

county for the infirm and helpless. They are blessed institutions and I believe are in most cases self sustaining. If each county had an institution called the 'Farm and Factory Home,' or with some such euphonious name, every tramp as soon as he landed could be loaded up, brought to the 'Farm and Factory Home' and put to work. This home might include five hundred to one thousand acres of land, and be provided with a broom factory, brush factory and such other factories as might be found suitable. If there was a 'Home' in each county, no tramp could escape to annoy, and those who wanted to work could be comfortably taken care of until they found employment. I say none could escape, because as soon as a tramp escaped from one county he would necessarily turn up in another and be apprehended. To prevent frequent escapes a workhouse penalty could be given for a second escape followed by a return to begging. This is necessarily a crude conception occurring to my mind after this morning's experience, but I insist that some such scheme is feasible."

NEW YORK is just now interested in a man who bids defiance to the electric chair. The New York World says: "At a private exhibition yesterday in a small room at No. 1416 Broadway Charles Quill, a man of twenty-two years, allowed himself to be strapped into an electric chair, similar to the one in Sing Sing prison, and a direct current of electricity drawn from a nearby feed wire was turned into his body to the amount of 1,800 volts. This is 100 more volts than are used in executions at the prison. Quill seemed to enjoy it. He endured this huge voltage for fully a minute. During that time his assistant touched various parts of his body with an alcohol soaked handkerchief, which immediately burst into flames. Quill asserts that electricity will not kill unless it burns, and he explains his immunity by the fact that his body contains an unusual amount of carbon. Yesterday he played with electricity as though it were the most harmless thing in the world. With 1,800 volts sizzling into one hand, he would light a candle, or set aglow an incandescent light with the other. He applied a piece of carbon, held between his teeth, to a similar piece attached to another wire and supplied a perfect arc light. He drew forth a current of such intensity with one finger, that he lighted a cigarette from the heat. Quill said he first came in contact with a voltage of electricity in San Francisco, when he was employed by the gas and electric light company. He got too close to one of the dynamos, and a 'shunt-off' of 2,300 volts entered his body. 'Although apparently dead,' he said, 'I was conscious through it all. I could neither move nor cry out. It seemed as though I was tied between two dynamos with the currents flowing through my body and burning me up, and I was powerless to help myself. When I was revived I felt no ill effects.' Quill has offered to go to Sing Sing and make a test. He says that when a man is electrocuted he is only in a comatose state and that death comes when the autopsy is held. A peculiar effect Quill attributes to electricity is the extreme lassitude it creates. After a shock he loses from two to three pounds. The electric chair feat he would not undertake oftener than once a week."

THE FIRST editorial written for the Outlook magazine by former President Roosevelt deals with the subject of "Journalism." On this subject Editor Roosevelt says: "Every owner, editor or reporter of a conscientious newspaper is an asset of real value to the community. We have many newspapers, big and little, of this kind. But we also have many that are emphatically not of this kind. During the last few years it has become evident that certain newspapers are controlled by men who have gained wealth in evil fashion, who desire to stifle honest public opinion and find an instrument in the purchased mendacity of those who edit and write for such papers." Mr. Roosevelt then pays his respects to "the apostles of that hideous yellow journalism which defies the cult of the mendacious, the sensational and the inane." In conclusion he refers to "another type of temptation which has much fascination for men of cultivation, and which is quite as fatal to their usefulness as yellow journalism." He says of these: "A newspaper which avoids vulgar sensationalism which appeals to people of taste and intelligence may, nevertheless, do them grave harm and be within its own rather

narrow limits an element of serious mischief. For it may habitually and consistently practice a malign and strenuous untruthfulness which, though more refined, is as immoral as sensational. A cultivated man of good intelligence who has acquired the knack of saying bitter things, but who lacks the robustness to feel at ease among men of action, is apt, if his nature has anything of meanness or untruthfulness, to sit in cloistered aloofness and to endeavor, by an unceasing output of slander, to bolster up his own uneasy desire to be considered superior. Now, a paper edited by men of this stamp does not have much popular influence, but it may exert a real influence for evil by the way in which it teaches young men of good education decent and upright men are as properly the subjects for foul attack as the most debased corruptionist; that efficiency and wickedness are interchangeable and that the correct attitude to adopt in facing the problems of our time is one of sneering and supercilious untruthfulness."

MUNICIPAL Judge McKenzie Cleland speaks at a banquet given at Chicago denounced what he called "unequal and oppressive justice for the rich and poor." The Chicago Tribune says: "Judge Cleland took decisions rendered in Chicago within the last few days as showing what he meant, and stirred his audience with the declaration that in Chicago men and women are sent to bridewell, not because they are criminals but because they are poor." Judge Cleland added: "The crowning injustice of our law is done to the poor, God help them! Last year in our house of correction there were locked up, with the scum of the earth, 8,326 men and women, not because they were criminal but because they were poor. Of these, 1,173 men and women were too poor to pay a fine of \$1, and 2,750 men and women were too poor to pay, or to borrow, \$5 or less. So we put them in the 'Black Maria' and hauled them away. We brought humiliation upon their suffering wives and misery upon their children. Yesterday in the United States circuit court the Illinois Central railroad—and I need not remind you that this road cleared \$57,000,000 over all expenses last year—the Illinois Central railroad was fined \$700 for seven violations of the national law. Probably Judge Landis gave the road what was coming to it. But there is too much difference proportionately between the rich and the poor in the administration of the criminal law. It would be laughable, if it were not so sad, to see the way we send a man to school, to reform him. We send boys to Pontiac and lock them in cells and put guards over them to shoot them with rifles if they escape, and teach them arithmetic. What a travesty. The other day in South Water street a woman, the mother of seven children, was arrested and locked up for picking up decaying fruit. This mother, trying to feed her starving children, is treated as a criminal. Of 1,231 prisoners whom I paroled at the Maxwell street station, 1,134 quit drinking, went to work, and became good citizens. Every man branded as a thief was engaged in lawful employment two months after I had released him on charge of petit larceny."

THE NEBRASKA legislature passed a bill providing for the daylight saloon. This bill provides that saloons throughout Nebraska, including Lincoln and Omaha, the large cities, must not keep open longer than from 7 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night. The bill was passed after the warmest kind of a contest. Great pressure was brought to bear upon Governor Shallenberger to persuade him to veto the measure. A special train carried delegations from Omaha, the members of which urged him to veto the measure. The governor gave extended hearing to both sides.

THE HEARINGS before Governor Shallenberger on the daylight saloon bill were accompanied by a tragedy in the sudden death in the governor's office, of former Governor William A. Poynter, who had just completed a speech in which he urged the governor to approve the bill. The Lincoln (Neb.) Star tells the story in this way: "As if to imbue with vital import the carefully spoken words of his deliberate and judicial speech upholding the moral and political necessity of the daylight bill, ex-Governor W. A. Poynter dropped dead in the office of Governor Shallenberger at 10:40 o'clock this morning. There gathered early in

the state house two hundred or more of those who wished to impress on Governor Shallenberger the need of signing the daylight saloon bill. These stood in groups, then were pressed into close formation, massing themselves in the reception room and in the hall. Then the door to the governor's office was opened and in rushed the embodied sentiment of a temperance Nebraska. The men—and a few women—stood quietly about the long table in the executive's office. Then from them came a man. He spoke slowly and to the point. There was about his speech no incoherence, no momentary lack for words; only slowly spoken, carefully phrased was his speech, very much to the point. 'We come to you not because we believe you do not know your mind, but because we wish to impress as we may the need of this measure. It will benefit the morals of the state. Nor is the measure a local one. About you are men from different parts of the state. The protest comes from the metropolis of the state but this is not a local matter. The daylight saloon bill is merely an amendment to the Slocum law. It is not presumed that any city will conduct its affairs without regard to the laws of the state. I am heartily in favor of a city managing its own affairs, I favor municipal independence, but this measure is state wide and is not an intrusion upon the rights of any local government. A large part of the evil arising from drink is done in the night. The saloon is the incubator of crime. When an officer goes about to seek a criminal he first visits the saloon. There arises the greater part of our crime and thence comes the influence that keeps from his family, from his wife and his children, the workingman. If this were put up squarely before the people a majority of them would vote in favor of such regulation. But this need not be made entirely a moral issue. On political grounds this measure is needful. The saloons are trying to indicate the politics of this state. They have gathered about them strong political influence in the past.' Then, speaking with even a little more deliberation, the ex-governor of the state, one who knew what political considerations were and knew how closely interests could press their desires, said firmly: 'The saloons are an un-American institution. Their attempt to control politics is un-American because it is the attempt of a special interest to run our government.' With only a few more words, all carefully picked, all to the point and all deliberate, ex-Governor Poynter closed. He was lost in the crowd in the office, retreating to a place near the fireplace on the west side of the room. Mrs. Heald, representing the W. C. T. U., began to speak. While she was talking stertorous breathing was heard from near the door on the north. A few had seen the ex-governor sink suddenly near the fireplace. They hurried to him and supported him and carried the pale faced man to the door. There he groaned and breathed heavily. Those near Governor Shallenberger knew not what was the matter. The governor thought some one was whispering hoarsely and he was about to rap for order. But something restrained him and he sat still. The door was seen to open and through it was borne the body of the ex-governor. With his cry for liquor regulation he died. Across the hall was the adjutant general's office. Into this the stricken man was carried. Three doctors, T. M. Merryman, J. M. Birkner and E. A. Carr, were there. They examined the man but he was dead. They worked his arms back and forth to induce respiration but the breath of life was gone and could not be lured back. A hypodermic injection of nitro-glycerine was tried but to no effect. Apoplexy had claimed another of that spare line of men, the former governors of Nebraska."

WILLIAM A. POYNTER was born at Eureka, Illinois, May 29, 1848. His father was a well known clergyman of that section. After completing his high school course, he was graduated from Eureka college in 1867. Two years later or in 1869 he was married to Miss Marie McCorkle and soon after removed to Nebraska where he has resided since then. His first entrance into public life was in 1885 when he was elected as a member of the Nebraska legislature. He made such an excellent record that he was elected to the upper house of the legislature in 1890 and as state senator made an enviable record. He was elected president pro tem of the senate. In 1898 he became governor of Nebraska and served one term, being succeeded by C. H. Dietrich. Two years later he became a candidate for congress but was defeated.