

AN EYE WITNESS TELLS HOW CHICAGO'S COUNTY JAIL HANGINGS OF YESTERDAY EFFECTED HIM



Ewald Shiblawski.
Frank Shiblawski.

Thomas Schultz.
Philip Sommerling.

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"How did my boy die?"

It wasn't a mother or a father asking the question. It was a deputy sheriff, who stood on the gallows looking down at the swinging form of an 18-year-old boy about whose neck he had fastened a rope five minutes before.

"Wasn't his neck broken?" insisted the deputy, talking to one of the dozen doctors who were examining the boy's body. When the doctor answered in the affirmative the deputy stepped back from the trap-hole, satisfied.

What you see at a hanging is one thing; it shows you what society is doing to criminals. But what you HEAR at hangings shows you what society is doing to itself when it takes the life of a human being.

I'm going to put down what I heard—the talk of men—at the hanging of Philip Sommerling, 34 years; Thomas Schultz, 18

years; Ewald Shiblawski, 24; Ewald's brother, Frank, 21, and Thomas Jennings, negro, 35.

For two hours and 10 minutes there were gathered in the vast, high-ceilinged room 42 physicians, 35 guards and 20 newspapermen. They were the representatives of society, and I want to show, by the things I heard them say, what hanging does to the men who are not hanged.

In his office, before we went into the death chamber, I asked Deputy Sheriff Peters how many men he had hung.

"Why, young fellow," he said, "I hung men before you were born. I hung the Haymarket rioters. And I've hung 40 men," he added, proudly.

"Have a smoke," someone said to Peters.

"No, No smokes, eats or drinks until this job is done. Then I'll go out and take a stiff drink of whisky. I always have a reaction after a hanging. It always makes me tired and sick."

"Doctor! Doctors!" exclaimed