

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, June 3rd, at 7:30 p.m. Ancient St. John's, No. 3, on Thursday, June 6th, at 7:30 p.m. Cataract, No. 92, on Wednesday, June 12th, at 7:30 p.m. I. O. O. F. M. U. UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, meet every other Friday in the Sons of England Room, Princess Street, next meeting MAY 15TH. W. BUSHILL, Recording Secretary. Sons of England. LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess St., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Canadian Order Foresters. COURT STANLEY, No. 199, C.O.F., meets on TUESDAY, May 14th, in the 'Practice Boys' Hall, King street. T.T. RENTON, Rec.-Sec. Independent Order of Foresters. COURT FRONTENAC, No. 59, REGULAR MEETING, Thursday evening, May 16th. J. S. R. McGAW, Secretary. THE CITY DIRECTORY. Hotels and Restaurants. 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A SAD REVELATION

How Insane Men Are Treated in a Chicago Asylum.

THE MURDER OF ROBERT BURNS.

A Determined Reporter Who, by Feigning Insanity, Gained Admission to the Jefferson Insane Asylum—An Awful List of Atrocities—Fleishiness of the Attendants. No more harrowing story of heartless brutality has ever been told than that of the inhuman treatment, culminating in the murder, of Robert Burns, an insane man, by the fiendish attendants at the Jefferson Insane asylum in Chicago. The public is not infrequently startled by tales of the unnatural outrages perpetrated upon the insane, but it is not often that the details are so revolting, so heart sickening and so calculated to make men marvel at such fearful cruelty as in this case. Inasmuch that the case is attracting a vast deal of attention throughout the United States just now, it may be well to state how this particular case first reached the public.



HERDED LIKE CATTLE. Charles Beck, a reporter on the staff of the Chicago Times, some time ago determined to feign insanity in order to gain admittance to the detention hospital and the Jefferson Insane asylum. Stories of the brutal treatment of the inmates of these institutions had impelled him to the determination to investigate the facts for his paper. How he gained admittance to the detention hospital and the asylum, and how he was treated at these places, he has recited at considerable length in daily articles in The Times. The main facts of his story will be here presented. But it may not be amiss to first give that part of his story which relates to the murder of Burns, of which he was an accidental witness.

THE TORTURE OF BURNS. Burns was a good looking, healthy Irishman whose mind had become temporarily upset. He was brought to the detention hospital Tuesday night, April 9. The reporter for The Times who investigated the detention hospital and Jefferson asylum was at the former institution under the name of Charles Hunter when Burns was admitted, and was with Burns for two days in the hospital. They were consigned to the same ward at the asylum and were put together in a little room containing only two cots. For a week they were room mates.

Every night during this period the reporter made Burns his special charge. When bedtime was announced he would go to Burns, take him to their room and assist him in undressing. In the morning he would aid the poor fellow in putting on his clothes. He did this because he understood the man and because he had reason to believe that his room mate would be beaten if the attendants performed the duty.

At no time was Burns violent in any way. Neither did he ever resist the attendants. The attendants were Charles J. Croghan, Charles Richardson and Frank Pecha—fellows utterly devoid of sympathy and cruel in the extreme. Richardson is a large man of gigantic strength, and Croghan and Pecha, though smaller, are very powerful. When these men beat Burns, as they often did, the resistance of self preservation which nature would ordinarily inspire was not equal to that which an infant would have made under the same circumstances, and the poor fellow was utterly helpless.

Burns, the reporter and another patient were taken to the hospital ward of the asylum, which is supposed to contain those patients who, in addition to their insanity, are not physically well. There were eighty-four patients in the ward at that time and the new arrivals made the number eighty-seven. During the day the inmates sit in a narrow hall about 100 feet long. At each side of the hall



are attendants like those ordinarily seen in the waiting rooms at the Richardson. The new arrivals entered the eighty-four men present were sitting on the settees or walking up and down the hall. All day long the patients tramp to and fro along this hall, some numbing the mad mouthings of maniacs, some with their heads down, feebly tottering with trembling limbs, some walking briskly for exercise. For a few moments the strangeness of the scene and the crowd of men confused even the clear headed reporter. He could only appreciate the general effect, but could not analyze the details. Is it any wonder that Burns was also confused?

At all times the man's mind seemed to be a blank. Perhaps it would be better to say that he was always seemed dazed. He never voluntarily said a single word and rarely answered even when spoken to. It was rather difficult to gain his attention, but when he understood he obeyed readily enough.

Immediately after the three new patients had entered the ward Burns was ordered to sit down. He stared blankly at the attendant and started to walk along the hall. He was pushed violently upon one of the settees by Attendant Croghan, who said: "— damn you, sit down." After looking around in a vague and helpless way for a moment he arose again, but had only taken a few steps when Attendant Richardson seized him and flung him down on the settee. At least twenty-five or thirty other patients were pacing the hall, and there was no reason why Burns should be compelled to sit still. After Richardson had flung him on the settee Attendant Croghan returned, and shaking his clenched fist in the man's face he said: "You sit there, you — or I'll break every bone in your — body, — you." KICKED AND BEATEN LIKE A DOG. It is quite certain that Burns did not com-

prehend a word said to him and that he did not know what he was expected to do. His only sensation at that time was fear. He started to walk again when Attendant Richardson ran after him, caught him by the collar from behind and flung him on his back and kicked him as he lay on the floor. When Burns got up Richardson kicked him in the stomach, knocking him backward upon one of the settees. Attendants Croghan, Richardson and Pecha then pounced upon him and pounded him. All of this time the poor fellow only said, "Oh, oh, oh!"

Then, although it was not the hour for such duties, Croghan decided that he would dress a sore on the man's left leg. A loose jointed fellow named Billy rushed to the scene and also struck Burns, while a muscular patient named Phillips held one of his hands and beat him about the shoulders. The Billy referred to is an overgrown boy of 19 who has been an inmate of the asylum for five years. He is a simpleton, but is permitted by the attendants to beat the patients.

In order to dress the sore on Burns' leg it was thought necessary to remove his heavy shoe. This was done, and the poor fellow, not knowing what was coming, began to moan. Croghan used the vilest language imaginable, and finally jumped on the bench beside Burns and kicked him in the side until it seemed the man's ribs would surely be broken. While Croghan kicked him in the side Richardson kicked him in the stomach. A powder was put on the man's leg and he pined like one in pain. Croghan then wrenched up his heavy shoe and struck Burns on the head with the heel. One blow cut a gash nearly two inches long, from which the blood poured freely. Croghan then ordered Simpleton Billy to bring a bucket and a large sponge. The settee was covered with blood and even the floor was stained with the fluid that had spouted from Burns' head. A few moments afterward a chair was placed in the center of the hall and Burns was forced into it. Croghan then cut the hair immediately around the wound on the head and dressed it with a salve and a cloth.

Burns had no desire for food and had to be led into the dining room when the meals were ready. The dining room was furnished with rude benches, and the inmates were obliged to sit wedged so close together that they could hardly move. The strong patients would rush in first, and by the time Burns came the seats would be full. It became necessary for him to mount a bench and crowd his way in. This would cause him to hurt his leg, and he would hesitate. The hesitation was always sufficient provocation for blows.

The simpleton Billy struck Burns nearly every day. After the first dressing the man's leg was neglected for nearly a week. One day some thirty-five of the patients were taken out walking under the charge of Attendant Richardson. The reporter was with them. When he returned he found Burns stretched on the cot in their little room and Croghan was dressing his leg. The reporter



SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS. did not enter the room, but took special pains to walk past the open door. Croghan called Simpleton Billy and Richardson. All three of them struck the prostrate man. This was the first time that Burns screamed. His yells could be heard many feet away. He was in bed two or three days after that and when he again came out he was a wreck of his former self. When he entered the asylum Burns probably weighed 180 pounds. He was about 5 feet 7 inches tall and a man of unusually strong physique. Within ten days he had changed wonderfully. His face, formerly ruddy, became a sickly sallow and he looked like a man who had had a long sickness.

Burns died. His death was caused by nothing else than the atrocious brutality of the attendants. Upon examination the body showed the marks of brutal treatment. On the left side, directly under the ribs there were two large spots, five inches in diameter each, badly discolored. There was a large dent in each of the spots, which looked as though they were made by the toe of a boot. It was developed after that one of the ribs was broken. The groin was one black bruise and badly puffed out. Under the right knee there were two marks which looked as though Burns had been kicked there.

Croghan, Richardson and Pecha were arrested and with Dr. Kiernan, the superintendent of the asylum, have been indicted on the charge of murder. THE REPORTER'S EXPERIENCES. This is the substance of the reporter's story of the murder. In order to be admitted first to the detention hospital and from there to the Jefferson asylum, he underwent many curious adventures. It is remarkable how easily he deceived both the police officers and the asylum physicians as to his insanity. He dressed up in a shabby suit and sat down in the doorway of a butcher's shop at 11 o'clock at night. He was approached and roughly shaken by an officer. He whined and sobbed, rubbed his hands together, couldn't remember his name or address and acted like a simpleton generally.

The officer was convinced that he was crazy and took him to the police station. Here the reporter simulated in... in the same way, and so completely deceived were the officers that they straightway sent him to the detention hospital. The reporter writes a graphic story of the criminal looseness of this place. There were about a dozen men confined within its walls, and several of them were perfectly sane. The reporter was strapped down to a cot in a room with two inmates, one of whom was a large, powerful negro, who was not strapped. During the night the reporter could see by the dim light coming through a transom that the negro had risen on his cot and was staring hard at him. The reporter says of this experience: "I will not deny that I was uneasy. To state it mildly, the situation was not a pleasant or a desirable one. As I lay there watching the big negro, who had been staring at me for two or three minutes, I felt perhaps I had embarked upon a foolhardy mission after all. The big negro grunted and fell backward on his cot. He was snoring in less than a minute. How sweet and musical that snore sounded to me! I fairly revelled in it, and I fervently hoped that he would snore all night. I reasoned that when he snored he was doubtless asleep, and when he was asleep I wasn't afraid of him. The grim humor of the situation forced itself on me, and I smiled. There I was—undoubtedly the only sane man in the hospital—tied down as a dangerous maniac, while the crazy men had their liberty. The more I thought about it, the more ridiculous it seemed. I didn't think it

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