

learned gentleman who had then contended that a whale under no circumstances was entitled to be called a fish was now no more successful in his view that a negro might be the father of a white child.

In passing the death sentence on *Robert McConaghy* (p. 601) the judge told him that for barbarity, treachery and depravity, his cruelty and wickedness had not been surpassed by the pirates of the West Indies or the savages of the wilderness. For on a summer day on a little farm, in Pennsylvania, he had murdered the whole Brown family, except the husband who was at the time away from home. George, aged 16, and David, aged 10, he had choked to death in the woods. Jacob of 14 years he had shot in the back; little Elizabeth, the only daughter, he had strangled, and then the mother's throat he had cut while she lay in bed and the eldest son John he had shot. The case finds no parallel in our criminal records. The pirates of the West Indies have long ago disappeared from the high seas, and the savages of the wilderness are no more. Only in the reports of the Bryce Commission on the Belgian invasion and in the report of the French government on the German atrocities in northern France, can one read of more awful crimes in scores of hamlets and country-sides in these devastated lands by a people who claim to be civilized and "cultured."

How many of our best citizens are every year paying tribute to adventurers like *W. J. Cook* (p. 624) and *Mrs. Hirsch* (p. 655) it would be difficult to say. The innocent victim, in nine cases out of ten, submits to blackmail rather than endure the publicity of the yellow press and the condition of mind of the ordinary American juror who will take any woman's word as against a man's. And our state legislatures who seem