

PERPETUAL SILENCE

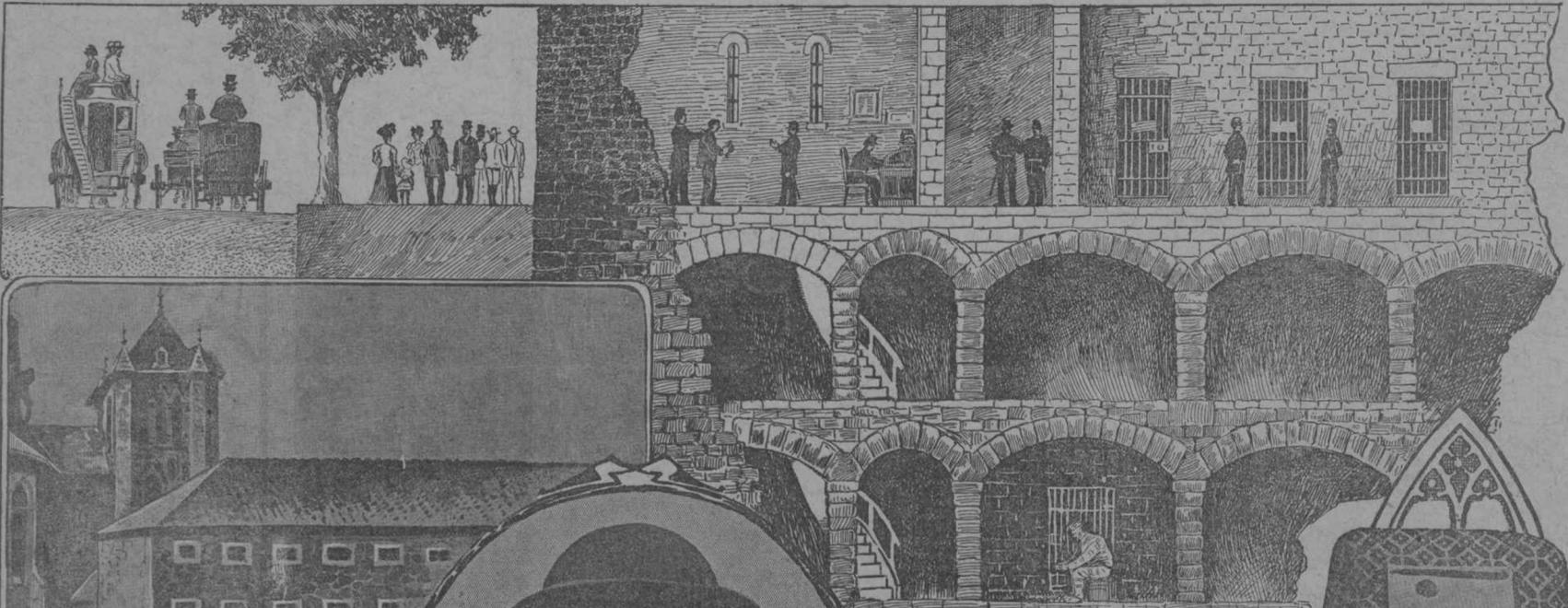
CIVILIZATION'S WORST TORTURE.

TO BE INFLICTED ON LUCCHENI, THE ANARCHIST ASSASSIN.

CIVILIZATION'S WORST ENEMY.

ABSOLUTE ISOLATION

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L'ÉVECHÉ, THE PRISON WHERE LUCCHENI WILL BE BURIED FOR LIFE

FROM PHOTO



LUCCHENI FROM PHOTO

LUCCHENI BURIED ALIVE. HIS DESTINY ETERNAL SILENCE AND PROBABLY MADNESS



LUCCHENI LAUGHING ON HIS WAY TO PRISON FROM PHOTO



THE PILLOW ON WHICH THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH DIED FROM PHOTO

THE most abhorrent murderer of the century—Lucchени, the assassin of the Empress of Austria—is to receive a punishment fitting his crime. At first it was universally regretted that Lucchени could not be executed, his crime having been committed in the Swiss canton of Geneva, where the death penalty does not exist. Now it seems that he will suffer a punishment more terrible than death could be for an anarchist. He will be kept silent for life and treated with the utmost rigor permitted by the law. For the least infraction of the rules he will be placed in an absolutely dark cell. The other infamous anarchists, Valliant and Henry, were enabled to die before a mob, spitting curses on society and intoxicated with notoriety. An advance was made when Santo Caserio, President Carnot's murderer, was tried and executed without spectators. The treatment of Lucchени is even more effective. From the moment he was arrested to the hour he was sentenced Lucchени kept up his hideous bravado and swagger. When he was led from court he collapsed. The terror of his punishment blanched his swarthy face. That Lucchени from the first feared imprisonment in Switzerland more than death seems proved by the fact that he asked to be tried in Austria. There his execution would have been certain. A timely and impressive account of the awful punishment that Lucchени will endure has just been sent to this country by Mr. B. H. Ridgely, the United States Consul at Geneva. In accordance with the sentence of the Court that he should be treated with the utmost legal severity, Lucchени will be kept

in a dark cell for the first six months of his imprisonment and feel merely on bread and water. This part of his sentence has already begun. He is incarcerated in a dungeon far below the street and the lake level, where the darkness is greater than that of the blackest night and the air as heavy as a pall. The cell is entirely of stone. Lucchени does not even see his guards. Those who bring him food shove it through a trap without looking at him. The proximity of the lake of Geneva makes the cell horribly damp. The famous prisoner of Chillon, who was also immured by the lake of Geneva, was happily situated in comparison with Lucchени. Mr. Ridgely, who has visited both places, can testify to this. During the first six months Lucchени will be taken into the open air for just one hour twice a month. He is a bull-necked beast and according to appearances can stand a great deal of physical suffering and hardship. Nevertheless it is believed that his removal from the dark cell at the end of six months will occur only just in time to save his life. For five years after this period he will be kept in solitary confinement in an ordinary cell and will there do the hard labor assigned to him. After that he will be set to work in a prison shop, but will not be permitted to speak to any of his fellow prisoners on pain of instant removal to the dark cell. The most impressive feature of Lucchени's punishment is his condemnation to perpetual silence. "This," as Mr. Ridgely happily remarks, "is the worst conceivable punishment for an anarchist." If he were permitted to talk to and con-

scure and oblivion from now until his death. The world will never hear from him again. Perhaps when he dies some prison official will think it to revive for an instant the memory of this human reptile. Perhaps his name will never be mentioned again. He will see no visitors, receive no letters and hold no communication whatsoever with the outside world henceforward until his departure for another world. Thousands of letters, have been sent to Lucchени in prison. The writers of some are alleged anarchists. Others vent their indignation on the assassin. One contained a rough sketch of a man being flayed. It was accompanied by the inscription "This is too good for you." Not one of the let-

ters has been given to Lucchени. All the prisonguards take turns in watching Lucchени's cell. This is a precaution to insure that none of them may become familiar with him and allow him any privileges. The system will be maintained permanently. Lucchени's prison is the cantonal penitentiary of Geneva, and is known as the Erecht. It is a great, gloomy, gray stone building, near the Cathedral of St. Pierre, the church of John Calvin—in the Rue de l'Éveché. About fifty prisoners, all men, are confined there at present. Only one of them is a life prisoner. He murdered his mother, and has already spent sixteen years in prison. After spending his six months of confinement in the dark cell, Lucchени will be put

to work as a shoemaker. He will have to work six days a week, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 8 at night. There is a bitter irony in the fact that this anarchist, who loudly declared that every person who does not work should be killed, will pass the rest of his life in unceasing work and silence. Has he any right to complain? On Sunday he will be permitted, after the first six months, to attend religious services in the prison chapel. As he professes to scorn religion, he may deny himself this consolation, but it is more probable he will accept it as a slight relief from confinement in his cell.

There is a prison containing a few scientific and religious books. A prisoner is allowed to read one book that silence could only be meant to shield very Sunday and to accomplish. When the full penalty allowed by the law was imposed upon him Lucchени laughed and cried loudly: "Long live anarchy! Death to the aristocracy!" When ever anything was said tending to show that he had tried to deny his guilt or to escape its consequences he invariably interrupted, glorying in the crime, which he said, was premeditated. Once he cried: "I did my best to make the stroke fatal." His motive, he said, he found in human suffering. "My doctrine," he asserted, "is that no one who does not work should be allowed to live." Lucchени was tried and sentenced at Geneva on November 10. The prisoner bowed politely to the judge on being taken into court, and answered in a clear, strong voice the questions put to him through an interpreter. Lucchени said he came to Geneva to kill the Duke of Orleans, but arrived too late for that. If he had had \$10 the morning of the assassination he would have started for Italy to kill King Humbert. Not having the money he remained here and chance gave him the opportunity of taking the life of the Austrian Empress. "As for King Humbert, it doesn't matter," he remarked, "for another will kill him soon." He asserted, too, that the Duke of Orleans would be murdered within a year. The Public Prosecutor, rehearsing the cir-

cumstances of the assassination, said there was no clear evidence that Lucchени had accomplices except in the fact of the prisoner's silence on certain points, and as he had not spared himself in his declarations, that silence could only be meant to shield and to accomplish. When the full penalty allowed by the law was imposed upon him Lucchени laughed and cried loudly: "Long live anarchy! Death to the aristocracy!" When ever anything was said tending to show that he had tried to deny his guilt or to escape its consequences he invariably interrupted, glorying in the crime, which he said, was premeditated. Once he cried: "I did my best to make the stroke fatal." His motive, he said, he found in human suffering. "My doctrine," he asserted, "is that no one who does not work should be allowed to live." Lucchени was tried and sentenced at Geneva on November 10. The prisoner bowed politely to the judge on being taken into court, and answered in a clear, strong voice the questions put to him through an interpreter. Lucchени said he came to Geneva to kill the Duke of Orleans, but arrived too late for that. If he had had \$10 the morning of the assassination he would have started for Italy to kill King Humbert. Not having the money he remained here and chance gave him the opportunity of taking the life of the Austrian Empress. "As for King Humbert, it doesn't matter," he remarked, "for another will kill him soon." He asserted, too, that the Duke of Orleans would be murdered within a year. The Public Prosecutor, rehearsing the cir-

HALL CAINE TELLS WHY THE WORLD TO-DAY IS BETTER AND HAPPIER THAN EVER.

Continued from Preceding Page. Tower of London, and a full-sized Englishman or American, clad in one of the ordinary suits of armor of two or three hundred years ago, would look like a grown man in boy's clothing. Men were many inches shorter than they now are. My impression would be that the average height of Englishmen in Shakespeare's time was probably five feet six and that a six-foot man was a giant. Now, for another very important point—the longevity of the people. It is perfectly clear that the longevity of the people to-day is greater than in the past. If you look at the plays of Shakespeare you will find that a man is old between forty and fifty years of age. My personal recollection with reference to this is that John Gannet, whose age is so much played upon, is a man of fifty years or thereabouts, probably rather under than over fifty—I think forty-nine. Shakespeare himself died of fever, according to authorities, at fifty-two—and my impression is that he died at a ripe old age. I want press the point, but I would hint as a possible reason for his retirement from London and the work of a dramatist, to the absolute seclusion I want press the point, but I would hint at this as a possible reason for his retirement from London and the work of a dramatist, to the absolute seclusion of his life at Stratford. My impression is that it is a better one than the tradition that he had some trouble with women in London, and that Mrs. Shakespeare was becoming a little concerned; he simply concluded that he had done his full life's work in his own view, and that it was time to take a long rest. Speaking generally, I think that the best specialist would say that the lives of men and women were very much shorter in Europe as recently as two, three or four hundred years ago than they are at present. This increase in longevity is, of course, due in the first instance to the much greater attention paid to the sanitary matters, and our people being better housed are not open to great plagues, and being better cared for in the matter of the food they eat and the water they drink, are not so liable to diseases which shorten life. And the result is that the average age of man has risen from fifty to sixty years or more, and that a man is in the prime of life in the intellectual walks of activity at fifty years at the earliest, and he may go on in every department of life to seventy or eighty or even ninety years. The present indeed may be said to be an age of old men, and there never has been a time within measurable distance when old men played so great a part in the affairs of life. I cannot speak of your own Senate for want of special knowledge, but I believe it holds true of that body also. But I can speak more of Europe. Take politics, for example. We have just lost Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck, both pretty well into ninety, and retaining down to the last every faculty and also their fullest intellectual vigor—even to their last illness. Take another still more notable example, His Holiness, the Pope, who was born, I think, a little before Mr. Gladstone. Let us look at the intellectual life of the people of the world. It goes of course, without saying that the intellectual life is higher now than it ever has been. This is not to say that we have in the nineteenth century examples such as could not be pointed out in the past. But the people to-day are better educated. They find pleasure and happiness in gone, and are, as a whole, sources of great comfort and advantages. As to the other material aspects of the world, consider the progress in the means of travel; or we will take the progress in travelling itself. I mean to say not in facilities, but in the disposition to travel. People travel much more than they did in the old times. For the most part people in past ages lived all their lives where they were born, and their knowledge of the outside world was very limited. That is not so now in any measurable degree. There is not a village in England where somebody is not to be found who has travelled to the ends of the earth. No doubt that is also true of every village in America. This disposition to travel much, I think, will be found characteristic of the whole civilized world, and is a great factor in making the world better. It increases the information of the people, but it also increases enormously their intellect and moral tone from knowing something of the best of the world. It gives them more confidence in the ways of life. It makes them better subjects; it makes their rulers better rulers. The love of country, of soil, that goes with birth is no less than it was, but with it grows a greater independence of mind. Now let us take religion. It is not necessary to dwell on the pagan world. Let us take the Christian world only. I know it is customary to think of the birth of the Christian world as if the Christian came as a white flower upon the black soil of paganism. I do not think there is much in our own testimonies to justify that, doubtful as it is, and much as we as Christians would like to believe it. When we talk now of the worldliness of many Christians we seem to overlook the story of Ananias, and when we hear of the fall of certain notable figures in the religious world we forget to consider how dark the story is of which records have been found in our books. Then, look at the history of the Church. Is it a history that we are always very proud of? I am not a Catholic, but I feel the deepest reverence for the Catholic Church; but surely no good Christian would forbid me to say that the history of the Pope is not an enviable history, that the whole story of the subjection of the pagan world by the Catholic Church is a story disfigured at many points in a very terrible way. Compare that with the present condition of the Church, and surely nothing can be more obvious than its tremendous progress toward spirituality. During my time in Rome, casting my mind back on the experiences of better men who had gone before me, men who had had perhaps a vastly more intimate knowledge, it was constantly suggesting itself to me that the spirituality of Rome in our days was wonderful compared to what we learn from the records of the past. The same general statement is, I think, true of the Church universally. Putting aside, however, all considerations of tangible heresies, there is the fundamental fact that we are in the nineteenth century, going back to the pure and unadorned Christ theory to which all this betterment of the world is due. Apart altogether from the cardinal Christian doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, there is the simple and obvious fact that He was an example of the highest spiritual purity—a man in His human form of unblemished character, whose theory of life seemed to be in contradiction to all the theories of worldly life—who was constantly rebuking every evil impulse of the human heart, who slapped in the face everything that