

EXTRA DRISCOLL HANGED.

The Whyo Leader Pays the Penalty of the Law.

Executed in the Tombs This Morning.

THE DROP FELL AT 7.24

How Beezie Garrity's Murderer Spent His Last Hours.

Dan Driscoll, the Whyo leader, who murdered Beezie Garrity, was hanged in the Tombs yard at 7.24 a. m., in the presence of Sheriff Grant, the Sheriff's jury, some jail officials and ten reporters.

At 1 o'clock he was awakened by the clanging of the Franklin street door-bell.

At 3 o'clock he sat up, and forty minutes later he dressed himself and walked about his cell.

He remained awake until 2.

At 6.45 Father Gelinus read mass and administered sacrament to the doomed man.

Driscoll showed no change and was immovable.

6.19 a. m.—Joe Atkinson, the hangman, arrived, dressed in black, and hurried through the empty corridors to the gallows.

6.22 a. m.—Driscoll, in answer to a question from one of the deputy sheriffs, said:

"Yes, I think I will take a little something to eat. I don't want much.

If you will get me a little toast and coffee it will do. I don't want any milk or sugar in the coffee. The breakfast was already waiting on the stove in Warden Walsh's kitchen.

A Deputy Sheriff brought it into the cell and Driscoll sat on his cot and ate the toast, sipping the coffee in small swallows.

6.30 a. m.—The condemned man finished his last meal and inquired the hour. He then paced slowly up and down the cell, with his hands hanging loosely at his sides. Driscoll is possessed of good nerve, and the deputy sheriffs think there is no danger of his losing his courage.

6.35—Undertaker Sexton arrived at the Franklin-street door, and a moment later Coroner Messer arrived. All are now here but Sheriff Grant and his deputies.

The Sheriff arrived a few moments before 7.

HIS LAST DAY ON EARTH.

Driscoll Sleeps Easy, Eats Well and Smokes Parting Agonies.

The soft, sweet notes of the little organ and voices raised in hymns of praise to one who watches over the destinies of us all, sounded with peculiar significance through the grim corridors of the Tombs yesterday.

It was the regular Sunday service, and Chaplain Low's voice was moved by a tenderness that shone in his eyes as he spoke.

Sunday, happy with pure, innocent recollections to thousands of hearts. Sunday, glad with chimes of reverence and praise. Sunday, the last day on earth for a man who the law decrees must pay the penalty with his life.

The gray spirit brooded over the place and even the small but curious crowd that came in to witness the services, with the hope of seeing the condemned man, showed that they, too, felt the chill pressure by the quick, hushed look on their faces.

And the simple hymn of the service sounded there with the sweet solemnity of a voice from another world. The singers sang with an involuntary and quick sincerity. Hearts grew tender in the face of death.

And the man between whom and the impenetrable gulf the brief span of light and darkness intervened sat silently in his cell and listened. His face showed no emotion, but what emotions were stirred in his breast were known only by himself.

He spoke not, and the grave-faced men that watched at his cage—the death-watch—were as silent as he.

Now the measured voice of the chaplain sounded along the corridors. His voice has a sadder ring than it has had for many Sundays. There have been few such as this. The little organ peals out plaintively again. The service is over. Driscoll raises his head as if suddenly interrupted in some train of thought.

He had arisen at 7 o'clock in the morning and appeared in better spirits than for many days previously. There was a high color in his face and all his former nervousness had left him.

A black suit gave him a neat, dressed appearance and while he read the evening paper, as was his usual custom on arising, he chatted pleasantly to Deputy Sheriff Young, Walsh and Carroll, the death-watch, whose eyes, unrelenting as the fate which awaited him, had noted his every movement throughout the silent hours of the night.

He did not mention his impending fate, and in his apparent burst of good spirits seemed anxious to avoid doing so.

"It is very cold out," said one, after he had sunk into a meditative silence.

"Is it?" asked Driscoll, as he looked up absently; "I thought it was like summer."

Then he collapsed into silence again, and the grim watchmen did not interrupt him.

At 10 o'clock, after pacing slowly up and down his narrow cage, the condemned man threw himself on the cot and lay with his eyes turned towards the ceiling. "Thinking?"

"He's asleep," said the grim watchers,

BEEZIE GARRITY'S MURDER.

The Crime for Which Driscoll was Hanged Committed While Seeking Revenge.

John McCarthy ran a disreputable lodging-house in 1886 directly opposite Billy McGloory's dance-house in Hester street. No. 163 was known as a disreputable resort, and was the scene of many fights.

One day Dan Driscoll made a call with the intention of cleaning out the house. He was greeted with less dignity than butriae, Proprietor McCarthy accompanying the last applicant of his boot with the advice to Driscoll not to come again if he wanted to preserve his features intact.

Driscoll was whipped, but not satisfied, and he vowed he would kill McCarthy. In May, 1886, Elizabeth Garrity, known among her friends as "Beezie," a dark-eyed, well-formed girl, sixteen years old, became fascinated with the Whyo chief, and, forsaking her home in Leonard street with her aged and respected mother and youngest sister, declared her allegiance to Dan Driscoll.

On the night of June 25, 1886, as Heckman Patrick Brennan stood waiting for customers in front of York's saloon in Chatham square, Driscoll, Beezie Garrity and another woman, all drunk, hailed him, and he drove them to McCarthy's, 163 Hester street, where all got out. Driscoll and Beezie ascended the steps to the door. The woman walked hastily away, and who she was no one but herself on earth now knows. It was then 8.50 a. m.

Driscoll and the girl entered the house. Two weeks before Driscoll had drawn a bead on McCarthy, but the bullet had missed the mark. As the two entered, McCarthy saw them and attempted to close the door of his room. Driscoll tried to force his way into the room, but the door was held partly closed by McCarthy's foot. Then Driscoll whipped out a revolver and fired. The bullet was buried in the wall of the room.

Driscoll ran to the door of the back room, thinking to surprise McCarthy from the rear, but McCarthy anticipated his intention, bolted the back door, and jumped out of a window.

Beezie Garrity, when the door of the front room was freed from the pressure of McCarthy's boot, ran into the rear room and unbolted the door to let Driscoll in. Driscoll imagined it was his enemy behind the door, and when it opened a crack he fired another shot.

Beezie threw up her arms, crying "I am shot!" and Driscoll ran away.

Carrie Wilson, of 14 Christie street, who saw the whole affair, said on Driscoll's trial that Beezie looked into the front room and then nodded to Driscoll, who thereupon fired the first shot. That shot brought John Green, a newsman, out of his bedroom across the hall. He and Emanuel De Vos, a ball-player and peddler, who was watching a game of cards in another room, and Ryan, Driscoll's assistant, who were the only players, all saw the second shot.

Foliceman John Mulholland, whose post was on Hester street and the Bowers, heard a shot and walking towards the source of the sound met woman, who gasped: "For God's sake go down to Mike Ryan's. Dan Driscoll is killing everybody in the house."

Dan Driscoll emerged from Sullivan's house at that time, and the policeman gave chase. Driscoll ran into Baxter street and up the stairs at 128, where his mother had lived on the third floor. There he succeeded in hiding himself for fifteen minutes. His mother had moved away, nobody knew where, the janitor said. Her rooms were empty and the key mislaid.

The policemen—there were four of them by the time they reached the room in No. 128, passed by the fire-escape to the windows of 128, got in and found Driscoll lying face down on the floor. He feigned drowsiness and said he had been there all night, sleeping off the effects of intoxication.

His old mother put in an appearance at this point and said: "Yes, Dan, you have been here since 8 o'clock."

The Driscoll announced that he had found a coat and vest in the empty room, and asked his mother to bring him his own. The old woman brought out another coat and vest and Driscoll put them on. He was put under arrest, but proclaimed his innocence. He said:

"Gentlemen, I would rather put my right arm on the railroad track than see that girl hurt. It's no use to take me to her, for she would not rap me."

When Driscoll was taken into the presence of the wounded girl she was unconscious. But before becoming unconscious—true to her infatuation—she said to a policeman who asked her who had shot her that it was "the man with the red whiskers."

That was the red whiskers, and presently he returned to the house and surrendered himself, turning his revolver to a policeman. It was fully loaded and was perfectly cold.

Beezie Garrity was poor old Mother and her sister. Life on the Westinghouse plant affords under oath that in a short period of consciousness Beezie opened her eyes and said:

"Is that you, mamma?" Then after a moment added: "Mamma, I am going to die."

"Who killed you?" she asked the mother. "And the dying girl replied faintly: "Nanny Driscoll."

Kate Courtney heard Driscoll say to Beezie just before they entered the house: "You——, I'll kick you in the gutter if you don't stick to me!"

The bullet from Driscoll's 38-calibre revolver passed into Beezie Garrity's abdomen. In his report of the post-mortem examination, Dr. O'Meara said that the young woman's form was almost perfect in development, and that she was a remarkably beautiful woman.

Coroner John K. Nugent held an inquest on the body of Beezie Garrity on July 1. The jury found that Driscoll's shooting Driscoll was tried before Recorder Smyth and found guilty. On Dec. 8, 1886, he was sentenced to be hanged on Dec. 30 following.

Stays were had, appeals made, and arguments were heard by the General Term and the Court of Appeals. The judgment was affirmed. On Dec. 2 last Recorder Smyth again fixed the time for Driscoll's death for last Friday. Gov. Hill granted a reprieve until to-day.

DRISCOLL'S CRIMINAL CAREER.

A Thief, a Fighter and an Inmate of the Penitentiary at Fifteen.

Driscoll was thirty-three years old. He was fifteen years old when he was sent to the penitentiary for six months for picking pockets.

In 1875 he got a sentence of eighteen months in prison for stealing a watch from a man.

In 1876 he was concerned in a row about a woman in Barney Wintermyer's Five Points saloon. It was three-cornered, Burglar Pat Flaherty holding up one corner and Thief Murphy having the third. Knives and pistols were used in the argument. Murphy was shot in the shoulder by Driscoll and Flaherty's right arm was broken by a ball from Driscoll's pistol. But Flaherty, using his left arm, shot Driscoll through the body and he ran away.

Murphy and Driscoll were taken prisoners to Chambers Street Hospital. During the night a cocked drove up to the door. Driscoll, hanging between life and death, got out of his bed, walked down to the carriage, entered and was driven away. He was found a few days later in bed in his mother's house in Leonard street, opposite the Tombs. Meaning that he had disappeared, and as no complaint came forward he was discharged.

In 1883 Driscoll shot a sauerkraut peddler and his wife in Christie street. Policeman Stull, of the Eldridge street squad, chased him several blocks, and catching up just as Driscoll boarded a street car, clubbed him into submission and took him to the station-house. Fatty Walsh, for so long his keeper as Warden of the Tombs, interceded for this time and he was released.

In 1884 he instituted a house-cleaning at Pacific Green's saloon under his own name in Pell street, and in the fracas was shot, receiving a severe wound in the head. He escaped by a quibble of the law this time.

In 1882, while on the way to the penitentiary for a minor offense, he disappeared with a ten days' man in the prison van and got off by paying a small fine.

PORTRAIT OF A RUFFIAN.

Dan Driscoll a Violent Jail-Bird, with a Political Pull and a Devoted Wife.

The crime of which Dan Driscoll to-day paid the penalty with his life was the climax of a long series of violations of the law. He had been in prison many times. He was known to almost every detective in the city. He was the acknowledged leader of that gang of more than one hundred thieves, out-throats and secondaries known as the Whyos, on account of the peculiar cry with which the sentence-placed by them near at hand they were committing a crime—warned them of the approach of danger.

It was the terror of the Sixth Ward, the hero of countless bloody encounters, the subject of a dozen indictments, and he had a political pull which was usually brought into

play successfully to save him from the law's punishment of his misdeeds.

His face looks out from portrait No. 1,112, of the Rogues' Gallery, taken some years ago.

He went under the alias of George Wallace at the time, and was quite a different man in appearance then from what he was when he expiated his high offense against society this morning. He was burly, stout and broad of form. His face wore an expression of bravado in all manner of difficulties, and he swaggered—like the bully that he was.

There were the scars of forty or fifty affrays on his head, face and body, and an ugly gash disfigured his square jaw. He had been cut, pounded, scratched, shot and gored.

Yet he had a patient, devoted little wife and two children, with whom he lived when not in confinement or a fugitive from justice, at 11 Pell street, a tumbledown, miserable little tenement.

THE WHYO GANG.

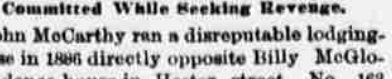
Seventy-five Per Cent. of Driscoll's Falls Either in Prison or Fugitives.

The Whyo gang, though still in existence, labors under the disadvantage of having 75 per cent. of its membership either in Sing Sing or the penitentiary or fugitives from justice. It consists of pick-pockets, watch "twisters," sneak thieves, confidence men and other second-rate crooks who come from the slums of Pell, Park, Motz and Baxter streets and the lower end of Mulberry street.

Its earliest days date back a dozen years or so, before so many of the Five Points rickeries had been razed to make way for factories, and when a Whyo too, closely purloined by the police could enter a hallway at Leonard and Centre streets and make his way over fences and through a maze of crooked alleyways and hallways clean through to Baxter or Park street, and thence through similar labyrinths to a secure hiding place.

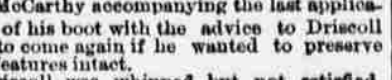
The gang got its name from the peculiar piping cry of "Oh-why-oh-why-oh," which its scouts sent forth as a signal to warn the boys of the approach of the police. In old times the Whyos were a political power in

DRISCOLL'S MOTHER.



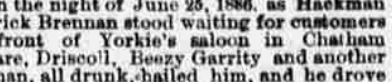
DRISCOLL'S MOTHER

DANIEL DRISCOLL THE MURDERER.



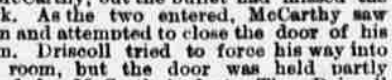
DANIEL DRISCOLL THE MURDERER

DRISCOLL'S WIFE.



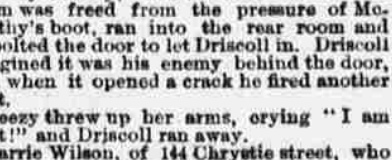
DRISCOLL'S WIFE

CARRIE WILSON.



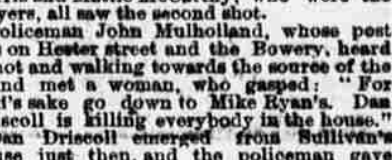
CARRIE WILSON

THE MURDER.



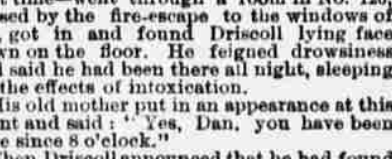
THE MURDER

THE TOMBS PLACE OF EXECUTION.



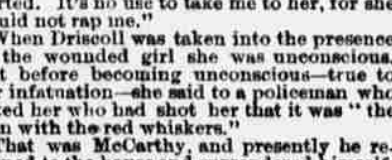
THE TOMBS PLACE OF EXECUTION

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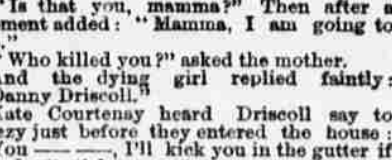
THE EXECUTION

HOUSE WHERE MURDER WAS COMMITTED.



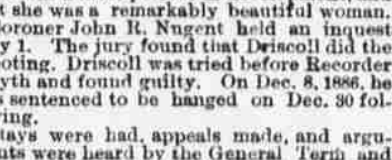
HOUSE WHERE MURDER WAS COMMITTED 163 HESTER ST.

LESLE.



LESLE

BEEZIE GARRITY THE MURDERED WOMAN.



BEEZIE GARRITY THE MURDERED WOMAN

THE BARBAROUS METHOD.

Then, too, many executions bungle their work. Man has been hoisted in such manner that death could not follow, without suffering, both mental and physical, was inflicted.

The Anarchists of Chicago were hanged by the "death-trap" method. Each stood on a trap-door. At a signal the supports were knocked from under the trap-doors and they fell, the pinnions men following them till the ends of their ropes were reached, when they were so suddenly checked as to break the necks of at least to render them unconscious.

The method followed in the execution of Driscoll, as of his predecessors in this city, was to break his neck by the fall of a weight three heavier than himself. The rope passed over pulleys from the noose about his neck, following the outline of the gallows. The weight was attached to the other end of the rope and the rope was very slack at each end. The weight was drawn up four feet from the ground by means of smaller ropes. When all was ready the hangman cut this rope and the weight fell, taking up the slack in the hanging-ropes and jerking Driscoll into the air.

Senator Coggeshall's bill before the State Senate would do away with all this, as well as with the description of the death struggle in newspapers. It provides that the day of execution shall not be known except to the executioner, two physicians, the Sheriff and the District-Attorney, a Justice of the Supreme Court, twelve citizens as Sheriff's jury, and two priests if the condemned wishes them.

The Court shall sentence the prisoner to death within a certain week, naming no day or hour, and not more than eight nor less than four weeks from the day of sentence. The execution must take place in the State prison to which convicted felons are sent by the Court, and the execution must be the agent and warden of the prison.

THE CIVILIZED METHOD.

No newspaper may print any details of the execution, which is to be inflicted by electricity. A current of electricity is to be caused to pass through the body of the condemned of sufficient intensity to kill him, and the application is to be continued until he is dead.

Several plans for inflicting death by electricity have been devised, but the "death chair" is probably the most feasible. This chair is made of steel. Concealed in its arms are wires, which are to connect with a concealed dynamo. The condemned sits in the chair, his bare feet resting on dampened ground. At a signal a button is touched, the electric current is turned on from the dynamo, the hands on the arms of the chair and the body of the condemned connect the poles of the battery and the victim is dead, the electricity passing through him into the ground.

The wires of the death-chair could be connected with an ordinary electric light wire, from which electricity enough to kill a dozen persons could be obtained.

Another method would be by a collar or steel band clasped about the neck, with a wet sponge squeezed between the band and the neck at the base of the skull.

Still another plan provides for a tightly clasped steel band about the top of the head. Death could also be inflicted by compelling the condemned to take the poles of a battery in his hands.

By the electric method there will be no suffering, utter unconsciousness being the instantaneous result of the first shock, and death is painless.

Are You Reading the POLICE CAPTAIN STORIES IN THE EVENING WORLD? The Greatest 1 Cent Paper Published. PRICE ONE CENT.

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jury absolved the latter of blame, and he was never indicted by the Grand Jury.

TOUCH A BUTTON, OFF HE GOES.

Proposed Electric Executions Under Senator Coggeshall's Pending Bill.

There has long existed a feeling against hanging convicted murderers, and conscientious scruples on the subject have disqualified fully 40 per cent. of the total number of citizens summoned to act as jurors in capital cases.

The mind of the sensitive or kindly hearted person revolts at the idea of taking the life even of a murderer by this method. A principal objection is the belief that a large percentage of the deaths by hanging are not sudden, by the breaking of the neck, but are slow and in the nature of torture, the subject dying by strangulation.

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