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Table with columns for BRIDGE and STREET, showing lot numbers from 36 to 2.

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MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 7th.

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We will Run FREE CARRIAGES from Our Office, 115 N. 16th st.

Lovgren & Dalzell, Sole Agents.

THE BARBARITY OF HANGING

Joe Howard Strongly Protests Against It—A Relic of Barbarism.

WHY NOT USE ELECTRICITY?

The Execution of Mrs. Druce Causes a Sentiment in Favor of a More Humane Method.

NEW YORK, March 5.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—"The trap was sprung at two minutes of twelve and the woman was pronounced dead at three minutes past twelve."

What woman? Mrs. Rosalinda Druce. Pronounced dead by whom? By four physicians.

Did you ever see a hanging? I hope not. I have seen dozens of them. Hangings in Jersey; hangings in the court yard of the tombs; hangings in the wilderness; with armies camped about us; hangings in the corridor of a dark and gloomy jail, with horrified prisoners looked behind grated, barred doors, yelling and screaming with fright, while idiotic members of the Salvation army shouted "Glory to God, a new soul born."

I have seen men hang screaming yelling, cringing with abject physical fear, others standing self-poised, facing the eternal verities with unflinching eye, and women, too. Yes, women, and audacious, with brazen front and women who yielded to the assumed weakness of their sex, crying, beseeching, begging, imploring, choked in the very utterance of their desire.

Do I believe in capital punishment? That depends. The law, as written, says "a life for a life," based upon the scriptural decree, which, whether it be on all fours with common sense or not, is at all events on a substantial footing with the equities and the procedures of nature for time immemorial.

I want my servant. How do I get him? Do I yell and scream, and shout for George? Do I clang the brazen tongue of clamor. Do I strike the triangle, or make the surrounding walls re-echo with the brassy noise of my gong? Oh, no. You know better than that. I simply press my finger against an ivory button in the wall, which, by the deft appliance of electric current, conveys to the waiting vassal in the room beneath the information that his master wants him.

And then? What do we do when we hang a man? We choke the very life out of him. Is that so? No, by no manner of means is it all. We lower our standard of manhood, we do in public what in private we deplore. We utilize nothing of the improvements suggested by science, in no sense do we employ the advancements made known to us by art. We adhere to the old time method. We put a rope about his neck and choke him until he is dead. Over his face we draw the black cap. About his neck we place the knotted noose and with infelicitous finger, nervous, excited, unfamiliar with procedure, we put the knot either too far in front or too far behind his ear, and we yank him up to death, or pulling the bolt we drop him to a "third," reckless of his suffering, as gross as ignorant, as brutal as the men who lived 500 years ago, when electricity was unknown, before even the guillotine was invented, and years, if not centuries, before the Spanish screw was dreamed of.

Well, what's all this about? 'His, simily, men and women will

commit murder. So far as the record of the world goes, the very first family sprang to murder as a relief from some wrong, fancied or real. From that time till now men have tortured beyond endurance, women whose wrongs seemed unbearable have sought—by giving exit from this to another life of their enemy, their rival, their hated whatsoever he or she may be called—have sought, I say, relief. Human as well as divine law says this is wrong and must be punished, and must be punished by death and death by hanging.

Hanging! I have seen many hangings. Somewhere in the sixties a Methodist parson, a handsome fellow, with more hair than brains, or perhaps more brains than morals, fascinated by the attentions of his female flock, wearied of his wife. He gave her arsenic and she was very ill. Sifting by the side with pious piousations, and much evidence of "love," he gave her an apple, and in that apple was concealed arsenic of which, partaking, she sickened and died. This was in New Jersey. He was executed, arraigned, convicted, sentenced. I passed his final night with him. Oh, how he prayed and how he sang. How gleefully he anticipated the early joining of his angelic bride when he should throw himself prostrate before the throne and worship God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. Rapture was the absolute expression of his sentiment. He cried and he prayed and he sang and he waited only for the coming of the hangman as for the coming of the Lord. The noose about his neck quickly choked him and he went beyond the clouds.

Shortly after that I went to the tombs to see the historic execution, that of Gordon, the slave trader, the victim, the snake goat, for Boston and New York merchants, men of wealth who had entered into the slave trade with him and presented him in the hour of his need. Made drunk by copious libations of whisky on top of an overdose of poison which was taken from his vitals by the cogencies of a stomach pump, he reeled and staggered to a grassy plot between the woman's prison and the house of detention for men, and sickeningly twirling like a misanthropic top, he bounded from space into eternity and joined the vast multitude.

But women? Oh, yes, I have seen women hang, How many? Four.

And how did they behave? Well, I can't say that women meet their fate as calmly as men, for in the experience of a quarter of a century, during which I have seen possibly thirty men hang, I recall but one coward, unless those who made themselves, or allowed themselves to be made drunk, prior to the moment of expiation may be called such, but no woman whom I have seen failed to quail at the last moment.

Why? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it was because at each occasion the woman was surrounded, confronted, insulted, bandaged and hanged by men, just this side of brute incarnate and fiends most damnable.

Come with me to Elizabeth, New Jersey. The air is bleak, and the cold wind cuts as with a chilly knife. The favor of officials takes us beyond the iron-guarded portal to the corridor. In a cell I see a woman, comely, sturdily, in magnificent hair, with great big gray eyes, and a mouth indicative of passion. Her heavy breast, the full flush of health, every physical indication shows her to be a woman of strong desire. Bridget Durgin is her name. Reciprocity the advances of her master, she became enamored of the husband of her mistress. Day after day passed in her company led up to night after night in which legal

indulgence dominated the situation. The wife being absent, there was no bar to the perversities of her husband. On her return a season of common sense relegated the husband and recalcitrant lover back to his normal position. The woman, with her session excited, her blood stirred, and her desires wide horizoned, protested. The man cowardly held back. "What's the barrier," said she. "My wife's presence," said he. "I'll kill her," was the instant suggestion.

And she did it. She bit her to death, and the marks of her teeth were the pregnant witnesses against her on the trial in a Jersey court.

Oh, yes, beast, with all the passions, instincts, desires, tremendously volcanic inconsistencies of a beast.

She was caught, tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged on a bright clear morning walking to her doom, with a common scaffold built upon the ground, two uprights with a horizontal bar, a noose depending over a pulley, under which she stood, while a minister of God pharisaically prayed for her deliverance. Women attendant there was none.

Women sympathizer there was none. What then? Five hundred smoking politicians, rounders, pressmen, men about town, favorites of the sheriff, friends of the governor, intimates of the judge, farmers of the vicinage. The cold necessitated whisky. Whisky started enthusiasm and enthusiasm became a vulgarian exhibit, the like of which I never saw before nor since, and while the pious phrasings of the priest assayed to deliverance, through the clouds of nicotine that ebbed about and mantled the entire enclosure, the woman stood and shivered. Men pinioned her arms, men put her legs close together, men wound about her limbs the cordage that held them tight together; a man pulled the black cap over her head, and when, with screech and yell and terrified exclamation, she was shot into the air, there celled in and about that brutal place profanities, indecencies and infamies which no white man's pen ever yet dared to put on paper.

And the body twirled and whirled and swirled, the skirts were brushing against those of us who stood near, while the spirit was choked out from that brutal mouth whose biting teeth had sent their victim to its long account many many months before.

Whom did this exhibit benefit? Has there been one murder less, one lison less, one flirtation less, one adultery less, one man and woman less induced to love or license? Nonsense. Poppycock.

See what was done with Mrs. Druce. Guilty or not she is hanged. The thirty deputy sheriffs, reporters from all the papers, men, women and children—and doctors.

Why, bless your soul, who is it that determined she was dead five minutes after she was hanged? Who jumped upon her body? Who put his hand all over her

palpating form? Who pressed his head against her breast, who beat her heart? Who toyed with her pulse? Who held her limp hand in his while the death agony rolled in her throat and spasms ran through every limb? The doctors.

Jump back with me my friends to the introduction of this letter. "At two minutes of twelve the trap was sprung, and the woman was pronounced dead at three minutes past twelve." What does that mean? It seems that when the trap was sprung and the woman jerked into eternity these young doctors sprang upon her as dogs upon a deer. One puts his long ear against her throbbing breast, another grasps her right hand, and his associates fer left, and while the final kick is given and the convulsive throes is developed, with watch in hand, these little practitioners, reckless of the fact that the God in heaven looks upon an ascending soul, ignorant or careless of the dogma that the gates of heaven are opened to receive the penitent, exhibit their learning over the lifeless body and jot down in their books of record, this, that and the other index of her dissolution. Not to benefit science, not to advance art, not to enlarge the volume of human knowledge, but that each may display his petty momentary authority, and stand in the presence of his neighbors and his friends, as one of the privileged who can dally and play and toy with this mortal coil, while it is shuffling off, is part of a procedure dignified by the law permitted by humanity.

Is it decency? Is it humanity? Would you treat a pig, a cow, a horse in that manner? Come with me to my stable.

See a favorite mare who five years ago cost me \$500. Silk hair, exquisite limb, with a keen, bright eye, approach with a tenderness at its master's approach, with a neat, well shaped head, a supple form, a waving tail, symmetry in every line, loved by the children, played with by the stableman, petted by its owner and quick at the faintest suggestion of desire. Catching cold, dropsy sets in her flank, and her days are numbered. Give her all she wants to eat and drink. Brush her carefully every morning. See that no speck of dirt, no beak of straw rests on her glossy skin. Pet her gently day in and night out, lead her carefully as one would a dying mother, press her to nothing, give her the daintiest bed, and when the moment of dissolution approaches, rather than let her suffer, put the pistol to her brain and quick, flash, crack, the vital spark is gone, the body remains and that, but for an hour, when decent sepulchre is given.

And why, that's what I say, why? Why not utilize for the departure of the spirit by the laws of the discoverer of electricity, the advances of art? If my bestbeast is to be called by the pressing of a button, why not the all-protecting shield of a heavenly angel? If my servant can be called from kitchen duties, why not the ministering spirits of whom the bible tells? Is torture what we seek? Is penalty what we enforce? Is suffering the desire? Nonsense. We know better than that. Unto him by whom a life is sacrificed comes the edict of the law: "Thy life also must be sacrificed." There is no suggestion of a penalty, which brings about physical pain or disagreeable surroundings of any sort or kind. God knows that death, the great black drop-curtain which falls at the end of the scaffold, is punishment enough, and possibly torture sufficient. Why should we, in the nineteenth century, reserve for the pleasure and the convenience of the living the progress and advancement of the age? Why not give the dying their share? In other words why not humanize and revolutionize the barbarity of the scaffold? HOWARD.

BRACE-TWISTERS' BATTLE.

A Great Strike Among Street Car Conductors and Drivers.

BRICKS AND BLOOD IN BOSTON.

Uncle Sam's Rheumatic Navy—Sullivan's Injured Arm—Lenten Theatricals at the Hub—General Beantown Gossip.

BOSTON, March 2.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—In these days of trades unions and Knights of Labor everybody knows what a "strike" is. Around Boston especially, within the last few weeks, we have had opportunities to learn the meaning of that ominous word in its fullest sense. It is true that our strike wasn't on such a large scale as the one in New York, neither was it such a warlike affair as that at Putzberg a few years ago—but a strike it has been, and is yet, and will be, for no one knows how long. That sounds like a strange statement, but it is true, nevertheless, and here the question arises: When does a strike end if the strikers are not successful? As in the case with the Cambridge & Boston horse car line, the conductors and drivers struck, and cars were not run for several days; but at last the company hired new men, and now the cars are running as usual. As far as the company is concerned the strike is ended, but the strikers are still striking, or think they are. Their position is a ludicrous one for it is clear that they are striking against nothing—pounding the air, as it were, and with them it is only a question as to how long they can live without wages, or how long the union will support them.

But the company did not succeed without an effort. The condition of affairs last week reminded one of the old Roman times when the poor people would come together in crowds on the streets and assert their rights. And when horse cars could not run without a couple of policemen on each platform, and an escort of mounted police at their side it reminded one of the times of the French revolution when every poor man looked with an evil eye upon every one else who was not as poor and nearly starved as himself. For it was not an uncommon occurrence to see a mob of yelling hoodlums throwing bricks through the car windows and performing such other little freaks of barbarity as rendered the position of passengers equally uncomfortable.

It may sound democratic and American and all that to sympathize with the laboring men in what they call their demands for justice, but when I see squads of special police marching through the streets, and troops of mounted police patrolling the car lines, and know that the militia has been ordered under arms, and that all this even is not enough to make it safe for a woman or child or even a man to enter a horse car without the danger of a cracked skull, I begin to think that sometimes wage-workers are not angels.

SCAB CONDUCTORS. I stepped into a drug store on Main street the other day and whom did I see stretched on a couch, with a white cloth tied about his head, but Mike, who used to be the man-about-the-house, at the place where I roomed. I was surprised to see him in such a pickle and more surprised to hear a lot of loose change rattling in his pocket. When I saw "No. 308 C. R. R." on his hat I knew that he had become a "scab" conductor. "It was them divils o' strikers as done it, Mister Sippance," said Mike. And so it was. Poor fellow. Two men had stepped onto the back platform of his car, and while one engaged his attention the other struck him behind the ear with a slung-

shot and knocked him senseless. But Mike recovered in a few days, for the blow was not hard enough to fracture the skull, and it was lucky for both Mike and the striker that it wasn't.

Mike is on his car again now, and when the idea of big work and small pay strikes him, I suppose he'll join a union and strike too. Then if he comes to me for advice, as he has done on many other occasions, I shall tell him to pick up his traps and go west—to Nebraska, for instance, where one can buy a farm for a trifle and be his own master. If more of the men who think they are too good to drive a horse car for \$2 a day would do this, the world would be the better for it.

THE RHEUMATIC NAVY. It is the fashion now to abuse the American navy. This is merely a waste of powder, since we have no navy. But there is one feature of American aquatic which in part atones for the non-existence of steel cruisers and battering-rams, and that is the success of our fast-sailing yachts. It has been some time since the original Mayflower crossed the ocean with its precious burden, and I cannot imagine anything more remote from the minds of those sturdy fathers than the thought that after a few centuries when the country they were seeking should have become one of the nations of the earth, another Mayflower would cross the Atlantic to sail a race. Yes, General Paine's famous Mayflower is going to England to compete with the Arrow for the queen's cup. This will be a very important affair since it will cost more money and excite much more comment in the newspapers than the first trip of the Mayflower did. Moreover, the English sovereign cuts a big figure in both these events and the latter will please the royal mind much more than the former did especially if the Arrow wins. Even Dr. Holmes feels that yachting is as important as some graver quest than he says.

Let not the mitre England's grelate wears, Next to the crown whose regal pomp it shares, Though now before it courtly Christians bow, Leave its red mark on younger England's brow.

We love, we honor, the maternal dame, While through the waters of the Pilgrim's bay, A new-born Mayflower shows her keels the way.

SULLIVAN AND OTHER SHOWS. "The hand that grasped Sullivan's" and broke his arm a second time, proves to have been the hand of one who knew his business. The last time I saw Sullivan he had his "powerful left" tied up in a sling, but now he has removed the sling and the plaster cast and the arm is in a fair way soon to be ready for business. The champion is in strict training, taking long walks every day, and looks to be in fine condition. He is going on another tour in a few weeks.

Notwithstanding the many rare attractions at the older theatres, the Hollis street theatre has been doing a paying business this week. Mr. Dion Boucicault, with his new and original "Fin MacCool," has been delighting large and appreciative audiences for five weeks, and still "Fin's" popularity does not seem to wane. The play itself is a rare literary production, abounding in fine delineation of character, filled to overflowing with the author's peculiar wit, and held together by extremely ingenious plot.

The time and subject of the rebellion will always be of interest to Americans, and in handling such a delicate subject and in painting characters of true devotion to both sides, Mr. Boucicault has succeeded admirably.

THE TWO SAMs. Have come and gone, and now the question is, did they do any good? There is no doubt that Boston is irreligious. It seems a strange anomaly that Puritan Boston should be so, but it is. Our church folks don't seem to make much fuss about the Lenten season, and it is probable that the theaters will be, as they

always have been before, as well patronized during Lent as at any other time. The statistics are hard to get, and it may be said, to the great credit of Mr. Jones and Mr. Small, that they make no boast of the hundreds of souls they have saved. But it is very clear that their work in Boston has been fruitful, and the writer in the New York Independent may not have expressed it too strongly when he said that we had undergone a great religious upheaval.

The thinking element was prejudiced against the great southern revivalists on their first appearance, but this prejudice has entirely disappeared, and persons who were their hardest critics are now fully satisfied of their sincerity. FRANZ SEPEL.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Apple-green and chestnut-bronze is a color combination favored in Paris. It is predicted that gray will be a leading color during the spring and summer.

The Philadelphia News wonders: "Is there a wife in this city today who makes her husband's shirts?"

Have butterflies, both of bronze and gold-powdered gauze, are again used upon summer bonnets by leading milliners.

The ladies say they are becoming tired of the talk of a winter's evening gown, but hope they will be more so before the season closes.

One who has been there says in that part of the world where the nights are frosty, months long, it is lots of fun to go and see the girls and stay till midnight.

Among the effective but minor decorations are paper butterflies, and small decorations of pendants, little "dumb bells," sequins and drops of every imaginable shape to use in various ways on new spring costumes.

Next to Mrs. Cleveland, who probably receives the most letters of any woman in the United States, Mrs. Jenness Miller, it is said, has the largest number of letters. Mrs. Miller is one of the leaders of the dress reform movement for women.

Love is blind, and this explains how it manages to lead a man on a winter's evening just as handsly with a kerseene lamp and the wick turned way down as though it was a candle in the reflected rays of a 2,000 candle electric carbon.

Spring colors in hosiery are unusually varied, and in quality are beautifully fine in grades of regular made goods. In solid colors there are some handsome shades in the colors rich in tone, and also delicately tinted, the dove-gray and heliotrope dyes are particularly attractive.

Fine gold necklaces are again popular for evening wear on full dress occasions. Very elegant ones are shown set in the jewels, and there are some pretty styles in the gold and enamel, with a handsome pendant in front.

Among the lengthy list of beautiful all-weather fabrics, is a pretty white chuddand cloth, with fine arete or herring-bone weave, and a stylish way to trim dresses of this material is to border the panels, tunic, and portions of the bodice with pleated ruzinias of fringed silk.

"Hello!" exclaimed a giddy little comet, disporting itself in the Milky Way. "Who are you, anyway? I don't believe I've seen you in these parts before." "No," returned the stranger, "I have been here, but I am here. I'm the top plume of a lady's theatre hat. The hat's just below here a little way."

Among the ribbons adapted for summer bonnets are handsome qualities in gauze and greenaline, bordered with a narrow satin stripe and showing a tufted pilot edge beneath. These come in all the new shades of yellow, red-blue, cream-color, several lovely lilac shades, the pale charruaise tint, and also in many rich dark colors.

Pretty day bonnets to be worn at 5 o'clock tea, etc. are of fancy rough straw trimmed with velvet, and high moutures of French flowers, and also of dainty, nets worked with colored beads in shaded effects, and coquetish shirred silk bonnets, trimmed with gold or silver powdered, agrattes, and sprays of white lilac in softest velvet.

Upon pretty French dresses for young ladies' wear are half vests of striped or deep-colored velvet, starting from the collar band, and fitting in the opening of a cut-away jacket or natty basque bodice, the edges of which are lined with satin, and decorated with their graduated length with large buttons of hammered bronze, gold, or silver.