

# The INJURED HUSBAND AND the READY GUN



Rev. John Keller, Shot in Arlington, N.J. by T. G. Barker

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles First to Plead Emotional Insanity

Capt. Peter C. Hains, Jr. U.S.A.

Congressman G.K. Favrot, of Louisiana, Who Killed Dr. Aldrich.

Edward P. Deacon, Who Killed M. Abeille in France.

## Men Who Have Given the Unwritten Law a Vogue

FOR some time Europe has been regarding the United States with horror depicted upon its highly conservative countenance.

Its shocked attention has been riveted upon the bizarre civilization beyond the Atlantic by a fusillade of revolver shots, magnified by the enthralled European imagination into the idea that the majority of American husbands were firing by platoons into the rest of the male population in vindication of their sacred honor.

The injured husband and his ready gun, together with his reliance upon "the unwritten law," receive little or no sympathy from Europe, largely because Europe considers the sword infinitely more polite, and largely because it is so experienced in marital infidelity that the invader of the home possesses there a distinct status as a gentleman, invariably entitled to the honors of the duello.

So long as any courteous blackguard is ready to back up his blackguardism with his courage, any husband is in duty bound to offer him an even chance to add murder to his other crimes. In the United States the only course which public opinion can unqualifiedly commend is the gentle, innocuous divorce. So the American practice of shooting the exponent of immorality with as little consideration as one would shoot a burglar remains, in European eyes, eminently de trop.

straight back to Congress, a hero. Sickles was too powerful a character to be crushed or even daunted by any force of popular repugnance. His gallant service in the Civil War, the fortitude with which he sustained his loss of limb at Gettysburg, his perpetually indomitable spirit later, maimed as he was, forced the nation to accede to him renewed respect.

The Thaw case, in its trial, differed in no wise from the Sickles trial in Washington, either in national notoriety or in averment of justification for the deed and in the loophole of insanity claimed by the defense. But the careers of the two men had been so radically different that the law provided an insane asylum for the more modern exponent of aboriginal marital rights when marital affairs appear to go wrong.

The Thaw case, however, has been neither the beginning nor the end of the now scandalous American cult of the ready revolver. And the law has proved as erratic as were some of the homicides. As far back as 1892 Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston, who had married the girlishly beautiful daughter of Rear Admiral Baldwin and taken her to Paris, where she instantly became a belle, returned from a journey, found a French clubman named Abeille visiting his wife at Cannes, and shot him dead.

### DEACON DRIVEN MAD

Deacon was tried at Nice, for murder, amid a world-wide sensation that rivaled the Sickles trial in Washington and the Thaw affair. Convicted, he was nevertheless released, because of the circumstances attending the shooting, after a comparatively brief imprisonment. His mind, never very strong, rapidly gave way, and he became an asylum inmate, at Waverly, in Massachusetts, hopelessly mad. Death finally cleared his account on earth.

Nine years later the quiet little town of Arlington, in New Jersey, witnessed the shooting of the Rev. John Keller, a highly respected clergyman, by Thomas G. Barker, whose wife had been one of his parishioners. The shooting was calmly deliberate, and the clergyman, one eye shot out and the other almost useless for sight, lingered on, praying that his assailant might be forgiven, until the physicians agreed he would recover.

Barker averred that his wife, who had long been known to be in an exceedingly nervous condition, had declared to him that, nearly a year earlier, she was assaulted by the clergyman. The case presented such conflicting aspects, and the circumstances seemed to so condone the husband's deed on the score of an uncontrollable rage, that he was sentenced to only five years' imprisonment. Yet, only a couple of years ago, in Baton Rouge, in Louisiana, the law harked back to the unequivocal condemnation of homicide by an injured husband

which the original Sickles verdict practically amounted to.

George K. Favrot, having served with distinction in the capacity of district judge, was elected to Congress in November, 1906. His wife was famed as one of the loveliest women in Louisiana. In the same city lived Dr. R. H. Aldrich, who was highly respected.

It was said that Dr. Aldrich circulated reports about Judge Favrot's wife that were so slanderous as to warrant some action by her or her husband, whose college mate and chum he had been as a young man. The people of Baton Rouge expected that the trou-

ble must come to a head, and believed that Dr. Aldrich knew he must reckon with the husband of the woman he had talked about.

On the day after his election to Congress, Judge Favrot, seeing Dr. Aldrich come out from his office, in the Raymond Building, stepped inside the swinging doors as he approached the street and shot him thrice. Aldrich fell dead. Judge Favrot, emerging, told inquirers:

"I have killed Dr. Aldrich for sufficient cause." He resigned from the bench while in jail. Among his counsel was Colonel Thomas J. Kernan, who, before the American Bar Association, had presented a paper on "The Unwritten Law of the Land" which created national comment.

The jury acquitted Favrot as summarily as he had shot Aldrich.

It was in Philadelphia, about this time last year, that Andrew J. Detach, with the confession of his wife thrilling in his brain, awaited one night the coming of Harry Ferreé, a fellow-lodger, whom her confession implicated.

Ferreé knocked at the bedroom door. The husband raised his revolver, remarked it must be a burglar and fired through the door. Ferreé fell, a corpse. The prosecution was as half-hearted as had been that against Sickles. Even the commonwealth could not bring itself to try to hang the husband who slew the destroyer of his happiness in the act of invading the sanctity of his home. Detach was acquitted.

The Hains-Annis tragedy, with all its conflict of charges, is too recent to call for lengthy review. But, like most sensational renewals of the ready gun's activity, it had its sequel within a short time.

Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., of the United States Army, promptly pleaded justification after he shot William E. Annis to death at the Bayside Yacht Club wharf, New York. In the tragedy he had been aided and abetted, apparently, by his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, a magazine writer. At any rate, the law so regarded the latter's conduct, and held him for trial with his brother.

New slayings, other than that of Stanford White by Harry K. Thaw, have excited such widespread interest, have created such a far-reaching wave of sensation and discussion, largely because of public interest in recent private "executions of the unwritten law."

Only of recent years has the unwritten law made itself so conspicuous, and one or two sensational appeals to it have been sufficient to set almost the civilized world by the ears.

Even the case of Judge Loring, in Virginia, who slew in cold blood a young man whom he accused of having made his daughter drunk in order to dishonor her, attained a much wider celebrity because of several other notorious cases in the recent past.

In Bordentown, N. J., Joseph Hoover shot and killed Edward Ford, a neighbor, whose standing in the community was so high that every one was astonished by Hoover's charges against his wife and his victim.

Few expert observers of crime waves believe that these are the final episodes, even in the current chapter of the continuous novel in real life, dealing with the injured husband and the ready gun.

Meanwhile few, both here and abroad, have any hope that the American utilization of the revolver has in the least restricted the offense which most commonly leads to its employment.

For the present, Europe laughs.

## SUPPOSE WE PUSH THE CLOCK AN HOUR AHEAD.



"CHARLIE—oh, Charlie! Get up—it's half-past 6 o'clock, and you'll be late for work!" She succeeded in raising his sleepy head a few inches from the blissful pillow; but he fell back again with a resoluteness that jarred the bedstead.

"You Charlie—do you hear me! It's half-past 6. Look at the clock."

Half lifted, he stared at the insolent dial. Yes; it was half-past 6. He leaped out, and drew the window curtain. The night hung black as Erebus.

It was the beginning of the terrific war on clocks, the war which had been imported from England, where they didn't like the new time arrangement any better than here.

the worn-out bodily energy, goes to his job every day, at the regular hour, and then lies up against it, doing so little that he might as well be loafing.

For years there had been lamentation over the decadence of the erstwhile mighty British mechanic, accusing him of idling whenever he was not directly under the "master's" eye and, when he was, showing a truly nefarious artfulness in accomplishing nothing, while he appeared to be working steadily.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise. —Verse by some Ancient Criminal.

ANCIENT! A prose poem by Edwin Markham. Ured labor's most dangerous champion? Not to the least. Only the advance sketch of what may be happening in a million homes here, if the English advocates of pushing the clock an hour

ahead should ultimately gain their goal, and America should seek to profit by their example. The movement has had many and most earnest adherents in England. It had its origin in conditions which all England recognized and deplored.

No; better knock off work sensibly Friday evenings, enjoy a decent rest, and be full of vim by Monday. But this business of using a week-end Saturday morning—why, you might as well leave town Saturday afternoon. Better cut work early Friday—say, about noon—travel comfortably, and have all day Saturday for satisfying relaxation.

Then came the bank clerks, and other polite employees, whose firms perceived they would be all the better for a break in the working afternoon—just a few minutes, you know, while tea could be served—out of a pick-me-up, to increase the efficiency of the office force.

At that agreeable stage of the paring-down process on the working day, Great Britain suddenly woke to the appalling fact that Germany, where everybody manufactured and clerked and sawed wood as long as anybody was able, was invading the world's markets like an irresistible avalanche. Worse—Germany was actually capturing England's own home market with almost anything she chose to export to Great Britain.

The searching of hearts and the searing of consciences followed. But loading on the job, week-ends, and afternoon tea, and all the other handicaps of a nation overwreathed with generations of work and nights devoted to pleasures more or less exhausting, were too strongly entrenched, each in its conceded privileges, to be done away with.

It was then that the proposal ran like wildfire, all over Great Britain, to push the clock an hour ahead. Everybody would have to get up an hour earlier, by the clock; and everybody would, by the same old clock, stop work an hour earlier.

It looked like tweedledum vs. tweedledee, so far as the actual working time goes that can be chiseled out of twenty-four hours. But the adherents of the movement contended that the early hours of the day possess a vitalizing power which would assure the early-rising nation more energy in its labors; that the day's rest would come at an earlier hour, and so be less profligately enjoyed; in short, that the hour-ahead ruse would be a wholesale trick on humanity to make it healthy, and so, prosperous.

Now, when an Englishman wants anything, from a porous plaster to a miracle by Joshua, he proposes an act of Parliament. "The daylight bill," as it is known, has already won the favor of the select committee in the House of Commons, and no one in England will be surprised if it be in active operation by April next.

The world is such a tight little ball of mud nowadays that no nation, like Great Britain, can so tremendously alter its activities without directly affecting the United States in some measure—as, for example, in stock Exchange dealings, where, even now, only a few hours are available for all transactions between America and Europe.

Indirectly, by the force of example, it may lead to a similar movement here, or should it improve Great Britain's position in her competition with Germany and force Germany to push its clocks an hour ahead, the United States might then be literally compelled to join the early-rising movement.