

CHIEFS LAUGH FOR YEARS IN ITALY

Trial of Two Prison Officials in Rome Accused of Moral Cruelties to Prisoners in Order to Extort a Confession, Draws Attention to Long Delays in Bringing Accused Persons to Trial

Rome, Sept. 12.—Wide attention is being attracted by the trial of Commendatore Canavelli, director-general of the prisons of the kingdom, and Commendatore Doti, his second in command, because of the high positions of the accused and the object lesson which it presents for those who are agitating for prompt justice. The two officials are being indicted for moral cruelties to a prisoner with the object of inducing him to confess to a crime.

The trial has already had two distinct and beneficial effects. It has first of all drawn the attention of the public to the need of the reform of prison methods, and also to the scandalous delays in bringing accused persons, whether innocent or guilty, to trial.

The latter seems to be a characteristic of the Italian justice system. It is the custom here to keep a prisoner in prison on mere suspicion. No universal rule is in force here, but it is not unusual to remember a single important trial in this country where the prisoner was tried inside of two years after the crime was committed, and it is usually twice that time.

Who has not heard of Acciarito, the wretched victim of the Italian justice? In the minds of most people he is such an ancient history that he is almost forgotten, but the trial now going on here is a reminder of the fact that the Italian justice system is still in a state of barbarism, although his attempt on the life of King Humbert took place 10 years ago, his executioner had been dead for years, and Acciarito himself is languishing in a cell where 10 years of solitary confinement has made him a mere shadow of intelligence and he is little better than an idiot.

It seems that Commendatore Doti, with the approval of Commendatore Canavelli and some others, finding that Acciarito refused to acknowledge that he had committed the crime, had one of the prison guards pretend to be a prisoner, and from the cell adjoining, by means of knocks on the wall, informed Acciarito that his mistress had had a son, and that they were dying of hunger. To support this monstrous and untrue story letters were sent to him, purporting to be from the woman, with the same story. Acciarito's love for her and his desire to see her again, led him, and in his agony at their supposed condition he at once gave way and supplied the names of several men as his accomplices. However, he retracted his confession and nothing could be proved against them.

Public indignation, which white heat when the facts became public, and socialism and even anarchism made enormous strides notwithstanding this, has taken 10 years to bring the officials to justice. After all this time the public cares little on whom the responsibility lies; what they demand is that no such thing shall happen again, and that the whole prison system shall be changed.

Another ancient crime now judged and concluded, and which illustrates this point, is that of the murder of Baron Saparito, brother of the well known Sicilian deputy, who has been charged with the murder of a woman, and the trial has been postponed for years, and when it comes on again it will take place in the north of Italy, where the prisoner is not known, and where the public does not care one way or the other. The jurors were furious



WHERE ACCIARITO WAS TORTURED

at once, passions are aroused, that the jurors are even the judge cannot argue serenely, and that justice is more apt to go astray.

This keeping prisoners for years before trying them is doubly cruel in Italy, for the reason that there is no such thing as bail for criminal offenses. If they can afford it, alleviations in food and comforts are allowed from outside. If they are poor so much the worse for them. Thus an innocent man's affairs may go to absolute ruin and his wife and family be cast upon the street and public charity, yet he has no redress. This is the reason that while three years have passed since this Neapolitan sculptor murdered his wife he has not been tried, and the judge was not above suspicion, and the public not only made no secret of its opinion, but frequently took a hand in the proceedings. At last even this accommodating judge's patience found its limit, and he was ordered to try the case, and he has been postponing it for years, and when it comes on again it will take place in the north of Italy, where the prisoner is not known, and where the public does not care one way or the other. The jurors were furious



ACCIARITO'S SWEETHEART

has always believed that the latter had a moral influence in the murder of his brother. The latter was murdered seven and a half years ago, so that the accused men, now proved to be innocent, have been seven years in prison, turning in that time from comparatively young men into middle-aged ones. There is no way of regaining or revenging those lost precious years.

The famous Filippo Ciferiello trial exhibited Italian justice in a new light, while retaining the features of the old. While three years have passed since this Neapolitan sculptor murdered his wife he has not been tried, and the judge was not above suspicion, and the public not only made no secret of its opinion, but frequently took a hand in the proceedings. At last even this accommodating judge's patience found its limit, and he was ordered to try the case, and he has been postponing it for years, and when it comes on again it will take place in the north of Italy, where the prisoner is not known, and where the public does not care one way or the other. The jurors were furious

at this, calling it a "miscarriage of justice." Incidentally, they may be being deprived of what was really to them "as good as a play," in which they have the satisfaction of being prominent actors. It is to be expected that you will all over change. Go where you will all over Italy, Ciferiello will not find a jury which will acquit him with the same ease as an enraged juror declared.

A characteristic case shows another phase of the Italian justice. The confessed guilt of a prisoner does not hurry his trial. A certain Casale murdered an elderly man of good means in 1886, in Perugia, and when arrested shortly after, confessed his guilt. Notwithstanding this, he has not yet been placed on trial. Of course, in such a case the lawyers for the defense seek every excuse to put off the trial. Their client is sure to be given long years of prison, but the time spent in prison before the trial is deducted from the sentence. The jury, however, is allowed certain privileges, such as seeing his family and friends, reading, writing, and the juror, Casale, who desires naturally to prolong the period as long as possible.

It is expected to spend the next 30 years at least in prison, and now that his trial has finally come, it will probably prove a not unwelcome break in the monotony of his days. This same Casale has lately passed his leisure in prison writing a play which was reported to have been accepted by the opera house. This was later discovered to be mere invention and the confessed murderer is now writing his prison experiences.

Thus the only persons who gain by the extraordinary dilatoriness of the Italian law are the accused criminals, and it bears hardest of all on the innocent. Public opinion in the peninsula is perfectly unanimous in the belief that there should be a thorough overhauling of the procedure of the law. The law itself is of the highest quality, and the judges and responsible authorities in their great majority are animated only by an honest desire to see it carried out, but the jurors, who are depended upon, and the public is often carried away, so that there is always delay and often real miscarriage of justice.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

THE bridegrooms do drop the ring in ecstatic moments—a fine time did I have poking one from under a bookcase once while the bridegroom and his best man leered sheepishly at my crimson countenance; do forget to clasp hands and often step on the bridal train at that crucial second when the turn is made aisleward. One unhappy creature pulled my face all askew for one miserable moment by answering, "Yes, sir, thank you!" to the query, "Do you take this woman?" A later bridegroom added at my private performance in my own house, "And mighty glad to get 'er, yer bet!"

The stranger in a strange town and a strange ceremony furnish the comedy. The clergyman soon learns the faltering steps on his porch, he fumble at his belt, the nervously twisted hat, the shy presence at some other and different business; soon turns confidently and immediately to the nearest streetcar post to discover the half hid flutter of bridal skirts. Still such wisdom takes time, and madame during the first year of her wedded life turns confessor to some 35 couples from our door. Then came her eye opening.

I was out of town, and when Hattie Parsons, a demure, beautiful, domestic variety of damsel, appeared at 5 o'clock in the company of a young man and asked for me, madame assured her that the minister's wife "always does just as well," a conviction which Hattie failed to shake, and even at 8, despite some added vehemence, desperately denied. At 7 I burst through the front door, private parlour, behind a new brown silk never yet seen at church, gloves and hat to match, seated close to a youth very black as to coat, white as to tie and radiant as to patent leather.

"Why," cried I into madame's astonished ear, "I didn't expect to see you here. You were getting married, or ever thought of it?"

"How did you know?" she gasped.

"Since that day every youthful book agent with the slightest trepidation of manner is bidden: 'Come back at 2 o'clock, do.' The minister will surely be in."

Some conversations are uncomfortably thorough.

As to those out of towners, the city of my abiding is full of them. Situated at the corner of two other states it proves a Gretna Green for all loversick ones. They are the most guarded parents, suspicious offspring, conventionalities of church weddings—their delight in their run to us. It adds materially to our meager incomes.

The fees are a source of constant palpitations, so many languages, some times of the bagpipes for the minister finds in them all the unexpectedness and something of the excitement of a gambler's days. One parsonage advised me to keep in stock two varieties of certificates and discriminations. I did, handed the \$1 kind to an exaggeration couple and bestowed paternally the 12 1/2 cent variety on a youth who graciously presented me in return a \$10 bill. I don't discriminate any more.

But the fees! I have been paid 50 cents, a quarter, nothing but a promise to "kum round Saturday when pay envelopes comes in" which it apparently never did—and from a dollar up, yet not so far as to be unendurable. But the strangest case I received from a hilltop town near Massachusetts. She confided to be 30 summers. She told the truth, but not all the truth, while his assertion about 21 was patently an exaggeration, though there could be no question as to his uncounted beauty.

After the ceremony he inquired, "Wal, mister, what's th' damage?"

"I hope," I cried, politely, "no damage has been done; but if you refer to the expected fee, that's as you deem the service worth."

"Wal," asked he, "will a dollar and a half about kiver 't?"

"If that suits you it suits me," I responded.

"Say, Jane, I didn't fetch no cash along; yer pay 'im."

"Jane thought it worth \$2."

WEDDING FEES--Humorous Side of Marriages as Seen at the Parsonage

THE bridegrooms do drop the ring in ecstatic moments—a fine time did I have poking one from under a bookcase once while the bridegroom and his best man leered sheepishly at my crimson countenance; do forget to clasp hands and often step on the bridal train at that crucial second when the turn is made aisleward. One unhappy creature pulled my face all askew for one miserable moment by answering, "Yes, sir, thank you!" to the query, "Do you take this woman?" A later bridegroom added at my private performance in my own house, "And mighty glad to get 'er, yer bet!"

The stranger in a strange town and a strange ceremony furnish the comedy. The clergyman soon learns the faltering steps on his porch, he fumble at his belt, the nervously twisted hat, the shy presence at some other and different business; soon turns confidently and immediately to the nearest streetcar post to discover the half hid flutter of bridal skirts. Still such wisdom takes time, and madame during the first year of her wedded life turns confessor to some 35 couples from our door. Then came her eye opening.

I was out of town, and when Hattie Parsons, a demure, beautiful, domestic variety of damsel, appeared at 5 o'clock in the company of a young man and asked for me, madame assured her that the minister's wife "always does just as well," a conviction which Hattie failed to shake, and even at 8, despite some added vehemence, desperately denied. At 7 I burst through the front door, private parlour, behind a new brown silk never yet seen at church, gloves and hat to match, seated close to a youth very black as to coat, white as to tie and radiant as to patent leather.

"Why," cried I into madame's astonished ear, "I didn't expect to see you here. You were getting married, or ever thought of it?"

"How did you know?" she gasped.

"Since that day every youthful book agent with the slightest trepidation of manner is bidden: 'Come back at 2 o'clock, do.' The minister will surely be in."

DAILY INCIDENTS AT THE ALDER STREET WAITING ROOM

By Helen Hope.

EXTRA! Evening papers, all about the murder and suicide. Paper, mister!

Around the waiting-room at First and Alder, the news-kidies were darting about, shrilly crying their wares with particularly loud results. Even the "lady newboy" trundled her baby carriage, stacked high with newspapers, a little faster than usual, to keep pace with the increased demand caused by a local tragedy.

A boy with a bundle of magazines under his arm, stood across the street disconsolately watching his small competitors monopolize "dix." His stock of magazines seemed to be growing heavier, instead of lighter, every minute, when a sudden idea made him take to his heels like a young colt.

"Extra, here! Saturday Evening Post, all about the murder and suicide! The inspired urchin, who wildly across the street and almost smashed directly into us.

"The lady's teeth gleamed like an ad for tooth paste, as she gave me a punch in my ribs.

sack of confections with the man back of the candy counter, whose boyhood days were spent along the shores of the shimmering Bay of Naples.

brother, "let's have some ice cream. It's so hot I've just got to have it!"

The girlish-looking mother shook her head.

"Not today, my dears; mamma is too tired."

Both children set up an insistent wail. The mother glanced helplessly from the two rebellious youngsters to the basket of parcels, and the sleeping infant.

A Sister of Mercy sitting near left her two small charges and whispered something to the young mother. The next moment the little ones clung to the Sister's hands, scampered over to a table and were soon chattering happily like a doting village. And in the last car, amid the struggling mass, a sad-eyed woman clad in deepest mourning, her face as white as paper, gazed at Betty's heart is quickly touched by the sight of childish woe. A weeping lad standing a little apart from the crowd caused her to interfere in domestic difficulties in real Happy Hooligan style.

"What are you crying about, little boy?"

The lad lifted a tear-wet face.



"Now isn't that a screaming joke, though?"

Betty's long high-arched legs, either pleasure or pain, or both, is always made with her eloquent elbow, while her marriedy side-kick, an left to interpret her meaning as best I may.

"Here, here, boy!" she called after the scamping lad, all unconscious of glances from ogling youths and groups of shrill-tongued girls waiting for suburban cars. Back came the youngster like a young tornado, dashing deftly between cars and carrying wagons, and droves of rollicking children.

"Saturday Evening Post, mister! All about the murder and suicide. I was going to buy that scare-head magazine of yours, but your face is too dirty. I'll have to wait for a cleaner boy."

Another nudge in my side.

"Why that ain't dirt," protested the boy, bringing a still grimmer hand over his face. "That's just sweat."

"Now, boy, you know you haven't had a bath since Pharaoh was a baby, have you?"

"Well I never heard nothin' about that feller, but one day this summer I went swimmin'. Aint that a bath?" he demanded, triumphantly.

Betty was scandalized, and armed with the Post, we went inside to wait for the country car to which we far from the perfume of the garbage wagons, out to the silent place, where the trees speak most eloquently. The car came, and the kindly chirps his love song in the penultimate croak of the frog.

It isn't necessary to say the flags of all nations in the Alder Street waiting room, for here were the living representatives of every race, tribe and complexion. Chinese, Japanese, Italian, Russian, as straight and almost as tall as the blue-eyed boys, looked down with calm indifference upon the little white brush-wood from Japan, who in turn, with a contemptuous nod at their yellow-skinned brethren from China, a blond giant from Sweden, and a black giant from

Suddenly I received an awful nudge. I followed the direction of Betty's eyes, and at a glance I saw the world-old-old. There sat Adam and Eve, of 1908, with their eyes aglow.

"That's what I call a vulgar display of happiness," muttered my side partner.

"Maybe you have something green in your eyes," I observed, tentatively.

"Oh, no, not me!" she protested with unbecoming vehemence. Of course, it's all very nice and happy and admitted, "but so few of us get there that it's a trifle unkind of them to flaunt it in our faces. Don't you think so, truly? It's like placing a platter of meat just out of reach of a hungry dog."

"It's your liver," I suggested.

But Betty didn't hear. She was now amusedly watching the ticket man "explaining himself" in elaborate detail to each purchaser, and through it all wearing a placid smile that couldn't be removed with anything less than a donkey engine.

Being a lover of children individually and in the aggregate, my eyes naturally wandered to the juvenile members of the waiting crowd. There really seemed to be dozens of these wriggling little manifestations, though there were only 14. But today the babies were too tired even to play. These little tots, some in arms and some trotting about, had spent several hours in getting their first lesson in the ethics of the bargain counter. As a result, their thrifty

mother, "let's have some ice cream. It's so hot I've just got to have it!"

The girlish-looking mother shook her head.

"Not today, my dears; mamma is too tired."

Both children set up an insistent wail. The mother glanced helplessly from the two rebellious youngsters to the basket of parcels, and the sleeping infant.

A Sister of Mercy sitting near left her two small charges and whispered something to the young mother. The next moment the little ones clung to the Sister's hands, scampered over to a table and were soon chattering happily like a doting village. And in the last car, amid the struggling mass, a sad-eyed woman clad in deepest mourning, her face as white as paper, gazed at Betty's heart is quickly touched by the sight of childish woe. A weeping lad standing a little apart from the crowd caused her to interfere in domestic difficulties in real Happy Hooligan style.

"What are you crying about, little boy?"

The lad lifted a tear-wet face.

"Now isn't that a screaming joke, though?"

Betty's long high-arched legs, either pleasure or pain, or both, is always made with her eloquent elbow, while her marriedy side-kick, an left to interpret her meaning as best I may.

"Here, here, boy!" she called after the scamping lad, all unconscious of glances from ogling youths and groups of shrill-tongued girls waiting for suburban cars. Back came the youngster like a young tornado, dashing deftly between cars and carrying wagons, and droves of rollicking children.

"Saturday Evening Post, mister! All about the murder and suicide. I was going to buy that scare-head magazine of yours, but your face is too dirty. I'll have to wait for a cleaner boy."

Another nudge in my side.

"Why that ain't dirt," protested the boy, bringing a still grimmer hand over his face. "That's just sweat."

"Now, boy, you know you haven't had a bath since Pharaoh was a baby, have you?"

"Well I never heard nothin' about that feller, but one day this summer I went swimmin'. Aint that a bath?" he demanded, triumphantly.

Betty was scandalized, and armed with the Post, we went inside to wait for the country car to which we far from the perfume of the garbage wagons, out to the silent place, where the trees speak most eloquently. The car came, and the kindly chirps his love song in the penultimate croak of the frog.

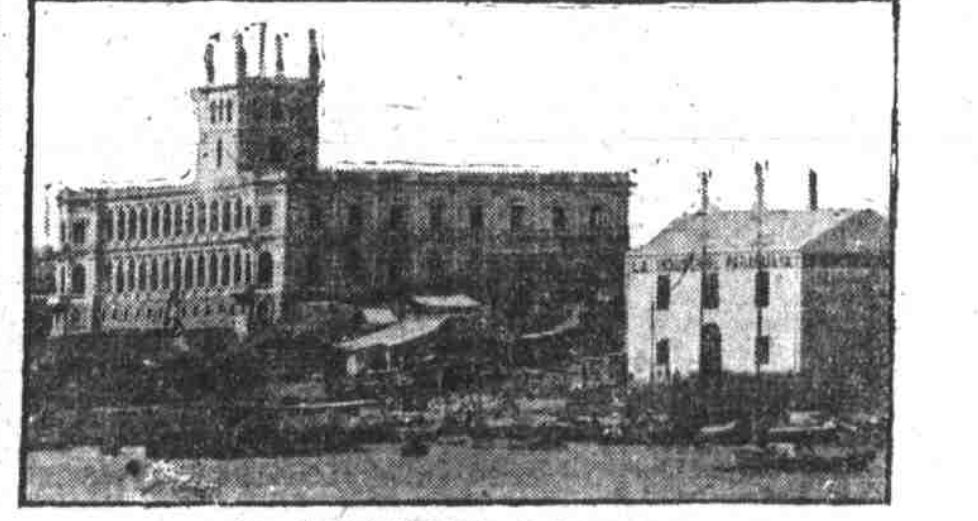
It isn't necessary to say the flags of all nations in the Alder Street waiting room, for here were the living representatives of every race, tribe and complexion. Chinese, Japanese, Italian, Russian, as straight and almost as tall as the blue-eyed boys, looked down with calm indifference upon the little white brush-wood from Japan, who in turn, with a contemptuous nod at their yellow-skinned brethren from China, a blond giant from Sweden, and a black giant from

REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY--An Historical Country

PARAGUAY contains 157,722 square miles. This means that the republic is practically the size of California, twice as large as Nebraska, and nearly as large as Kentucky. With a history nearly as old as the Spanish settlement of South America, and with a civilization practical today, but at one time developed into as close to a Utopia as is possible on this earth, Paraguay remains the least known and visited republic of South America.

Asuncion, the capital, was founded in 1538, and is therefore older than Buenos Ayres, only one year younger than the city of Lima. Peru. Asuncion represents geographically in South America what St. Louis does in North America: it lies 1,000 miles from the Atlantic up the river La Plata, or rather on the Paraguay river, which is one of the great tributaries forming the immense watershed of La Plata. Ocean steamers can ascend to this port with greater facility than they can pass up the Mississippi, although in many respects the two streams are much alike. For nearly half a century the republic has been struggling to recover from the cruel blow struck to her energies and productivity during the war which ended with the death of the dictator, Lopez, and now the country is emerging good upon the Indians, in the South American Missionary society. This society was chartered in 1898, and is locally recognized by the government of Paraguay. Its head office is in London, while its local, active center is on the right (west) bank of the river Paraguay, opposite Villa Concepcion, due east of Antofagasta, Chile, and due west of Santos, Brazil, which lie practically on the tropic of Capricorn, as Havana is on the tropic of Cancer in the northern continent.

This society has authority over all the Indians of the Chaco; it has stations for their intellectual and indus-



The Capitol Building of Paraguay.

trial instruction. It can buy and sell lands, but its funds from any source must be returned to the promotion of the philanthropic purposes of its charter. Instead of being used for a financial profit. The Chaco has recently been divided into the government of the plan devised for the middle western states in their early history, and for 20 miles inland from the river Paraguay regular ranches have been established, which big fair to rival the cattle to the value of \$1,000,000. Forestal products \$750,000, agricultural products \$500,000; tobacco plays an important part in the export figures. In fact, raw products rather than manufactured articles form the chief imports. Cattle ranges are increasing in extent, and in recent years farmers and cattlemen from Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay have established themselves in the country. Manufacturing is advancing, however, and quite recently a boot and shoe factory has been started and is reported to be doing well.

The only convenient way to reach Paraguay is by river steamer from Buenos Ayres or Rosario. A four-day five-day trip in commodious and powerful vessels as modern as money can make them. But the waterway communication is still inadequate, although surveys and projects are by no means lacking. One line runs from Asuncion almost to the frontier of Argentina, through the large city of Villa Rica, and when this reaches the Parana river, connections will soon be made with the adjacent republics of Argentina and Uruguay. Surveys have been well made toward the neighboring republics of Bolivia and Brazil, so that the student of Guiana and the falls of Iguazu. The former marks the boundary between Brazil and Paraguay; the latter is really within the limits of Argentina. Both are magnificent, surpassing in some respects our own Niagara. It is a pleasant indulgence of the imagination to look forward to the time when these regions will be alive with industry, and when, therefore, these great gifts of nature will be harnessed to man's use, and the hardships of the past to which the hardships of



Street Scene in Asuncion.