

## FROM A NEW YORK STREET CORNER TO SING SING.

Melodrama of Real Life in a Great City.

**I**T is but a short step from the street corner to the police court, and many frequenters take it. Arrests are practical sermons for those who do not attend the churches. Junctions of streets form natural points of reunion—social clubs for men who cannot afford to pay dues. The gregarious instinct brings together those who harmonize in feelings, in occupation, in general interests, and it gradually comes to pass that a young fellow feels a sense of proprietorship in the pavement of the place where his friends welcome him.

While each corner group has its special tone, its marked individuality, the story of one loafer will apply, with slight modifications, to many others. The first of the easy steps downward may begin from any direction, but the instance to be cited is typical in the great metropolis.

He was very young, not yet out of his teens. He had plenty of natural quickness and brightness, which had been sharpened into distrust by the struggle for existence, involving contact with only the seamy side of humanity. Short in stature and slight in physique himself, he had an overwhelming respect for strength. He had drifted from pillar to post since he was left on his own resources as a lad. He had blacked boots, sold newspapers, served as messenger, acted as an apprentice in a machine shop and finally drifted into the employ of a big department store, assisting a driver and delivering bundles. He had picked up reading, writing and arithmetic, but the only advantage he had taken of this educational foundation was to meet the requirements of his work.

He recognized the saloon keepers as powers in the land—persons who wield great influence in politics, and whose hands consequently help to guide the affairs of the nation. He grew to envy those who had money and he longed for an opportunity to waste dollars as he saw others doing.

FIRST EXPERIENCE BEHIND PRISON BARS.

He found at his corner one evening a man who had returned from the race track with a pocketful of winnings, who was anxious to celebrate his luck by a debauch, and who sought merry company. The result was disastrous for the youth, whose brain became inflamed with liquor, and who wished to pose before his new friend.

The evening was not very far advanced when a street fight varied the monotony for passers. One blow felled the older man, who lay stunned on the sidewalk. A policeman who had been standing across the street could not avoid seeing the occurrence, and hurried over to stop the now frightened youth, who resisted arrest until subdued by a few violent strokes of the night stick. He then became very penitent, and with tears in his tones begged for release. He had, however, gone too far, and, with his late antagonist by his side, he started for the police station.

The youth hung his head when he heard the charge preferred against him. He answered the questions put to him, giving his name, age, residence, occupation, his parents' name and the fact that he could read.

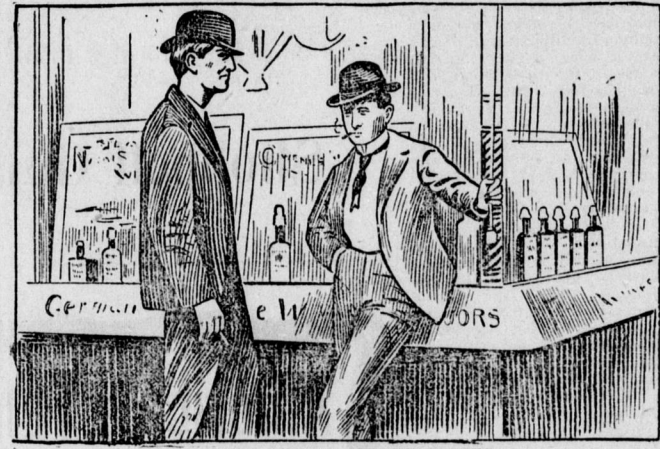
He was led through a room in which sat several policemen, whose faces were familiar to him; he passed through an iron gate down a few steps, and then he was shoved into a cell and the grated door clanged behind him. When daylight finally appeared, he felt disheveled, dirty and disreputable.

The doorman came around and opened the cell, the ponderous key grating in the locks and the hinges grinding in a manner that would distract a nervous person. Again the youth walked through the sergeant's quarters. He went right on and

the police court a delivery wagon from the store passed and the driver recognized him with a stare of astonishment.

He had another anxious period in the Jefferson Market building. He was soon led into court. The policeman who had arrested him stood by his side, silent, stern and vengeful.

"Come on," said the policeman, advancing a few steps. The youth found himself in front of a railing separating the little platform, or bridge, from the main floor. He did not realize that his case was being heard when the policeman stepped on the bridge and muttered something to the magistrate in so low a tone that not one syllable reached him. He stood, waiting and wondering, when the magistrate looked at him and



LOAFING ON THE STREET CORNER.

asked, "What have you to say to this charge?"

He had intended to say many things, but his tongue was silent and his brain was in a whirl. The magistrate, with kindly face, but an abrupt, severe manner, resumed:

"Come, now, what have you to say for yourself? The officer says you were drunk and fighting and that you attacked him when he approached you. He says you are one of a gang of loafers who give a great deal of trouble to the police."

Anger made the youth's face flush. This was more than he had expected. "He's a liar," he cried, "and I'll get even with him." He could not keep back the profanity to which he was accustomed. The magistrate held up his hand in warning and, as the prisoner stopped, said in an undertone: "Ten dollars."

This was a crushing blow for the young man, who had assumed that the night in jail would complete his punishment. He had been thinking of running up to the store to his work, and he had made up his mind to inquire the driver who had seen him in the patrol wagon not to mention the fact to any one. As he did not have \$10 to pay the fine the alternative was imprisonment.

He was one of ten crowded into the Maria, a cell-like wagon with peep holes and small shutters to admit air. There was a long jolt over the cobblestones to the east side, and then the door was opened and he stepped out upon a pier.

The Brennan carried him by the vast castlelike structure of gray stone on the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island to the landing pier further north. He had not realized before that the island was so large. He looked about him with curiosity, wondering which of the buildings was the penitentiary. He was led there, and when he reached the office his pedigree was again taken.

Prison life was dismal, but by no means as bad as he had imagined. He was assigned to a comparatively easy task—assisting the bakers. He pulled a little wagon loaded with flour from the storehouse to the ovens, and when the long, crisp loaves were ready he took them away. The work was no worse than any other in the line of routine; the only objection was the ever present sense of restraint and supervision by day, the locking of the cell door by night.

The ten days dragged slowly by and he was restored to freedom. He was

soon as his imprisonment became known, and he was gruffly informed that he was not wanted.

The ensuing fortnight brought a series of crushing disappointments. It seemed impossible for him to obtain steady work of any kind. He loitered in saloons trying to pick up odd jobs that would keep his body and soul together, and he slept on docks and open lots, wherever he found a chance to escape observation.

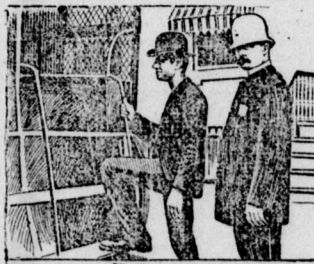
He grew desperate as time passed, and he would have been willing to take any chance to get money. Visions of loot and plunder filled his mind, the only question was, what he should do. He did not know where to begin, as he lacked experience in crime. He helped a drunken man to his home one night, and on the way paid himself for his trouble by taking what money he could find—a handful of change amounting to about \$2.

There had been so little difficulty about this theft that he wondered that he had not made a similar attempt before, and he spent the following evening looking for persons under the influence of liquor. His eyes glittered when he saw the fat roll of greenbacks pulled out by a man paying for a drink; this fellow was taking fre-

quent potations, but was by no means helpless. In fact, he could take care of himself, even though his legs wobbled and he lurched toward the curb when he came into the open air. He walked up a side street and stopped by a stoop, as though in doubt whether he should enter the house.

There was no other person in sight, though the hour was quite early, and the young man who followed concluded to make a supreme effort to get the roll of bills. He brought a heavy stick he had been carrying down with crushing force upon the head of his intended victim, felling him. Then he jumped on him and grabbed the bills from the waistcoat pocket. There was a fierce fight on the ground and the older and heavier man finally got on top and, pinning the other down, shrieked for the police.

When the youth was taken to the police station he was recognized by the sergeant. The charge against him this time was highway robbery, and conviction did not mean a few days in



A RIDE IN THE BLACK MARIA.

the penitentiary, but several years in State prison. He was held by the police magistrate and sent to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury. His photograph was added to the collection known as the Rogue's Gallery, which includes likenesses of thousands of criminals.

He learned that he had been indicted, and then one morning he was led across the Bridge of Sighs to the Criminal Court Building and taken before a judge of the Court of General Sessions to plead. It was almost useless for him to say "Not guilty," but, as a matter of form, he did so.

The case was so clear that it required but an hour to try and the result was conviction. The sentence imposed two days later was imprisonment at hard labor in Sing Sing for eight years and six months.

It so happened that the young highwayman was the only convict booked for State prison that day. He was taken from the Tombs with his right wrist handcuffed to the left wrist of a deputy sheriff. They boarded a north-bound Fourth Avenue car in Centre street and went to the Grand Central station, entering through the Forty-second street gateway, ordinarily reserved for arrivals. They walked to the smoking car and took their places, looking through the window as a score of laughing girls bound for the Ardley golf links rushed toward the train. The bell rang and the prisoner was on his way to Sing Sing.—New York Herald.

### Overrated Actors.

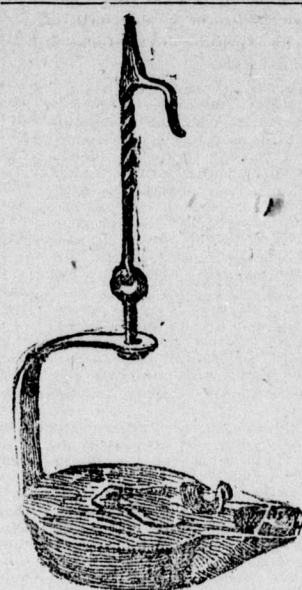
"Some of the 'celebrated' actors now on the stage of England and America ought to be at school, learning the A-B-C of their profession," says Bronson Howard in the Century. "Men and women like them in the next generation. If our schools and great teachers make their full influence felt, will have no place on the stage at all. The public will say to them: 'Go and earn your business first, as other people do, and then come back to us.'"

### LAMP WITH A HISTORY.

A Romance Might Be Written Around This Interesting Antiquary.

An odd lamp of ancient pattern and with an interesting history is owned by Brinton Woodward, of Conshohocken, Penn. Its actual age is largely a matter of conjecture.

Mr. Woodward's great-grandfather, Captain Walter Woodward, who was touring Africa in quest of animal species for the Royal British Zoological Society obtained the lamp from a partially civilized inhabitant. The African was wandering about in great distress for want of food, and on seeing



AN ANCIENT IRON LAMP.

the Captain and his party went down upon his knees. By aid of an interpreter it was learned that the poor fellow was starving to death, and on receiving provisions from Woodward he gave him the lamp as a token of gratitude. After satisfying the pangs of hunger, the native then told a long story of the lamp, with which he seemed loath to part. The substance of it was that the lamp had been used to illuminate the family hovel for fifty years. It hung from the rocky ceiling and each night the family "circled" under it and worshipped their god. Death had taken off all but himself and he cherished the lamp as a remembrance of happier days.

Captain Woodward left the lamp to his son, who came to America about 1770. He died in 1802 and it passed down to its present owner.

The Africans burned grease obtained from animals in it, with a piece of bamboo for a wick, but ordinary coal oil and a thick lamp wick can also be used. There is a groove in the spout-like part for holding the wick in place, and a slide in the top which can be opened and closed.

### Displaces the Oars.

Heretofore paddle wheels have sometimes been employed in the place of oars on pleasure boats, an entire revolution of the paddles and cranks being necessary, but the operator had only one advantageous point in the entire revolution where he could exert any amount of power, and that was when the crank was being drawn toward him. The speed gained at that moment was partially lost in the remainder of the cycle. As an improvement on the paddle wheel Dr. R. S. Sheen has designed the apparatus here shown. A pair of cranks are attached to the inner end of short rods fixed in sleeves on the gunwale of the boat. At the outer ends of the rods are secured frames carrying the paddle blades, with a series of spokes connecting the rods and blades in such a manner that a forward movement of the crank closes the blades against the frame and offers no resistance to the water in the return stroke. As soon as the cranks are pulled toward



PROPELLING MECHANISM FOR BOATS.

the operator again the blades open and begin to act on the water. By the aid of ropes wound on the shafts and running to a foot plate a greater leverage can be exerted. It will be observed that the inventor has obtained a device by which the operator can face the bow of the boat, and the arrangement of the mechanism is such that the greatest advantage of leverage without excess motion are obtained.

### An Essay on Habit.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils that to the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes on "How to overcome habit," he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a lad of nine years stood up and said: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."—Result—He won it.



### A Small Story.

Eight small children for busy Bess—Eight to feed and wash and dress. Four small girls and four small boys. In one small house make no small noise; And so, to have them out of the way, She's sent them off to the woods to play. "Don't quarrel, nor tease, nor fret, nor frown, But come back home when the sun is down." And if you see the chipmunk small, Don't throw stones at him—that is all; For he's just as busy as he can be, And I know how that is, myself," said she.

—Joy Allison, in St. Nicholas.

### House of Delight for Children.

Fairmount park, Philadelphia, has a children's play house which has been open for 15 months. One thousand children have been entertained there in a single day, but 350 is the average number. Boys over ten are barred. All other children are welcome. The house is fitted with swings, see-saws, wagons and tricycles for the older ones, and hammocks, baby jumpers, rocking horses and building blocks for the younger ones. For the little ones who are too young to walk a big creeping pad is provided. In the sand pavilion are twelve tons of white sand. For those who meet with injury a trained nurse is in attendance to administer consolation and necessary treatment.

The institution was bequeathed by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith.

### A Surprised Cat.

Several days ago five or six sparrows were pecking away in the gutter immediately in front of an engine-house, when a cat crept across the street and pounced upon one of them. Instantly the victim's companion sent up a warty, which was as instantly answered. From the housetop and tree the sparrows flocked to the scene. With whirling, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender. For about 30 seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps a hundred beaks and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled away from the infuriated birds, and ran into the engine-house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearbought dinner, a sadder but a wiser cat.

### England's First Parliament.

January 20 is memorable in English history as the date of the first meeting of the first parliament, an assembly which corresponds to the national congress of the United States. This great English reform took place in the year 1265, in Westminster hall, which still is in existence. This first of British national legislative bodies in which the common people were represented consisted of two knights, or noblemen, from each county and two citizens from each borough or township. The election and service of the citizens representing the common people (as distinguished from the nobles) in this parliament was the first clear admission by the government that the citizen has a right to take part in making the laws and managing the affairs of the country. Thus we see that hundreds of years before the birth of the United States the principles on which our republic was founded were recognized and put into partial operation in Great Britain.

### Strange Discoveries in Africa.

The problem of how the apple got into the dumping sinks into insignificance beside that of the jellyfish, the crustaceans and Lake Tanganyika; but J. E. S. Moore, who recently returned from Central Africa, believes he has discovered how the fish from the sea got into the lake in the middle of the continent.

Mr. Moore is one of the young men at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. He was leader of an expedition largely subsidized by the Royal Geographical society, and after a year's march of over 2000 miles, from the Zambesi to Uganda, he has come back with hundreds of specimens and several important additions to the knowledge of Central Africa.

He has encountered cannibals, volcanoes and glaciers and scaled an ice-capped peak called "Sitchwi" in the Ruwenzori mountains, or Mountains of the Moon, at a height of about 16,500 feet. The mountain took ten days to climb. The peaks of the range are covered with ice to a depth of hundreds of feet, for the snow melts in the day and freezes at night.

Mr. Moore and the 20 Ujiji boys who accompanied him lived on goats during the ascent and descent, driving the goats and killing them when food was wanted. The Ujiji boys were so struck with the phenomenon of ice that they tried to carry bits down to Ujiji. The tropical sun nearly boiled the ice on the way.

Between Tanganyika and Lake Albert Edward is a lake called Kivu. The best atlas published gives it as about one-tenth the size of Albert Edward. Mr. Moore, who was accompanied by Malcolm Fergusson, geologist and geographer, found that Kivu is larger than Albert Edward. The north end of Tanganyika was found to be 50 miles westward of its ascribed position.

It was between this lake and Kivu that the cannibals were met. They

are tall, light-colored men, more like Arabs than negroes, and are born thieves. They gave much trouble and killed two or three bearers, but Mr. Moore never had to fight them outright.

The primary object of the expedition was to dredge and sound the lakes with reference to the marine forms which Mr. Moore found there four years ago. The question was whether the jellyfish and crustaceans originally got into Tanganyika by way of the Nile or the Congo. Having determined that these marine species are to be found in none of the lakes north of Tanganyika, Mr. Moore believes that Tanganyika was once joined to the sea by way of a great basin in the Congo State.

When Tanganyika was left high, if not dry, in the center of Africa, the jellyfish and crustaceans of the sea remained behind and their descendants are flourishing today. They have been there many thousands of years, for fossils they resemble are to be found below the chalk level.

### Insects in Winter.

A little boy once asked his father if the house flies went South for the winter, like the birds; and then his father told him a long story about different insects and what became of them during the cold months.

He told the boy that when autumn comes the death knell of millions of flies has sounded. They do not prepare for winter as many other insects do. The majority die, and their little bodies are blown away by the passing breeze. A few hardy flies will linger in cracks in the walls, creep under the door frames or into crevices in the woodwork, and some naturalists believe that these few lingering flies are the parents of the multitude that appear in the warm days of June, for they lay thousands of eggs.

Katydid, grasshoppers, crickets and beetles are killed by the frost, and the eggs which they hide in the ground or conceal in the bark of trees furnish the supply for the next year. These hatch out in the warm days of spring. Beetles exhibit a wonderful instinct in caring for their eggs during winter. Among some species the eggs are rolled in balls of material suitable for food, and then the balls are packed away in a nest until the infant beetle wakes up and eats its way out.

Then there are the "sexton" beetles, which deposit their eggs in the bodies of dead birds or field mice, after which they set to work and perform the proper rites of burial, heaping the earth upon the body of the dead. The young beetle, when hatched from the egg, finds a store of food awaiting its arrival in the world.

It is said that the spiders store away no food supply in winter quarters. Quantities of eggs are laid and carefully sheltered in velvety cobweb sacks that defy the weather. These sacks may be found swinging by silken ropes from the goldenrod and milkweed, and hidden away in crevices and corners of board fences and stone walls. The little spiders creep from their cosy sleeping bags which the wise mother has provided for them, and if they escape their cannibal brothers and sisters they enter at once on a career of trapping and hunting.

Bees and wasps lay up stores for the winter, the wasps not as carefully as the bees, but in the centre of the cone shaped nest of the paper making wasps may be found goodly stores of honey.

The thrifty ant deserves much sympathy, in that it is a dainty morsel for spiders, beetles, crickets and other insect hunters. A few ants may survive and feed on accumulated stores during the winter, but it is chiefly the eggs and cocoons hidden away in the secure underground chambers of the ant hill that furnish the ant population of the following summer.

The ant's care of its young, the management of its slaves, and the tiny insect cows which they capture and from which the honeydew is milked, all would furnish a tale as interesting as the customs of any wandering tribe of the desert or any lost nation of darkest Africa.—New York Tribune.

### Curiosities in London.

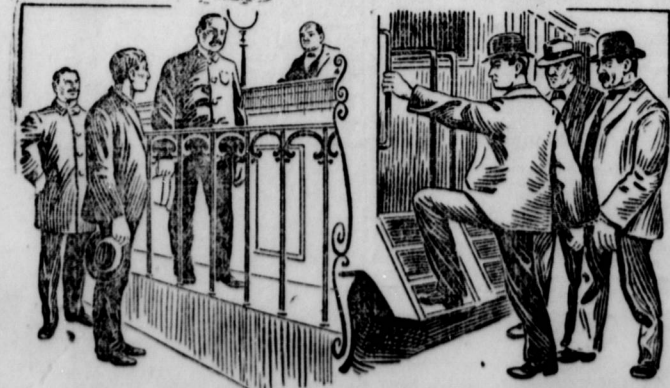
Country things which flourish in London have been receiving a good deal of attention of late. At the present time there may be seen a number of fine bunches of fast-ripening black grapes on the south wall of the Hospital for Incurable Children, at Chelsea. No doubt the poor mites within will be enjoying them before long.

In a garden at the King's road end of Flood street, Chelsea, there is a mulberry tree which has this year borne a fine crop of fruit. It was picked during the present month. Mulberries are not always to be obtained in London, and they are expensive.

This, by the way, has been a good year for mulberries in various parts of the country. They have been allowed to fall from the trees and rot on the ground in some places.

The reed harvest is a small matter but not one to be overlooked in districts where this tall, handsome plant flourishes. The mowers are now among the reeds, which go down before the old fashioned scythe. They are bound up in sheaves like the corn, and when dry stacked and used as they are required for thatching purposes.—London Express.

In the remote parts of Scotland the old Covenanters' love for long services on the bare hillsides still lingers. At Dingwall a recent communion service in the open air lasted from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.



IN JEFFERSON MARKET COURT.

BOARDING TRAIN FOR SING SING.

stepped into the patrol wagon with other unfortunate.

The horses started on a clattering trot and he peered out at the street. Midway between the stationhouse and

left at the water front shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, and he immediately started for the store to see if he could recover his employment. His place had been filled as