

FROM A NEW YORK STREET CORNER TO SING SING.

Melodrama of Real Life in a Great City.

It 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 lounge 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 elder 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 eyes 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 cells, the ponderous key 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 implore 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 to 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 storeroom 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 potatoes, 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 Rogne'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 Signs 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 Ardsey 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 learn your business first, as other people do, and then come back to us.'"

FARM TOPICS

A Litter For Chickens.

The waste from the hay mow makes excellent litter for chickens. The seeds of all kinds of grass when dry are relished by fowls, and when the waste from the mow is thrown on the floor of the poultry house the fowls will industriously work in the litter and find much to consume.

To Make Shingles Last.

An agricultural writer claims that a shingle roof may be made to last four or five years longer than is usual by taking air slacked lime, and when the shingles are damp, sprinkle it on the upper part of the roof. It will gradually wash over the whole of it and preserve it wonderfully. A bushel of lime will be sufficient for 1000 square feet. If you don't believe this, examine your roof and notice the difference in that part where the lime has washed from the chimney. This appears to be a good thing, and as it does not cost much it is at least worth trying. —New York Weekly Witness.

Winter Butter the Thing.

Good butter in winter will sell at a great deal higher price than that which is made during the summer, and the best part of it is that the improvement in price will more than balance the extra cost of winter feeding, which is an item that must not be overlooked. But, in making winter butter, don't let the idea get into your head that any kind of stuff may be put upon the customers. This is a great mistake, for you can no better afford to turn out an inferior article during the winter than you can at any other season of the year.

There is money in winter butter, but in order to get it out the dairyman must know his business clean through from beginning to end. Put all your brains into the making of the butter and the market of it. The man who does this is the one who tells at the institute how he made large profits from his cows all during the winter and you sit and wonder how he managed to do it. The scheme is a simple one, and there isn't any patent on it either.

Varying the Diet.

The beginner at poultry raising soon learns that where a small number of chickens have unlimited range on good ground it is not of as much consideration what or how much food their owner supplies, but if the flock be a large one, or they are raised in restricted quarters it is of very great importance. Many a beginner has stunted his or her flock of young chickens by insufficient food. Each day while the little fellows are growing their bodies demand an increased ration, and where they have good food and plenty of food to pick up, they range farther and farther from home as they grow in size and strength, in search of the extra food they require. This nature provides extra strength to-day for the additional needs of the morrow, but when the little biddies are confined or the flock is so large as to consume all of the bugs and different food supplies, they are dependent on their owner for the additional rations required as they grow and develop into the fowls that furnish us with delicious fresh eggs and choice table poultry. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

For Brooding Chicks.

A poultry raiser has this year used the following plan with great success: The hen and chicks were put in grocery boxes, slatted. The boxes were



A HANDY BOX FOR THE CHICKS.

set out of doors each day on the grass, and each night set on the barn floor and the barn doors shut. The boxes could then be left unopened, giving good air all night, while the chicks could run out in the barn as soon as daylight appeared and eat the cracked corn put around their coops after dark the night before. They were thus safe from enemies and from storms, had good ventilation, and could get out of the boxes early. —New York Tribune.

Thrashing Field Corn.

If the corn has not been cut with a harvester and bound, start a shock by tying four hills of standing corn and make of medium size so that it can be handled easily. For a twelve-horse-power thrasher take six truck wagons, having racks covered with boards, even on top. Have two men to hand corn to loader, each taking one-quarter of a shock. The loader commences to load at front end of wagon as high as he can reach, moving backward as his load fills the front. With six teams there are two at thrasher all the time, one on each side. The driver does the unloading.

Corn is fed to a thrasher as other grain. Two men are required to stack or mow away the fodder in stack or barn. The thrashed corn is loaded into a wagon in sacks or loose, and afterward put into a bin with a scoop. The very best time to do this work is the beginning of winter, or freezing weather. This work requires six men with teams, four men in field to hand up, two men to stack fodder, one to handle sacks, two to haul grain and the thrasher hands. This outfit will thresh from thirty to forty acres a day. —J. W. Bidwell, in New England Homestead.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—No coat yet devised suits the small boy more perfectly than the box model with coachman's capes. The smart May Manton de-



BOY'S COAT.

sign here illustrated combines elegance with simplicity, and is adapted to cloth, velvet and corduroy, all of which materials are in vogue. As shown, however, it is made of beaver broadcloth in hunter's green, and is finished with tailor stitching and lined throughout with silk of the same shade. Wise mothers include the silk lining even if economy must be practiced in other ways, as nothing else allows the coat to be slipped on and off with ease.

Both fronts and back are loose fitting in box style, and hang stylishly from the shoulders. The underarm seams are provided with underlaps and left open for a few inches at the lower edge to allow greater freedom, and the stitching of the back holds the overlap in place to the seam. The left front laps over the right in double-breasted style, and is held by handsome smoked pearl buttons and

quarter yards fifty-six inches wide, will be required when facing is used; without facing, three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, three and an eighth yards fifty inches wide, or two and seven-eighths yards fifty-six inches wide, will suffice.

A Black Velvet Evening Gown.

An evening gown 1' of black velvet, unrelieved by any trimming whatever, made princess fashion. The rich tones of the velvet bring out with all possible effect the red gold hair and cream complexion of the wearer. The shoulder straps are emerald and diamond chains, and the décolletage is bordered with soft folds of creamy white chiffon.

Overdoing the Gold Fad.

The present gold craze carries with it a warning, for, while there is no doubt that a dash of gold, on certain shades especially, adds general attractiveness to the costume, the great danger is that it will be overdone. There are so many objections to mock finery that ere long the fashionable world is going to turn against the gold fad with a vengeance.

White is Very Popular.

White has not been so popular in years as now. It takes the lead in evening gowns, and much jeweled net and brilliant passementerie are used for its decoration. Green spangles on white are among the newest decorative devices.

The Latest Street Glove.

The latest street glove is of heavy skin, fastened with one large pearl stud. Sometimes gold studs are used.

Child's Night Garb.

Comfortable, roomy drawers that still fit sufficiently well to avoid clumsiness, make the best sleeping garments for little folk, both girls and boys. The attractive little design shown fulfills all requirements and can be made from heavier or lighter material as circumstances demand. In Scotch or outing flannel it is



SHORT FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

buttonholes, a second row of buttons being placed on the left front. Pockets are inserted and finished with laps, and should be deep enough to make the little wearer happy. Two capes fall over the shoulders, either one of which may be omitted, and the neck is finished with a turn-over collar. The sleeves are two-seamed in regular coat style, and include turn-over cuffs that are slashed at the upper side.

To cut this coat for a boy of four years of age five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

A Popular Short Skirt.

The popularity of the short skirt for walking, shopping and all the out-door occupations increases with each week. As some one has wisely said, it makes the first step in real dress reform. To be without it means to be out of style, and to endure discomfort without end. The May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is cut in five gores, and is essentially practicable as well as smart. As shown, it is of double-faced golf cloth with an applied sharp facing of the same, tailored or stitched in evenly spaced rows, and falls to the instep, but it can be made shorter if desired, and of any sufficiently heavy cloth or cheviot. Fashion leaves the exact length a matter of discretion, all variations from the skirt that just clears the ground to the one that falls to the ankles only being worn. While other styles are used, this special model has advantages of its own and can be used for remodeling with peculiar success.

The skirt given is cut with a narrow front gore, wider side gores and narrow backs, and can be trusted to hang with perfect evenness. The upper portion fits snugly, there being a short hip dart in each side gore, and is laid in a deep inverted pleat at the back. The lower portion flares gracefully and allows ample freedom for the feet. The front gore is especially designed with reference to the popular long-waisted effect, and can be cut round or with the dip, as preferred. If desired the applied band or facing can be omitted and the edge finished with a narrower faced hem.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size four yards of material forty-four inches wide, three and a half yards fifty inches, or three and a

adapted to cold weather wear; in muslin to warmer nights. It can be made with feet, as in the drawing, or cut off at the ankles as shown in the outline.

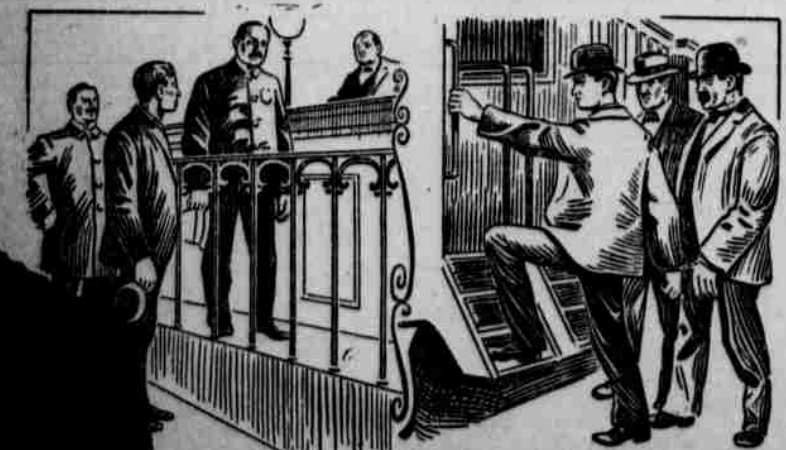
The fronts are cut in one piece from the shoulders to the feet, but the back includes a waist and drawers portion, which are buttoned together. The waist portion closes at the centre with buttons and buttonholes, and extends below the waist line, being included in the under-arm seams and forming a triangular underlap at each side, as indicated in the small drawing. This arrangement prevents the waist rolling up and provides a strong underlay without additional labor, and means both comfort and warmth. The drawers portion is seamed at the centre and opened at the sides, where it is finished with underlaps and is buttoned into place. The sleeves are two-seamed and in coat style, the gathens at the arm's-eyes being stitched flat onto the under side.

To cut these night drawers for a child of six years of age three and a



THE BEST SLEEPING GARMENT.

half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, or two and a half yards thirty-six inches wide, will be required.



JEFFERSON MARKET COURT.

BOARDING TRAIN FOR SING SING.

the patrol wagon with mates. He started on a clattering peeped out at the street, and 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