

# THE PALACE OF DEATH

A black and white photograph of a man sitting on an ornate wooden chair, likely an execution chair, in a dimly lit room. Several men in suits stand around him, and a chain hangs from the ceiling.

The gory details of 59 executions  
at the Ohio State Penitentiary

H. M. Fogle

# **The Palace of Death**



*The Palace of Death*

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**or**

## **The Ohio Penitentiary Annex**

A Human-Interest Story of the Incarceration and  
Execution of Ohio's Murderers, With a Detailed  
Review of the Incidents Connected With Each Case

**By H. M. FOGLE**  
**1909**

**Designed and Edited with an Introduction**  
**by Graeme Newman**  
**2025**



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*Australia, New York & Philadelphia*

*H. M. Fogle*

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Published by the Author, Columbus, Ohio,

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A Human-Interest Story of the Incarceration  
and Execution of Ohio's Murderers,  
With a Detailed Review of the  
Incidents Connected  
With Each  
Case.



Profusely Illustrated With Pictures of the  
Electric Chair, Death Cage, Genuine  
Execution Scene, the Executed  
Men and Important Scenes  
of the "World's Great-  
est Penal Insti-  
tution."



By H. M. FOGLE



Published by the Author, Columbus, Ohio, 1909.

*To my faithful friend and wise  
counsellor, who has inspired and  
encouraged me in the collection of  
data and preparation of same for  
this work, Geo. A. Wood, Deputy  
Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary,  
this book is affectionately dedicated.*

*THE AUTHOR.*

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## INTRODUCTION BY GRAEME NEWMAN

H. M. Fogle's *The Palace of Death: or, the Ohio Penitentiary Annex*, published in 1909, is one of the more unusual and unsettling contributions to American penal literature. Written by an insider who had firsthand familiarity with prison life and executions, the book gathers together fifty-nine narratives of convicted criminals—men who passed through the iron gates of the Ohio Penitentiary Annex and met their fate on the scaffold or in the electric chair. What sets this book apart from both its contemporaries and later studies of crime is not merely the lurid detail of its case histories, but the ambiguous line it treads between moral warning, historical documentation, and sensational spectacle.

At the dawn of the twentieth century, the United States was undergoing a profound shift in its penal culture. Hanging—the most common form of execution in the nineteenth century—was increasingly being replaced by the electric chair, which was heralded as more “modern,” “scientific,” and ostensibly humane. Ohio was among the states that adopted this new method, and Fogle's volume captures the transition in vivid detail. His inclusion of photographs of the execution chamber and of the condemned men themselves turns the book into a rare archival object: a piece of social history as much as a piece of literature.

The introduction of the electric chair at the Ohio State Penitentiary marked the elimination of the grim inefficacies associated with execution by hanging. This technological advancement was initially perceived as a more humane method, utilizing controlled electrical current to induce death. Previously, executions by hanging could require 10 to 20 minutes to complete, frequently resulting in prolonged suffering. And in occasional cases, the drop resulted in the rope yanking the head almost completely from the body. In contrast, the electric chair typically accomplished the task within seconds, although, on occasion, it took up to 20 seconds or more, and cranking up the voltage resulted in severe burns to the head and hands. In certain instances, the electric chair produced deaths reminiscent of failed hangings, where asphyxiation and visible physical trauma persisted.

Fogle's accounts reveal not only the crimes themselves, but also the demeanor of the condemned in their final hours. These moments—



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confessions whispered to chaplains, stoic refusals to break down, or last-minute cries of anguish—are as central to the book as the descriptions of the crimes. In presenting the full range of human reactions to death, Fogle creates a mosaic of psychological portraits, offering insight into how individuals confronted the state’s ultimate punishment.

Yet to call *The Palace of Death* purely documentary would be misleading. Its dramatic prose and detailed staging of executions position it squarely within the tradition of sensational crime writing. Like the popular “murder pamphlets” of the nineteenth century or the serialized crime narratives that filled penny papers, Fogle’s work seeks to hold the reader in suspense, balancing moral reflection with morbid fascination. Each story ends with the inevitability of death, but the journey to that conclusion is staged with theatrical flourish.

In this sense, the book exemplifies the contradictory impulses that have long characterized true-crime literature. On one level, it seeks to serve a moral or corrective purpose—detering others by showcasing the grim consequences of crime. On another, it caters to the human appetite for stories of violence, transgression, and punishment. That duality is precisely what gives the book its enduring, if uneasy, significance.

True-crime literature has deep roots in Anglo-American culture, from the execution broadsides of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, through the lurid penny dreadfuls of the Victorian era, to the serialized reporting of urban crime in the early twentieth century. *The Palace of Death* belongs to this lineage but occupies a unique niche. Unlike much popular crime literature of its day, it was not the work of a journalist seeking quick sales but of a prison official who occupied the gray zone between participant and chronicler. That lends the work an air of authenticity but also raises questions about perspective and bias: Fogle was not a detached observer but part of the machinery of punishment itself.

In literary terms, the book straddles genres. It is part penal history, part collection of execution sermons, part true-crime anthology. Later true-crime classics, such as Truman Capote’s *In Cold Blood* (1966), would claim to offer a more objective, novelistic, and psychological depth, but Fogle’s work is a precursor in that it insists on giving its subjects human voices and personal stories—even if they are filtered through a grim and moralizing lens.

What does it mean to read a book like *The Palace of Death* today?

For scholars of legal history and criminology, it is a valuable document of how early twentieth-century America grappled with justice, punishment, and deterrence. For literary historians, it represents a transitional stage in the evolution of the true-crime genre, before it achieved the prestige it sometimes enjoys today. For the general reader, it raises uncomfortable questions: Does one approach it as a historical record, as a cautionary tale, or as a macabre entertainment?

Perhaps the lasting value of Fogle's work lies not only in its contents but in the moral unease it provokes. The text compels readers to confront the paradox of state-sanctioned death—its bureaucratic rationality and its theatrical staging, its claim to justice and its descent into spectacle. The "Palace of Death" is not merely a building; it is also a metaphor for the way society constructs elaborate rituals around punishment, and for the uneasy fascination those rituals continue to exert.

## **PREFACE**

IN presenting this work to the public, representing, as it. does, a vast amount of work in research and compilation by the author and his collaborators, the author desires to state that the work is not altogether one of choice. Rather does he feel it one of duty; to the people of the great Commonwealth of Ohio, the entire Nation and himself.

Statutory law provides that Ohio's first degree murderers shall die in a prescribed manner. They are incarcerated in the Penitentiary and their execution falls to the lot of the officials thereof. These stern but kindly keepers are obliged to perform their sworn duty, however much they might dislike to do so. That this is not an altogether pleasant duty, seems almost unnecessary to state.

Beyond the point of the imprisonment of these human beings, most people hear or know but little about them. They understand in a vague way that they are executed in expiation of their crimes. But very few, indeed, realize what it means to pass through such a terrible heart-rending and nerve-racking ordeal. In this work the author has attempted to place the true facts before all who read, knowing as he does that mere words can never suffice to vividly portray the scenes to your mind as they were enacted in real life. But a thoughtful reading of this book is certain to be of value to all, if only to show how true the old axiom, "The Way of the transgressor is hard."

As one having to do with the prison's affairs for more than ten years past, having seen and treated with every class of criminals known, the author feels that his experience and knowledge are worthy a hearing and consideration. And to this end his efforts have been directed towards picturing as true-to-life a manner as possible, the incidents connected with the incarceration and execution of Ohio's sixty executed murderers.

It is hoped that this work will cause its readers to think upon the question of Criminal Execution. And if the question shall arise in the reader's mind: "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" the author will feel that his work has accomplished its mission and that his labors have not been in vain.

**THE AUTHOR.**

## **THE DEATH CHAMBER.**

HERE are shown in all their grimness the old and new methods of legally killing people. The one by hanging, the other by electrocution. Above is shown the hangman's platform and fatal trap door through which 28 men have plunged to meet their maker. The Death Cage, wherein are confined the condemned men, lies just beyond the brick wall to the right, within which a stairway leads up to the door shown in the upper right corner and opening on to the hangman's platform. The spectators are assembled below outside the railing, the prison physicians inside with watches in hand. Silence is everywhere, everybody is flushed with eager expectancy. Suddenly the little, upper door opens silently and the form of an attending officer appears with slow measured tread as though marking time — another officer follows — then the spiritual adviser—then the condemned man. Haste is made, though to the onlooker every second seems an hour. The officers quickly fasten and adjust the straps — all is ready—the spiritual adviser inaudibly whispers his last words of comfort to the man on the trap — suddenly a clear, sharp voice, as if from one of stern duty rings out: "Have you anything to say before the sentence of the court shall have been finally carried out?" Perhaps no answer; sometimes a few muttered words — all is again quiet. Suddenly with a sharp decisive ring: "Ready!" The lever is shot over to the far side — the doors swing open in center falling down and one-half to each side—a body shoots through and brings up with a crack! within a few inches of the floor—and with a deathly stillness broken only by the dying gurgles of the convulsive body it dangles there until pronounced dead by the prison physicians. Then the spectators file slowly out, heads bowed, almost overcome by the horrible spectacle.

## **THE PALACE OF DEATH OR THE OHIO PENITENTIARY ANNEX**

READER, should you ever visit Columbus, pause for a moment at "The Bridge of Sighs." This name has been applied to the railroad bridge that spans the murky waters of the Scioto river at Spring and Scioto streets. The largest penal institution in the world is before you; a palace and a prison looms up on either hand---a prison whose history is replete with as much that is thrilling and romantic as anything that can be found in the pages of "The Count of Monte Cristo," or "The History of the Bastile."

Viewed from a distance the casual observer, unacquainted with the vast and magnificent edifice that looms heavenward might envy the residence of a structure of such palatial dimensions; but upon a closer observation the real character and purpose of the institution would be apparent and, pity, perhaps, would take the place of envy; for upon a nearer view its massive walls, armed sentries, battlemented gables, grated windows and towering turrets are plainly visible, resembling in appearance the old feudal castles of romance and barbarism

Inside the steel gratings of the Penitentiary Annex will find a little world all by itself, in which all the subjects brought to a common level. The by-paths along which victims of blood-thirsty vice travel to reach it, are various: But once a denizen of this Palace of Death and there is a 1 sameness in the status of all; the same rules apply whether condemned person be a wise man or a fool, a solon or a simpleton, white or black, Catholic or Protestant, old or young, rich or poor. This place like the all-healing grave, brings all to the same condition of subjection: He must do as others will--as he himself wills.

All that annually come to the Palace of Death bring them a practical knowledge of the great and undisputed that, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and that "The wages of sin is death that an open disregard for the rights and of their fellowmen will bring retribution and punishment swift, sure and unerring, and at the same time untold mi and shame to their relatives and friends. If all could be written that this wonderful Prison Annex has taught and is still teaching, the lessons would far surpass in amount worth that of a thousand volumes of a merely theoretical kind. What poet, novelist or journalist ever penned such pathos as swells the aching hearts of the occupants of this living

tomb?: Matter for a thousand thrilling volumes is constantly floating through the silent chambers of this Palace of Death. The silent Death Cell whispers heart rending secrets to the Electric Chair and the Chair echoes back the whisper of an ignominious death to the Cell.

Were it possible for me to portray on paper the emotion of the bruised and bleeding heart, the expressions on the face of the poor condemned wretch, the look of fear and abject terror that haunts the eyes, as the old hall clock ticks off hours and minutes of the last night on earth, this volume would produce an effect on the rugged minds of the youth of America that would undoubtedly be productive of great good.

Remorse! Remorse!! Remorse!! The briny tears of regret! The stifling midnight sob! The bitter anguish of a life ill-spent! All crowd in upon the memory of the poor lump of humanity that must so shortly return to the dust from whence it was created.

Twelve strokes clanging from a church tower answered by the jangle of bells from other towers, and the screeching of distant whistles whose voices painfully announce the midnight hour through the listening air under the blinking stars, by iron bars and stone walls, to a distracted ear in the condemned cell of the great prison. 'Tis midnight by the dock, midnight in the air and in the echoing belfry, and midnight in the hopes of one sinking heart. With blanched faces his companions in trouble hear the solemn tones that once smote upon indifferent ears, but now strike an answering slang in their very hearts. One face is whiter than the rest; one pair of eyes look wildly around as if yet hoping for a release, a respite, or relief of some unknown kind from the tension that can only be relaxed in nothingness. There is a bustle in the outside room; the man who is soon to pay the extreme penalty of inexorable law bids a last farewell to his friends and companions of the last few months—friends who are more fortunate than himself only in that their final day is a little farther distant than his own—then he follows the stern yet kindly official through the open door that leads to the Chair of Fate. A score of pale onlookers take nervous note. These will invoke the aid of the fiery current that shall take this proscribed life to review the dread scene of a world to read at comfortable breakfast on the morning that has begun, but not yet shown its light. Such a morning to one! The dawning of the long, long day of eternity! Amid an oppressive silence the grim Chair—the Chair of Everlasting lasting Rest receives its occupant. He is bound; his eyes are covered—a stranger in a strange land, he is going to a stranger country than his eyes have

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ever beheld. In this brief darkness does he see the home of his childhood, with the swelling plain of green and gold beyond; the azure skies and the school-house by the babbling brook; the kindly-faced father white-aproned mother, and the companionable brother whom, in a moment of intoxicated fiendishness he slew? In this brief darkness do not the events of - a lifetime crowd themselves through the mind in rapid and phantasmagorical succession? But see—a hand is on the little lever! Swifter than thought an invisible power snatches the life from that seated form a murderer's body is a mass of lifeless clay. Is it right?

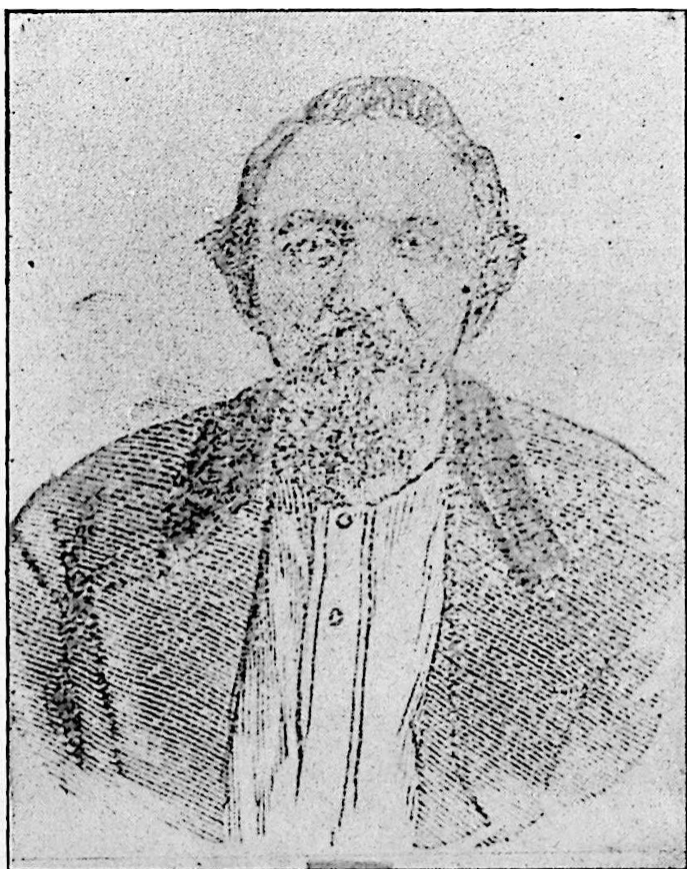
The annex proper is situated at the extreme East End of the east hall. It is an L-shaped enclosure and consists of three compartments. After leaving the east hall visitors are ushered into the execution room. The first thing that catches one's eye upon entering this room is the photographs of those who have met a common fate within the sombre enclosure. Upon your left sitting upon an elevated platform is the fatal electric chair. Directly over the chair is the older scaffold and trapdoors through which so many men have plunged to their doom. Directly north of the execution room is the Guard Attendants' room, and west of this and separated from it by a network of steel bars is the Cage or Death Cell. The condemned wretch enters this Cage the day he is received, and never leaves it until he is led forth to the slaughter.

Shortly before midnight one of the prison barbers accompanied by two guards enter the Death Cage. The condemned man is seated in a barber chair, and the crown of his hair is closely clipped; his right trousers leg is split to the knee, few minutes after midnight he is led forth and takes his seat in the Chair; then his ankles, knees, arms and shoulders are securely fastened by automatic clamps. A sponge damp in a solution of salt ammoniac and water is placed upon the crown of the head conducting the current of electricity into the body. A similar sponge is securely fastened to the calf of the right leg, completing the circuit. The lever which switches the current is then pulled downward, and for seven seconds 1750 volts of electricity passes, through the body. The current is then reduced to 250 volts, and rests at this for the remainder of the minute.

Reader, if you have ever witnessed an execution it is impossible for you to conceive of the sadness and gloom which pervades the entire institution upon these fatal nights. Always present is the great, awful shadow of death, a grim, fearful- spectre unseen but always present; a grinning skull, sightless, tongueless, fleshless, seen only with the mind's eye, but always, always present.

Everything in readiness, the long corridor, down through the East Hall has been copiously sprinkled with sawdust upon which the officers and spectators move with noiseless tread. The old prison clock strikes the fatal midnight hour; the death march is taken up, and headed by the Warden passes down the long dimly lighted corridor to the Place of Death. The attendants have already stationed themselves on either side of the Chair. Directly in front of the Chair is the throng of curious spectators, all eager to see a fellow-man surrender up the life that God gave him. At a sign from the Warden the great door of the death-cell creaks upon its heavy hinges, and the poor condemned wretch comes forth, followed by his spiritual adviser and the officers. A look of abject horror is stamped upon his pallid and bloodless features. He advances with faltering step, and with a look of terror in his eyes seats himself in the Chair. Skilled hands quickly adjust the clamp and deadly electrodes, then the voice of the Warden breaks the awful silence: "Have you anything to say before the sentence of the Court shall have finally been carried out?" Sometimes a few feeble words are uttered. A hand reaches for the lever and breaks it down. Instantly the body plunges upward as far as the clamps will allow it to go; the finger nails sink into the flesh; the body stiffens; the tendons stand out like whipcords, swelled almost to the point of bursting. No sound save the low hum of the electricity as it goes sur; through the vitals of the murderer. In sixty seconds the rent is turned off, the body relaxes, the soul has taken its flight to the realms of eternal light—or darkness—and the ear career of a murderer is closed for all time.





**VALENTINE WAGONER**

The first man hanged in the Prison Annex. He was a veritable coward and was all but completely collapsed when the trap was sprung on July 31, 1885.

## THE FIRST EXECUTION WITHIN THE PRISON

THE first murderer to suffer the death penalty in the. prison Annex, following the enactment by the Legislature that, all legal executions should take place in the penitentiary at the hour of midnight or as soon thereafter practical, was Valentine Wagoner, serial number 17,409.

On July 31,1885, this man surrendered up his life to 1 Maker, in expiation of the crime, of murder—the killing Daniel Sheehan, his own brother-in-law.

This dastardly act was committed in Morrow County, December 18, 1882. In every way it was a most brutal and cowardly crime with no excuse whatever for its perpetration The illustration is vividly pictured right here, that no brave man is required to commit murder. For Wagoner was a very coward at heart. To the very last instant before going to his death did he betray the cowardice and poltroonery which vibrated through his every human fibre.

His death was a miserable one. Language cannot adequately describe the harrowing scene. The Guards were obliged to carry him bodily to the scaffold. He was in a semi-conscious state, so great was his fear of the scaffold and his certain ignominious death.

How he pleaded with the executioners when he realize where he was and what was about to take place! Heart-rending and pitiable in the extreme! It was all too hopeless His fate rested with one of higher state than these guardians of the commonwealth's prisoners.

When his vision cleared and he fixed his gaze on the fatal trap, he exclaimed in abject terror: "Oh, my God! There's the trap! Oh Warden, don't hang me ! Oh, this.is an unjust execution!

He was forcibly placed on the trap doors, which open in the center, one side dropping each way, the man's feet resting one on each door. His limbs trembled violently and he sank to the floor, again crying out in that pitifully-appealing tone: "Let me lie down Warden, I can't stand any longer."

In vain did the Guards urge him to stand up and assert the manhood that was left in him, if any at all. Responding he tried to rise, but his few feeble efforts were for naught. He sank back to the trap doors in a total state of collapse. It was necessary for the Guards to raise him to his feet and support him in an upright position.

The noose was affixed to his neck, the vision of the poor wretch was

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shut off forever by the placing of the black-cap over his face—and he was ready to be sent where the law's stern command had decreed that he should go.

The word was given at exactly two o'clock and forty minutes, a lever was jerked and Valentine Wagoner plunged down to his death. The first victim of the prison's scaffold had gone to his reward and to meet his Maker.

There was one slow convulsive tightening of the muscles and drawing-up of the limbs, one long shuddering tremor and the body dangled without further signs of struggle or life.

Twenty minutes did he hang thus, the doctors officially pronouncing him dead at three o'clock, A. M.

Thus did the spirit of this man wing its flight into the realms of the unknown. All that now remained was a mass of lifeless clay that slowly swung to and fro in the early morning hours.

What an exemplification of the old but ever true axioms that, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and "The wages of sin is death."

Valentine Wagoner's lifeless body was turned over to his relatives by the prison officials, and by them buried near that of his victim.



**PATRICK HARTNETT**  
A merciless wife-murderer of Cincinnati. Hanged  
Sept. 30, 1885. In the drop his head was  
almost entirely severed from the  
body, death being nearly  
instantaneous.

## **THE TERRIBLE FATE OF PATRICK HARTNETT**

OF ALL the prison executions, none was more ghastly than the second one.. A success in every way, apparently, until after the trap had been sprung, it turned into one which made even the hardened prison officials shudder and turn away with a horror-stricken countenance.

Patrick Hartnett, serial number 17,465, was the victim of this, the second execution in the Ohio Penitentiary, which took place in the early morning hours of September 30, 1885.

If ever there lived a human fiend, one who could and would do anything to satisfy his angered passions, this man Hartnett was one. A maddened fiend in human disguise, is none too strong a term to apply. That he was a degenerate of the worst type, all seemed to realize. Of a sordid nature, jealous to a marked degree, not only was he miserable himself, but he also made life unbearable for all those with whom he came in contact.

This man's crime was registered as "murder in the first degree." Back of these five words, however, lies a story of cruelty such as is seldom, exhibited in a human being. This human fiend resided with his family of five children and his wife in two small, squalid rooms of a cheap tenement house in Cincinnati. These were the best he provided, and his family, like the dutiful ones they were, put up with the conditions uncomplainingly, and his wife prepared and did for him as a good wife and mother is expected to do.

On the morning of January 18, 1884, Mrs. Hartnett arose, as was her custom, to prepare breakfast for the fourteen-year-old son, who toiled daily to support the family. At this time the son and mother were the sole support, as the father done no remunerative work for several months past. But he was always quarreling and nagging at his wife, and on morning it seemed that he was more vicious in his tempestuous mood than usual.

He accused her of unfaithfulness, and after she had arisen he angrily ordered her back to bed again. Being deathly afraid of him, she humbly obeyed his command. He then arose and went into the other room.

Returning a moment later, his wife was trying to escape through the window, being partly out at the time. At the trial it was shown positively that she was trying to escape his terrible wrath, being fearful for her life.

But he maintained that some man was helping her through the window, and charged that she had been intimate with him. Anyhow, he became furious; grabbing her pulled her back into the room, and struck her with an ax, first on the head and then on the body. This was all done in plain view of the five children, who, becoming frightened, set up such a chorus of childish wails and cries as to attract neighbors, who also quickly brought the police.

When the police arrived, Hartnett was dancing a jig and singing songs over the lifeless body of his own wife; he then took up a jewsharp and played a tune on it with evident joy to dance around the corpse.

The officers of the law were resisted to the utmost, and was taken only after a desperate struggle, in which he was lassoed like a wild beast and carted off to jail.

Finally Hartnett was sentenced to be hung by the neck until he was dead, on the morning of September 4, 1885, Governor Hoadly later granting a respite to the 30th, at which time the sentence was carried out.

The news of the execution was published throughout the land, creating much excitement and a great deal of very unfavorable comment. It was a most unusual case. As near as can be learned, in making the final preparations for the execution, some detail was overlooked, with the result that the victim's head was almost completely severed from his body by the drop.

The nerve displayed by Hartnett contrasted strongly with that of the first execution. This man met his fate with fortitude, exhibiting a degree of nerve in the face of death that was truly remarkable. His step was firm and steady as he walked to the scaffold and stepped on the trap doors. While the fatal noose was being placed around his neck and the straps around his arms, he never quailed. At the same time he recognized several faces among the spectators and, calling them by name, bade them farewell.

Everything being ready for the drop, he was asked if he had anything to say, to which he replied with a clear and firm voice, "No." The lever was pulled back, and down plunged another body to its end, at 1:25 A. M.

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The fall of the body was arrested by a sharp thud as it reached the end of the drop; it swung half way around and a sickening, gurgling sound was plainly heard. This was at first supposed to come from the mouth, but as one of the doctors grasped the pulse and swung the body partly around toward him, a volume of blood rushed down on the stone floor. It was then seen that the head had been almost entirely severed from the body, and that the gurgling sound was the blood rushing from the arteries.

Thirty seconds after the drop had taken place, the doctors felt the last pulsation and pronounced him dead. Following this there was no little excitement, for it was feared that the head would be entirely severed before the body could be taken down. Strong hands were quickly detailed to hold the weight of the body upright until the rope could be taken off. This was a gruesome job. Blood everywhere, still flowing freely, and those who beheld the sight will never forget the sickening spectacle.

As the remains were laid down the head fell to one side nearly at right angles with the neck. It looked to be entirely separate, and, in fact, it was only hanging by a very small strip of skin and muscle.

It was a terrible sight, to see the lifeless body lay there in a pool of the victim's own life blood. Many of the spectators turned pale and some were made deathly sick. Only those of the most unusual will power could stand the sight.

Thus ended one of the most terrible executions on record. The news was heralded in detail by the papers from coast to coast, the gruesome details being dilated upon, even to most minute detail. Never before had a legal execution worked up such excitement or press comment as this, second one in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Truly here is one fulfillment of the Bible adage that, "that sheddeth man's blood, his blood by man shall be shed."



ARTHUR J. GROVER

Executed May 14, 1886, for the murder of a peace-  
able and helpless old woman of Wood County,  
Ohio. Robbery was the motive  
for the crime.



## THE END OF A VICIOUS CAREER

THE third victim of the hangman's knot in the Ohio Penitentiary Annex was a young man named Arthur Grover, serial number 17,883. The crime which committed and for which he surrendered up his life, was one of the most brutal in the history of this fair state. It was mercenary, premeditated and cold-blooded affair, and the end that he came to, judging from what we are able to learn, was only a fitting climax to his short and vicious career.

Grover was charged with having murdered an old woman in Wood County. The motive for the crime was a paltry sum of money. He then burned the house to hide his fiendish crime. The old lady had been living alone, and by thrift and hard toil had accumulated a small sum of money. Grover visited the house often and familiarized himself with its surroundings. On the fatal night of the crime, Grover had been drinking heavily, it is supposed for the purpose of mustering up false courage for his awful deed.

He went to the house shortly after midnight. Effecting an entrance at the kitchen window, then stealthily creeping to the bedside of the old lady, who was peacefully sleeping, he rained blow after blow upon the prostrate form of his aged victim. When certain that life was extinct, he ransacked the house, secured his plunder, then fired the house, certain that he was covering up all traces of his fiendish work.

But "murder will out." Grover was at once suspected of the crime; and only the prompt work of efficient officers prevented a lynching-bee. Although the evidence against him was mainly circumstantial, there was conclusive proof of his guilt. He died, however, protesting his innocence and refused to make any confession.

The execution took place at forty-five minutes after twelve o'clock on the morning of May 14, 1886. Grover met his fate bravely and defiantly, reviling and cursing the newspaper reporters and officers of the law with almost his last breath.

It was exactly 12:30 by the great prison clock that had ticked off the hours and minutes for almost a century, when the persons assembled to witness the execution ranged themselves along the wall, directly opposite the place where the murderer was to fall, and awaited the coming of the prisoner and his Guards. They came upon the platform, an officer in advance, closely followed by Grover, who walked up the steep stairway without assistance.

There was a pause, a hush, and the stillness of death pervaded the

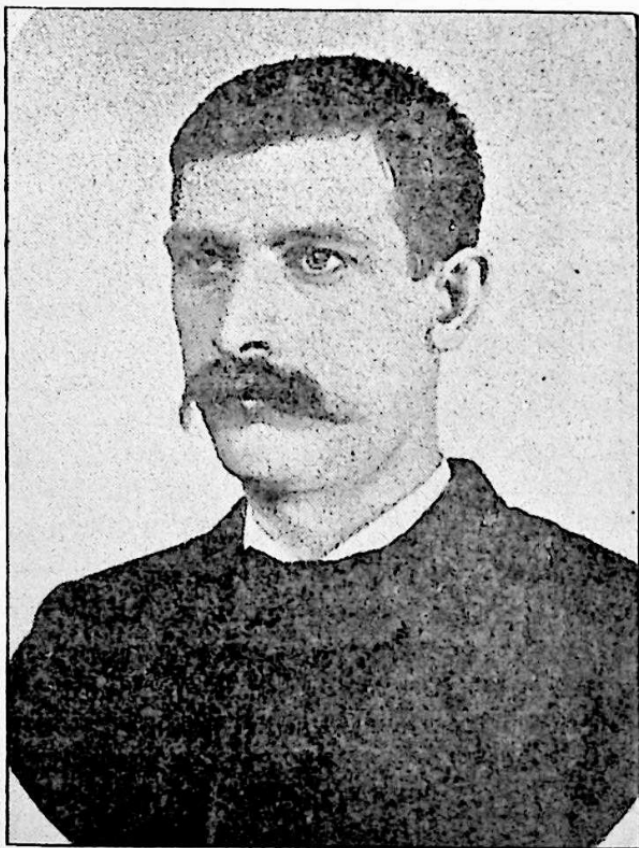
room as the condemned man stepped upon the fatal trap. Strange to say, his face was no paler than usual, and his appearance was that of sullen and defiant courage. The straps were fixed around his arms, body and legs, and an attendant slipped the noose around his neck. The massive form of the executioner loomed up behind that of the prisoner and overshadowed it. But Grover stood as firm and unflinching as a rock.

Everything being ready, an officer asked quietly, "Have you anything to say, Grover?" Clearing his throat the murderer answered in a firm, monotonous sing-song tone, "Gentlemen, I stand here on the gallows to die tonight. I die innocent, and not guilty. I possibly could say more if I wanted to, but I don't want to. Farewell and good-bye."

The black-cap was then drawn over the doomed man's eyes. There was a quick, "All ready," and the hangman with a quick throw of his body, shot the lever from left to right. A clatter as the trap swung back against the wall, a shoot of the body downward, one convulsion, which drew, the legs upwards, one turn of the body, and the victim whirled around with his eyes resting on the crowd, the black-cap having fallen off. One quiver, and the lids closed over the balls, the face darkened and death began to settle. Just fifteen minutes after the drop fell, Grover was pronounced dead.

The day before the execution, Grover received a letter from his aged mother, expressing her sorrow at not being able to pay him a final visit before the execution. The letter affected him greatly, touching the one tender spot in his hard heart.

There was such an intensity of feeling against the murderer in Wood County, that the people would not even pen the burial of the remains there, so the body was turned over to a Columbus medical institute for dissection.



**JOSIAH TERRILL**

Hanged Sept. 2, 1887, for the murder of a  
Meigs County, Ohio, citizen. It is believed  
that he was innocent but lacked  
friends and finances to  
clear himself.

## **DIED BRAVE, PROCLAIMING HIS INNOCENCE**

JOSIAH Terrill, serial number 18,872, a Meigs County murderer, was hanged September 2, 1887. He met his fate bravely and, as is said of college graduates, "acquitted himself with great honor." Like nine-tenths of the men who die upon the gallows, Terrill denied all knowledge of the crime with which he was charged, and with a last breath declared he suffered death as an innocent man.

A few hours before the time appointed for his execution the condemned man awoke from a refreshing sleep and asked for something to eat. The request, of course, was granted. Someone unguardedly expressed surprise at the desire to eat and Terrill said, "You ain't going to choke me off that way are you, without anything to eat?"

While Terrill was eating, a Missouri Colonel conversed with him, urging him to unburden his mind if he had any guilty knowledge. The murderer reiterated his oft repeated declaration of innocence, and requested the Warden to give him a drink of whiskey. But the man's nerve was so great that the Warden declined to give him a stimulant to raise his courage for the trying ordeal.

After the final administration of spiritual comfort, the Warden read the death warrant, and the condemned man was led to the scaffold.

Terrill was perfectly cool and collected, and his features shone in their natural color. As he stepped to the trap, Warden Coffin asked him if he had anything to say, to which he replied, "I say I ain't guilty of this here charge." "You say you are guilty?" queried the Warden who, with others, misunderstood him. "I say I ain't guilty of this here charge" reiterated Terrill. "God in heaven knows I ain't guilty. There are some people and lawyers in Pomeroy who think they have got satisfaction on me now. That's all I've got to say."

Warden Coffin then stepped over and shook hands with the condemned man, bidding him good-bye. The minister gravely followed his example, saying in a solemn tone: "Josiah, put your confidence and trust in the Lord." "I have," replied Terrill.

He was placed over the trap and, standing as if being measured for a suit of clothes permitted Deputy Cherrington to adjust the ropes. There was some difficulty in fastening a strap, and he considerably moved his feet to facilitate operations. The black-cap—a rude bag—was placed over his head and the noose adjusted. At 12:34 A. M. before the

## *The Palace of Death*

audience realized that it had happened, Warden Coffin shot the lever from north to south. Rattle went the trap against the sides of the scaffold, and with a boom the body of the condemned man shot down seven feet, oscillated once or twice and then became quiet. There was not a twitch of the muscles or a movement of the body.'

Instantly there was a plank placed across two chairs on the platform directly under the body of the hanging man, and two doctors sprang upon the plank to take note of the pulse and respiration. The heart beats were very rapid at first, but after six minutes began to lessen. In twelve minutes he was dead. The rope was lowered so the body could be placed on the plank, the knot was cut and the noose loosened, and then the black-cap removed, exposing the swollen and blackened face. His neck had been broken by the fall, but the rope had not cut the flesh. The body was placed in a coffin and shipped to Pomeroy, where it was buried by the dead man's mother.

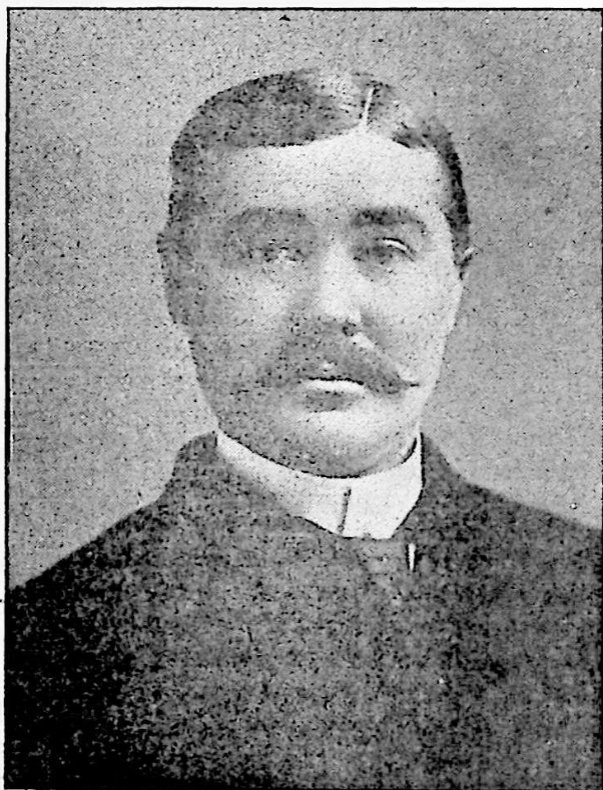
Strange to say, he expressed no desire to meet the aged woman before his death; on the contrary, he remarked at supper that the only person he cared to see was his child (illegitimate).

There has always existed grave doubts in the minds some of Meigs County's best citizens as to Terrill's guilt. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial, but the jury evidently thought it strong enough to warrant a verdict of guilty.

He was accused of murdering an old man for whom he had previously worked. The opinion of the writer is that Josiah Terrill died an innocent man. This opinion is based upon evidence, and from what could be learned from some Meigs County's best citizens. Certain it is that he was a poor illiterate man, without money and without influential friends.

Charles Phillips, the murdered man, was aged and decrepit. By frugality and hard toil he had accumulated quite a sum of money. Robbery was the motive of the crime, and a bludgeon and knife were the instruments of destruction.

Innocent or guilty, Terrill is in the hands of a just God where he will remain until that great "Day of Judgement" when all wrongs will be righted, and the innocent shown and the guilty punished, according to the unerring judgement an ETERNAL GOD.



**WM. GEORGE**

Hanged May 18, 1888. He decoyed Jas. Scott from his home in Noble County, O., and killed him, expecting to return and vent his lustful passions on Scott's pretty 15-year-old daughter. In this he failed through the efforts of Mrs. Scott.

## **A RICHLY DESERVED FATE**

THE fifth man to pay the extreme penalty of the law the now world-famous Ohio Penitentiary Annex William George, serial number 19,289.

In 1887 there lived in Noble County, Ohio, with his wife and pretty fifteen year old daughter, a man named James Scott. He was a cripple and well advanced in years; something over sixty.

On an adjoining farm there was employed a lusty youth named William George. This lad seemed to have a bump of licentiousness which was abnormally developed. In fact had once been arrested for attempting to outrage a young lady.

The budding charms of old man Scott's pretty daughter seemed to have fired the brain of this licentious farm hand, and he began to pay her marked attention. To possess I beautiful girl seemed to be his one object in life. While work in the cornfield and about the farm, he concocted scheme, which for pure diabolical cussedness and premeditation, has probably never been surpassed.

All through that long hot Monday which fell on July 1887, he was observed to be acting strangely. He did not tend strictly to his farm duties. About eleven o'clock that night, he stole over to the Scott house and told the old gentleman that a neighbor's. horse had fallen while running through the woods, and had caught its leg between two logs. He asked Scott to take his ax and accompany him to the woods in order to liberate the beast. Scott suspected you George was up to something and at first refused to go with him, but upon George's insistence, he went out with him. That was the last ever seen of the old man alive.

Soon after leaving the house, George returned and told Mrs.. Scott that her husband had gone to a neighbor's. He then told her that he wished to see her daughter. He was told that she was not at home. He then went to a neighboring farmer and told him that old man Scott had jumped upon him with an ax, and that he had been forced to kill him.

A search was soon made, and in a dark ravine near the house, the body of the poor old man was found, his head smashed in with the ax, and weltering in a large pool of blood.

The murderer was arrested. The next day he was taken to Zanesville and placed in jail. His trial lasted but a few days. He was justly found guilty of murder in the first **degree**, and sentenced to be hung April 27,1888.

During the trial his diabolical scheme became apparent. He had

decoyed the father and husband from the house and cruelly murdered him. Returning, he expected to find the girl alone and ravish her. His excuse that a cripple sixty years old had leaped upon him, ax in hand, did not go. He and his attorneys put up a strong plea of self-defense, but evidently the jury did not believe it.

After a stay of execution was granted until May 18th, his case was carried to the Supreme Court, but the decision of the Muskingum County Common Pleas Court was rightly sustained, and early on the morning of May 18, 1888, the red-handed murderer paid the penalty of his foul crime upon the scaffold.

From the first day of his commitment to the Annex Cage until the last moment of his life, George doggedly refused to talk of his family, his crime, or his future. When asked, just previous to his execution, if he wished to send a last message to his old mother, or other relative, he replied gruffly, "I have nothing to say, and I've made up my mind to say nothing."

The man refused all religious consolation, and when shortly before he was swung off into oblivion, the kind-hearted Chaplain asked him to join with him in prayer, George instantly repulsed the well meant overture, and died as he lived, cursing and impenitent.

William George took great delight in boasting that, "he would die game." The painful quiver of his lips, and the shocking coarseness of his last words, however, indicated the horrified spectators that the miserable man was battling against an overwhelming sense of abject fear which he could not conceal.

This man went to the scaffold in a great rage. By conduct in no sense manly, but grossly brutish, he tried to nerve himself against an absolute collapse. His will power was barely sufficient to keep him on his feet. He smoked a cigar after another in order to delay the execution as long possible. When the prison physician suggested that, "George had smoked enough," that worthy flew into a great rage, and angrily threw down the cigar with the remark, "All right, I'm ready. But I don't see why you need be in such a hell of a hurry to shuffle me off."

Warden Coffin read in a clear and distinct voice the death warrant. The condemned man was apparently heedless of its awful import. Chaplain DeBruin advanced and with deep tenderness addressed the swaggering man with the inquiry: "Do you not desire prayers at this last scene?" "If you wouldn't let me smoke," he replied, as he edged away from the Chaplain, stepping clear across the trap through which he was so soon to plunge. George advanced to the railing, and looking



down, yelled, "Doc, I'll remember you for that." He referred to the physician who had suggested that he had smoked enough.

Deputy Cherrington directed him to stand upon the trap. As the assistants began to pinion the limbs of the doomed man, he railed out against Governor Foraker, prefacing his remarks with a horrible oath, and said, "I don't see how I can sleep tonight."

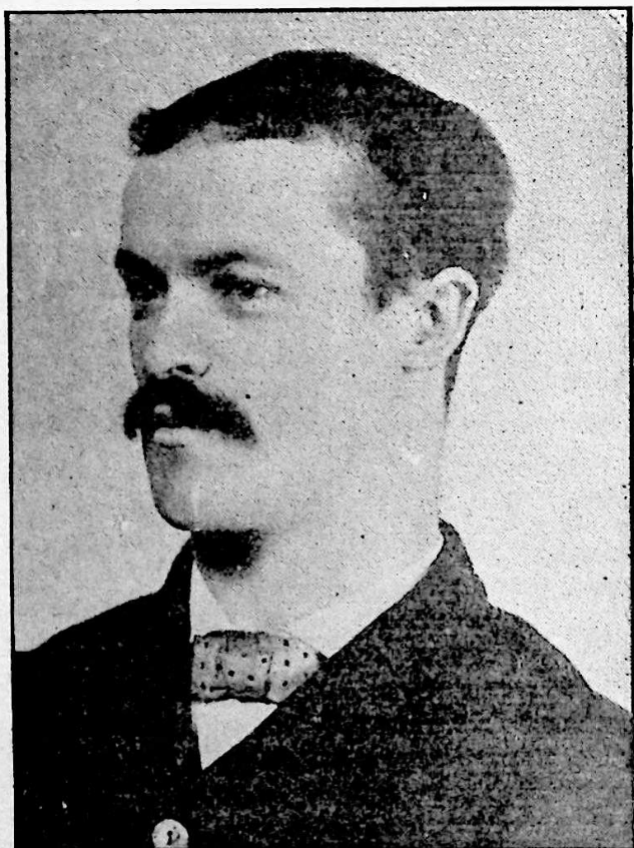
The crowd looked on in speechless astonishment, horrified at the buffoonery of the swaggering bully. Five minutes before, all had entered the execution room with pity in their hearts and words of sympathy on their lips for the man who was so soon to die. Pity and sympathy speedily vanished in the presence of this blustering bravado.

George gave Warden Coffin and Deputies Cherrington and Patton a cordial hand-shake, but he refused the proffered hand of the good Chaplain DeBruin.

The Deputies quickly performed their work. George remarked, meanwhile, "That's right. Do me, up in style." Turning to Warden Coffin, in a husky voice he whispered, "I did it in self-defense." Casting his eyes again at the spectators, he called out to the doctor, "Doc, damn you, I'll see you later."

A moment later, as Deputy Cherrington placed the blackcap over his face, and slipped the first noose down over the head to the neck, the culprit said, "You are giving me an extra neck-tie." His last words were, "Foraker must have a gall like Barnum's bull." An instant later the noose was drawn tight, and Deputy Cherrington uttered the single word, "Ready!" -Warden Coffin sprung the trap, at exactly 1:15 o'clock A. M.

William George shot through the opening with a dull thud, and hung suspended motionless. 'Twas a strange execution. There was not the slightest quivering or twitching of a muscle; no drawing up of the limbs, not even a sound from the throat, nor a heave of the chest. The executioner had performed his painful duty with terrible certainty.



**EBENEZER STANYARD**

A young rattle-brained fellow of Youngstown, Ohio.  
Hanged July 13, 1888, for the cold-blooded  
murder of a girl who had repulsed  
him and of whom he was  
insanely jealous.

## THE DEATH OF A JEALOUS LOVER

THE sixth execution in the Annex was that of Ebenezer Stanyard, serial number 19,511, which took place at one o'clock on the morning of July 13, 1888.

He was an illiterate, crack-brained young fellow of twenty- six years, and the only thing commendable in his past history was his affiliation with the Salvation Army. He belonged to that class of jealous idiots who, for diversion, are in the habit of taking the lives of their wives, sweethearts, or some other unfortunate female object of their devotion.

The case of Stanyard, in some of its features, is not unlike that of Semler, the Salvation Army enthusiast, who was recently electrocuted at Sing Sing, New York, for uxoricide. It would seem that the quality of redeeming grace possessed by these two Christian gentlemen was away below the accepted standard, or it would undoubtedly have restrained them from the murder of defenseless women. But, perhaps, if these two parallel crimes had been committed by the unanointed, they would have attracted no more attention than an ordinary vulgar homicide.

The worldly-wise are always given to invidious criticism, and the ungodly never avoid an occasion to shock the sensibilities of those tender-hearted individuals who make it an item of their religious obligations to shed copious tears over the poor Christian gentleman who, in a moment of mental adoration, lovingly slashes his wife's throat with a razor, or fondly caresses the form of his beloved with the deadly six- shooter.

Ebenezer Stanyard was an Englishman by birth. He came to this country with his parents in 1869 and took up his abode in Youngstown, Ohio, where he resided at the date of the commission of his crime. His education was neglected and he was generally considered a worthless, half-demented fellow. He earned his livelihood, when he worked, by manual labor; but for weeks at a time he was supported by his widowed mother. In 1886 he became fanatically attached to the Salvation Army, in the musical corps of which organization he played the kettle drum. Stanyard lived adjoining a family named Hancox, with whom the Stanyards were on intimate terms.

Stanyard became enamored of the daughter Alice, but for a couple of years before 1886 they had not been on speaking terms. They had become reconciled, however, and for a time were very intimate. Stanyard had an uncontrollable passion for the girl, and his intense love

drove him into an insane jealousy when she accepted the slightest attention from other young men, and he finally combined the attention of a lover with the actions of a spy, watching her every movement. This jealousy transformed the girl's love into fear and disgust. Stanyard became even more persistent as her affections began to wane, and it was claimed by the prosecution at the trial that he made repeated threats against her life. Stanyard claimed that the other young men showing the girl attention were not actuated by pure motives, and that his vigilance was to protect her honor.

The crime was a most brutal and cold-blooded one. Stanyard himself claimed that his mind was a blank, and that he was mentally deranged at the time. The crime was committed on the evening of March 24, 1887. Stanyard was standing in front of his residence when the girl walked by in company with a young man named Wilbur Knox. As the couple reached a point opposite him, Stanyard drew a revolver, sprang forward and fired, the bullet taking a finger from Knox's hand as he threw it up to protect the girl. The girl turned and ran, and as Stanyard started to follow, Knox intercepted him and the two clinched. Stanyard got the better of his adversary "and, releasing himself, started after the girl again. Again he fired, this time the ball taking effect in the girl's arm. He pursued his victim, still fleeing, until side by side with her, when he deliberately shoved the revolver within a few feet of her head and pulled the trigger. The girl dived forward dead, her brains having been literally blown out. The crime was a most revolting one, and excitement against the murderer ran high.

Ebenezer Stanyard paid the penalty of his infamous cowardly crime in the early morning hours of July 13, 1888. The night of his execution was a fitting one for the ending of: his useless and misspent life. Without, the rain drizzled pitifully as though the clouds were so ashamed as to shed tears or the guilty wretch. The wind sighed wearily through the trees as though it were chanting the low dirge of death. Far in the distance the surging of the river could be heard as the waters, mad and swollen, rushed wildly away in the night, and over all, the dark clouds hung like a pall.

Within, all was stillness—unearthly, awful stillness. The corridors were oppressive in their silence. The flickering, as jets, which appeared to feel the horror of the moment, seemed afraid to burn and witness the final exit of Ebenezer Stanyard from the scenes of life.

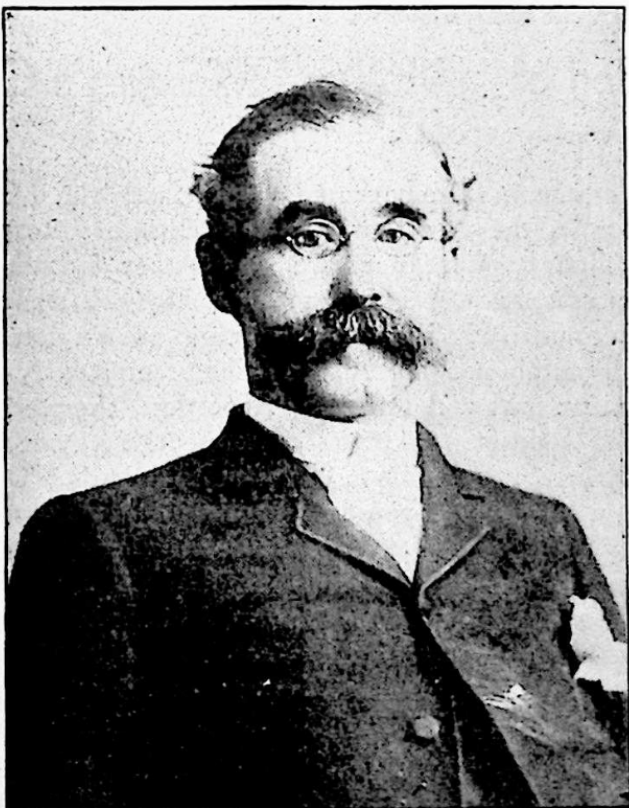
After the priest administered the last sacrament, the doomed man partook of a lunch. The murderer then called for his accordion and

## *The Palace of Death*

began playing, firmly and plaintively the old air which he had probably learned at his mother's knee, "Home, Sweet Home" following it by "I Gave My Life For Thee." As the strains of deep pathos floated out into the reception room, the audience was hushed, and listened with awe-struck reverence to a man who could play his own death song. He wound up by playing: "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and asked for a cigar.

At 12:57 the last service was held, and Stanyard came upon the scaffold dressed in a cut-away coat, holding in his hand a handkerchief, and wearing in his lapel button-hole a bouquet given to him by a lady admirer. His face wore an ashy pallor, but he looked calm and self-possessed. Peering down into the up-turned faces of the assemblage, he discovered Wilbur Knox, the companion of the murdered girl at the time of her cowardly assassination. He could face death with a steady nerve, but the thought of his enemies witnessing his shameful end was agonizing. The Warden insisted upon quiet, and read the death warrant, during which Stanyard moved restlessly from leg to leg, but did not appear affected.

At the close of the reading Stanyard responded in an incoherent, unconnected manner; "There are persons here, who ought not to be here. It is my wish that none of my enemies be here to gloat over my death. I don't think it is right that they should look upon their victim." He then told the Warden that he wanted to make a statement of the crime. He began disconnectedly, to give an account of the murder, when the Warden stopped him and told him it would do him no good. At this juncture the black-cap was pulled down over his face, while he continued to talk, his voice sounding muffled through the shroud. The noose was quickly drawn over his head and fastened under the ear. The Warden stepped back, sprung the trap, and the body shot below and hung in the empty air like a log. It was as though his heart had been pierced with a bullet. The murder of poor Alice Hancox was avenged, and the soul of Ebenezer Stanyard floated off—to darkness or to light?



CHAS. ("BLINKEY") MORGAN  
A notorious and very shrewd criminal. Hanged  
Aug. 3, 1888, for murdering an officer in an  
effort to help a "pal" escape near  
Ravenna, Ohio.

## THE END OF "BLINKEY" MORGAN'S CAREER

ONE of the most remarkable men to pay the death penalty in the Penitentiary was Charles Morgan or "Blinkey" Morgan as he was better known to criminal classes, serial number 19,171. Morgan was hanged shortly after one o'clock on the morning of August 3, 1888. There is absolutely nothing known of the man's early history. Being of a cautious and reticent disposition, the place of nativity, as likewise his family connections, were never revealed by him, even to his most intimate friends. On these points no interrogations could ever elicit a disclosure. The crime for which he paid the supreme penalty was murder; whether innocent or guilty, God alone, perhaps, knows truth. The evidence against Morgan, while wholly circumstantial, was sufficiently strong and conclusive to convict him.

The crime for which he was hanged was the outgrowth one of the most daring burglaries ever committed in the state. On the morning of January 28, 1887, the employes who came early to the store of Benedict & Ruedy, 245 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, were astonished to discover that during the night burglars had forced an entrance to the store and made away with \$8,000 worth of furs.

What made the theft seem almost incredible, was the fact that immediately in front of the building was a hack stand where carriages were standing at all hours of the night, few feet away was a corner that was constantly watched police officers, and in addition to this, private watchmen patrolled the street faithfully.

It was found that the burglars had bored through the wood of the front door, inserted a set-screw, and had then knocked off the catch. After making a futile effort to crack the safe, the men turned their attention to gathering up the priceless fur garments that were scattered everywhere in endless profusion. Finding that they had secured more booty than they could get away with, the thieves left eight garments on the floor, taking with them thirty-six.

As soon as the affair became known, Police Captain Hoehn of the Cleveland police force, gave orders to his men carefully to watch all roads leading off toward the south. He had every reason to believe that such crooks as Mollie Hoey, McPhellany and the like, had escaped before by taking the Cleveland and Pittsburg and the "Nypano" railroads at the suburban stations. In response to a telegram from

Pittsburg to the effect that one of the trunks had gone to Allegheny City and the other to the "Smoky City," detectives went to work on the case. They were joined, soon after by Hoehn, and a railroad man who knew something about the case. The officers found, after a tiresome search, one empty trunk at a house on Balkam street.

The woman who kept the place claimed that on the previous Saturday, two men had rented a room of her. They afterwards brought two trunks there. One of the trunks was afterwards recovered. Harry McMunn, a noted crook, was then arrested as one of the probable burglars who so successfully did the seal-skin job at Cleveland. The proper requisition papers were secured and Captain Hoehn, who had been joined in the meantime by Detective Hulligan of Cleveland, prepared to take the man back to the scene of his crime. It was on Friday, just one week after the robbery, that Captain Henry Hoehn and Detective William H. Hulligan went to Allegheny and started on the eleven o'clock night train for Cleveland. As the train went rushing through the darkness, the officers were thinking, no doubt, that one of the robbers at least was going to pay the penalty of his crime. In the smoking car sat ten passengers, and among them was a man wearing a light overcoat and cap and holding a ticket to Ravenna. Hulligan, with the prisoner handcuffed to him, sat facing the baggage car, and in front of the pair, Captain Hoel had taken his seat facing Hulligan. When the train steamed into Alliance and came to a stand, three men came aboard and entered the rear coach. They held tickets reading from Pittsburg to Alliance. Two were then ticketed through to Ravenna and one to Hudson. One was a dark complect man with a black moustache. He was rather heavy set and wore a fur cap. Another who feigned sleep wore dark clothing. Among the other passengers were the Rev. C. Heiss Cleveland and John Watts of Bristol, Indiana.

When Ravenna was reached, the three men suddenly sprang up, whipped out their revolvers and barred the rear door, at the same time telling the passengers to sit quietly, if they valued their lives.

At this juncture the man in the smoking car came hurriedly back, bearing in his right hand a queer looking parcel wrapped up in newspaper. He suddenly raised this high in the air, and before Detective Hulligan was aware of his intention, brought it down with terrible force on his head. Hulligan dropped forward and Hoehn sprang to the rescue, firing right and left with his self-acting revolver. One of the thugs was wounded by his fire. The desperadoes now began shooting and gradually forced Hoehn out of the door. Hoehn cried for help, and two



railroad men rushed up. Hulligan in the meantime had been terribly beaten over the head. He was dragged senseless from the car, and McMunn was freed from his fetters by a key which one of the murderers possessed.

The desperadoes fled from the train, carrying the man who had been wounded. Hulligan was found leaning against the baggage car with his head cut and gashed in a terrible manner. Hoehn had been shot and was also nearly dead.

When the train pulled out it was discovered that Hulligan was not aboard. The train was backed up, and the unfortunate man was found dead.

Morgan, McMunn and another of the gang were arrested some weeks later at Aloena, Michigan. They were making preparations for flight into Canada.

These three men were taken back to Ravenna and placed on trial for the murder of the detective. All three were convicted of murder in the first degree, but McMunn and the other party were granted a new trial later on, and in some manner evaded the punishment which they, no doubt, justly deserved.

Morgan failed to establish his innocence, and circumstances being decidedly against him, he alone suffered the penalty for Hulligan's murder.

Morgan was received at the Penitentiary on Thanksgiving day, 1887. He was a man who would attract attention anywhere. He might have been mistaken for a banker, a college professor, or a clergyman, rather than a criminal. He was apparently about forty-seven years of age. He had dark hair and regular features. One of his eyes had at some time been injured, and from this defect he derived the name of "Blinky." In dress he was neat to a fault, and always wore either a black or white neck-tie and dark clothing. To hide the defect in his eyes and to aid his sight, Morgan habitually wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

In personal address Charles Morgan was a polished gentleman. He was never heard to utter an oath until toward the end of his life in the Annex. He hated the sight of the motley crowd of visitors, who stood and gazed at him as they would at a prize bull or a chained lion. For those friends who made his last days seem pleasanter by their welcome visits, he had nothing but kind words. The guards and prison runners who were intimately acquainted with him, were drawn toward the man with an irresistible force. They all thought highly of him, and many expressed strong doubt of his guilt. To the ladies and children he

showed the kindest attention, and his stern face always lighted up when any little ones were brought to see him.

Morgan was a great reader, and hailed the entrance of book or newspaper with great joy. He was also somewhat a philosopher, and could reason with the best of men everything but his own case and religion.

Morgan always looked upon himself as a martyr, sacrificed upon the altar of public prejudice. Perhaps he was right. He always asserted his innocence; and maybe he was innocent.

In regard to religion, "Blinky" never professed any religious belief; he was what might be called an atheist. He did not believe in heaven or hell; but at times in various writings he used the words, "God knows," or "thank God," showing that he partly, at least, acknowledged the existence of Supreme Ruler. The Chaplain, in conversation with him a few days before the execution, said that if the condemn wished any spiritual consolation, whatsoever, he (the Chaplain) would bring him the one he wished. Morgan then stated that he did not wish a minister.

As Morgan did not wish to make a statement on the scaffold, the following was written and addressed to the Warden

HON. E. G. COFFIN,  
Warden Ohio Penitentiary.

Dear Sir:—

I address you at this time for several reasons, There will be curiosity, no doubt, and perhaps some interest in what I may have to say relative to my alleged connection with the crime for which I am to be executed, and to satisfy the curious, as well as to relieve the overburdened minds of the interested, I reassert my declaration of entire innocence any connection whatever with either the theft of the furs, the rescue McMunn, or the murder of Detective Hulligan. There will doubtless be some people who will not hesitate to declare I died with a falsehood, on my tongue, simply because my assertion cannot correspond with their belief and prejudice. To all such, permit me to say: Wait! Time will eventually substantiate my declaration of innocence. Had I succeeded in obtaining another hearing of my case, I would certainly have acquitted myself, as I expected to prove beyond any possible doubt that I was in the city of Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, at the time of the rescue, and for some time before that event. I would have proved that each and every witness swore before the first grand jury that he did not know who the assaulting party was, and was unable to describe any of the assailants, because of the

## *The Palace of Death*

suddenness of the attack and the entire confusion into which they were all thrown. I would also have proved that Captain Hoehn requested two of the most reliable police officers on the Pittsburg force to please learn for him who the assaulting party were, the officers asked him to describe one or more of the men; and he replied, he could not do so as he was too excited at the moment to notice any particularity about them. The two policemen testified substantially to the above at Robinson's trial; and yet Captain Hoehn did not hesitate to answer that Coughlin, Robinson and myself were the men. I have read of men being murdered for their money, but I am judicially, or rather injudicially, murdered, for the state's money and to satisfy the clamor for a victim. In conclusion, I repeat, I am innocent of any complicity with the robbery of the furs, or the murder of Detective Hülligan. I write this statement to obviate the necessity of making any verbal remarks from the scaffold, and also to keep reporters of the press from butchering up to suit their own ideas what I desire to say. You will understand from the foregoing, honored sir, that I shall have nothing to say, save what I have written here. .

Very respectfully,

CHARLES MORGAN.

During the evening preceding the execution, Morgan was presented with a bouquet by two of the Guards. A lady admirer of the notorious "crook" also sent him a handsome bouquet, which he appreciated very highly.

The closing scenes were very quiet and when Morgan had carefully arranged his toilet, there was pinned upon the lapel of his coat a bunch of tea roses, heliotrope and geraniums. The crowd that had anxiously awaited the death march, filed out of the reception room at 1:17, and two by two filed slowly into the guard room adjoining the Annex. Only those persons designated by the law were allowed to go in, and even those holding tickets were stopped and examined by the Guards. Promptly at 1:18, the door leading to the scaffold suddenly opened, and Morgan, Warden Coffin, Deputies Cherrington and Patton stepped upon the platform. Instantly the crowd ceased speaking, and many doffed their hats. The death warrant was then produced, and while it was being read, Morgan looked coolly up and down the execution room. As the Warden finished the reading, Morgan sobbed convulsively several times, but by a mighty effort he controlled his emotions, and save for a tell-tale dimness on his glasses, none would have known but that the doomed man was gazing at a play. As his limbs were being pinioned he stood like a statue, and his wonderful self

control was remarkable.

The black-cap was now adjusted, and the officers stepped quickly from the vicinity of the trap. "Good-bye, Nellie, said Morgan as he shot to eternity, and the death rattle in his throat seemed to be but a second effort to call the name of the loved one in Cleveland. The drop fell at exactly 1:20, and the body shot downward, bringing up at the end of the rope with a snap.

The spark of life that had made Charles Morgan a man was suddenly extinguished, and there swung the corpse, soul less and cold, a lesson to the criminal, a forfeit for crime.



OTTO LEUTH

Merely a boy—but depraved beyond description.  
Ravished and killed a 9-year-old girl in  
Cleveland, Ohio. Hanged in a double  
execution Aug. 29, 1890.

## THE PRISON'S FIRST DOUBLE EXECUTION

SEVERAL months after the execution of "Blinkey" Morgan, a new administration assumed control of the Penitentiary. Over two years elapsed before the gruesome engine of death was again set in motion. But the gallows-tree, on August 29, 1890, as if to make reparation for its failure to yield in the interim, bore a double crop of fruit.

The rope which had done such valiant service in the past was replaced with a new hempen cord; and the minor details necessary to the successful accomplishment of the object view, were not overlooked.

The men who satisfied the demands of justice on this occasion were John (alias Brocky) Smith, a Cincinnati thug doubtful antecedents, and Otto Leuth, the Cleveland "boy murderer."

On the fateful night an air of gloom and sorrow hung over the dingy walls of the old prison. All who entered came under the influence of the awful spell, and were much affected by the mournful surroundings. That silence which death alone can claim, softened the voice and muffled the steps of every living creature about the sombre enclosure. The usual noise and bluster, the slamming of the great iron doors, and the tread of heavy feet upon the great stone slabs within the main corridors, gave way to a silence that remind one of the grave.

Those who were present to witness the double execution while awaiting the arrival of the fateful hour, had formed themselves into little groups and, in subdued tones, were discussing the fate of the condemned men, or speculating on the manner in which they would meet their doom.

The execution took place promptly at the appointed hour; and, let it be said to the credit of the new officers in charge, it could not have been more skillfully manipulated, or more fruitful of satisfactory results.

Those present to witness the ghastly visitation of death on the two murderers, were simply astounded at the cool indifferent manner in which both Leuth and Smith took their positions on the gallows. There were a number present

Who had either assisted in, or, witnessed previous executions; and all agreed that never before had they witnessed such an exhibition of nerve as that displayed by Smith and Leuth as they approached the brink of death. The composure of both was so remarkable that all were

## *The Palace of Death*

dumfounded, and at a loss to account for it.

The two murderers were executed within three-quarters an hour, and both died without a struggle.

### OTTO LEUTH

The condemned men were sitting in the reception room of the Annex when Warden Dyer approached with the death warrants. That of young Leuth was read first. Preliminary to the reading of the warrant, Warden Dyer said with much feeling, "Well, Otto, I have come to read your death warrant, a painful duty it is, too."

The young murderer arose from his seat, and answered: well, Warden, I am quite ready to hear it, and will be glad when it is all over."

While the instrument was being read, Leuth stood with foot resting on the round of his chair, and his body swayed gently to and fro. As the last words were spoken he remarked with a sigh: "Well, it is all over with me now."

When the warrant was read to Smith, he stood with his hands resting upon his hips, and had nothing to say when the Warden concluded. His countenance, however, plainly showed that the reading of the fatal instrument had assisted him to realize more fully that the hour of his doom was very near.'

Chaplain Sutton at this juncture called the men close him, and with one hand resting on the shoulder of Leuth, the other on Smith, he invoked the divine blessing and beseeched the tender mercies of their Maker upon the two men. Leuth during prayer, dropped his head upon his breast and cover his face with his hands. Smith simply bowed his head.

The executioners had entertained some fear that Leu would break down, and for this reason it was decided to hang him first, thinking that if there was any danger of his giving way to his feelings, he would be more likely to do so if Smith was swung off first.

Two minutes after twelve o'clock the youthful murderer was called out of his cell, and walked alone to the scaffold. Not a muscle was seen to quiver as he stepped upon the fatal trap.

"Well, Otto," said Deputy Warden Porter, "if you have anything to say, say it quickly."

"Well, I don't know as I have anything to say more than what I have said, except I forgive all my enemies—and— I guess that is all I have to say. Good-bye, everybody. Good-bye, Thompson" (the Warden's son-in-law). Turning to Deputy Warden Porter, who was adjusting the

straps about his legs, he said: "Tell Smith good-bye—tell Smith god bye. Hold on there, you are pulling that mask around," said Otto as the noose was being adjusted, "do that business good. Now, do that business good," he added. After everything was ready, Otto gave vent to these, his last words: "All right, let 'er go!" Scarcely had he uttered them when shot through the trap into eternity.

The crime of young Leuth, who was an overgrown German boy of seventeen years, was a most fiendish and atrocious one. The shocking details, as told by himself, are too horrible and revolting to put in print.

His parents were honest, respectable people, but they were responsible for the existence of one of the most depraved and morally warped human creatures that ever breathed the breath of life. Even while the boy was in the shadow of death, his innate viciousness constantly cropped out, predominating over any redeeming virtue he might have possessed. Only a few days before his execution, he was reported to the Deputy Warden for "vile" conduct and vile language. The prison officials, with one accord; declare him to have been the most depraved creature ever confined behind the walls of the Penitentiary. He was the prototype of Jesse Pomeroy, and the motive of his crime was identical with that of the "Massachusetts child-slayer." Leuth's devilish deed was committed on May 9, 1889, when he ravished and cruelly murdered little Maggie Thompson, the eight-year-old daughter of a neighboring family.

The last time the fond parents saw her alive, was when he kissed both good-bye, and tripped away joyous and happy to school. When she did not return home at the close of the school nor at nightfall, the anxious parents instituted a search for their darling, but failed to find her. After a sleepless night, the now thoroughly alarmed parents notified the police, and brought their aid, but all efforts to find the missing child proved futile. Suburban towns, and the country for miles around were thoroughly searched, but no tidings of the little one could be obtained. A month had come and gone, and the unavailing search was abandoned. On the very next day, a German lady who lived adjoining the Leuths, noted a sickening odor arising from the basement of her neighbor's house. This was the key to the solution of little Maggie's death. The police were horrified and a search of the premises followed. A part of the kitchen floor was removed, and a sickening sight met the horrified gaze of the officers. There lay the mutilated and decomposed remains of little Maggie Thompson.

The entire Leuth family was at once arrested, and charged with the



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murder. Finally the detectives extorted a confession from the guilty youth. Otto, the sixteen-year-old son, to how he had enticed the child into the house while his parents were absent from the city, and forced her to submit to fiendish desires. Then, certain that the little sufferer would betray him, he compounded his hellish deed by braining her with a hatchet. He kept the body of his innocent victim in the house until its removal became imperative, then secreted it under the floor.

During the hunt for the missing child, Otto Leuth was one of the most untiring searchers, and not a ghost of suspicion rested upon him until after the discovery of the murdered child.

The grief-stricken mother of little Maggie became a raving maniac, and today she sits in the corner of a dark asylum cell, a blasted life, a broken heart; a demoniacal smile plays on her lips as she talks to and caresses her darling girl, whom she imagines is ever present. Death to her would be merciful relief.

The distracted and heart-broken father succumbed to sorrow, and shortly after the death of his idolized little daughter he was laid beside her in the Cleveland cemetery. The three lives were blotted out by this fiend incarnate. The father's dying wish was, that the guilty be speedily punished.

Strange to say, in the face of all this misery and death there are those who regarded Otto Leuth as a martyr, a saint and his execution a crime. The supreme torments of hell-fire are an exquisite pleasure compared to the just deserts of such a human fiend.

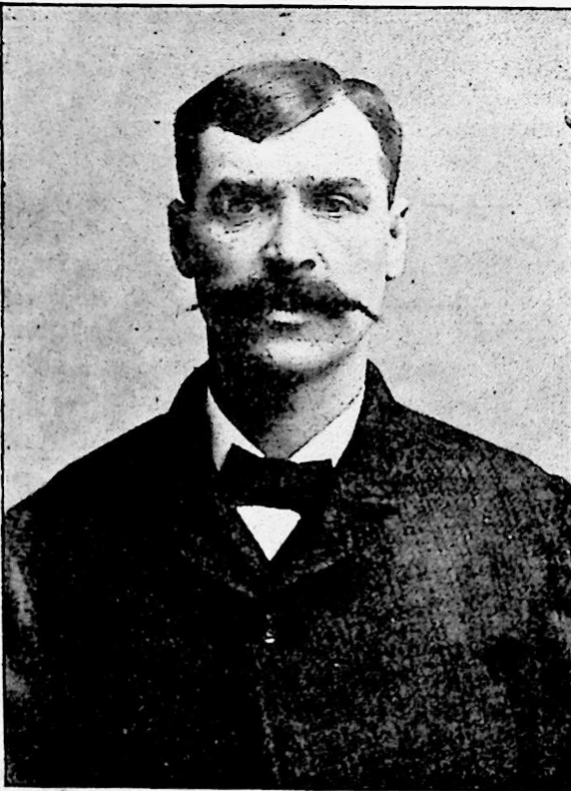
Certain Christian ladies, or rather ladies who professed to be Christians, deeply interested themselves in the young ravisher's behalf and endeavored to save his neck from the hangman's halter. Such sentiment is actuated by a hyper-sensitive heart, or a diseased mind. Sentimental mothers and daughters who never shed a tear for little Maggie Thompson, or gave a thought to her grief-stricken, heart-broken parents, made the young wretch the object of their adoration. Such sentimentality is sickening, nauseating, to all right-minded people, and a stench in the nostrils of justice. It is offering the laurel wreath of heroism to the ravisher of babes, and paying a reward to the murderer of the weak and helpless.

### "BROCKY" SMITH

Fourteen minutes after Leuth's body was taken down, "Brocky" Smith was also a corpse. It was 12:33 when Smith took his position on the trap; and when asked if he had anything to say before he died, he

said: "Nothing more than I have been saying for the past nine months. I admit that I committed this crime, and hope God will forgive me for it. But it was not for the purpose of robbery, though."

Deputy Brady was shoving the strap around "Brock's" arm pretty tight, when he said: "Say, don't draw that strap so tight, that's cruel." Deputy Porter thought Smith referred to him, and replied: "Well, John, I will make it just as comfortable for you as possible; it may be cruel, but it won't last long." "No, I don't mean you, I mean these fellows over here," said Smith. . This was the dying conversation of "Brocky" Smith, and was held during the time that the straps and noose were being adjusted. The rope was lengthened a little for him, and he fell eight feet, the neck being broken. He died without even the quiver of a muscle, or the slightest convulsion. The drop fell at 12:36; and he was pronounced dead at 12:51.



JOHN ("BROCKY") SMITH  
Hanged Aug. 29, 1890. Murdered an old  
market woman in Cincinnati for  
her money.

## *The Palace of Death*

“Brocky” Smith was a typical hoodlum, a child of the slums, and a graduate of the gutter. He was born in Cincinnati, and from infancy to manhood his only companions were those steeped in ignorance, vice and crime. It is extremely doubtful if he ever heard the word of God outside of prison walls.

He never passed a day of his misspent life in a school-room. Until after he arrived at the Annex, he could not write own name, but during the five months previous to his execution he applied himself to study, and learned more, he declared, than during his whole lifetime. He possessed a great aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and took deep interest his studies. If he had been taken in hand at an earlier age of his career, Smith, perhaps, would have proved a splendid subject for the professional reformer or philanthropist. With proper training and wholesome environment, he very likely would have developed into a useful member of society.

There are in every large city thousands of the same type, who might be gathered in from the haunts of ignorance and vice, and inspired with a desire for moral elevation and knowledge. When social reformers reach this class, then will there be a marked decrease in crime and a corresponding falling off in prison population. But while the pharisaical lots ignore the heathen at their own doors, continuing the time-honored practice of expending a ten dollar note for the sending of a ten cent psalm-book to a Cannibal Islander, there be no remarkable thinning out in the ranks of the criminal recruits.

Bridget Byron was a peaceful old market woman who lived in a humble cottage in Cincinnati and, by her industry frugality, had accumulated during her lifetime a snug little sum of money.. With a portion of these scanty savings she had purchased Government bonds, and they were either placed to her credit in the savings bank or kept in the house. The bonds were kept in a bureau drawer in the old lady’s bed-room. Mrs. Byron’s only son and protector lived with her, but was sick in the hospital at the time she met her horrible fate.

“Brocky” Smith, her murderer, lived with a bachelor brother and two sisters in a little frame shanty on Culvert street. The Smiths and Mrs. Byron lived in the same yard. About 12:30 o’clock on the night of December 8, 1890, Mrs. Byron was awakened by a strange noise, which, proved emanate from the maneuverings of an intruder who had broken into the little cottage for the purpose of robbing the lone defenseless woman of the bonds and money for which she had toiled so long and hard to acquire. Old and feeble as she was, Mrs. Byron sprang

from the bed with a determination resist the efforts of the robber. The cowardly villain raised his murderous butcher knife above his head and sent it plunging into the body of the old woman, whom he could have knocked senseless with one blow from his powerful fist. Old Mrs. Byron at this attack lost all thought of her treasure, and began to struggle for her life. The blood-bespattered condition in which the old lady's bedroom was afterwards found bore awful testimony to the terrible struggle for life, and the fiendish, hellish nature of the murderer. The blood-thirsty assassin plunged the butcher knife into the old lady's body no less than a dozen times. Her head was nearly severed from her body, the thin and feeble arms with which she sought to protect herself were laid wide open from the shoulder to the hand, while murderous gashes extending several inches in length were cut in her body and face.

Mrs. Byron, though seventy years of age, was certainly possessed of remarkable vitality, for, notwithstanding that she had been stabbed with a large bladed butcher knife a dozen times, she rallied shortly after her assassin made his escape.

Her pitiful, weird groans attracted the attention of a German lady living in a shanty adjoining the Byron cottage and she was the first to reach the murdered woman after the thrilling deed was committed. Mrs. Byron managed, by superhuman effort, to crawl to the door and unlatch it. The German lady was terrorized when she beheld the trembling bloody form of Mrs. Byron as she stood in her night cloth clinging to the open door; but she led her to the house of neighbor. The kitchen door of the neighbor's residence was pushed open, and Mrs. Byron fell to the floor, gasping as she did so: "I am dying; John Smith did it; he tried to rob me." Mrs. Byron was removed to the hospital and died a few minutes after her arrival.

The officers were informed by the dying woman that the John Smith, who had murderously assaulted her, was the one commonly known as "Brocky," who lived on the adjoining street.

"Brocky" Smith, the suspect, was arrested a few hours later while in bed at his home. He protested innocence and said that he had not been out of the house all day or any time during the night.

There was a mass of convincing evidence against the accused, however, and he was speedily convicted and sentenced to death.

He was received at the Annex, April 2, 1890, and was finally sentenced to hang July 11th, but received a respite until August 29th.



ELLIS MILLER

A drunken brute who killed an inoffensive  
neighbor lady near Marysville, Ohio,  
while heavily intoxicated. Hanged  
Dec. 2, 1890.

## **THE DEED OF A LIQUOR-CRAZED FIEND**

ELLIS MILLER, serial number 21,582, the murderer of Emma Johnson, was hanged in the Annex at six minutes after twelve o'clock on the morning of December 1890. He met death in a courageous way and died as he had hoped to—as game a man as ever went through the trap.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the Warden, Deputy Warden and physicians, accompanied by the newspaper men, followed by a pushing crowd, proceeded to the scaffold. The Warden appeared on the scaffold just at twelve o'clock and adjusted the rope. Three minutes later, Miller stepped from the death cell to the scaffold. He stood erect and walked firmly to the trap, stepped firmly upon it, as if he had rehearsed for his death. There was no expression of fear to be noted on his countenance, nor was there a tremor to be observed in his frame. The man who, when brought to the Annex, wept and shrieked like a child, was facing death in the bravest way. As he stepped on the scaffold, he glanced around over the crowd. This look was a peculiar one, like that of a hunted and cornered animal, and baffles description.

"Boys, good bye, all of you," uttered the man, which was met by a chorus of "Good-byes" and a "God bless you." At this time the Deputies were adjusting the straps, and Miller, thinking they were hurrying matters, cautioned them, "Don't rush things Warden—waste makes haste." He got, the. old quotation mixed.

Just before the cap was placed over his face, the Warden asked him if he had anything to say, if so, now was the time say it.

Miller, without a change in his position, in a loud a clear voice said: "Good-bye, gentlemen. I hope to meet you all in heaven. God bless you all. Good-bye." Again there was a chorus of "Good-byes." It was then but a moment until the trap was sprung. The body shot down without perceptible movement of a muscle, and the murder of Emma Johnson was avenged.

The rope slipped a little and the knot passed around from the side to the back of the neck, but not until after the fall. It took twenty-seven minutes for death to ensue, the longest time known in the executions at the Annex, up to this time.

The crime for which Miller forfeited His life was a cold blooded murder. Miller was always characterized as a man of brutal

propensities, his nature being utterly devoid of the slightest spark of sensibility. He lived with his wife and family about four miles from Marysville, Union County. Close by lived Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, sister of Miller's wife, with her husband. It was known that Miller abused and beat his wife shamefully; there being no time in the latter years of their married life, at least, when Mrs. Miller did not bear somewhere on her body evidences of the cruel blows dealt by her detestable husband.

. For his treatment of his family, some time previous to the murder, Whitecaps appeared at his house one evening, took him out and gave him a severe flogging. Miller swore vengeance against his wife, Mrs. Johnson and others whom he blamed as being instrumental and implicated in the dose of whitecapism that had been meted out to him, and soon afterward he caused a separation between himself and his wife, by running her from the house at the muzzle of shot-gun. On the day of the murder he came to his home in an intoxicated condition, and not finding his wife there, meditated on his condition until his brain was at a fever heat. When Johnson came along the road on her way to a neighbor and Miller ran out and stopped her in the road. He inquired the whereabouts of his wife, and Mrs. Johnson not being able to tell him, he drew a revolver with the intention of shooting the woman down. She begged for mercy, and with a bitter curse he allowed her to pass by. She had not gone far, however, when he called to her to stop, and as she did so he fired the fatal shot. The ball entered the side of the neck and she fell to the ground. He covered her face with her shawl and proceeded to her home with the intention of shooting her husband. His further plans, however, were frustrated, as he was overpowered, disarmed, and tied to a tree, where he stood cursing and damning every person he could think of. He narrowly escaped lynching and was successfully landed in the jail in Marysville.

Mrs. Johnson lived for four days; knowing that she must die, and as a consequence, made an ante-mortem statement, detailing the assault and the assailant's previous threats against her during the day.

The trial of Miller occupied nearly three weeks in the Common Pleas Court of Union County, and the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

During the trial Miller's attorneys made no defense other than an attempt to show that the murder was prompted by insanity, and about a hundred witnesses were brought into court to testify to that effect.

The evidence showed that Miller had been drinking for several days

before the shooting, and the popular impression, seemed to be that the whiskey was at the bottom of the murder.



**ELMER SHARKEY**

Who butchered his poor old mother in Preble  
County, Ohio, because she objected to  
his choice of a wife. Hanged  
Dec. 18, 1890.



## **THE TERRIBLE END OF ELMER SHARKEY**

EXIT Elmer Sharkey and Henry Popp. The night of December 18, 1890, witnessed the double execution of Elmer Sharkey and Henry Popp.

Elmer Sharkey, serial number 20,517, was the picture of physical manhood, young, handsome and accomplished; but his crime was the most diabolical one that ever disgraced the fair pages of Ohio's history.

About nine o'clock on the fatal night of December 18, Father Bogan appeared at the Annex and baptized Sharkey in the Catholic faith. Shortly after this the two murderers were taken out into the reception room of the Annex, where they remained until after the reading of their death warrants. It was just a few minutes after eleven o'clock when Father Logan came into the Annex to comfort the condemned men. He informed them that there was no earthly hope; that the governor absolutely refused to interfere, and that they must prepare for the worst. Sharkey, and his doomed companion were then taken back into the Annex proper, where they bade good-bye to those who were left behind. A little later Warden Dyer came down the corridor and entered the reception room, to which the condemned men were again taken. Facing them the warden said: "Boys, I have a painful duty to perform; but the law requires it. Henry," to Popp "this is your death warrant." Popp shook as with the plague, and stammered, "Yes sir." He then arose to his feet and listened attentively to the reading of the warrant. The reading of Popp's warrant finished, the Warden turned to Sharkey who was leaning against the steam heater and read his warrant. Sharkey stood with his hands in his pockets, seemingly indifferent. This over, Chaplain Sutton and Father Logan each offered up a fervent prayer, and then the Warden left the Annex to make further preparations for the executions that followed a few minutes later.

Promptly at midnight Warden Dyer, Deputy Porter and Assistant Brady at his side, stepped into the guard room. A mad rush was made for the gate. But a careful separation of the sheep from the goats was made by the Captain of the guard room, who carefully scrutinized each passport. Noiselessly the procession passed down the long, dimly-lighted corridor to the Annex. Once inside the enclosure Warden Dyer promptly mounted the scaffold, and placed everything in readiness. But a moment thus, and the approach of the doomed man was heralded by

the appearance of Father Logan who stepped from the cage onto the scaffold, and took his stand on the right of the trap door. A hush fell as the pale and bloodless countenance of Elmer Sharkey appeared. He moved with a nervous, gliding motion toward the fatal trap, hesitated for a moment, and then stepped squarely upon it; and with downcast eyes and drooping head stood there in waiting, a picture of silent despair and hopeless agony. Once, twice, three times he raised his eyes and cast a quick, sweeping glance over the throng of spectators, then resumed his downward look of misery, murmuring in a low tone: "My God, make quick work of it!" When asked if he had anything to say, he raised his head slightly and said: "I ask God's forgiveness, and all I have wronged; and I forgive everything." The Father pressed the cross to his passive, bloodless lips and he kissed it fervently. The hood was then made ready and he was asked for his last words. "That is all I can think of now."

As the hood was being adjusted he faltered and would have fallen backward in a faint, but was sustained by ready hands. Just as the noose was being drawn around his neck, he again lost control of himself, and started to fall; but the noose was slipped with a quick movement; the trap sprang, and down he went. As a result of his fainting he fell in a partially horizontal attitude, and the tightening of the rope produced a swinging motion of the body, thus breaking the force of the fall. The result was that the neck was not broken, and the poor wretched matricide was left to die by strangulation. The sounds that floated out over the awe-hushed group the dying man struggled for breath, is beyond description, the sickening sight and horrible sounds drove many of the spectators from the execution room.

The drop fell at 12.05 and for several minutes the terrible struggle lasted, then the sounds from the throat, and convulsions of the body grew less frequent. At 12:34 the quivering heart ceased to beat, just twenty-nine minutes after the drop fell. All within that narrow enclosure breathed, a sigh of relief when the attending physician finally pronounced him dead.

His execution was one of the longest on record, and the longest in the history of Ohio.

Elmer Sharkey suffered death on the scaffold for the cold-blooded murder of the woman who gave him birth, a widow of Preble County. No wonder his death was such an ignominious and horrible one. Mrs. Sharkey had violently opposed his marriage to the woman of his choice, and threatened to distant him if the union was consummated.

### *The Palace of Death*

The unnatural son, a spirit of revenge, butchered his poor old mother with a meat axe, mangling her almost beyond recognition. He confessed his guilt, and “died in the hope of a glorious mortality.”



**HENRY POPP**

Following a quarrel with a Canton, Ohio,  
saloon-keeper, he sharpened his pocket  
knife and literally cut him to  
pieces. Hanged Dec.  
18, 1890.

## THE UNEVENTFUL DEATH OF HENRY POPP

THE last of Henry Popp, serial number 21,562. Two minutes after Elmer Sharkey was pronounced dead, Henry Popp followed his spiritual adviser, Father Logan, to the scaffold. His face wore the look of a man whom terror had made mad. His glance danced wildly over the audience. At length fixing itself in a gaze of un-utterable terror on the waiting trap, he watched the readjustment of the trap with spellbound interest. As soon as it was made ready he stepped firmly and quickly upon it. Father Logan reached him the cross, and he pressed it to his lips with wild eagerness, then for a moment fixed a gaze of agony upon the Priest; recalled by the cool tones of the executioner: "All is ready; have you anything to say?" He gave a last wild, weeping glance over the spectators; no word, no movement of the body, only a slight movement of his thin, bloodless lips, and a dazed expression; that was all. Then the shooting backward of the lever that has plunged so many into eternity.

It was just 12:38 when the drop fell. He shot straight through the trap, the neck was broken, and in twelve minutes he was a corpse. Henry Popp died, so to speak, when his death warrant was read. From that time on he moved about as one in a delirium, dumb and awake with terror. He stood on the scaffold and gazed about him as though he dreamed, and some dread vision haunted him. Popp got into an altercation with a Canton saloon-keeper, went out and carefully sharpened his knife. Returning, he re-engaged in the quarrel, and literally cut his man to pieces. This happened April 21, 1890.

Popp was an illiterate German laborer, thirty-one years of age. He emigrated to the United States from Prussia while yet a child. He earned a living by working as a section hand on the railroad, or any other kind of labor he could find to do. He made a statement to the press before his death comprising a sketch of his life, and the causes which led to his untimely end.

"I never had the chance," said he, "that the young men of Ohio have today, and had no education. I can neither read nor write, and because of my ignorance of American ways I have placed myself where I am, and am compelled to leave this earth by the gallows. I did not intend to kill my man. I did it in the heat of passion. I am sorry, and hope God will forgive my sin and save my soul."



**EDWARD BLAIR**

A roving sneak-robber who, in his feeling of security, grew bold and killed Station-Agent Henry of Hartsburg, Ohio. He was hanged Aug. 21, 1891, being the 13th one to "stretch hemp" in the Ohio Prison.

## **A ROBBER'S IGNOBLE END**

EDWARD BLAIR, serial number 21,803, was hanged August 21, 1891, for the cold-blooded murder of Arthur Henry at Hartsburg, Putnam County, Ohio.

Blair was the thirteenth man to "stretch hemp " in Ohio' Palace of Doom; and justly he merited the ignominious death that the vengeance of an outraged law inflicted.

His crime was like "weighing so many ounces of gold against so many drops of blood." It was a cold, calculated malicious .murder. It was the weighing of young Arthur Henry's life against the day's receipts of the office.

Arthur Henry was the station agent at Hartsburg, a little town of three or four hundred inhabitants, and in connection with his duties as station-agent managed a small general store.

March 17, 1890, was a cold, blustering day; darkness came on early. The March wind whistled in mournful cadence around the corners of the little station, and the white flakes of snow dashed against the window panes like little sheeted ghosts. The nightly loafers who invariably infest country stores had turned in early and Henry, thinking that the day's trade was over, locked the store shortly after eight o'clock and repaired to his modest little home. He had scarcely seated himself before his pleasant fireside, when there was a rap at the door. He arose and opened it, and Edward Blair stood upon the threshold. He asked Mr. Henry to accompany him to the store, as he wished to purchase some provisions and tobacco. The unsuspecting man readily consented and followed the murderer to the slaughter. No sooner had he unlocked the store door and stepped inside, than Blair drew a revolver and shot him in the back. He then looted the store, of what money Henry had in his pockets, and went forth to the night. Henry lived six hours after the shooting.

Blair was arrested the next day in an old shanty where he hid, in company with other tramps, been living. Only the cooler heads prevented a lynching. He was transferred to the County Jail at Ottawa, where the Grand Jury promptly indicted him for murder in the first degree. He was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, found guilty as charged and sentenced to hang.

On two different occasions he was given ninety days stay execution by the Governor of the state, in order that the higher courts might review the case. The Common Pleas court of Putnam County was

sustained, and the sentence of the court was carried out on the night of August 21, 1891, on a fitting night for the avenging of a crime so dark and damnable.

About eleven o'clock the storm which had been threatening throughout the evening burst in all its fury. A clouded canopy seemed to overhang the whole world.

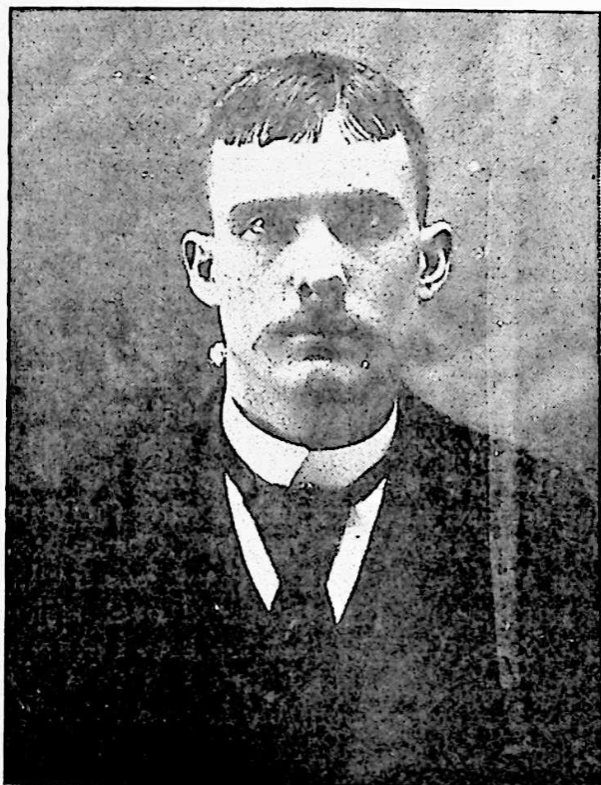
The vindictive serpentine flashes of cragged lightning shot their fiery darts through space and the hoarse roar of deep thunder-peals drowned human sound in the echoing answer; the huge resounding undulations of the Scioto river crashed against the prison walls; and torrents of rain fell from roof to earth in streams.

As the hour of midnight drew nigh, the storm, as if conscious that a foul murder was to be avenged at that time, increased its fury. The lightning flashed with a brighter ire; the thunder growled with a deeper energy; the wind whistled with a wilder fury. The confusion of the elements without added to the horror of the situation within.

At five minutes past midnight, while the thunder shook the old corridors from turrets to foundation-stone, Edward Blair, pale as death itself and quaking with fear, stepped up the trap that opens the gateway from earth to eternity.

All is speedily made ready. Between thunder-peals Warden asks if he has anything to say. His lips move, nature's angry elements drown his voice. But see! A hand on the lever, a quick movement, and the trembling wretch plunges downward. There is a lull in the storm—the wind without is sighing and sobbing through the great sycamores and Edward Blair is slowly but surely choking to death, eleven minutes the struggle is fearful to look upon; then body hangs limp and quiet. Twenty-one minutes after trap is sprung the last quivering pulsation is felt. Edward Blair has paid the price of his crime with his life and the State is satisfied.





JACOB HARVEY

A bad character of Dayton, Ohio. Hanged  
June 28, 1892, for the murder of Maggie  
Lehman, a lewd woman, whom he  
injudiciously worshiped.

## **EXECUTED FOR MURDERING HIS PARAMOUR**

HE was executed shortly after midnight on the mom of Friday, June 28, 1892. As the boys in the Annex were wont to term it, he was "game" to the last, and died with a struggle. The doomed man walked with a firm step and came onto the trap unassisted.. Before his hands were strapped at his side, he shook hands with Chaplain Priffit and said in a clear fine tone, Good-bye, Chaplain; you have always been kind to me, and I thank you for it." After his hands had been pinioned he leaned over and smilingly whispered to Deputy Brady that his coat sleeve had been caught in the straps around his wrist. This was remedied and all the other straps were quickly fastened.

Then Deputy Playford picked up the black-cap, and after getting it ready asked the condemned man if he had anything to say before the sentence of the court should finally be carried out. "Nothing at all, Deputy," he answered, then after pausing a moment he added, "I am all ready to go." As he spoke he turned his face toward his executioners who stood on the left. After speaking he turned his face toward the audience shifted uneasily and appeared anxious to get through with the ordeal. Quickly the Deputy pulled the black-cap over the doomed man's head, shutting out the light forever The noose was speedily placed around his neck and drawn in position by Deputy Brady; then Deputy Playford quickly stepped to the lever, and at exactly 12:27 the murderer of poor, misguided Maggie Lehman shot through the trap to his death.

A hush fell on the assembled crowd; not a sound could be heard except the death gurgle in the poor wretch's throat. The body hung limp and motionless; not so much as the twitch of a muscle being apparent. The noose had been adjusted a little forward, instead of on the side of the neck, giving a tendency to throw the head backward and breaking the neck. Dr. Rowles, the prison physician, immediately grasped the wrist and announced the pulse first every quarter a minute, and then every full minute. First quarter, pulse 165; second quarter, pulse 198; third quarter, pulse 113; fourth quarter, pulse 96. At 12:34 the pulse was 41; at 12:38 it was 16.75, scarcely perceptible, and Dr. Rowles pronounced the man dead.

### **HISTORY OF THE CRIME**

There may have been murders committed which were surrounded

## *The Palace of Death*

by more horrible and sickening details; others may have aroused more indignation on account of the character of the victim; but from a legal standpoint this murder for presentation, deliberation, cowardice and brutality of the lowest sort has few, if any equals. He intended it should be a double murder, but fortunately one of his intended victims was not present at the time. The murderer's coolness and liberation while committing the crime and thereafter, is enough to make some of the more notorious desperadoes and thugs turn green with envy.

Illicit love and jealousy were the prime causes of the crime., Harvey was well known to the Dayton police as a petty thief and was considered a bad, but not a dangerous man. He served many sentences in the Dayton Workhouse for minor offenses. He was a worthless scoundrel and pimp, such as curse every large city and give the police no end of trouble. Although he claimed to be a railroad man, it was well known that he was too lazy to work. He prided himself on his cunning and good looks, and conceived the idea of getting some woman to keep him.

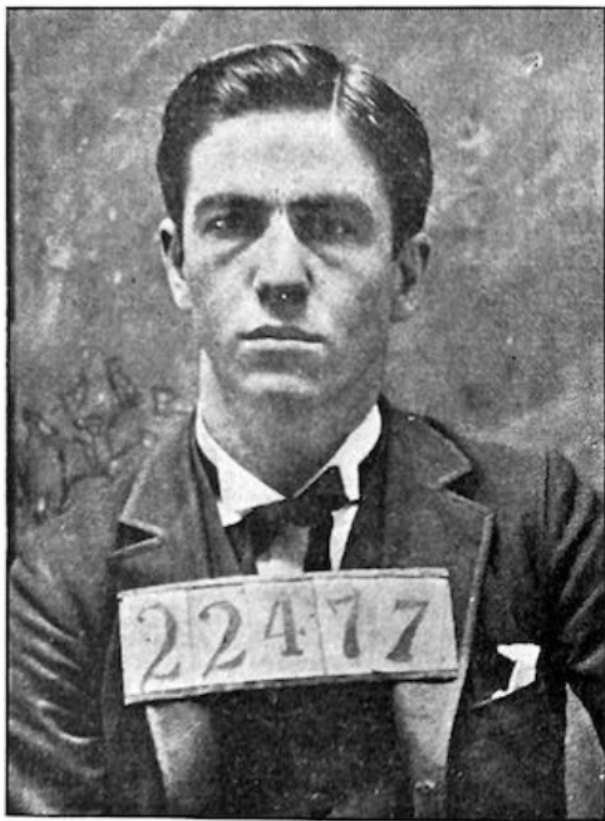
Mrs. Maggie Lehman was a dashing young widow who had little, if any, regard for virtue, and was an easy mark for the wily Harvey. She had three small children, but managed to provide very well for all. Harvey fell deeply in love with the woman, and soon became very jealous, protested bitterly against her attentions to other men. She paid no attention to Harvey's protests and threats, and finally he began beating her. He was extremely jealous of man named Newton Chubb, whom he believed was trying to take the woman away from him, and he frequently threatened to kill both of them if they persisted in seeing each other. The threats were always made to Mrs. Lehman, who did not seem to regard Harvey as a dangerous man.

Harvey (after taking up his abode with Mrs. Lehman) passed as a dead-game sport and spent a great deal of money which was furnished him by his mistress. Yet he beat and abused her almost every day. His conduct finally became unbearable, and she had him arrested for assault, and he was sentenced to the Dayton Workhouse for sixty days, served his time, and again beat her nearly to death. She had him arrested the second time., and again he was sentenced to the Works.

While he was serving his second sentence she concluded that it was time for her to get out of his way. She left her home and became an inmate of "The Abbey," a low resort on Home Avenue, the road leading to the National Soldiers' Home just west of Dayton. But Harvey soon learned of her whereabouts and it so enraged him that he

determined to escape from his prison and kill her. He believed that Chubb had induced her to leave him and he swore he would escape from the Works and kill both of them. He declared this intention to the officers and prisoners but they only laughed at him. He finally escaped on September 19, 1891; went to a hardware store, procured a 38-calibre revolver, and betook himself to "The Abbey" concealing himself near the foot of a stairway.

He waited for his victims to appear, for he thought that Chubb was there with Mrs. Lehman. Presently the woman came down stairs alone, and Harvey pounced upon her with the fury of a madman. Grasping her by the wrist so she could not get away in case the first shot did not kill her, he fired and missed. The woman, frantic with terror, screamed for help. In the scuffle she stuck her head under the villain's arm to shield herself from the murderous weapon. He closed his arm about her neck, and while he held her fast in this manner placed the muzzle of his gun against her head and fired. She fell a corpse at his feet—an end to her life of shame.



WM. FITZGERALD  
Who killed Officer Freed of Youngstown, Ohio,  
who was arresting him on a trivial  
charge. Hanged Dec. 18, 1891.

## **HANGED FOR KILLING AN OFFICER**

William Fitzgerald, serial number 22, 477, was hanged in the Ohio penitentiary annex 8 minutes after midnight on the 18th day of December 1891, for the cold blooded murder of policeman William freed at Youngstown OH March 14th 1891.

Fitzgerald was wanted by the Youngstown authorities for some trivial offense, and when officer Freed went to arrest him he pulled his revolver and shot him to death. Other officers succeeded in arresting him. He was speedily indicted for first degree murder, tried, convicted and sentenced to hang by the neck until dead. He was received at the Annex July 27, 1891, that day being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

### **A DISGRACEFUL SCENE**

Following are the headlines that decorated the morning papers of December 18, 1891, the morning of the execution.

"A hoard of hungry horror hunters crowd the death chamber like so many sheep, pushing and howling in a most disgraceful manner. Bankers, detectives, prize fighters, lawyers, reporters, saloonists, curbstoners, state officials, drunk and sober, all crowded together in a wild conglomeration. There was no order; all was chaos. Jamming into the reception room the crowd pushed toward the door of the death chamber. Some one leaped upon a chair and leaned far over the shoulders of the crowd. Those in the rear yelled, 'Pull the s-----or a b---- down. Give the rest of us a chance to see!' This was the condition of the social atmosphere at time when reverence should have uncovered the heads of every one present. How hilarity and mirth could have crept into this horrible death-chamber at such a time, is more mysterious, even than the careless recklessness of the man who walked to the scaffold with a bravado that astonished the most hardened criminals."

In the afternoon Fitzgerald parted from his wife, a bride of only a few months. The parting was anything but sensational. Neither shed a tear—a last embrace, a clasp of hands, a good-bye, and the brave, heart-broken little wife turned from the man who was so soon to face his Maker.

Midnight approaches. Busy hands have arranged the last details of the ghastly denouement. The preparations for the taking of another

## *The Palace of Death*

human life are complete. At 12:05 the door leading to the scaffold swings open, and Fitzgerald appeared, with Father Logan, his spiritual adviser, clad in the insignia of his office. "There he is, that's him," came from the crowd as they caught sight of the doomed man, and a still worse push was made by those in the rear. Straight as a die his handsome and clear-cut features white and ghastly, the doomed man walked out upon the scaffold. Calmly as though walking upon the street Fitzgerald stepped upon the trap, not a twitch of a muscle, not a tremor in his voice, as he bade Dr Warde good-bye, and thanked him for his kindness.

Father Logan stepped forward and the condemned man kissed the crucifix. As his legs and arms were being pinioned, he stood proud and erect. The only thing unnatural about him was the wild glare of his eyes. He gave a contemptuous glance at the sea of upturned faces, then the black-cap shut out his light forever. Deputy Porter stepped quickly back, and signaled the Warden that all was ready. At exactly 12:05 Fitzgerald's body shot through the trap. The body swung gently to and fro for a moment, then the lifeless clay hung without a tremor.

### FITZGERALD'S MARRIAGE

While drifting about through Michigan with no visible means of support, always well dressed, with an inclination to be dudish in both manner and dress, Fitzgerald was destined to meet an agreeable fate. About March 1, 1891, he arrived in Kalamazoo, where he met the lady whom, after a brief courtship, he made his wife. They were married on the 21st of March, 1891. Her maiden name was Carrie Westlege; the young and pretty daughter of wealthy parents who resided in Detroit. For reasons best known only to Fitzgerald he refused to be married in Detroit, and the couple proceeded across to Windsor, Canada, where the nuptial knot was tied. Several efforts were made by Mrs. Fitzgerald while her husband was confined in the Annex to furnish him poison with which he might suicide, but the vigilance of the guards proved her undoing. Although anxious to furnish him with poison it was not because she was not devoted to him. She loved him with all the passion of a true and jealous wife, and it was to save the ignominy of the scaffold that she exerted her energy to the craftiness of slipping to him a deadly drug by which he could thus cheat the death-dealing scaffold of its prey.



**EDWARD McCARTHY**  
**Hanged Sept. 9, 1892, for the murder of Chas.**  
**Nelderman, in Cincinnati, Ohio, whom**  
**he mistook for another person**  
**whom he was "looking" for.**



## **CINCINNATI MURDERER BRAVELY MEETS FATE**

AT 12:07 A.M. and 12:45 o'clock on the morning of September 9, 1892, two Cincinnati murderers paid the penalty for brutal crimes, at the Penitentiary.

It was a quiet execution, being unattended by circumstances which sometimes tend to make the scenes sensational. Both men walked to the scaffold without trepidation, and were shot through the trap without delay, the work of the officers being performed in what is known in Annex circles as an "excellent way."

Edward McCarthy, serial number 21,967, who had shown some disposition to give down, went to death bravely, and in a firm voice gave a last word to the world. Charles Craig, who had been prepared for the end for some time past, was equally courageous, but it was by a forced effort perceptible to everybody. .

Warden James limited admission to those permitted by the law to attend, and consequently not over thirty-five people were present. There was an absence of the rush and jostling which had marked previous executions, being more in accord with the solemnity of the occasion.

Promptly at twelve o'clock Warden James, Deputy Playford, Assistant Deputy Stackhouse, Guard Gump, Physicians Rowles and Ireton repaired to the scaffold, followed by the crowd. Deputy Stackhouse adjusted the rope and, unfolding the black-cap, prepared for the tragedy to follow. Warden James and Deputy Playford went to McCarthy's cell and told him the "time was up." "All right," was the response, as the good Priest whispered words of encouragement to the doomed man. At the request of the Warden, McCarthy removed his collar and necktie and between the officers ascended the scaffold. He had bidden "good-bye" to the remaining men in the Annex, but he said "farewell" to Craig, and as he stepped up toward the scaffold he glanced down into the cage as if to see if the other men were watching.

He walked to the trap unsupported and, as if knowing what was expected of him, he put his hands down close to his body, and held his head up so as to give the rope a chance. McCarthy had nothing of the appearance of the desperate man that he was. His complexion was fair and hair light, while he wore a short sandy moustache. His features were not those of a tough, but rather of a mild-mannered person. He

remained motionless for a minute and a half while the straps were being adjusted. His countenance gave no indication that he was affected by his position, and he stood as though he was getting measured for a suit of clothes, rather than preparing for death. Before the arm straps were buckled he shook hands with the officers and Father O'Leary and bade them "good-bye."

When ready for the black-cap the Warden asked him if he had anything to say. "Only this," was the response in a firm voice: "Gentlemen, if I have ever done anybody any harm I ask their forgiveness, as I have forgiven those who have harmed me, and as I expect to be forgiven by God. Goodbye all."

In a moment the black-cap shut out his sight forever, and soon the rope was around his neck—and then the drop. For half a minute the body writhed, and then there was a gurgling sound. An attendant held the arms and legs, and in thirteen minutes he was pronounced dead. The heart-beats by minutes after the trap was sprung were: 77, 95, 114, 111, 111, 76, 80, 63, 52, 55, 53. 31. 11.5 --dead.

### McCARTHY'S CRIME

Edward McCarthy was well known about Cincinnati as a Deer Creek tough. Being about the Gibson House considerable, and being a stout boy, it was no trouble for him to get a job carrying sample cases for drummers, with whom he became quite a favorite. This was before his first term in the Penitentiary, which began when he was eighteen years of age. After that he was known as a crook and dangerous. He was a drunkard, and spent much of his time around low resorts where he would be most likely to find companions of his own class. He associated a great deal with a disreputable woman known as "Sloppy Jane," and was very jealous of her.

The crime for which McCarthy was executed was the murder of Charles Nedderman. There was no provocation, as he was mistaken for another man with whom McCarthy had had trouble and whom he had sworn to kill. The crime was committed on Abigail street, near Sycamore, in Cincinnati, on the evening of August 23, 1890, at the time of the murder epidemic there. He fired a bullet through his victim's brain, killing him instantly. Men, women and children scattered in every direction as the murderer rushed up the crowded street, flourishing the revolver over his head as he went.

The murder was one of the most brutal in the annals of the criminal

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history of Cincinnati. Early in the morning Charles Nedderman and several young men assembled at the corner of Abigail street and College alley, preparatory to going to a picnic at Felthan's Garden, on Walnut Hills. As they were standing in a group on the corner, Edward McCarthy passed them and gave them a sullen look as he walked on down the street. Nothing was thought of the occurrence, and a few minutes later a man named Flaherty asked Nedderman to go to a saloon on the opposite side of the street and procure a little whiskey, as the boys thought they were in need of a little "booze" before starting out on their pleasure trip to the Hills. As Nedderman started to cross the street, McCarthy walked up on the other side, and stationed himself under the lamp-post, directly in front of the door leading to the saloon. He was unnoticed by Nedderman until the latter came within a few paces of him, when he looked up and was confronted by the cold muzzle of a revolver.

Without a word of warning McCarthy fired. He was so close to his man that he could almost have touched him with the barrel of his weapon. Nedderman reeled and fell backward into the street—dead.

Such was the crime for which Edward McCarthy paid the penalty.



CHAS. CRAIG

Just an ordinary type of the well-meaning negro. While under the influence of liquor he killed his unfaithful wife. They were living apart and she virtually hounded him to the deed by appealing for aid whenever she was cast aside by one of her "frequent" lovers. Hanged Sept. 9, 1892.

## **THE END OF A NEGRO “BAD MAN”**

PREPARATIONS were immediately begun for Charles Craig's execution, serial number 21,911, and three minutes later he was on the scaffold.

Craig's appearance was a surprise to those who had read of his career and never saw the man. He was a good looking colored man, with a bald head and round face, without a line indicating viciousness. He weighed probably 210 pounds.

As he approached the drop there was a smile on his face which soon gave way to serious resignation. His size made some trouble in adjusting the straps, and the ordeal told on the doomed man, who was forced to bite his lips to keep from showing his nervousness. He maintained his composure however, and like McCarthy shook hands with all and kissed the crucifix held by Father McGovern. When it came time for him to speak, the strain was too much and he was only able to mumble in a low voice that he asked forgiveness from all he had harmed.

The black-cap was put on and the trap was sprung by Deputy Playford. Craig shot through with terrific force, his neck being broken by the fall. There was not a quiver of muscle, and in twelve and a half minutes he was declared dead. The trap was sprung for McCarthy at 12:07, and at 12:45 Craig was cut down.

The execution was conducted in a manner which evidently intended by the law. The utmost quietude prevailed in the room; and the witnesses standing with uncovered heads added impressiveness to the scene.

### **CRAIG'S CRIME**

At Riddle's Mills, Kentucky, lived a woman named Anna Johnson, who married a man named Crock. She had little regard for virtue, or anything else. When her husband died suddenly she was suspected of poisoning him, but was never arrested. Soon after this, Craig began living with the woman, and it was openly charged they had put Crock out of the way, but for some reason the authorities never took cognizance of affair. There were other colored men after Anna, and once when Craig had a fight with one of them he was struck on the head with a club and, it was claimed his skull was fractured. When he

recovered he went to Cynthiana, Ky., taking Anna with him, where they pursued the even tenor of their way unmolested.

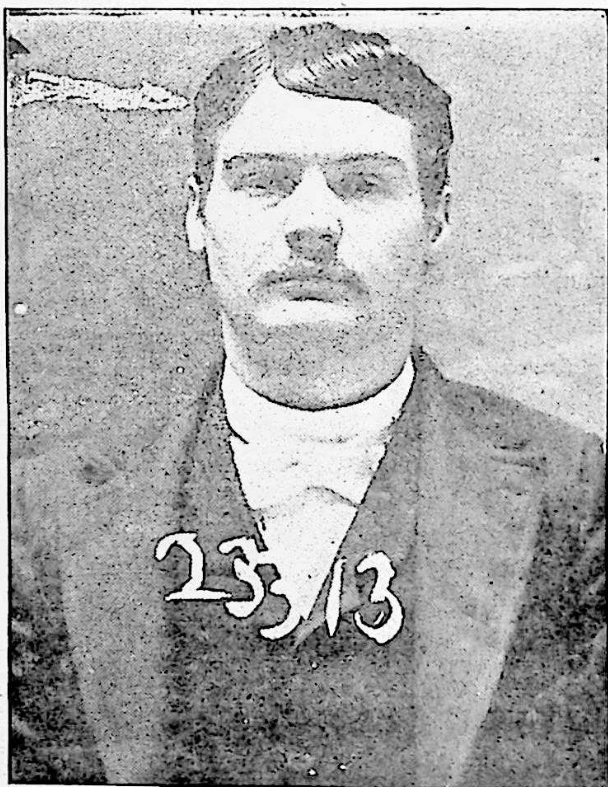
While living in Cynthiana, George Currier accused Craig of being too familiar with other people's turkey roosts. Craig drew a knife and stabbed Currier to death. He ran away to escape arrest and located in Covington. Anna soon followed and they lived in peace for some time. Finally he was located, arrested, convicted, and sent to the Frankfort Penitentiary for four years.

He served his time, and then went back to Covington to be with Anna, who had led a promiscuous life during his incarceration. While there he followed plastering, and go along very well. Finally he and the woman moved to Cincinnati where Craig worked at his trade, and Anna went to work for Jake Wolford.

They had not lived in the Queen City long, when Craig sent for his mother to come and live with them. She came, could not get along with Anna, and in April, 1890, located in Columbus. After his mother left Cincinnati Craig hired a house in gorgeous style for himself and Anna and made a good living for both. Things went well for a time, finally Anna began staying out late at night. Craig remonstrated with her and she told him she had met a man named Horace Wilson, who had captivated her, and it was with him she spent her nights.

When Craig became convinced that what Anna told was true, he told her they would divide their household and she could go to Wilson. They did so, but in a few days Anna came back and begged to be taken in again, promising she would be true to him ever after. He forgave her, again they lived together for some time, but finally returned to Wilson.

On Saturday morning, September 13, 1890, Anna returned to Craig's house to get some clothing she had left there. Craig was drunk and immediately assaulted her with a knife. She ran out into the back yard. He followed, and in the presence of a large crowd of people who had gathered in response to the cries for help, stabbed the woman to death. After fell to the ground the demon continued to drive the steel into her body time and again until he was exhausted with the effort.



FRANK VAN LOON  
Amateur bank robber of Putnam County, Ohio.  
Successfully got the money and evaded  
all suspicion, only to be betrayed  
by his mother-in-law. Hanged  
Aug. 4, 1893.

## **A YOUTHFUL BANK ROBBER'S FATE**

“TRUTH is stranger than fiction.” In how many ways is this aphorism verified! Nowhere is it more strangely true than in the dark and mysterious

records of crime. That a perilous sea, only occasionally visited by the ships of commerce and civilization, should witness development of bands of pirates whose bold and cruel deeds have terrified the voyagers, and furnished themes with which the romancer could charm the morbid tastes of the lovers of the gruesome, is a thing to be expected. That a wild and sparsely settled region, abounding in fastnesses and hiding places, yet crossed by trains bearing rich treasures, should be the field in which a drove of dehumanized desperadoes came on their nefarious trade, is in no way surprising. Storm-tossed, wreck-strewn seas and hurricane-swept prairies, nurture, or at least harbor, such characters as their appropriate children. There is nothing strange in the fact that wild regions should be the home of wilder men. The romancer can make his story as wild and improbable as he chooses; there is no one who will rise to contradict him.

It is strange, however, that such men should spring up amid peaceful surroundings. It is stranger still that a penchant for crime, carried out into deeds of more reckless daring than those of the wild and unrestrained West, should be nurtured in the quiet rural districts of Northwestern Ohio. Yet, strange to say, in this almost Arcadian corner of a great civilized state, a corner whose agrarian peacefulness was never broken by harsher sounds than the melody of church bells, or the cheerful call of the locomotive, there have been conceived and carried into execution crimes that would stand out boldly even on the pages of the wildest fiction. This corner of the state was the home of the now famous-“Jack Page” band of arsonists, who terrorized the country a quarter of a century ago. Here, also, lived the man who furnished the occasion of this sketch, Frank Van Loon. Of his dare-devil deed let the reader judge.

### **THE SUPREMACY OF NERVE**

On the seventh day of August, 1891, the village of Columbus Grove, Putnam County, Ohio, was startled out of its quiet, humdrum routine by a daring daylight robbery and murder. A young man,



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unknown to the few chance stragglers about the streets of the quiet village, entered a hardware store by sheer force he compelled the person in charge to give him two loaded 38-caliber revolvers. With the dash of a true desperado, he rushed across the street to the bank. He entered the bank, broke the glass in front of the cashier's desk, reached through and secured \$1,365. The bank officials, terrified by the suddenness of the attack, dropped through a trap-door into the cellar. One of them, by venturing to look out of his hiding place, was shot by the nerry robber. The ball took effect in the shoulder, producing a painful, though not fatal wound. While the desperado was holding the bank employees at bay, an old man by the name of William Vandemark entered the bank to transact some business. Vandemark was ignorant of the fact that a desperate robbery was at that moment being committed. The robber, hearing some one enter, turned quickly and fired at the innocent intruder. The shot was fatal and Vandemark was instantly killed. As the desperate man rushed out of the ink, he shot at a man who was driving peacefully along the street. The daring young man made his escape across the fields without being recognized.

### A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S VENGEANCE

Who this daring robber and murderer was might have remained an undiscovered fact, had it not been that a certain young farmer by the name of Frank Van Loon had, by innate meanness, incurred the implacable hatred of his wife's mother. Ever suspicious of her son-in-law, the woman entered his room on the morning of the day following his crime, noted that his boots were muddy, and found in his pockets the guns and the stolen money. This woman, having heard in the intervening time of the crime committed in Columbus Grove reported her findings to the officers. The officers, knowing the unhappy condition of things in the Van Loon home for a time paid no heed to the advices which they receive thinking it was only a mother-in-law's spite work. But when the information had been several times repeated they concluded to investigate, and found things as the mother-in-law had reported. Van Loon was arrested. He was given a speedy trial, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged.

### IN THE PALACE OF DEATH

Frank Van Loon, serial number 23,313, on the twelfth day of May, 1892, entered the Annex of the Ohio Penitentiary. It was his final

leave-taking of God's beautiful world of sunshine and fragrance. Never again was he to see the earth and sky meet. When he left that Place of Doom it would **be** as a lifeless body.

Through the law's delay Van Loon was permitted to drag on a miserable existence between hope and despair for fifteen months. In these months of waiting he employed a part of the time in writing a history of his life. In this composition the natural selfishness and brutality of his nature were plainly manifest. It was evident from the underlying tone of his autobiography that he did not recognize that his fellow-man had any rights which he was bound to respect, especially those rights stood in the way of his wishes being attained. His towering egotism was undoubtedly the soil which nurtured and brought to maturity the disposition which made possible his cruel crime.

This egotism was constantly being made evident by his actions during his stay in the Annex. Much of the time during his waking hours was passed in quarreling with his keeper. These contentions one day led to a desperate struggle between Van Loon and Guard Bowman for the possession of an ice pick. When Van Loon had been let out of the cage for some purpose, he endeavored to get possession of an ice pick, as the only available weapon with which to kill the Guard. Both men being well developed and powerful, a desperate struggle ensued, in which the superior skill and greater endurance attained by careful training gave the victory to guard Bowman.

## THE DEEPENING SHADOWS

Frank Van Loon's long stay in the Annex was drawing to a close. The brief day of his earthly career was rapidly nearing the end. The shadows were growing deeper. Soon his sun would set in utter darkness. Van Loon had lived but twenty-three years of mortal life. They had, however, been years fruitful of enormous results in crime and meanness.

August 4, 1895, was his last day on earth. It was a dark and stormy night which preceded that day, but not more dark or more stormy than had been the young life that was that light to be taken as a forfeit to the State. Frank Van Loon's life had been a rebellion against the laws of God and man. While the officers of human law were preparing to take satisfaction for the outrage that had been committed against it, the artillery of heaven was flashing defiance and thundering menaces and pouring down torrents of rain, as if to make it known to the universe

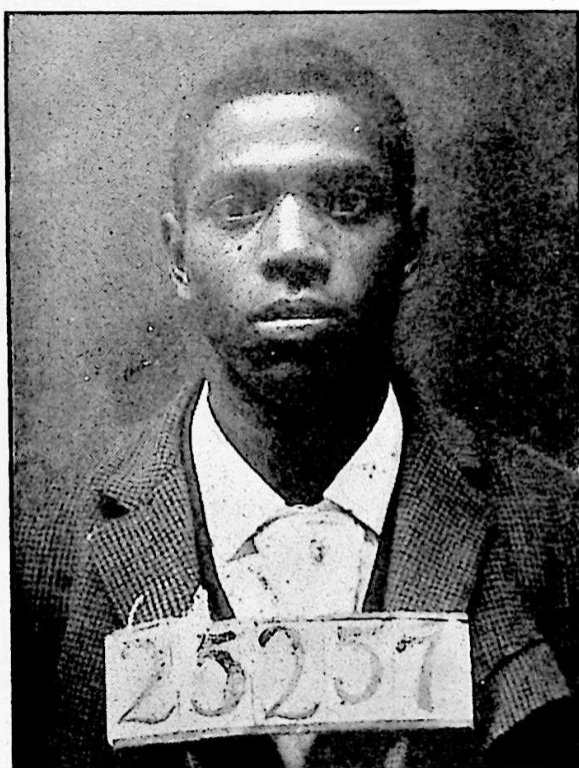
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that the sin-scorched soul which the laws of man had decreed should no longer dwell among the habitations of earth, should not rise into that world where "no wicked thing cometh," but must turn away from heaven and wander forever in the "outer darkness."

When the midnight hour had come, the march from the Guard Room began. Noiselessly the officers moved over the sawdust covered corridors to the Annex. The Warden, Hon. C. C. James, read the warrant to the condemned man. The same nerve that characterized the attack on the bank was manifest in this last and closing ordeal of his life. Unassisted and unfalteringly he mounted the steps to the gallows and took his place on the trap.

While standing on the trap Van Loon sang in a strong clear voice, "Nearer My God to Thee." There was no tremor in his voice, nor quaking in his limbs. Apparently without fear he gave voice, to the familiar hymn. Strangely the music floated out on the midnight air, while the terrific electrical storm, raging without, seemed playing the accompaniment. The deep diapason of Nature's orchestra, blending with the stentorian voice of the singer, echoed and reverberated through the adjoining corridors of the prison until many of the prisoners were startled from their slumbers. On hearing the hymn and its wild accompaniment, and remembering that it was the night of Van Loon's execution, they listened with bated breath, scarcely knowing whether to attribute the unwonted disturbance to earth, heaven or hell; wondering whether the voice was that of man, angel or demon.

At the close of this strange oratorio, the trap was sprung the body shot downward. The execution was a success. Frank Van Loon was no more.



WM. WHALEY

A negro robber who beat out the brains of  
Allen Wilson, near Yellow Springs, Ohio,  
with a dray pin. Hanged  
June 22, 1894.

## **A BRUTAL ROBBER MEETS A JUST FATE**

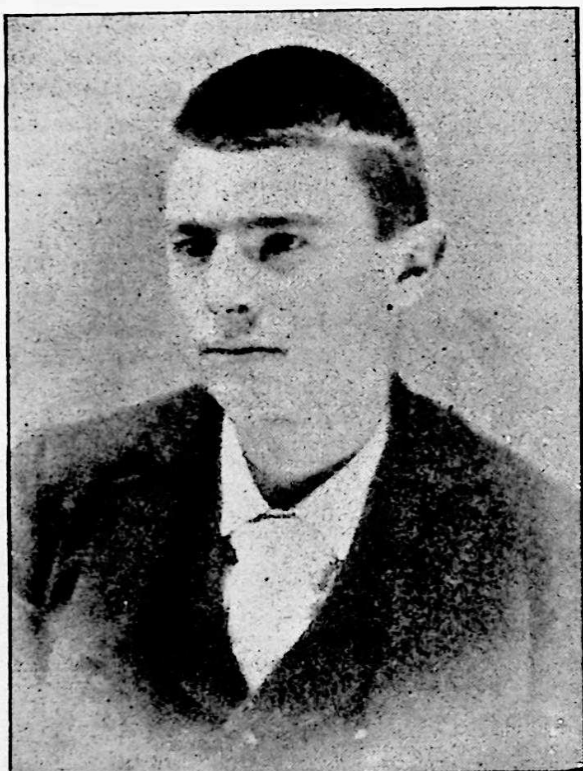
WILLIAM WHALEY, serial number 25,257, was executed in the Ohio Penitentiary Annex twelve minutes after the birth of a new day, June 22, 1894, for the brutal murder of Allen Wilson, a thrifty and hard working colored man.

The crime was committed near Yellow Springs, Greene County, Ohio, on the night of June 6, 1893. Robbery was the motive for the crime, and a dray pin the instrument of destruction. He sneaked upon his victim in the dark, and literally beat his brains out.

Whaley was a young man not over twenty-five years of age, and with perhaps one exception, was the most profane man that was ever incarcerated in the Ohio Penitentiary. He refused all spiritual consolation, and cursed his executioners almost with his dying breath. He was a cowardly cur, and betrayed his cowardice while on the scaffold. Three times he sank to the floor while the noose was being adjusted. The attending Guards were compelled each time to assist him to his feet, and finally to hold him up by main strength until the rattle of the lever shot his body through the open trap. Being almost in a total state of collapse, the body instead of plunging straight through the opening, pitched forward, striking the side of the door, thus breaking the force of the fall. For this reason the neck was not broken, and death was produced by the slow and harrowing process of strangulation.

Reader, if you have never seen a sight of this kind you cannot understand or comprehend the horror of the situation. Time after time the limbs were drawn up with a convulsive motion, and then straightened out with a jerk. The whole body quivered and shook like one might with the ague; while the most hideous and sickening sounds came from the throat. This continued for eighteen minutes; but to one looking on it seemed an age. After eighteen minutes the sounds ceased; the body became perfectly still; the limbs began to stiffen; the heart-beats to weaken. In just twenty-six minutes after the drop fell the last pulsation was felt, and the doctor solemnly said: "Warden, I pronounce the man dead."

The outraged law had been avenged, and a soul unprepared had been ushered into Eternity.



CHAS. HART

An illiterate lad of 19 years, from near Paulding, Ohio. He decoyed two little children—a boy of 9 and his sister aged 7—into the woods; and tying the boy to a tree he cruelly ravished his sweet little sister before her brother's eyes. He then killed and beheaded both children and burned their bodies upon a brush heap. Hanged  
April 12, 1895.

## **A BOY RAVISHER RECEIVES HIS DESERTS**

CHARLES HART, serial number 26,131, a half-witted, illiterate boy of nineteen summers, was the twentieth victim to shuffle off this mortal coil in the Prison Annex.

Perhaps there never was a more revolting crime than that by which the good people of Paulding, Ohio, were startled on Sunday, November 4, 1894. There had lived in this community one David Hart, a ne'er-do-well, who led a promiscuous life, and eked out a miserable hand-to-mouth existence by day labor; and while not openly dishonest, was given to taking advantage of those with whom he came in contact in matters of small import. He, like most of his class, was unable to read or write; but generally speaking he was considered by his neighbors a harmless barnacle on society.

The wife of David Hart was a slatternly, vulgar, shameless woman, whose chief delight seemed to be in practicing the

calling of lewd women; and while she was not known to possess criminal instincts, was classed as a degenerate of the lowest order. Such were the parents of Charles Hart, the perpetrator of a crime so fiendish and unnatural that it would put to shame the Cesareans of the Dark Ages.

The boy's education and early training had been sadly neglected. He had never gone to school a day in his life, and was ignorant and illiterate in the extreme. He had a bad countenance; could never look any one squarely in the face, but had a listless, expressionless countenance—more like that of the brute creation. He was indolent and lazy, but had never shown evidence either of insanity or criminality.

On the morning of November 4, 1894, Ashley Good, a boy of nine years, and his little sister Elsie, a girl of seven, were playing along the roadside, when they were approached by this human monstrosity, and induced to accompany him into the woods. By one pretext or another he led the little unsuspecting children deeper and deeper into the gloomy woods. After he had gotten the little ones far from any human habitation, he tied the little boy to a tree, with his hands behind his back, then in his presence cruelly assaulted the little seven year old sister.

After he had satiated his hellish lust, and saw his little victim unconscious, and in the agony of convulsions, his sluggish mind began

to realize the enormity of his crime; and fearful of the results of a disclosure, he decided to murder the helpless children; and with the little boy still tied to the tree he deliberately beat his brains out with a heavy hickory club. This accomplished, he turned to the prostrate form of his suffering victim, and with the same instrument of destruction he murdered the little sister, beating her head almost to a pulp. The deed was done. The quiet of a peaceful Sabbath prevailed over the world, and the murderer was alone with the mute evidence of his crime. The bodies must be secreted or destroyed. About this he proceeded in a manner that showed the utter depravity of his nature.

The children were first decapitated, then disemboweled. He cut them up in this manner so that they would the more readily be consumed by the flames, for he had decided to burn the bodies. After mutilating them as above described, he placed them upon a small pile of brush; then piling more brush upon them the fiend set fire to the whole horrible mass.

But a crime so revolting cannot be concealed. Nature refuses to hide within her charges the gruesome evidence of the ghoulishness and depravity of her creatures. The fire refused to consume the bodies, and they remained as mute evidence to confront the fiend who took the life of innocent childhood. The parents became alarmed, and searching parties soon discovered the charred and mutilated remains.

Charles Hart was at once arrested on suspicion, and when confronted with the evidence, he confessed the whole horrible affair to Edward Staley, the Sheriff of Paulding County.

Reader, what must be the plenitude of that mother's sufferings! Think of the days and nights of mental anguish that she has endured as she weeps and bewails the fate of her darling children! You who have hearts of pity; you who have wept and still weep over the smouldering ruins of murdered loved ones—you only can enter into this reflection. And yet in the face of all this misery and suffering there were those who looked upon the execution of Charles Hart as legalized murder. Such sickening sentiment is largely responsible for the fiendish crimes that are almost daily being perpetrated.

Charles Hart was speedily convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to hang April 12, 1895. He was immediately transferred to the Annex, and entered upon that long period of waiting which is the real punishment to he who has violated Nature's primal law.

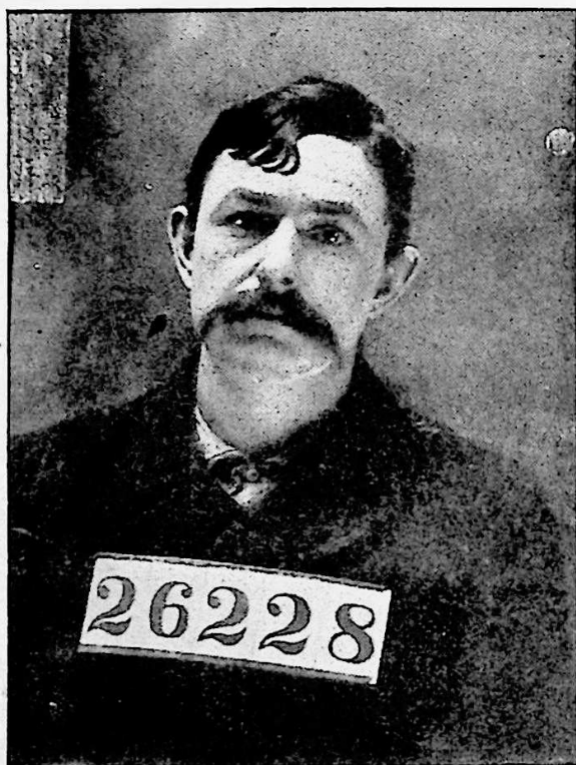
Unlike the most of those who have spent the last few months of their misspent lives in the Place of Doom, he was unable to pass the



## *The Palace of Death*

time in reading or writing to his friends, he was compelled to sit all through the long days and brood over his approaching doom.

But all too soon the time arrives. The 12th of April has come, and Charles Hart, quaking with fear, and trembling in every limb, approaches the scaffold; the rope is adjusted; the trap is sprung, and the murderer shoots straight through the opening. The neck is broken by the fall, and the boy ravisher dies without a struggle. In eight minutes after the trap is sprung the fluttering heart ceases to beat; his suffering is soon over. But how about the distracted and heart-broken parents of the Good children? They still suffer and must continue to suffer until the Lord of mercy calls them to join their little ones in that land where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more.



GEO. GESCHWELM  
Possessed of strong drink he killed his wife in  
Columbus, Ohio, who had fled from him  
in fear. Hanged April 26, 1895.

## **A STRONG DRINK FIEND'S END**

ALTHOUGH of good family, and a peaceable and industrious man when sober, George Geschwelm, serial number 26,228, was a fiend incarnate when under the influence of intoxicants. He maltreated his wife to such an extent that she left him and went to live with her parents who resided on East Naghten street, Columbus, Ohio.

For some time after she left him he was a frequent visitor to various saloons, and seemed to be brooding over her action of leaving him. He had been to the house of his father-in-law several times to see his wife, but had been denied admittance.

Early in the morning of March 7, 1894, he left his house and hurried to East Naghten St. Coming to the gate he saw his wife in the yard. He entered and, going up to her demanded that she return at once with him to his house. Exactly what passed between them can never be known, but it was of very short duration. Geschwelm suddenly drew a large butcher knife from his clothing and, holding the shrieking woman by the hair, he plunged the murderous weapon gain and again into her quivering body.

The bleeding victim was hurried to the house, but died before reaching it. Geschwelm was immediately tried for murder in the first degree. Alcoholic insanity was the only possible defense for such a crime; but, in spite of the efforts of his attorneys to obtain a verdict in a lesser degree, -he was found guilty as charged, and sentenced to be hanged April 26, 895, which sentence was duly carried out.

He was silent and morose while in the Annex, and when offered spiritual consolation he spurned it with derision. When the time for his execution came he walked bravely, and unassisted, up the stairs to the trap, and stood firmly upon it while the straps were being adjusted.

When asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be carried out, he simply shook his head. The lever was pulled over, the drop fell, and his form shot downward bringing up at the end of the rope with an audible snap. His neck was broken, and he died without struggle.

The lesson in this execution is quite obvious. Here was a man who was a good workman, kind to his family, and a peaceable law-abiding citizen when in his right senses. But the insatiable appetite for strong drink finally ruined him in his family relations, and at last brought him to the scaffold and an ignominious death.



LAFAYETTE PRINCE

A Clevelander who pursued his pure-minded and faithful wife after she had left him and brutally split her head in twain with an ax. He was possessed of an insatiable desire to satisfy his brutal passions on other women, this leading to the separation. Hanged May 29, 1895.

## **TEMPER AND LUST BRING PUNISHMENT**

OF WHAT does human happiness consist? As we lo back upon some of the misspent lives of men who have been executed in this and other countries, are obliged to admit that some of these unfortunate men had about all that life offered in the way of happiness.

Misuse of their opportunities, and abuse of their privileges brought them to a quick realization of the fact that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

In the short history of the life of Lafayette Prince, serial number 26,358, the reader's attention is called to the fact that he had all that goes to make up a happy home—a loving a dutiful wife and a little son who was as bright a child as you will see in any family. Prince had good health, was regularly employed, and not given to excessive drinking. Yet he deliberately threw away all these things and died an ignominious death, due to the inability to curb his fiery temper, and the refusal to put a curb on his lust.

A more beautiful day never dawned than that to which the people of Cuyahoga County opened their eyes on Sept 1894. The sun shone brightly, the birds sang amid the folia of the trees, and all nature seemed to smile. Every one seemed to be imbued with a pleasant feeling for their fellow man. Peace seemed to be in the very air.

The Columbian Exposition was in full sway at Chicago and in a neat little Ohio home there was the bustle and confusion usually to be found immediately preceding the departure of a family on a visit of pleasure. A little boy stood with wide, wondering eyes, watching the preparations. He knew not the meaning of the words, "World's Fair," but he could see from the conduct of his parents that something out of the usual run of enjoyment was in store for him and he felt elated accordingly.

"Lafe," said the woman, on this, the morning of their departure, "you must promise me that you will be good while we are in Chicago. There will be many pretty girls there who will be looking for some one to spend money on them, take them to the fair, etc. You know our boy will be with us, and I am sure you won't do anything to disgrace us, nor yourself."

Prince threw his head back with a loud laugh. "And do you think every girl who sees me wants to steal me? Don't be alarmed; if they

should kidnap me, they would bring me back as soon as it got daylight and they could see my face."

The woman flushed, and made no reply; being ready, they started for the depot, and were soon spinning along on their way to the great White City of pleasure. The husband and father seemed to be in excellent spirits, and laughed and joked with his little family as the green landscape whirled and spread itself out in an ever-changing panorama of green, blue, and yellow.

They arrived at Chicago about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and went at once to the rooms they had engaged for the occasion. They were out on Cottage Grove Ave., not far from the entrance to Washington Park. While the wife got things settled for a week's stay, Prince went out to see the sights, and get the lay of the land for the coming visits to the fair.

His eyes were all about him, and it was not long before he caught a roguish look from a pretty, dark-eyed girl, standing near the entrance to the grounds. Prince was more than willing, and they were soon engaged in conversation. She wanted him to take her through the grounds, but he demurred on account of it being so late. Being pressed, he agreed to meet her at two o'clock on the following afternoon, and go with her. But why go into details? It was but a repetition of the old story of a fool and his money. He took his wife and son to the fair the next morning, and hurried them through; after the noonday meal, pleading a business engagement, he went out to meet his charmer.

This was the programme each day; but one night he failed to come home at all, and the mother sat up all night with the undressed child in her arms waiting for him. When he finally did come in, there was a quarrel, and she insisted upon an immediate return home. He, resisted all he could but finally gave a sullen assent, and at once went out to notify his inamorata of his intended departure.

She, it seems, had run away from home to attend the fair as so many other foolish girls did, and she agreed to follow him to Ohio, where she could be near him, providing he would find her employment. This he agreed to and, leaving her he went back to his rooms, where he tried to pacify his wife.

They left Chicago on the fifteenth of September, arriving home the same day. Mrs. Prince went at once to the house of her parents, taking the boy with her. Prince made several efforts to persuade her to return and live with him again, as he loved the boy. And it is believed that, in his coarse, brut way, he loved his wife also.

## *The Palace of Death*

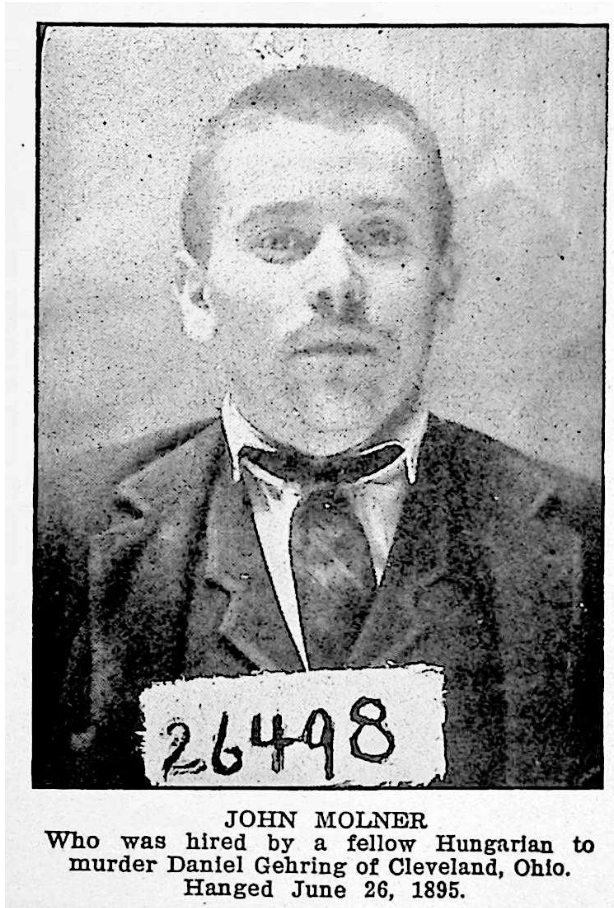
This state of affairs continued for some time, and at last the fatal day arrived. On the morning of September 1 1894, he went to the home of her parents. In answer to his rap, his wife came to the door; when she saw who it was, she slammed the door in his face and turned the key in the lock. Infuriated by this, Prince seized an axe which happened to be standing near, and quickly smashed in the door. Mrs. Prince caught the child up in her arms and ran shrieking from the house. He followed her, and overtook her a short distance from the gate. With a single blow of the axe he felled her to the sidewalk; then putting his foot on her head he, in presence of the child, with another blow of the terrible instrument severed her head from her body. Prince then walked to the police station and gave himself up. He was speedily tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged May 29, 1895 which sentence was duly carried out shortly after midnight on that date.

While confined in the Annex awaiting execution, Prince was a model prisoner.- He passed the time in playing cards with his keeper—Guard Geo. Bowman and in smoking and conversation. No nervier man ever walked to the scaffold than he. On the eve of his execution Guard O'Brien visited him in the Annex. He found Prince with his feet propped up against the wall of the death cage, peacefully smoking a cigar. He invited O'Brien to be seated and engaged him in conversation upon the beautiful weather. He dilated upon the fine weather they had enjoyed during the month of May. Growing reminiscent, he talked to quite a large extent of his early life, and told O'Brien of some of his boyhood pranks. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed uproariously. Being asked as to the cause of his mirth, he went into detail and told how he and his wife had been victimized by a sharper at the fair. He said they had bought a machine for \$5 that was supposed to print \$10 bills on plain paper, simply by turning a crank, and feeding in slips of paper. He related—with many a chuckle—how they had taken it to their room and tried to operate it; upon their failure to make it work he had smashed it, and then jumped upon it.

As he finished the story, his keeper—Guard Bowman—approached and asked him how he felt. "By G , George, never felt better in my life. I feel like I was about to start an excursion." Steps were now heard approaching and realizing that it was his executioners and the authorized spectators, he got up, yawned, and asked if he should remove his collar. He walked to the scaffold with a smile upon his face, showing not the least sign of nervousness. When he was asked the usual question as to whether he had anything to say, he bade his friends

good-bye in a clear, steady voice; drop fell, and he was launched into eternity. His neck was broken by the fall, and he died without a struggle.

Prince repudiated all forms of religion; resented any attempt to give him spiritual advice, and died as he had lived believing only in himself. He never had a visit from any of his friends on the outside. He often said to Bowman, "Oh! my God, George! If I had only stopped to think I never would have done it; and if that G---d---axe hadn't been right there so handy I never would have thought of it!"



JOHN MOLNER  
Who was hired by a fellow Hungarian to  
murder Daniel Gehring of Cleveland, Ohio.  
Hanged June 26, 1895.



## THE RESULT OF A PLOTTED MURDER

JOHN MOLNER, serial number 26,498, was a Hungarian and had only been in this country a short time when he committed the crime for which he subsequently surrendered up his life. He was executed by hanging on June 26, 1895, just one year and twenty days after the commission of his crime. On June 6, 1894, he shot and killed Daniel Gehring, an old man of Cuyahoga county.

### MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME

Inside the gloomy and forbidding walls of the Ohio Penitentiary is a little one-story, brick building, thirty feet wide and forty feet long, surrounded by a high board fence. Inside of this building there are thirty-two solid steel cages. This dilapidated old building is Ohio's home for her criminal insane. If you are ever permitted to pass through this part of the Penitentiary, stop in front of steel cage No. 13, and gaze upon its occupant. Before you may be seen a chattering idiot, a decrepit old man, bent with age, and reason dethroned. If you will read the label that hangs above the cell door you will see the name "Dehanish, No. 26,688." Dehanish is serving a life sentence for complicity in the murder of Daniel Gehring. Dehanish and Gehring both loved the same woman. She finally showed a preference for Gehring. This so enraged Dehanish that he resolved to get Gehring out of the way.

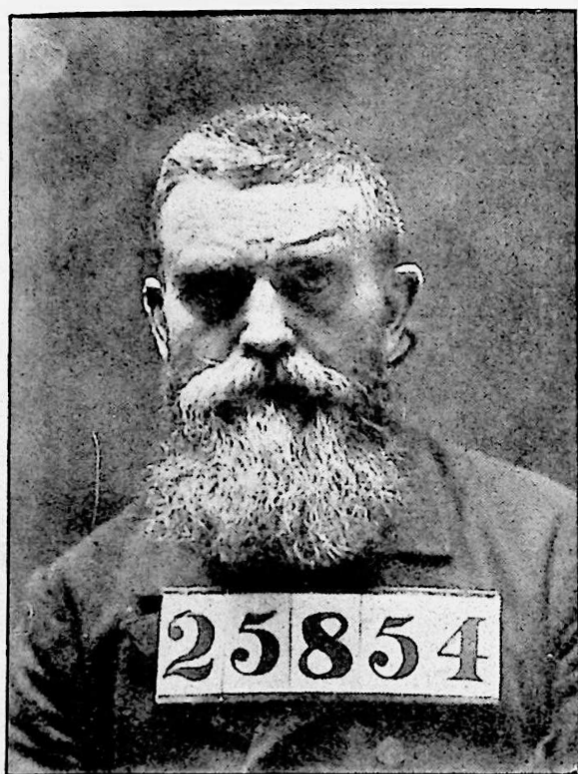
Calling about him a number of his Hungarian allies they deliberately plotted his murder. On some pretext or other they lured him into the woods, and Molner drawing a revolver shot the unsuspecting man in the back. Three bullets were fired into his body. When certain that life was extinct the brutes dragged the body to a small ravine and covered it over with brush, where it was found three days later. Molner was ignorant of American customs, and had only been in this country a few weeks.

He testified at his trial that Dehanish had promised him a large sum of money and safe transportation to Hungary.

He was convicted of first degree murder, and sentenced to hang. Dahnish was convicted of murder in the second degree and given a life sentence in the penitentiary; the other members of the crowd drawing

lesser sentences. It also developed at Dehanish's trial that he owed Gehring a large sum of money, thus furnishing a second motive for the murder.

Molner was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and a model prisoner while confined in the Annex. He embraced the Catholic faith, and became very religious before shuffling off this mortal coil. He met his fate bravely, and was pronounced dead six minutes after the drop fell; one of the shortest executions by hanging on. record.



MICHAEL McDONOUGH  
A drunken loafer and wife-beater. Was  
afflicted with a loathsome disease.  
Hanged June 28, 1895, for  
killing his wife in Hardin  
County, Ohio.

## **A BRUTAL WIFE MURDERER PAYS PENALTY**

HE THAT sheddeth man's blood, his blood by man shall be shed." This prophecy was certainly verified in the execution of Michael McDonough on the night of June 28, 1895, only two days after the execution of John Molner.

Michael McDonough, serial number 25,854, was a man past the middle stage of life, and was afflicted with a loathsome disease, which accounted for the harrowing spectacle witnessed during his execution. McDonough was a physical coward, and his condition as the hour of his execution drew near was a pitiable one; tears streamed down his furrowed and sunken cheeks as he piteously implored the prison officials to intercede with the Governor for a few days respite.

As the hour of midnight drew near, and he realized that there was no hope, his terror dethroned his reason. He raved and shrieked like a madman, frothed at the mouth, and tore his hair. Finally wearing himself out he fell in a state of total collapse, and was only partially revived when the crowd assembled to witness the execution. Pale as death itself, and in a semi-conscious condition, McDonough, supported by two stalwart Guards, appeared upon the platform. There was no raving now. Not a sound, not a murmur escaped his lips. He moved in a mechanical way as the attendants directed, and seemed to be utterly oblivious to his surroundings.

The limbs were speedily pinioned, the rope adjusted, then the black-cap shut out forever from his gaze all things earthly.

The signal was given that all was ready for the final leap into eternity, rattle went the trap doors, and the murderer's body plunged downward.

As the body rebounded there was a hissing sound which held the attention of all for a moment, then the blood came down upon the stone flagging in torrents. The doctors who had quickly stepped to the murderer's side were literally drenched with blood. An examination revealed the fact that the head was almost entirely severed from the body. Holding by a narrow piece of skin, fearful lest the decapitation should be complete, attendants held the body up until the rope was taken off.

McDonough's death was almost instantaneous, but the execution room presented a horrible sight. The walls were bespattered with blood;

## *The Palace of Death*

directly under the body were great pools of blood; bloody footprints covered the floor. Many of the spectators, faint and sick, hastened from the carnal house of death.

### MCDONOUGH'S CRIME

The crime for which Michael McDonough paid the extreme penalty was the murder of his wife at their home in Hardin County, on the night of September 4, 1894. Jealous and a fiendish temper were responsible for this homicide. McDonough was a drunken loafer, a wife-beater, and an ex-convict, having served two years in the Ohio Penitentiary for assaulting his wife. While doing time for the assault he was often heard to remark that, "he would kill the d\_\_\_\_ b\_\_\_\_ for sending him to the penitentiary." After he was discharged he went directly to his home and stabbed his wife to death with a pocket knife. A fiend, a devil, a brute in human guise who had tortured, beat and abused his wife from the day of their marriage to the day of her tragic and untimely death—dealt by the hand of the man who had promised to love and protect her. And he was hanged by the neck for his part in this tragic drama. Was it right?



WM. TAYLOR  
Desperate robber; murdered and robbed a  
Franklin County farmer, for which  
he was hanged on July 26, 1895.

## **A COLORED ROBBER GIVES UP HIS LIFE**

THE subject of this sketch met his death on the scaffold in the early morning of July 26, 1895, for the malicious murder of Isaac Yoakam in Franklin County, on the night of December 20, 1894. Robbery was the motive, and large hickory club the instrument of destruction.

William Taylor, serial number 26,527, was born in Columbus, Ohio, in the early sixties—born in a garret in Hickory Alley, and bred in the gutter. Hickory Alley is in the heart of that district known in Columbus phraseology as the “badlands.” It is not my purpose to describe here that section of Ohio’s Capitol City; suffice it to say that it is a blot on the city and a disgrace to civilization. Shut in behind those walls of hell are dens of iniquity and cesspools of corruption, where men and women, black and white intermingle and commingle. Little wonder that Taylor’s life was snuffed out in Ohio Palace of Doom! Little wonder that so many of the denizens of that section of the city meet a similar fate, or serve life sentences behind the sombre walls of the Penitentiary.

Isaac Yoakam was a prosperous farmer, residing a few miles north of Columbus. During the winter of 1894 he contracted to furnish large quantities of wood for the factories in this city. In order to do this he employed the services of several Columbus Negroes, among them William Taylor and George Jones, who were furnished quarters in a log cabin on the Yoakam farm. Here the diabolical scheme was hatched that made Mrs. Yoakam a widow and sent William Taylor to a felon’s grave.

They knew that Yoakam had money; they also knew that just as soon as darkness spread her mantle over the woodland Yoakam would repair to his home and do his evening chores. Cutting two hickory clubs they followed close upon his heels. Yoakam went directly to the corn crib, while the black burly brutes secreted themselves in the wagon shed by the side of the crib. Crouching low in the darkness like the fiends of hell that they were, they awaited their victim. Yoakam, all unconscious of danger, emerged from the crib with a basket of corn upon his arm. No sooner had he stepped from the crib than he was felled by a fearful blow from one of the Negroes. His death was almost instantaneous. He fell with his head in the basket, and his brains oozed out mingling with the corn.

Taylor was captured several days later at the home of his stepfather

in West Virginia. Jones made good his escape, and if still living, is a fugitive from justice, with \$1,000 reward hanging over his head.

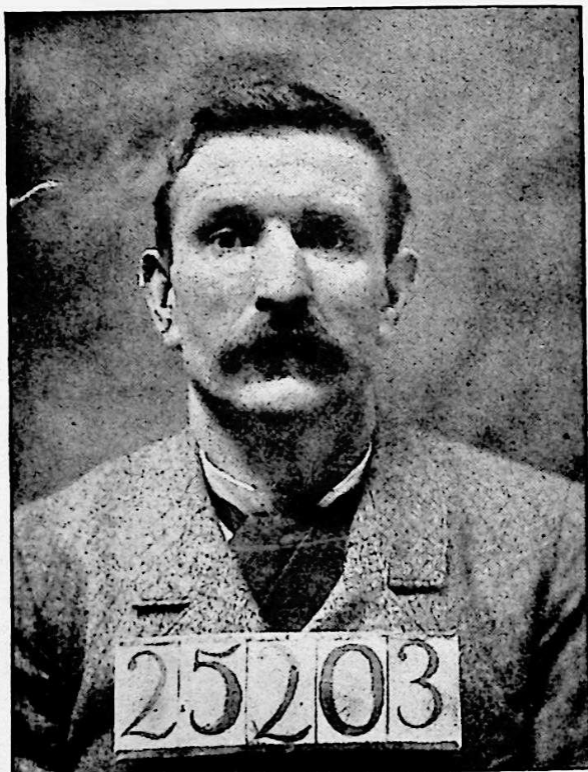
Taylor was a desperate man, and was greatly feared by the other inmates of the Annex. The only thing that presented him from murdering his keepers, or some other inmate of the Annex, was the hope that they held out to him of a last hour's reprieve.

Two hours before his execution he made what he termed his dying confession. This was made to his keeper, Guard George Bowman and Chaplain Winget. In the confession he stated that Jones was the man that dealt the fatal blow. He said he ran down the road when Jones first attacked Yoakam, and hid in a fence comer until Jones appeared. Then they divided the money, and each went his own way. This confession is most likely true.

Taylor met his fate like a man, walking with a firm step to the scaffold; and although the usual drop was given him his deck was not broken, and he slowly strangled to death, twenty-four minutes after the trap was sprung the doctors pronounced him dead.

Thus was the murder of Isaac Yoakam avenged by the death of William Taylor, while the real murderer is still at large.





ISAAC EDWARDS  
Hanged Sept. 17, 1895, for the murder of Mrs.  
Sellers, his benefactress, at  
Murray City, Ohio.

## **BETRAYED AND KILLED HIS BENEFACTRESS**

ISAAC EDWARDS, serial number 25,203, was to be twenty-sixth man to stretch hemp in Ohio's execution room, and his crime certainly merited the punishment that was meted out to him.

He was hanged a few minutes after midnight, September 17, 1895. His execution was the sequel of an illicit love affair with Mrs. Sarah Sellers, the wife of his best friend. The crime was committed in Murray City, a little mining town in Hocking County.

Edwards was born in Wales, emigrating to America while still a boy in his teens. He was forty years of age when the stern hand of justice demanded that he surrender up his life, in retaliation for the life he had so unjustly snuffed out.

Edwards was a widower, and the father of two bright little children. After the death of his wife, he and his children went to live with the Sellers family, who had been so kind and helpful to him during the last illness of his wife. Both Sellers and Edwards were miners by occupation, and during the illness of Mrs. Edwards the household duties of both families were looked after by Mrs. Sellers, while the husbands toiled in the mines. It was she who looked after the wants of the little ones; it was she who so tenderly nursed and cared for their frail mother; it was she who so tenderly closed the mother's eyes in death, and after the last sad rites, it was she who took the little Edwards children to her home.

Mrs. Sellers was a kind-hearted woman but not overly brilliant, and easily influenced. It is the same old, wretch story that for ages bards have sung, "Twas a woman, we; and wanting, and a villain's tempting tongue." Sellers grew suspicious of his wife and Edwards. He remonstrated with her; she confessed all and promised to break her relations with Edwards, and in accordance with her promise sent Edwards and his children from her house.

Edwards tried in every way to induce the woman to continue her illicit relations with him; but the woman stood firm. On the Fourth of July Edwards celebrated Independence Day by getting drunk—beastly drunk—and while in this condition openly boasted of his former relations with Mrs. Sellers, and swore he would yet have revenge on the woman for throwing him down.

The morning of the fifth found him still in a beastly state of

## *The Palace of Death*

intoxication, and while in this condition he approached the Sellers home. Mrs. Sellers was seated on the back porch peeling potatoes for her husband's dinner. The villain approached her and without a word of warning shot her dead.

Edwards was arraigned in the Court of Common Plea tried, and convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to hang. He was a coward and betrayed his cowardice to the last. During his last days in the Death Chamber he was in a pitiable condition, so great was his fear of death.

As the hour for the execution drew near his terror knew no bounds, and when he heard the dull tread of the executioners he fainted dead away. Pale and trembling he finally came forth, leaning heavily upon the arms of two stalwart guard: and had to be supported while the rope was being adjusted.

The trap was sprung, and although he shot straight through the opening, and came up with a bound, the neck was not broken, and his death by strangulation was slow and harrowing. Eighteen minutes after the trap was sprung the doctors pronounced him dead. A fitting end to a heartless fiend.



**MARTIN ADAMS**

Hanged Sept. 27, 1895, for killing his employer,  
John Ohmer, of Hamilton County, Ohio,  
by dropping strychnine in a bucket  
of beer he was sent for.

## **ILLICIT RELATIONS, RESULTING IN MURDER**

JUST ten days after the execution of Isaac Edwards the instrument of death claimed another victim. Mart Adams, serial number 26,664, an ignorant German-blacksmith by trade—paid the extreme penalty of the law for the murder on July 23, 1894, of John Ohmer, his employer.

Adams boarded with his employer, and he had not been there very long before Ohmer suspected him of undue intimacy with Mrs. Ohmer. Upon ascertaining that his suspicions were well founded, Ohmer ordered Adams from his house. He continued him in his employ, however, and developed at the trial that Adams and Mrs. Ohmer had continued their illicit relations up to the time the crime was committed.

Adams was of a surly and morose disposition and, while a good workman, he and Ohmer often quarreled about the woman. "They had been in the habit of getting a pail of beer occasionally while at work, and first one and then the other would go for it. When dinner time came on July 23rd Adams took the pail in his hand and went for the beer. He stopped at a drug store and purchased ten cents worth of strychnine saying he wanted to kill a dog. He put about half of the poison in the beer and, upon reaching the shop, handed the pail to Ohmer saying jocularly, "Here's something which will do you good"

Five minutes later Ohmer was writhing on the floor in convulsions. Adams made pretense of administering to him and, had it not been for a chance passerby, the man would have died in the shop. A doctor was summoned by telephone and Ohmer was hurried to his home where everything possible was done for him, but he died in a few hours after taking the poison.

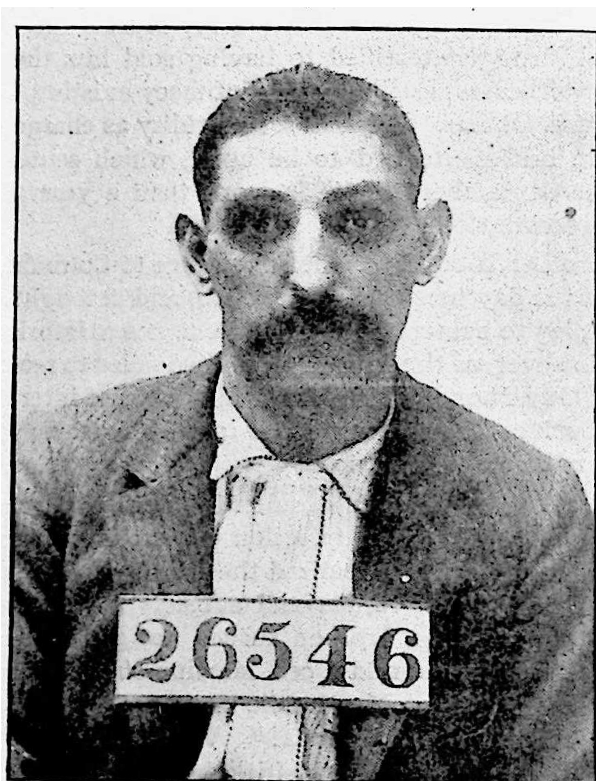
Adams was arraigned and tried for murder in the first degree. A druggist testified to having sold him the poison, and many witnesses testified to the intimacy existing between him and Mrs. Ohmer. He was found guilty as charged in the indictment, and sentenced to be hung, which sentence was carried out September 27, 1895, more than a year after the crime was committed.

His brother, a big burly German, came to Columbus from Cincinnati the day before the execution, and besought Governor McKinley to commute the death sentence to imprisonment for life. However, as the Pardon Board had failed to recommend clemency, Governor McKinley said he could not interfere, and the disconsolate German went over to

the big prison to notify his brother that there was no hope.

Upon his entrance to the Annex neither brother manifested the slightest evidence of affection or emotion, nor showed in any manner that either realized the horror of the situation, they talked coolly on immaterial subjects for a little while, and then the visiting brother turned to go. Pausing a moment, he half turned and faced Martin; shaking his finger at him he said: "Now Martin, die like a man. Don't go out here and blubber like a sick calf!" With these words, which seemed to inspire Martin, the visiting brother strode from the room. He walked over to the Guard Room and, when about to leave, was asked by Warden James if he would take care of his brother's remains. "No!" was the gruff reply, "what do I want of a dead man?"

Adams ascended the stairs to the scaffold unassisted, and when asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be executed upon him, replied gruffly: "No." The lever was pulled over, and Martin Adams paid the penalty of the law for his crime.



WM. PAUL

The last man to be hanged in the Ohio Penitentiary—April 29, 1896. Convicted of murder in Brown County, Ohio.

## **A FAMILY QUARREL, RESULTING FATALLY**

THE twenty-eighth and last man to be hanged in the Annex before the Electric Chair was installed, was William Paul, serial number 26,546; from Brown County.

The crime for which Paul paid the extreme penalty was the murder of his father-in-law, Joseph Yockey.

William Paul was the son of James and Sallie Paul, being one of a family of seven boys and five girls. His parents were industrious, quiet, law-abiding citizens, whose only error lay in the fact that they had failed to send their children to school. The father was a preacher of the "New Light" persuasion, using his influence for the up-building of society as God gave him light to understand the right; and his family, while not ranking high in the community, were respected by their neighbors.

The Pauls were partly of Indian extraction—the grandfather of the subject of this sketch being the son of a Miami Indian, which probably accounts, to some extent, for some of the peculiar characteristics of the man.

William Paul married Frances Yockey, and her sister Lizzie—a lewd, shameless woman—made her home with them, Lizzie was about to become a mother, and she returned to her father's house, telling her father William Paul was responsible for her shame—a statement that was much in doubt by those who knew of her character.

About this time William Paul began to receive white-cap notices consisting of threatening letters, bundles of switches and the many devices that that criminal organization made use of under the guise of morality to get even with some personal enemy, or to intimidate some good citizen into closing his eye to their own nefarious schemes. It was afterward shown that these notices emanated from one Martin Wagoner, a common chicken thief, and Henry Swearngin, a man who should have been sent to the gallows on general principles. These, however, caused Paul to leave home and go to Kentucky, where he stayed for some time. In the meantime his wife had gone back to her father's, who had boasted that he would kill Paul on sight.

Finally Paul became dissatisfied with being a wanderer and returned to his home. Finding that his wife had left in his absence, he went to her father's to inquire for her. He was met at the door by his father-in-law,



## *The Palace of Death*

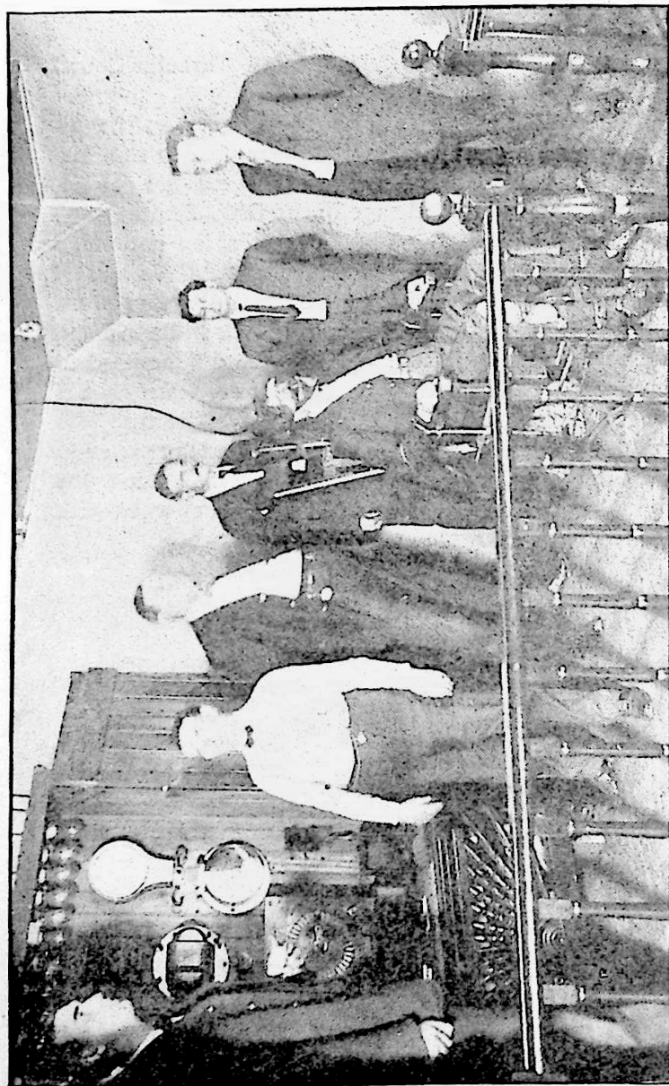
with his two sons. A fight followed in which Joseph Yockey was killed; but in what manner possibly will never be known. Paul claimed that he was killed by his own son in the general mix-up.

The people of that community when they had had time to look at all the conditions surrounding the case, and in the light of later developments, believe that Paul died a comparatively innocent man.

After the crime had been committed, Paul, fearing more violence, armed himself and took to the woods, where he hid until after the funeral. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for his capture by the County Commissioners, which attracted several officers from various parts of the county to that community.

On the night following the funeral Paul was seen going into his mother's house by some of the local officers; but from the fact that he was heavily armed, he was not molested that night, and the officers watched the house until morning. Paul's brothers, however, persuaded him that his best course lay in surrendering himself, and, eluding the officers by some means he went to Ripley and surrendered to the authority there. He was lodged in jail in Georgetown, and in the course of time was brought to trial in Judge Tarbell's Court, and sentenced to be hung.

He was received at the Annex on April 8, 1895, and begun that long struggle between hope and despair that is the history of every man that spends the period between his conviction and execution in that steel cage in the Ohio Penitentiary. Here it was that the traits that showed his Indian parentage were made manifest. He showed as much stoicism as any of Cooper's famous Indian characters, and on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1896, after a little more than a year in the Annex, he mounted the scaffold without a tremor, and submitted to the preparations for his hanging with no more concern than if he was being measured for a suit of clothes. The trap was sprung, and a legalized execution had been consummated to balance the account that society thinks it holds against the man who, rightfully or wrongfully, has been charged with taking the life of his fellow man.



AN ELECTROCUTION SCENE.  
The condemned man is shown strapped in the chair with 1,750 volts of humanly-harnessed electricity coursing through his body and taking the life that God gave him. The officials standing from left to right are: Executioner with friend on attend; the hand of durand; superintendent of electricity; attending officer; deputy warden; attorney and physician. The top of the condemned man's head is shaved and the right outside trousers leg at the calf is split to admit of electricity being applied to body for good contact and to form the circuit in one minute all is over. This system is quick, noiseless and painless. Seldom if ever is a sight witnessed bordering on the gruesome, as was the case when the old system was in vogue.



WM. HAAS

The first person to be legally electrocuted in the history of Ohio. Executed April 21, 1897. He was known as the "boy murderer."

## THE ADVENT OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

WHEN William Haas, serial number 28,717, the boy-murderer, was led forth with shuffling step from the Annex of the Ohio-Penitentiary, a few minutes after midnight, April 21, 1897, and strapped in the rough wooden chair and the electrodes—which would carry 1750 volts of electricity through the body—were fastened to his head and right leg, the eyes of all Ohio were turned upon this first experiment in using God's weapon to execute man—his own make. Never before had the powerful electrical volt been used in Ohio to end the life of criminal man and breathless, with doubtful countenance, the world awaited the outcome.

And who was the victim ? A mere boy—an orphan, without a friend in the whole, wide world—that was waiting and watching; without knowledge, without care, except that he loved the world and life and the people who surrounded him. A boy's passion had ruled him when he performed the act that brought him to the electric chair, and a boy's mind, broadened by sorrow and affliction was his, when he stepped into the little stone-walled chamber to take his last look at this world, before the current of electricity should end it all.

William Haas had never known his parents or relatives. An outcast, thrown upon his own resources at an early age, he was practically reared in a livery stable, where he learned to toil and earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. In this element of mankind he was reared and learned to talk the language of the livery stable, and to regard the conduct of the men there employed as something to be emulated. There he learned the evil that caused his downfall. But it was there, also, that he learned to be kind-hearted and friendly, and always good-natured. He was illiterate, but wise in the ways of the world; at all times a boy—and a merry boy.

Finally he drifted from the life of the liveryman and tramped around the country, doing odd jobs wherever he could find work. He was filled with the restless nomadic spirit of one of his age and delighted in roaming from town to town, earning enough to live upon as he went. He was a good worker and was always able to get along, no matter where he was.

At last he drifted into Cincinnati. Here he took a job with a family named Brady. Mr. and Mrs. William Brady had been married only a

## *The Palace of Death*

few months and needed a boy of his qualifications to take care of things around their beautiful little suburban home. There was a little garden in the yard, and rose bushes and ivy to look after besides the general housework and the stable. Willie was just the boy for such work and they paid well. The couple did not have any children, and Willie was looked after with great care, the young husband and his wife taking a great deal of interest in him.

Mrs. Brady was a beautiful young woman, and Willie and she looked after the place while Mr. Brady was at his work in the city. The boy had never before been thrown into the society of women of this kind, and he felt her influence and her beauty. She took an interest in him that gave him a wrong impression, and he fostered this feeling. Unsuspecting and entirely ignorant of what was growing on the boy's mind, the happy young wife lived in bliss.

Young Haas had been with the Bradys but a short while, when he committed the deed that sent him to death in the electric chair. The house in which the young married couple lived was so arranged, it happened, that the Bradys had to pass through the room in which young Haas slept to get down stairs. The morning—the eventful morning—during which the horrible crime was perpetrated, Mr. Brady had gone to work, leaving his wife sleeping peacefully. Willie was also permitted to sleep.

When Mrs. Brady awoke about seven o'clock she arose and, with only her night-clothes on, walked into the boy's room to waken him, so he would get up and start the fires for breakfast and perform the morning's work. The boy was aroused by her call, and awoke from his slumbers to see her at the foot of his bed, looking to him as charming as a nymph. She stood at the foot of the bed a moment talking to him while he lay there with that horrible plot rankling in his mind. He was burning up with a fiery passion which he could not smother, and in the excitement of it, he leaped from his bed, seized the surprised wife around the waist, threw her over the bed, and then committed the foul deed.

When he had accomplished his purpose he got up from the bed, leaving the woman crying and moaning. As she lay there and cried, the sound of her voice drove the boy wild at the thought of what he had done. He started to leave the house, but at that moment the young wife moaned, "I will tell my husband when he comes home." Haas stopped in his tracks and his wide-open eyes and startled look indicated that it was the first time he realized he had committed a deed that made him

subject to the clutches of the law and punishment.

He turned back and ran to the bed; then he ran down stairs, When he returned she was still lying on the bed crying and the desperate boy had a razor in his hand—her husband's razor. He rushed up to the bed, and an insane light blazed from his eyes. Before the poor woman was aware of his intention, the razor slit across her throat, and her head was almost severed from her body.

Again the boy hesitated, realizing the horror of his deed, His next thought was to cover up the crime. He ran down stairs again, ever fearful that some one would come and find him, secured a coal-oil can and poured its contents over the bed and the body, still warm in death. He then set fire to the bed-clothes, and ran from the house. He ran and ran and ran—until he could run no more—until he was so far away he could no longer see whether or not the house was burning.

Neighbors saw smoke arising from the cottage and arrived it the house in time to save it. They found the ghastly evidence of the murder in the form of the young wife on the bed, and realized that the murderer had endeavored to wipe out the evidence of his crime. The alarm was given and the young husband was notified of the terrible occurrence. When he came home he suggested that Haas, his hired boy, was the person who committed the crime.

The police were set upon the trail and the city of Cincinnati was wild with excitement. For several days there was not a clue found as to the whereabouts of the young murderer, the police arrested several people with scratched faces, but all proved an alibi; while the public howled in vain for the apprehension of the boy.

One day an officer was strolling through the railroad yards and saw several young men who seemed to be aimless, and in fact looked like tramps, sitting on a track chatting together. He went over to them, and noted that one of the chaps had a scratch on his face near the right eye. "I see you have a scratch on your face," he said, "I believe I will take you down on suspicion." Unconsciously young Haas, for it was he, reached for the scratch with an expression of guilt written all over his countenance. The policeman, thinking it might possibly be the boy, took him to the police station, where his identity was soon proved beyond a doubt.

The trial and sentence to die in the electric chair came soon afterward. There was no mercy for the boy, although expressions of pity were heard on all sides.. The fact that the boy was an orphan; that he had been reared in bad environments, and never had a home that he

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could call his own, invoked much sympathy. But the stern hand of the law waived all this aside and said: "Let him pay the penalty for a deliberate murder of such horrible detail." Soon after he was brought to the Annex of the Penitentiary.

In the Annex, with other murderers whose crimes were almost as foul, and among men who had defied the laws of man and nature since early boyhood, the boy did not find much companionship; but he managed to get along very agreeably. The other condemned men twitted him about his crime and tried to agitate him at all times, but the boy bore up bravely and tried to answer tit for tat.

The date set for his electrocution arrived. Haas realized that the end was near. He became very serious, and cried nearly the whole day. As the hour drew nearer and nearer, he grew nervous and practically collapsed. But he was doomed to suffer this agony another day, for at the last moment, after everything was prepared for the electrocution, and during a test, a dynamo in the electrical plant that operated the chair burned out and the execution had to be postponed.

In a buggy the Warden drove over the city looking for the Governor to secure a reprieve for the boy, until the engine of death could be repaired so that there would be no hitch in this, the first electrocution. The Governor was found after much delay and the reprieve granted. The date for the electrocution of Haas was then set for the next day—April 21, at which time the electrocution of William Wiley of Cincinnati, who murdered his wife, was also set.

The boy in the meantime had heard of the trouble and knew that he would be reprieved. Then he regained his normal condition, and became cheerful, still hoping that he might be freed from the execution chamber and begin a life sentence behind the walls. He turned to Wiley and said with a smile, "We go together." Wiley never did like the boy and always nagged at him, and at this remark turned up his nose in disgust.

The boy was led out first on the night of the dual electrocution, and was the first person to pay the penalty for murder in the first degree by death in Ohio's electric chair. The execution chamber, with its neatly decorated walls, was filled with a curious crowd, about fifty people in all, when the boy was brought forth. Newspaper men took notes of his manner, walk and appearance. Outside, the telegraph wires, which led into the very portals of the Penitentiary itself, began to click off the news of this great trial of the thunderbolt used to kill criminal man; they hummed with the news of what happened during the evening and

were now ready to receive the final story.

The boy was brought forth by the attending guards and he came with shuffling step. The terror of the thing struck into his heart and seemed to smother him. With fearful eyes he gazed at the hushed gathering. The lights made things look ghastly, and the silence was oppressive. It was a few minutes after midnight.

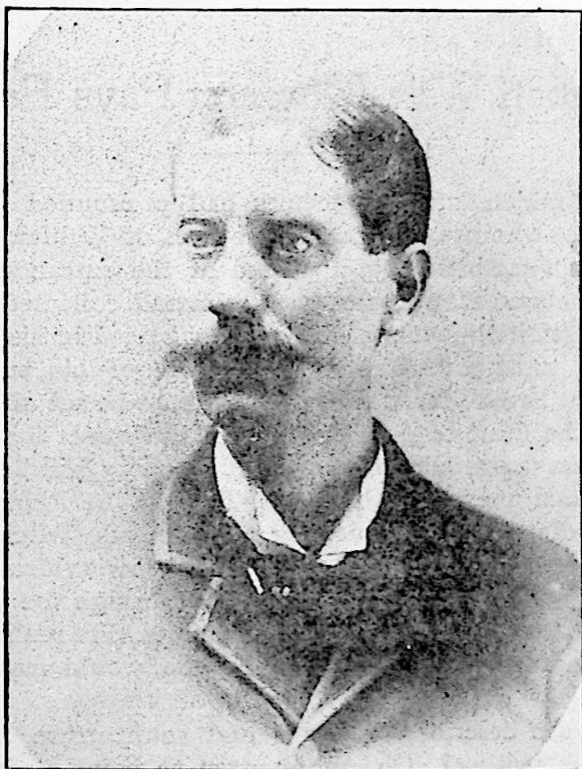
The switch-board was thrown open, and several lighted globes showed the instruments, shining and new, which would indicate to the Warden the voltage passing through the body. The Deputy held a watch. The boy sank limply into the large, wooden chair, and visitors took sharp breaths as the iron clamps fettered his limbs, and as the electrodes were fastened on his shaved head and his right leg.

Before the black-cap was dropped over his eyes the boy heard these words spoken by the Warden, and they seemed to come from far away: "William Haas, have you anything to say before the sentence of the law is passed upon you?" And a lump came into the throat of the frightened boy who would soon pass into eternity. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but he could not; he tried again, but no audible sound came. Fear had choked the words in his throat and he was powerless of speech.

The hand of the Deputy Warden raised, and the Warden threw the switch allowing 1750 volts of electricity to pass through the body. The body of the youth gave a convulsive shiver as the current struck it, and all was over. The current hummed and sang; while great beads of perspiration stood out upon the faces of the spectators.

Young Haas had passed into the great beyond and had paid the penalty of his dastardly crime. The first electric execution in Ohio was completed, and was successful. The people of Ohio breathed easier and vouched for the new method of execution as one that was quick and painless.





**WILLIAM WILEY**  
Cincinnati wife-murderer. Executed April  
21, 1897. A man with a passion for  
strong drink and an uncon-  
trollable temper.

## **CINCINNATI WIFE-MURDERER PAYS PENALTY**

FIVE minutes after the doctors had pronounced William Haas a corpse, the ghastly features of William Wiley serial number 28,853, appeared at the entrance to the death chamber. He appeared cool, calm and collected, but as pale as death itself, while a strange light blazed in his eyes.

What must have been the plenitude of his suffering? What must have been his mental anguish, as he sat silent and alone in the death cage and heard the low hum of the electric current that was sending the soul of his fellow murderer into the great and unexplored beyond? He saw the lights in his cell grow dim as the death-dealing current was switched into the body of Haas. He heard the peculiar low whizzing-hum of the fiery destroyer as it went coursing through the vitals of his companion of but a few moments before. He realized this in a few more minutes at the most, he, too, would march to a similar fate.

Who can describe the terror and soul-torture of those moments of waiting ? Oh! for an artist to paint a picture of the sight that one beholds, as the eyes of the condemned on first rest upon the Chair of Fate—the seat of Everlasting Rest. May God grant that the time speedily come when men will recognize and accept the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, for then we shall have no further use of such instruments of destruction.

At twelve minutes after midnight, on the morning of April 21, 1897, William Wiley was pronounced a corpse. The law of the Great State of Ohio had satiated her thirst and reaped her vengeance, another murderer's career was closed for all time and the first double electrocution in the world's history had been a complete and unqualified success from the beginning to the end.

Wiley was sentenced to die thusly for murdering his wife in Cincinnati, July 22, 1896. The crime was a fiendish one, of the sort that excites little or no sympathy from police and court officials. He had shot her down in cold blood and without provocation, as a result of a drinking spree.

Controlled by his most violent temper, Wiley seemed possessed of the very devil himself. Seldom, if ever, was he in a normal state of mental attitude. His uncontrollable temper seemed to have its sway whenever anything of the least sort happened to place him in a position

where he could resign himself to it.. Always quarreling with everybody with whom he came in contact; roundly disliked by all, even to those of the prison officials coming in contact with him, for he would provoke and attempt to quarrel with them as quickly as with any one else. Certain it is that he went to his death unmourned by any present, all chargeable to his vicious traits and ungovernable temper.

Wiley died more like a coward than Haas. While Haas was but a stripling of a boy, he died brave, exerting himself to the very last, cool and nervy in the extreme. But Wiley was all but collapsed at the last. His features were terrible to look upon from the first moment when he appeared at the entrance to the death chamber. Though he appeared cool and collected at first, this quickly gave way to that of abject fear and he was trembling like a leaf when the fastenings were made that bound him in the chair from which he should rise no more.

This night was witnessing the first electrocution in Ohio's history, and as it was to be a double one, there was great interest manifested, not only throughout the state of Ohio, but the entire civilized world. For many months previous, the method of killing murderers by electricity had been discussed in the newspapers, magazines and periodicals of all sorts an description. Arguments pro and con were advanced until it seemed that this promised to become a topic for continued discussion, as well as to develop several different schools of thought on the ethics of "How to kill criminals." The advocates of this new method knew, of course, that everything would depend upon the result of this night's work. If it was a failure it meant the beginning and the end of killing t electricity in Ohio; if a success it meant a new era in killing the condemned by a thousand times more painless method than those in previous use. And so, the eyes of Ohio police, court and prison officials were directed to the results of this double execution.

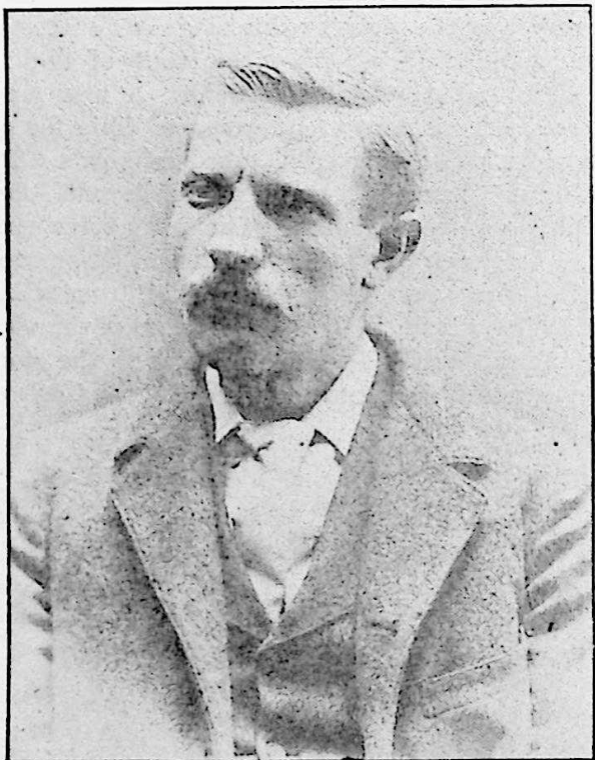
Wiley and Haas were the principals, and as such were interested to the extent of their lives. But when it was known that nothing would be done to prolong their lives, they became most interested in whom should die first. This brings out the fact clearly that man will fight for his life to the very last, for these two men vied bitterly with each other as to whom should die first. Notwithstanding the terrible ordeal it meant to remain in the death cage and hear the hum of the machinery that would send to death the other one of the two each one wanted to be the last to go; wanted to stay on earth a few moments longer, even at the expense of such a nerve racking few moments of terror.

The prison officials decided that the men should draw lots to see

who should be executed first, the lucky one being allowed the extra few moments of an existence. So the lots were prepared carefully, and the men made ready to draw the slip that would say which should be the first human being in Ohio to be legally executed by electricity. Haas was the unlucky one, drawing the one which ordained that he should die first. And though he was much the better behaved prisoner of the two, his years and boyish manners exciting degree of sympathy for him that was not manifested toward Wiley, he died first and the braver of the two.

After the state's doctors had pronounced Wiley a corpse, legally dead in expiation of his fiendish crime, he was unfastened from the chair, and the death-march begun down through the still and dimly lighted gloomy prison corridors.

In every way the night's work had been a success—success from the standpoint- of the champions of the new process of legal execution by electricity. A new method had been proved and was now to be given to Ohio for painlessly and humanely killing her condemned criminals. Two more souls had taken their flight to the realms beyond—the regions from which no man returneth. The law's stern command— not God's—had been executed. Whether right or wrong, they were dead. They were returned to dust, from whence they came; and God alone, in his great record of the vicissitudes of his people can write the finishing lines to the story of this night's work which inaugurated the era of the Chair of Death.



**FRANK MILLER**

A Polander, but a short time in this country,  
who murdered his employer's wife. Elec-  
trocuted Sept. 3, 1897.

## **THE HORRIBLE CRIME OF A RAPIST**

FRANK MILLER, serial number 29,404,. a native of Poland, was the third victim of the chair in which so many have since met their doom. He murdered Mrs. Saluda Miller, the wife of his employer, in a heartless and cruel manner. His is another example of the human brute whose reason and better judgment are subservient to the animal passions.

He had only been in America a short time and his knowledge of American' customs and the English language were very meager. Miller worked for a short time as a day-laborer upon the streets of Columbus, then went to Black Lick station, where he secured employment with the farmer whose wife he so foully murdered.

The Miller family, with whom he secured employment, consisted of the father, mother and one son, a boy of fifteen summers. Upon that dark-day of murder and rapine, the father and husband had gone to the station for the evening mail. The son had gone to Columbus with a load of hay; thus the woman was left alone with her murderer, who showed no more compassion than a wild beast, and who knew no more pity than a stone.

The sun had gone down and twilight was deepening around that quiet little home. Mrs. Miller, the dutiful wife and loving mother, started to the barn to see after her poultry. As she approached the driveway leading to the barn she was seized by the burly brute and dragged into the barn, where evidences of a terrible struggle were plainly visible. Miller's object was criminal assault, but he met with such heroic and determined resistance, that he was forced to give up his intention. In order to conceal his diabolical crime he acted upon the principle that "Dead men tell no tales." His victim attempted to escape from the barn, but the fiend held her fast until he secured an axe with which he crushed her skull The demon within him then thoroughly aroused, he grabbed a pitchfork and thrust it time after time through the quivering body of his victim.

The inhuman wretch then secreted the body in a large box which had been used in the shipment of fruit trees. He then calmly proceeded to do the evening chores as though nothing unusual had happened.

When the husband returned and inquired for his wife Miller informed him that she had gone to a neighbor's to cut and fit a dress,

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and that he should not be alarmed if she did not return until morning.

When the son returned Miller was careful to take care of the team so that neither father nor son would have an occasion to visit the barn. He had in the meantime secreted the axe in his bedroom, intending to kill the father and son during the night. Why he failed to do this has always been a mystery.

He made no attempt to get away that night, but arose early in the morning and hastened to do the work about the barn. After breakfast the husband grew anxious at the wife's unwonted delay; he also noticed that Miller was acting strangely. Visiting the wife's bedroom he discovered that her best clothing was in its accustomed place, and found the evidence that his wife had made no preparation for remaining away over night.

He then looked in the cellar, cistern and outbuildings closely followed by Miller. When the husband started towards the barn Miller took to his heels, running down through the orchard and disappearing over the hill.

The reader is already aware of the horrible sight that met the husband's gaze. Wild with grief, and torn with distraction, the husband gave way to despair; but in his desperation remembered the natural law—the law of retribution. Swiftly the news spread throughout the community, and soon an enraged posse was in hot pursuit of the fleeing culprit. He was captured near Johnstown, Ohio, the same afternoon, and brought back to the scene of his crime. A lynching seemed imminent, but cooler heads prevailed, and he was landed in the Franklin County jail. When arraigned in court he pleaded not guilty, but on the second day of the trial broke down and confessed the whole horrible affair. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to die in the electric chair September 3, 1897.

This sentence was carried out shortly after midnight on the day named by the court. The execution was a quiet one, and was an entire success.



**ALBERT FRANTZ**  
The Dayton, Ohio, murderer, who killed his fiancée  
after having betrayed her. Electrocuted  
Nov. 19, 1897.



## **BETRAYAL AND MURDER OF BESSIE LITTLE**

ON THE EVENING of August 27, 1896, Bessie Little of Dayton, Ohio, donned her best garments, and carefully arranged her toilet. Happiness beamed in her eyes; her cheeks were aglow with pleasure and excitement. She smiled lovingly on the other members of the family, and wished that they, too, might be as happy as she—yes, she was happy. How could she be otherwise, for in a few moments, at the most, her lover would be at her side. Albert Frantz, the man whom she loved and trusted implicitly, would soon appear with his horse and buggy to take her for a drive. They would cross the river bridge and drive down the pleasant country road.

The green fields never before seemed so inviting; the song of the birds and the babble of the brook were sweet music to our Bessie. The cool evening breeze fanned her fair young cheeks and the declining summer sun kissed back her golden tresses. Surely, a woman was never so happy as she. For was not her lover at her side, the man on whom she lavished all her young affection; the man whom she loved—loved not wisely, but too well—the man who in one brief week she would stand beside at the matrimonial altar, and promise to love, honor, cherish and obey, until the grim reaper, Death, should separate them forever? Poor, confiding Bessie! Little did she dream that her death was so near at hand. Little did she dream that the fiend incarnate who sat by her side was at that very moment plotting her destruction, and clutching the instrument of death in his cold, clammy, murderous hand.

Bessie had been indiscreet, and was soon to become a mother. Frantz, who was responsible for her condition, wished to avoid the gossip that would connect his name with hers. He had promised to marry Bessie, but never intended to fulfill that promise. The girl was urging him to action, and pleading with him to fulfill his promise and thus save her and their child from everlasting disgrace.

As they neared the river bridge a pistol shot rang out on the still night air, and Bessie Little fell at the feet of Albert Frantz. The human fiend drove hastily to the river bridge, raised the prostrate form of his victim, and dropped it over the railing. There was a splash, and then the dark, murky waters of the Miami closed over the dead or dying form of poor Bessie. The awful deed was done; no eye had seen him; no ear had heard him; the secret was his own, and it was safe. But murder will out.

Bessie did not return, and her family grew alarmed. Searching parties were organized to look after the missing one. It was at once suspected that Bessie had met with foul play, and Frantz was looked upon as the guilty culprit. The hand of suspicion pointed strongly in his direction. He was the last one seen in Bessie Little's company and, besides, he was completely foiled in the following carefully arranged plot to destroy all evidence of his foul and dastardly deed:

Upon his arrival at home he put his buggy in its accustomed place in the barn, but was careful to leave his favorite horse on the outside. This accomplished, he deliberately set fire to the barn and repaired to the house, thinking thereby to destroy the tell-tale blood stains upon the seat and floor of the buggy, which were mute and gruesome evidence of his villainous crime. Some belated pedestrian in passing noticed the flames and quickly sounded the alarm, and thanks to the promptness and efficiency of the Dayton fire department, the buggy was taken from the barn before it was damaged in the least.

Time wore on and Bessie did not return. The blood-stained buggy and the firing of the barn were sufficient evidence, and Frantz was promptly placed under arrest. A few days later the remains of his victim were found in the river just north of Dayton, with a bullet hole in the head just behind the left ear.

Frantz was indicted for murder in the first degree. Then began one of the most bitterly contested criminal cases that the State of Ohio has ever witnessed. Frantz's people were wealthy, and arrayed against the prosecuting attorney were the best legal lights that Montgomery County afforded. The body of Bessie Little was exhumed and decapitated, and the head presented in court as gruesome evidence of the fiendish crime. Frantz was finally convicted of first degree murder, and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

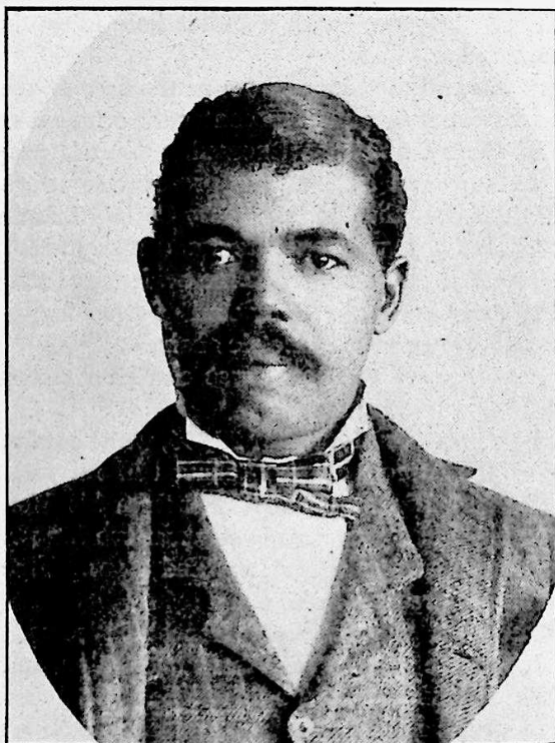
The sentence of the court was carried out shortly after midnight, November 19, 1897.

Albert Frantz, serial number 28,896, while confined in the steel cage of the Annex, always behaved like a polished gentleman. He had his clothes all sent from his Montgomery County home. They were always cut in the latest style; his collars and cuffs scrupulously neat and clean. Fine clothes seemed to be his greatest hobby.

His execution was in every respect a success. He was cool and deliberate in his every word and action, and seemed to have resigned himself to his fate. He walked to the chair with a firm, quick step, and seemed anxious to have the fearful ordeal over with as quickly as

## *The Palace of Death*

possible. When all was ready, Warden Coffin asked him if he had anything to say. He thanked the Warden and officers for their kindness to him while confined in the Annex. He said he forgave all his enemies, and had asked God to forgive him and to receive his soul. Scarcely had the sound of his voice died from his lips, when a different sound was plainly audible. It was the low hum of the electricity as it went coursing through the body of Albert Frantz. One brief minute—and all was over. The murder of Bessie little had been avenged.



**FRANK EARLY**  
A brutal Cincinnati wife-murderer. He also  
tried to kill his paramour, who recovered and later appeared as a  
witness against him. He  
was electrocuted May  
May 14, 1898.

## **A BRUTAL NEGRO WIFE MURDERER**

FRANK EARLY, serial number 30,273, a brutal Negro murderer, was electrocuted May 14, 1898, for the premeditated murder of his wife in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Oct. 10, 1897.

Early was a man of savage propensities and it was this seemingly natural instinct of his that caused him to plan and execute the murder of his wife. Ten years previous to the crime he was married, but the latter six years his wife had not lived with him, having gone to reside with her mother in Hamilton, Ohio. During this period of separation Early lived with a disreputable Mulatto woman named Nannie Frye, on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

There were two children born to the Earlys, a boy aged nine and a girl aged seven at the time of the crime. After the separation these were taken care of at the home of Early's mother in Cincinnati. But the children's grandmother was growing old and had become so feeble that she felt she would not be unable to properly care for them any longer. She discussed the matter with Early and he in turn wrote to his wife, in Hamilton on the Friday preceding the crime, asking her if she would come to Cincinnati and meet him, when they would endeavor to make arrangements to place the children in some good institution where they would be properly cared for.

After sending this letter to his wife, Early told his paramour—the Frye woman—that if Mrs. Early came in response to his letter, he would kill them both. It is probable that she did not take him seriously, for apparently no importance was attached to his significant utterance.

Mrs. Early came in answer to his letter, arriving in Cincinnati late Saturday night. She went to the home of Early's mother where she spent what was to be her last night on earth with her dear children.

Early Sunday morning Frank Early and the Frye woman started to the barn to feed the horses. On the way they met two men, J. H. Smothers and Wm. Taylor, who accompanied them. A little farther on they met Mrs. Early, but she refused to walk with them, apparently being afraid of her husband. However, she followed them, walking on down to the barn at a respectable distance in the rear. After the feeding was done, they all repaired to the house, but here again Mrs. Early showed her fear of the husband by refusing to go into the house. Instead she stood on the doorstep while the Frye woman went about her

work of preparing breakfast, and while thus engaged she told the two visiting men that "this was her last day on earth." While this was a very significant statement, and shows that she had not forgotten Early's threat, yet it appears that she did not take it seriously, probably uttering this more in jest than seriousness, for otherwise she would have protected herself by flight or in some other manner. The men thought she was joking and laughed at her.

About this time Early came out and requested the men to leave, saying he wished to see the women alone. Both men left, and they were hardly out of sight when Early confronted his wife with a revolver and fired at her, the ball taking effect in her hip. The terror-stricken woman screamed and turned to flee, when the brute grabbed her by the arm, wheeled her around and again fired at close range, this bullet piercing her right eye and plowing through the brain. She sank to the floor a corpse. He then ran to the Frye woman, and shoving the revolver in her face fired, the bullet producing but a flesh wound. He fired a second time, this one entering the abdomen and she fell to the floor, Early evidently believing her killed.

The Frye woman finally recovered and was a valuable prosecuting witness at Early's trial, her testimony aiding in sending Early to his death in the electric chair.

While in the Annex Early was surly, morose and even overbearing. He was anything else but a congenial prisoner, and had few pleasant words for anybody, not even his keepers. And he was without doubt the hardest man to kill that ever went to death in the Chair, for it took six applications of the fiery current to destroy his 'life and produce the death prescribed by inexorable and exacting law.



CHARLES NELSON  
Electrocuted Nov. 4, 1898, for killing a Bowl-  
ing Green, Ohio, grocer. The motive  
was robbery.

## **MURDERED AND ROBBED TO AID NEGRESS**

ONE of the shortest murder trials ever held within the borders of Ohio was that held at Bowling Green, in Wood County, which after three hours<sup>1</sup> duration culminated in sentencing Charles Nelson, serial number 30,950, to die in the electric chair.

Always look for the woman in the case. You will find in a great majority of cases that she is directly or indirectly the cause of the homicide. Charles Nelson's sweetheart was a disreputable colored woman whose chief delight seemed to be in getting drunk and holding nocturnal revelries. On one of these occasions, while Nelson was absent from the city, she was apprehended by the police, tried in police court, fined and sentenced to the work-house. Upon her conviction she immediately appealed to Nelson for funds with which to secure her release from the Works. Nelson visited various saloon-keepers and other business men, in a vain effort to borrow the money. On the outskirts of the city James Zimmerman, the son of a wealthy farmer, kept a grocery store. Nelson appealed to Zimmerman for funds but was refused, as he already owed Zimmerman some borrowed money.

Then the diabolical method that he afterward resorted to suggested itself. His sweetheart was languishing in jail, and the money he must secure some way, even at the taking of human life and the shedding of innocent blood. To what depth of depravity has a man's moral nature sunk who will deliberately and maliciously murder his fellow-man to satisfy the whims of an immoral woman? Nelson must have the money at any cost. Secreting himself near the Zimmerman store he awaited a favorable opportunity. Late in the evening, when all customers had deserted the store and Zimmerman was preparing to close for the night, Nelson, with a heavy claw-hammer secreted beneath his coat, entered the store and asked for some potatoes. The unsuspecting Zimmerman walked to the back part of the store, closely followed by Nelson, and as he stooped to measure the potatoes the black fiend rained blow after blow upon the head of his prostrate victim. When satisfied that life was extinct, he coolly rifled the money drawer, securing twenty-two dollars and forty cents.

But such crimes seldom go unpunished, for "murder will out." A neighbor woman came to the store just in time to see Nelson leave it. Quickly the news of the murder spread throughout the city, and Sheriff



## *The Palace of Death*

Biggs and a posse of enraged citizens were soon on the trail of the fleeing fugitive. Nelson hastened from the scene of the murder to the home of a widow named Martin, where he exchanged his bloody shirt for a clean one. So closely was he pursued by the officers that the bloody shirt was still burning in the stove when they arrived at the house. Nelson, however, succeeded in eluding his pursuers and boarded a traction car bound for Toledo. The Sheriff telephoned the police at Toledo to look out for his man. In a very short time a message was received from Toledo stating that Nelson was safely lodged in the Lucas County jail.

Excitement at Bowling Green was at fever heat, and it was deemed unwise to bring Nelson back for a hearing. The next day Sheriff Biggs smuggled Nelson across the line into Wood County, and gave him a hearing under an apple tree in a farmer's orchard. He was bound over and remanded back to the Lucas County jail. His trial was afterward held in Wood County, and in four hours after landing in the county he was on his way to the death cage.

Nelson's family was of a pronounced type of degeneracy. He had a bad criminal record, having served two terms in the

Penitentiary previous to the murder. Nelson had lived but twenty-three years of mortal life when the laws of Ohio demanded that he surrender up his individual being in expiation for the life he had taken; but they had been years fraught with dissipation and crime.

He was an exemplary prisoner while confined in the Annex, always cheerful and obedient. Most of his waking hours were spent in playing checkers with his guard, or picking his old banjo. He was an expert banjo player, and often in the quiet of the evening, his rich, melodious voice could be heard reverberating through the corridors of the old Bast Hall to the tune of "Nellie Gray" or the "Suwanee River." He seemed to have no fear of death. His last evening on earth—Nov. 4, 1898—was spent in playing checkers with his keeper, and joking about his approaching doom. When the hour arrived he arose and walked with a sprightly step. As he seated himself in the chair his gaze wandered around the room. Noticing a saloon keeper from his home town among the spectators he bade him good-bye. When the Warden asked him if he had a final word before the law was executed, he merely shook his head. In less than one minute after that negative reply Charles Nelson was a corpse.

## **KILLED HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER**

IT is not alone the exalted who may leave shining foot-prints in the sands of time, and win a welcoming smile from the Supreme Judge at the final judgment. Many of our greatest characters in history were of lowly origin, and performed faithfully and well that which was given them to do.

Such a character was Miss Emma Kirves, daughter of Bruno Kirves, serial number 31,697, the seventh victim of Ohio's Electric Chair. Born of lowly parents, with hardly any education, forced to work as soon as she was old enough to earn a few pitiful pennies, in order that her drunken father might have more to spend for liquor; who can imagine the noble spirit dwelling within her frail body ?

The highest position her qualifications enabled her to reach was that of an humble cigar-roller. Cooped up in a cigar factory, listening to profane and obscene language continually, yet Emma rose above her surroundings, and lived a life of such purity and Christian humility that she was loved and respected by all with whom she came in contact.

Even as oil and water will not mix, so it was with Bruno Kirves and his daughter. The man could not tolerate her lady-like and Christian conduct. He continually objected to her having her friends from the church to which she belonged call upon her.

The girl silently bore it all; she was never heard to complain, and the human mind is incapable of understanding the depth of misery to which the young girl was reduced by the conduct of such a father. She was practically the sole support of the family, and yet she was not allowed to tread her stormy path in peace. She had a very affectionate disposition, and longed for youthful companions, but the conduct of her brutal father made all such longings impossible, so she was restricted to the society of her mother and a younger sister.

The love exchanged between these three was pathetic, and was the one bright spot in Emma's existence; without this love God alone knows what her life might have been. It was pitiful enough as it was, and its end was a pathetic tragedy.

The morning of November 9, 1898, dawned gray and cheerless over the city of Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio. There was a breath of old winter in the air, and Kirves was unusually vicious. He had been abusing Emma all morning and, when about 9:00 o'clock Mrs. Kirves

## *The Palace of Death*

went to the grocery for supplies, all the pent-up demon in the man's nature seemed to come to the surface.

Emma had made no reply to his vituperation; tears filled her eyes at some of the things he said to her, but she made no audible reply and showed no resentment. She went to the door and seated herself upon the step to await the return of her mother. Who can realize the unutterable woe that deluged the heart of the poor girl at such a time? Kirves passed out of the door, growling as he did so, and made his way to a nearby saloon. After taking a couple of drinks he asked to borrow a shot-gun, saying he was going hunting. When the gun was handed to him he left the place and returned to his home.

Emma was still sitting on the door-step. The wretch came up beside her and without a word of warning, or a chance for a last prayer, he fired at her. The heavy charge tore away part of her head, killing her instantly.

An hour after the dastardly crime the whole town was in a furor. The feeling against Kirves was intense, and only the cooler counsels of the conservative members of the assembled mob prevented a lynching. When Kirves became sober enough to realize the enormity of his crime he was terrified. There seems to be no question that he regretted his mad act and at the same time, he realized that there would be neither pity nor mercy for him.

While confined in the death chamber he behaved himself in a model manner, and lay all the blame for the tragic fate of his daughter and himself to whiskey.

He was one of the nerviest men who ever went to his death in the chair. Just before the hour of his execution he was engaged in conversation with his keeper. They talked on various subjects, and no one would think that in less than thirty minutes he would be in eternity. He sat with his feet propped up, smoking a cigar, and casually remarked that his execution was a matter of justice, and that he was perfectly willing to suffer the penalty of the law for his crime.

When the measured tread of the approaching executioners was heard he took his feet down, and remarked, "Well, I guess I had better get rid of this cigar, I believe they are coming." Fifteen minutes later Kirves was a corpse. He made no religious pretensions and died bravely and quickly.

## THE UNCONTROLLED PASSIONS OF A NEGRO

MAY 22, 1900, dawned bright and beautiful, upon the peaceful little town of Austin, Ross County, Ohio. Not one of the industrious, peace-loving citizens of that delightful little burg knew that that day was to witness a crime which for dark and dastardly villainy and outrageous fiendishness has, perhaps, never been exceeded in all the annals of criminal atrocity. However, such was to be the sad fate of this charming village of happy homes.

Before the sun set on that glorious May-day, the people of Austin and vicinity were horrified with the news of a crime committed near their village—a crime at which every heart first shuddered and stood still, then, leaped in towering indignation and desperate resolve to bring the brutal scoundrel to speedy justice.

### A HOME'S BRIGHT SUNBEAM

Little Ethel Long, eleven years of age, was the bright cheery daughter of one of Ross County's peaceful homes. The brightness of her smiling face and the tenderness of her filial love, made this home rich with heaven's best gifts to man—love, joy and contentment. On this day of dark memory, in obedience to her mother's loving request, Ethel set out to the nearby spring for a pail of water.

As this little human sunbeam tripped lightly away, her mother's loving kiss still warm upon her virgin lips, she passed under the cool shade of the trees and along the grass-bordered path. The May-day air, fragrant with the perfume of flowers and melodious with the song of bees and birds, kissed back the tresses from her brow which was still glowing from the day's glad revel with her school-mates. Gaily she tripped forth, humming over in childish gladness the songs the children had sung at their play. Her heart was as blithe and happy as the birds that sang over her head. little did this happy living sunbeam think that at the end of that shady pathway there crouched a deadly "snake in the grass."

Richard Gardner, serial number 32,657, a Negro, was born in Georgia in the early sixties. On growing up he became a nomad. When he was not on the chain-gang or confined in some penal institution, he was tramping through the country, obtaining as best he could a scanty

## *The Palace of Death*

and precarious subsistence from the doles of the kindly-disposed people and his own thieving. On the 22nd day of May, 1900, he was wandering in the vicinity of Austin. After slaking his thirst at the spring near the happy home of the Longs, in the outskirts of the town, he stretched his burly, black, beastly form on the sward under the shade of the trees. As he thus lay like a slimy monster, pondering, perchance, what dark deed he could accomplish to sate his hellish lust, little Ethel Long, radiant as a sunbeam in her innocent childish beauty, came along towards the spring, swinging a bucket in her hand.

### AN UNNAMABLE CRIME

The brutal Negro, roused from his lethargy by this vision of beauty, raised himself like a black serpent unfolding its clammy coils and spoke to the unsuspecting child—making an indecent proposal. The horrified child, as she realized the enormity of her peril, turned to flee; whereupon the fiendish monster sprang up and struck her down with a bar of iron. The frail child fell stunned to the earth and like a rose-bud, fragrant with the morning's dew upon it, little Ethel lay quivering at the ogre's feet. Gardner dragged the stunned but still living form of the girl into the seclusion of a clump of bushes, and fearing lest consciousness should return and his victim cry out, lie tied his handkerchief around her throbbing throat and proceeded to carry out his fiendish purpose. To render it possible to accomplish this, he used his knife after the manner of the Caesarian atrocities. Hell's dastard vassal, having wreaked his diabolical lust upon the bleeding prostrate child, stood and looked upon his victim writhing in mortal agony; took out his knife, still red with the blood of the child, and slashed her throat to stop her convulsions.

### DISCOVERY OF THE CRIME AND THE PURSUIT

' Mrs. Long, growing uneasy at the child's unwonted delay, went to the spring to find what was keeping her. The reader can but faintly realize the shocking sight that met her eyes. Stunned with grief and wild with distraction, she ran screaming to the neighbors. Like an electric-flash the startling news. spread through the community. Quickly an enraged posse was gathered and, swift as hounds on a trail, they pursued the culprit. Gardner was soon overtaken, placed under arrest, and lodged in the Ross County jail in Chillicothe.

The dignity of the law and the majesty of the great state of Ohio were shown, as well as was also shown the efficiency and firmness of the officers of Ross County, in the fact that this inhuman monster was not at once torn limb from limb, burned, and his ashes strewn to the winds of heaven.

With a great deliberation, that spoke volumes for the self-control of the people of Ross County, Richard Gardner was arraigned in the Court of Common Pleas, tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be electrocuted November 9, 1900. This decree of the court was carried into effect a few minutes after the birth of the day named by the court.

### A TRIUMPH OF REDEEMING GRACE

When Richard Gardner was brought to the Annex of the Ohio Penitentiary, he was a poor, brutish, ignorant creature, moved only by the baser animal passions. By patient, skillful, and devoted ministry, the faithful prison Chaplain gained an entrance to his darkened and besotted mind. As the light of the Gospel truth found a lodgment in this feeble intellect it began to transform the entire nature of the man. From his low and brutish ideals, he turned his attention to lofty thought of holiness and of God. The expulsive power of his new affection drove out the swinish instincts of his past life, and his face became lighted with a new intelligence.

With growing grace and intelligence, he came to look upon his past life with a feeling of abhorrence, and seemed enraptured with the story of the Saviour's redeeming love. With his continued study and contemplation of Holy things the loathing of his past life increased. This continued until he seemed to lose all desire for the earthly life, and to live in a confident hope of the life beyond that unfathomable change called death.

To the prison Chaplain, Gardner made a full and detailed confession of all the shocking incidents connected with what was, in all probability, the most brutal crime that has ever been avenged in Ohio's Palace of Death.

As the day of the execution drew near, the condemned man looked more and more upon his fate as a just and righteous retribution. To hear him talk of his coming execution, one would receive the impression that the condemned man regarded it as a kindness to be permitted to die in expiation of his foul and hideous crime. To take away from him the

prospect which he had of paying the penalty of his deed, would have been to rob him of the joy and comfort in having a life to surrender. To him the death-chamber seemed a robing-room in which he would lay aside soiled and tattered garments, stained with all manner of filth and uncleanness, and invest himself, in the robes of a better life.

It was a strange scene witnessed by those who were admitted to the Annex on the night of November 8th just before midnight. Gardner's head had been shaved and the leg of his trousers ripped, thus baring his head and limb to receive the death-dealing electrodes. The condemned man sat and conversed with those about him as if nothing unusual was in prospect.

When the Sheriff from Ross County entered the Annex, the condemned man greeted him cordially, shaking hands with him and thanking him for his kindness to him while confined in the Ross County jail.

During the conversation Gardner said, 'I'm glad you've come, Sheriff. You have not seen me since I have found the Saviour, and He has forgiven my sins. You knew me when I was a miserable, brutish creature, and I want you to see the change there is in me, and see how a saved man can die. And Sheriff, you need the Saviour too. You treated me well, but we all need the pardoning grace of God and I am so anxious that you, too, should find acceptance with Him.'

In this manner Gardner continued to talk for some time. The Sheriff could with difficulty control his emotions. As the doomed man talked with him his chest heaved as though he were under the influence of great feelings.

When the Warden entered, Gardner greeted him cheerfully and said, "Warden, you have been good to me, and I want to thank you for it. You are a kind-hearted man, Warden, but what you need is the Saviour's pardoning love."

These expressions and many similar ones comprised his conversation during his last moments on earth.

Gardner's prayers were marvels of spiritual expression; they seemed to be the prompting of a lofty inspiration. Words are wholly inadequate to express the childish simplicity and tender expressiveness that pervaded these prayers. It was truly a miracle of grace, that the Spirit of God could take a poor, ignorant, illiterate Negro with seemingly only degraded instincts, and infuse him with ennobling aspirations and lofty ideals of purity. A coarse, brutish and repulsive animal nature was transformed into a refined, discriminating, intelligent, spiritual being.

At last the hour came; the clock in the prison corridor, which had been ticking all unnoticed, struck the fatal hour twelve. The 9th of November had arrived. Gardner arose and without assistance walked to the death-chair and sat down as though it were the seat of a royal chariot, and he a prince going to the palace of the king.

The straps were soon fastened; the electrodes were qui adjusted; the lever was thrown in; the body stiffened ; the rent was switched off; the body relaxed in the chair, was over; Richard Gardner's race was run.

### A BAFFLED SECULAR PRESS

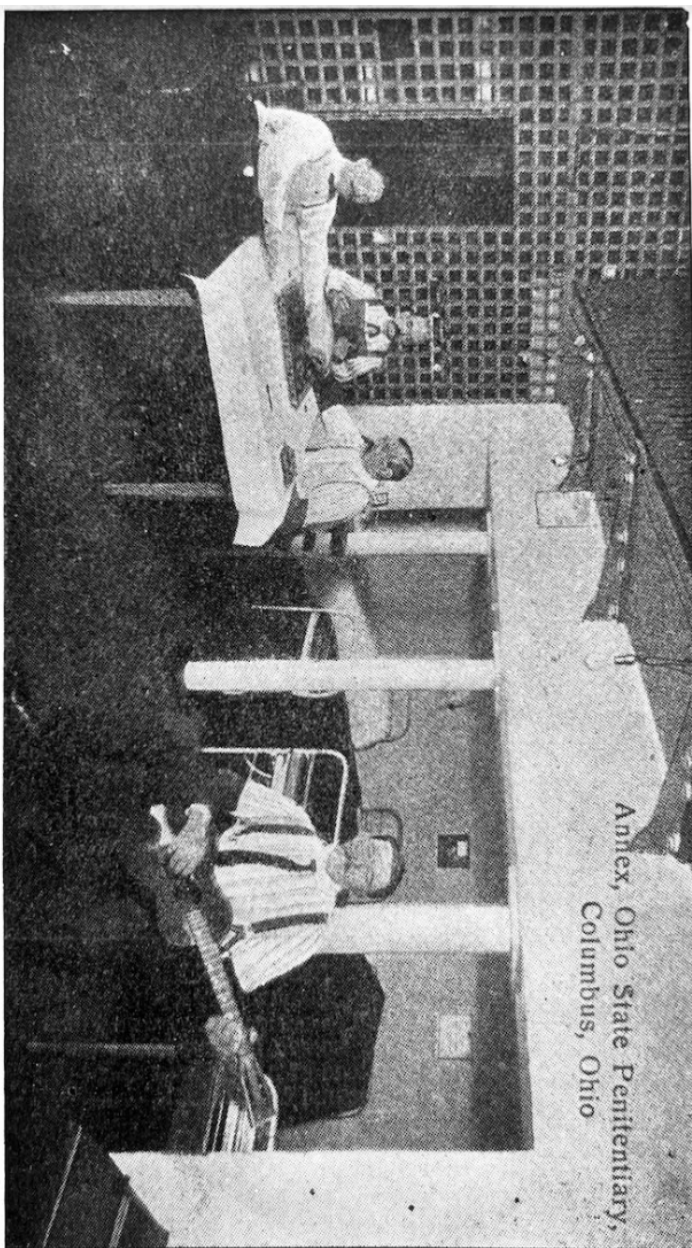
When the reporters of the secular papers attempted to handle the story of the electrocution in the daily papers following day, they were wholly at a loss to grasp and explain the situation. A new, and to them, unfamiliar factor pervaded the entire scene. They knew not by what means to account for Gardner's marvelous transformation, and to them, unheard-of-conduct in the presence of death; and so they said that the prison Chaplain had the victim under hypnotic influence, and that all the actions and words of the condemned man were dictated by his spiritual adviser. All this the Chaplain strenuously denied, pointing to the fact that for several days before the execution, he had been out of the city, and Gardner was left to the instruction and counsel of several ministers of the city. These and many other facts inconsistent with any assumption of hypnotism show the absurdity of the claim of the press.

Why not admit the inscrutable and undeniable fact,

“God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

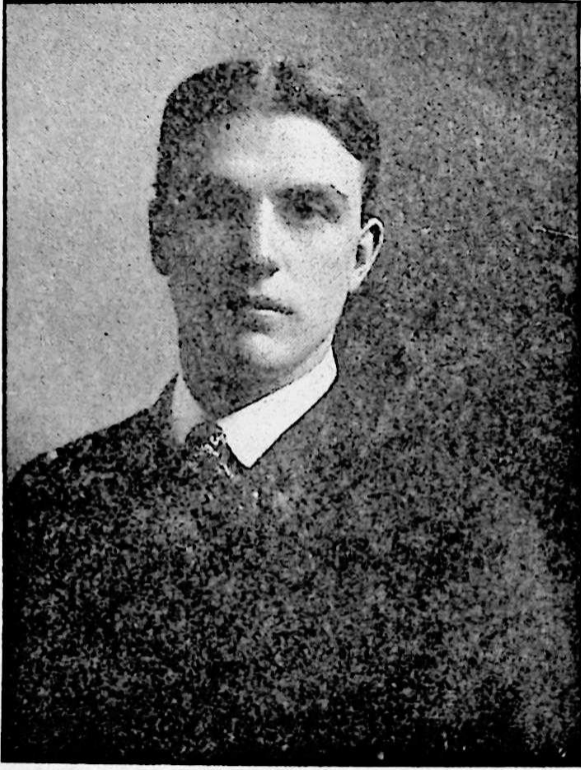


Annex, Ohio State Penitentiary,  
Columbus, Ohio



# THE DEATH CAGE.

Here it is that damned awailing the day of execution. This, indeed, is the place of torture. It has been said that the DAVATH CHAMBER was the place of torture—but, no!—it is here. The execution room is where, in a few brief moments at the most, the torture-period is forever ended. Here it is different. Oh! what pen can describe those vicissitudes within the breast of man incarcerated here awaiting the day of death? Think of the other prison inmates—more than 1,600—daily toiling and marking off the days to pass until sweet liberty, freedom—Barka!—shall be theirs. But how different here—no liberty awaits the occupant—just death—death, the end of all earthly life and misery—death that will end this terrible suspense and torture. Truly, this is the place of torture, and many a man has been tortured there, awaiting death from surprise to surprise.



**ROSSLYN FERRELL**

A young man of Columbus, Ohio, who murdered his best friend to secure money with which to wed the woman he loved; got the chair instead of a wedding. Executed Mar. 1, 1901.

## **RATHER DIE THAN SERVE LIFE SENTENCE**

ONE of the gamest men who ever went to his death in the electric chair—was Rosslyn H. Ferrell, serial number 32,869, who killed his best friend and went to the chair without a tremor for the sake of the woman he loved.

Ferrell's boyhood home was in Steubenville, but he came to Columbus and secured employment with the Adams Express Company. He was discharged from the employ of that company two months before he was to have married a Miss Costlow. During his courtship he had represented to her that he had several hundred dollars in the bank and after losing his job his plight was a sorry one. Out of work, without money on the eve of his wedding, Ferrell had not the courage to look into the eyes of the girl he loved and tell her that he had deceived her—that he was a poor man. And so he determined on the crime which broke her heart, brought him to an ignominious end and whitened the hairs of his aged parents.

. Slipping a revolver into his pocket, he went to Urbana, Ohio, on the night of August 10, 1900. His personal friend, Charles Lane, was an express messenger on an east-bound Pennsylvania train, and so close was their friendship that Lane, at Ferrell's request, deliberately broke one of the strictest rules of the company and allowed him to ride in the express-car with him that night, on the plea that Ferrell was coming to Columbus after spending the day in Urbana.

The cold-bloodedness of the crime was made apparent by the scene in the express-car, as calmly related by Ferrell in his subsequent confession. Knowing that Lane would die his hand before that run was completed, Ferrell sat in the and chatted pleasantly with his companion. Many a rem passed in that car became sardonic humor of the most bi kind, in view of the murderous intent of Ferrell.

When the train had passed Milford Center, Union Corn Ohio, Lane prepared to leave it at Columbus, the end of his run. "I guess I'll be going soon, Ross," he said.

"All right, old man," Ferrell answered although he knew in his heart that the man would never leave the car alive.

As Lane stooped over to change his shoes, Ferrell, who had sat through the run like a cat watching a helpless mouse saw his opportunity and was quick to grasp it. Stealing noiselessly behind his

victim he whipped out his revolver emptied the chambers into Lane's body. His first shot took effect, but as Lane lay prone and bleeding Ferrell continued to fire into the prostrate form, lest there might be some doubt that his wounds were fatal. He was determined that the secret should die with Lane, and he would marry his trusting fiancé with blood-money.

He took the keys and secured from the safe \$1,600 money and checks. He got off the train at Plain City, Madison County, Ohio, but the next day returned to Columbus. He gave the girl \$750, telling her that he had drawn it from the bank. They then went on a shopping expedition, bought an expensive wedding suit, paying for it out of money that he had stolen. Sunday afternoon he went to church with his affianced, and during the afternoon he read aloud to her, without a tremor, the newspaper accounts of murder and robbery. Not a line of his face showed that was in any way concerned with the cold-blooded slaying of friend.

He may have had inward twinges of conscience for the black deed he had committed, but outwardly he showed no sign of it and the world looked bright to him. Thursday he was to marry the girl, but before that day arrived he was in the toils of the police, and the net of the law was closing hard and fast around him.

Some of the way-bills taken from the car with the checks, had been found in his room, and this led to his arrest. At first he denied all knowledge of the crime, and feigned great indignation at his arrest. But a clever question put by an officer during the "sweating" broke down his barrier, and before he knew it he was confessing to the police. "Ross, why did you kill Charlie Lane?" asked the officer abruptly.

For one moment Ferrell's whole face changed. Then he nerved himself once more and denied that he had done it. But a continued questioning brought about the confession.

Ferrell's demeanor while in the Annex, and when led to the chair, was that of a man who feared death physically, but believed he was going to spiritual ecstasy. "I know it is hard to die," he said frequently, "but I am not afraid. I would rather be executed than stay here for life. I hope to meet you all in heaven."

On the day before the execution, March 1, 1901, he was visited at 7:30 p.m. by his brothers George, William and Charles, of Steubenville, and the scene was touching. The farewell of Miss Costlow had been spoken months before when she drove to the jail in a closed carriage at 2 A. M. Heaven and earth had been moved to save

## *The Palace of Death*

him, but the inexorable law demanded that the debt be paid in full.

At 12:06 the death march started on its solemn journey. Father Kelly, who had previously administered the last rites of the Catholic Church to the condemned man, entered first. Behind him, pale but resolute, came Ferrell. He stepped immediately to the platform, and sat down in the chair—the Chair of Everlasting Rest. Father O'Reilly came behind and the two priests stood in front of him, that in his last minutes his eyes might rest upon the representatives of the church which held out to him the hope of life beyond.

When asked by Warden Darby whether he had anything to say, Ferrell, instead of weakly shaking his head as is generally done, resolutely replied :“ I have nothing to say.”

It was remarked by those present at the tragic scene that Ferrell's voice was unusually clear and free from emotion. The boyish face of the man who had to die so young, for a crime so almost unforgivable, excited the compassion of all and there were tears of sympathy in many an eye.

The execution was one of the most successful ever held in the Ohio Penitentiary. The body was shipped to his boyhood home in Steubenville.

In deference to Ferrell's last wish, his brothers had the body placed in a purple coffin. In Union Cemetery, it was interred, and there a shaft of gleaming marble now marks the spot of the last resting place of the man who for the love a woman risked all on the “turn of a card”—and lost.

Ferrell's crime was so unprecedented that it excited interest among pathologists throughout the country, and Penitentiary physicians were besought to send casts of the brain. Out of respect to the entreaties of his family no post mortem was held, however. Save for the searing current, the Chair of Death, the body of Rosslyn Ferrell was sent to grave unmarked.



EDWARD RUTHVEN  
A robber who killed an officer while resist-  
ing arrest in Cleveland, Ohio. Elec-  
trocuted June 28, 1901.

## **KILLED OFFICER IN RESISTING ARREST**

A GOOD riddance of bad rubbish was the execution Edward Ruthven, in the early morning hours of June 28, 1901.

The good people of Cleveland, Ohio, had been greatly annoyed by a succession of daring midnight robberies and holdups. The boldness with which nightly pedestrians were he up and relieved of their valuables struck terror to the hear of the peaceful, law-abiding citizens of that city. So nervous indeed had they become in certain sections of the city, that the law-abiding populace were constrained to ask, "What are our laws for? What is our police force doing?"

Edward Ruthven, serial number 33,063, was known to the police as a notorious crook and a dangerous man, and had long been suspected of having a hand in the lawlessness so prevalent in the city at the time. Ruthven and his wife were both ex-convicts, and had bad criminal records.

The police received a tip that Ruthven and his wife were operating what is known in criminal phraseology as a "fence". A "fence" is a place where thieves either secrete or dispose of stolen goods. A raid was planned by the police on the Ruthven home. When they arrived at the house they found the doors and windows stoutly barricaded, and upon attempting to force an entrance, the occupants of the house opened fire from the inside. The shots were returned by the police and although the house was completely surrounded, Ruthven succeeded in breaking through the fire. He was pursued by officers and a running fire was kept up. When the culprit was finally captured and the smoke of battle cleared away, Policeman Shipp was found cold in death.

Ruthven was indicted for murder in the first degree. So desperate had the man become and so greatly was he feared, that there was talk of building an iron cage in the Common Pleas Court room in which to incarcerate him while his trial was in progress.

Officer Shipp was killed on the night of May 17, 1900. Ruthven was tried and convicted the following June of murder in the first degree, as shown in the indictment, and sentenced to be electrocuted. The sentence of the court was carried out June 28, 1901.

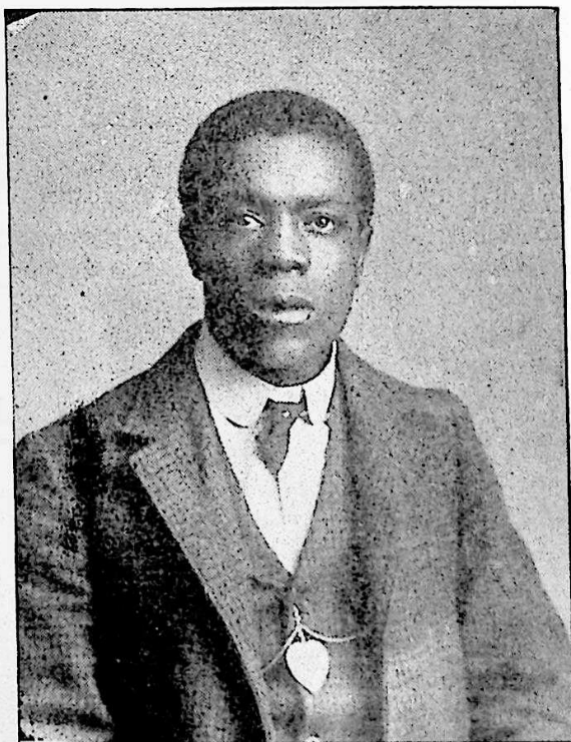
There was nothing unusual in the execution. The condemned man was the personification of coolness and indifference. He talked fluently with the prison Chaplain, and laughed and chatted with the other

inmates of the death cage, as, though nothing unusual was in store for him. He obeyed the guards implicitly in their preparation for the execution, and when informed that the time had come, he arose and walked with a firm step, unassisted, and calmly seated himself in the chair. When asked if he had anything to say, he merely shook his head. The death-dealing electricity was turned on and in one minute the soul of Edward Ruthven had winged its flight to parts unknown.

Mrs. Ruthven was given a three-year sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary for her part in the crime. On the day previous to her husband's execution, she created quite a furor among the attorneys and Penitentiary officials by declaring that on the night of May 17, 1900, she was attired in man's clothing, fought beside her husband, and that she fired the shot which killed Officer Shipp. But the Governor took little stock in her story, and refused to grant a further respite.

Shortly after the execution of her husband she made one of the most sensational escapes from the Ohio Penitentiary that has been recorded. During the day she secreted a step-ladder in the yard of the female department. On retiring to her cell in the evening, she stuffed the lock full of cotton, compressing it so tightly that the latch refused to catch. The matron in her hurry did not notice it. Some time during the night she stole quietly down the long stairway leading to the first floor. By some means she managed to unlock the door leading into the yard. Securing the step-ladder she climbed upon the roof of the porch, pulling the ladder after her. The ladder was long enough to reach from the roof to the wall. Once on top of the wall willing hands assisted her to terra firma. It had been carefully pre-arranged, and some of her accomplices in crime were outside of the wall awaiting her. Imagine the chagrin of the Penitentiary officials the next morning. The news of the escape was heralded from ocean to ocean. Her pictures were sent to all parts of the United States; but she has never been apprehended, nor heard of since.





**JOHN BENNETT**

Who killed his wife by forcibly pouring a vial of carbolic acid down her throat, after she had left him to escape his fiery temper and insane jealousy. Electro-cuted April 15, 1904.

## **AN INSANELY JEALOUS NEGRO HUSBAND**

JOHN BENNETT, serial number 35,229, a Kentuckian by birth and a fiend in disposition, was executed for the brutal murder of the wife he had promised to cherish and protect, shortly after the midnight hour on April 15, 1904.

Bennett was a colored man and was possessed of more intelligence than the ordinary member of his race. He was fairly well educated, a good conversationalist, and had more or less personal magnetism. No one who knew Bennett intimately ever dreamed that he could perpetrate, a deed so dark and villainous as the one for which he subsequently forfeited his life.

Bennett married a Kentucky maiden, who, instead of becoming the object of his love and affection, seemed to be the object of his unrelenting hatred and fiendish temper. From the day of their marriage to the day of her sad and untimely death, her life was one of constant fear and brutal abuse. Jealousy—that unreasonable and unnatural condition of the mind which causes so much misery and blood-shed—seemed to be the prime factor in the mental status of Bennett. Whether or not she had ever given him any cause to be so insanely jealous we do not know. Those who were acquainted with the early history of their married life say not. They say she was a good virtuous woman, a true and loyal wife, and that he was a brute in human guise. The poor, abused wife trembled at the approach of his footsteps and cowered before him as though he were a wild beast. He beat and abused her most unmercifully. Her life was one of constant fear coupled with abject poverty.

Fearful that he would murder her she decided that her only safety lay in flight, so hastily packing all her earthly possessions in a little hand-satchel she left the home that to her had been a hell upon-earth and made her way to Oberlin, Ohio, where she was cared for by friends and given employment.

Bennett by some means learned of her whereabouts and followed her. He tried to induce her to return to their home with him. This she positively refused to do. Crazy by jealousy and stung with disappointment, he left the house swearing vengeance. He hung about the town, cat-like, awaiting an opportunity to catch her alone. Finally the opportunity came. Just what happened at the house will never<sup>1</sup> be

## *The Palace of Death*

positively known, as there were no eye witnesses, and both parties to the tragedy are dead.

The house showed evidences of a terrible struggle. The fiend had forced a bottle of carbolic acid into her mouth, and poured the contents down her throat. Then, presumably after she was rendered unconscious, he pounded her head with a brick until it was a shapeless mass of bruised flesh. Thus ended the young life that had been so sorely tried.

Bennett was apprehended at once and lodged in the county jail. So indignant were the good people of Oberlin that a lynching-bee seemed imminent, but cooler heads prevailed, as is usually the case, and the wife-murderer was placed on trial for his life.

He was speedily convicted, and sentenced to die in the electric chair April 15, 1904. The sentence of the court was carried out on schedule time.

Bennett's crime was committed December 8, 1903.. While confined in the Death Chamber Bennett proved, in spite of his mean disposition, to be a model prisoner. He -was always courteous to his guards and seemed to have no fear of the death to which, he was doomed.

He spurned all religious consolation, telling both preacher and priest that he would die just as he had lived.

One beautiful moonlight night in April when the trees were putting forth their verdant foliage and all without seemed radiant with animated life, a procession of men might have been seen at midnight wending their way along the dimly lighted corridors of the old East Hall and assembling themselves around the mute but fatal chair. The old door creaked upon its hinges and Bennett came forth with a quick, elastic step. He seated himself as though he were the guest of honor at a royal banquet, and smiled at the crowd while the electrodes were being adjusted.

The Warden asked the usual question: "Have you anything to say before the sentence of the court shall be carried out?" The answer came quick and distinct, "Not a word, Warden."

One moment more—then gone forever.



**CARL BERG**

The youngest person ever electrocuted in The  
Palace of Death, being but 18 years of age.

He was a Swede lad with a short life,  
but one which was replete with  
crime; and he had several  
daring escapes from cap-  
tivity to his credit.

Electrocuted June  
2, 1904

## **OHIO'S YOUNGEST EXECUTED MURDERER**

THE story of the execution of Carl Berg, serial number : 35,326, is the sad, sad tale of improper home surroundings and had companions in early life. It is the tragic narrative of the blighting of a life in its budding prime, the life of a boy made vicious by evil associates and whose only redeeming trait was a touching love for his mother.

He was the youngest man ever electrocuted in the Ohio Penitentiary, being but 18 years old when he went to the electric chair.

Carl Berg was Born September 24, 1884, in Berger, Norway, of which place his parents were natives; but being dissatisfied with conditions in their home country they emigrated to America. Soon after the birth of Carl the father came to this country and went to Iowa where, by earnest industry, he soon earned a home for his family and brought them from their native land to the Western state.

The evil star which was to hover over Carl throughout his unfortunate life was demonstrated as soon as they set foot on American soil. As they were stepping from the ship, Carl, in some manner, was thrown from the gang-plank and suffered a broken leg in two places, while his mother was so seriously injured as to detain them in New York for several days. Better for them if they had accepted the omen and returned to the land of the Northern Lights. But as soon as they had recovered they pushed on to the land of golden harvests and the setting sun.

All went prosperous for a time. The parents were devout members of the Lutheran faith and did their best to bring their son up in the ways of the church, but unfortunately for him, his father died when he was about three years old. Their little property was soon dissipated in paying off debts and rearing the family. In order to keep them together the mother opened a cheap boarding house and Carl, whose fealty to his mother always predominated, acted as errand boy and general assistant. In this boarding house he fell in with bad associates who eventually brought about his downfall.

The second step came shortly afterward when his mother married Charles Lund, who proved to be a worthless, drunken character. He was cruel to Carl, and brutal to his mother. Frequently the two had physical conflicts due to the efforts of the boy to prevent his step-father from striking his mother. Finally the boy was given to his grandmother

who lived in Northfield, Minnesota. The grandmother tried to rear the boy rightly, and had him placed in the Northfield seminary in order to make him a minister.

At this seminary Carl committed his first crime; he entered into a plot with two other students to steal a bicycle to obtain some spending money, Carl's part being to dispose of the stolen property. The three were taken to court for this, but the other two turned state's evidence. Berg, scorning all efforts to make him show a trace of regret, was sent to the Reformatory at Red Wing, Minnesota, May 16, 1901, but escaped the next day. He escaped three times and was each time recaptured, and on July 16, 1901, he again made a desperate attempt to get away. Heavily ironed he forced his way out of a second story window, and was about to leap to the ground when seen by the officers. He would not go back to the building, and the officers had to get some old carpet and holding this as a net, made him jump into it. A week later he escaped while shackled and was never recaptured. Totally devoid of fear, desperate to the last degree, and willing to take any chance, Berg was regarded by the officers as the most dangerous prisoner they ever had at the Red Wing institute.

After effecting his escape Berg wandered about for some time, finally drifting back to his old home in Forest City, Iowa, from which place he was sent to the Anamosa Penitentiary for years for burglarizing a jewelry store with another "crook." While awaiting trial for this crime Berg made two futile attempts to escape and after being sent to the penitentiary he escaped while heavily ironed at the wrists and ankles.

At this stage of his life a strong trait of virtue in the boy shows itself out of the whole black picture. Learning that his mother was dying of consumption he went to her home and stayed with her until she died. He stayed for the funeral and saw that his little sisters were installed in a comfortable home with their grandmother at Northfield, Minn. Then kissing their tender, innocent young faces a farewell, one which he did not know would be the last, he started East to enlist in the navy. At Chicago he met an old "crook" named Samuel Bannister, who suggested to him that they make some "easy money" holding up tramps on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad. Berg was not willing to rob the unfortunates, but his companion pictured the expedition in such roseate hues that he finally consented, and the two started.

About two weeks later, July 18, 1903, they boarded a freight train at

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Bryan, Ohio, on which were a number of tramps who were beating their way to Buffalo where they expected to obtain work. Among them was John Guibord. As the train neared Wauseon, Bannister and Berg covered the men with their revolvers. None offered any resistance except W. H. McFarland, the chum of Guibord.

During the mix-up which followed, Guibord jumped from the train, but was shot through the heart by Berg. He ran about 60 feet and dropped dead, his body being found the next morning.

Acting on a description furnished by the tramps, Berg was arrested that afternoon at Butler, Indiana, on instructions :

from Deputy Sheriff Shinaberger. He was jailed in Wauseon and made a complete confession. His companion has never been captured.

The trial began Sept. 14, 1904<sup>v</sup> and lasted 14 days, being one of the most sensational events in the history of that county seat. Berg was defended by Ham, Ham & Ham and Files & Paxon. All that legal ingenuity could do was done to save him from the death-chair, but his crime was too great to palliate. When the death sentence was pronounced upon him Berg exhibited no emotion. From his calm gaze and placid features one would judge that he of all the crowd was least interested in the proceedings. Berg was received at the Annex Feb., 1904, and was electrocuted the following June.

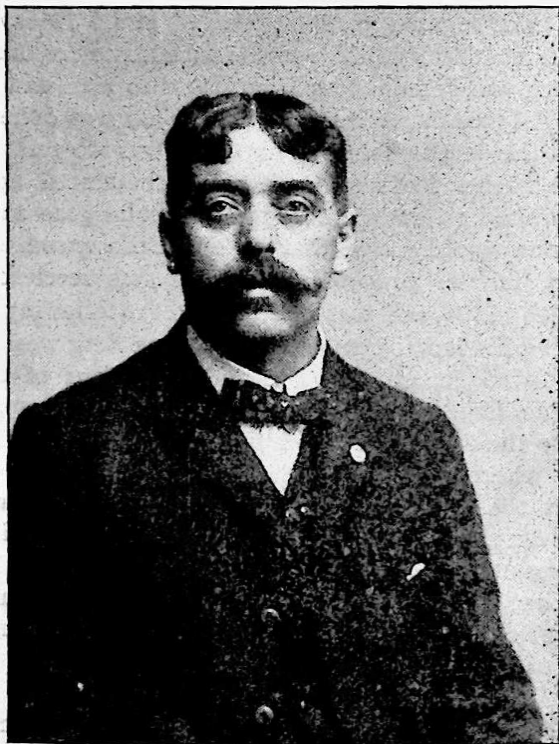
During his incarceration in the Annex Berg was cheerful, at times even jocose. When the fatal hour of midnight struck—his last midnight in this world—he arose, walked steadily to the door and accompanied by the guards went to the room where he was to meet the end of it all.

With the air of one sitting down in a comfortable armchair at home, Berg, not yet a man in years, seated himself in the gruesome Chair of Death. Not a tremor of his face showed that he feared the journey to the bourne from whence no traveler returns. To him it was but one final climax to the long list of adventures in his checkered career.

The Warden has asked him if he has anything to say; the last word has been spoken. In the stillness of that chamber, with a score of white-faced witnesses holding their breath, a hand is waved in signal. The lever of death is struck upward, starting the engine which bears the Human soul to the land of eternity.

Berg's muscles twitch spasmodically, the tense crowd breathes uneasily, then file quietly out.

The last act in the constantly recurring drama of human passions is over. On the tragedy of Carl Berg's life the curtain has been rung down forever.



**MICHAEL SCHILLER**

A wife-murderer of Youngstown, Ohio, who showed signs of life twice after being pronounced dead by an able corps of the prison physicians. Electrocuted (3 shocks) June 17, 1904.



## **A HARROWING DEATH BY ELECTRICITY**

NEVER before in the gruesome history of the Annex was witnessed such a horrible and sickening sight as that which attended the execution of Michael G. Schiller,, serial number 34,925, the Youngstown wife-murderer, just after midnight on June 17, 1904.

Electrician Marden had tested the chair several times that evening, and pronounced it in perfect order. Schiller grew extremely nervous when he heard the officers testing the chair, and spent the evening pacing restlessly back and forth in the death cage. He flatly refused all spiritual consolation, and would tolerate the presence of neither preacher nor priest. He ate sparingly of his supper, and refused to take stimulants of any kind. He had maintained all along that something would intervene to save him from the chair. He had hopes that the Governor would, at the last moment, commute his death sentence to one of life imprisonment. He watched the old Annex clock with an anxious heart, as it slowly registered the flow of the river of time into the ocean of eternity.

At 11:30 P.M. the attending Guards filed into the Death Cage accompanied by the prison barber. John O'Brien, the genial, good-natured, time-honored Guard who has witnessed more legal executions perhaps than any man in the United States, and who is popularly known among his associate Guards as "Chief O'Brien, said: "Well, Mike, it is time to prepare for this unpleasant ordeal," at the same time placing a stool for the condemned man to sit upon, and motioned for the barber to proceed. Then, and not until then, did the condemned man abandon all hope. From that' time until twelve o'clock he moved about as one in a trance, utterly oblivious to all his surroundings.

While this scene was being enacted in the silent hall of death, Superintendent Marden and his attendant were making a final test of the Chair. All things seemed in perfect order and the Superintendent expressed himself as being perfectly satisfied that so far as his part was concerned, the execution would be a success.

Just as the old clock struck the fatal stroke of twelve, the muffled tread of approaching footsteps were heard within outer corridor. In another moment the old death-charm door swung open, revealing a crowd of thirty-five or forty men formed in a semi-circle around the fatal Chair. At a nod from Deputy Warden Wood, the death-march was

taken and Schiller appeared in the doorway leaning heavily on arm of Guard O'Brien. Skilled hands quickly adjusted straps, the death-dealing electrodes were placed upon shaven head and calf of the leg. The black-cap, which completes the last act of the fatal drama, was drawn over the eyes. The hush of death was on the assembly. The dropping pin, at that moment, would have grated harshly on the nerves of the spectators.

Warden Hershey asked in a clear, firm voice, "Michael Schiller, have you anything to say before the sentence of court shall finally have been carried out? Schiller's lips moved, but no sound came from them. The Warden held a watch in his right hand; with his left he reached for the lever, and as he broke it the body of Schiller shot upward far as the clamps would allow it to go. There was a low hissing sound, as the 1,750 volts of electricity went coursing through his body. This was continued for seven seconds. Then the current was reduced to 250 volts for the remainder of the minute; then the current was shut off, and the body laxed.

Dr. Thomas, Chief Physician, examined the heart, pulse and eyes; five other physicians did the same thing, and all pronounced him dead. The Warden and the spectators filed out of the room and up the long hallway. The attending Guards loosened the clamps and were in the act of laying him on the cooling board but, oh horrors! a stifled sigh comes from the lips! A gurgling sound emanates from the throat! He gasps and struggles for breath!

A courier was quickly dispatched for the Warden; the crowd reassembled; the straps were quickly readjusted. By this time the poor wretch was breathing quite naturally. At this juncture it was discovered that the current had been shut off at the prison power house. A messenger was dispatched posthaste to the plant, a distance of several hundred yards. At last all was once more in readiness. Again the lever shot upward; again the 1,750 volts of electricity went scorching and singeing through the body of Michael Schiller. This time the high voltage was continued for fifteen seconds, then reduced to 250 for the remainder of the minute. This time the doctors made a thorough and careful inspection, and after examining the body for twelve minutes, all declared that he was dead beyond the shadow of a doubt. Once more the crowd dispersed; the body was lifted from the Chair and placed upon the floor to await the coming of the undertaker. The Warden had reached his office, and a majority of the crowd had started home. The attending Guards were just turning to leave the execution room, after placing a sheet over the prostrate form, when a stifled groan was heard

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from beneath the sheet. The Guards were horror-stricken, and looked in terror at one another. Again the gurgling sound was heard to come from the throat. O'Brien raised the sheet, and a sickening sight met his gaze. The man was gasping and struggling for breath. Again the Warden was summoned. This time he and the attending Physicians came alone.

Let us draw the curtain upon this sickening scene. Suffice it to say that the voltage was increased to such an extent that no human being could come in contact with it and live.

The increased voltage literally burned the top of the head to a crisp.

Great was the condemnation of the press the next morning; but who was to blame Expert electricians were summoned from all over the country. All pronounced the electrical apparatus in first-class order, and exonerated Superintendent Marden from any and all censure.

Schiller had scarcely tasted water for several days prior to his execution. This is the only plausible theory for great resistance. The colored population of the prison declared that it was because he was the thirteenth man to die in the Chair.

Schiller murdered his wife at Youngstown, Mahoning County, Ohio, June 1, 1903, literally disemboweling her with a butcher knife. Drunkenness on his part, and refusal by wife to give him more money, led to the tragedy.

Schiller was foreign-born, ignorant and illiterate, but economy and thrift had amassed quite a snug little fortune but whiskey proved his ruin. Even his little children shrank in terror from him while he was confined in the Annex, and begged their nurse to take them away from him. His crime was a dastardly one, and the price he paid for it is beyond human description.



MOSES JOHNSON

A Negro whose jealousy of his white mistress,  
lashed into a frenzy by liquor, caused  
him to commit murder. Elec-  
trocuted June 18, 1904.

## **LIQUOR AND JEALOUSY CAUSE MURDER**

MOSES JOHNSON'S paramour was a disreputable woman named Sarah Cullom, for whose illicit love murdered his fellowman and surrendered up his life.

Moses Johnson, serial number 35,167, was a Negro a Virginian by birth, and was far superior to most of his race in intellect. He separated the Cullom woman and her husband and then procuring a shanty-boat for a dwelling he installed her as mistress of his household. Their shanty-boat moored at Ironton, where they lived peacefully together some time. Johnson was industrious and provided a good living for his white mistress, who in turn rewarded his industry by receiving the attentions of other "Bowery" toughs while he was away from home. Johnson grew suspicious that all was not right at the shanty-boat during his absence, accused her of unfaithfulness; she resented the accusation and a violent quarrel ensued.

Johnson finally grew so jealous of his fair partner and watched her so closely, that Sarah began to chafe under restraint. So one day after Johnson had been unusually strong in his protestations, Sarah packed bag and baggage and hied herself off to Portsmouth, Ohio. Johnson and his shanty boat soon followed suit. A reconciliation was effected, and went smoothly again for a few weeks. But Sarah just could not be good. She soon fell into her old habits again, and when her dusky lover entered a protest she again deserted shanty-boat and went to live in Portsmouth's tenderloin district, where she might receive the attentions of her other lovers without fear or protest.

Johnson pleaded for a reconciliation, but Sarah was obdurate. Her business was flourishing; she had fitted up her own home and was living in luxurious comfort. She was perfectly willing that Johnson should call occasionally, but would give him no preference over her other lovers.

On the 17th day of October, 1903, Johnson in company with a young white boy of questionable character named Rufus Birchum, proceeded to get drunk. Daylight faded into darkness and still they imbibed the fiery liquor. Fearing arrest should they continue their nocturnal revelry upon the streets, they decided to finish their carousal on the shanty-boat. In returning to the boat they must necessarily pass by Sarah's home, so Johnson, leaving Birchum waiting on the outside,

concluded to pay Sarah a visit before returning to the boat.

Now, it happened that William Test, an insurance agent, had called at the Cullom resort that evening for the purpose of collecting insurance. When Johnson entered the house and beheld Test, his drunken, jealous rage knew no bounds, and before Test was scarcely aware of his presence he had sprung upon him with the ferocity of a wild beast, and was mercilessly slashing him with the Negro's favorite weapon—a razor. Sarah, screaming in terror, rushed from the house. Test, extricating himself from the demon, followed hastily through the open door to the street and started to run. Johnson drew his revolver and fired at the fleeing form. The first shot brought the unfortunate Test to the ground; the bullet had penetrated the heart killing him instantly.

Johnson and Birchum were arrested the night of the tragedy. Johnson was tried first, and found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury did not recommend the mercy clause and he was sentenced to die. Birchum was also found guilty of first degree murder, but mercy was recommended, and he is now serving a life sentence at hard labor in the Ohio Penitentiary—*A far worse fate than the one meted out to Johnson*. After Johnson was received at the Annex he was inclined to be ugly and unruly, and had to be disciplined before he brought to realize that he was a prisoner in the Penitent and subject to the rules governing the institution. Johnson was one of the ringleaders in the attempted escape that is described in the history of the Wade broth. It was he who so brutally beat the old soldier Guard, frightfully was the Guard beaten that soon afterward became demented and committed suicide.

It is not necessary to enter into all the sickening details of this execution. Suffice it to say that it was a repetition of the horrible Schiller affair. Five times the awful current went scorching and singeing through the body of Moses Johnson before the doctors finally pronounced life extinct. The first application of the current dried the sponges; the succeeding ones burned the top of the head and calf of the leg to a crisp. So horrible was the sight that many of the spectators grew deathly sick from the stench of the burning flesh and left the execution room.

When Johnson was finally refused a commutation of sentence—when he fully realized that all earthly hope was gone he turned his attention to the salvation of his soul. Two days before his execution he ceased his vulgar and profane talk, and spent most of his time reading the Bible and praying, professed conversion and died in the hope of a better life beyond this vale of tears.



ALBERT WADE  
One of the notorious Wade brothers. Electro-  
cuted July 14, 1904, for complicity in the  
murder of Kate Sullivan of Lucas  
County, Ohio.

## **BROTHERS IN LIFE, CRIME AND DEATH**

ONCE more the Annex is the scene of a double execution The stern and solemn mandate of the law was put into force shortly after midnight July 14, 1904.victims of the death-dealing: electrodes on this occasion w two brothers, Albert Wade, serial number 34,694, aged for two years, and Benjamin Wade, serial number 34,897, aged thirty years.

Can the Proverb Still be True?

The wise men centuries ago wrote: "Bring up a child the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." As one recalls the lives of the Wade brothers he is, perforce, led to wonder in what sense the proverb writer meant this saying. If it was to be taken literally, was it a general statement from which certain variations are to be expected? Or were the Wade brothers a positive contradiction to the time-worn affirmation ? Certain it is, they depart far from the way they should have gone. They departed from the way in which they had been brought up. The mother was, as far as human observation could determine a pious woman. To all outward appearances she did what a God-fearing mother could do to start these boys in the right way. Early in life she led them to church and Sunday school in their native village. Here in the Methodist Episcopal Church they were taught the things which pertain to right living. Unless there was influences at work which were hidden from the public observation, this mother, both by precept and example, did her whole duty by the boys who seem predestined to bring her gray head in sorrow to the grave. Whatever good principles had been instilled into the lives of Ben and Albert Wade seem to have been wholly lost. Scarcely had they reached the age of manhood when they plunged into a career of crime that several times brought them to the Ohio State Penitentiary as convicts.

### **BURGLARS AND HORSE THIEVES**

These brothers in the flesh and brothers in crime, began their criminal course by horse stealing. Many bold and daring escapades have been laid at the door of these desperadoes. In the most of these cases they were not apprehended and evidence could not be secured to convict them. On more than one occasion they had been pursued by a posse of citizens, but threats and even rifle balls could not induce them



## *The Palace of Death*

to stop in their reckless flights in escaping arrest. Their "get-away" was usually so swiftly and subtly performed or the aim of the posse was so poor, that the Wade boys rarely suffered more than abrasions of the skin, or slight flesh wounds at the most.

They had become the terror of Northwestern Ohio. No farmer, When he locked his barn at night, could feel any degree of certainty that he would find his horses there in the morning. Every barking dog or unusual sound in the night, caused the honest farmer to shudder with fear.



**BEN WADE**

One of the notorious "Wade Brothers," whose  
carnival of crime in Northwestern Ohio  
finally resulted in sending both to  
their death in the world-famous  
Electric Chair. Electrocuted  
July 14, 1904.

The reckless career in crime and the numerous incarcerations of

prison, had given these boys a training in which the sense that distinguishes between “mine” and “thine” was utterly obliterated. From a dare-devil recklessness that feared not for their own lives, they soon reached a state in which they ceased to have any consideration for the lives of others, if those lives stood in the way of realizing their criminal covetousness. This statement, however, should be qualified by the limitation that their attacks were for the most part made on the weak and defenseless. This was notably the case in the murder of Kate Sullivan.

### THE CRIME FOR WHICH THEY PAID THE DEATH PENALTY

TWO aged women by the name of Sullivan lived on a small estate in Lucas County, Ohio, near the city of Toledo. They were known as the “Sullivan sisters.” Their industry, thrift and frugality had given rise to the rumor, though false, that they had concealed about their home a considerable sum of money. This rumor reached the ears of the Wade brothers. Their avarice was aroused and in company with Ben Landis, another ex-convict, they determined to rob the feeble and defenseless old women.

On the night of April 14, 1900, this band of brutal criminals made their way, under cover of a storm, to the quiet and unguarded home of the Sullivan sisters. The aged women, at peace with God and man, had gone to bed with no precaution of bolting the doors or barring the windows. They had wronged no one; why should they fear? They had no wealth; why should any one seek to rob or harm them? They had always trusted in God, and would He not vouchsafe to let them “Lie down in peace and sleep?” No presentment of coming ill disturbed the minds of these trusting old women, whose lives had given them no cause to fear any one but God. Where was the Guardian Angel of the innocent and helpless on that dark, and stormy night? Was he sleeping? On a journey? Or is he a myth? And virtuous, God-fearing, helpless old women are left to the pitiless brutality of marauding bands of avaricious criminals, who know no more pity than a stone, and who practice no more compassion than the wild beasts of the forest.

We must leave this apparently unsolvable problem for other minds and other pens. This much we know; The sweet sleep of these aged women was rudely broken by two men wearing masks, entering their room and gruffly commanding them to get up and show them where they had hidden their wealth.

## *The Palace of Death*

The old ladies told the robbers they had no money in the house except a few cents in change, which would be found in a bureau drawer. This did not satisfy the merciless brothers or shake their confidence in the rumors of concealed wealth. They proceeded to try and make the women divulge the hiding place of the supposed treasure. Their threats produced no more clues to the hidden wealth than had their commands. From threats the depraved scoundrels proceeded to blows, hoping by this brutality and barbarity to extort from the aged victims a revelation of the concealed wealth. Blows, however, were as fruitless as threats and commands. **This** murderous torture was continued until the old women were beaten into an insensible condition. The robbers then sacked the house at their will.

The suspected hidden treasure was not found. The **robbers**-departed leaving their victims on the floor in an insensible condition. The following day, when neighbors chanced to come to the house, they found the sisters lying on the floor in pools of blood. Upon examination it was found that of the sisters, Kate, was dead but the other showed signs of life. She was cared for and recovered from the inhuman beating which she had received at the hands of the brutal robbers. This sister was finally able to identify the robbers and fasten the murder upon the Wade brothers and Ben Landis, but not until the crime had almost been forgotten the by public.

### BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

Although the Sullivan woman who recovered from merciless beating at the hands of the murderous robbers was able to describe her assailants with much accuracy and detail the officers were not able to locate and arrest the culprit. Many months passed. The brutal murder was rapidly passed from the minds of the people. It began to look as if the outraged law would not find its victim. In the meantime the notorious criminals from northwestern Ohio had been arrested and sent to State prison for horse stealing. This trio consisted of Albert and Ben Wade and Ben Landis.

Since their last escapade in crime a feud had sprung up between the Wade boys, and Albert determined to get even with Ben for some fancied wrong done him at their last arraignment, whereby Albert received three years as the sentence of the court, and Ben had been given one and one-half years, Ben having pleaded guilty and turned State's evidence, while Albert stood trial.

While they were incarcerated in the Penitentiary Albert gave information concerning the murder of Kate Sullivan. This information involved the two brothers and Ben Landis. It was given to the officers of Lucas County and indictments were returned against the three. Contrary to Albert Wade's expectation, however, at the trial it was not he but Ben Landis who proved to be the star witness for the State. The surviving Miss Sullivan was able to identify Ben Landis and Ben Wade as the men who had killed Kate Sullivan, her sister. The Wade boys were convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be electrocuted. Ben Landis was found guilty of murder in the first degree, but mercy being recommended by the jury, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. It is thought by some that this clemency was shown Landis as a reward for the evidence he had given against the Wades. Others maintain that it was due to the fact that a Quaker was on the jury and would not agree to a verdict that carried death with it.

It is thought by many since the trial that Albert Wade did not have anything to do with the killing of Miss Sullivan. It is believed that he drove out to the Sullivan home, taking the men there to commit robbery. The fact that the surviving Miss Sullivan did not identify him is taken as an indication that he did not enter the house, and therefore had no hand in the killing. He may not have been cognizant of the fact that violence was to be used to extort from the women the secret hiding place of their supposed wealth.

Albert Wade was, doubtless, counting upon this circumstance of his not being in the house, freeing him from the charge of murder, when he volunteered the information which led to the indictment of the trio. The laws and court decisions of Ohio have safe-guarded this point, however, and the self-confessed party to the crime found himself in a coil from which he could not be extricated.

### IN THE PLACE OF DOOM

Albert Wade reached the Annex on March 10, 1903, a Ben followed him a few months later, reaching the place solemn doom on the 9th day of July, 1903. Here they stayed for more than a year while their cases were being carried through the several stages of legal battle. It was, indeed, an epoch-making period in the history of this direful place. From various counties in the state men continued to arrive at the Annex under death sentence, until thirteen men were confined in the Place of Doom at one time. Never before the history of the big prison had that

number been confined the Death Cage at one time, and it is to be hoped that never again will the State witness such a gruesome sight. At the time the condemned men were permitted to exercise in prison yard. The marching of these men, thirteen in number accompanied by their Guards, was a sight to make the observer shudder.

It was while the Annex was in this crowded condition that the condemned men made a desperate, though futile attempt to escape.

### THE EFFORT TO ESCAPE

One of the most sensational incidents in the history of Annex was the effort to escape made by these thirteen condemned men. A murderous assault was made on Annex Guard Richards at midnight. The Guard was overpowered and the men succeeded in reaching the room in which sat the Electric Chair. Here their intentions and plans were frustrated by the fact that a key which generally hung by the door leading into the corridor of the East Hall, which unlocked the door leading from the Annex into the prison yard, was not in its accustomed place.

The Guards in the East Hall heard the disturbance and quickly spread the alarm. A posse of Guards was soon assembled, and rushed to the Annex. The desperate men were overpowered, and forced back into the Cage. The authorities at the prison shuddered as they thought of the terrible consequences had these men effected their escape. In this bold and skillfully planned dash for liberty Ben Wade was the moving spirit, and his brain planned the movement. After this event the death-watch was doubled; young, energetic and powerful men were placed in the Annex as Guards.

### IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH

As the fateful day drew nigh, when all stays of execution and reprieves had been exhausted; when the last battle had been fought for the lives of these men and lost, they faced the inevitable. There was a formal reconciliation between the brothers, and Albert accepted the ministrations of the Roman Catholic Church. There was, however, but little indication of sincerity in this pretended reconciliation.

On the night of the execution Albert pleaded in a most piteous manner with his brother Ben to confess the truth and save his life. The scene was, indeed, heartrending. Every trace of manhood and courage seemed to have deserted Albert. He groveled at Ben's feet with

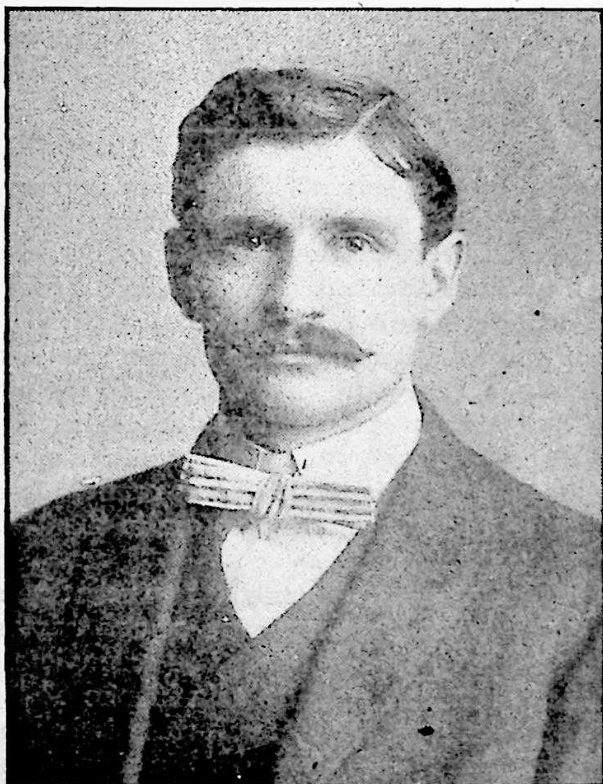
streaming eyes, and wrung his hands as he besought his brother to confess the truth and save his life. Ben was unmoved by his brother's sobs and tears. To Albert's oft<sup>1</sup> repeated prayer Ben replied: "Brother, you will be better off dead." As the hour drew near for the fearful ordeal, Ben replied to his brother's continued pleading;

"Come brother, don't be a baby. We are guilty; let us die game."

When the hour for the electrocution came, Albert had all but collapsed. He was cold, clammy and almost dead when taken to the Chair. He had to be supported on either side by the attending Guards. When seated in the Chair his head upon his chest as if in a swoon. The head had to be lifted by the attendants in order that the straps might be adjusted. The deadly current was successfully applied and the murder of Kate Sullivan claimed its first victim. The mortal life of Albert Wade was a forfeit to the State.

The behavior of Ben Wade was wholly different to that of his brother Albert. He was brave, cheerful, courageous to the last. He walked sprightly to the Chair and sat down. He spoke cheerfully to his attorney, Mr. Saley bidding him good-bye. He said good-bye to Guards Fogle and O'Brien and asked them to take plenty of time and do a good job. "Now boys," he said, "don't burn me up.. I want to be a respectable looking corpse." These were the last words spoken by Benjamin Wade before passing to the great known.

The murderers of Kate Sullivan had received the reward which the court pronounced. This crime and the court records are now matters of history. They form one of most horrible pages in the criminal records of the state of Ohio. What the moral effects on the coming generations will be, time alone can tell. This much is all that is known at present: crimes of violence have not ceased. They have not even decreased but are, perhaps, on the increase. Is there remedy?



CHARLES STIMMEL  
A noted criminal hailing from Dayton, Ohio.  
Electrocuted July 22, 1904, for the murder  
of a Dayton coal dealer.

## **DIED WITHOUT A WORD IN HIS BEHALF**

ON THE night of July 22, 1904, Charles Stimmel, serial number 35,225, one of the coolest characters that ever seated himself in the now world-famous Electric Chair surrendered up his individual being as a forfeit for a crime which it is doubtful if he ever committed.

That he richly merited the death penalty, no one who is familiar with the facts in the case will deny; yet every man and woman in Dayton, Ohio, knows that Charles Stim could have saved himself from an ignominious death divulging the names of his associates in crime. But this he absolutely refused to do, preferring to die in the Chair rather than betray his confederates.

Is there honor among criminals? In their dealings with one another, yes. The word or pledge of one criminal to another is seldom if ever broken. For example, a number of convicts are working side by side in one of the prison foundries or machine shops. Some serious infraction of rules is committed; the Guard by mistake reports the wrong man. In 99 cases out of every 100 the man reported takes punishment, however severe it may be, rather than divulge the name of the real culprit. This they hold to be a matter of sacred honor, and woe unto the man who betrays or "peaches" as they term it, on his fellow prisoner to one of the Officers. It were better for that convict had he never been born. They hold Charles Stimmel up to one another as an example of perfect manhood and his name is spoken among them with reverence and respect.

Early in the evening of Nov. 22, 1902, three men (at least all three were attired in man's apparel) appeared at the coal and feed store of one Joseph Shide in Dayton, Ohio, presumably to purchase coal. Mr. Shide had locked his safe, and was making preparations to close his place of business for the night when the trio appeared, and like all good business men he was only too anxious to accompany them to the inner office and take their order; anxious, of course, to add one more sale to his day's work. . When he turned to take their order he found himself looking into the muzzle of three murderous looking revolvers. The robbers ordered him to open his safe. There was no other recourse so he started to carry out their order. While he was down on his knees working the combination of his safe one of the villains shot him in the back. It is more than likely that the shooting was not intentional, as they



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could have no possible motive in killing him before the safe was open, especially when he was offering no resistance, and was in the act of opening the safe. Accident or no accident, the shot caused his death.

After the murder Stimmel skipped from that part of the country, taking with him a disreputable woman named Rose Shaffer, at whose resort for thieves he had been making his headquarters for some time. He was later apprehended in Colorado, and brought back for trial. He was ably defended by Attorney Egan, of Dayton, but was speedily convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. It is universally suspected that Rose Shaffer was one of the trio that visited the office of Shide on that fatal November night, and that she was the party who actually did the shooting; but as Stimmel refused to talk, even to save his life, it is only a matter of conjecture.

While a denizen of the Palace of Death the man's real nature manifested itself. Although there were some eight or ten other condemned men in the cage at the same time, he never mingled socially with any of them and rarely entered into conversation with anyone. He was haughty, cold and reticent.

He spurned all spiritual consolation and made light of those who professed to have found the Saviour. The day prior to his execution was spent in reading, eating and sleeping. he felt any uneasiness or dread of the coming night he die manifest it. He talked lightly of his coming execution wondered if they would give him a new pair of pants before admitting him to Paradise.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the attending Guards went to the Annex to prepare the condemned man for his execution. They were greatly surprised to find that his trousers leg already been ripped to admit the electrode. Upon being questioned he produced a knife and handed it over with the remark, "You see what I could have done to my or you either, if I had been so minded." The blade was ten inches long and sharp as a razor. It afterward developed one of the sub-Guards had lost his knife in the Annex, but did not have the manly courage to make it known to the Warden.

When the hour of midnight came, Stimmel arose and bade the other condemned men good-bye. He walked carelessly to the Chair, vigorously chewing his gum as he went. He sat himself in the Chair and looked defiantly at the group of eager spectators. Skilled hands quickly fastened the clamps and electrodes. After all was made ready one of the attendants called his attention to the fact that he was still chewing gum. He leaned over and deposited the gum in the Guard's hand.

Then came the clear, firm voice of the Warden, "Charles Stimmel, have you anything to say?" "Yes! I want the world to know that the curse of a dying man rests on Sheriff -----of Dayton. I want it distinctly understood that I never killed nobody. Now go on with your dirty work."

Warden Hershey reached for the lever; the lights in electric box grew dim; the body stiffened; the hands clenched until the finger nails sank deep into the flesh; the current turned off, the body relaxed, and the crowd of morbid filed sadly out of the death chamber. They had seen a fellow man surrender up what God gave him. They were satisfied.



**ALFRED KNAPP**

The 'Strangler' of Hamilton, Ohio, who served three terms in prison and killed four women before justice decreed his death. He was electrocuted Aug. 19, 1904.

## **A MURDERER OF DEFENSELESS WOMEN**

IN COI/UMBUS, Ohio, on August 19, 1904, the sun from an ocean of golden splendor. The day dawned animated beauty. All round the birds warbled praise to the Creator; the bees hummed busily as they went their way to their tiny toil, and all the world seemed to be alive on such a beautiful day. Business men had a cheery word for their employees and customers; even the new, and little street gamins passed each other with a merry jest some light word of badinage.

As the day wore on, however, and the heat grew intense, there came a change. People wished that the sun might go down soon and relieve them from the discomfort of its fierce rays, forgetful of the fact that each setting of the sun brought them one day nearer eternity.

What then must have been the thoughts of one who knew that the sun would set for him but once more on this earth? Can the human mind grasp the feelings of the condemned criminal who knows on what day, what hour, aye, the very moment in which he will be hurled from life into the great unknown?

First it is so many months. Then the count begins by weeks; and as the dreaded time approaches and the horror grows in its intensity, the cowering wretch begins to count the Time in its swift unhalting flight passes on, and now see him counting the hours. Then, almost before he realizes it, he sits pallid and trembling, counting the very ticks of the clock as his last minute is reeled off into eternity. But hark! A deep-toned bell is tolling the midnight hour. Inside the gaunt, gray walls of Ohio's great penal institution stands a little group of men, nervously awaiting the stroke of twelve.

As the brazen-throated bell peals forth the tidings that a new day is born, the little group becomes all animation. One of them steps to the door of the Death Cage, and when he comes forth again he is accompanied by a figure who silently joins the little party and, as they march away over the saw-dust carpeted floor toward the chamber of final expiation, he walks with bowed head, silently communing with his Maker. The distance is slight, the time required for the final preparation is short and, as the Warden steps forward to ask if there is anything the prisoner wishes to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried out upon him, the man holds aloft a small crucifix, and in a scarcely audible voice replies, "God have mercy on my sinful soul."

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He takes his seat in the grim Chair, there is a signal waved to the Deputy Warden, and the figure springs upward as far as the Chair's straps will allow. The current is reduced for a moment and the figure sinks back into a position of semi-repose. Again the full force is turned on and again the form becomes rigid; it is held thus for a moment, and then turned completely off. The attending Physician steps forward and makes a careful examination of the body. He pronounces the man dead and the little group of spectators wend their way homeward, ruminating on the way of the transgressor.

### STORY OF THE CRIME

Alfred A. Knapp, serial number 34,944, better known by the significant cognomen of the "Hamilton strangler," was born in the state of Indiana in the year 1862. His childhood was spent in the turbulent times which followed the close of our great Civil War.

As a schoolboy, he was of a quarrelsome disposition, over-bearing, and determined to have his own way in all, whether right or wrong. He was given to pilfering from parents everything he could convert to his own selfish use.

At an early age he ran away from home; and in Chicago in the year 1882 he was arrested, tried, and convicted of burglary; for which crime he served two years in the penitentiary at Joliet. Prison life was a revelation to him, and his record at Joliet does not indicate that he was a model prisoner.

After his release he again sought pastures new. He is supposed to have gone West, and doubtless many of the crimes committed in that part of the country during his stay might have been properly placed to his credit. However little is known of his history during the period between the time of his release from Joliet and the year 1894.

In the month of June, 1894, he appeared in Cincinnati and began to pay his attentions to Emma Littleman. It is believed that he sought to have the woman elope with him and, upon her refusal he most brutally assaulted her and ended by strangling her to death.

His ferocious disposition and the ease with which he evaded the law caused him to commit another, and similar crime, on August 1st of the same year. He bestowed his bestial affections upon May Eckert after he disposed of the Littleman woman, and it is supposed he tried the same thing with her. At any rate he ended the affair by strangling the girl to death.

His lust for blood seemed to be only strengthened by these two crimes, for as early as August 7th, only six days after the murder of the Eckert woman, he came home crazed with liquor and, the belief that his wife—Jennie C. Kus was the cause of his failure in his love affairs drove him a murderous frenzy, and he deliberately strangled her to death leaving the body to be discovered by the neighbors.

Justice, however, though seemingly blind and asleep on his track and though he knew it not, his fate was rapidly overtaking him. In 1897 he committed a most brutal assault on his own cousin, Miss Alice Hill, for which he was convicted, and sentenced to a term of two years in the Michigan City, Indiana, Penitentiary.

His record there would indicate that his restless, turbulent spirit could only be restrained behind prison walls. He served his time and came back to Cincinnati, the scene of his former crimes, Like Macbeth, the locality of his former misdoings seemed to possess a singular fascination for him which in the end proved his undoing.

In 1899 he brutally assaulted another woman in Cincinnati, and for this crime he received a sentence of four years in the Ohio Penitentiary. This sentence he also served in full. He was released in 1902 and returned to Hamilton, where he joined his wife, Hannah Goddard Knapp.

He remained quiet for a short time, but the old brutish instinct returned in full force and, on the night of December 22, 1902, his wife mysteriously disappeared. Knapp then stayed in Hamilton for a few days and then went to Indianapolis. He was not there very long before he met and fell in love with Annie Gamble, whom he married. He seemed disposed now to remain quiet, at least until the novelty of his new marriage had worn off. But—

Though the mills of the Gods grind slowly,

They grind exceeding fine.

Stern and unrelenting justice was at his heels at last. On February 24, 1903, Mrs. Edward King, of Cumminsville, Ohio, notified the police that Mrs. Hannah Goddard Knapp, of Hamilton was missing. Steps were at once taken to locate Knapp and he was soon found in Indianapolis and returned to Hamilton charged with bigamy. This charge he strenuously denied and, upon being pressed long and persistently as to the whereabouts of his wife, Hannah, he finally confessed to Mayor Charles S. Bosch that he had quarreled with her and strangled her to death. He had then hired an express wagon and in the still hours of the night he placed the body in a large dry-goods box,

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drove down to the banks of the Big Miami river, and tying weights to the box threw it far into the moonlit water.

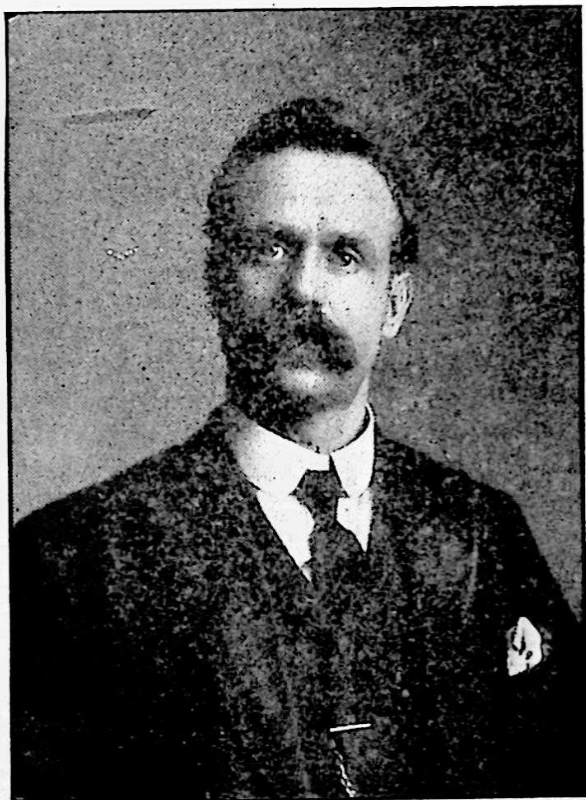
The Mayor was horrified and thought that perhaps Knapp was insane, but a search being instituted, the box containing the body was located in the slime of the river bed, a few miles below the city.

Knapp was placed on trial for first degree murder after a fair and impartial trial, he was convicted and sentenced to be electrocuted at the Ohio Penitentiary. He succeeded however, in securing a new trial, and was taken back to Hamilton. He entered a plea of insanity and, after a bitter contest he was again convicted of first degree murder sentenced to death.

Knapp was a vicious degenerate in his boyhood and youth, and naturally developed into a moral monstrosity in his manhood. While in the Annex at the Penitentiary he was behaved, but was the butt of many jokes at the hands of other occupants.

The Catholic Chaplain, Father Kelly, administered to spiritual welfare and, toward the last, Knapp professed Christianity and a hope of life everlasting in the great beyond. When the night of his execution arrived he knelt in prayer with Father Kelly, and prayed audibly to the Great Judge for mercy, though he had never been merciless himself.

When the final moment arrived he marched to the Death Chair bravely, a crucifix tightly clasped in his hand. Before taking his seat in the death-dealing Chair he raised the crucifix on high and, with a yearning look on his face he murmured almost in a whisper, " God receive my soul."



**ALBERT FISHER**

A professional thief who did not stop at murder when thought necessary in his unlawful occupation. A vulgar and profane man of vicious traits and low instincts. Electrocuted Oct. 7, 1904.



## **A PROFESSIONAL ROBBER PAYS PENALTY**

ALBERT FISHER, alias "Dutch Miller," serial number 35,444, was electrocuted October 7, 1904. Fisher was a professional thief, an all-around "crook" and a dangerous man. He had only been out of the Penitentiary a few weeks when he committed the cold-blooded murder for which he paid the death penalty. What Fisher's name was, or what his early life was and where it was spent will, in all probability, always remain a mystery, as he absolutely refused to unbosom any of his past life. All effort to get him to talk about his boyhood days or his parentage proved futile.

His worst characteristic was his disposition and ability to drag other young men down to his own level. There are several young fellows now confined behind the iron bars in the Ohio Penitentiary who can attest this statement to their sorrow. Two of them, Walter Crosby and Lewis Seams, serving life sentences for complicity in the crime for which Fisher paid the extreme penalty.

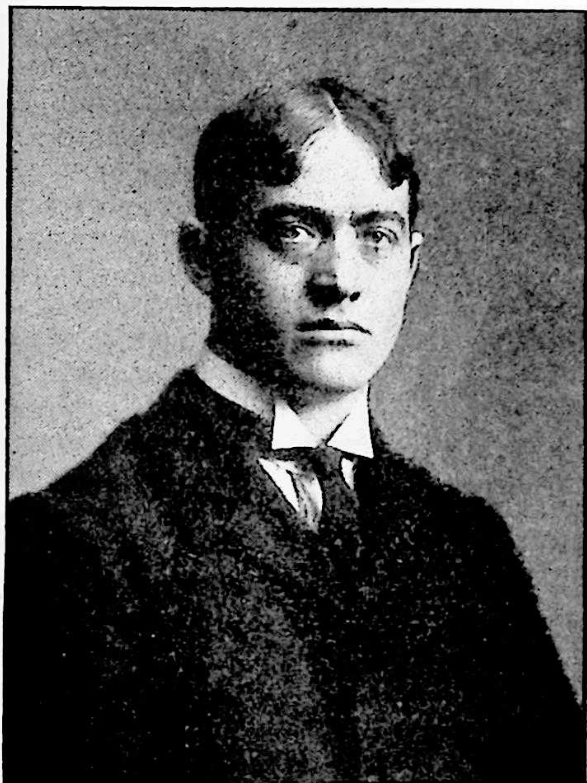
One cold, blustery night in January, 1904, when the wind was howling in mournful cadence around the street corners and the mercury was hovering around the zero mark, the men might have been seen standing on a prominent street corner in Toledo, Ohio, engaged in earnest conversation. One was gesticulating in a forceful manner, and trying to convince one other member of the trio that he must accede to his wishes. The young man who demurred was Walter Crosby, member of one of the best families in northwestern Ohio who is now reaping the reward of that night's indecision at hard labor in the hollow-ware foundry behind the sombre stone walls of the Ohio Penitentiary. The one who was using such forceful argument was "Dutch Miller," and he finally prevailed on the others to accompany him to the saloon which he intended to rob. Fisher told the other boys it would be "easy picking." He called their attention to the lateness of the hour, and the stormy night. He was the leading spirit—he would show the youngsters how easy it was to get money without work. All they had to do was to rifle the till while he covered William Marshall, the bartender, with his gun. So they yielded to his persuasion, and went to their fate. They found Marshall alone. Fisher ordered drinks for three. When Marshall turned to draw the beer Fisher covered him with a 38-caliber revolver and ordered him to throw up his hands. Marshall was

slow in complying with the demand, whereupon Fisher pulled the trigger and his victim fell dead at his feet, with a bullet in his heart.

The trio was at once suspected, arrested and speedily convicted of first degree murder. Crosby and Seams each drew life sentences, and Fisher got the Chair. While confined in the Annex he manifested the utmost indifference as to his fate. He joked every day with the inmates of the Death Cage and wondered which one would get to h—l first. Especially did he torment Alfred Knapp with such questions, as Knapp was scheduled to die a few nights before Fisher. Of all the profane, foul-mouthed, vulgar specimens of humanity that was ever permitted to draw the breath of life, "Dutch Miller" was the worst; and he died just as he had lived.

Father Francis Kelly labored with him from nine in the evening until a few minutes before the execution trying to induce him to pray, and ask forgiveness for his many sins. While the good father pleaded with him to set his mind on heavenly things, Fisher pleaded for whiskey. Ten minutes before time for the execution the Priest came into the execution room and told the attending Guards that Fisher was all right now. He said that he was praying. Scarce had the words left the Father's lips when the final words of a most vulgar song, rendered in a high tone of voice, came floating from the Death Chamber. Fisher said he was singing the Doxology.

A few minutes later he was seated in the Chair. His manner was calm, his voice clear and distinct. The only perceptible change was the extreme pallor of his countenance. When asked if he had anything to say, he said: "Gentlemen, I wish to say that Walter Crosby is innocent." Scarcely was the falsehood out of his mouth when the flash of the electric current closed his lips forever.



LEWIS HARMON

Who accidentally killed a farmer of Franklin  
County, Ohio, while committing a burglary  
with two "pals." Electrocuted Nov.  
28, 1904.

## THE END OF A TRIO OF CRIMINALS

THE mantle of darkness had scarcely fallen on the city of Columbus, Ohio, when three men, strolling along Front Street, dropped into a disreputable saloon at the corner of Maple Street. They called for a drink at the bar and, after it had been disposed of, they sauntered toward the rear of the room and seated themselves at a table.

A casual observer would have thought they were probably discussing the races; but subsequent developments indicated that they were deliberately planning a robbery; and one which was destined to send two of them to the Electric Chair, and the other to a suicide's grave.

The men were Lewis Harmon, serial number 35,368, Otis Loveland, serial number 35,055, and Miles Wallingford, all of whom had been recently released from the Ohio Penitentiary. Loveland had at one time been employed by the son-in-law, of Geo. Geyer of Alton, Ohio, which is a small hamlet a few miles from Columbus.

It seems that Loveland had been telling his companions that old man Geyer was in the habit of keeping a large sum of money in the house, and the three men had decided to rob the old man, and had met on this evening to complete their plans.

After they had agreed upon the details of the cowardly deed, they proceeded to a livery stable and hired a horse and buggy in which the trio drove to the Geyer home.

Geyer and his wife were alone, the other members of the family having gone to a festival at the house of a neighbor; and, shortly after the old couple had retired for the night,

there came a knock at the door. The aged man, clad only in his night clothes, went to the door and inquired what was wanted.

The two men pushed their way into the house and demanded his money. Geyer replied that he had a very little money in the house, but he would get it for them. One of the men commanded him to get it, and be d\_\_\_\_\_d quick about it.

The room was in total darkness, and the old man requested them to wait a moment and he would strike a light. Just as he turned to get a light, the pistol in the hands of Harmon exploded and the old man sank to the floor writhing in his death agony.

Harmon, although a professional thief, was an amateur at the more serious business of burglary, and all subsequent developments tended to show that the shooting was caused by the nervous manner in which

## *The Palace of Death*

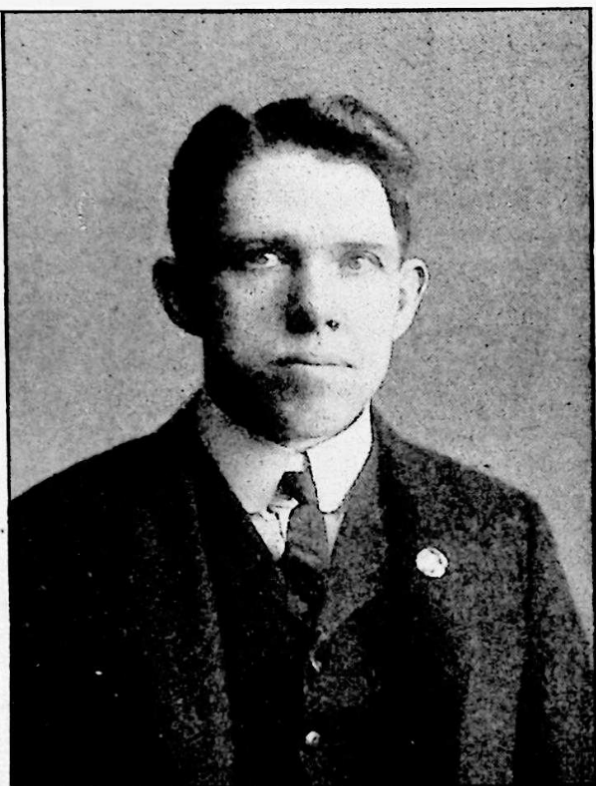
he handled the revolver, and was not intentional.

When Mr. Geyer sank to the floor, Wallingford cursed Harmon-for a blundering fool, and fled from the house without making any attempt to secure the money for which they had come.

The two men jumped into the buggy with Loveland, who had remained with the horses to escape recognition, and together they returned to Columbus.

After the burglars had decamped, the old lady aroused the neighbors with her cries. Excitement was intense. Messengers were dispatched to Columbus for detectives who were speedily on the spot. Harmon returned to his usual haunts and acted in a nonchalant manner. Wallingford took the first train for parts unknown.

While the detectives were scouring the premises for a clue, Loveland called at the Geyer home and expressed his sympathy for the grief-stricken family. He offered aid and suggestions to the officers,



OTIS LOVELAND  
Electrocuted Nov. 25, 1904, for complicity in  
the murder of a Franklin County farmer,  
for which crime Lewis Harmon was  
also executed.

and became so zealous in his efforts to assist them that he overdid the thing and attracted attention to himself.

Two days later Loveland and Harmon were arrested and, each believing that the other had told all he knew, made a complete confession. Both claimed that Wallingford had fired the fatal shot.

Shortly after this Wallingford was apprehended in Texas and while Columbus officers were enroute to bring him back to answer for his crime, he secured some morphine, and during the hours of the night he took the poison, thus cheating the grim Electric Chair of a possible third victim.

Both Harmon and Loveland were indicted for murder in the first degree. Harmon was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, found guilty as charged, and sentenced to be electrocuted. Loveland was tried soon after, and was also found guilty and sentenced to death.

Many people thought Loveland should have been given a life sentence, for it was shown at the trial that before he would guide the others to the Geyer home, he was promised that there would be no violence, and that no harm should come to the old people.

The two men were sentenced to die on the same date, but the Governor granted a respite to enable the higher courts to pass upon the cases. Upon the failure of the higher courts to interfere, the Governor again intervened, and granted another stay to give the Board of Pardons a chance to review the evidence. All this was in vain, however, and the date of execution was now fixed for October 28, 1904.

As the fatal day grew near, strong pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor to commute the sentence of Loveland to life imprisonment. Governor Herrick granted another stay of thirty days in order that he might himself review the testimony; but having done so, he declined to interfere, and Loveland was electrocuted November 25, 1904.

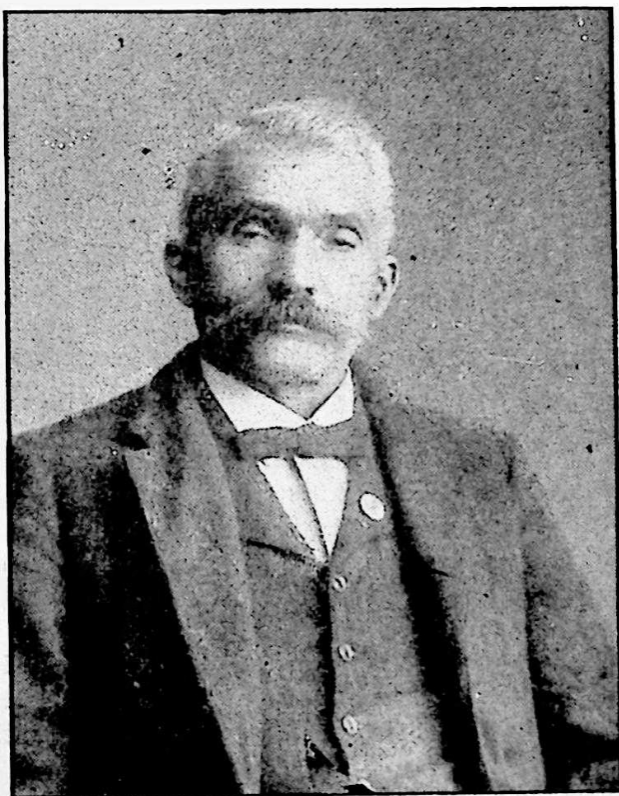
Harmon came from Akron, Ohio. He had a bad record, having served one term at Mansfield and two in the Ohio Penitentiary. He was of an overbearing disposition and a great glutton; he seemed to be unable to satisfy his enormous appetite. In spite of his criminal record, however, Harmon was the typical coward. When the moment came for him to enter the execution chamber, he had to be assisted to the Chair. One shock was sufficient.

Harmon was a rather large man, and succumbed to the death-dealing current more readily than his companion, who was of the thin, wiry type.

## *The Palace of Death*

Condemned men are encouraged by the officials to drink all the liquids they can be induced to take. Milk, tea, coffee and water being excellent conductors of electricity.

Loveland came from a highly respected Connecticut family, and no effort was spared to avert his terrible fate. He had wandered from home in a spirit of restlessness, and came West. He served a three-year term in the Ohio Penitentiary for burglary, and when released went to work for the son-in law of Mr. Geyer. When the final moment arrived he met his fate bravely. In reply to the usual question, if he had any thing to say why the sentence of the law should not be executed upon him, he answered, "No." It took two shocks to prove fatal.



WM. NICHOLS

A colored veteran of the Civil War. The oldest man ever executed in the Ohio Penitentiary, being 65 years of age. Executed Dec. 9, 1904.



## **AN OLD CIVIL WAR VETERAN'S END**

FOR two long and bloody years the subject of this sketch faced the shot and shell of Confederate armies and Confederate batteries; for two long and bloody years he marched to the tap of the war-drum, and responded to the bugle's call; for two long and bloody years he fought valiantly for the Union that we all love, and for the flag that we honor. His was one of the voices that rang through the woods of the wilderness when Grant began his advance for the conquest of Richmond; his was one of the rifles that cracked defiance to the rebel horde at Spottsylvania Court House; his was one of the breasts that was bared before the rain of shot and shell at Cold Harbor, where ten thousand the men in blue fell in twenty minutes.

Poor old Bill Nichols was Born in slavery, reared in ignorance, superstition and fear, what a pity that his last day could not be spent in some state institution other than the penitentiary.

I remember distinctly when another soldier of the Rebellion was confined behind the sombre prison walls under sentence of death. His was a most fiendish crime; besides he was a triple murderer. I also remember that the G. A. R. almost moved heaven and earth to have this unnatural brute commuted to life imprisonment. Why could they not have been as charitable with old Bill Nichols? Was he any less man, or any less a soldier, because of his color? We think not; yet the petitions, the delegations and committees that waited on the Governor to save one soldier's life were conspicuous by their absence in Nichols's case. If justice was meted out to Nichols it was thwarted in the other case.

Bill Nichols, serial number 35,058, committed a horrible crime, because he murdered in cold blood and without provocation, his companion and best friend; but let us consider the environments of his youth and early manhood, the circumstances under which he was born and reared, and be as charitable to his memory as we can.

After the Rebellion, Nichols, like thousands of other ex-slaves, drifted Northward to the land of promise—to the land that was flowing with milk and honey. Poor fellows! How sad was their mistake and how bitter must have been their disappointment. Nichols drifted about over the Northern states, earning a scant living by day labor or by the doles of the people, finally settling down in Hardin County, Ohio. Bad whiskey and bad women were Nichols's weak points; and it was to

satisfy his appetite and his passions that he committed the crime for which he subsequently paid the death penalty.

Near the north-west corner of the Scioto Marsh in Hardin County lived an old soldier named Alfred Minard. The miserable old shack in which he lived served in some degree to shelter him from the winter blasts and from the summer heat. Here for many years he lived alone, leading a quiet, industrious and happy life, enjoying the confidence and respect of all his neighbors and when William Nichols, hungry, footsore and weary applied at his cabin door for food and shelter, the old soldier generously took his comrade in. The companionship proved to be congenial, and they agreed to live together.

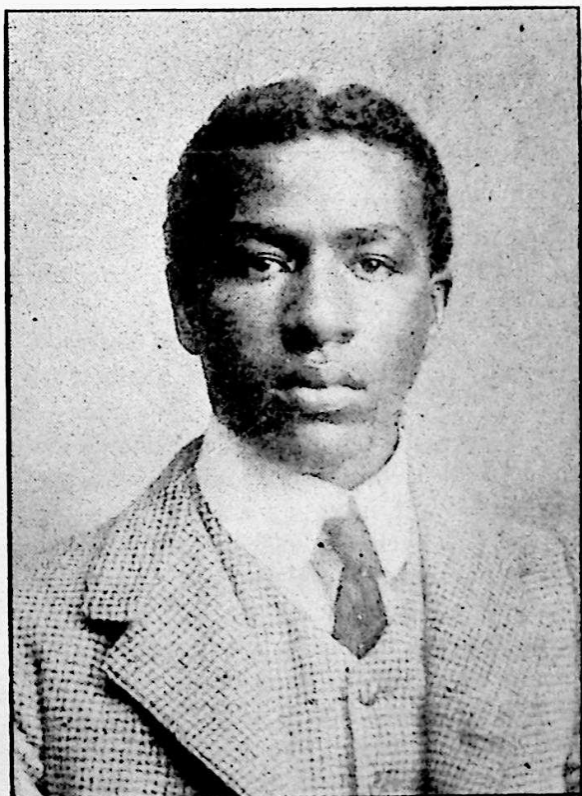
. On the morning of the 28th day of July, 1903, they visited the village of Alger for the purpose of buying supplies. While there Bill's inordinate weakness asserted itself, and he imbibed too freely of the forbidden juice. Just what happened after the men left Alger on their homeward voyage will never be positively known. Two days later the dead body of Alfred Minard was found lying in a cluster of weeds near the railroad track, about one mile from his home. There was an ugly wound on the back of his head, and a bullet hole in the breast. His money and watch were gone; so was old Nichols. A few days later Nichols was arrested in Highland County where he had gone to visit at the home of a former mistress.

Bill stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime, but evidence was strongly against him. Minard's watch and wallet were found in Bill's possession. He was promptly returned to Hardin County, where the grand jury indicted him for first degree murder. He was tried and found guilty in Court of Common Pleas, and sentenced to be electrocuted. This sentence was carried out in the early morning hours December 9, 1904.

Nichols was the oldest man ever confined in the Annex death-chamber, and was an object of much pity. His hair and moustache were white with the frosts of many winters.

Promptly at five minutes after midnight, Nichols, bowed with his sixty-five years of mortal life, shuffled into the execution room. In response to the Warden's question he merely shook his head. There was a flash of the electric current, and the spirit of William Nichols no longer abided in the flesh. Only the broken vessel was left to be returned to the earth from whence it came, according to a custom of the ages.,

Then bid we all adieu to the mortal elements of him who fills a felon's grave, leaving only to memory and the record page the preservation of his unnatural crime. The judgement belongs to God.



**HERMAN HAMILTON**  
Negro murderer of Portsmouth, Ohio. Electro-  
cuted March 25, 1905, for the murder of  
his foreman, robbery being  
the motive.

## NEGRO KILLED AND ROBBED FOR MONEY

A BRIGHT afternoon in May, 1904, (26th), when life seemed well worth the living and all nature seemed to smile, two men came towards the coal-chutes in N. & W. yards at Portsmouth, Ohio.

The N. & W. pay-car had just passed through and both men had received the money for their month's work. One of them had a neat little roll of money in his pocket—\$100 in good U.S. money. This was Lee Culver, the Superintendent of the coal-chutes Portsmouth, and his companion was a handsome, well-built Negro—Herman Hamilton by name.

As the pair approached the chutes Culver's mind was filled with anticipations of the pleasure he could bestow upon his aged parents and his loving wife, who was even then making the usual preparations for his home-coming.

The Negro cast envious eyes upon the young Superintendent, for well he knew that under the soiled jumper was \$100 in good U. S. money. The engine of the pay-car had taken coal and, in order to go to the car for his money, Hamilton had left the chute empty until his return.

As the men came to the chute and walked along the gangway, Culver noticed that Hamilton had left the bin open **and** empty, and he cautioned the Negro not to forget to close and refill it.

As he spoke, he was standing directly in front, of the open bin. He partly turned and as he did so, a heavy lump of coal crashed against his head, and he fell to the floor as one dead.

The Negro, fearing he might recover, threw the unconscious body into the empty bin and turned in the coal upon it, burying it from sight and crushing out whatever spark of life there still remained. He evidently figured that it might be days before that particular bin would be emptied, and by that time he intended to be far away. Fate, however, took a hand in the game, and Hamilton had hardly left the chute when a yard engine took the coal from the bin, and Culver's body was discovered.

Herman was suspected, especially as Culver's money was missing. He was arrested at once and the missing money found in his possession. He was tried and, while the evidence was wholly circumstantial, he was convicted of murder in the first degree and

## *The Palace of Death*

sentenced to be electrocuted.

Culver's parents and wife died of grief over the untimely death of their beloved son and husband.

While in the Annex awaiting execution Hamilton, serial No, 35,629, was a model prisoner; but he was always a dangerous man, and the other inmates of the Death Cage feared him. There was something in his manner that said as plainly as though the words were spoken: "Just so far, and no farther shalt thou go.",

He walked bravely to the Death Chair, on March 25, 1905, and when asked by the Warden if he had anything to say, he shook his head. The deadly current was turned on and he died instantly—the quickest and easiest Annex-death on record.

Thus was blotted out the life of a man who had destroyed a happy home, and, directly and indirectly, had been the cause of four deaths.



**BUTLER STYLES**

Electrocuted Sept. 21, 1906, for murdering a  
prison guard in an effort to escape while  
serving a seven-year sentence for  
manslaughter.

## THE MOST VICIOUS CHARACTER EXECUTED

ON THE evening of the 21st day of April, 1906, as the prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary were lined up to begin the march to supper, Guard Arthur Griener of the Stamp Shop discovered that he was short one man; upon investigation he found that Butler Styles, a Negro, serving seven years for manslaughter, was the missing man. This information was at once communicated to the Deputy Warden, who immediately detailed a force of Guards to search for Styles.

Knowing the dangerous character of the Negro, Deputy Warden Wood, who is an able and careful official, cautioned the Guards to be careful and guard against any assault which Styles might make upon the one who discovered and sought to apprehend him.

Styles was employed in the Stamp Shop, in the extreme north end of the prison grounds. Back of the Stamp Shop is a frame shed twelve feet high by twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Above the room where the product of the plant is rattled in iron tumblers to remove the scale and rust, in which Styles was working, is a small, dark attic used as a store-room, out of which is a door leading to the shed roof.

After a fruitless search behind boxes, barrels, machinery, etc., Guard Moorehead noticed that the door opening from the attic out on the shed roof was ajar. Clambering up over a pile of boxes placed on the ground under the eaves so he could climb up, he managed to reach the roof of the shed and walk across the roof to the attic door. No sooner had he put his head inside the door than he was attacked by the dusky fiend lying in wait for him, being felled to the floor with a murderous blow upon his head with a heavy iron bar.

Guard Hubler, who was back of them, fired at the Negro but his bullet went wide of the mark. Styles continued to rain blow after blow upon the head of the defenseless kindly old man, who lay prostrate at his feet. Another Guard had been making frantic efforts to reach the roof to ass Moorehead, and at last he succeeded in reaching the eave. He immediately fired at Styles, who beat a hasty retreat to the attic closely followed by the Guard who, covering him with his revolver, commanded him to throw up his hands; seeing the futility of further resistance. Styles surlily obeyed. He was then marched to the solitary department of the prison, from which he was a few days later transferred to the Frank County jail.

When searched in the solitary department, a long piece steel, ground into the shape of a dagger, was found in the lining of his coat. When asked why he had concealed himself instead of going to supper with his company, he stated that he thought perhaps he would not be missed until the midnight count was taken, and that he intended to scale the wall just as soon as darkness had fallen.

Guard Moorehead was taken to the Protestant Hospital where he died the next day. Styles was promptly indicted by the Grand Jury for murder in the first degree; and, although his attorneys made strenuous efforts to save his life on the ground of insanity, he was convicted and sentenced to be electrocuted August 19, 1906. Governor Harris granted a respite until September 21st, at which time the sentence was carried out, in order that the Pardon Board might have an opportunity to pass upon the case. Styles was undoubtedly the most desperate and vicious criminal ever confined within the walls the Ohio Penitentiary.

### HIS CONDUCT IN THE ANNEX

"Ah'm goin' to lib anahow 'till Ah die."

Visitors, passing through the Ohio Penitentiary Annex during the summer of 1906, often heard the above half-plaintive, half-savage refrain in the patois of the American Negro. When they came to the Death Cage they saw before them a huge black figure, brutish cast of features, and thick protruding lips. This was Butler Styles, serial number 35,608, known as the "Black Demon." In the cage with Styles were Frank Castor, Dr. Oliver Crook Haugh and James Cornelius, all of whom have since paid the extreme penalty of the law. Billy Hammel and Ben Dickerson were also there, but Hammers sentence has since been commuted to life imprisonment while Ben Dickerson was granted a new trial by the Circuit Court.

Styles was a nightmare to the other occupants of the Annex. He would lounge around on his bunk all day and then—if he took the notion—sing during the greater part of the night. He paid absolutely no attention to the rules of the prison, and his great strength and vicious disposition created a feeling almost of fear among the various Guards who had him in charge.

He never participated in any of the simple pastimes of the other prisoners; he was always sullen and morose. If he wanted some tobacco, instead of asking for it, he would turn to one of his companions and demand it; and, it goes without saying that he got it.



## *The Palace of Death*

When Styles's wife visited him at the Annex, after the death sentence had been passed upon him, he raved and swore at her. He declared he would get good and even with some of these " smart guys " before they killed him. His talk was so abusive and blasphemous that his wife was led from the Annex and she never again attempted to see him.

At one time during his confinement in the Death Cage, Styles refused to bathe. He declared there were not Guards enough to make him do so. As regular bathing on the part of prisoners is one of the stringent rules of the prison, Guards Youse and O'Brien were detailed to go to the Annex and compel him to bathe.

Upon their arrival a cunning gleam came into his pig-like eyes. At last, he thought, he saw a chance to get " even." He disrobed in the bath-room and, with the stalwart O'Brien and Youse watching him, he proceeded to bathe. He seized bar of soap and went carefully over his body and limb rubbed it in until his entire body became so slippery slimy that he looked like some large shiny fish. Placing his foot upon the edge of the bath-tub, and carefully washing the soap from his hands, the black demon suddenly launched himself straight at the throat of O'Brien; grabbing and holding his mace with his left hand, then clinching with him sought to bury his teeth in O'Brien's throat.

Youse stood for a moment as though petrified; then with a muttered imprecation, he sprang upon the struggling 2 and with a blow from his mace, knocked him loose from O'Brien. Several rapid blows fell upon the woolly pate of the black monster, but in spite of all he struggled to his feet grappled with the two Guards.. On account of his skin slippery with soap they could not hold him, so they were compelled to stand and exchange blow for blow until the fiend fell unconscious to the floor.

O'Brien and Youse then put shackles on his hands and feet, and in this condition, the wounds on his head were sewed up by the prison Physician.

He cursed the Guards and Officials with nearly every breath he drew, and he had the doubtful honor of being the only man ever electrocuted in the Ohio Penitentiary, wheeled to the Death Chair shackled hand and foot. Two Guards held the shackles on him while O'Brien and Fogle strapped him to the Chair.

When asked by Warden Gould if he had anything say why the death sentence should not be executed upon he leered horribly and replied: Yo' isn't gwine to kill a man, is yo'?" Then a torrent of vile language began to from his lips, but the deadly current interrupted it, and -the

demon of the Ohio Penitentiary was in eternity.

A large crowd of the morbidly curious clamored at the gates for admission to the death-chamber. Crowds of men, women and children waited outside to catch a glimpse of the body, as the undertaker bore it to the hearse. Styles was the only man ever executed at the Ohio Penitentiary for the murder of a Prison Guard.

When offered spiritual consolation and advice by the Chaplains of the prison, he drove them from his presence with curses.



**FRED CASTOR, alias FRANK CONRAD**  
Murdered a policeman while trying to escape  
capture when surprised at a job of bur-  
glary in Columbus, Ohio. Electro-  
cuted Feb. 14, 1906.

## **A LIFE CROWDED FULL OF CRIMINAL ACTS**

THE execution of Fred Castor alias Frank Conrad, serial number 36,644, at 12:03 on the morning of February 14, 1907, was a fitting sequel to his life of crime. Castor came of a highly respected and influential family of Flint, Michigan. He was reared in a Christian home, surrounded by Christian influences and was given every encouragement and opportunity to lead a straightforward and useful life. Yet, according to his own statements, made daily for a week before his death, his life, since leaving the good influences of his home, had been one of open rebellion against both the laws of God and man; his operations covered the entire category of crime, from petty thieving to the taking of human life. Castor's case certainly furnishes food for thought to criminologists in that their principal theories for the cause of crime (heredity and environment) are put to rout.

After a succession of burglaries in Cleveland, Akron and Canton, Castor and one of his pals visited Columbus. Here on the night of June 7, 1905, they attempted to rob the Horace E. Chapman home at 1117 Hast Broad Street. Mr. Chapman and his family were in Europe, but before departing had burglar alarms placed at the windows of their home: These alarms proved the burglars' undoing. Scarcely had they effected an entrance before the house was surrounded by police officers. When the patrol wagon arrived a sergeant ordered a round-up. Eights were seen, and as the officers entered, footsteps making hurriedly for the upper floor were heard. At a window a curtain was pulled back, and the police saw two faces peering out into the darkness. Other officers entered and those stationed at the rear observed from the darkness window open slowly on the attic floor; two men leaping through it to the roof of the kitchen beneath, and then jumping to the ground. Three shots rang out on the still night air, followed by almost a panic. One of the men was seen to jump over a side fence into an adjoining lot; the other hastened the rear of the lot. Chase was given the burglar who went over the side fence, but he was lost sight of in the darkness and made good his escape. But officer Reed learned from neighboring coachman that one of the men passed him in the alley at the rear of the house, running as fast as his legs would carry him. Reed, who is a trained sprinter, took up the trail and soon got sight of the fleeing form. Within three blocks and after he had emptied his gun, he

caught up with his mate and struck him such a blow with the butt of his revolver that he fell to the ground. The prisoner proved to be Fred Castor.

He was brought back to the scene of activity, and in the meantime the dead body of officer Dan Davis was found, with a bullet through his heart. The captured man was searched on the spot, and a holster found in his hip pocket. Further search in the vicinity of the dead body disclosed a revolver that exactly fitted the holster. Castor claimed that his pal whom he called Jack Reed, had demanded his gun just before the get-away. This was a flimsy story and was not believed.

He was indicted for murder in the first degree and upon an admission of the facts the case was taken from the jury, and Judge Marcus G. Evans, after hearing the testimony, fixed the degree at capital punishment. Then began one of the fierce legal battles that ever went before the Ohio courts. Castor was ably defended by Judge Sloan, one of the best criminal lawyers in the state. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals, thence to the Supreme Court of the state. Two of the Supreme Court Judges dissented to the death penalty. It was carried to the Supreme Court on technicalities as to the waiver of the jury, thus depriving the man of the privilege of a life sentence in the Penitentiary by the jury mercy-law. In the end the Supreme court sustained the State, and the Board of Pardons as well as Governor Harris refused to interfere. Then at the earnest solicitation of Castor's father and friends of the family, Governor Harris granted a further respite of three weeks in order that the case might be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on the jury point. But this was never done.

As the fatal day drew near, Castor turned informer. He began what the local police and others termed a "petit-larceny squeal" for more time. He belched forth a tirade of abuse on his former associates in crime, claiming that he was being railroaded to the Chair to save them. He agreed to clear up all kinds of robberies and murders if only granted another thirty- day stay. During his last day on earth he showed the "white feather " and revealed his cringing, cowardly disposition by begging in heartrending tones for a stay of forty-eight hours. But all realized that the world and society at large was better off with him dead.

It is known positively that he was implicated in two murders in Pennsylvania and burglaries galore. So great was his fear of death that when the attending Guards entered the death-chamber at 11:30 to prepare him for execution, he swooned and fell to the floor. Stimulants

## *The Palace of Death*

were administered and he was able thirty minutes later to walk to the Chair unassisted.

Castor always boasted while in the Annex that he would never die in the Chair; and if he did he would be found ready at the scheduled time; but when the time came no man ever tried harder to escape the law's vengeance than he.

The movements of those in immediate charge of the execution were swift, ominous and noiseless. Within a few minutes after the arrival of the witnesses the lights were turned on in full glare, throwing a deadly pallor over the gruesome Chamber of Death. And then in another moment the death procession, headed by Father Kelly, emerged silently from the Death Cage, Skilled hands quickly adjusted electrodes, then a wave of the hand as a signal to Dep Wood that all was ready. At exactly two minutes after midnight hour there came an end to the tragedy, which be with the fatal shooting of officer Davis on the night of Jum 1905, and ended with the flash of the electric current, when the life of Fred Castor went out under the glaring light from the deadly dynamos of the State Penal Institution.



DR. OLIVER CROOK HAUGH  
An arch-fiend murderer. Electrocuted April  
19, 1907, for the burning of his parents'  
home near Dayton, Ohio, in which his  
father, mother and brother lost  
their lives.

## **A SERIES OF SHOCKING MURDERS**

NOTHING ever written by Robert Louis Stevenson in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or by Poe, who told in weird and frightful language the fearful tales of the murderous orangutang brought by the sailor to his home in Paris, is more strangely real and horrible than the evolution of this onetime brainy, brilliant student of the occult science, transformed into a veritable fiend by the use of deadly hyoscine hydrobromate, which so completely wrecked this once brilliant mind.

### **HAD BRILLIANT FUTURE**

Just when the bloody career of Dr. Oliver Crook Haugh serial No. 36,919, began there is no telling. In Dayton, Ohio he lived in a cheerful and happy home with a loving and devoted wife, who idolized him and looked upon him as the future discoverer of something that would bring benediction the human race. He was regarded as one of the young doctors who had before him a bright and glowing future. He was a student in every sense of the term. His laboratory so became a noted place to the other Daytonians. None knew what he was doing there, as night after night the solitary life was seen to glimmer from the window betokening that the student was within. Not one of them ever dreamed that this was another Dr. Jekyll in real life working out his mysterious ideas, which were very shortly to develop him into one of the most hideous monsters that ever breathed the breath of life. After graduating with high honors from a Cincinnati Medical College in 1893, he immediately entered upon the practice of his chosen profession in Dayton, Ohio. He married a refined and lovely woman, and was prosperous; but the use of poisonous narcotics came into his life and made such inroads that all efforts to assuage their use proved futile. It was while under the influence of these drugs that he told stories of experiments which made his hearers believe that his discoveries would revolutionize the science of medicine. It was when at home burning the midnight oil and prowling about until the small hours of the morning, that he was under some influence and would tell his neighbors and friends on the following day of his mythical laboratory work.

His condition became such that it was noticeable, and his practice dwindled to almost nothing. It was only a matter of time when the deadly hyoscine was to do its fatal work and wreck the mind of this

daring experimenter with the drug that was to despoil him of his own life, but not before he had laid about him a veritable harvest of blood and crime sufficient to shock the people of more than one state.

### TRIED TO MURDER WIFE

The sequel came one day when the wife who had delighted to honor him and who worshiped him as more than mortal, suddenly rushed from the house that was heretofore only emblematic of peace and happiness, and in frantic shrieks screamed that her husband was trying to murder her.

From that time on Haugh threw off the mystery that had enshrouded him. He became an object of suspicion to his neighbors and former friends who now evaded him, and he became a recluse, shunned and feared by those who at one time felt honored to associate with him.

About this time he began to make, secret and mysterious visits out of the city. He returned as secretly and mysteriously as he went and nothing was said about it, only his neighbors avoided him if possible more than ever, and pointed to him as the incarnation of some evil spirit at war with the world, and designing some fearful vengeance as the price of its own peace.

### MURDERED YOUNG WOMEN

No one then connected the mysterious absence and visitations of Dr. Haugh with the startling, horrible murders of women in the neighborhood. Cumminsville and Cincinnati and along the road locally known as "Lover's Lane"—horrible murder after murder was committed, and the victims were young women who were all slaughtered in very much the same fashion.

The first one which shocked all Cincinnati took place about May 1, 1904, the victim being Mary McDonald, whose lifeless body, terribly mangled, was found outstretched in this locality. She had been beaten about the face with a brick wrapped in a piece of cloth, all her front teeth knocked out yet no mark of violence on either the upper or lower lip.

In October of the same year the body of Luella Mueller was found in the same manner, and posing in the same attitude of death as the McDonald girl.



## *The Palace of Death*

### CINCINNATI WAS HORRIFIED

All Cincinnati was horrified and aroused by this double atrocity, and an army of the best detectives were sent out to trail the human fiend to his lair. But it was all to no purpose. The assassin had covered up his tracks.

After each of these successive butcheries Dr. Haugh v known to return to the city of Dayton, although where he had been was not known or suspected. He was not then associated with these blood-curdling crimes.

Then, three weeks after the finding of the mutilated body of the Mueller girl, the body of Amy Steingeway was found the same locality, and similarly disfigured. Again Dr. Hau returned from one of his mysterious trips to his Dayton home.

### ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DEATH

Then for a while the murders ceased. Dr. Haugh had left Dayton and gone to live in Dima, Ohio, where he became intimate with a woman named Mary Twohey, who later died i under circumstances that excited the gravest suspicion. The brother of the dead woman openly charged her death to Dr. Haugh, but nothing ever came of it, and the next Dr. Haugh was in Chicago, where he became acquainted with Mrs.. Anna Patterson, who shortly after died in convulsions with all the indications of being poisoned. On her death bed she declared that Dr. Haugh had given her morphine pills..

Haugh, by this time, had descended very low in the scale of humanity. He was no longer the bright-eyed student of his laboratory days in Dayton, to which city he had again returned.

After a few weeks he began his periodical visits to Cincinnati again, and during one of the periods of his absence from Dayton, Cincinnati was again horrified and thrilled by finding of another butchered woman. The victim on this occasion was Mrs. Mary Rickert, who was killed in her own home, all the marks of the former murders were present case. Again Dr. Haugh appeared in Dayton, and it was then that the beginning of the end drew nigh.

### AN ATROCIOUS CRIME

Nothing in the annals of criminal history presents, as shocking a

picture of cold-blooded and heartless atrocity as the history of the case of the State of Ohio against Dr. Oliver C. Haugh. It presents the picture of a dark, dastardly and villainous crime—that of murdering the father who guided his young foot-steps, the mother who gave him birth and the brother who played with him in infancy. It also tells in detail of the ill-spent life of one who might have greatness had he not plucked the poisoned flower of debauchery in his early life.

Jacobb and Mary Haugh, father and mother of Dr. Haugh, were quiet and unassuming farmers who, with their son Jesse, lived 8 miles north of Dayton on the Dayton and Troy pike. On the day of November 4, 1905, they were visited by Dr. Haugh. Early next morning a neighbor awakened by the cry of "Our house is on fire!" It proved to be Haugh and help soon arrived. Haugh acted strangely: he moaned and wrung his hands, but made no attempt to rescue the other members of the family. He told the others that they were in a room in the south part of the house, but before they could be reached that part of the house fell into the cellar, and the bodies were cremated.

The County authorities got busy and Haugh was arrested, and convicted of murder. After his conviction he refused to talk for one hundred days. He was a most distressed looking object when brought to the Annex. His hair long and unkempt, and a shaggy growth of beard covered his face. His mind seemed clouded from the use of the deadly drug. For days and days after his arrival at the Annex he would lay on his cot from morning until night. One eve when the Guards and other inmates were playing a friendly game of cards, they were startled almost out of their senses hearing the voice of Haugh. He said: "When the ' commands you not to talk, you must not talk. They say I murdered my poor old mother. They lie, damn them!"

From that time until his execution he acted as any other rational man would act; talked, laughed and played cards with his keeper. He embraced the Catholic religion; read catechism, and prayed much; followed the Rev. Francis Kelly from the Death Cage to the execution room in the early morning of April 19, 1907. He refused to make any statement when seated in the Death Chair. There was a flash of sea current and the triple murderer had passed beyond. His execution was most successful, the doctors declaring that he died in two seconds.



**JAMES CORNELIUS**  
Electrocuted June 28, 1907, for the murder of  
his wife at Canton, Ohio. He died firm in  
the belief that capital punishment is  
right and just.

## **AN ADVOCATE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT**

IT IS a certain and a very curious fact that each individual who has been executed in the Annex, approaches his final departure in a frame of mind peculiarly his own; and in respect James Cornelius, serial number 37,306, wife-murder of Canton, Ohio, was unique.

Probably there was never an individual confined here who made a more determined effort to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, or who was supported by more powerful friends and at the same time advocated capital punishment necessary for the protection of society.

Just before his execution he made the following statement, "I believe in capital punishment. It is right and just, knowing as I do that I will within a very short time go to death in the Electric Chair, I say to you that if I had a vote tonight and could decide the whole question, I would declare that capital punishment should be continued for the good of society."

This is a remarkable statement to be made by a man in the shadow of death and who had fought so stubbornly for life. It seems to be a trait of human nature to advocate punishment for the other fellow. This sentiment expressed by Cornelius is an answer to the statement made by Govei Harris that while he was personally opposed to capital punishment, he could not interfere with the mandate of the courts. Thus we have the curious spectacle of a man refusing clemency to a condemned criminal, declaring himself as opposed to capital punishment; and just before the condemned takes his seat in the fatal Chair, he declares that it is necessary for the protection of society.

The date first set for the execution of Cornelius was April 26, 1907, but he was given a stay by Governor Harris until June 7th in order that his case might be carried before the Board of Pardons. At the expiration of that period he was granted a further stay till June 21st, and again until June 22th, at which time the sentence was executed.

Cornelius did not know what the outcome of his fight for life would be until the afternoon of the day of his death, and when told that the Governor had refused to interfere, he expressed no surprise. "I expected as much," he said. I have tried to be a good prisoner, just as I tried to be good as a free man. That I spent the most of my life as an honest, upright citizen, the world will little reck, remembering only the fatal

mistake that I made. I lay down this life with no bitter feeling toward any human being, I grieve on account of my children, whom this misfortune makes worse than orphans, and I sorrow for the wrongs that I have done. But I have no bitterness in my heart against any officer of the law who did his duty, as he perceived it. I do not censure the Governor for refusing me clemency, but I do think he should not have continued this torture of uncertainty till the last minute. The certainty of death would be a paradise to this suspension between hope and despair.”

Cornelius spent his last evening on earth in writing letters and settling up his business. He made a will leaving all his earthly possessions to his brother Dave, who had been so faithful to him throughout his trouble. A neat Morocco pocketbook containing seven dollars was given to the Warden for his brother. However, it also contained something more valuable to the condemned man than the money. On opening it, it was found to contain under the lap on one side the picture, clipped from a newspaper, of a man and woman. Under the one was printed the name, “James W. Cornelius,” under the other, “The Tate Mrs. Cornelius.” Side by side they had been placed by the condemned man, and above them in a row were the miniature photographs of the five children that had been born to them: This treasure the husband mutely gave to his brother, as he stood on the borderland of eternity, as a witness of his enduring love for the woman who was the mother of his children, and who sleeps beneath the green turf, a victim to his insane fury.

When the time came for him to enter the death chamber; Deputy Jewell opened the door into the Annex. Cornelius, the Chaplain and Captain Collins of the Volunteers of America were singing, “I Was Once Far Away From The Saviour.” The Chaplain halted in the singing, but the condemned man kept on until he had finished the verse:

“As vile as a sinner could be I  
know that Christ the Redeemer  
Can save a poor sinner like me.”

The clear voice rang out through the bleak, old prison and fell upon the ears of men detained for every conceivable crime.

Finishing the verse, Cornelius bade the other inmates of the Annex farewell and walked briskly to the death-chamber; then, looking about him without a tremor he took his seat in the Death Chair.

The clamps were quickly attached, and the black-mask was ready. The Warden asked if the prisoner had anything to say before the

sentence of the law was carried into effect "Only this, Warden. I want to thank you—all of you—for your kindness to me. Good-bye."

The mask was drawn, the electrodes were attached, the current turned on, and whether right or wrong, the law appeased its vengeance.. The murderer and the murdered, the husband and the wife, had joined the choir immortal. Who can say but that the man who so bravely met death, and who in the very hour of his taking away was thoughtful of society and of those who had loved him—who can say but that this man Cornelius was looking beyond to a greater hope, a greater love, and a more perfect happiness? Did the woman whose life he had taken, and whose love he had craved, look down from above and beckon; and did he, answering say, "I am coming? Who can say?

There was one incident which showed the character of the man, and that he thought constantly and until the last of the woman for whose death he died. While his head was being shaved he asked the attendant to bring him a red rose. When the flower was brought to him he caressed it and, pinned it on the lapel of his coat and remarked: "My wife always liked red roses." With the pretty blossom on his breast and its perfume in his nostrils recalling to him the woman who bore his children, the condemned man took his place in the fatal Chair.

The crime for which Cornelius went to the Electric Chair was committed in Canton, Ohio, on the morning of September 17, 1906. His wife had separated from him and applied for a divorce on the ground of drunkenness and extreme cruelty. He, however, agreed to pay the expense of a divorce if she would withdraw the latter part of the charge, which she refused to do. On the fatal morning, having been drinking heavily for several days, he forced his way into the house where his wife was still living. A violent quarrel ensued and he, in a fit of uncontrollable passion, seized a window-weight and with it brained her where she stood in the kitchen.

Walking leisurely up the street, he entered a cigar store where he bought and lit a cigar, telling the proprietor that he had just killed his wife. Further uptown he met the patrol wagon coming for him, hailed the officers and gave himself up.

James W. Cornelius was born in Wayne County, Ohio, December 22, 1870, where his relatives, all respected people, yet live. In Shreve he met and married a Miss Priest, who had one child, born out of wedlock which was the principal cause of their troubles. The child, a girl eighteen years of age, was the chief witness against him in the trial that led to his death.

## *The Palace of Death*

In Wayne County Cornelius was known as a hard-working and honest man. But of recent years he had been a hard drinker, and while drinking he was violent and abusive.

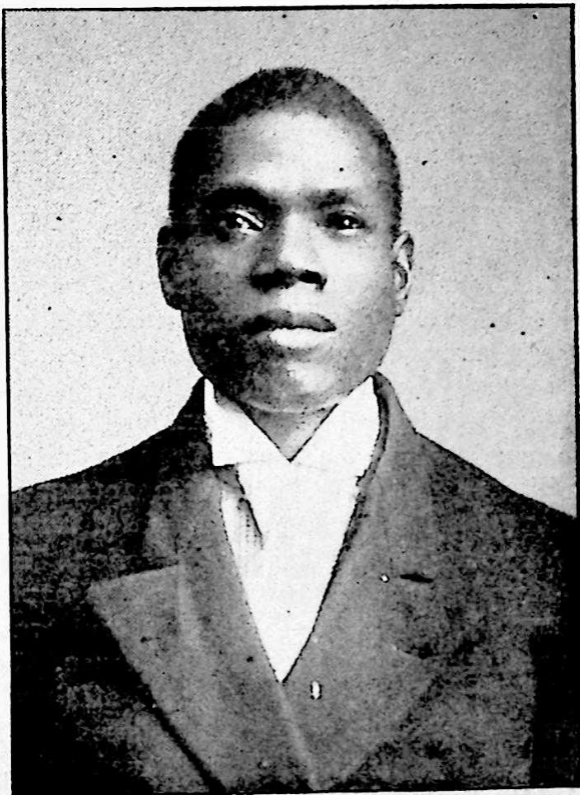
About two years before the crime was committed the Cornelius family moved to Canton, where Mrs. Cornelius' mother conducted a low resort. Mrs. Cornelius, it seems, spent much of her time at her mother's and sent the children there on various pretexts. This angered Cornelius and frequent quarrels resulted. Separation followed and the wife brought suit for divorce. While this suit was pending, Cornelius called frequently at his home (he having left and was then boarding down town), and sought to have his wife abandon the suit for divorce. She steadfastly refused and on the Saturday before the tragedy he took his two sons, Dean and James, to his father's home in Shreve, Ohio.

He was drinking hard at the time, and kept it up during Sunday. On Sunday evening he forced his way into the house where his wife was living and a violent quarrel followed. Cornelius, however, remained in the house Sunday night. On Monday morning the quarrel was renewed, at which time he committed the murder.

The policeman to whom Cornelius surrendered and told he had killed his wife stated that he said he was glad of it.

On the assumption that Cornelius was not in his right mind at the time the crime was committed, from long continued drinking, his friends in Wayne County made a vigorous fight to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and Governor Harris granted a reprieve that the Pardon Board might act upon it. But the Pardon Board refused to interfere with the action of the courts. Then Senator Vanover, from Wayne County, who had known the prisoner all his life, took up the case.

A petition signed by every man, woman and child in Shreve, the prisoner's native town, and another signed by all the prominent people in Wayne County, were presented to the Governor, praying for commutation of sentence, but he did not interfere and Cornelius paid the penalty for his crime.



HENRY WHITE

Electrocuted July 19, 1907, for the murder of  
Marshall Basore of Franklin, Ohio, who  
was about to take him into custody.



## THE EXECUTION OF A VICIOUS NEGRO

AT FIVE MINUTES past midnight on Friday morning, July 19, 1907, Henry White, serial No. 37,359, Negro murderer of Marshal Basore, of Franklin, Ohio, paid the penalty for his dastardly crime in the Electric Chair. Several days previous to his execution he announced his conversion to the Catholic faith and was attended to the last by Father Rumaggi, a Priest of that church. He met death stolidly, professing to believe that all his sins were forgiven.

White emerged from the Death Cage in an indifferent manner. His step was firm and his countenance natural. He smiled on the assembled spectators as he seated himself in the Chair. In response to the Warden's question, "Have you anything to say?" he merely shook his head. A hand reached for the lever and **1750** volts of the fiery current was turned into the murderer's body. The form stiffened, the hands clutched, and when the current was turned off they relaxed. An examination by the Physician soon disclosed the fact that the man was still living. Dr. Thomas stepped quickly back, and signaled the Deputy Warden to again turn on the current. This time the current was turned on with such force that sparks of fire flew from the head and lower limbs. This high voltage was continued for four seconds. Again the current was turned off. Chief Physician Thomas Thorn again examined the body; the heart was still beating. Again the high voltage was turned on and remained until a sickening odor of burning flesh filled the room. Then after a wait of four minutes the Physician finally pronounced the man dead. There was no pain, no outward signs of life after the first shock, but there was a well-defined pulsation of the heart rendering-it necessary to again turn on the current after the first contact.

White was small, wiry and full of vitality, and a greater shock than would have killed a half-dozen ordinary men was required to cause his death. The electrical apparatus was in perfect order and death should have come with the first contact. The entire time consumed in the execution was six and one-half minutes.

### THE STORY OF WHITE'S CRIME

White was originally a Columbus Negro and was formerly employed at the Great Southern Hotel. He had a bad police record here.

On the evening of December 16, 1904, he shot and killed Ella Mayberry, a Negro girl on Gay Street, because she refused to marry him. He escaped but was captured next day at Medway, eight miles west of Springfield, and returned to Columbus.

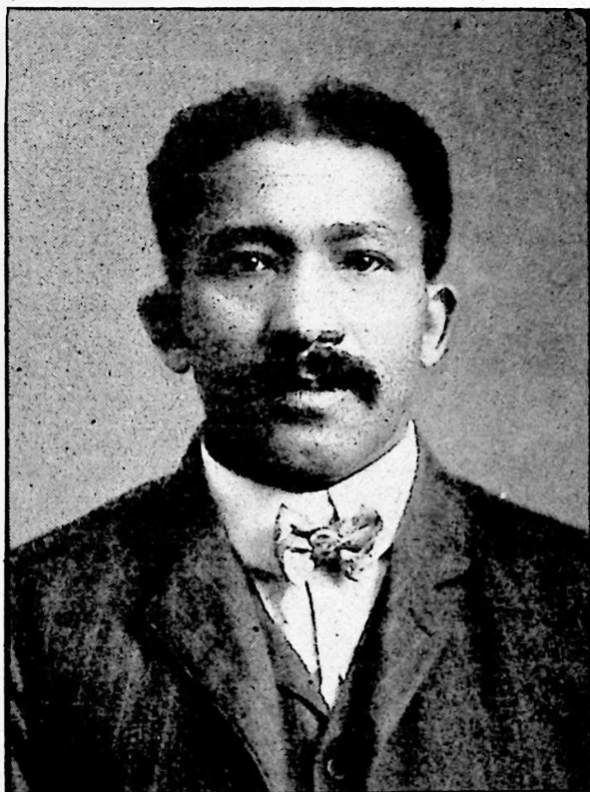
He was sent to the Mansfield Reformatory from the Franklin County Criminal Court February 21, 1905. After a few months, as is usually the case, he was paroled from the Reformatory, and located in Springfield. In October, 1905, he committed a number of burglaries at farm houses near Middletown and Hamilton, Ohio, and for these crimes a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. On October 30, he was apprehended in Franklin, Ohio by Marshal Basore, who placed him under arrest. White at the time was standing in the traction station with his sweetheart, Sadie Freeman, of Springfield. As the Marshall approached, White drew his revolver and shot him down in cold blood.

### LYNCHING IS THREATENED

The murderer escaped but was later captured by a posse of enraged citizens after a long and arduous chase through the hills of Warren County. He was then placed in an automobile and rushed across the country to Dayton, in order to prevent a lynching by the infuriated populace of Franklin. He was afterward transferred to Lebanon, the county seat of Warren County, where he broke jail a short time afterward. After a long and tiresome chase through woods, fields and swamps with the aid of bloodhounds he was finally rounded up in a swamp and recaptured. Later he was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die.

He was received at the Annex January 7, 1907, under sentence to be electrocuted May 27, of the same year. The Governor granted a stay until June 28, and finally until July 19, in order that the State Pardon Board might pass on his case. His pleas for a new trial and for commutation of sentence were rejected by both the Supreme Court and the Pardon Board. Then a final plea was made to Governor Harris by his attorneys. The Governor listened patiently to their pleadings for two hours. After they had concluded the Governor's decision came prompt and distinct: "Gentlemen, I cannot interfere with the sentence of the court.

Sadie Freeman, his sweetheart who was with him when the murder was committed, is now serving a seven-year sentence in the Ohio Penitentiary for receiving goods stolen by White. She asked to be sent to the Penitentiary so that she might be near her dusky lover.



ALBERT DAVIS  
Negro murderer of Springfield, Ohio. He  
killed his sweetheart after his proposal  
of marriage was refused. Electro-  
cuted Oct. 25, 1907.

## **KILLED HIS SWEETHEART WHEN REJECTED**

ALBERT DAVIS, serial No. 37,186, a Springfield, Ohio, Negro, who murdered his sweetheart in a fit of insane jealousy, paid the price for his crime a few moments after midnight Friday morning, October 25, 1907, in the Death-dealing Chair at the Ohio Penitentiary.

He met his death coolly, walking firmly into the death-chamber and dying quickly as the current passed through his body. Davis entered the death-chamber at 12:03, and without a quiver walked to the Chair. He took his seat as coolly as though it were an every-day occurrence with him.

After all was ready he stated, in answer to the Warden's query, "I have nothing to say, only that I am dying an innocent man." Scarcely had the words left his lips until the fiery current was scorching his life out. At the end of sixty seconds Dr. John M. Thomas, the Chief Physician, pronounced the man dead. The highest current administered in this execution was 1750 volts, the amount usually required.

During his last hours on earth, Davis maintained the same composure that had marked his entire imprisonment. He maintained his innocence throughout.

### **WATCHED OTHERS PASS OVER**

This indifference on his part was all the more remarkable from the fact that he had witnessed enough during his eleven months' stay in the death-cell to weaken the stoutest heart. Knowing full well that the same fate would be his own, he saw four fellow-murderers go one after another to the Chair.

He saw his friend and companion, Fred Castor, make the final preparation. He was with the notorious Dr. Haugh during his last moments. He heard the ill-timed jokes of Murderer James Cornelius as he was beginning the death-march. And, lastly, he saw one of his own race, Henry White, pass over the great divide. Through it all, however, Davis remained calm. And when the summons came for him to join that innumerable throng, he rose calmly, unhesitatingly, and marched stoically to his fate.

### **MADE LAST APPEAL**

A final appeal to stay the execution of the condemned man was

## *The Palace of Death*

made to Governor Harris Thursday evening, but it proved fruitless. Previous to his death Davis made every arrangement-for the disposition of his remains, and the care of his eight-year-old daughter, who was made an orphan to satisfy the ends of the law.

Just before entering the death-chamber he received the final sacrament of the Catholic Church. He embraced this faith shortly before coming to the prison, November **14, 1906**, and during his stay in the Annex was faithful to his vows. The condemned man spent the greater part of Thursday with his eight brothers and sisters. His aged parents who resided in Pike County, Ohio, were unable to spend the last day with their son.

Davis was the second of a family of thirteen children, and was forty years of age, and a widower. He was one of the strongest built men ever confined in the Annex. In accordance with his expressed wish his remains were shipped to Springfield for burial.

### STORY OF THE CRIME

The crime for which Davis was punished was a particularly brutal one. On the night of May 23, 1906, he called at the home of Hazel Reed, a young colored girl of eighteen years, and asked her to take a walk. He proposed marriage and was repulsed. As they reached the Reed cottage on their return, Davis gathered the girl in his arms and, as he kissed her, shot her through the heart.

Much interest was taken in the case in Springfield. From the first public sentiment was strongly in favor of the imposition of the death sentence, partially because of the strong racial prejudice prevalent there at the time, and also because then had never been a murderer punished by death in the history of that county. Davis's crime was committed shortly after the race riots in that city and was, therefore, the subject of wide attention and comment.



**ROYAL FOWLER**

Who murdered his sweetheart in Dayton, Ohio,  
while in a jealous rage. Electro-  
cuted Nov. 1, 1907.

## **A TEMPESTUOUS, JEALOUS INDIVIDUAL**

ROY FOWLER, serial number 37,331, the Dayton, Ohio, murderer, was legally put to death in the Annex “ of the Ohio Penitentiary, November 1, 1907, for the murder of his sweetheart, Mamie Hagerty, at Dayton Ohio, on the night of August 18, 1906.

Fowler was a native of Maryland, in which state he spent his boyhood days as a farm hand and where, during the winter months, he attended a country school. At the age of nineteen years he was married to a young lady at Chambers burg, Pennsylvania. The union proved an unhappy one and after a year of married life he left his wife and infant child to shift for themselves and emigrated to Dayton, Ohio, where he met and became infatuated with Mamie Hagerty, a common- character of the city,

Mamie kept him in constant trouble by her relations with other men and he was sent to the workhouse on numerous occasions for assault and battery on her, or some of her other lovers. The last time he was sent to the “ works” he said to the officer who took him that when he was released he would kill Mamie and then himself. The former part of his threat was carried out by himself on the evening of August 18, 1906; the latter part by the officers of the Ohio Penitentiary on the morning of November 1, 1907.

### **FOWLER'S CRIME**

On the evening of August 18, Fowler called at the Hagerty home to remonstrate with Mamie about her relations with other men of the town and after a more violent quarrel than usual, he drew a thirty-two calibre revolver and fired three shots into her body, either one of which would have produced death.

The girl ran screaming into the street where she fell, expiring almost immediately.

Fowler escaped from Dayton and took refuge in Pennsylvania, but after three days he gave himself up to the Pennsylvania police and was returned to Dayton, where the Grand Jury indicted him for first degree

murder. He was tried in the Court of Common Pleas and, found guilty as charged in the indictment, and sentenced to be electrocuted May 29, 1907. The execution was postponed until August 30<sup>th</sup>. to give the higher courts an opportunity to review the case; but the higher court failed to find error in the trial court, and fixed the date of his execution for October 18th. Then the Governor granted a respite until November 1st in order that his case might be reviewed by the Pardon Board; but they failed to find that his crime had not been a calculated, cold-blooded murder.

Fowler was much below the average in intelligence and a great many people thought that the ends of justice would have been met had he been placed in an imbecile asylum. But his folly was not so sublime as to merit the term imbecile. He was characterized by a violent temper which kept him in constant trouble with the other inmates of the death-chamber.

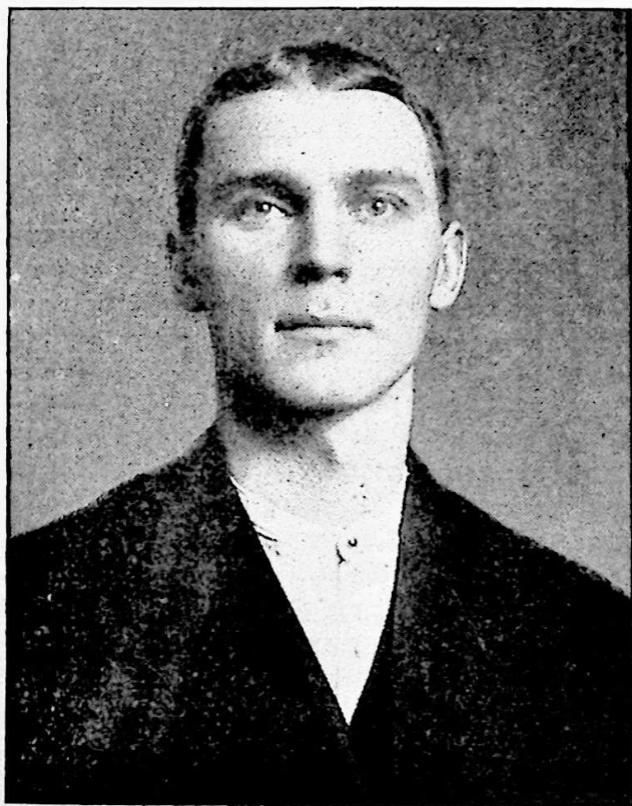
During his ten months incarceration in the charnel house of death, he would one day manifest the extremes of fear at the prospect of death and the next day an absolute recklessness as to what fate held in store for him. One day he would show a devout religious conviction and spend much time in reading the Bible and in prayer; but the next day he would make a Bowery bum or a drunken sailor seem like a novice in the use of vile and profane language.

He belonged to that class of unfortunates that nature has failed to provide with a balance to regulate their actions. He was always running to extremes—a varied, verticil, versatile mind; a character wavering, fitful, uncertain. On the night of his execution he took part in the religious exercises conducted in the death-chamber. At midnight he walked to his fate with an unflinching step and coolly seated himself in the Chair where the penalty of his crime was paid; where the law that says “An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth ” was satisfied.

When asked if he had anything to say before the sentence of the court should be carried out, he said: “I am trusting entirely in God, and believe that I will meet the woman whom I slew, and still love, in heaven.”

The current of electricity was switched into the body, and that thing we call life ceased to exist in Royal Fowler. His soul had taken its flight to stand before Him who gave it to render an account for the deeds done while here in the body.





**FRANK EARL**  
Electrocuted Dec. 20, 1907, for the murder of  
Wm. B. Legg, a butcher of Sidney, Ohio,  
robbery being the motive.

## **CONVICTED MAINLY BY HIS PAST RECORD**

TO THOSE persons about the Annex who come in contact with the men that are there awaiting the day of execution, there will sometimes come a doubt as to the guilt or justness of their punishment. It is always true that every man who has the slightest ground upon which to base his claim will maintain that he is innocent, or will point to some extenuating circumstance that should set him free or, at least lessen his punishment. But few persons presented a more plausible story, or backed it up with more vigour and better evidence than did Frank Earl, serial No.. 37,728.

He was convicted of the murder of William B. Legg, in Sidney, Ohio, on the 20th day of April, 1906. Mr. Eegg was a butcher and on this night his place of business was entered by two men who attempted to rob him. The evidence went to show that he resisted and was shot by the robbers, who secured about thirty dollars and made their escape. They were seen by several persons who were able to give a description of the two men, which led to the arrest of two men in Lima the next morning by Detective Dan. Kelley that seemed to answer the description given by the authorities at Sidney. They both professed ignorance of the crime at the time, but on the second day after their arrest the one giving his name s Walker confessed to a part in the crime and implicated Earl shifting the greatest part of the responsibility upon him They were taken back to Sidney and held to answer to the charge of murder in the first degree.

When Earl's trial was held Walker went on the stand and testified against him under a promise, Bari's attorneys claimed, of clemency for himself. He testified that Earl had induced him to take part in the robbery, and that the proceeds were to be used to get Earl's brother out of the workhouse in Cincinnati. He said that Earl fired both shots, which the post-mortem showed had taken effect in Legg's body. Those bullets, however, had been fired from guns of different calibre. This Walker explained by saying that when Legg did not fall at the first shot, Earl changed guns for the heavier calibre and fired the second, after which he (Walker) took the smaller revolver and went. to the cash drawer where he obtained about thirty dollars in silver. Other witnesses testified as to the appearance of the two men but only one would identify Earl as being the man, and he had the least chance of a positive

identification of any of the half dozen persons who saw them.

Earl's defense was an alibi. He attempted to show by four witnesses that he was in Dayton from 10 o'clock p. m. to 4:30 P. M. on the 20th of April, and that he had gone from Dayton to Hamilton, where he tried to show by two witnesses that he remained as late as 7:30 p. M. of that day. He further stated that he had then taken a traction car from Hamilton back to Dayton, and that in Dayton he had taken a freight train north to Lima, passing through Sidney about 2 o'clock A. M. on the 21st, or about four hours after Legg had been killed.

W. E. Frazier, an officer of the Brotherhood of Man in Cincinnati, interested himself in Earl's case, and did what he could to induce Governor Harris to commute his sentence to life imprisonment on the ground that there was a reasonable doubt of guilt, but he failed to convince the Governor.

After Walker had been brought to the Penitentiary, he made an affidavit that his testimony had been false, and that Earl was not the man who was with him when the crime was committed, but that a fellow known as "Slim" was the real murderer of Mr. Legg.

Frank Earl was a native of Maryland, and spent his early boyhood on a farm near Rockville. When he was ten years of age he moved with his parents to Washington, D. C., where he soon fell in with a set of vicious and criminal associates who soon introduced him to the police of that city. When still quite a boy he was sent to the Penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., where he was kept at hard labor for two years.

After his release he was soon in trouble again, jumping a bond of \$500 in Washington, he went to Chicago where he was soon arrested for burglary and sent to Chester Penitentiary. While there, in order to escape work, he stuck his hand in a cog wheel, and had his left arm ground off half-way to his elbow.

. His record had probably as much or more to do with the verdict and his execution as did the evidence in the case.

After he was brought to the Annex he spent his time mostly in playing cards with the other inmates or the Guard, and was generally of a mild disposition, but now and then he would break out in fits of violent vituperation against those who had been instrumental in reducing him to his present condition. He did not believe that he would be executed until two days before the time set by the court. When he realized that there was no hope he broke down completely, but had so far recovered that he walked out to the Electric Chair without assistance, and just after midnight on the morning of December 20,

*H. M. Fogle*

1907, whether justly or unjustly, he paid the penalty, and the murder of William B. Legg had been avenged—if the object of the law is vengeance.

**THE END**