

MURDERERS' SCHEME NOW IS INSANITY

The Practice Might Almost Be Classed as a Fine Art--How It Has Been Successfully Done, with Legal Assistance, in Some Celebrated New York Cases.

New York.—"It's a shame! Here I was ready to go to trial with my murder case this morning, and that fool of a client of mine had to go to work and get a shave and a haircut. Now I can't have him tried for two months. He's got to wait until the vacation season is over. I'll make sure that he does not shave any more while I have anything to do with his defense."

The prosecutor consulted the judge on the bench. He said he was willing. The prisoner was arraigned once more.

"Defendant at the bar," called out Clerk Penney, "you say you change your plea of not guilty of murder in the first degree, heretofore interposed in your case, and now plead guilty to murder in the second degree. Is that your plea?"

"It is," came the response from the prisoner at the bar.

Two months before that—right after the shave and hair cut—no such plea would have been accepted. Death in the electric chair was then the only

by a fit subject for an insane asylum. They called him the "crazy cop."

But the district attorney won his point. The jury found the policeman guilty of murder in the first degree.

There was nothing else for the judge to do than to sentence the man to be electrocuted at Sing Sing. Ennis heard the sentence and acted as though he did not know what was happening. They took him to Sing Sing. He was weak and broken in health. He was placed in one of the steel cages in the death house and there the man sat, in almost utter silence, for nearly two years, while his case was being passed upon by the highest court in the state.

During all these days and months while Ennis was confined in the death house he never spoke to one of the other condemned men. Although they tried their best to entertain the convicted policeman he never spoke to them. When the warden and the keepers attempted to draw him into a conversation Ennis would mumble something that they could not understand. He would sit all day and long into the night, always in a crouching position. When once a week they would open his cell door and tell him to step outside that he might be bathed and shaved, he would hobble about as if he was a wild beast. But never a word did he utter. At first he refused to taste food. After a while he ate, but sparingly only. He wasted away terribly.

The Chloroform Test.

Dr. Irvine, the expert physician of the prison, was among the few who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Ennis' mind was really affected or not. His case was widely discussed among experts, but here was a kind of insanity that was up to that time practically unknown.

One day there came word from Albany that the court of appeals had confirmed the sentence and conviction of the lower court, and that the death sentence must be carried out according to law. Warden Johnson was puzzled.

Warden Johnson, who is a very conscientious man, reported to the governor and the latter, in order that no injustice should be done and an insane man made to suffer the death penalty, appointed a commission composed of leading experts in insanity, and they went to Sing Sing and looked at Ennis. They questioned the warden and the keepers and from them learned the story I have narrated here.

"If we can only get his mind off the subject," said the doctors. "If he is shamming we can find it out only by getting his mind off the subject."

They carried Ennis out of the death house and up to the operating room in the hospital inside of the prison walls. There they placed him on an operating table and the chloroform was administered. They gave him a small

"Gentlemen," he stammered, "yes, you have found me out. But you would not have done so had you not put me under chloroform. Now I'm glad it's over and I am ready to take my medicine. You cannot imagine what I have suffered during all these long months while I was trying to 'beat' the chair. Now I am glad the end is at hand."

"I well remember the case of Martin Thorn, the barber, who, together with Augusta Nack, a midwife, killed William Guldensuppe, a rubber in a Turkish bath. William F. Howe, the veteran criminal lawyer, was his senior counsel. Joseph Moss, now a magistrate, and at that time also connected with the firm of Howe & Hummel, was also of counsel. I sat next to Thorn during his trial, which took place in Long Island City, and later on I saw him electrocuted in Sing Sing.

There was nobody at that time who understood more about putting up the right kind of defense than did the veteran Howe. I remember going to him just as the trial was about to start and asking him what kind of a defense Thorn would put up.

"Ah, my boy," said Mr. Howe to me, "I don't know myself. That is, it all depends upon circumstances. In the first place we" (he always spoke of his client as we) "did not commit the crime. Therefore, you see—and quite readily too—that we are innocent of this most awful charge that a grand jury, guided by a misinformed district attorney, has declared against us."

A short time after the commencement of the trial Mrs. Nack announced that she would turn state's evidence. She confessed all and swore that Thorn had committed the murder.

I was assigned that night to notify Mr. Howe of what had occurred. I found him in an up-town hotel. He had retired when the bellboy took up my card. I was asked to "Come right in, my boy."

I told him that the woman in the case had confessed that Thorn had killed Guldensuppe and that she had helped the man to dispose of the body of the victim.

"What are you going to do now about the defense?" I inquired.

"I have it! I have it!" all at once shouted Mr. Howe, looking as happy as a schoolboy with a new toy. "What do you think of it?"

"The only thing left you is insanity," I suggested.

"And that is where you are wrong," replied Mr. Howe. "I told you I had it. Here is our new defense. I knew it all the while. Now, please, don't think that I just manufactured it. Why, of course, we knew all the time that this was the body of Guldensuppe, although the head was missing. We know, too, who killed the man. We did not. She did. Yes, she did. All we had to do with the case was to

HOME TRADE NOTES

LITTLE GLEANINGS THAT POINT MANY MORALS FOR ALL.

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS

Carefully Revised by the Catalogue Houses—Mail-Order Houses and Pure Foods—The Local Dealer.

- First—You shall sell your farm products for cash whenever you can, but not to us; we do not buy from you.
- Second—You shall believe our statements and buy all you need from us because we want to be good to you, although we are not personally acquainted with you.
- Third—You shall send the money in advance to give us the chance to get the goods from the factory with your money; meanwhile you will have to wait patiently a few weeks because that is our business method.
- Fourth—You shall apply to your nearest city to aid you in building good roads so you may conveniently get the goods from the depot which you buy from us, for we do not build country roads.
- Fifth—You shall buy church bells

when they ordered groceries, then the English language is not understandable. By selling the stuff that has been put under the ban because of its impurity, the mail order concerns have been able to undersell the local merchants living hundreds of miles away from the great centers of supply.

In carrying on this trade in impure goods, the mail order houses have done the greatest injury to the consumer. While the local merchant has lost some trade, he has had at least a part of the business of the ranchman and miner in his vicinity, but the consumer, who has been caught by the "cheap" prices offered, has not got what he has been paying for by a long way, and there is no way for him to get even.

As it has proved with the groceries sent out by the eastern mail order houses, so it is with the other lines they work off in Montana. The saddles and harness offered at phenomenally low prices, the buggies and wagons, at prices which seem almost like giving the vehicles away, the kitchen utensils which are priced in the voluminous catalogues at figures that indicate the local merchants are highway robbers, the dry goods that are offered at such infinitesimal cost as to compel the ordinary woman to believe the mail order man is a public benefactor, all of these eastern mail order house offerings are on a par with the proved quality of the groceries they have been selling—fraudulent and put out to sell and not for service. The confession on the gro-

"EXPERTS" EXAMINING A "FAKIR."



A FAVORITE "DODGE"—REFUSING TO EAT.

A FAKE SUICIDE

ENNIS SAT ALL DAY LONG AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT IN DOGGED SILENCE



UNDER THE CHLOROFORM TEST HE WALKED TO THE DOOR.

"HEARING VOICES" THE PLEA OF JOSEPHINE TERRANOVA.

jump out of his skin, writes Gus Roder in the New York World.

"What's the matter this morning?" I inquired.

"Nothing the matter," he replied, "only here I was assigned to look after on the charge of homicide, and that fool has spoiled my defense."

The lawyer explained: The case was one of cold-blooded murder. It was a homicide committed while in the act of committing a burglary. The defendant was an old-timer. The district attorney was looking for a conviction of murder in the first degree, the punishment of which is death in the electric chair. The lawyer who had been assigned to defend the man surely was "up against it."

"My man was insane at the time of the shooting," said the attorney. The district attorney laughed when he heard about the kind of defense that was to be offered.

Two months later the prisoner was brought to court again. What a change! I was unable to identify the man. His hair was long and looked as though a comb had never passed through it. There was a two months' growth of reddish beard on his face. His eyes were stary. Altogether the defendant appeared more like a monster than a human being.

The Ruse That Worked.

"No use trying him; he's not right in his upper story," said the lawyer to the assistant district attorney in charge. The prosecutor seemed to have his doubts. In order to go to trial in the case it was necessary to get a jury, and there was some doubt as to whether, after all, a conviction of murder in the first degree could be secured.

"Will you take a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree?" asked the lawyer.

solution of the case. But two months under the guidance of the experienced attorney-at-law had made an absolutely positive change for the better. The miserable life of the prisoner was saved by a method that is only too often applied in cases which are considered desirable. The defendant, instead of being put to death, is now serving a life sentence in Sing Sing. There are others of his kind there. Nobody knows that better than does the shrewd Connaughton, the principal keeper of the prison, or, as he is often called, the "P. K."

It is not always that the murderer succeeds in carrying his shamming game to a successful termination. I recall well the case of Policeman William H. Ennis. His is considered the most remarkable of all the shamming cases that ever came under the observation of the officials in Sing Sing.

Ennis was a Brooklyn policeman. He was a married man, and as far as his police record went a good policeman. But he would get drunk, and when he was in his cups there was no telling what he would do.

The bluecoat and his wife did not get along well. Some said it was a case of "too much mother-in-law. Whether that be true or not, Ennis shot and killed his wife, and then shot his mother-in-law, who recovered. When arrested Ennis shammed suicidal mania. He was put on trial, nevertheless. His defense was insanity. He was convicted. Throughout the entire trial the fellow sat beside his counsel as though in a trance. His lawyer pleaded and pleaded with great earnestness. Alienists swore the policeman was surely mad. His friends also testified that in their opinion he was of unsound mind. Ennis never said a word. There were many in that crowded courtroom who, after looking at the man, insisted that he was sure-

dose only. Just enough to make him unconscious for a short while. As the chloroform was beginning to wear off Dr. Irvine suddenly pushed the man off the operating table so that he struck the floor with a thud. This awakened the "crazy cop" in a jiffy.

"Get up and hurry over to that door!" commanded Mr. Connaughton, who was present during the experiment.

Ennis walked to the door, just as you or I would, in a natural way. He had forgotten all about the hobbling and the crouching—and that was his undoing.

"Oh, you fakir!" yelled the experts and Connaughton. "You fakir! We found you out!"

The moment Ennis realized that he had been caught "with the goods on," as "Big Bill" Devery would have said had he been on hand, he turned as white as a sheet. Nobody realized better than he did that his end was at hand.

help her, out of pure gallantry, to dispose of the body. That is no crime. She did the killing, nothing else. That is our defense!"

Thorn went on the witness stand and told the story just as Mr. Howe had outlined it to me. But the jury did not believe him, and convicted the barber of murder in the first degree.

The Reason.

F. A. Busse, Chicago's new mayor, had been complimented by a reporter on the direct, terse quality of a statement he had given out.

"I am a believer in brevity," said Mr. Busse, smiling. "The fewer words you say a thing in, the stronger and more striking is that thing's effect."

"Once I knew a man who hated the Swiss."

"Why, Jake, I said to him one day, 'you astound me. You hate the Swiss, yet here you are married to a Swiss wife.'"

"Yes, said Jake; 'that's the reason.'"



Send the lifeline of home trade to your local merchants. When you do so you are not only helping him, but you help your community and yourself. If you permit the competition of the mail-order houses to engulf him, his destruction means the destruction of your town and your interests. Keep your dollars at home.

and interior fixtures from us and forward the money in advance, for that is our business method, and you shall collect from the business men in your vicinity as much money as you can for the benefit of your churches. Although we get more money from you than they do, still it is against our rules to donate money for building country churches.

Sixth—You shall buy your tools from us and be your own mechanic, in order to drive the mechanics from your vicinity, for we wish it so.

Seventh—You shall induce your neighbor to buy everything from us, as we have room for more money—the less money there is left in your community, the sooner we can put your local merchants out of business and charge you any price we please.

Eighth—You shall look often upon the beautiful pictures in our catalogue, so your wishes will increase, although you are not in immediate need of the goods, otherwise you might have some money left to buy necessary goods of your local merchants.

Ninth—You shall have the mechanics who repair the goods you buy from us book the bill so you can send the money for his labor to us for new goods, otherwise he will not notice our influence.

Tenth—You shall, in case of accident, sickness or need, apply to your local dealers for aid and credit, as we do not know you.

ceries should make the eastern mail order house patrons think before they send off another order for "cheap goods."—Helena Record.

Your local dealer stands ready to duplicate every offer so seductively set forth in the catalogues of mail order houses and more, says an exchange. He will trump the best trick the mail order house ever played if you will put down the spot cash and accept from him a class of goods devoid of respectable ancestry, and upon which no reputable manufacturer will place his name. He can sell cheap goods, too, if you will buy them from him with your eyes shut. He can meet the best price ever made by a mail order house if you will plank down the money and accept what he gives you without question and without recourse—but you must not expect him to be in his place of business every day in the year ready and willing to furnish expert help when you are in trouble, ready and willing to stand back of everything he sells with his own reputation and the warranty of a responsible company.

Honest, now, don't you really pat yourself on the back when you spend your money in such a way that in supplying your own wants you help build up the neighborhood in which you live? Of course you do, and you act on that idea yourself, but the trouble is that you don't talk it enough to your friends.—Streator (Ill.) Press.

The secret of how it has been that some of the eastern mail order houses which have done business in Montana and elsewhere were able to undersell local merchants on some lines of groceries has come about through the operation of the national pure food law.

One of the big mail order concerns, which has done a great business in Montana, makes the announcement that it has closed its grocery department, giving in a circular its reason for doing so "because its maintenance has been made impracticable by the pure food laws just passed by congress."

If that is not an acknowledgment that the consumers have been furnished with adulterated food stuffs

Home Trade Hints.

A dollar spent at home stays around home and may return to you after a few days.

If you want to make your own town prosperous you will spend your money in your own town in preference to some bigger burg a long way off.

The way to start a wagon out of the mire is for all the horses to pull together. One way to pull together is for everybody to patronize home industries whenever possible.

Money in circulation around the town you live in is much better for your interests than the same money in circulation in a city hundreds of miles away. Your dollar is lonesome in a big city, but it has friends around home and is therefore more useful.