**y a Senate vote of 21 to 11 the Legislature of Pennsylvania has just decided that hanging for the next two years, at least, is still to be the official method of dealing out capital punishment in the Keystone State. The vote was brought about by the introduction in the Legislature of a bill abolishing hanging as a capital punishment and replacing this antique method of execution by electrocution now in force in many of the states where capital punishment is still the law.

The bill passed the House with flying colors by an unanimous vote but met its defeat, despite the support of Governor Tener, upon third reading in the Senate, not on account of its merits or demerits, but because a purely factional political fight was at the last moment injected into it. Thus, by such petty methods, is legislation for the best interests of the community, often defeated. But even in Pennsylvania it seems almost remarkable that politicians should have taken an act, dealing with the humane nature of capital punishment, as a club with which to work their ill-feeling towards their political or personal enemies. This, too, after they had placed themselves upon record as unopposedly favoring the measure.

The Board of Prison Inspectors and the best interests of the state were interested in the passage of the act and among the many efforts which they made in this direction was to secure the opinion which was laid before the Legislature by the author of the bill, Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka, the eminent brain specialist and professor of anatomy of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, as to the humanity of hanging.

**Electrocution Best Way.**  
Dr. Spitzka's reputation is worldwide and his opinions on a subject of such general movement as capital punishment should prove of very great interest. Particularly is this true where it is recalled that Dr. Spitzka is perhaps the world's greatest authority on the subject which he has made a lifelong study.

He has witnessed 74 executions, 57 electrocutions and 17 hangings. He is loud in his praise of electrocution, and vehement in his denunciation of hanging.

"If capital punishment must be employed," he said during the course of his interview, "I am heartily in favor of electrocution. I consider it the best, yes the very best, method of dealing with criminals. I regard the execution of criminals by a method so clumsy, cruel and antiquated as hanging as a blot on our honor as a state and a civilized community. In the basic idea underlying it, hanging is a survival of savage times when the idea of inflicting the death penalty was a cruel and painful desire to inflict as painful and ignominious a death upon the culprit as possible.

"The very form of the gallows lent itself peculiarly well to the end of ignominy and torture. The peoples of old and medieval times wanted the criminal to die painfully, so they suspended him by a noose about the neck and let him dangle on air," as the old chroniclers are so fond of describing the scene. "The desire to inflict as painful and ignominious a death upon the culprit as possible, led to the use of the gallows. The very form of the gallows lent itself peculiarly well to the end of ignominy and torture. The peoples of old and medieval times wanted the criminal to die painfully, so they suspended him by a noose about the neck and let him dangle on air," as the old chroniclers are so fond of describing the scene. "The desire to inflict as painful and ignominious a death upon the culprit as possible, led to the use of the gallows. The very form of the gallows lent itself peculiarly well to the end of ignominy and torture. The peoples of old and medieval times wanted the criminal to die painfully, so they suspended him by a noose about the neck and let him dangle on air," as the old chroniclers are so fond of describing the scene.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT

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hands opening and shutting in his agitation. "What do you mean?" he asked, at last. "If this is hanging upon your part, Mr. Holmes, you have chosen a bad man for your experiment. Let us have no more beating about the bush. What do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Holmes, "and the reason why I tell you is that I hope frankness may benefit your case. My next step may be to depend entirely upon the nature of your own defense."

"My defense?" "Yes, etc." "My defense against what?" "Against the charge of killing Mortimer Tregennis."

Sterdale mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Upon my word, you are getting on," said he. "Do not let your successes depend upon this preposterous power of bluff!"

"The bluff," said Holmes, sternly, "is upon your side, Dr. Leon Sterdale, and not upon mine. As a proof I will tell you some of the facts upon which my conclusions are based. Of your return from Plymouth, allowing first of your property to go on to Africa, I will say nothing, save that it first informed me that you were one of the factors which had to be taken into account in reconstructing this drama."

"I came back—" "I have heard your reasons and regard them as unconvincing and inadequate. We will pass that. You came down here to ask me whom I suspected. I refused to answer you. You then went to the vicarage, waited outside it for some time, and finally returned to your cottage."

"How do you know that?" "I followed you." "I saw no one." "That is what you may expect to see when I follow you. You spent a restless night at your cottage, and you formed certain plans, which in the early morning you proceeded to put into execution. Leaving your door just as day was breaking, you filled your pocket with some reddish gravel which was lying heaped beside your gate."

Sterdale gave a violent start and looked at Holmes in amazement. "You then walked swiftly for the mill, which separated you from the vicarage. You were wearing, I may remark, the same pair of ribbed tennis shoes which are at the present moment upon your feet. At the vicarage you passed through the orchard, and the side hedge, coming out under the window of the lodger, Tregennis. It was now daylight, but the household was not yet stirring. You drew some of the gravel from your pocket, and you threw it up at the window above you."

Sterdale sprang to his feet. "I believe that you are the devil himself!" he cried.

Holmes smiled at the compliment. "It took two, or possibly three, handkerchiefs before the lodger came to the window. You beckoned him to come down. He dressed hurriedly and descended to his sitting-room. You entered by the window. There was an interview—a short one—during which you walked up and down the room. Then you passed out and closed the window, standing on the lawn outside smoking a cigar and watching what occurred. Finally, after the death of Tregennis, you withdrew as you had come. Now, Dr. Sterdale, how do you justify such conduct, and what were the motives for

your actions? If you prevaricate or trifle with me, I give you my assurance that the matter will pass out of my hands for ever."

Our visitor's face had turned ashen-gray as he listened to the words of his accuser. Now he sat for some time in thought with his face sunk in his hands. Then, with a sudden impulsive gesture, he plucked a photograph from his breast-pocket and threw it on the rustic table before us.

## DEATH SCENES OF FAMOUS CIVIL WAR GENERALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

charge to sweep the Federals from the field and then to annihilate them as they fled in panic toward Nashville. But Thomas' men had regained strength and met the charge with fearful volleys. Cleburne was but 50 yards from the enemy's line when a bullet struck him and he fell from his horse to the ground—dead.

General Adams had started before Cleburne. His horse was just leaping the works into the Federal lines when Cleburne fell and when the battle had ceased Adams was found underneath his charger, whose forefeet were within the works, while his hind feet hung over the outside—both man and beast killed instantly.

The story of the last General to be killed upon either side in the war is incident to the siege of Petersburg. The grand assault upon that beleaguered city was on April 2, 1865. Within the Confederate lines stood the Commander-in-Chief, Lee, with his right hand man, General Ambrose B. Hill. Suddenly Lee turned to Hill; there was a look of intense anxiety on his face.

"How is this, General?" inquired Lee. "Your men seem to be giving way." Without a moment's hesitation Hill mounted his horse and dashed toward the endangered point. The need was urgent. Already the heads of the Federals were appearing from the far side of the intrenchments and at many points they were to be seen forcing the defenders back from the works. Digging his spurs into the heaving sides of the horse Hill rode onward. Suddenly three soldiers in blue stepped from behind a clump of trees in Hill's pathway. Hill quickly grasped the situation.

"Lay down your arms!" he thundered. The commanding voice fell of its airy strategy. Three flaming streaks cut the air and General Hill fell to the ground, dead. The death-knell of the Confederacy sounded through the hills and across the Nation. Petersburg was falling! Richmond was being evacuated.

Seven days later Grant and Lee sheathed their swords forever at Appomattox. Peace had come.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Cleburne was among the first to respond to the Confederacy's call and was elected a Captain of the Yell Rifles. His service in India stood him in good stead and he advanced rapidly in the service, until at the battle of Franklin he was a Major-General. This battle, fought in November of 1864, was one of the most desperate in the West and it was here that Patrick R. Cleburne surpassed even his own record for daring and courage.

## BARBER TO THE KAISER

Cutting Royal Hair Is Easy, Because Thin, Is Shown.

A Vienna barber named Durrman had the time of his life when he was suddenly called to operate on the Emperor William during the latter's recent stay in the Austrian capital. The valet who usually cuts the imperial hair, had injured his arm, hence the substitution.

The Kaiser talked uninterruptedly while his hair was being cut and asked the barber questions of every school. The barber boasted that he had cut the hair of Francis Joseph and King Edward, not to mention minor royalties.

"With Kings it is easier," the barber said. "Why is that?" the Kaiser asked. "Because on an average they are older and have less hair to cut," the barber replied.

The Kaiser laughed and said, "Come to me in Berlin in a few years' time; I guess you'll have an easy job then." The barber insisted that he had cut 10,000 grave visaged funkeys who held in napkins the imperial hairbrush, comb, scissors and other accessories. They bowed solemnly every time an article was taken up for use.

## AN ANCIENT CITY OF ARIZONA

Chicago Tribune.

Still another "oldest city in the world" has been discovered. When T. Hewitt Myring found vases in Peru in ruins which were said to be 7000 years old, it was imagined that the remains of early civilizations had been pushed as far west as the Yucatan, and never ever go. But A. Lafave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in an Arizona tableland near Phoenix.

The buildings are on a level stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet the ruins are 10 to 15 feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer claims required ages to accumulate. The buildings of sandstone show great architectural skill and in the walls were found a box of cotton bolls and a sealed jar of corn, both well preserved. The Arizona climate does not permit the growth of cotton in the present age, so Mr. Lafave assumes that sufficient time must have elapsed since the cotton which he found was grown to have wrought a complete change in the character of the country.

This period he also gauges as something like 10,000 years. He is satisfied that the ruins are older than those of Nineveh or Babylon. He believes that the race which built this town was possessed of a high civilization from the abundance of artificially wrought pottery, and that it subsequently was broken up by internal dissension, and possibly degenerated into the cliff-dwelling tribes.

## DELAWARE MOB TAKEN DELIVERED TO HIS DEATH

DR. EDWARD ANTHONY SPITZKA, BRAIN SPECIALIST.

many believe that death even in a painless form, ought to be stricken altogether from our penal statutes.

"Some states and communities having already abolished hanging, I am heartily in favor of electrocution. I consider it the best, yes the very best, method of dealing with criminals. I regard the execution of criminals by a method so clumsy, cruel and antiquated as hanging as a blot on our honor as a state and a civilized community. In the basic idea underlying it, hanging is a survival of savage times when the idea of inflicting the death penalty was a cruel and painful desire to inflict as painful and ignominious a death upon the culprit as possible.

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## THACKERAY AND ENGINE

Railway Trains, Even in the Crude State, Didn't Suit the Author.

Thackeray—Paris Sketches.

The palace at Versailles has been turned into a brick-and-brace shop of late years and its long-honored walls have been covered with many thousand yards of the worst pictures that eye ever looked on. I don't know how many leagues of battlements and towers the unhappy visitor is now obliged to march through, amidst a crowd of clattering Paris cockneys, who are never tired of looking at the glories of the Grandeur Francaise; to the chronicling of whose deeds this old palace of the kings is now altogether devoted.

A whizzing, screaming steam engine rushes hither from Paris, bringing shoals of badaubs in its wake. The old coons are all gone, and their place never tired of looking at the glories of the Grandeur Francaise; to the chronicling of whose deeds this old palace of the kings is now altogether devoted.

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## REAL APPRECIATION

(Saturday Evening Post.)

One of the appurtenances of the household of Champ Clark is an old negro woman who can cook like an angel—a mammy.

Mammy always has been persistent in her efforts to extort gifts from Mrs. Clark, and continually asks for new dresses, new stockings, new dresses and the like. One day when Mrs. Clark was in St. Louis she bought Mammy a rather extensive outfit and when she returned home she gave the things to her with the intimation that perhaps they would hold her for a while. A week later Mammy began asking her mistress for a new dress.

"Why, Mammy," said Mrs. Clark, "where are the things I gave you last week?" "Sholy, missus," replied Mammy in great amusement, "you ain't thinkin' I's gwine to wear dem, is you? I's gwine to hold dem to be buried in."

## HARD TO DILTSNGUISH

"My doll was full of sawdust," said one little girl.

"Maybe it wasn't sawdust," replied the other. "Maybe it was breakfast food."—Washington Star.

## TRIP OF THREE LEAGUES

Does any reader of this venture to say that, on such a voyage, he ever dared to be pleasant. I am sure hardened smokers joke with one another? I don't believe it. Look into every single car of the train, and you will see that every single face is solemn. They take their seats gravely and are silent for the most part during the journey; they dare not look out of the windows, for fear of being rebuffed by the smoke that comes whizzing by, or of losing their heads in one of the windows of the down train; they ride for miles in utter damp and darkness, as the castron Frankenstein of an engine gallops on, puffing and screaming.

## WHEN OLD AGE IS A CURSE

Success Magazine.

When it has lost self-respect. When the old have not won the respect, the confidence and the admiration of relatives and those nearest to them. When they do not stand for anything in their community. When their neighbors would not consider their departure any loss. When the imagination is foul and the thought impure. When all the youthful fires have gone out and only embers remain. When the individuality has been burned out by dissipation, and when the reserves of energy and force have been prematurely exhausted by a vicious life. When uncharitable analysis has not learned the art of self-control and patience. When young people cannot live with it with any comfort. When the individuality has been burned out by dissipation, and when the reserves of energy and force have been prematurely exhausted by a vicious life. When uncharitable analysis has not learned the art of self-control and patience. When young people cannot live with it with any comfort. When the individuality has been burned out by dissipation, and when the reserves of energy and force have been prematurely exhausted by a vicious life. When uncharitable analysis has not learned the art of self-control and patience. When young people cannot live with it with any comfort.

## WHEN THE HOPE AND CHEER HAVE FLED

When ambition and aspiration are dead.

When they have lost the zest for life, the desire for usefulness. When they have no aim in life. When the sap of life has gone and the individual is like a juiceless orange. When all that is good, sweet and noble has evaporated and life is empty.

## RECAL APPRECIATION

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