How Life Goes on Inside the Great Forbidding Walls of Riverside.

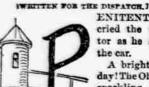
A FIRM BUT KINDLY RULE

Busy Workshops Where an Unnecessary Word Means Trouble.

MANY CONVICTS WHO USE KNIVES.

Pen Picture of the Little Squads Getting Their Noonday Meal.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR TRACKING



ENITENTIARY! cried the conductor as he stopped the car.

A bright spring day! The Ohio rive sparkling in the sun, a robin caroling in the enjoyment of the sweet morning, greensward fresh after the early dew, and a headland across the river divested

A Guard House. of its usual gray hue by the light of the He may lean against the wall, or seat glorious day! Rising above us a massive himself on a bench or bundle of matting,

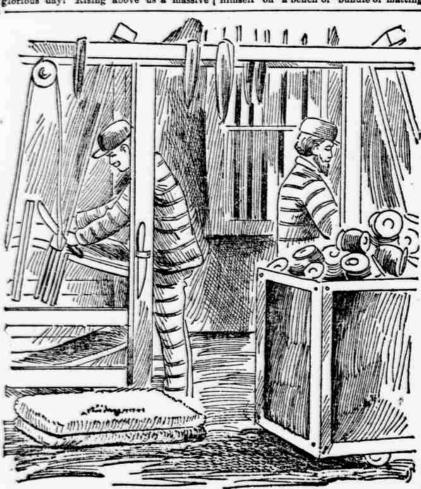
work as if they cannot bear to meet the eye of outsiders. They are there to expiate their offenses, whatever they may be, and they feel their position so keenly that even the casual glance of astranger is painful. It is noticeable that there is very little of that bold, defiant expression peculiar to prisoners in institutions where the terms are short. In institutions where the terms are short.

Every man seems to feel that a penitentiary sentence is a serious thing, and that a pretense of indifference would be unbecoming. It seems to be the ctiquette of the Western Penitentiary to take life quietly and in a well-behaved manner that is all too rare outside prison walls. We stop at one machine and examine the work closely.

In the World but Not of It. "Busy, eh, Jim?" savs Mr. Stewart pleas-antly, and the thoughtful looking man, with a heavy black mustache, who would pass for a bright business man but for his gray suit, smiles, and, in obedience to a request, shows how the material goes through the loom and how the shuttles fly back and forth in the manufacture of the matting. But he does not speak to the visitors or make any sign that he sees them. He stops the matting that the sees them the stops the sees them the stops the sees them the sees them the stops the sees them the sees the s the machine, illustrating whatever Mr. Stewart may be explaining, and when we move on resumes his work in a matter-offact way, as it he were part of his machine. There is something inexpressibly sad in his tacit acknowledgment that, although in the world, he is not of it.

Each man has so much work to do each day, and when it is finished he goes to his cell, to stay there till he leaves it the next morning. The task is not a heavy one, and if a man works hard he can be finished by 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But while he is in the shop he is at work continuously It is against the system to have men idling morning, green-sward fresh after the sprinkling of still in the course of the day. But he does not move from the part of the shop where his work lies.

How the Graded System Works.



SNAP SHOT IN ONE OF THE MAT SHOPS

pile of masonry. A building 1,026 feet in length, surmounted by 16 towers, and relieved along its front by numerous long grated windows, save in the center, where s handsome stone residence stands forth and relieves the monotony of the architecture. This is the Western Penitentiary, at River-

side, as seen from the outside. Touch an electric button at the deep stone portal and walk up a short flight of steps. There is a clauking of a great lock and a swinging open of a heavy iron door. You find yourself in a large, lofty hall, tilefloored, and furnished with a few chairs and benches and a table or two. These things are almost lost in the vastness of the

Over a Thousand Gloomy Tombs.

On either side are immense iron lattices through which you may see into the cell blocks, where altogether there are 1,200 cells. In the north wing the cells are some & feet by 8, and in the south considerably larger. Each cell in the south wing has a grated window as well as the grated door. The latter is the only means of light in the north. Facing the door by which you enter is another that leads into the yard, where the workshops are.
"Come in, gentlemen," says Mr. Stewart,
the steward, "and we will walk through the

shops."
The silence of the place, that oppresser you as soon as you have passed the front door and are in the great reception hall, is hardly broken, even when you have crosse the cheerful yard, where grass grows as green as outside, and where well-kept gravel walks remind one of a lawn attached to a private residence.
"The boys call this Boston Common

says Mr. Stewart. "There is no Bunker Hill Monument, certainly, but we have to do without that. We cannot have every thing in a prison. These different avenues about the vard are called Fourth and Fifth avenues, Wylie avenue, and so forth. Over there is Greina Green, although we never have any marriages here. But it does no harm to give fanciful names to our quar

Making the Best of the Situation. These pleasantries of Mr. Stewart may be taken as the keynot- of the spirit that pre-vails in the Western Penitentiary. While the discipline is strict, there is a disposition to make the prisoners feel that they are not entirely lost or shut out from human sym-pathy, although they have found their way into a place of punishment.

Into a brick building, with many wind

dows, and a busy scene is found. The men are making mats, rugs and matting for aisles and large rooms generally. There is a whirl of machinery, and a long line of power looms is seen down each side of the long room, allowing room for officers and workmen to pass down the middle. Everyone is at work. The men, save for their striped clothing, might be taken for work-men in any ordinary shop outside. Even the distinction of dress does not prevail in all cases. A system introduced by Warden Wright some time are provides for the men being divided into three grades, and those in the first two do not wear stripes, but clothes of gray cloth such as they could appear in anywhere without exciting remark When a prisoner is admitted he is put into the regulation stripes. He wears this dress for six months. If at the end of that time his prison record is clear he is moved to a higher grade, and dressed in the plain gray.

Good Conduct Has Its Reward, He is also taken out of the narrow cell he occupied in the north wing, and removed to a larger one in the south, besides being granted other little privileges not inconsistent with his position as a prisoner. It is pleasing to note what a large proportion wear the plain gray. Should be sall from grace in any way he is put back into the third grade, and once more compelled to

looking around him, or he may, perhaps, exchange a word or two with a neighbo versation. If he does he will find a mark charged against him, which means an un-desirable effect upon his chances of getting into the first grade, or, being already there,

of being reduced. In some of the large shops the process of making mats requires that the workmen shall use large, keen knives. Each man has his knife and a whetstone, on which he keeps it as sharp almost as a razor. You look along the room and you see that there are over 100 men, each with a dangerous knife. Then you observe that there are only two officers, one at each end. What is to prevent the prisoners rising against their keepers, murdering them, and then, knives in hand, fighting their way to freedom? Here we see the influence of that respect for the law that exists in the bosom of every

man living in a civilized community. If one or two men were to attempt anything of the kind the other prisoners would fly to the rescue of the guards. It is safe to say that 75 per cent of the inmates of the West-ern Penitentiary would be on the side of the authorities were there to be an outbreak. Human nature in a prison is very like that



Selecting His Convict Suit. outside. Convicts are not all murderers, and a goodly proportion of them are decent fellows, save for the one crime that has placed them behind prison walls.

Revolvers and Winchesters Handy. So the men with knives cut the fibers of the mats and think no more of using their tools as weapons than would any set of men in a workshop elsewhere. There have been instances of prisoners quarreling and at-tacking each other murderously, but these cases are very rare. Of course, every officer has his six-shooter ready to his hand, and the guards that walk along the tops of the walls have Winchester repeating rifles, so that they can sweep the whole interior of the yard, and concentrate their fire on any spot where it might be necessary. But it is not the knowledge of these weapons that in-

One of the matshops, that was formerly used as a shoeshop when the contract system used as a shoeshop when the contract system was in force, is said to be the finest workshop in the State. It is 258 feet long, two stories high and has 4,100 lights of glass in its windows. What workman could desire a more pleasant place in which to work?

The men working all day must be fed, and its grated windows. We walk through the shop and note the

destness with which the prisoners manage their machines. Not a word is spoken save an occasional remark connected with the work. Unnecessary conversation is strictly work. Unnecessary conversation is strictly shidden. Some of the men look at us "sport," who, while intoxicated one night some years ago, managed to shoot and kill a some years ago, managed to shoot and kill a colored man.

He is serving a ten years' sentence. His name would be remembered at once by most Pittsburgers were it mentioned. He looks



Trusted With Knives and Hammers contented, and the regular bours he is compelled to keep have given him a healthier appearance than he wore when a free man. He is busy, with his fellow cooks, preparing the dinner, which consists of boiled beef, potatoes, etc., stewed all together, and is as savory as anyone could wish for. It is nearly 12 o'clock and the prisoners are going to dinner. The cooks have been ladeling out the stew into messpans, each of which holds as much as some families get among them, and these messpans are piled up ready to be handed to the hungry men who have put in nearly five hours of work.

A gong sounds, and the men in one shop

cookhouse. They walk in "lock-step," each with his right hand on the shoulder of the man in front, so that his toe almost touches the other's heel, until they reach an opening in the wall of the cookhouse. an opening in the wall of the cookhouse. Here the messpans are passed out. Each man takes his pan, if he wants it, without a word, and follows in single file, but of course not in "lock-step" now, to the door that leads into the cell block. A officer walks at the head of the squad, conducts his men to their cells, locks them in, and leaves them there for an hour. leaves them there for an hour. As one squad gets to the cookhouse another comes from another quarter, and another from another, and so on, until the yard is alive with marching men, all bound for that one interesting building whence the steam of the beef stew comes and titillates the nostrils pleasingly. They do not all go to the one opening. There is one on each side of the building, so that two sets of men can be served at once.

The School in the Penitentiary. The education of those men who have not had advantages of that kind is attended to. School is conducted two hours a day in a regular schoolroom in the hospital building, under the direction of Mr. R. H. Graham. Mr. Graham is a very well-educated mana son of ex-Speaker Graham—and he takes the greatest interest in his pupils. He has 116 enrolled at present, and they are of all agea. He has one man of 52 years in the primary class, one of 63 in the first reader, one of 52 in the third reader, and one of 61 in the fourth. The mea all seems to enjoy in the fourth. The men all seem to enjoy school, and the authorities allow them the time from their work to attend, being only too glad to see that they are desirous of

colored man, smoking a pipe as he gazes listlessly at the sky through the large win-dow. "Enjoying your smoke?" observes Mr. Stewart. The man smiles, but in rather a care-worn way, as we cannot help noticing.
"Yes, sir. Thank you?" he says quietly.
As we pass out, Mr. Stewart whispers:
"He's in for life." We are trying to imagine the feelings of a man in a living tomb, light and airy as it is, as we pass int another ward, where three convalescents are eating a dinner that comprises toast and other delicacies at a table, and who speak cheerfully to Mr. Stewart in answer to his greeting, and thence into another, where four men are playing dominoes, while a fifth is lying on his bed—the only one in the hospital who is using his bed, by the way. Bathrooms and other accommodations are in the hospital, and but for being prisoners, the inmates would have little to complain

The building is very airy and light. Going Out and Coming In. Back into the main hall, and from thence nto another ball above it, where the bookkeepers sit in a glass compartment busy as any in an ordinary business house, and ap-parently as satisfied, although at least one of them is a prisoner. A new prisoner has just been brought in, and one who has served his time is going out. The one who is departing is a United States prisoner. He has just put on the clothes he wore when brought in, and he is going into the

office to sign a book and receive his small valuables that have been kept in a safe for him. He shakes hands with the officials and walks out.

In the meantime the new man—a young fellow scarcely 21—is being turned over by the deputy sheriff who has brought him in. He is weighed, searched and then given in charge of an officer, who takes him to the clothes room, in the same building as the cook house. Here he is stripped, examined by the doctor, and a careful record made of all physical peculiarities. He is measured by the Bertillon system. The length of his thumb, finger, nose, ear, etc., are carefully taken, and birthmarks of any kind recorded, together with any deformity he may have. Then he is made to take a bath.

Donning the Stripes in Prison. In the clothes room are three sizes of shirts, pants and jackets of striped material. With the assistance of an officer he picks out clothes to fit him, including canton fiancel underwear, shoes, socks and cap and puts them on. Then, as he looks down at himself, he realizes that he is indeed a convict, and a tear springs to his eye, as, in obedience to a sign from the officer, he marches across the yard into the north wing, where he is placed in one of the smaller cells until it is decided where he

shall be put to work.

He will be allowed to write a letter to his friends once a month, and every three months he may receive visitors, but with these exceptions he will have no communi-cation with the outside world until his sentence has expired, unless he be pardoned.
The chaplain, Mr. Milligan, has entire charge of the moral welfare of the prisoners, which covers their correspondence and visitors. He may allow them to write oftener than once a month if he considers the coverion wrent and he can ellow them. the occasion urgent, and he can allow them to receive visitors between the regular

periods if he sees fit. periods if he sees fit.

Among the life prisoners there are some with whom the officers have a great deal of sympathy. Henry Briceland is a life prisoner. He has been confined for 20 years. He is an excellent prisoner, a good carpenter and an intelligent man. There is not an attache of the penitentiary, so far as could be learned, who would not reside to know fluences the prisoner. He is part of a wellregulated system, and he does not contemplate desperate acts now more than he did
when he was a free man—in many cases not
so much.

Metabase the pentientary, so har as could
be learned, who would not rejoice to know
that Henry Briceland had been pardoned.
He has neither friends nor money, however,
and hence has little hope of leaving his
prison until he finds the treedom of the

His is one of hundreds of sad stories hidden under the subdued demeanor and sober garments of the vast colony pursuing its monotonous way in that gray sure, while the robin sings and the waters of La Belle Riviere dance in the sun under

Though They Occupy a Proud Place in History They Are Brutes.

NO HUMAN FEELING SEEMS LEFT.

Treat the Hebrews and Lower Classes as If They Were Slaves.

AWYOL INDIGNITIES WAKEMAN SAW

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. CRACOW, GALICIA, April 11.-If one could first approach Cracow from the north, filled with the sentimental romance of Polish heroic memories, and have in mind the Poland and Cracow of that time when Cracow was the residence of Polish soverone of great impressiveness.

At any distance, from this direction, the structural seeming is one of unimpaired splendor. Its many church spires, quaint and huge-peaked roofs, spacious palaces and dark old towers are clustered in great profusion around the Wavel Rock, on which stands the castle of Zamek, the former royal eastle of Poland. At its base the dragon of the cave, which noisome hole may still be seen, was killed by Krak, the Cadmus of Poland. At the city's southern side can be seen the gleaming waters of the blue Vistula, which almost encircles the olden town. The splendid Vistula vale stretches fair and far beyond. And the southern horizon is a serrated edge of misty blue, where, over against sunny Hungary, rise the peaks of wild Tatra and the grand Carpathian

range. Petroleum Has a Hand in Revival. But splendid as is this first seeming the ancient city of kings, cathedrals and universities is now simply a gorgeous shell of stone, swarming with a population the most miserable and seemingly hopeless human A gong sounds, and the men in one shop are formed into line and started for the cial as well as royal capital of Poland. Its desertion and degradation reached an apparatus of a century since. eyes ever beheld. The city once held from rent lowest ebb a quarter of a century since. Subsequently Austrian reforms, and the general improvement of the condition of the Galician Polish peasantry, and especially the stimulating effect of excellent devel-opment in agricultural and the mineral and etroleum fields of Galicia, reawakened ome of its old-time commercial activity. But this fell away again as Lemberg grad-

ually became the commercial capital of Ga-licia. Then came another influx of popula-tion, but of so dolorous a sort that Cracow's present increased housing of humanity is certainly the most painfully and pathetical-ly abhorrent in all Europe. The city is not more than ten English miles from the Russian frontier. During all the unspeakably cruel persecutions of Russian Polish Jews which have indignantly thrilled the civil-ized world during the past few years, Cra-cow has received and succored a greater number of these helpless refugees than any other single European city. The Impetus of Knout and Lash.

So near is the city to the Russian frontier that every week, often nearly wery day, witnesses processions of these outcasts given speed across the border by the impetus of threatened knout and lash, and the even more goading fear of actual murder. In 1864 I saw with bursting and mutinous heart the God-forsaken folk of my own race as they were driven from Atlanta, while their homes were burned behind them. But revolting as was that brutal scene of so-called "military necessity," it could not be compared with what is of such common too glad to see that they are desirous of making up for past neglect.

The hospital contains only about a dozen cases, none of them serious. We go into the hospital, shake hands with the resident surgeon and walk through the wards. In the first one we meet an intelligent-looking Russian hostilities. As nearly 1,000 spies in citizen's clothing are said to be still in use in Cracow and the immediate vicinity, the Polish peasantry prefer to believe it was built and is kept manned for the purposes of awe and effectual subjugation.

In any event it forms a threatening answer to a still greater monument to national feeling which may be found but

three miles distant upon the eminence of Brownislawa. This is the collossal Kosciusko Mound. Over in Ireland the humble peasantry, loyal in their memories for even legendary hero or saint, when passing the spot where the body fell or was interred, east pebble upon the grave and murmur prayers for the repose of the saul. A similar Polish na-tional adoration of the brave and the good has resulted in this most curious memorial

mound in Christendom. A Sacred Heart-Built Memorial.

It is 150 feet high and is principally formed of earth, brought in sacks and bar-row loads with infinite toil from all the battle fields famous in Polish history. Grim and tragic is the satire upon this sacred heart-built memorial, on the part of relentless power. When it was nicely completed the Austrians found it an excellent pedestal for one of the huge detached forts with which they proceeded to surround Cracow in a five-mile circle.

The outer walls of the city itself are very

interesting and massive. They will remind you of the tremendous old walls of Neuremberg, down in Bavaria. They are quite as high and thick, but are varied at intervals with surmounting towers, both square and round, of immense thicksquare and round, of immense thickness and great height with most picturesque
minaretted roofs. The gateways are quite
as remarkable as those at Malta, and are
given great additional quaint charm by
their curious old shrines. These are very
ancient; indeed so old that the carving of
the floriture and images is almost wholly
defaced. From this fact alone they seem to
attract the greatest number of workinger. attract the greatest number of worshipers; and on many occasions I have been scarcely able to pass beneath these huge arches owing to the crowds packed like panicky sheep upon their knees against the shrines. Round about and within the old city at this season of the year, just as the foliage is beginning to show along the banks of the Vistula and among the gigantic trees of the ancient promenades, a casual glance gives the impression of serenity and even bright-ness. One feels as though quiet and satis-fied content must reign within and without, But, once inside the massive gateways, the heart sickens at what the eyes continually behold.

A Justification of Dynamite. Soldiers are everywhere. Gay in their rich trappings they spurn their fellow civilians as though they were beasts. Were I one of these human animals beneath them I would surely answer their insults with dynamite or melanite; and one has only to move about these streets an hour to understand and condone the awful revenges the goaded humans of some of these Old World hi ves are taking upon their oppressors. No Polish lowly woman can walk these streets without beastly insult. No Hebrew maiden is safe in her own doorway from these uni-formed jackals. I have witnessed outrages by the Austrian military without number too unspeakably horrible to be put in print. They are so common, their victims are so helpless, the slavishness of their powerlessness is so hopeless for change, or attention, or justice, that their tormenters have even ceased to smile at their own devilish inge-

ceased to smite at their own devilish ingenuity of outrage.

Some of these things cannot be repeated. Here are a few instances of simple brutality out of scores I have myself witnessed in Cracow. A landlord, offended by the awkwardness of a Polish servant, struck him in the face with a carving steel, breaking all his troot taeth. The greats language all polishs are to the contract of the contrac his front teeth. The guests laughed aloud, and the victim was directed to wash the blood from his mouth and continue serving the table. At one of the gateways a noble-man was being driven into the city. The kneeling crowd praying before the shrine not moving rapidly enough to suit him, the

driver was ordered to ride over them, which he did, bruising and injuring many youths

Slashing Off a Man's Fingers A detachment of Austrian cavalry leaving the city for change of patrol at the Russian frontier, on arriving at the Clothhall on the Market Place, was somewhat annoyed by the frenzied movement of the peasant marketmen in their efforts to get out of the way. An officer, whose horse shied from contact with a rustic carrying some fowls

slung over his shoulder in willow cages, drew his saber and, with a savage overhead cut, severed two fingers from the defense-less man's hand. Apparently it would have been quite the same had the man's head followed his fingers.

head followed his fingers.

As though this were not sufficient infamy, a foot soldier standing near, after an humble salute to the brave officer, picked the dissevered fingers from the street and tossed them, as though they had been links of sausage, to a bevy of half-famished dogs shrinking and snarling behind a Hungarian Gipsy cart standing near, and these animals devoured them after nearly devouring each other in battle over these unusual and eigns, a view of the ancient city would be each other in battle over these unusual and delicious morsels.

The treatment of the Polish Hebrews is indescribably dreadful. Truly a majority of these here form a loathsome lot. But they are victims of misfortune. No one of

the race is by nature slothful or vile. All are active, patient, vigorous and brave in all things tending to self-sustenance. Those of Cracow are mainly helpless victims of Russian persecution. So many have made their way into all avenues of business that by very force of numbers and desperation of situation they swarm like wolves around every opportunity of the alightest gain. But thousands upon thousands exist in a condition of such awful want, starvation and mysery, that it would seem in any place where a God was owned some touch of human consideration and pity might find expression. You cannot find it in Cracow. They are beaten from before soldiers and officials with staves. Police disperse begging crowds with swords, striking right and left and wounding promiscuously.

With Its Broken Leg Dangling Down. \*Those of gentle (!) blood seem to have acquired the right to avenge all Poland's national wrongs on these luckless humans. I have seen little girls not yet in their teens strike them apparently as a mere diversion. The aristocracy from highest to lowest consider it no crime to chastise them openly and unresentedly on any pretext of offens The very next morning after my arrival here I saw a half-naked Hebrew child being carried along with a broken leg dangling from its body. It had amused some lordling or official in a carriage before which the little one had begged to ride over it. I had some respect for the Polish character, gained I will admit, from Polish history, before I

came to Cracow.

Whatever the polish aristocracy may have been in the past, they are brutes beyond the limits of human language to reveal n their treatment of inferiors, and especial-y of these Hebrew wretches of misfortune and misery. And for my part I can see no altar or shrine or crucifix or vicar of God in this ancient city without loathing emblem, place and priest where such inhuman hearts can worse than murder and adore.

My guide through the ghastly shell of a civilized city was secured through incident of iniquitous brutality, trifling indeed for

Cracow, but still illustrative of its genial and kindly atmosphere. I had truly been unbearably pestered by a horde of Hebrews from money changers down to the most repulsive of beggars, and finally conceived the plan of arranging myself in the most Polish and least expensive of attire.

Protection of a Polish Costume, It proved a successful device. In this ent I had visited the Tatra mountains, and had returned to Cracow so torn by brush wood and bespattered by mud of the high-ways that I was quite free to enjoy the city from the nether side of aspect. It was a relief, too, from strain upon both temper and purse. In this habilament and attitude I was standing before a baker's window interested in an odd form of bread which is fashioned and baked in an excellent imitations of them when you diving tion of a crown of thorns, much used during the Lenten period in Galicia. Another still more dolorous object than myself stood before the window. It was a Polish Hebrew,
ragged, wasten, wan and old. I have seen
longing and hunger on as many faces as has
any other one who lives; but I never before
saw both so pathetic and terrible as in this one white face.
At this moment a bevy of soldiers clanked

by. Both myself and the ancient Hebrew stood at the edge of the pavement, quite out of their lordly way. Something in the old man's face attracted the soldiers' attention as well as my own. Some turned, glanced and cursed. One said with an

"He will draw the loaves the window through with that nose!"
"If the loaf (crown of thorns) was his belly therein, it should cut with blood his

paunch through," sneered another.
"Ach, Gott!" shouted the bravest them all, as he sprang to the old man's side, in a seeming frenzy of rage. I feared he would strike him down. But he did not. He only spat in his face and called him a "Jew dog!"—"Earth rot!" and names beastlier still. Then they turned and went merrily away.

Dare Not Resent the Awful Insult. And it is true that this poor old man, for fear of his life as he afterward told me, dare not attempt to remove the froth foul-ness from his face until these Christian soldiery had turned into the market place. But I had done it for him before that.

I then led him into the baker's and then into a cafe, and then into a wineshop, and Christian money never did quicker or more direct missionary work than on that morndirect missionary work than on that morning when, God knows, for the first and only time in my life I longed to be a Rothschild. This poor stranded old human had been a Jewish teacher in a not remote Russian village, and had been knouted out of his home by Cossacks, his feeble wife perishing in the flight from fright and fatigue. He had got as far as Cracow. That, as with thousands upon thousands more, was to be his living grave under conditions of misery and outrage more awful than those which and outrage more awful than those which once made infamous the name of religion in Madrid, Neuremberg or Salem-unless the little I spared him could get him to kinfolk

The white face of this one old man stands between me and Poland's ancient city of kings, shutting out all else but the un-speakable miseries of his kind. And I eave Cracow with a sick and heavy heart.

HOW A MUSICIAN IS MADE

Paderewski Began Study at Six and H Studies Even Yet. Paderewski began to study at six-his first teacher being a fiddler who helped out his living by giving lessons on the piano, which he could not play. After a year or two another teacher was engaged, but he had as little notion of technique as his predecessor. He thought it sufficient to bring with him a collection of four-hand and sixhand pieces, which Paderewski and his sister played at sight. There the boy's early instruction ended. But the student did not then relax his efforts. He played, listened, compared and thought, and he was rewarded with the success which always at-tends continuous effort. His marvelous tone-quality has been wholly his own dis-covery, guided by an exquisitely sensitive

When 12 he went to the Conservatory Warsaw, where he studied harmony and counterpoint with Roguski, and took pland lessons of Janotha, the father of Natalie, At 16 Paderewski made a tour through At 16 Paderewski made a tour through Russia, and going back to the Conservatory at 18 became a professor there. At 23 we find him Professor of Music in the Con-servatory at Strassburg. Resolving to be-come a virtuoso, he sought Leschetitzky in 1886, and set to work with his accustomed energy. He was with him only seven months, making his debut in Vienna in 1887. With Paderewski practice and study customed to shut himself up and to practice all night, going carefully over his whole

WHEELS IN CONGRESS.

Brainy Statesmen Who Have Formed an Exclusive Bicycle Club.

TOM REED WILL BE ITS RACER. lockless Simpson Rides With the Dignity of a Philosopher.

HENRY GEORGE STARTED THE CRAZE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, April 23. HE newest fad among our national statesmen is "The Congressmen's Bicycle Only full-fledged Congressmen are eligible to mem-Mibership. August and reverend Sen-

stors and powerful Cabinet officers have no show in it, and were even President Harrison to apply humbly for admission he would be peremptorily rejected, so exclusive is this unique organization and so sharply does it draw the line against all but Congressmen.

All the members are enthusiastic wheelmen, and several of them are exceedingly skillful riders. Among the most expert, besides Jerry Simpson himself, the head chief, are Congressmen Tom L. Johnson, of the Twenty-first Ohio district; Joseph E. Washington, of the Sixth Tennessee-s lateral descendant of the immortal George-John A. T. Hull, of the Seventh Iows; Lewis Sperry, of the First Connecticut; Warren, F. Daniell, of the Second New Hampshire; and William M. Springer, of the Thirteenth, and Owen Scott, of th Fourteenth Illinois districts.

Henry George Responsible for It. The idea of the club originated primarily with Henry George, of New York. When the genial sockless "Sage of Medicine



A Snap Shot at Tom Johnson. Lodge" left Kansas last spring and visited New York to teach the stock brokers and other moneyed men there certain unknown truths about sound finance, he unwittingly fell in with the single tax apostle, who in due time made him familiar with the pleasures of the wheel. Representative John-son likewise recently came under the spell of George's influence, and he, too, became a convert to the bicycle craze. Representa-tive Johnson happens to sit next to Repre-sentative Washington in the House, and through his rapturous praises of bicyclevolving wheel. Ex-Speaker Reed was also prevailed upon by Johnson's eloquence to forego his scruples and link his fortunes in sport with the budding organization.

In this way the charmed circle, first formed but little over a month ago, has been gradually but steadily enlarged until now it is gaining several new recruits every week and promises eventually to embrace Representatives from nearly every State in nues of Washington, paved with the finest asphalt and the smoothest of concrete blocks, afford ideal facilities for bicycling.

It Requires No Little Nerve. More than an ordinary amount of nerve and courage is required of Congressmen in indulging such a frivolous diversion as bicycling in this capital city of the nation. Indeed, such a deep-seated prejudice exists in many agricultural communities in the West against bicycling, tennis playing and



Jerry Simpson Rides to the House.

that the riding Congressmen from those sections, especially men like the Alliance advocate, Simpson, deserve to be congratulated on the grit they have displayed in joining the club. The members, while not eeking to conceal their fondness for the exhilirating exercise, have not courted pub-licity on the subject or sought to be inter-viewed as to their accomplishments on the

Congressman Johnson is the most versatile Congressman Johnson is the most versatile rider in the club, despite the fact that he is handicapped with fully 300 pounds of flesh. He is one of the most jovial men in the present House, with a ruddy, smooth-shaven face, curly black hair and rotund figure. Unlike Henry George, who prefers a light-running English machine, he uses a strong wheel of standard American make, ball-berings and cupitor tire. Notwithstanding bearings and cushion tire. Notwithstanding his ponderous avoirdupois, he has mastered the difficult teat known as "the pedal mount," and in addition is able to execute to perfection some of the most intricate figures in fancy riding. So enthusiastic a friend of bicycling is he that he has taught not only his wife but three of his little children to ride, and frequently takes his whole family out for an airing "on the

A Veritable Philosopher on Wheels. Representative Jerry Simpson, on the other hand, cares nothing for speed and fancy figures, but finds an infinite amount of delight in cantering straight ahead at a moderate gait. He rides at any hour of the morning, afternoon or evening, sometimes with his friend Hull, of Iowa, or Johnson, with his friend Hull, of lowa, or Johnson, of Ohio, but oftenest alone, in solitary meditation, "lancy free." He turns the street corners warisy, in the most leisurely manner possible, and in general conducts himself literally like a philosopher on wheels. He lives on "the Hill," near the Capitol, and when the debates in the House happen to grow unbearably dull, as they frequently do, he slips over home gets out his 'cycle and takes a quiet little spin by way of mental and physical refreshment. ssionally he meets other members of

plaza at the east front of the Capitol, when plaza at the east front of the Capitol, when they all have a happy-go-lucky race over the smooth asphalt. Then after they have sufficiently enjoyed the keen air whistling about their ears, they return to the House in time to vote, depositing their wheels in convenient nooks and crypts on the basement floor. They couldn't have done this in the last Congress, for Speaker Reed, who hadn't at that time experienced a change of heart in the matter of public breyeling, made an inflexible rule against the storage of bicycles inside the House end of the building, to the discomfiture of the page-boys and clerks who had made a practice of riding to and from their daily work.

Springer Likes the Exercise.

Springer Likes the Exercise. Chairman Springer, of Ways and Means, is an old hand at the wheel, and is one of the pioneers among Congressmen in the use of the rapid vehicle. He early initiated his youngest son in the mysteries of its management. Unluckily his late illness has prevented him from joining his colleagues in their regular practice, but his heart has been with them just the same, and when he fully recovers his health he will make your few lettings. make up for lost time.

Club," of which
Hon. Jerry Simpson is president
and Hon. Thomas
B. Reed its latest
tender nursling.
Only full-fledged in the club. He uses a very light machine and discards all the unnecessary appliances.

Ex-Speaker Reed, who has the reputation of riding the biggest upright wheel in the State of Maine when at home in Portland, is content here in Washington with a low-

seated "safety." It is related authorita-tively that when he first essayed to ride the



monster in Maine he "dished" his wheel twice and broke the delicate attachments with the same easy grace and inimitable sang froid that characterized him in his fracture, when Speaker, of the parliamentary traditions and precedents of a hundred

Coaching Reed for a Racer. He still has an aversion to riding in the fierce gaze of publicity which obtains in Washington, and it is only rarely that he consents to a little run, and then only in the least frequested rendezvous of the club. The other members of the club are anxious that he shall excel, for they have it in mind to deputize him to represent them shoul they be called upon to annihilate some out-side competitor for wheelmen's honors. They know he would be able to do the job

effectually.

Representatives Daniell, of New Hampshire, Sperry, of Connecticut, and Scott, of Illinois, can be seen on their wheels almost any bright day now, bowling swittly over any bright day now, bowling switch over the delightful boulevards of the fashionable Northwest. Mr. Sperry affects a wheel of Yankee home manufacture, while Mr. Scott is pleased with an imported one. Several of the "extremely young" Congressmen from New England and elsewhere have an

equal liking for both uprights and "safe-ties," and are regarded as connoisseurs as to best styles and makes.

While the asphalt streets leave nothing to be desired for ease and comfort in riding, the club's favorite trysting place is the magnificent driveway called the "White Lot," inclosing 50 odd acres of beautiful level park, between the Executive Mansion

JOHN D. CREMER. AFRICA CANNOT KILL HIM.

A Man Who Has Lived Longer in Central Africa Than Any Other White. This is a picture of a man of iron phy-

sique who has lived longer in Central Africa than any other white man, It is 11 vears since Amedee Legat entered the service of the Congo Free State. Of the



hundreds of white servants of the States employed in the far interior, Legat alone has never asked for a vacation. For ten years he has not seen the sea. He is now almost in the geographical center of Africa, the sole representative of the State in King Msiri's country, northwest of Lake Bangweolo. No agent of the State has seen him for a year, but it is supposed that Delcommune's expedition, carrying sup-plies to the lone Belgian, will soon reach

Legat is now 32 years old. He is so comoletely isolated from his fellow officers that f he were to start for the nearest post it if he were to start for the nearest post it would take him three and a half months to reach it; and he could not reach a steamer for Europe in less than 200 days. For two years he lived without a single European assistant at Luebo, on the Upper Kassai river, nearly 500 miles above Stanley Pool. Twice a year a steamer visited him to replenish his supplies, and learn how he was flourishing in the wilderness. These were red letter days for Legat. ness. These were red letter days for Legat, for then he received letters from his mother, and news from the outside world. Fatigues, privations and isolation apparently have had no effect upon Legat's iron frame. He was born to pioneer the way and he intends

to spend years yet in Africa.

The Congo Free State has twelve agents in its service who have spent nine years in they have returned to Europe to recruit their health. The case of Legat is so excep-tional that King Leopold II. has honored him with a special medal to commemorate his services. His rank is that of a lieutenant in the public force, and he is the most striking example yet known of the possibility of men of certain temperaments and rugged health living uninterruptedly in Africa without suffering from the trying

climate.

Rhenmatism Cured in Three Days. Miss Grace Littlejohn is a little girl, aged eleven years, residing in Baltimore, Ohio. Read what she says: "I was troubled with Read what she says: "I was troubled with rheumatism for two years, but could get nothing to do me any good. I was so help-less that I had to be carried like a babe when I was advised to get a bottle of Chamber-lain's Pain Balm. I got it from our drug-gist, Mr. J. A. Kumbler, and in three days I was up and walking around. I have not felt any return of it since and my limbs are Occasionally he meets other members of as limber as they ever were." the club by prearrangement on the open bottles for sale by druggista. TTSU

LORE ABOUT COFFEE.

The Rule Is to Age Green Berries but

Use the Roast Promptly.

HOW TO BUY A GOOD ARTICLE. The Connoisseur Begins With Cold Water and Heats Gradually.

SKILL REQUIRED FOR THE BREWING

To make sure of good coffee you need to omprehend these two facts green coffee, like wine, is the better for keeping; roasted coffee, contrawise, cannot be used too soon after coming from the fire. The Grand Turk to whom coffee drinking

is in some sort a religion, requires that his beans shall be pounded while smoking hot, put into the water without cooling, boiled very quickly and durnk at a blistering heat. Though his method would not commend itself to the American housewife, she will do well to embody the seed-thought of it in her own. Unless, though, she is much better off for service than the average of her sisters, she must content herself with freshroasted coffee once a week in place of twice

That need not be a calamity if she will put the beans piping hot into a close canister and let them cool slowly with a heavy cloth well wrapped over it. Do not put on the lid until the coffee is cold, but be sure the cloth covers the mouth. Afterward see that the top is kept screwed down tight so as to preserve the fine subtle aroma which gives to the beverage its refreshing fra-

It is Well to Buy by the Sack. If you can possibly find space for it in your storeroom buy your coffee by the sack. If you are ten years in using it up the last oasting will be better and more flavorous than the first, provided, of course, that your room is dry and well aired. Dampness is ruinous to coffee. On that account look



close at the berry whether you buy it by bag or pound. Very often it is shipped before it is thoroughly cured, or it gets damp and hot in the vessel's hold. It comes out all over blue mold. But a coffee broker does not mind a trifle like that. He has a sort of winnowing machine that rubs off and blows away such blemishes, leaving the berry clean and sound looking as ever.

But if you know enough to bite a grain or so in two, and look close at the severed halves, you will easily find the difference. Really sound coffee is grayish green inside, of hard, solid, rather oily substance, faintly bitter and decidedly unmore brown and less green, somewhat spongy in texture, with a hard, earthy-taste, and the faintest scent of mold Sometimes damaged coffee beans are mixed with sound ones—but if your dealer is a thoroughly reputable one you may depend on getting a good quality if you pay a

lecent price.

If fate decrees that you must buy ground coffee or none, go to some dealer who has half a pound of his freshest roasted beans, see them ground with your own eyes, reso-Intely standing out against the beguilement of chicory or any other admixture, have the bag doubly, trebly wrapped, and use as soon

How to Roast Coffee,

If you have your own range and kitchen by all means do your own roasting. Pick over a pound of green coffee, throwing out stones, sticks and faulty grains. Wash it stones, sticks and faulty grains. Wash is quickly through warm water and dip out with a skimmer and drain in a seeve for half an hour. Then put it into your biggest square stone pau, shake it evenly over the bottom, and set it inside the oven which should be warm, but not scorehing hot. In ten minutes pull out the pan, stir the coffee well and return it to the oven. Repeat until the coffee is dry through and faintly brown. Then bring the oven to quiek baking heat and let it remain so for an baking heat and let it remain so for an hour, stirring the coffee at five-minute intervals, so that no grain shall burn. At the end of that time it ought to be a rich black-brown, nearly uniform in color, cooked through and through, but with no hint or flavor of scorching. When perfectly roasted, a grain of coffee should crack erisply betwirt the teeth. If it does not, the reating is not thorough and the heant. the roasting is not thorough, and the beans runt be stirred continually for 15 minutes longer with the pan set on top of the range just back from the fire. It is a nice job until you learn all about it, but patience and practice will very soon make

you perfect.
Where coffee is used only at long intervals it is best to keep the green berry on hand, and roast barely enough for use when needed. A small quantity can be done in half an hour with very little trouble by putting it in a hot skillet and stirring until it browns.

How to Make the Coffee,

Given proper coffee, properly roasted, two other things only are essential-a clean not and freshly boiled water. It does not at all matter what you make it in, if only the vessel be clean and well kept. Empty grounds as soon as possible and wash out the inside well with soap and very hot water, mopping the sides well. Then scald twice, letting the water run out through the spout, and turn upside down to drain and

Have your water kettle clean, and fill is freshly. While the water is boiling take a scant tablespoonful of berries for each cup of coffee, grind them moderately fine, scald the coffee pot again, and drop them in, then add a cup of cold water and stir well. It time presses, fill up to your requirement with briskly boiling water, set it over the fire, let it strike a boil, then pull back where it will barely bubble for a minute. Next, draw away to where it will keep very hot but not boil, and let it stand for 15 min-

utes before serving.
It should be clear, fragrant, delicious, refreshing beyond words, with neither dregs nor grounds to vex your palate and distem-

per your eye.

If you are a connoisseur, though, you will use coid water in place of boiling, and let the temperature be very gradually raised. It ought to take all of three-quarters of an It ought to take all of three-quarters of an hour to reach the boiling point. Let it stand and settle as before, and pour into warm, freshly-finsed caps.

Another small secret: If sugar is used,

pour the coffee upon it instead of dropping the lumps in afterward. If, further, you use cream, that too should be put in the empty cup. Unless, indeed, it is whipped cream, which is distinctly an afterthought—a frivolous refinement quite unworthy.

MRS. MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS