

# The Scranton Tribune

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Since the street cars have begun to run on Washington avenue there has been an annoying increase in the dust nuisance. Every car raises a cloud of dust and sends it whirling into pedestrians' faces. What is the city going to do about it?

## Hypnotism and Crime.

The hypnotic feats of the Sages in this city during the present week are sufficiently convincing to call up the old question whether there may not be elements of danger to society in the development of hypnotic influences; in other words, whether, in the hands of the unscrupulous, power such as the Sages manifestly possess may not be used for public or private injury. The relationship of hypnotism to crime has elicited a voluminous discussion, but one of the best presentations of the subject that we have seen recently published in the bulletin of the Psychological section of the Medical-Legal society and was from the pen of Dr. Sudduth, of Chicago.

This authority first considers in detail the facts in several noted criminal cases in which the hypnotic defense has been introduced as, for example, Harry Hayward's murder of Katherine Gling at Minneapolis, the seduction of Mabel Briggs and Alma Leonard at Eau Claire, Wis., the Kaib case at Columbus, O., and the murder at Conway, Kansas, of Thomas Patton by Tom MacDonald—and shows very conclusively by expert testimony that the claim of hypnotic incitement to crime, whenever made, was merely a clever bit of legal dust-throwing, on a par with what used to be called the "insanity dodge," but further up to date.

Coming from this phase of the subject to a consideration of the nature of hypnotism, Dr. Sudduth agrees with Professor Sarge that it is simply a modified form of natural sleep, with the qualification that notwithstanding the hypnotized person's apparent loss of consciousness he is really perfectly conscious of his condition. "He is possessed," says Dr. Sudduth, "of what is termed a double or dual consciousness. He knows full well that he is doing the bidding of another, but so long as the suggested acts do not shock his sense of propriety, and come within the bounds of physical possibility, he will attempt their performance, because he realizes that he is playing a part in an experiment, and is anxious to add his mite to the sum of knowledge upon the subject. Nevertheless," and this point is one that all practitioners of hypnotism are careful to emphasize, "he is as free a moral agent to follow the dictates of conscience as he is in the waking state. He obeys only in so far as the suggested acts do not antagonize the moral standard he has set up for himself; any suggestions that seriously affront his moral nature, if persisted in, will cause him to awaken. Criminal or immoral suggestions made to a moral subject meet the auto-suggestion arising from his own conscience and confusion is created in his mind. His indecision is only too apparent in the helpless expression on his face, and his incapacity to originate any line of procedure in the premises, and he simply remains passive, that is, does nothing."

In Dr. Sudduth's opinion, the question of successful hypnotic criminal suggestion turns, therefore, on a point of morals, even as it does in the waking state, and with a lessened possibility of success for the reason that in the hypnotic state a subject seems to lose to a greater or less degree his sense of material relationship, and cupidly and passion are less easily appealed to. The mind is passive, not active, and the operator must supply the motive and the physical incentive as well. Even when the suggested act does not cross the subject's ideas of right it many times fails of consummation by reason of this same law of inertia. In brief, the personality of the individual "is not materially altered in hypnotism; it is only modified; partially dominated, if you please, by the will of another for the time being, but only so far as his own ideas are not seriously crossed. Any strong counter-current of ideas will break the relationship and arouse the individual from the hypnotic state. Faith in the ability and the good intentions of the operator is an essential element in hypnotism, and the sensational stories that go the rounds of cheap literature regarding theft, arson and murder committed in the hypnotic state, by reason of that state, are the creations of diseased or ignorant minds. Unless a person is or all these at heart, he can no more be made so in the hypnotic than he can in the waking state."

No plea of hypnotic suggestion has ever been judicially passed upon in an American court. Perhaps the nearest approach to an opinion on the subject was reached in the Hayward trial at Minneapolis, when Judge Smith, in ruling against the introduction of testimony calculated to prove that Hayward had his accomplice Blikt under hypnotic control, said: "I do not think that hypnotism should ever stand as an excuse for the commission of crime." For this opinion Judge Smith will find abundant indorsement.

Possibly Platt is going to Canton to say he was only joking last June.

The American Economist has completed a census of 1388 industrial establishments in forty-six States and Territories relative to the condition of labor throughout the United States in the months of July, 1892, and July, 1896. It shows that in these establishments there was almost 30 per cent. less work for American labor, after the Gorman-Wilson tariff had been two years in operation, than there had been after the McKinley bill had been the law for two years. The decrease in the earnings of wages was 25 1/2 per cent. under the Democratic free trade tariff, the total loss of wages to labor being at the rate of \$19,214,448 a year, under free trade, in the 1,388 establishments,

where there were 52,448 idle hands this year who had been busily employed under McKinley protection. This inquiry justifies the tariff's present eagerness for genuine tariff reform.

Senator Sherman is said to be angry at the thought of being asked to enter the cabinet. There are plenty of good Republicans, however, who don't share his sensitiveness.

## Coming to Their Senses.

The recent adoption in Mississippi and South Carolina of state constitutional amendments so restricting the suffrage as virtually to disfranchise a large percentage of the male citizenry of those states has had one unexpected effect. It was done largely with a view to perpetuating Democratic supremacy since the disfranchised element was mainly Republican, and it was doubtless supposed that the entire South, being hitherto solidly Democratic, would as a matter of course cheerfully acquiesce. But to and behold! the decent states of the South are beginning to perceive that such an arrangement is unfair all around and are already protesting against it.

For example, the Galveston News, one of the most influential journals in the Southwest, after pointing out to what extent the educational and poll tax voting tests in Mississippi and South Carolina have reduced their vote, contends that the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States makes it mandatory upon congress that Mississippi's representation in the national house of representatives shall be reduced from seven to two, and South Carolina's from seven to three. Likewise Mississippi's representation in the electoral college should be reduced from nine to four and South Carolina's from nine to five. The News says congress should take this action under the constitution in "justice to the states of Texas, Missouri, North Carolina and the other commonwealths where there is no restriction of suffrage."

To show how unfair the present arrangement is, a few figures are interesting. In 1894 the average vote for congressmen in South Carolina per district was 5,092; in Mississippi it was 4,000; in Texas 31,000; in Illinois 38,000; in Kentucky 32,500; in North Carolina, 30,500; in Connecticut 25,500; and in Pennsylvania, about 22,000. The congressional returns from the presidential election are not in yet, but it is safe from what are in to conclude that the disproportion in 1896 was fully as great as in 1894. The mere statement of the case shows on its face that something is radically wrong in a system which permits less than 6,000 voters in Mississippi to exert the same power in choosing a president or in making federal laws that is exerted by 30,000 to 40,000 voters in the more thrifty and intelligent Northern states.

Heretofore, whenever a Northern journal or speaker has called attention to this gross and glaring disparity he has been howled down by the cry that such protest is the prompting of partisan and sectional prejudice. It is therefore prophetic of better things that the first objection entered this year to this manifest inequality of representation should come from a Democratic source in the South itself. We undoubtedly owe much to Southern Populists for thus breaking down the old barriers and letting in the light. But whatever the cause of the South's present renascence of sanity and fairness, the next administration should not fail to look for a remedy for the existing disproportion. Perhaps no other cure would be more efficacious than to base the ratio for congressional representation not on population but on the number of votes cast at the last prior general election.

The estate of Henry E. Abbey, who in his day spent millions, amounts to just \$200. Truly this is a world of change.

## As to Foot Ball.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle has compiled a partial list of young men killed or seriously injured during the foot-ball campaign of 1896. The list is half a column long, too long to reprint, but its totals are 4 killed and 25 severely wounded. From its list the Rochester paper has excluded all cases of injury such as those received during fights and riots growing out of foot ball matches for which the game itself is not directly responsible; also all such comparatively unimportant injuries as sprained ankles, wrenched knees, broken noses, blackened eyes, torn lips, nostrils and eyelids; also all the injuries of which it knows nothing except that the players were so disabled that they were unable to continue the game, and, in many cases, had to be carried unconscious or otherwise helpless from the field. It further explains with some care that the list is by no means complete; that it is made up simply of those cases which came readily into recollection, and its conclusion is that foot-ball doesn't pay.

Before discussing that opinion it may be worth while to note that there is a good deal of conscious or unconscious hypocrisy in the public sentiment which prizes the prize ring, with its far smaller risk, and elevates the equally bloody gridiron into a social function. It is true that the present associations of the prize ring are vile; but it is also true that if the same classes which support football would take it in hand, strip it of its brutalizing features, do away with finish "mills" and encourage scientific sparring in the same manner that they encourage special dexterity and pluck on the gridiron, the result would be a distinct gain to athletics. Give football the age that prize-fighting has and we dare say it would become quite as disreputable, unless saved by the social safeguards at present surrounding it.

Now for the main question. Does football pay? We cannot see a negative side to the question. That the game may be pushed at times to an extreme does not signify that it is therefore wholly unprofitable. There is no blessing in life which cannot be turned into a curse by excesses. The argument for football is precisely the argument for the properly conducted prize ring and all other manly sports;

it develops the human body, teaches the necessary philosophy of give and take, engenders pluck, cultivates self-reliance and broadens the whole basis of existence among its devotees. No nation ever amounted to a rap which discouraged athletics. No nation will ever achieve a noble destiny without active amateur sports. There is, moreover, a moral side to the question which upon the whole far outweighs the inevitable penalties of athletic competition. Morals to a large extent are associated with physical health. The well-developed man, physically speaking, is almost always the good-natured, generous, peaceful citizen. On the contrary, the man with the disabled lung or the rebellious liver is nine times in ten the fellow who plots mischief and raises Cain generally. Football, among other sports, makes for good and virile citizenship, reduces the percentage of crime and raises the standards of the race. Our only regret is that those who encourage it do not also deal in equal fairness with several other athletic pastimes even better fitted than football to achieve these desirable results.

The excitable Wilkes-Barre Record joins with several excitable local commentators on the Mrs. Booth case in premature condemnation of Superintendent Howell. It flies off on a tangent after hearing only one side of the case. Mr. Howell's request for a suspension of judgment until he can be heard in his own defense is eminently fair; and from what we know of the facts we incline to the opinion that his defense will be likely to acquit him of wrong motives and place the entire matter in a more favorable light. Verdicts should always be withheld until all the evidence is in.

The Philadelphia Press "definitely announces" that Senator Quay's preference among the candidates to succeed Senator Cameron is Hon. Boies Penrose, of Philadelphia. This may be, indeed, so far as newspaper speculation goes this is the surface indication. But Senator Quay himself will need to give public testimony on the matter before doubt can be wholly removed.

When Weaver started to crush the Cuban rebellion he promised to do it within 60 days. He has been at work for over a year and still the rebellion is uncrushed. As a crusher he seems to be very far from a success. But that is no reason why the United States should let him have his own way indefinitely. The time for this government to act is drawing nigh.

There is consolation for the anxious, Mr. Cleveland, it is said, has decided not to put the 65,000 fourth-class post-offices in the country under civil service rules. In other words, when McKinley gets in there will be a pie counter.

The statement that ex-President Andrew D. White has already been proffered the next secretaryship of state is very improbable. Election day is only one month old, and secretaries of state are rarely chosen in a hurry.

Now that Senator Quay has said deliberately he would not accept a cabinet position, look out for Mark Hanna. The cabinet needs at least one good politician.

William D. Bynum, the chairman of the Sound Money Democracy, already wants to form a new party. William should pause awhile and get rested.

## Just a Word or Two of Casual Mention

Down in Minnoka there lives a hardy citizen, who has seen thirty winters return, and from appearances bids fair to see a good many more.

When the Graveyard Insurance company was at its zenith in this valley, a large number insured this man and felt confident that his days on this sphere were numbered. True, he was not very rugged then, but he had been possessed of an iron constitution; and his insurers calculated that when once a vigorous and able-bodied man begins to suffer, he goes down the toboggan swiftly and surely, not like one who drags out a lingering existence. But the man went by and there was no sign of his approaching dissolution. The collectors came around frequently and took up the premiums, and so much had been paid in on the man that the policy holders got alarmed and feared that it wouldn't be long before they would have more paid in than they would get out when he died. Demijohn of the worst sort that could be "rectified" were presented to him, and he received them with thanks and deep compassion. He visited to the land of his birth. They sent him across the ocean in the middle of winter, thinking that the strain on him would eventually lead to his death. For several months the postoffice was visited every night in the expectation that a letter would arrive announcing his death, but none came. At last one day, the following spring, he walked into Minnoka rejuvenated in health and looking for all the world as though he had found Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of youth. He celebrated his return not long after by getting married, and it wouldn't be wise to take a policy on him today. Suffice it to add that he scurries his reinvigoration to "rot gut" whiskey and a steamer voyage to Ireland.

For those of us who are only moderately supplied with this world's goods there is always a fascination about guessing at how much richer men the world. The average guess is rarely accurate, but it employs the mind. The sight in yesterday's Philadelphia Inquirer of a paragraph concerning Abram Nesbitt, of Kingston, "the reputed owner," as it says, "of more tangible wealth than any other man in the commonwealth," recalls a conversation once had with leading Wilkes-Barreans on this subject. It was on the occasion of the visit to Spring Brook of a party of the officials and guests of the Spring Brook Water Supply company. Mr. Nesbitt was in the party and the talk turned to the subject of his wealth. There were various estimates of his worth from \$50,000 to \$175,000—but all agreed upon one point—namely, that Mr. Nesbitt is the wealthiest citizen of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

The street light at the corner of Quincy avenue and Vine street would be a good subject for investigation. It is dark more than half of each night, and no resident living near it any longer expects it to be of any service.

Wilkes-Barreans haven't lost confidence in Scranton push notwithstanding occasional suggestions to the contrary. The Wilkes-Barre board of trade scheduled tomorrow night at the Wyoming Valley House, Captain W. A. May, president of Scranton's board of trade, to give a banquet in response to an invitation, requesting him to respond to the toast "How Can a Board of Trade be Made as Successful as Scranton's Board." That isn't exactly

the title of the toast, but it is to that effect. Wilkes-Barre comes to Scranton for pointers once in awhile.

A woman's edition of the Binghamton Republican is in course of evolution. The exact date of its issue is not fixed, but it will be inside of a few weeks. Mrs. McDermott, the general manager, is coming to Scranton today to consult with Mrs. C. B. Penman, Miss Susan Dickinson and others of the editors and work-ers of the Scranton Women's Paper, which was gotten out from The Tribune office last spring. In addition to seeking advice from these ladies, who have experienced the joys, etc., of getting out a paper, Mrs. McDermott will discuss with them the feasibility of adding a Scranton page to the paper. As the proceeds are to go to the Commercial Traveler's Home, in which Scranton evinces a deep interest, there is every likelihood that its Scranton page will be a reality.

Attorney M. J. Welsh, although one of the youngest members of the bar, both in point of years and practice, is already attracting the attention of his legal brethren. During the first three days of criminal court he has been counsel in seven cases and won every one of them, with the exception of one in which the defendant was convicted with four others. His main, however, was singled out from the rest and recommended to the mercy of the court. Mr. Welsh modestly says it is good luck, but those who have been watching his ingenious handling of witnesses and listening to his convincing style of argument before juries do not agree with him in his explanation of his success.

On every hand the whist revival is in evidence. In Wilkes-Barre, Regulated efforts have been made by Scranton experts to enlist the good people of that quiescent burg in a whist tournament, but without avail. Nobody in Wilkes-Barre cares for whist. One theory is that it is too intellectual. At all events, the favorite Luzerne game is reported to be coming.

## A FAMOUS HUMORIST.

Percival K. Benson is the name of the Detroit Tribune's funny man, whose jokes are laughed at the world over. As he is about to leave Detroit for the east, the Tribune of that city reproduces from its files some of Benson's brightest work, as follows:

Sentinel Sherman's two volumes of somewhat petulant reminiscences are greeted with the following: "Oh, John Sherman remembers that long ago, and his boom that was done up so brown; how they jollied him on with a piece of support and then on his neck threw him down. In that solemn old church yard, the senate, he sits with a heart of the granite so gray, and when he remembers the things that he thinks he hastens a few things to say."

Of paragraphed philosophy he has given much, as witness: "There would be less boom at the top if there were an elevator."

He often uses the framework of the staple jokes on social foibles, but the raiment he gives them is always of his own design. An instance is found in the following: "Plebeian—What do you understand of the duke's motto, 'Non palma sine pulvere'?"

Second Plebeian—Ah, that, I take it, refers to his grace's matrimonial ventures. It means "No hand without the dust."

Realism? Well, I guess yes. You never saw anything like it. Why, the leading lady was a real lady.

"John," called his wife, "are you putting the baby to sleep?" The pugilist laughed bitterly in the darkness. "I've got him against the ropes," he answered, for there was yet hope.

"You're a wicked, lazy tramp," shouted the sharp featured woman. "I decline to be drawn into any controversy," replied the tourist haughtily, "but you will take notice that I do not claim to be a June bride."

First Chicago woman—And you had to get rid of Phil?

Second Chicago woman—Yes, he got cold and wouldn't let any strange husband come into the house.

"And did you lynch the miscreant?"

"No," answered the leader of the infuriated mob. "He took refuge in an apartment house and the janitor wouldn't let us in. He was afraid we would track mud on the floor."

Old King Coal was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul sure enough; Were it not for the slate and the shale in him He'd have been what is called hot stuff.

"Shall I say au revoir and not goodbye?" he whispered soulfully.

Her long lashes swept her damask cheek. "I hardly know," she faltered. "Your French is pretty rank, but then—"

## REVERSED.

My love was christened Isabel; I decline to be drawn into any controversy. Upon her hair, her eyes and shrined in madrigals her bonnets.

Her fair young face was held within My heart's most sacred cell; Her name was not his sweet enough; I called her Donna Bella.

Now we are married, she who erst Was meek as Saint Sarena, Has poured my love in life; I called her Bella-Bates.

—Margaret Holmes Bates.

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