

even against the vermin that make them dangerous at a distance. The discipline and the uniform of a prison or an asylum may revive in them, for the time being at any rate, the shadow of former decent habits and correct manners, but nothing else will.

There is a third type—the man of good birth, clever, active, but profoundly immoral, who has squandered his last cent in a life of dissipation and debauchery, and is ready to adopt any expedient which will help to maintain him in his social position. Here is an example drawn from the gay circles of the smartest Parisian society.

Count Georges de C. belongs to one of the most aristocratic families in France, whose ancestors are famous for having founded one of our oldest colonies. He was first brought under my professional notice in connection with a crime, provoked by jealousy, of which he came very near to being the victim. His inherited fortune had already been dissipated. He was handsome, with perfect manners, and had the brain of a first-class engineer; but the brain only, for there was no solid instruction behind it. I said to myself at the time: Young man, you and I are destined to meet again. However, twenty years elapsed before my prophecy came true. In the meanwhile, Count de C. continued to cut a brilliant figure at all the fashionable watering-places. Now and again, of course, a shadow fell upon the picture. At one time it was a sensational duel, and the whisper went round that the Count had been accused of cheating at cards.

HIS two sisters, with their titled husbands, all of them as smart and good-looking as himself, constituted a glittering center of attraction to every moneyed "mug," anxious for social introductions, who crossed their path. There was not a shady trick which they did not successfully practice. They sold old pictures and jewelry; they placed bogus mining shares, acted as betting and matrimonial agents. It was this last-named expedient, a marriage affair, conducted with less than their ordinary prudence, which brought them into the clutches of the criminal law. Some poor nunny in their own rank of life had been

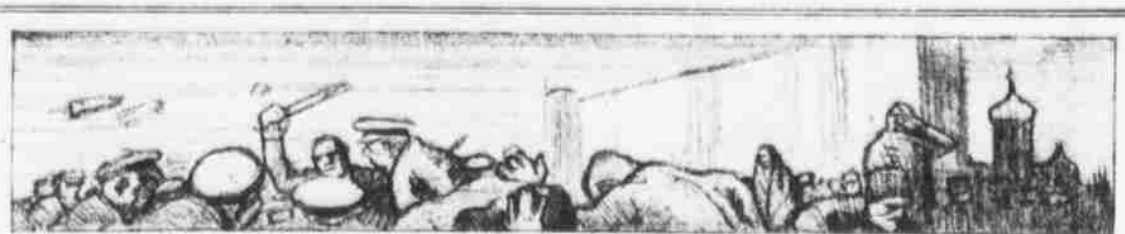


A human shipwreck of aristocratic origin

induced by false pretenses to advance money on the prospective dowry of a rich girl who had never had the least intention of marrying him. The victim had even supplied funds for the purchase of engagement presents, which the Count had pocketed. The penalty was not a very severe one—not nearly severe enough—but it sufficed to rid a certain society of the de C—s. Do not imagine, however, that this gang will now be driven to commit burglaries. They will do nothing so foolish. A simple change of name, and they will seek new dupes in a social circle a little less elevated than that which they have hitherto exploited, and where they will not be recognized.

"Society," said Professor Lacassagne at the Congress of Criminal Anthropology, held in Rome in 1885, "has the criminals that it deserves." This may sound paradoxical, but it is profoundly true. What we police officials notice in a general way is that crime increases in proportion as its legal repression becomes less severe, and the public feeling of reprobation diminishes. Moreover, each new development of civilization brings in its trail a novel form of crime. Take, for instance, the vast new Palace Hotels, the network of which, spread practically over the entire globe, is an innovation of recent years. The immediate result has been the spontaneous creation of a new type of thief—the "hotel rats," "rats d'hôtel," as we call them. In view of their relative insignificance, I should hesitate to refer to them, were it not for the fact that many good people have declared them to be creatures of imagination invented by the police, and on this point I feel rather keenly, for I was one of the first, if not the first, to

(Continued on Page 9)



CIVIL WAR

A PARABLE FOUND AMONG THE TOLSTOY MANUSCRIPTS

By LEO TOLSTOY

ILLUSTRATION by C. B. FALLS

HANG HIM! Kill him! Shoot him!" shouted the crowd.

A horrible, callous, cruel crowd of men and women was closing in upon a man who walked along in their midst, tall and calm. He looked as callous as the crowd itself.

"Kill the scoundrel!" shouted the crowd. He did not seem surprised at this and appeared to take it as a matter of course. What was to be done? He could not expect force and power to be always on his side. It was now his turn to die. . . . Well, what mattered it!

He was one of those who had fought on the side of the Government against the people. He had been caught in his own house and was being driven he knew not where.

"To death, to death with him! Kill the scoundrel!"

A woman rushed up to him and grabbed him by the hair, shouting:

"He is a policeman, he fired at us. Down on your knees, you scoundrel!"

"Yes, I did shoot," said the man. Shouts of "Kill him! Hang him! Shoot him on the spot!" resounded around him.

"Kill him here!"

"No, lead him farther on! Take him outside the town! We will kill him there. Go on, go on!"

"I will go where you wish," replied the captive. They thronged around him loading their guns.

"Kill him like a wolf!"

"Yes, I am a wolf, and you are dogs."

"Now he is starting to abuse us! To death with the scoundrel!"

Some of the crowd, pale with anger, flew at him, shaking their fists in his face. A hundred voices yelled around him: "Hang him! Kill him!"

He walked on, surrounded by this noise and rage, as calm as if he felt bored by it. In the street through which they passed lay several corpses. The victims might have been killed by this very man. He did not seem embarrassed at the sight, but held his head all the higher. There was nothing to be done. He hated them; he hated them as much as they hated him. Had he been the victor, he would have shot them all.

"To death! To death! Yesterday, even this morning he shot at us! Kill the spy, the traitor, the accursed one. Kill him, kill him!"

Suddenly a voice was heard, not an ordinary voice but a tiny weak one, saying:

"It is . . . it is father."

It was a child, six years old. Putting up both his little hands, he implored the people and begged, then threatened them. But they all shouted:

"Kill him; shoot the scoundrel! There is nothing to wait for . . .!"

The child forced its way through to his father, fell on his knees at his feet and exclaimed:

"Papa, what do they want to do to you?"

But the people did not hear; they took no notice of it. The whole street was filled with terrible people. They were all shouting:

"Down with Kings! Down with the priests! Down with the ministers! Down with the spies! We will crush them all! They are all scoundrels!"

But the child wailed:

"I tell you he is my father!"

"What a dear little child," said a woman, "what a fine child!"

Another woman said:

"Boy, how old are you?"

The boy replied:

"Do not kill my father!"

One of the angry people who looked more angry than the others, shouted to the boy:

"Get out of the way!"

"Where should I go?"

"Go home."

"Why?"

"Go to your mother!"

"His mother is dead," said the father.

"Has he no one besides you?"

"Well, what of that? . . . Kill me," replied the father.

HE held the boy and warmed his hands. Then he said to him:

"You know Kate?"

"Our neighbor?"

"Yes, go to her."

"With you?"

"I will come later on."

"I won't go without you."

"Why not?"

"Because they want to hurt you, to kill you."

"No, they are only pretending," said the father, and he turned to the man who was leading him and said quietly:

"Don't hold me by the collar, but take hold of my hand. Then the child will believe that I shall come home tomorrow. You can shoot me in any case as soon as we get round the corner, or anywhere you like."

"All right," replied the man who was leading him and took hold of his hand.

Then the father said to his son:

"Now you see he and I are friends; I am taking a walk with these gentlemen. Be a wise boy and go home."

The child believed it and left his father, pacified and contented.

When he had gone, the father said:

"Now we are alone, kill me. Where shall I go?"

Suddenly through the crowd but a moment before so relentless, swept a new force; some one was heard exclaiming:

"We must let him go," and the shout was taken up by them all.

"Let him go; set him free; let him go where he pleases!"



He was one of those who had fought against the people