

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 loner 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 metropolises.

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.

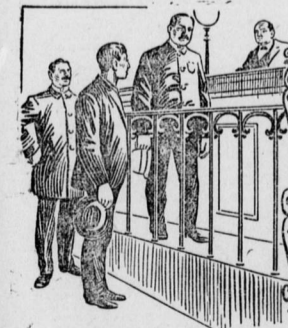
He found at his corner one evening a man who had returned from the race track with a pocketful of winnings, who was anxious to celebrate his luck by a debauch, and who sought merry company. The result was disastrous for the youth, whose brain became inflamed with liquor, and who wished to pose before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

The evening was not very far advanced when a street fight varied the monotony for passers. One fellow 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 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 cells, 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



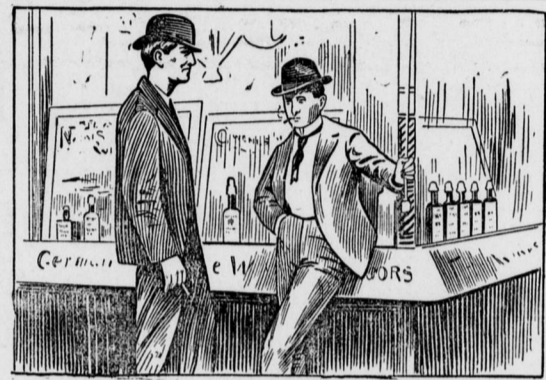
IN JEFFERSON MARKET COURT.

stepped into the patrol wagon with other unfortunates. The horses started on a clattering trot and he peered out at the street. Midway between the station house 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 cast-iron structure of gray stone on the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island. 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



BOARDING TRAIN FOR SING SING.

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

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-

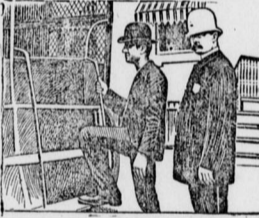


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quent potatoes, but was by no means helpless. In fact, he could take care of himself, even though his legs wobbled and he lurched toward the curb when he came into the open air. He walked up a side street and stopped by a stoop, as though in doubt 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 at 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 learn your business first, as other people do, and then come back to us.'"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Science and the Masses—That Settled "It"
—That Matrimonial Lottery—Tommy's Query—A Ray of Hope—But She Got There—An Inquiry, Etc., Etc.

Oh, man of science, heed this rhyme,
Likewise the moral, which
Is this—the man who squanders time
Will surely not get rich.

Your methods do not suit us well;
We greet you with a shrug;
You take ten syllables to tell
The name of one small bug.
—Washington Star.

That Settled "It."
Mattie—"Well, I have promised to marry him and that settles it."
George—"How can you refer to him as it?"—Judge.

The Matrimonial Lottery.
Miss Askins—"Do you believe in church lotteries?"
De Witte—"Well—or—I rather like church weddings."—Puck.

Tommy's Query.
Mamma—"You must have your hair shingled, Tommy."
Tommy—"And then will my head look like the roof of a house?"—Judge.

A Ray of Hope.
Mack—"Doesn't Mr. Baker object to his wife becoming a new woman?"
Wyld—"No; he says anything is better than the original."—Brooklyn Life.

But She Got There.
"So he has at last led her to the altar?"
"I don't know whether he led her, or she pushed him."—Indianapolis Press.

An Inquiry.
Maiden Aunt—"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."
Miss Pert—"Can't you catch any of them, Auntie?"—Puck.

Temporarily Suppressed.
"What are the names of that newly married couple in the next flat?"
"Oh, we can't find out for a few weeks; each now calls the other 'Birdie.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Reciprocated Sentiment.
Farmer Giles (a parting admonition after a prolonged and painful castigation)—"Now I 'ope I wont ketch yer 'ere again, yer young warmint!"
"I 'ope yer wont, gov'nor!"

Accommodating Him.
Yonth—"Oh, I don't want to take that character. I'll make a fool of myself sure."
Maiden—"Well, you said you wanted an easy part."—Detroit Free Press.

Ill-Fated.
"There is nothing left me," said the author, "save to kill my hero in the middle of the story."
"Go ahead and kill him," said the critic friend; "nobody will blame you."
—Atlanta Constitution.

Holding Him Cheap.
"She accepted me, but wouldn't let me sit by her on the sofa."
"Why not?"
"Said she'd just paid fifty cents to have her white dress done up."—Detroit Free Press.

The Ravages of Time.
Mrs. Waile—"I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing."
Mrs. Luers—"Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've grown to look at least six months older!"—Life.

Art's Happy Discovery.
"Dauber has hit it at last; he's making fame and money."
"How?"
"People have begun to notice that he paints smaller hands and feet than any other portrait artist in town."—Chicago Record.

Forgiven.
He—"Isn't his singing something awful?"
She—"Don't be too hard on the poor fellow; he's probably doing his best."
He—"Oh, in that case it's all right. I was afraid he was djping his worst."
—Chicago News.

A Book's Attractiveness.
Ferguson—"Don't you think it wretched taste to spend so much money on a book's binding instead of upon its contents?"
Chumley—"You must ask somebody else. I have an eye for beauty in bindings, but life is too short to read books."—Boston Transcript.

Price Makes the Demand.
"But if you could sell these suits for \$8 last month, how does it happen you want so much more for them now?"
"That's the trouble, my friend. We couldn't sell those suits for \$8. Nobody wanted them at that price. At \$9.99 they are going off like hot cakes."—Chicago Tribune.

Exclusiveness.
"I believe," said the new clerk, "that our claim is that only the select few buy our goods."
"That's right," said the fashionable haberdasher. "Because our prices are so high."
"Because why are our prices so high?"
"Because only the select few buy here."—Philadelphia Press.

Just Wanted to Know.
Zitkins—"I'm going up in a balloon this afternoon. It's a rare chance, and I wouldn't miss it for money. But don't say a word. I don't want my wife to know it. It will worry her so."
Boscobel—"Of course. But, I say, will she be afraid you will be killed, or afraid you won't? Of course, I don't know anything about wives. I only ask for information."—Boston Transcript.

A Watch Without Hands.
An old friend, who has done Europe and England in the last four months, fetches back a novel timepiece. It is a watch of ordinary size, but devoid of the usual hands and dial. In the centre are two small spaces for figures, the upper for hours and the lower for minutes. These change at the proper intervals, presenting the correct time as the railroad man gives it—10.42 or 6.30, not "18 minutes of 11" or "half-past 6," in the slovenly civilian style. A second hand makes fractions of the minutes for the exact man. This watch is guaranteed for seven years and costs only \$11 in Paris.—New York Press.

By-Products From Peat.
After many years of experimental labor and at a heavy cost a company of Oldenburg, in Germany, has succeeded in producing from peat a coke, the expense of getting which is entirely covered by the value of the by-products, such as peat, tar, methylic alcohol and other residues. It is now proposed by the English company which has acquired the patent to do the same in this country.

A Brook Farm Pleasantray.
Mr. Ripley once announced that a contribution would be taken to defray expenses at Brook Farm; "but, as the speaking was to be continued during the time the box was passing round," the audience was requested to put in as many bills as possible, so as not to disturb the speaker by the rattling of small change.—Christian Register.

All for the Best.
"They say that women have a very deficient sense of humor," remarked Willie Washington.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "And perhaps it is just as well. If we had too much discrimination in such matters we couldn't smile at so many well-meant masculine efforts to be funny."—Washington Star.

HALL CAINE TRAPPED.

The Author Tells How He Was Outwitted by American Journalists.

Hall Caine has every reason to hate the American journalist, says Peter Kenney in the London Express, for once he told me a story I could hardly credit, yet I heard it confirmed by the man who instigated it.

Just as Hall Caine was leaving the States on his last visit, a certain murderer was about to be executed. The novelist received a letter from him saying that during imprisonment he had been allowed to read the Christian, and would like to meet the author. The book had done him much good; the writer could perhaps give him some words of comfort during the last few hours he had to live.

Hall Caine went; he talked to the man, he even prayed with him, and kissed him on the forehead before he left.

Two illustrated pages of this appeared in a New York daily paper next day. It seemed the editor had promised the prisoner \$1000 for his family if he would carry out a certain plan, and he did it. Mr. Hall Caine fell into the trap.

I heard this story from Hall Caine some time ago; I heard it last month by the man who projected it. Another story I heard may also be relied upon as true.

Hall Caine agreed with one New York daily paper to contribute certain articles to it. A rival paper had to get the literary lion of the moment somehow. It was not going to be scooped in the race for sensational items if it knew it.

A damsel of tender years waited upon him at his hotel with the request for an interview. He refused it point blank. She importuned; another refusal. She sent up a tearful message that so much depended upon this; it was her first attempt, her whole future. Could Hall Caine, who preached Christianity, ruin her life?

Well, Hall Caine could not, and he fell into the trap again. He gave the interview, to find later that the young woman was the most expert journalist in New York.

Bottles Start Prairie Fires.

It has been discovered that many of the prairie fires that have destroyed the grass on the ranges in Montana and in the western part of Dakota have been started by the concentration of the rays of the sun upon broken beer bottles that are scattered freely along the cattle trails and wagon roads, which offer a new argument for the use of temperance folk, says an exchange. Numerous fires have started far away from human haunts and habitations, miles beyond the reach of sparks of a locomotive, and farmers and ranchmen have been so mystified as to their origin that several investigations have been made. When a fire has been traced to its source in almost every instance a broken bottle has been found with evidences around it to convince the investigators that it was the cause of the mischief. The curved glass was found in such a position as to focus the rays of the sun upon a tuft of dry brush grass and start a flame.—New York Telegram.

What's in a Name.

Although the present fashion of christening children with family surnames is much to be commended for many reasons, it carries with it some awful possibilities unknown in the days of Mary Ann and John Henrys. A glance at the following list, each name of which is genuine, will illustrate sufficiently well the possibilities of nomenclature resting with parents in their choice of names for the men and women of to-morrow: Edna Broker Mothershead, Marian English Earle, Sawyer Turner Somerset, Will W. Upp, Nealon Fray Dally, Benton Killin Lavage, Owen Taylor Money, Ina Little Lamb, Broker Husbands Hart, R. U. Phelan-Goode, Maria A. Bachelor, May Tyus Upp, I. Betty Sawyer, Mabel Eye Story, Will Waltz Wither, Waring Green Cotes, Iva Winchester Riber, Etta Lotta Hammond-Degges, Barber Cutting Mann, Makin Lond Noyes, Hurd Copp Cumming, Rodener Pullman Karr, Doody Spies Sonwine and Knott Worth Reading.—Life.

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ENGLISH WINDOW GARDENS.

Prizes Offered in a Kentish Village for Small Flower Displays.

Not long ago I spent several weeks in summer in the little village of Ketton, and while there came to know of a pretty custom which it seems to me might be introduced into this country—that of giving prizes for the most pleasing windows filled with house plants.

The houses in Ketton are built of stone. Almost without exception they stand close to the street, for English gardens are behind the houses or behind high walls, and so the quaint, lead-sashed windows are so near the sidewalks that the flowers which fill them show to the best advantage. I had often admired the beautiful displays in Ketton and wondered at them until I happened to learn that they had a definite object besides that of ornament.

A small sum had been set aside some years before by a wealthy lady, the income to be devoted to giving prizes each year to the possessor of the finest window garden. The sum available for premiums was not large—as I remember it now £2 a year (about \$10). I believe the three prizes were respectively £1, 12s. and 8s. That would be \$5, \$3, and \$2. The only restrictions were that no one should compete who had a greenhouse—small glass houses for forcing are much more common in England than they are here; that the competition should include only one window in a house, thus putting the occupant of the smallest house on a fair footing with her more prosperous neighbors, and that the general scheme of arrangement should be decided on at least one month before the day set for awarding the prizes, and not altered during the month. This last condition was to prevent any one from procuring greenhouse or other plants at the last moment and making a temporary display. There were three judges. The year I was there the judges were the vicar's wife, another lady and the village postmaster.

There was a great deal of variety in the different windows, more than one would at first think possible, for the English are natural gardeners. The interest taken was intense, not only by the contestants in each other's windows, as the designs developed, but by all the residents of the town. The window which took the first prize the year I was there was a study in green and yellow. A number of shelves were fastened across the window inside and alternate shelves were filled with pots of musk, with its delicate light green leaves and yellow flowers, and pots of lobelias, with dark green foliage and dark blue blossoms. There were enough shelves so that the window was filled solidly full by the day the judges made their tour of inspection, and the effect of the mass of foliage and flowers in the soft gray setting of timeworn stone, of which the cottage was built, was very beautiful.—Vick's Magazine.

HOW JIM CAPTURED HIS GIRL.

Had to Do It by Taking in Two Early Thieves.

"There is only one girl in this world for me," is the motto a police sergeant at the Harrison street police station kept in his mind over two years. Had it not been for the sergeant's handsome features and his bravery in capturing two desperate thugs in Michigan avenue near 12th street who had held up and robbed a saloon and were making their escape in a carriage in the avenue it is feared he would not now enjoy calling his "only girl" his wife. But such is the case. It was a very hot day that the sergeant and his "only girl," as he termed her, were walking along Michigan avenue. He had just proposed to her and had been rejected. He was downhearted, as he had staked his life that he would not be jilted, as he termed it. But his heart gave a bound when a shot rang out and a carriage attached to two maddened horses being lashed by their driver came tearing north in the avenue and pursued by a policeman.

"Oh, Jim," said the frightened girl, "protect me!" Giving the girl a squeeze and telling her to be brave, the handsome sergeant drew his revolver and leaped into the street in front of the fast approaching carriage. Grabbing the bridle of one horse, the sergeant lunged on for dear life, while his sweetheart, who had almost slumped him before, began to cry. "Jim, don't get hurt for I love you." Just as the girl uttered the words the robbers in the carriage leaped out of the vehicle. As they were about to make their escape they were confronted by the brave Jim, who held his revolver at their heads and made them surrender. This they did in a hurry when they caught sight of the revolver.

That evening Jim called again at the home of his sweetheart and was accepted by the girl. Six months later they were married, and now very often the sergeant's "only one girl in this world" will tell her handsome husband of the bravery he showed in capturing the robbers, and she makes him happy by telling him that when he captured the bold criminals he also captured her heart.—Chicago Chronicle.