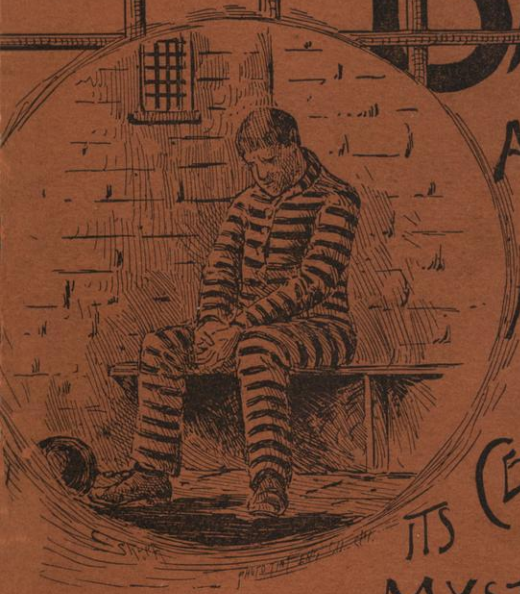
BEHIND THE BARS AT JOLIET.

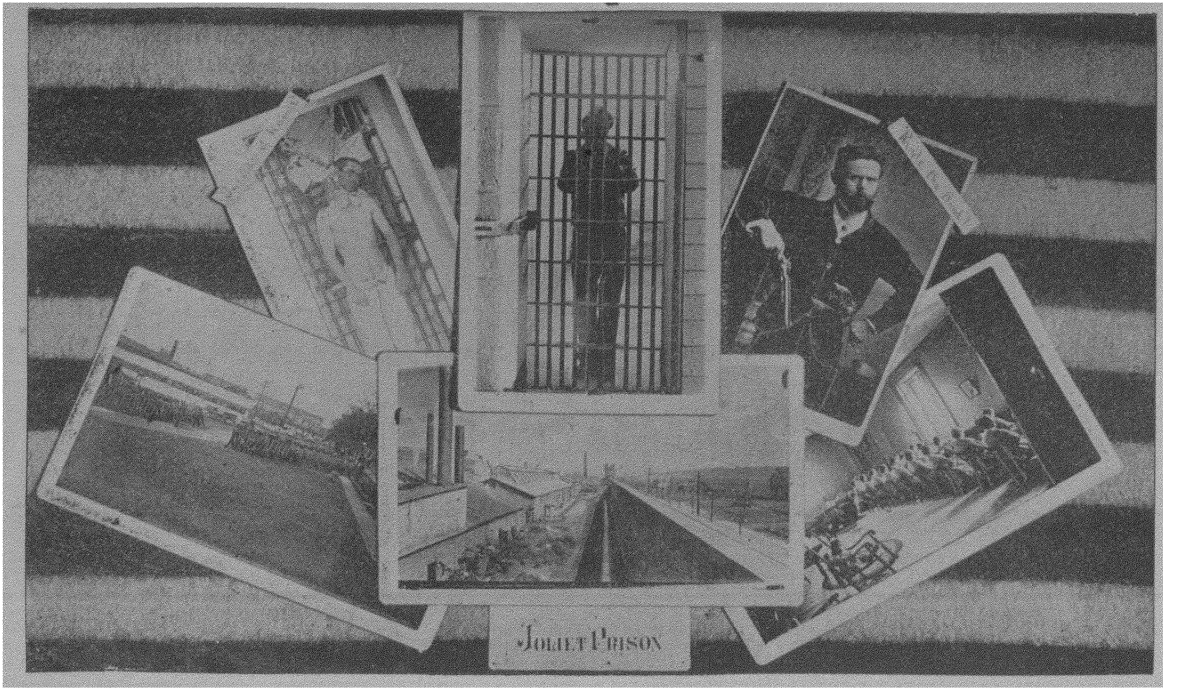


A FAMOUS PRISON.

ITS CELEBRATED INMATES AND ITS MYSTERIES.

BY S. W. WETMORE.

THE WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO.



FRANK RANDE.

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PRISONS OF THE EARLIEST TIMES.

THE prison has existed in some form or another as far back as the history of man can be traced. It is probable that, at the earliest periods in the human race, the savage conqueror crushed the head of his captive for the reason that he had not yet reached the stage of development necessary for building places of confinement.

Like the wild beast of which he was scarcely more than the peer, capture and death were synonymous.

As he developed a little, the death of his enemy did not satisfy his hate. He kept his captive for a prisoner in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of killing him more slowly.

Possible here was the origin of prisons. It was to hold the victim so as to prolong his misery, and, hence, to further punish him. For thousands of

years the world ran the prisons in the interests of revenge, and frequently of murder. The principal use of the Tower of London was to hold prisoners until there was an opportunity to chop off their heads. Newgate had for its principal mission the securing of offenders until such time as they were to be presented to the howling populace and hanged.

Many of the modern prisons have yet substantially the same mission—that of vengeance.

Civilizations came and went before the dawn of the Christian era; they rose and fell, but the status of the prisons remained unchanged.

They were dug out of the solid rocks. They were located in the sub-cellars of castles far below the water level. Every effort of their construction had reference only to the safety of their contents and no attempt was made for the comfort of the inmates. The further from human sound, the deeper, damper, and more noisome, the better. Here, the victim, shut out from light, bereft of air, chained to the walls of stone, remained enveloped in his own filth till he died of disease, or, more mercifully, was taken out to be hanged, beheaded, or disemboweled, as the case might be.

Among the Hebrews punishment of crime was founded on the idea of blood for blood. The first man punished was Cain for the murder of his brother. The mark set upon him was meant to point him out to the world as a murderer. Later on, in the history of the Hebrews, capital punishment was

recognized for murder, and a murderer was to be put to death even if he had taken refuge at the sacred altar. The ordinary way of executing a person was to stone him. Hanging was a distinct punishment, and burning was the punishment for unchastity. Then there was death by the sword, and strangling.

When they strangled a prisoner, they immersed him in clay or mud, and then choked him to death with a cloth twisted around his neck. They also had crucifixion, drowning, sawing asunder, or crushing beneath instruments. The former is said to have been practiced on Isaiah; the latter was sometimes used as a torture. Pounding in a mortar was another method of correctio

Solomon says: "Though thou should'st bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

The most ancient prisons were old, empty water cisterns, out of which, since the sides came together above, a person could not escape. Imprisonment in this way was also very unpleasant on account of the dampness. Among the Greeks and Romans the prison was a home of detention. The "inner prison" was close and badly ventilated, and contained the instruments of torture which were used on the prisoners. The prisoners at the gates of the city, or connected with the palace of the kings, were under command of the body-guard. In Rome prisoners were chained by one or both hands to the soldiers

who watched them; and the Israelites sometimes chained them to a block of wood, or by the neck, or by the hands and feet at once.

The Mamertine prison in which the Apostle Paul was imprisoned still exists beneath the church of San Guiseppe del Valegnani. It consists of two vaults. They are constructed of huge blocks of tufa, and the lower is supposed to be the oldest building in Rome. The upper is sixteen feet in height, thirty feet in length and twenty-two feet in breadth, the only access to it by a hole in the middle of the ceiling through which the prisoners were let down. Many noted prisoners were imprisoned here.

Among the Greeks they beat the prisoners to death, or threw them from a great height. The ancient Persians had a singular method. A high tower was filled a great way up with ashes. The criminal was thrown into it, and the ashes, by means of a wheel, were continually stirred up and raised about him until he was suffocated.

The severity of the laws of Draco was proverbial; he punished almost all sorts of faults with death, and was hence said by Demacles, "to have written his laws, not with ink, but with blood" To steal an apple was, with him, a crime of as deep a dye as to commit sacrilege; even "confirmed idleness" was punished with death.

In England, under the earliest Norman kings, the country was covered with castles, and all of these had prisons connected with them. The term "dun-

geon" comes from *donjon*, the upper tower of the fortress where the prisoners were confined. In the ruins of the castles on the Rhine the dungeons are a prominent and interesting feature. They form a series of vaults in the rock far below the ground, smoothly cut and dry; and it is this remarkable feature which makes them terrible, almost, to the visitor going through them with a guide. The door of each is a mass of stone, swinging smoothly on a pivot, and closing so as to scarcely leave a perceptible trace of its outline.

The Czar's Bastile—better known as the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul—the great mass of dungeons on the banks of the Neva at St. Petersburg—is huge and hideous to the beholder. The fortress is in the centre of the city and faces the imperial palace. During the day it is in part a public thoroughfare, and people pass through a narrow defile of gloomy and tortuous vaults, where heavily-armed sentinels march to and fro, and stone slabs in niches hold aloft burning tapers. But at nightfall all is closed, and when darkness covers the capitol and the quays of the Neva are all aglow with gaslights, the grim prison, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, remains shrouded in gloom like some huge maw, ever ready to swallow up all that is best and noblest of the unhappy land which it curses with its presence. Round the fortress reigns a deep silence, but four times in every hour the big clock in the grey tower above chimes forth a psalm tune in praise of

God and the Czar! No wonder that men who were taught in their childhood that to disobey the potentate was to dishonor the Creator, should have learned to detest the one and repudiate the other. If those hoary walls of the Russian bastile could speak, what tales they might tell! Since its foundation the fortress has been the chief prison of the empire. Visitors are still shown the cell where Alexis, son of Peter the Great, after being horribly tortured was put to death by order of his father. The fortress is now filled with unfortunates. During the last twenty years thousands have entered its gloomy portals, and as fast as they perish or depart the great army of miserables is reinforced by fresh victims. For clothing the prisoners have the grey dress of common malefactors. Instead of shoes and stockings their feet are wrapped in rags. Even in the depth of winter the cells are seldom warmed, never sufficiently; hence the cells are always damp; water streams down the walls and freezes in pools on the floor. So intense is the cold that when the director makes his rounds he never takes off his fur cloak, and shivers even then.

A description of a prison in Cyprus by Forbes, the well-known war correspondent, will suffice for a description of all ancient prisons. In the Orient there is but little progress. What exists to-day may be fairly supposed to have existed from all time: "The prison had nearly 600 inmates, and among them are malefactors of every dye—murder-

ers, robbers, political prisoners, forgotten suspects, ... I have trodden the corridors of the Grand Hotel of Paris, heart-sick because of the fetid effluvium from pyæmia, sloughing wounds, and hospital gangrene; I have seen the bodies of men who have been roasted alive; I have been in a cholera hospital—but never have I witnessed a more noisome spectacle than that which these foul dungeons afford. There is no concealment of the cursed shame of the thing. The official rooms of the Governor overhang the court-yard of the prison; and the Pasha, as he smoked his hookah, had but little other view than the putrid court-yard in which the prisoners, who have a measure of liberty, swarm in their clanking chains. . . . . Entering through the wicket I found myself in a narrow court-yard, surrounded on three sides by high stone walls, broken by heavily barred windows, with here and there a strong wooden door. From under each door oozed a gutter of inexpressible vileness, the naked sewage of the loathsome dungeon inside.

In the yard in the filth were the liberty prisoners, each carrying a chain. I entered a long, gloomy passage leading out of the court-yard, into which looked several barred windows, and behind the bars glowered and strained the close-set faces of the more dangerous prisoners. With every movement of these men there was a clank of fetters. The crowd opened back from the window,and there approached a tall, stalwart figure, somewhat bowed down by

some burden which he carried in his arms. He stooped and laid this burden down and then stood erect—a Hercules of a man, with a face out of which everything human save the mere lineaments had been erased. His burden consisted of a mass of heavy links of iron knotted together in a great clump and fastened to his ankle. Its weight was 100 pounds, and when he unraveled it and spread it out on the ground I saw it was about fifteen feet long, and resembled in the massiveness of its links the chain cable of a trading schooner. He had been in this prison twenty-six years. . . I passed along this gallery of crime and misery until the spectacle and stenches sickened me, and I had to escape to the outer air."

All through the long ages of heathenism and paganism the prisoner was a thing of such unutterable vileness in the estimate of the community that no treatment, however inhumane and horrible, was too much for his meed. And when the Christian era commenced one would suppose that its beneficent teachings would tend to soften the brutal instincts of men, and that the inhabitants of dungeons would secure some measure of amelioration. Unfortunately, no. For over 1,600 years Christianity afforded the prisoner no improvement. In fact, its ingenuity added to the horrors of confinement. It invented the rack, the thumb-screw, the boot, the pincers and a thousand other forms of diabolical torture with which to add to the agony of the captive.

During all this period during which Christianity ruled the world there is on record scarcely a word as to efforts made to better the condition of prisoners, or a suggestion that the prisoner had any other meaning than the punishment of prisoners.

It is just 118 years ago that an attempt was made to reform the condition of prisoners by John Howard.

He was the first man who during all the centuries had discovered that humanity has other duties toward the criminal class than their degradation and punishment. He inaugurated a new system, whose principles were that "If any offenders convicted of crimes for which transportation has been usually inflicted were ordered to remain in solitary confinement, accompanied by well-regulated labor and religious instruction, it might be the means under Providence, not only of deterring others, but also of reforming individuals and turning them to habits of industry.

Following in the footsteps of John Howard, there have been many able and earnest prison reformers. Our own country furnishes a galaxy of able men, among the most earnest of whom are Richard Vaux, Rutherford B. Hayes, Robert W. McClaughry, Fred H. Wines and others, through whose efforts humanity has discovered, after an experience of some thousands of years, that it is worth while to make an effort to reform the inmates of prisons.

Let the reader compare the description given of some of the ancient prisons, noted herein, with the present condition of the famous prison at Joliet, one of the model penal institutions of America, and he will be able to form a comprehensive idea of the forward movement which has been made within the last fifty years.

In the former, idleness, filth beyond all comprehension, half-naked wretches, wallowing, sleeping, living in their own vile excreta, loaded with chains, fierce, rebellious and starved; in the other, a warm and comfortable building, clean and well ventilated, electric lighted cells, healthful food in plenty, exercise, liberty of communicating with friends, access to a library, the privilege of learning a trade and religious instruction. What can be broader than the contrast afforded by Cyprus and Joliet? The difference between the two is the difference between the ancient and the modern: a difference so marked that its inception ought to go into history as one of the world's greatest reformations, equalling in some respects the radical changes inaugurated by Luther and Christ.

Neither Christianity nor prison reform has possessed the world. Both have made great progress, but there are vast areas untouched by either. There are States in this Union to-day in which the prison is as much a monstrosity as it is in Russia or Cyprus.

There are States in which the rule of brute force still prevails; there are others in which the iron

chain, the cruel whip, the shot-gun, the tortures of the solitary and bloodhounds are still the instruments of management. The reign of brute force is still rampant. But it is to the State of Illinois that the reformer can point with pride as one of the States in which firmness has taken the place of brute force, in which punishment is at once deterrent and reformatory, and in whose management of prisons are displayed all the nobler and humane qualities peculiar to the highest development of prison reform.

A PEEP AT A PRISON.

The popular fancy associates with the idea of a prison all that is gloomy and forbidding. Its grim exterior of walls of massive thickness and of towering height conjures in the ordinary mind a vision of unhappy scenes within, where the miserable criminal, exposed alike to the unpitying eye of his keeper and his own mental torture, abandons hope and the struggle of a worthy manhood. This is the common picture of a prison and its inmates, but a picture that must be considerably modified in the case of at least one institution of the kind, the Illinois State Penitentiary known far and wide as

THE JOLIET PRISON.

Its history begins with the year 1857—previous to which time the only penal institution in the State was the old penitentiary located at the city of Alton,

where the first convict sentenced in Illinois was confined. The first convict was Wilson Hess. He was from Greene county, and was admitted to the old penitentiary on August 29, 1833 — nearly sixty years ago.

At Joliet the prison is located in the center of a vast plain, which, in other times, may have been the bed of a lake. The prison is built in a massive and substantial manner, and for beauty of architecture far outranks any similar institution in the United States. The cost of the buildings and grounds that go to make up the prison as a whole amounted to nearly two millions of dollars.

The prison is erected on a foundation of solid rock; built from the finest quality of Illinois limestone, quarried from the Desplaines valley, and covers some twenty acres of ground; on three sides it is surrounded by a forty-foot wall built of solid masonry.

A front view of the prison is quite imposing, the main or center building is the warden's house, which contains the offices, the guard hall, commissioner's rooms, dining-rooms, and officer's sleeping-rooms, the whole occupying four stories, the fifth or top story being utilized as a female prison. On either side of the warden house extend the great cell-house wings, each three hundred feet long, giving the prison a frontage toward the south of nearly 1,000 feet. The cell-houses contain 900 cells, with a capacity of 1,800 convicts. Once when the prison became overcrowded there were 1,900 prisoners confined here,

but the erection of a new prison at Chester, in 1878, relieved this condition of affairs, and now the average prison population remains at about 1,500.

The exterior of the prison impresses the visitor, and at first sight suggests one of those castles of the olden time, those romantic structures that withstood the ancient archers and warring elements for ages. The battlemented walls, upon which blue-coated men with Winchester rifles under their arms patrolling the platforms that surround the rugged but ornamental towers help to make up the romantic picture, which is finally dispelled when the eye rests upon the iron-barred windows, proclaiming that it is a prison.

There are two gates in the high walls, one on the east side and one on the west side, both closely watched by armed sentinels, and nobody can pass through them without coming into close range of the guards who patrol the top of the wall. The wall guards are provided with repeating rifles, able to discharge sixteen rounds without reloading, and they are always ready to use them.

The cells are arranged on corridors, fifty on a tier, and each block of cells stands in the center of the cell-house with a passage-way clear around, twenty-five feet wide. The cells are made solidly of stone and iron, not a particle of woodwork being used in their structure. They are, therefore, perfectly fire-proof, and it is almost an impossibility for an inmate to cut his way out of them. Each cell is eight feet

deep, four and one-half feet wide, seven feet high, and is arranged to hold two men. A double iron bunk—one bed above the other—stands at one side of the cell. The beds are provided with husk mattresses, straw pillows, sheets and heavy woolen blankets.

There is nothing luxurious about the furnishings of a cell. A shelf at the rear end contains a few books and papers, bottles of vinegar, small tin boxes containing salt and pepper (for all meals are eaten in the cells), a couple of small stools, a bit of a mirror on the wall, and down in one corner near the iron-barred door stands a granite-ware wide-mouthed crock for holding drinking water.

Under the bed is a couple of small wooden wash-buckets; this list of articles constitute the only furniture, excepting that each cell is brilliantly lighted with an incandescent electric lamp which burns until 9 o'clock every night.

A Bible is to be found upon the shelf in each cell, but, as their covers are generally covered with dust, one is inclined to think that the good Book is seldom handled. Besides the Bible, each cell is provided with a catalogue of the prison library, from which the convicts make their selections of reading matter.

Some of the convicts have quite a little library of their own, consisting of books sent to them by outside friends, and others that they have been per-

mitted to buy with money earned as overwork in the various contract shops.

A couple of horizontal wooden labels, containing the names and registered numbers of the cell occupants, are attached to the bars at the top of each cell door. During the day, when the convicts are at the shops, the cell-house keepers inspect each cell and examine the doors to see if some cunning convict has not been sawing away the bars with a view of effecting his escape. The doors are the favorite objects of attack, and many of them have been operated on with saw and knife in days gone by. The cell-house keeper strikes a blow with a hammer upon each door, and if all is right the result will be a clear, sharp, ringing sound—and will show that the bars have not been tampered with; but if the blow brings forth a dull, dead sound the watchful guard notes it at once and hunts for the cause. The convicts, in their attempts at escape, sometimes saw the bars nearly through, concealing the cuts with moist bread and soap made into a paste, leaving the final cut until the night they plan to make their escape. The first prisoners arrived at Joliet on May 22, 1858; they numbered 53, and were brought up from the old prison at Alton.

At the beginning of the year 1859 the Joliet prison held 226 convicts; these men were employed in building the walls and prison buildings. The grounds at that time were inclosed by a high board stockade, upon which were stationed the armed

guards, but in spite of every precaution escapes were of frequent occurrence. In July, 1860, the last car-load of convicts were removed from Alton to Joliet—and from that time on the establishment at Alton ceased to be used as a prison.

The prison was finally completed in 1869, and, up to the present time, more than 25,000 convicts have passed through its portals; they come and go at the rate of about 800 each year.

The first warden was Hon. Samuel K. Casey, 1858 to 1863. Capt. J. M. Pitman was his successor until 1864, when Col. Sam. Buckmaster, the former warden at Alton, was appointed. In 1866 Gilbert Simonds was warden, to be succeeded by Col. Ben. Dornblazer in 1867, and he by Geo. W. Perkins in 1869. Hon. Elmer Washburn was warden from 1870 to 1872, when Maj. A. W. Edwards assumed charge, but he was succeeded by Capt. Jack Smith in less than a year, and some three months later Smith was removed by death, having lost his life in the terrible Sag Bridge disaster on the Alton road. Maj. Joseph W. Wham was warden until July 31, 1874, when he was succeeded by Maj. Robert W. McClaughry, who for fourteen years thereafter was the able warden of the now famous prison, and through whose wise management it obtained a world-wide renown as one of the model prisons of the world. Major McClaughry resigned in 1888 to take charge of the Pennsylvania State Reformatory, and he was succeeded as warden by Albert Garvin, who had been connected with

the prison for many years under McClaughry, as guard-keeper, and finally deputy warden. Mr. Garvin resigned in 1889, and was succeeded by A. W. Berggren,of Galesburg; the latter was succeeded by Col. Henry D. Dement in 1891.

"FRESH FISH."

HOW NEW-COMERS ARE RECEIVED AT JOLIET.

"Fresh fish." Queer title for them. It's the new name for the arrivals at the penitentiary. The train from Chicago stops at the little station near the prison wall and unloads a lot of manacled felons. Let us watch them as they disembark from the cars and catch their first glimpse of the famous prison.

There are a few hardened criminals among them, and they do not flinch in the least when they behold the awful fastness before them. They preserve a stolid look. But there are others who are comparative novices in the business of "crooks," and their cheeks blanch, their frames tremble nervously, as they look askance at that vast pile where for a number of years their hopes, their very selves will lie buried. But there is no time for reflection. They are quietly marched into the precincts of the prison, the heavy gate clangs behind them, and the "fresh fish" will now be salted down, so to speak.

This is not altogether a process so devoid of formality as one might suppose. The new prisoners are first taken into the guards' hall, where their irons are removed and the State authorities take

charge. The receiving officer conducts them to the bath-room and clothing department, where they are compelled to strip off every vestige of citizen's clothing and then get into a bath-tub and give themselves a thorough cleaning. In the meantime the clothing that was worn into the prison is gathered up and consigned to a wheel-barrow, and if in-

fested with vermin the entire outfit is cremated in a furnace. When the new recruits emerge from the bath they are fitted out with a suit of "zebra" stripes, which is of alternate black and white stripes, and consists of cap, jacket, vest and pants, a hickory shirt, and a pair of strong, coarse shoes. Previous to donning the stripes a complete description is taken of each man; every mark, mole, scar or India ink

mark is noted down and forms a part of the Bertillon description, which is taken later on.

The new men are now formed in line, one behind the other, with the right hand of each resting on the shoulder of his comrade in front, and they are given their first lesson in the lock-step, marching from the bath-room to the clothing department, where the convict barbers are waiting to shear and shave them. The hair is cut to the regulation length, leaving it about an inch long; then off comes every beard or moustache. It is a popular error that the hair of a convict is cut or shaved very close. This is never done at Joliet. The new convict is now ready for registration. He is required to answer the following questions:

"What is your name?"

"From what county did you come?"

"Have you any occupation or profession?"

"Were you a member of any church?"

"Are you married, single, or widower?"

"What have been your habits?"

"Do you use tobacco?"

"Have you ever been in prison before?"

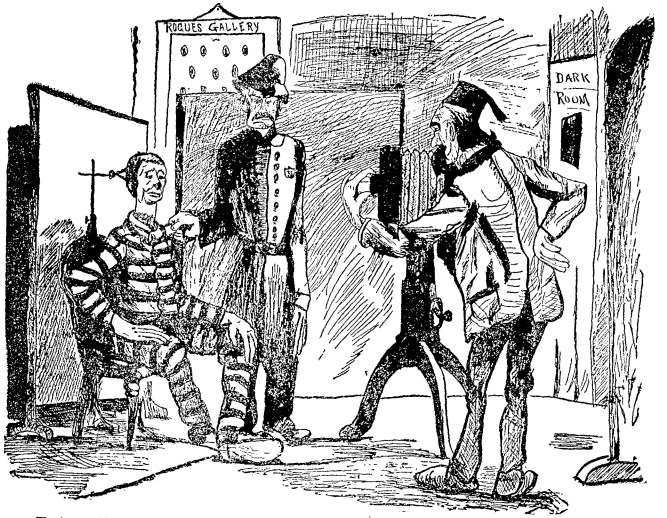
"Give the address of your nearest relative, in case anything happens to you while in prison."

"If you desire to receive mail matter from outside friends while you are in prison, you must sign this order authorizing the warden to open and read such letters, etc., or they will be returned to the post-office unopened."

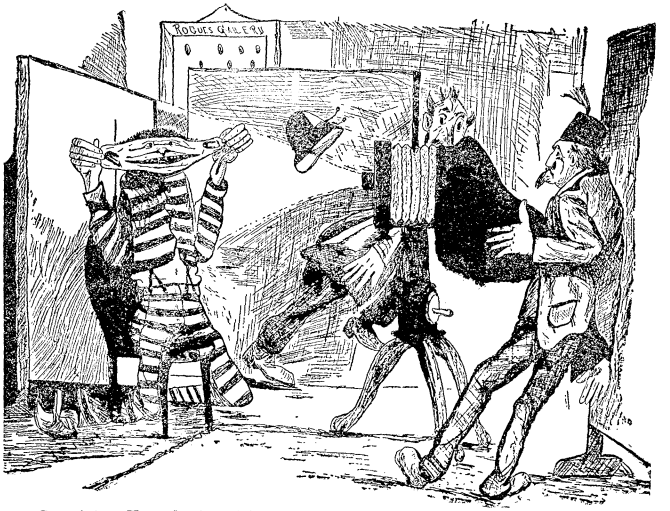
The new-comers are now turned over to the photographer, who proceeds to pose them in front of his camera for two pictures–one a full front view and the other a clean-cut profile–showing the exact shape of the head and features. A photograph is made part of a prisoner's description-and furnishes a future means of identification should the convict escape from prison. The prison physician now takes the new men in hand and makes a report on the physical condition of each one. Some are in robust health, while others are frightful wrecks of manhood.

All these preliminaries finished, the chaplain reads the rules and regulations to them, informing them of the privileges to be gained by good behavior, and what may be the consequences if their conduct is bad.

The deputy warden then takes hold of the new men and assigns them to different departments of labor, according to their physical condition or the needs of the institution.



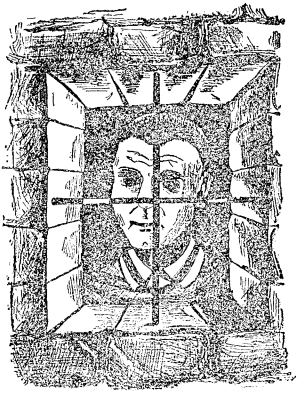
Prison Photographer.—"Now just as you are, and we'll have your phiz dead cold."



Convict. (The elastic-skin man from Dime Museum).—"Not while I'm fixed dis way, cull."

THE DAILY ROUTINE IN PRISON

THROUGH WHICH EVERY MAN MUST PASS.—THE GRIND THAT GOES ON FOREVER.—FROM EARLY MORN TILL NIGHT.



If the new arrival at the prison has a trade he is put at that, if possible; if not, he is placed in charge of a foreman who instructs him regarding the special labor he is to perform. This work may include anything from stone-cutting—the hardest work—to such a light task as caning a chair seat.

He is now to work like an honest man, but he gets no wages. On the contrary, his earnings go to pay for his keeping and guarding. The convict now belongs to a certain gang, under the charge of a keeper, whose eyes are always upon him, from the time he leaves his cell in the morning until he returns to it and is locked up for the night.

It is a winter morning in February. The day keepers have assembled in the great guard-hall. It is half-past five. In the cell-house all is quiet, except an occasional cough, which sounds weirdly hol-

low as it reverberates through the dismal halls. A few electric lights illuminate the corridors sufficiently to make plain every object in them, yet leave great shadows resting on the walls. When it is a quarter to 6 o'clock the captain of the night watch presses an electric button, placed near his desk, which sets a large bell to vibrating in each cell-house. The captain pauses a moment and presses the button once more, causing the bells to again peal forth the signal of a new day, and the shrill sound awakens the deepest sleeper in the remotest corners of the cell-house blocks.

A stir is now heard, as each convict springs from his bed, slips into his clothing, washes himself and places his cell in order.

At 6 o'clock the wall guards take their repeating rifles from the armory, button up their great coats, and march out to assume their places on the towers and in the sentry boxes along the top of the 40-foot wall.

Next the shop-keepers, some fifty in number, take up their heavy canes, the only weapons of defense allowed inside the walls, and, after receiving the keys, enter the cell-houses. They hurry along the galleries and unlock the cells as they pass.

In a few moments the 1,500 convicts are ready to march out, and at a given signal the long lever which holds the doors closed is pulled, and the next instant the galleries swarm with men in striped clothes. The long columns of humanity come

pouring down to the stone floors below, where they are quickly formed in line, and at the command, "Forward March!" away they go with the lock-step into the prison yard, each gang distinct, its guard marching by its side. They halt at the sewer openings near the west wall, where their cell-

"ALABAMA JACK."

buckets are emptied and hung on racks. Now they "about face," and march back to the cell-houses, and as they pass the ration tables, placed near the entrance, each convict helps himself to a quart cup of coffee, as many slices of bread as he desires, and a pan containing the breakfast

ration of hash. All meals are eaten in the cells; the dining-rooms were abolished some years ago. No convict is stinted in his food, even though his appetite be an abnormal one. For instance, there is "Alabama Jack," a third-termer, who is considered rather weak-minded, a sort of "crank," and, like such persons, is possessed of an extraordinary appetite. His ration-pan is always filled with a double supply, and it is said that as he eats his abdomen may be seen to swell and roll from side to side; but Jack is a hard worker and earns his food.

At 6:45 o'clock the prison whistle sounds the signal for work to begin. Again the galleries swarm with convicts, and when in line the gangs march away to the various work-shops. The keepers occupy high stools, where they can overlook every man in the shop. "A convict," said Keeper Wilcox, "is like a rubber ball; he will stay as long as you press him down, but flies up the instant the pressure is removed. He must feel the pressure all the time."

There is no talking between convicts, no gazing about the shop; every man's eyes are riveted upon his work. The work is brisk, active and healthful, and by noon the convict feels hungry. Again the whistle sounds, and at 12 o'clock the gangs march in to dinner. Forty minutes later the convicts are again back in their shops, where they continue to labor until night.

When they reach their cells at night, each man steps inside, closes the door after him, and stands erect close to the door, with his right hand clutching the bars, and remains in this position until the guard has passed along, locked the door and counted his men. All this is over in a few minutes, then the guard returns along the gallery, glancing sharply into each cell to see that he has made no mistake in his count. He writes the number down on a slip of paper and hands it to the deputy-warden, who enters it in the daily count book. This done, the convicts are left alone, with the night guards to watch over them, until daylight brings on another day of toil and surveillance

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BURGLARS WHO BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The criminal meets with a characteristic defense from W. S. Gilbert who says of him:

An unarrested burglar gives employment to innumerable telegraph operators, police officers, railway officials, and possibly also to surgeons, coroners, undertakers, and monument builders. As soon as he is in custody the services of a whole army of solicitors, attorneys, judges, grand and petty jurymen, reporters, printers, keepers of jails and prison wardens are all called into requisition. Really the festive burglar does more good than harm.

"BLACK SHEEP."

MEN WHO HAVE GRACED AND DISGRACED ALL GRADES OF SOCIETY.

"From lowest caste, to finest bred,
Of every name and race,
Paying the wages of their sins
Within this doleful place."

In the Joliet prison may be seen the largest congregation of convicts in our country. They are of all ages, from the wayward youth of fifteen to the gray-haired offender of eighty-five, with sentences ranging from a year up to the life term. Clerks from the counter, field-hands from the plow, soldiers from the army, sailors from the sea, the tailor from his bench, the cobbler from his shop, the butcher from his stall, the lawyer from his brief, the doctor from his patient, yes, and even the pastor from his flock. The sly pick-pocket, the dangerous burglar, the scientific safe-blower, the expert shop-lifter, the adroit sneak-thief, the plausible confidence man, the dexterous forger, the bigamist and the red-handed murderer are all here. They are gathered together from about all the known sections of the habitable globe, and embrace men who have graced and disgraced all grades of society and are guilty of crimes of every punishable species named in the criminal laws. Indeed it may be safely assumed that there are few penal institutions anywhere containing an equal number of inmates who, before their incarceration, represented so truly the various phases of

outside social life. Apart from the many professional and hardened criminals, there are to be found many men who at one time moved in the very best circles, and in their respective neighborhoods were regarded as the very embodiment of integrity and purity. It is a common weakness of humanity to be moved to pity at the sight of a fellow being in distress, and more particularly harrowing and sorrowful is the sight of 1500 sad and dejected men who have been isolated from home and kindred for a term of years. Each and every one wears a look of innocence and penitence, calculated to excite the compassion of the most unmerciful. But with the experienced official, who has dealt with criminals for a life-time, these assumptions of injured innocence have little weight, and it is well that it is so, for in nine cases out of ten his sorrow is on account of his detection and punishment, rather than for the crime which he has committed.

There is an ancient legend told of one of the early governors of Illinois: It states that soon after the first State's prison was established at Alton, he took it into his head to visit the prison and have a talk with the inmates, whom he caused to be brought before him, and interrogated every man as to his crime and sentence.

"Say, mister, why were you sent here?

"How came this all about?

"Why thus confined within these walls?

"Why thus in durance vile?"

Every one had a story to tell of his misfortune and innocent suffering, and all claimed to be in prison by reason of the prejudice of judges, the false swearing of witnesses, or the force of deceptively circumstantial evidence. Each, that is, until the last man was reached. "Why are you here, sir?" he asked of this one. "May it please your excellency," said this man, "I am a thief, have been one all my life, I am here for robbing a man on the highway."

"Is your punishment a just one, then?"

"It is, your excellency, I deserve to be here."

Turning to the warden, the governor gave orders to have this man set at liberty. "It is a grievous wrong to all these honest men," said he, "that they should be compelled to associate with this depraved character, one who confesses himself to be a thief and robber. Turn him out! and here," he added, taking out his purse; "that you may be put beyond a temptation, which might result in cursing this goodly company again with your contaminating presence, take this money, and get out of this State, quick."

THE WAGES OF SIN.

VISITOR (to convict)—What are you in for, friend?

CONVICT—For taking cold, sir.

VISITOR—For taking cold?

CONVICT—Yes, sir; I nipped a freezer full of ice-cream.

THE FATE OF THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

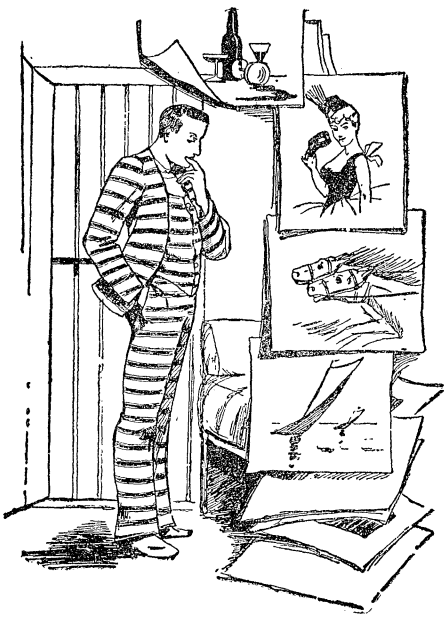
LINES TO BILLY H., BY A FELLOW-CONVICT.

I've just had a glimpse of you, Billy,
Dressed up in your stripes black and white,
It was decidedly kind of you, Billy,
To present yourself to my sight;
Have you seen what was said in the papers?
I am safely ensconced for to-night
For a rest in Joliet Prison,
A rest of two years—"got it light."

Yes, that is the time of it, Billy.
Two years; oh, well, but it seems
Like one of those horrible dreams.
Two years in the cell of a prison!
I can't comprehend it as yet;
But I fancy before it is over
I shall learn what is in it, "you bet."

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring:
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
I was raking in pools on the races,
And feeing the waiters with "tens,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And to-day, I am here in the "pen."

"What led me to do it?" What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.



He spends his substance as freely
As the biblical fellow of old;
But when it is gone, he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps while fortune is flush,
The passionate kisses of women
Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush.
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me
The visions of my boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow,
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of that mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again, in my visions,
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter,
They pierced my heart like a knife.

It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN."

A convict, who was recently released from Joliet, determined to go farther west and grow up with the country. It was not long before he was an inmate of the Kansas penitentiary. Starting from the New York reform school years ago, this young man determined to take Horace Greeley's advice and "go west." Although he took a longer time and a more tortuous route than the great editor ever anticipated, he got there just the same. On his route west he stopped over at Sing Sing for two years; at Auburn for five years. He then served terms successively in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, and now he is digging black diamonds down in the prison coal mine at Leavenworth.

PURLOINERS IN PETTICOATS.

THE FEMALE CONVICTS IN THE JOLIET PEN.—WOMEN IN PRISON GARB.—EVEN IN PRISON WOMEN HAVE SOME PRIVILEGES WHICH ARE DENIED TO MEN—HOW THEY DRESS, WORK, AND PASS THEIR TIME.

Few women commit crimes that send them to the penitentiary. Among the 1,500 convicts here at Joliet there are but fifty women. Their prison is completely isolated. It is up four flights of iron stairs and beyond a heavy door. The matron, a pleasant, kindly-faced woman, carries the keys, and when entrance is desired a bell is rung. As the door swings open a broad hall, airy and spotlessly neat, is disclosed to view. Woven rag mats of colors more cheerful than esthetic are placed at intervals upon the white scrubbed floors. At the right opens a large sun-light room. There are many windows, and they afford a pleasant view of the well-kept grounds and more distant trees.

The women sit facing these windows all day long, their chairs are in an even row, and they have great piles of stockings in their laps. With darning needles and raveled wool they mend and repair heel and toe. It is terribly monotonous work, a dreary routine, a truly penitential task. Out among the far-off trees there are glimpses of roofs that shelter many happy homes. The woman keep their eyes bent on their work, and if the outside scenes remind them of the freedom they have lost, they do not show it in their repressed and stolid faces.

Every Sunday this work-room becomes a chapel. Two Sundays in the month the chaplain conducts services. A priest takes charge one Sunday and the other Sabbath is in the care of some benevolent women.

Opposite the main room is the laundry. Washing is done every day; there is no especial Monday that suffices in soap-suds and steam for all the rest of the week. Next to the laundry is the dining room. Between meals Mollie Mott sprinkles clothes upon the tables and superintends the other laundresses in the adjoining room. In her prison garb Mollie Mott is a trim-looking person, and her downcast eyes give her a meek expression. There is nothing that indicates her thirst for policeman's blood; and as she is serving her third term she evidently enjoys the extreme exclusiveness of a residence behind the bars at Joliet.

The women sleep in dormitories. There are eight or ten cots in each. The beds are immaculate. The luxury of pillow-shams is allowed and is doubtlessly appreciated as the one link to the feminine vanities of the outer world.

Not even a prison can curb a woman's vanity nor deprive her of the use of those little arts which contribute to personal adornment. A prison is not provided with all the toilet conveniences that most women like; but some of the female prisoners here have shown that a little feminine ingenuity can supply the want of them reasonably well. One woman

whose hair was always well dressed and shone with the lustre of the finest oils, was a complete mystery to the other women until she revealed the fact that she skimmed the fat from her soup and, letting it cool, applied it as hair oil, for which the attractive state of her hair showed it was admirably adapted. Another woman was no less a mystery to the prison keepers for her rosy cheeks, which unmistakably showed the presence of rouge. It was afterward discovered that this glow of youth was imparted by the coloring matter which she obtained by chewing bits of bright red yarn. If a woman were cast away alone on a desert island, she would probably contrive to make a toilet with the usual accessories to female beauty.

The prison dress of the women is not so striking as that of the men. Their gowns are made of blue and white gingham, of a pattern popular for kitchen aprons among all classes of women. The skirts are plain, and the waists do not fit with tailor-made exactness. Each woman has three dresses, one of which is especially saved for Sunday, when a white apron and a neck-tie complete the chapel costume. Bustles are not allowed, and the convicts always show great sorrow when compelled to part with this necessary article of feminine gear. Loss of liberty and loss of bustles seem to be equal trials, although some of the bustles are composed of nothing but old newspapers or bits of bent or broken wire.

Corsets are, however, allowed to those who desire

to preserve a small waist beneath the rather baggy outlines of their gingham dresses.

The coiffure of the women convicts is exceedingly simple, but it does not partake of the bare and shaven simplicty in vogue among the men. Bangs are prohibited, so are switches. The hair is brushed straight back and confined in a Psyche knot at the back of the head.

Taken as a class the convicts are a respectable looking set of women. It is almost impossible to believe them guilty of the hideous crimes they are expiating in prison. At the end of the row of women in the main room there is one whose parted gray hair, and knotted, wrinkled fingers excite pity. She works upon the stockings, and when the visitor looks over her shoulder she does not look up, it is against the rules, so that the expression of her face is not seen. One wonders what sin she could have committed, and it is with a feeling of horror that the story is heard. She is a Swiss woman, who, with her husband's assistance, tortured her son so that he is a helpless cripple. The boy was beaten until his back was covered with sores, and then his hands were held upon a hot stove while the flesh burned off. He was strapped to the floor and left uncovered one freezing cold night, so that it was necessary to amputate both his feet, yet the woman who could do such a fiendish thing looks not unlike other women, and she is said to show many traits of tender heartedness among her sister convicts.

The severity of prison discipline of women is not to be compared with that prescribed for men. They are not confined in cells, they are not given hard work and they are under the care of matrons who treat them kindly. They are not fed upon the same diet as men. Their fare is wholesome and varied, and they have a dessert of some kind every day.

There is always a great curiosity felt about the way women act in prison! Do they weep often? Are they sad and depressed?

As a rule they seldom give way to their feelings, and new habits of life are so soon formed that prison discipline is not long an almost unbearable burden. Many of the women are in ill-health from dissipation when they enter the prison. Some are slaves to the liquor or opium habit. To such, prison life has a salutary effect after the first struggles are over. Women do not commit a great variety of crimes. They never have many opportunities to forge or embezzle. They hardly ever break into houses or blow up safes. The majority of them are sneak-thieves or shop-lifters. The minority murder, and they generally select their husbands or children as victims.

Among the noted female characters that have served time here are: Mollie Trussel, Theresa Sturlatta, Nellie Price, Mary Jane Brown, Mrs. Crane, alias "The Pock-marked Woman," Minnie Daley and "Midget" Miller.

A YEAR IN JOLIET PRISON.

AN EX-CONVICT TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE THERE.—HIS SHAME AND MENTAL SUFFERING.—THE WEARY GRIND OF DAILY TOIL IN THE SHOPS, WHERE MEN BECOME MERE AUTOMATONS.—THE LONGING FOR LIBERTY THAT IS NEVER SATISFIED.

Fifteen hundred men without a country—they are prisoners. Upon them the doors of the world have been closed—to them the activities of the world are denied.

A year ago to-day I, a miserable, pale-faced young man, took a last lingering look at groups of free humanity, and then, passing the sentinel with polished gun, felt for the first time in all my life that I had now become a slave. Beyond the gates was my social individuality; within the gates I was simply No. 10,001. I was led through a long hall in the warden's house to a dismal room of polished oak. A bench fashioned to ironic rusticity stood against the farther wall.

"You may sit here," said the sheriff, who then passed into another office. There was another convict upon the bench. We eyed each other—he inquisitively, I that I might see something besides the dreary expanse of leaden-hued wall. Then my companion, without moving his lips, whispered a question. I responded quickly. My brain was afire, my blood was feverish. I longed for action that I might work off the despairing frenzy that had come

upon me, and I talked as I had never talked before, as I might if I were speaking to a brutish throng gathered to witness my legal murder. I spoke of my childhood days, of the mother I had left behind, of the old dead hopes I had fondly cherished, and the tears came to my eyes and my voice faltered. But I choked back the sob in my throat, and then I boasted of my exploits, of my courage and skill when myself an officer of the law in a foreign State. Then the receiving officer came and I was led away. "Take the outside," said the receiving officer; "Always the outside." I obeyed mechanically. There was now so great a distance between me, the slave, and the free man that we might not walk in the same path. The officer noticed my depression, and endeavored to enhearten me. I recognized the attempt and was thankful; but a lump would gather in my throat, and my chest would tighten painfully, and my brain sicken as my limbs trembled under the burden of consciousness of my shame. I followed meekly; but I saw nothing about me save the blue uniform which was my guide, heard nothing save the tones of my conductor, and to catch these I had to strain my enfeebled sense of hearing.

We went into a little office, where I was required to invest the prison management with authority to examine all mail sent to me. "Otherwise," said the receiving officer, "we wouldn't receive any letters for you." Then a bath was taken, and with bare feet I walked over the cold stone flagging to the dressing-

room. Here I received a convict's complete outfit, a cap, trousers, coat and vest, of coarse wool striped black and white, heavy brogan shoes, a hickory shirt, canton flannel underwear, a towel, a handkerchief, a comb, two pair of woolen socks and a pair of mittens. "Take care of those socks," I was admonished, "you get but two pairs in a year; your under clothes you will change in the cell-house once every two weeks. You will be required to bathe once a week in summer and once in two weeks in winter." Next my hair was cut, and the thought of the shame of what I was undergoing made each clip of the shears as a knife thrust. A wild desire for liberty through death sprang up, and my mind writhed in agony, while selfishness fought through it with soul. Soul conquered. Humble and submissive, I followed my guide to the solitary cell-house, where two men were awaiting me, the deputy warden and his assistant. "Raise your hand for permissin to approach an officer," commanded the assistant; "raise it when you leave him, also toe that line." Then he read the prison rules. "So long as your conduct is good you will receive one ration of chewing tobacco each week, be entitled to write once in every five weeks, and may receive a visit from your friends once in every eight weeks. Remember that the law empowers us to carry out the prison discipline, even to the taking of human life." The words sank into my very soul, and I who had been eager for death but a few moments before now trembled at the vista of hor-

rors my imagination produced. I went up an iron stairs and into one of the "solitaries." This was a high, long cell with double doors, the inner of iron grating, the outer of wood. Long afterwards when I had been told by fellow-convicts of how refractory prisoners were handcuffed ten twelve and even twenty-four hours in the day, save for a short time early in the morning, at noon and at midnight, for so long even as thirty days; of how their diet was half a pint of water and two ounces of bread a day; of how a few, rebellious, as they claimed, had been beaten with clubs here; of how others had been carried from here sick in body and in mind to the convict hospital, then perhaps to an asylum for the insane; and of how, when the keeper made his rounds early in the morning, he had sometimes found a lifeless form grinning ghastly derision of worldly judges as it hung from the manacles on the cold hands up to the iron bars: mayhaps had startled at sight of a once poor wretch lying calm in the peace he had not known living, whose spirit was now testing to the full the gracious love of his omnipotent Brother and Father. When I had heard all this I shuddered at the thought of my once having been in this grisly chamber. From the solitary I went to one of the many shops. Crop-haired, shaven-faced beings in black and white were bending, with eyes directed steadily toward their work, over rough wooden benches extending through the shop. None looked up to see me, but many were the sidelong glances and inane grins I ob-

served when the shop-keeper, in talking to me, had momentarily turned away from the convicts. The keeper gave me instructions as to some of the rules. If I obeyed them I would be entitled to a diminution of the period of my sentence. If I violated them I would have all privileges cut off, would be severely punished and might have to "go up the hill,"—"up the hill" being the prison form of speech for "die because of punishment, and be buried by the state."

I was put to work, but as the task was entirely mechanical, and nature abhors vacuity, my mind soon began to take in the surroundings and to steal glances at my fellows. The keeper noticed this. "You'll have to quit that," said he. "Have to!" The spirit of rebellion arose. Was this just, that I, a sentient being, should be condemned to such revolting, degrading self-effacement? I threw new energy into my work, and then by simple force of will rendered my mind a blank. I assumed the semblance of stupidity and performed my work perfunctorily. Others had had to do this; many had taken upon themselves the semblance until it had worn into them; until they were stupid beyond recall from stupidity. I thought of this upon one occasion and resolved to live a dual life during all the term of my imprisonment; to annihilate the mind and the soul in the workshop, to annihilate the physical self and its environments when in the cell. To this resolve I now owe the integrity of my mind. Time went

swiftly that day. Tapped upon the shoulder by the keeper, I started from my mental lethargy and heard in astonishment that six o'clock was come. I fell into line behind a man indicated to me as my future cell-mate, put my right hand upon my leader's shoulder, and straggled along in an indifferently successful attempt to keep time with the steps of my comrades when the "Forward march!" of the keeper had sounded. In the dreary streets between the rows of blank, grayish-hued buildings, despondent with the atmosphere of the place, crept long lines of black and gray, silent, gruesome—like gigantic caterpillars, with whose crawlings one's flesh creeps in sympathy.

At the cell-house the usual supper of bread and coffee was handed to each man, and a few seconds later we were in our cell and fell to eyeing each other inquiringly. No. 13 looked longer and more steadily. Fully five minutes passed in silence. Then No. 13 said: "I'm sorry for you; you look like a good fellow. I'm glad they put you in with me. I think we'll get along together, and that is something few cell-mates are able to do. Men get very irritable from long confinement, you know, and the minds of seven out of ten become more or less impaired." He was a good-natured fellow, was No. 13, and he did all he could think of to lighten my load. He was an old-time thief who had spent the greater part of his life in prison; but he was a thief because he had been one in infancy, and had been

hounded by detectives who wanted his services in their vocation, and who made permanent honesty almost impossible for him by revealing his past character to his employers when he had begun to live an honest life. We ate our meagre supper from the lower of two cots, resting on an iron frame in the whitewashed cell, just large enough to admit one's passage between the bedstead and the farther wall. Presently the night guard came by with mail for the prisoners. No. 13 looked eagerly expectant, but there was no mail for him. Like many others in the prison, he had never received a letter while there, yet expected one every evening, and saw such weekly papers only as his charitable fellows sent to him by one of the guards. He had a book from the prison library which, by the way, is one of the best small libraries gotten together—and this, strange to say in connection with an uninstructed prisoner from the slums of a city—was a volume of Herbert Spencer upon moral ethics. But I found when I had been an inmate of the prison some months longer that the average of intellectuality there was as high as if not higher than the like average of persons outside. The first night was a night of horror—all was well until the nine o'clock bell rang for lights out and bed. Then my mental sufferings began anew. Away after midnight I was still awake, tossing feverishly upon my hard cot, while every groan and snore of the sleeping and the cat-like tread of the keeper pierced into my conscious-

ness as so much torture. At 5:30 in the morning a bell sounded. The men washed, dressed, made their beds, filed out to empty their slop-buckets, and then returning received their breakfast ration of coffee, unlimited bread, ham, gravy and a potato.

The next day my photograph was taken. As I thought of myself crop-haired, shaven-faced, and in stripes, I wished I were dead. And many a time afterward did the desire creep upon me slowly, and take such strong hold of me that a severe struggle had to be undergone in fighting it off.

But in a few weeks I had fallen into the monotonous semi-conscious existence by day and feverish life of the mind alone in the evening, which has been indicated.

I noticed, in the course of time, that most of the inmates of the prison began counting the days forward to Christmas, to Thanksgiving, or to the Fourth of July—the three holidays allowed by law, and to pleasure with visions of the delights, physical or mental, then to be received. All the year round they talk of the dinners and the theatrical entertainments on the last Christmas and Thanksgiving day and the Fourth of July, when they were comparatively free in the prison yard, and to wonder what is in store for them on the next holiday. Like most others in the prison, the confinement of my body caused all my energy to be directed upon intellectual lines, and I found myself becoming more and more ambitious daily. This was true, also, of even the life prisoners

I met; for they have not let hope die; they think of pardon, and of wars during which they may be released by accident, and they plan what they will do when they shall again be free men. So did I pass much of my life in prison. But O, the long, long nights when sleep was driven from my couch by bitter recollections! Oh, the horror of it all, and the shame inexpressible!

Some of the prison officers, old men whose contact with the miserables had given rise to a deep pity, a lasting commiserating sympathy with all humanity, made my burden as light as they could; and so it came about that when I was very near to the date of discharge I forgot my sufferings at the hands of others and was filled with a welling gratitude to these uncontaminated old men. Casting aside all memory of wrongs, real or fancied, I became thankful for all I could think of to be thankful for—for the few acts of kindness toward me within the twelve months, for the privilege of that treasured library book once a week, for the mail service received, for the friendship still felt for me, for health, for strength. So thinking, I passed beyond the prison portals to liberty, joying as a child because of the very fact of life. FRANKLIN HOLLINGROOD

A COMPLAINT.

"Now, look at that man," grumbled a convict, as a visitor at the prison passed the cell-house. "Here I am, jugged for burglary, and he goes along as free as air; and yet there wasn't such a great difference between his business and mine."

"What does he do?"

"He is a commission merchant."

"Quite a difference, I should say."

"Not at all; I am a breaker, and he is a broker."

A VISION OF MOTHER AND HOME.

By J. Henry Smythe—"The Prisoners' Friend."

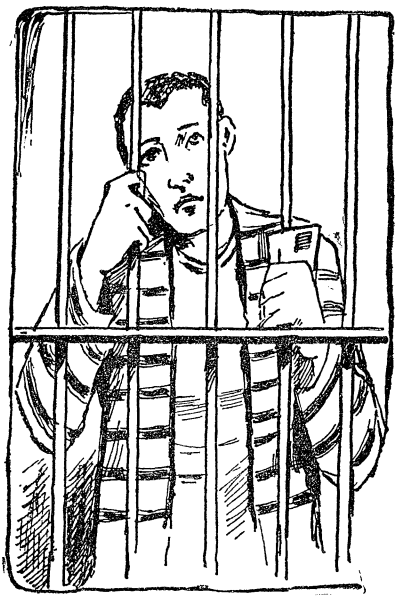
(Mr. Smythe is peculiarly fitted to talk to prisoners. His name is a household word in the prisons of our land. There is hardly a den from Maine to California that he has not visited. The dark places of our cities, our refuges and jails have been his study for years.)

Men, will you let me paint a winter home scene for you? Call it evening. The sun has set, the stars are out, and the evening lamp has been lighted. The table with its white cloth has been set, and the supper is almost ready. The little sister of the house has helped her mother by bringing the cups and saucers, the knives and forks, the spoons and the salt-sellar, and the old sugar-bowl, and the quaint

caster from the closet. The kettle is singing on the hearth, the coffee is steaming, the biscuits are in the oven, the beef-steak is done to a turn, and the plate of golden butter make a supper fit for a king. That little table *will hold just four*; but there are not four to sit down to that evening meal. The weary mother, with a strange look of sorrow in her eyes, and the deep wrinkles in her brow, is there. Her eldest son is there. He is a carpenter, and works hard, very hard for his mother and home. He is a

noble fellow, a faithful son, and a true man. The little sister is there, with her bright eyes and curly hair, she is the home angel, and everybody loves her. But there is a chair that stands back by the wall, and a place at the table that is vacant. It is not father's place, for father is dead. At the breakfast hour it is vacant, and in the evening no one fills it—whose place is it? Do you see that young man standing at the cell-door, clutching the bars, and looking over the prison-walls at the blue sky? He is very quiet. He holds a letter in his hand post-marked

home. He sees the old kitchen far more vividly than I could paint it for him. He knows every shelf, every break in the walls, every pane of glass in the windows, and he could show you just the place where he cut his name on the sill years ago, when a little boy.



A thousand times a day that mother's pale, worn face rises before him and now the darkness that shrouds his young life is lifted, and the music of Sabbath bells sounds sweetly on his ears.

He sees the green fields and meadows, where he played, a sportive child, in the long, glad holidays of the golden summers, and in the distance, half hid among the trees, the village church, with its school-room filled with merry faces, and the sunshine smiling in at the open door. He hears the voice of the aged pastor reading from the Word of God; he hears the birds sing; the cows are standing knee-deep in the cool, refreshing water; there is a holy stillness hanging over all and a sweet peace; and slowly the vision fades away, and the stone walls, the iron door, the little bed and the dark cell are near him, and, with a cry of anguish, he flings himself upon his knees and cries like a little child.

Do you tell me that he is a felon; that he has brought this punishment upon himself, and that I must leave him to his fate? Whose home is that in the quiet village? It is his childhood's home. Whose chair is that in the little kitchen? It is his. The door is open—a mother's heart is yearning for her child. Those tears, as they fall upon the prison floor, are born of penitence for wrong, and the young heart that can be moved by the memory of home and mother can, by the power of love, be saved forever.

Up, boy, and spring at the future! The years to come are God's and yours; make a new manhood and flash the light the brighter, because of the darkness out of which it comes.

VISITING DAYS AT THE PRISON.

Prisoners are not permitted to receive visits from friends on Sundays or holidays. With those exceptions they are allowed to see their friends once every eight weeks, on any week day, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 5 P. M. Visitors are limited to thirty minutes. Visitors are not allowed to give prisoners anything except so much fruit or other eatables as they can eat during the interview. Liquors in any form are not permitted. All interviews are held in the presence of a prison officer.

CONFESSIONS OF A THIEF.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CONFIRMED CRIMINAL—HIS EXPERIENCE IN VARIOUS PRISONS—HIS LIFE WAS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

I propose to tell the true story of my life. It is a story of crime and of penal servitude, but it is exactly what I have seen, experienced and suffered.

My name is Joseph Howard, and I was born in Lynn, Mass., July 3, 1856. Both my parents were natives of Massachusetts, and are still living. I have also brothers and sisters, but none of my family nor any of my relatives, so far as I known, were ever guilty of crime. At twelve years of age I committed my first crime by stealing a watch. I was not detected. At Lowell, in 1869, with some other boys I burglarized several stores, was arrested, pleaded guilty, and was sent to the reform school at Westboro, sentenced to stay there until I was twenty-one years old.

When one first enters this school he is stripped off, washed and examined, and a description put in a book. He is then dressed in a gray uniform and set at work. There are three grades—the first called No. 6, the second No. 4 and the third the grade of honor. Newcomers are enrolled as No. 6. If they behave well they are promoted to No. 4, and six

months good behavior advances them to the grade of honor. Grade of honor boys have far greater privileges than the others, have better food, eat at a different table, are set to superintend the boys of the other grades, and are permitted at times to go out. I was set at work caning chairs during the hours of labor, attending the school room part of the time. I did not like the work or the schooling, or anything connected with the establishment, and the first opportunity that occurred I escaped. I walked that night to Framingham, where I got on a train on the Boston & Albany road and went as far as Newton, ten miles from Boston. Here I met two men who recognized the gray uniform of the Reform school and they asked me if I would go with them to New York. One of these men was James Gleason, the notorious sneak-thief—better known as "Mysterious Jimmy," now doing time in Massachusetts, and the other was "Johnny" Irving, since noted as a bank burglar, and who was killed in 1883, by John Welch, otherwise "Johnny the Mick," in Shang Draper's saloon in New York.

It was in September, 1869, that with these two men I reached New York to commence business as a sneak. Our plan was the very simple one of entering a store and while Jimmy or Irving "stalled" the proprietor I got away with whatever I could lay my hands on, a box of gloves, a bolt of silk, or money out of the till, just as it happened.

This continued about a year, when I concluded to

come West. I reached Chicago in 1870, the day that a large fire occurred in the Farwell building, opposite St. Mary's Church. The crowd was large and I concluded to try my hand for the first time as a pickpocket. I got caught at the first attempt, but when the officer got me near the armory I jerked away and got off. That night I started back to New York, stealing rides on freight trains and in empty baggage cars. I went right over to Washington market on my arrival and the first woman I saw with a good "leather" I snatched it and ran. But the woman ran faster than I did and I was captured and taken to the police station. The next morning I made my first acquaintance with the Tombs, where I passed the day in the boys' department with about thirty other boys. All I got to eat was a piece of bread and a cup of coffee in the morning, and some mush in the afternoon. Next morning I was taken before Justice Dowling and sent to the School ship Mercury, a penal ship which was lying at the entrance of the sound about twenty-five miles from the city. This vessel is under the control of the New York Commissioners of Charity. The idea is to train boys up as seamen. We were put through the discipline of a man-of-war. The slightest infraction of rules was punished with a rope's end, and one night I got into the stocks. The Mercury took trips out to sea, sometimes going as far as Hampton Roads, Va. I turned out to be a poor sailor and got very sea-sick. At last I wrote

to my mother, and she came to New York and got my discharge. I now went back to Lynn, where I stayed several months, but the following March I returned to New York where I commenced selling papers as a newsboy, and took up my quarters at the Newsboys Home, of which Mr. O'Connor was the manager.

Thinking I would like to try life on a Western farm, I went to the Children's Aid Society of New York, told them I was an orphan, and they sent me out to Caldwell county, Missouri, with about forty other boys. The farmers took their choice of the boys, and a man named Wiley Prewitt picked me. He had a farm of eighty acres, but I didn't like it very well, planting corn and making brush fences, so the first time he went to the county seat I started for the railroad. I went to St. Joseph and Omaha. In Omaha I got the name of a man in Cheyenne, and I went to Superintendent Sickles, of the Union Pacific, and told him I had run away from home and wanted to get back, and that I lived in Cheyenne. He asked me my father's name. I told him this man's. He made inquiries, and found there was such a man there, so he gave me a pass to Cheyenne. I went to Laramie, Reno, Virginia City, and in the latter place I worked in a drug store until July, got tired and struck east again.

I reached Chicago in 1871—five days after the big fire. I ran across "Mysterious Jimmy," who had plenty of money. I went with him to the oil regions

in Pennsylvania—we followed a theatrical troupe. The scheme worked was that Jimmy would buy tickets to the entertainment, and send them to some of the best people in the town as complimentaries. Then we would go through their houses while they were at the theatre. That racket only lasted a short time, as it got into the papers. We left that troupe and followed Anna Dickinson, the lecturess, and worked the same scheme through Indiana and Illinois. At Paris, Illinois, Jimmy left me to go to St. Louis to dispose of the watches, jewelry and such things we had picked up. I was to meet him at Mattoon. When I got to Mattoon there was a grand ball that evening at the Dole House, and I thought it a good time to do some business on my own account, not waiting for Jimmy to get back. I went through the house of a druggist named Woods and got some money, jewelry and solid silver I hid these things, but the next day, thinking they were not in a very safe place, I went to change them, when I was nabbed. I had been suspected and watched. I was sent to jail at Charleston, was tried and sentenced to the Pontiac Reform School for two years. After I was discharged I again went back to my home at Lynn. In 1874 I went south, hoping to get a place on some plantation. I went to Charlestown, Augusta, Nashville, St. Louis and then to Hannibal. During all this trip I had done nothing crooked and was on the look-out for honest work. I had completely failed and at Hannibal I made a

sneak on a clothing store and got an overcoat and some money, but was discovered and arrested, resulting in a two-year term at the Jefferson City Penitentiary. This was in December, 1874, when I was not yet 19 years old.

Up to this time I had not given up the thought of leading an honest life eventually. The crimes I had committed were due largely to the temptations of others and to the thoughtlessness of boyhood.

I had associated with some professional criminals, but they had not treated me as one of themselves, but rather as a convenience, and perhaps scape-goat. I was now to undergo an experience through which I became a professional criminal.

When I entered the prison, instead of being examined, bathed, clothed, and assigned to a cell, I was placed in a cell with four other men to wait the pleasure of the contractors. That cell was only seven and a half feet by four in size, and was alive with vermin. In that hole we were kept for three weeks before we were given the prison dress and set at labor. We had been obliged to wait until some of the convicts whose time had expired were discharged, and then we got their striped clothing.

In this prison no check was placed on prisoners conversing with each other, and here it was that I heard of the exploits of burglars, safe-blowers and expert thieves told by themselves. They initiated me into all the knowledge they possessed of criminal methods. In that prison, through the connivance of

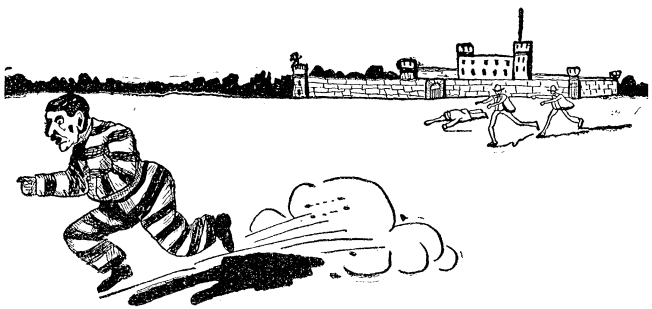
the guards, they manufactured burglars' tools and sold them on the outside.

Counterfeiters were there, too, who by the same connivance made counterfeit nickels. That penitentiary was a college of criminals, where men were instructed in the ways of crime and made proficient in it. The food was poor in quality, and deficient in quantity, the discipline was lax, and twice while I was there the prisoners revolted. The riot was put down, but several of the convicts were killed, and a number wounded.

After I had been there six months I was put to work in the brick yard, outside the prison walls. Watching my opportunity one evening in August I made a dash for freedom, and though the guard fired at me with his Winchester I got away. The first thing I did after getting off safely was to break into a house in one of the small towns near Jefferson City, and get a suit of citizen's clothes, then started out as a professional criminal, traveling from town to town through Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. Reaching Decatur Ill., in January, 1876, I burglarized five houses in one night, and at three o'clock in the morning was getting on a train to leave the place, when I was arrested with the plunder on me. Five indictments were found against me, but by pleading guilty to one I was let off with a sentence of one year at Joliet.

August 18, 1875, I had escaped from Jefferson City; January 18, following, the prison doors at

Joliet closed me in. Oct. 20th, 1876, I tried to escape. A number of us were sent outside to pump out a pond, and just at dusk the order was given to knock off work. Six of us then started to run, and although the guards fired at us we got away. In the night I got turned around in some way, and instead of getting further away from Joliet I kept revolving pretty much in a circle, and the next day was recaptured. I lost nine days of my "good time" for that piece of business. I was discharged December 22,



following. I came first to Chicago and then started out on my travels again. Passing a store in Burlington, Iowa, one day, I saw an open safe which I tried to sneak on, but only got a few dollars, and, in running away, got caught. As it was less than $20 it only amounted to petty larceny, for which I was jailed for twenty days. At Venice, Illinois, I sneaked a store and they got after me. I was arrested after a big run. I did not want to be tried again in Illinois and sent to Joliet for a long term, so I told them I

was an escaped convict from Jefferson City. Glad to get rid of me, they took me over to St. Louis and delivered me to the Missouri authorities as an escaped convict, and in a few days I found myself back at Jefferson City, after an absence of more than a year and a half. Things were going on very much the same as when I left. A gang of us—nearly 200—were sent to Johnson county to work a coal mine. We were kept in the mine day and night, and our food was lowered to us in bags. Those of us near the bags when they came down got a good meal, and the rest had to wait until the next time. It was a horrible experience, and we were stuffed and starved by turns, just as it happened.

When I was brought back to Jefferson City I was put to work in the quarries. I ran off one evening and got away, though the bullets whistled over me. I got down to the Missouri river and rolled myself in the mud to hide my stripes, and then I took to the woods, hoping to strike a town where I could get some clothes. Getting tired I lay down in the bushes to sleep, and when I awoke I saw a farmer drawing a bead on me. He ordered me to surrender, and I was carried back to the penitentiary. My time expired in August, 1878. They gave me $5 and a suit of clothes, and I went to St. Louis, and then to Chicago. Taking a pal who was an expert in hardware burglary, we worked a radius of eighty miles around Chicago.

Near Plymouth, Ind., I fell in with a tramp and gave him a revolver to sell; he took it into town, but offered it too cheap. This led to suspicion, and soon after, when they saw me with him, they undertook to arrest me. I made a fight, pulled my gun and shot the city marshal through the arm. Finally they captured me after pounding me fearfully. I guess I was as roughly used as any man ever was.

I was tried, convicted and sent to Michigan City for two years. After being discharged I went to Joliet and worked in the rolling-mills there until July, 1880. Then I went back to Lynn and remained there a year, working in a shoe shop. I now concluded to take another professional trip through the South, and visited all the Southern cities as far south as San Antonio, Texas. I did what is called "house work" and "supper work." Housework simply means burglarizing a house at night, while supper work is getting into second-story or upper windows while the people are at supper down-stairs. On this trip I was not arrested once, got hold of a good deal of money and property, spending it and blowing it in against faro as fast as I got it.

In Texas I helped a couple of convicts who had escaped to get away, buying them each a suit of clothes, and giving them money. In San Antonio I fell in with a couple of pals, and we worked our way northward to Little Rock. At this place one of my pals got a situation as bookkeeper for a contractor on a railroad, and we left him leading an honest life.

He was a well educated man, and had "done time" in Joliet prison three years. We operated in Memphis, Cairo, and finally reached Akron, Ohio. Here we fell in with a crook, who wanted us to join him in robbing a farm house where there was a big pile of money. He said we could go out and "stick them up," and make a big haul. "Sticking up" is to tie the family up, and make them tell where the money is.

I did not want to go into this job, and the Akron man proposed that we should go down to Medina, and "blow a safe" there, where we could make a pretty good haul. I provided myself with a dynamite cartridge and we blew the safe—getting some watches, jewelry and $180 in money. At Shelby we took the B. & O. road to come to Chicago, but were captured on the train and carried back to Medina. As each of us had a quantity of the stolen property on our persons, we could make no defense, and pleaded guilty in order to get as short a term as possible.

We received two years each and were confined at the Columbus Prison May 13, 1882. The three of us all made our "good time," though I was punished five times and we were discharged together January 1, 1884.

I then went to Decatur, Ill., and was "vagged" there and sent to the calaboose, from which I broke out and fled to Chicago. I worked as a laborer for a while, and carried a hod for a contractor named Busby. I then went to Madison, Wis., and then to

St. Louis and then to New York—in all of which places I did no crooked work, but worked as a common laborer—the only kind of work I could get to do. I left New York in June, 1885, went to Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, and finally to Fort Wayne, Ind. At the latter place I went broke from playing "stud poker" in a gambling room. Going out to pick up something I saw a handsome house with a portico, the folks all seemed to be in the parlor having a good time with music and singing. It took me but a moment to climb the porch and enter a second story window. I ransacked the rooms, getting some money and jewelry. It proved to be the residence of the mayor of Fort Wayne. I hastened to a pawnshop where I "put up" a valuable pair of sleeve buttons for four dollars. I noticed the pawnbroker was a young man alone, with a pretty good safe standing open. Instead of going to Logansport the next day, as I had intended, I concluded I would make a haul at the pawnbroker's first, and early the next evening I went there for that purpose. Just as I entered the shop a policemen arrested me. Of course I could make no fight on the trial and pleaded guilty, and was sent to Michigan City for two years. I was discharged from there on June 11, 1887.

Such is the main account of my criminal adventures. It is a plain statement of an ordinary burglar's life. I confess there is not much in it, and I will say that it does not take a great deal of nerve to enter a

house at night. The burglar usually has the best of the situation, for the people are asleep and he is alert, watchful, and has all his senses about him. At any alarm he is as anxious to get away as the people are to have him. Unless a burglar is cornered he will not take life or do anything desperate, but he will make a strong fight to get away. I have never had to shoot, though I have been shot at several times. A burglar generally finds out all about a house and its inmates before breaking into it. He watches the society news in the papers, takes note of the ladies who are said to wear handsome diamonds, finds out where they live or are staying, and makes his plans accordingly. He will sometimes look over the tax-lists to see who return diamonds and jewelry among their personal property, and his wits are always at work to find out where property of any kind can be easily gotten. Most anything portable comes handy to him, good clothes, cloaks, furs, always find a ready sale. There are always "fences" where goods can be disposed of. The most of these "fences" as a general thing, are saloon-keepers, though of course a good many of the pawn-brokers are in the same line. They get the biggest end of the profit. If a man gets 15 or 20 per cent. of the value of his stolen property, he does well. Going to a strange place there is always some saloon where the "crooks" hang out and where a thief can either dispose of stuff or find out new jobs to do.

When one takes stuff to a "fence" he has to let the goods go at whatever price is offered, for if he

doesn't the "fence" will "give him away" to the police.

The money a man gets hold of in this way is quickly spent and gambled away. Most of the money, in fact, finds its way into public gambling-houses.

In such places money makes all men equal, and at the faro-table I have sat beside men of respectability and have been treated the same as they were, sometimes even better, if I could "flash" more money than they.

When I left Michigan City the guard there told me he expected to see me again before long, if I did not get into some other prison. They sneer at a man's wish to reform. I told them there that I would never again be caught in any such place again, but they only laughed at me. They take no stock in a convict's word or in his promise to do better; and, I believe, the law is that a felon's word or oath is not good. For myself I shall disappoint them. I intend to lead a different life. I know it will be hard, but it can not be any harder than what I have already gone through. The life of a criminal is a hard one, as my record shows. I have spent ten of my best years in prison, and yet I believe I am young enough to commence a different life.

The life of a convict in prison and his treatment there have a great deal to do with keeping him in criminal courses. I have been, as related above, in four different penitentiaries, in different States. They

are all run pretty much on the same system, but they vary somewhat in some details. They are all run on the contract system and the contractor only thinks of getting all the work he can out of the men. From his point of view a convict is only a slave or an animal.

At Michigan City I heard one of the guards say that it was better to let a convict die, and replace him, than to go to the expense of curing him in the hospital. There was no use whatever for sick convicts.

I think the State ought to take enough interest in its convicts to see that they get perfectly just and impartial treatment in the prison, and when discharged to give them at least enough of their earnings to keep them until they can get honest work.

There is not one man in a thousand who can leave a penitentiary and be himself again for a number of months. Let him have a fair percentage of wages for the work he has done, and if he is seen going backward—runs with crooks and thieves, or gets drunk and frequents saloons—let him be sent back to prison to finish out the "good time" he may have made.

There certainly ought to be some way by which a man could be helped if he tries to do right.

At Joliet prison, I never saw any favoritism shown, everybody being treated exactly alike. The rules are very strict, but a man can obey them, and if he does he will make his time and be treated

justly. The food there is good and abundant. The library there is a very good one, and a man can read in his cell until 9 o'clock every night, when the lights are put out. They also furnish him school-books and a slate—and teach him reading, writing and spelling. The prisoners are also allowed to subscribe for weekly newspapers. The hospital is all that could be desired and the sick are well treated. The only punishment is the "solitary." A man put in there is handcuffed to the door in a standing position during working hours, and at night is let down and given a board to sleep on, the cell being warmed by steam heat. His only food is two ounces of bread and a half pint of water every twenty-four hours. The cell has one window and is not a dungeon—but a man can get pretty hungry on the diet if kept there a week. I was put in for nine days for my attempted escape.

At Jefferson City prison they had no library when I first went there, though they got one afterwards. They allowed no papers, literary or news, and the convicts never heard anything that was going on in the outside world. The food was so poor that it brought on riots. They had a hospital and a doctor, but no medicine, and the lessees would not furnish any. The only punishment was the whip. A man was strapped down to the bull-ring and lashed with a tremendous whip, made of twisted rawhides. The whippings were often extremely severe. I knew one convict named Green, a black man, who was

taken out to be whipped. He said he would rather be shot, and fought the guards so desperately that they did shoot and kill him.

The Warden at the Columbus Prison was Noah Thomas. He is not there now as that is one of the political institutions of Ohio, and with every change of governors there is a change in the wardenship and all the other officials of the prison. Sundays there would be a good many visitors to hear the services in the chapel. At such times Mr. Warden Thomas would make very fine speeches and call the convicts "his children," and speak of the place as a "great humanitarian and ethical institution." He never saw the convicts, that I know of, at any other time. No holidays whatever were given, weekly newspapers were allowed. The medical attendance was good. During the week we were under the special charge of the deputy warden, old "Jimmy" Dean. He had been there 35 years and seemed to take no stock in either the "humanitarian" or "ethical" principles of Warden Thomas. He was a fine-looking, benevolent-appearing old gentlemen, that never got excited nor out of temper, and he had the softest, smoothest and kindest voice I ever heard. And with it all he had about the cruelest and hardest heart. Through long practice he could punish a man within an inch of his life, and "bring him to" just in time, and do it all in the kindest and smoothest way possible. The modes of punishment at Columbus were two—"the humming-bird" and "the hose."

When a man made himself amenable to punishment the Deputy Warden ordered him taken to a room set apart for that purpose. The convict was stripped naked, his feet chained together, his eyes blindfolded and his hands bound behind his back. He was then seated in a tub of water and his feet drawn

"BUCKING"

up towards the ceiling so that he took the form of the letter V as near as could be. Old "Jimmie" then applied the "humming-bird," in other words, an electric battery. It was applied to the spine and other parts of the body until the convict was nearly "shocked" to death. A close watch was kept on his pulse, and he was given all he could possibly stand. Instead of the "humming-bird" the hose would be sometimes substituted.

A man being in the position above described and blindfolded, old "Jimmie" would turn the hose on him, the water being forced into the face, nose and mouth until the victim was almost killed. I have never heard of any convicts being killed under those punishments, but I know that they have been made ill, and in some cases life shortened. But then they were only convicts and would have to die, some day, anyhow.

Of all the four prisons it was my misfortune to get into, the worst in every respect was the one at Michigan City. The food there was of the worst and poorest description. In winter the heat was not sufficient to warm the cells, and on Sunday the only way to keep warm was to stay in bed.

The supply of clothing was light and if you wanted underclothing you had to buy them. The guards had everything their own way and no complaint of them could ever get to the Warden. Each guard had 35 men under him, and really held their lives in his hands. If he took a dislike to a man he could make his life a hell on earth, for whatever charge he made against a man was believed and acted upon.

The punishments at Michigan City were "the cat," and the "dungeon." The cat is an instrument consisting of a handle about an inch thick and eighteen inches long, with five knotted lashes, thick as the little finger, the knots hardened in the fire. This was wielded by the Deputy Warden, a man named Donnelly, weighing 200 pounds. Fifty cuts of "the

cat" will kill a strong man, and more than one man has died from the punishment.

The convicts there were treated like dogs and were abused in many ways. If there is a hell located anywhere on earth, it is within the walls of the Penitentiary at Michigan City, or was located there at the time of my incarceration.

JOSEPH HOWARD.

THE PRISON POETS AT JOLIET.

SAMPLES OF VERSE THEY SPIN IN THE CELLS WHEN THEY HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

The Joliet prison has always had a poet. The prison poet at present is a young man sent down from Chicago not long ago, and he can turn out a pretty good set of verses. He treats with equal facility all prison topics and generally in a humorous way. His verses are read by the prison officers, and by the clergymen who visit the big pen, with solace for the soul. His good work and that of other prison poets will be found scattered through this little volume. The prison officers never really warm up over their felon-poets until they begin to talk about James Young, the self-confessed murderer of Dr. Allen, at Sandwich. Young recently died from consumption in prison. No one knew he was a poet when alive, but when he died and had been carried up on the hill and put in a hole with a board stuck above his last resting-place to tell his name, poor boy, a bunch of verses were found in his cell, of which the following are the first and last stanzas:

"It is night, and I set at peace with myself
In my easy chair in the cosy room,
With the red light melting the shadows grim
Into dancing figures that laugh at the gloom.

My little girl sits at my feet,
And I stoop to pat her golden head,
And I listen and hear her mother, dear soul,
Murm'ring a song over baby's bed

* * * * * * * * * * *

And we'll sit together, my hand in hers,
And both of us watching the rosy glow.
And perhaps she'll hint, with her shy sweet smile,
Of the days of courting, past long ago,
And our early home and the friends we knew,
Most of them happy, and rich, and well,
And —— "Old man, get up," says my new cell-mate,
"For God's sake don't sprawl all over the cell."

THE PRISON DISTILLERY.

Not long since several prisoners were found intoxicated. As no liquor was allowed in the prison, it was a great mystery where they found the means to become drunk. The culprits were all employed around the outside barns and in the piggery.

At last one of the officials discovered a rude still hidden in the straw and rubbish in one of the pig-pens. The man in charge of the pigs fermented potato peelings and other scraps, and managed to distill from them a fair quality of alcohol, which, diluted with water, was eagerly drank by the pig-herders. Since this discovery the prison has again become a temperance hotel.

CURIOUS VISITORS.

THEY BUILD UP THE CONVICTS' LIBRARY.

It is remarkable to observe with what regularity the visitors come and go at the Joliet Prison. Many thousands pass through the place in the course of a year.

Public curiosity never will decline, it appears, in anything that pertains to crime. A felon's cell, with all its horrors, has a charm that excites and in some way fascinates the curious. The usher starts out at four stated times in each day with his crowd of wondering men, women and children, and conducts them from point to point, explaining prison methods, and now and then mentioning in undertones something of the life of a passing convict. He leads his listeners, who have the privilege of making all the inquiries they please, from one place of interest to another, much after the fashion of the modern dime museum lecturer. For this service the prison library fund receives 25 a head from the visitors—a source of revenue by no means insignificant.

The library already contains 10,000 volumes, standard works of fiction, history, travels, etc. The manner of distributing books to the prisoners has been reduced to quite a system. Each cell is provided with a slate and catalogue of the books, with numbers. The prisoner makes his selection, and places the numbers on the slate and hangs it on a hook near the cell-door. At stated times the slates are gathered up and taken to the library, where the books are selected and placed in the cell.

A PHILOSOPHER'S VISIT TO THE PEN.

BY "HONEST JOHN."

While passing through the Sucker State,
Upon a recent day,
The Penitentiary large
Loomed up across my way.
'Twas there I saw of every class
The cunning, bold and bad,
A motley crew, fifteen hundred, who
In striped clothes were clad.

From lowest cast to finest bred,
Of every name and race,
Paying the wages of their sins
Within that doleful place.
The young transgressors in their teens
Were scattered here and there,
While sinners old, deep dyed in crime,
Were present everywhere.

Approaching one, I asked permit
To speak a single word.
"My fallen friend," I thus began—
"Tell, how has this occurred!
Had liberty lost all her charms
When freedom took its flight,
Have you done aught, that in the scales
Of Justice was not right?"

Says he, "Kind sir, if you must know
The truth, then I will tell;
Other's affairs seeking to know
Accounts for how I fell."

And by the twinkle in his eye
The meaning look he cast,
I saw his hand was "full of trumps,"
So wisely bowed and "passed."

Just then the usher spoke and said:
"Perhaps you'd like to know
More of the history of these men
As through the place you go.
If so, just ask the next you choose
The reason why he's here;
Why he is held from home and friends,
And all he values dear!

"A ready answer you will get,
I'll wager two to one.
Now ask that one who's standing there
What deed he may have done?"
The little check I'd just received,
So took me by surprise,
I thought it best to say no more,
But simply feast my eyes.

However, courage came again,
And thus to him I spoke:
"Pray tell the reason why you're here
And why this dreadful yoke?"
"Twas perjury they tried me for,
And sentence on me passed."
"Guilty or not?" said I. Quoth he—
"The very words they asked!"

"'Twas innocent I claimed I was,
I'd scorn to tell a lie;
You think so, too, no doubt," said he,
With finger 'neath his eye.
He sought to grin! Could you have seen
His false attempt to smile,
You'd paused 'twixt judging fool or knave
So cunning was his guile.

"You're sold again," the guide then said,
"Three times," says I, "then out."
"Say, mister, why were you sent here,
How came this all about?
Why thus confined within these walls?
Why thus in durance vile?"
Just then a light shone o'er his face
Which wore a saddened smile.

"I can but sigh" (he spoke and said),
"Whenever it's brought to mind,
To think of the peculiar ways
Possessing most mankind;
The vanity of men is such
I hardly can explain,
They seek to hang one now and then
To flatter what remain."

"Yet could that precept early taught,
By him we love, revere,
And thus by none but sinless men
Be only sentenced here,

I'd stake my all, that we to-day
Would roam as free as you.
Where could you find the one to cast
The stone with which they slew?"

"I only did what others do,
And most have done before,
It may have been irregular,
But that and nothing more.
The lack of friends and influence,
When tried before the court,
Is what doomed me to penance here
Within this prison fort."

"It's not so much for what we do
That brands us felons here;
I'd still be free—though bad as you—
Had I the 'dust' to clear."
Again he spoke, these are his words:
"Just search yourself for flaws,
And who is there can strictly say,
He's kept the better laws?"

Look well the mirror that reflects
The recess of each heart,
And pity those you now behold
Who've played so sad a part.
Alas! how poorly we discern
In judging outward show,
You can't sometimes most always tell
Another's joy or woe.

The ones the world may judge the worst
Have hearts oft true and strong;
Prove martyrs with a cruel fate,
And suffer every wrong
Deep-seated sin is often hid,
Or dressed in pious clothes.
The shoe may pinch—you can not tell—
The wearer only knows.

WHEN AN INDIAN AND A CHINAMAN ARE IN LUCK.

When a white male convict enters prison his hair is cut and his face shaved. "Poor Lo" and "One Lung" are exempt from this ordeal, unless they agree to waive their religious notions and native customs.

The prison barber is a convict. He carries his chair about from place to place in the prison and shaves such convicts as desire to go through the ordeal. In such cases a convict is required to do his own lathering and the barber gives him a "once over" shave.

INGENIOUS ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

DESPERATE CONVICTS CAPTURE THE EAST GATE—THE CAPTURE OF THE SOUTHEAST TOWER—EXPLOITS OF MIKE KENNEDY—BILLY FORRESTER AND OTHER FAMOUS CRIMINALS—AN INTERESTING RETROSPECTION—REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PRISON DEPUTY.

Some of the plans and devices invented by convicts to escape from the Joliet Prison are no less ingenious and thrilling than those related in Monte Cristo, or in the wonderful adventures of Baron Trenck.

There has always been a glamour of romance attending the escape of criminals from prison, and the by-paths of history are full of stories of those who by audacity or address have triumphed over obstacles almost insurmountable and gained their freedom. The escapes from Joliet Prison of Billy Forrester, Harry Travis, Joe Brown, Mike Kennedy, James Paddock, Josh Compton, Dan. McAllister, alias "Peoria Dan," and many others, rival in interest the wildest fictions of the novelists. Many instances there are where prisoners have burrowed through inside walls of enormous thickness by the aid of the most insignificant means, have scaled high walls by ropes made of bedding or clothing and, eluding vigilant sentries, have gained their freedom.

It is proper in this authentic and true history of life behind the bars at Joliet to note some of the most remarkable attempts and escapes that have occurred during the writer's connection with the famous prison.

Scarcely a week passes that some one of the 1500 inmates does not endeavor to overcome the barriers that hold him in durance vile. True, they rarely succeed. Not one in a hundred accomplishes his purpose, and when one does succeed in getting away it is ten chances to one that he will be recaptured.

"Escapes," said an old-time deputy-warden not now connected with the prison—"there have been very few of late years—and under the present state of perfect discipline there is no chance for emeutes or outbreaks, such as characterized the prison along in the early seventies. At that time there was no discipline, the convicts ran the prison to suit themselves. They worked when they felt like it, and pleased themselves as to when they should play, fight, turn on the guards or plot to get away. I shall never forget two of the terrible emeutes that occurred at the prison during this crucial period in its history. I was then the outside sentry at the east gate, and had in the sentry-box several double-barrel shotguns, a couple of muskets and a brace of Colts revolvers—a regular arsenal—but the whole outfit was not worth one of those modern 16 shooters such as the wall-guards are now armed with.

A well conceived plot for a general charge upon

the East Gate, to liberate the entire prison, was planned among the most desperate convicts then confined here, and the sequel shows how desperately successful for a time it proved

On the appointed day twenty-five of the worst convicts suddenly left their places and deliberately proceeded to a place where they had hidden what appeared to be a number of muskets and revolvers.

Arming themselves they rushed toward the East Gate, all yelling and uttering terrible curses. I was in my little sentry-box outside the gate, but, hearing the loud uproar, I rushed out and looked into the prison yard. The guns which the desperadoes carried appeared to be brand new, and besides, in each man's hand was a big navy revolver, and a long bright knife in his belt.

The notorious Luke Smith was at the head of the gang. He was a 25-year burglar and a cut-throat that knew no fear. Billy Forrester, Andy Worl, and "Dock" Ryan were among the leaders, urging the others on toward the gate in line of battle.

In a hoarse voice Smith ordered the convicts to aim at the guard on the wall above the gate. Smith ordered him to throw down his gun and to lie down upon his stomach on top of the wall. The terrified guard hastened to obey, expecting every moment to be riddled with bullets. The convict gatemen were then told to open the gates—which was done—and a rush was made through the inner gate.

At this juncture I began firing at the convicts

from my sentry-box, which stood across the Lockport road directly opposite the gate.

Every one of my shots took effect, and before half of the desperadoes had passed the outside gate a dozen of them were stretched upon the ground, howling and cursing from the pain of buckshot wounds.

I wondered why they did not return my fire. Smith, in terrible desperation, bounded up to the window of my sentry-box and, shoving in a huge revolver, ordered me to surrender. I replied with a shot from one of my pistols, and with a scream of rage the bold fellow dropped.

By this time it had dawned upon me that the guns and revolvers with which the desperadoes were armed were only imitation guns, made from gas-pipe with well-turned stocks—but they were the most perfect false arms I ever saw.

The guards at the two towers were firing now, and I stepped outside my sentry-box and continued firing at the fleeing convicts until all but three had fallen and they were captured by a posse of guards, who at this moment appeared upon the scene.

Luke Smith had only been stunned by the shot from my revolver, and during the melee and excitement had crawled off to a distance, when he sprang up and ran toward the woods on the east side, but just as he thought he was in a place of safety an armed guard jumped from behind a tree and ordered him to halt. With a scream of rage Smith drew his

ugly-looking knife and made a lunge at the breast of the officer, but he sprang to one side and the next instant sent a bullet crashing through Smith's brain, killing him instantly.

The dead and wounded convicts were picked up and hustled back into the prison yard, and thus ended the most desperate attempt at wholesale escape that ever occurred at any prison in America."

"How about the capture of the Southeast tower?" was asked of the deputy.

"That was another adroit move on the part of a few desperate fellows, some of whom were concerned in the attack on the East Gate, and which occurred some months later.

There were fourteen in the plot, led by Mike Kennedy, the famous diamond thief.

Kennedy was a consumptive fellow and was allowed many privileges because he was thought to be harmless. But for this very reason he was utilized by the more desperate ones in the plot. By some means he got hold of a suit of citizens' clothes, and at the time fixed upon for the execution of the plot he donned the suit, and in a bold manner walked up to the southeast tower, where a new guard had recently been placed on duty.

Kennedy saluted the guard and told him he was wanted in the warden's office, that he had been sent out to relieve him. The greenhorn guard, all unsuspicious of foul play, came down and unlocked the tower door, handed his gun and the key to Ken-

nedy, and then started for the warden's office, to reach which he had to pass the door leading into the old soap house. As the guard passed, a convict sprang out and clutched him by the throat—the helpless victim was picked up bodily and carried into the soap-house, where he was securely bucked and gagged.

The plotters then started for the tower and were at once admitted by Kennedy. The other wall guards had seen the convicts rush into the tower door, and opened fire, thus alarming the entire prison.

But all gave the retreat of the desperadoes a wide berth, for it was known to the guards and officials that there was a number of loaded shot-guns in the tower, which, in the hands of a band of escaping convicts, was enough to keep everybody out of range.

The convicts soon made their appearance on the top of the wall, and in spite of the shower of bullets that came whizzing about their heads they attempted to lower a rope ladder over the outside. In the meantime the wall guards were banging away with their old-fashioned muskets, the convicts firing an occasional shot in return.

The rope ladder was soon in place and the convicts slid down it pretty lively—and started on the run for the woods.

A large force of officers were soon mounted and in pursuit. Some 50 shots had been exchanged, yet no one had been killed. The convicts found cover

in a small piece of woods near a quarry, and were soon surrounded by the guards and a posse of citizens.

It was now late in the afternoon, and their only hope of escape was to keep the guards at bay until darkness, when the convicts hoped to get away unseen.

Warden Dornblazer did not propose to give them that chance. He knew the convicts had no ammunition. So he ordered the guards to close in on the woods, and with cocked revolvers make a rush, and told them to kill every convict that refused to surrender.

The convicts soon saw that escape was out of the question, and for fear of being shot down like dogs threw down their guns and gave themselves up, and in less than an hour were all back in their old quarters.

The dark cell and scant allowance of bread and water was their reward. Some of the ringleaders were kept in punishment for weeks, coming out of the solitary broken in health and spirit."

"Did Kennedy's punishment use him up?" was asked of the deputy. "No, he was not punished so severely as the others, on account of his broken health, and it was only a few months later when Kennedy and Andy Worl made another effort, which came very near being successful. Fireman Mack, of Joliet, was running the prison shoe-shops. He was in the habit of hauling his manufactured

goods from the prison in shoe boxes, loaded on a truck, to his store down town.

One afternoon the truck driver felt a commotion among the boxes on his truck—he had reached a point half a mile from the prison—near where the Illinois Steel works now stand. Glancing back over his shoulder he saw a couple of convicts leap from his wagon and start off on the run. The driver was petrified for a moment with astonishment, but soon set up a yell that attracted the attention of a night guard, who was on his way to the prison.

He discovered the fleeing convicts, and, being quite a sprinter himself, started after them. The convicts did not have the strength for a long run, so the guard soon overtook them and brought them to a halt with his revolver.

The prisoners were marched back to the prison, their absence not yet having been discovered. The men proved to be Kennedy and Worl, who, with assistance from fellow convicts, had been nailed up in shoe boxes, and then were loaded on the truck with the other shoe boxes and were driven out of the gates. Andy Worl gave up all hope after this exploit and sickened and died of consumption, thus ending his 20-year sentence, and he now lies buried in the convicts' graveyard up on the hill.

Mike Kennedy was destined to live for one more chance, which came during the next summer.

Mike was pretty far gone with consumption. The prison physician allowed him to sit around in

the hospital yard, where Mike passed his time in reading books and papers, to all appearances he was too far gone to think of such a thing as escape.

As he sat in the little vine-covered summer house one morning, he saw some convicts, accompanied by the hospital steward, come out from the door carrying a coffin, which they took to the bath-room and placed on a table. When the convicts returned Mike asked who was dead, and was told it was Tom Priddy, a young negro, who was to be buried that afternoon.

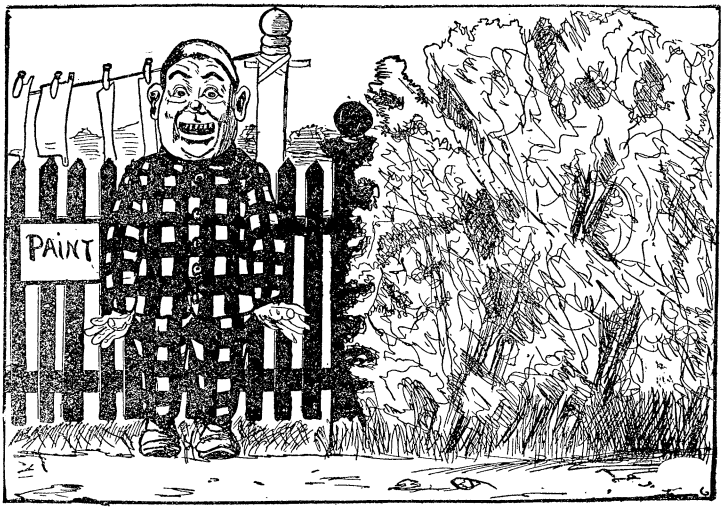
Soon after this Kennedy disappeared from the hospital yard, and going around to the rear of the bath-room pried open a window and crawled inside. It was the work of but a few minutes for him to take the lid off the coffin, remove the body of the dead negro—which he dragged to the farther end of the room, placing it in one of the large iron bath tubs, and covering it over with a pile of soiled shirts and underwear that were lying about on the floor. Mike then cut several holes in the bottom of the pine coffin to admit air, and then nailed some cleats on the lower side of the lid; he then got into the coffin himself, pulled the lid over him and held it by the cleats. Mike knew that the prison chaplain and old Tom Dempsey, the gardener, would soon come to bury the 'stiff.'

Mike thought that if he could once get carried out to the graveyard his chances of escape would be excellent, as he would scare the life out of old Tom

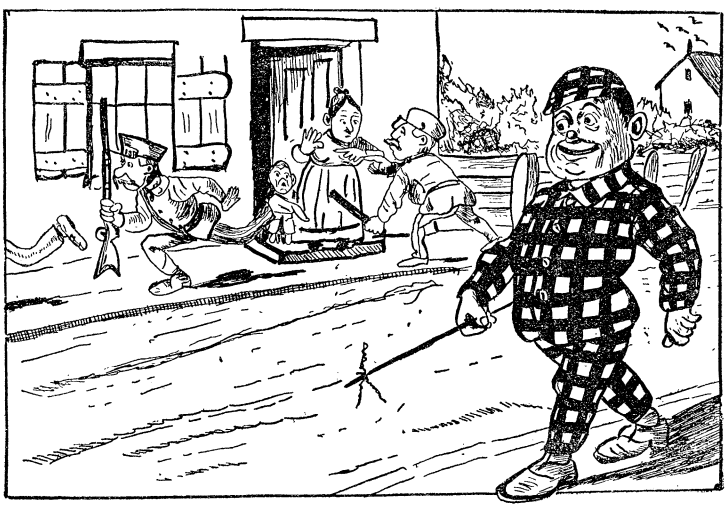
THE ESCAPED CONVICT AND HIS INGENIOUS DISGUISE.

(ADAPTED FROM PUCK.)

II.



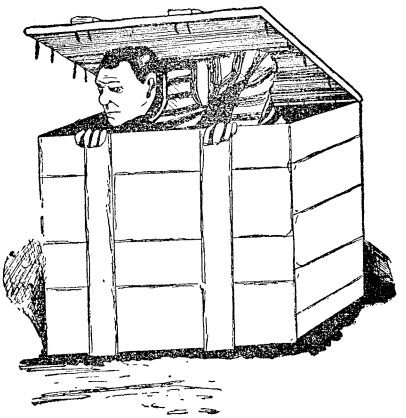
III.



IV.

and the chaplain when he sprang from the coffin at the edge of the grave.

But as ill-luck would have it, he had not been in the coffin but a few minutes when the bath-room door opened and in marched half a dozen convicts under Jack Rencher, the farm guard, for the purpose of changing their old shirts for clean ones. While



A MODE OF ESCAPE.

undergoing this operation, one of Rencher's convicts, moved by curiosity to see what a dead negro looked like, attempted to raise the lid of the coffin. Mike thought of course it was the guard, and that he was discovered, so, with a yell that would startle the dead, he sprang from the box, jumped over the head of the inquisitive convict and darted out of the bath-room door before any one could see who he was. The

convict who had attempted to see the dead lay on the floor in a dead faint, and even Rencher himself was so startled at the sight of the dead coming to life that he fell over backwards into a bath-tub.

The warden heard of the racket, and upon investigation found Kennedy in the summer house near dead from laughter at the outcome.

Mike at once acknowledged his complicity in the trick, and told where the dead negro might be found. This was Kennedy's final attempt. He died in the hospital himself soon afterwards, and was laid away in one of those nameless graves up on the hill, by the side of Andy Worl, who had become food for worms the year before.

Not fifty feet away from Kennedy's grave lie buried the bones of Tom Priddy, the negro, whose body Mike had once stolen."

CONVICTS' CORRESPONDENCE AND READING MATTER.

What they are allowed to receive.

They are permitted to write a letter once every five weeks. Paper, envelopes and postage are furnished by the State. They are permitted to receive all letters and weekly newspapers that contain nothing improper. All such papers and letters are examined before they reach the convict.

In writing to prisoners, their friends must confine

themselves to family and local news, and to business matters. Newspapers and periodicals are best supplied by subscription, through the prison office, to insure regular delivery. The receipt of papers sent

WRITING A LETTER HOME.

through the mails is irregular and hard to keep check on.

Daily newspapers are not admitted. *The Police News* and papers of similar character are rigidly excluded. Bad conduct will deprive a convict of the visits of his friends or the privilege of writing to them.

CONVICT LOST.

NOTE: After hearing Miss Wright, the elocutionist, recite a beautiful piece entitled "The Town Crier" or "Child Lost Child Lost!! "at one of the chapel entertainments, "Pete, the Growler," turned on his muse and ground out the following parody:

Loud the prison whistles yell,
Scares the convicts in the cell;
On the wall with lighted lamp
Tower to tower the keepers tramp,
Convict Lost!!

Blear-eyed, Broken nose,
Brogan-shoes, Stripped clothes.
Convict Lost!!!

Skip about there one and all,
Or that man will climb the wall.
Has the convict gone for sure?
Have you looked inside the sewer?
Could he climb the big flag pole?
Have you frisked inside the "hole?"
Is he in the boiler-room?
Still the echo through the gloom
Convict Lost!!!

Loud the prison whistle screams,
Scares the convicts in their dreams.
Through the shops with lighted lamp
Still the watchful keepers tramp.
Convict Lost!!!!

Ragged vest And dirty hands,
Seymour coat And sooner pants.
Convict Lost!!!!

Hurry up, look out, I say,
Or that man will get away.
Hunt around now every one,
Try and find that son-of-a-gun.
Oh! The heavy "ball and chain,"
When I catch that man again.
Can it be the crook has "crushed?"
Still in silence all is hushed.
Convict Lost!!!

Loud the prison whistles shriek,
Their beds the weary convicts seek.
Through the yard with lighted lamp,
Back and forth the keepers tramp.
Convict Lost!!!!

Bandy legs Crooked shins,
Pincer toes Dirty fins.
Convict Lost!!!!

For ten weary nights and days,
On the wall the sentry stays,

But the convict's safe away
O'er the line in Canada.
Cricky! how his sides will crack
Laughing, they can't bring him back.
Still throughout the prison dark
Rings the mournful echo—Hark!
Convict Lost!!!!

Loud the prison whistles roar,
The convicts turn in bed and snore.
On the wall with lighted lamp,
Tower to tower the keepers tramp.
Convict Lost!!!!

Brogan shoes, Striped clothes,
Blear-eyed, *Broken nose.*
Convict Lost!!!!!

THE WILES OF THE WICKED.

A recently discharged convict states that in the conversation of the prisoners, or between cell-mates, the usual topic is the art of thieving; the cause of failure in daring burglaries; the mistakes by which, after a successful crime, the thieves failed to escape detection; the latest and newest inventions for opening safes; the most recent dodges of the successful swindlers; the most eligible stores for shop-lifting; and the most profitable occasions for picking pockets.

Notes are committed to memory by which mistakes may be avoided, and the science of stealing be made perfect.

FAREWELL OLD CELL.

BY "HANDY ANDY."

Farewell old cell, behind whose grated door
I've spent full many a dull and lonely hour;

THE BAR-TENDER AT THE SOLITARY.

When night at length her sable curtain drew
Around my cot, well hid from worldly view,
Here, wrapped in slumber's soft embrace,
Banished was care, forgotten was disgrace,
Until Old Sol, with radiant lustre shone
Refulgent splendor on the floors of stone.
Gone are the days when egg-nog, rum or punch,
Hot-rolls, or coffee formed my morning lunch;
Or when, dead-broke, to get a hitch I'd hang

CHINESE HIGH-BINDERS AT JOLIET.

ILLUSTRATING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE CONVICTS' PHOTOGRAPHS ARE TAKEN.

Up some bartender with my gift of slang.
Since then how changed has been my checkered lot.
Egg-nog and whisky are things now forgot.
Bean coffee now; cold soup and bread,
Pig's hocks and bologna swell my head.
Roast beef and corned, potatoes, too, galore,
Rump steak and onions is what I adore.
Even now I see, as freedom lifts the veil,
Clearly the morn that ends this long travail.
Then hast sweet day, that dates my exit forth
Into free air, to value well its worth—
Old cell, and partners, here I now resign;
No "hash" hereafter—
Number 1759.

FRANK RANDE, THE BANDIT.

A FULL-BLOWN DESPERADO.

The name of Frank Rande is almost as historical as that of Jesse James. Rande equaled the great Missouri bandit in his reckless disregard of danger and life, and fiendish satisfaction in the shedding of human blood. The Joliet prison is still redolent with the memory of this famous criminal. Rande died, as he had lived, by violence—within the walls of the prison.

Such as he looked shortly before the big gates of the prison clanged upon him, the photograph of Rande in life, with his death-dealing revolvers, appears in the frontispiece of this book—a photo-

graph that the desperado had forced a rural artist to take of him at the point of a pistol. On the back of this picture Rande had caused to be printed a short history of his career, and during his confinement in the Galesburg jail, awaiting trial, he sold hundreds of the photographs to curious visitors:

"Frank Rande."
"The American Brigand."
"The Knox County Desperado."
"The St. Louis Pawn-shop Fiend."
"The Brilliant and Daring Bandit of the Wabash."

"Whose real name was Charles M. Scott, was born in Claysville, Washington county, Pa., Sept. 23, 1839."

His criminal record: "Shot and killed Charles Belden and wounded three others at Gilson, Ill."

"Killed three men and wounded another at St. Elmo, Ill.

"Shot and killed officer White, in Wright's pawn-shop at St. Louis, Mo.

"Shot police officer Durham, and knocked down officer Minor, at Indianapolis, Ind."

"Rande was shot in the left thigh, and got a bullet through his left lung, during his fight with the St. Louis police."

The subject of this lurid picture is said to have killed altogether sixteen different persons.

Instead of hanging him for the murders he committed in Knox county, Illinois, an imbecile jury consigned Rande to the Joliet prison on a life sentence. It was only a question of time when the demon in the man was bound to exert itself. Yet Rande served seven years on his life term before he committed the assault upon Deputy Warden McDonald, which nearly caused that officer his life.

Rande died by his own hand, a few days after he had done his utmost to add one more victim to the already long list of his slain; he was found hanging to his cell door in the prison solitary. By means of his shirt and underclothing he made a rope by twisting the strips together and made them fast to the bars of the iron door, thus ending his black career.

A WOMAN CONVICT'S NERVE.

MOLLIE BROWN TAKES A DROP FROM THE TOWER.

Mollie was a shop-lifter and noted female thief, from New York. She broke into the Joliet prison on a four-year sentence from Chicago for working the "panel game."

Mollie had not been in the prison long before she began scheming to effect her escape, and, being a woman of bright intelligence, she at once noted every weak spot in her surroundings.

The female department is located in the fifth story of the warden house. One afternoon Mollie received a visit from her lover, one Bill Wray, a noted confidence man. Their interview lasted only 30 minutes, but during that short period a plot to beat the place was formed between Mollie and her lover. Soon after she had returned to her work in the female prison Mollie took especial pains to grossly insult the matron, and as a result she soon found herself locked up in one of the punishment cells, which at that time was located

in one of the four towers at each corner of the builds ing, and, unlike the punishment cells for the men convicts in the prison solitary, was provided with an iron bedstead, mattress and sheets. In the cell wa a narrow window, protected by two small iron bars The window had a blind over the lower half of it so that all an inmate of the cell could see from it was the sky above, it being impossible to look down into the prison yard. This window was fully 70 feet from the ground.

The insult to the matron was a preliminary step in the plot to escape. Mollie had been given a fine steel saw, by Wray, for the purpose of cutting the window bars. She was no sooner locked in the punishment cell than she began her task of severing the bars, and after several hours perseverance she succeeded in removing them. She then tore her bed-clothing into strips and made a rope some thirty-five feet in length, one end of which was securely fastened to the window frame. It was a cold, raw night in November, and though clad only in the thin, checked gingham garb of the female convict, she boldly crawled through the window and ventured down the fragile rope, at the risk of breaking her neck, and even if she escaped she was in danger of freezing to death.

Mollie had fully arranged matters with Wray, he was to be on the roof of the east cell house to assist her—but in talking their plan over they had made one fatal mistake in regard to the window; they

both supposed that it opened out directly over the cell-house roof, and that the distance down to the roof was about thirty-five feet. Mollie had therefore made her rope with a view to reaching the roof only. When she had descended to the end of her rope and found that her feet were still treading on thin air—she tried to look about her in the darkness —in an instant she made the horrifying discovery that the cell-house roof was above and some six feet to the right, and that below her yawned the fearful blackness of the prison yard with its hard, stone pavements. She made a frantic endeavor to climb back up the rope, but at that moment the frail support parted and with a wild scream of despair she fell to the pavement, forty feet below. The shrill scream, followed by the dull thud of her body in striking, was heard by the night guards in the main hall. They rushed into the yard and with their lanterns soon discovered the almost lifeless form of the daring woman. She was a mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh. They picked her up tenderly and carried her back to the female prison.

Examination developed the fact that she was still alive, though no one expected she could live. Both legs were broken, one arm dislocated, and she had also received internal injuries enough to kill a common person—but Mollie had too much nerve to die in prison. She was confined to her bed for nearly two years, before she could even get around on crutches, and upon the expiration of her sentence

she had to hobble away with a cane, a cripple for life.

THE EDITORIAL KICK.

A CRIMINAL'S CRITICISM.

A celebrated professional, now "doing time," recently wrote a letter to an outside pal and related to him the "doings" at the prison, and the good times the convicts had on Christmas Day. Among other things in "Lofty Dick's" letter was the following:

"The only drawback to our own festivities is the excuse afforded certain editors for attempting to create the impression that this is a banqueting hall instead of a prison. From the "kick" in certain papers, after these occasions, one would suppose there were people outside with their mouths watering for some of our "big dinners." The socialists recently had a parade in Chicago, and some of them personated convicts, whom they represented as pretending to break stone, while in reality smoking, drinking and hobnobbing with their guards. It has occurred to me that should executive clemency be exercised in their behalf, as it was in the case of certain anarchists, some of them may have reason to become suspicious of this idealistic theory of prison life.

This false view of prison life is very wrong in these days of industrial depression, when there are some people that can't afford to have pie more than

once a day without seriously curtailing their ration of whisky for the same period. Poor but dishonest people should not be gulled by this misrepresentation of prison life, and, like Silas Wegg, it has caused me to drop into "poetry" by way of explanation.

There's a great and silent prison in the State of Illinois,
Where those incarcerated are not blessed with many joys;
Each year they have three holidays. which make them glad as boys,
But all this has raised objection and considerable noise;
For there are some watchful editors residing in the State,
And fire unto the powder, in the editorial pate,
Is the knowledge of such nonsense, and they fiercely advocate
The abolishment of privileges accorded us of late.
Once a year they read statistics of the apples and cigars,
And gingerbread and turkey, all consumed behind the bars,
And at once conclude we're feasted like so many Russian Czars,
Guarded in a splendid prison, thankful to our lucky stars.
To hear their indignation one would think they had a notion

That the jaws of all delinquents here are constantly in motion
Upon turkeys from the prairie, and oysters from the ocean,
And butter by the barrel, from the blessed land of Goshen.
They never fail to criticise our poor Thanksgiving dinner,
And they claim it is an object of temptation to the sinner
To break into a house some night, for if he's not a winner,
He'll be only sent to feast here as a hungry beginner.
If they live who'd sell their freedom for a dinner thrice a year,
They're more burden to society out of prison, it is clear;
And this dinner advertising should not be considered dear,
If it serves no better purpose, than a bait to draw them here.
They will find, upon arrival, little danger of the gout,
From this feasting and carousing, which is talked so much about ;
But plenty of employment, and soup to make them stout.
And perhaps they'll have enough of it before their time is out.
N. B.—After deducting 3 days, there are 362 left in a year."

THE HORSE-THIEF AND THE MISSIONARY.

A BAD MAN, FROM SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, CALLED FROM CROOKED WAYS.

The remembrance of the horse-thief who fooled the missionary has not yet passed away.

The missionary was a nice, quiet, inoffensive old fellow, who was permitted by the warden to carry on his work among such of the prisoners as seemed inclined to listen to him, and these he would patiently labor with, doing them all the temporal good he could, and incessantly exerting himself to save their somewhat begrimed souls. He stumbled across the bad man in question and found him quite responsive after a few visits. Some six weeks or such a matter of earnest expostulation and prayer brought the sinner, to all seeming, into a repentant frame of mind. Soon after he experienced what he asserted was a complete change of heart, and began to have seasons of prayer with the good missionary, to be highly exemplary in his conduct, to profusely regret his past life, and declare that his only object in wishing his long term of imprisonment was over was to turn his powers to account in the saving of other lost souls.

The missionary had succeeded but poorly with most of the convicts he had undertaken to benefit.

His triumph in this case was, therefore, the sweeter to him.

He made the convert a present of a handsome bible, which was received with tears of gratitude, and treasured as though it were gold.

Thereafter he was never seen without it, and the convicts in the neighboring cells made complaints that he was a nuisance, so continuous and loud were his prayers and readings from the bible, and his exhortations to all within hearing of his voice to hearken and be saved.

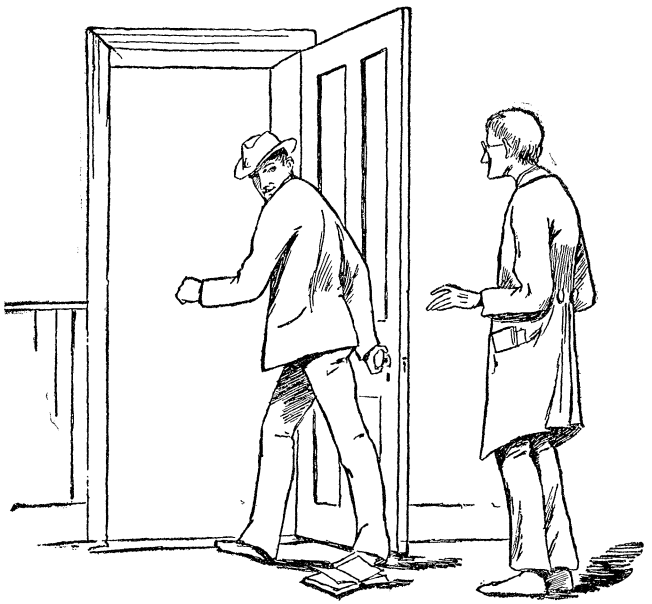
These complaints, coming to the ears of the missionary, caused deep gladness to sparkle in his eyes.

He took a resolution, he would devote all his energy to obtain this man's pardon. It would never do to have so very black a brand plucked from the burning and lie unnoticed and even contemned in a prison cell.

He would send him into the world upon a mission he felt he was destined to fill.

The governor was appealed to, to inquire into the case. He learned that the conversion was apparently genuine, and, as the man had already served half of his ten-year sentence, he pardoned him. Great was the joy of the missionary as he welcomed the unstriped freeman into the warden house on his way from the prison yard. The unstriped seemed much the less affected of the two. Indeed, the affectionate greetings of the missionary seemed rather to bore him than not. As he reached the portal, ready

to step forth into liberty once more, he paused, turned around, and drew from his pocket the bible. "You'd better take this back," said he. "No, brother, no," responded the missionary, "keep it, keep it as a memento of this most happy day." "You'd better take it," said he again. "O, no,



brother," was again the response, "I would not deprive you of it." "Well," said he, "I don't want the d——d thing any more," and tossed it on the steps and walked off. While the poor old gentleman, upon whom the truth dawned suddenly, turned pale and staggered back into a chair.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

THE "LASH," "SHOWER-BATH," "WHIPPING-POST," AND OTHER INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE ARE ABANDONED AT JOLIET.

It is now about thirty years since a change was introduced into the moral government of our prisons—previous to which time the mode of punishment for infraction of prison rules and regulations was by means of the lash or whipping-post, with occasional resort to other modes of punishment, such as the "shower-bath," "crucifix," "yoke and buck," "the widow," "the Sing Sing slide," the humming-bird," and other instruments invented by old Beelzebub. In 1850 the "whipping-post" for female prisoners was abolished and about ten years later the warden at Joliet was forbidden to use the lash, except in cases of insurrection, revolt and self-defense.

The substitute was solitary confinement in a dark cell on a diet of bread and water—about one gill of water and two ounces of bread to sustain life for a period of twenty-four hours.

As soon as this law went into effect, a general uneasiness was manifested among the convicts at Joliet. This was followed by individual acts of violence. A keeper was struck down with a ham-

mer in the hands of an unruly convict, and his life was only saved by the timely interposition of another convict. A deputy warden was killed by a convict named Chase, and the convict was taken out and tried at Joliet, and afterwards hanged in the Joliet jail.

BREAD AND WATER.

The convicts did not fear the dark cell punishment. They would not work, only when they felt like it. Only those with short terms or those who feared their officers could be made to obey.

Out of a thousand men in prison, there were at least four hundred who would do no work, they put

in their time loafing about the prison yard; there were all kinds of gambling games in vogue amongst them, and plots to escape and revolt were a daily feature.

Sometimes eight or ten convicts would escape at a time by breaking away from their guards in the prison quarries. There are several hundred of such escaped convicts at large to this date, who got away between 1860 and 1870. They have no fear of ever being retaken, for the simple reason that there is no one who can identify them as escaped prisoners.

The convicts at Joliet were finally subdued and made to conform to rigid and strict discipline. The means adopted to bring about this good result was the division of the prison into three parts. A high wall or stockade was built directly through the center of the prison yard.

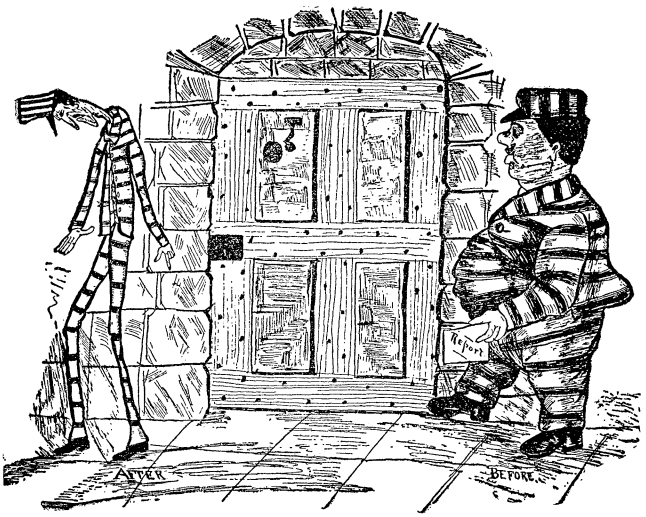
All the tough and unruly convicts were placed in what was termed the north-wing, and where, under the muzzle of a repeating rifle, they were made to understand that they must go to work, or suffer the consequences of their own stubbornness. It took nearly three years to educate the more desperate ones up to a standard of good conduct.

There were hot times in the old north-wing during this period. The solitary cells were then first brought into use as punishment cells, and they were kept constantly filled with unruly convicts on a diet of bread and water, which in time had its effect.

A man can not long remain stubborn and unruly when there is nothing in his stomach.

In the meantime one side of the prison was filling up with new arrivals—who were kept separate from the old-timers.

The newcomers, not having the example of the unruly and vicious, were easily trained into becoming model convicts and good workmen.



THE HOLE.

After about four years the stockade was torn down and the different divisions of the prison made whole and for the first time in its history the Joliet prison became a well-disciplined institution. Elmer Washburn was warden at the time the stockade was built, and to his efforts is due the system of discipline

that has made the Joliet prison second to none in this country. Warden McClaughry not only instituted many reforms in the old way of managing criminals, but he also abolished the dark-cell, the "bull-ring" and other ways of subduing the men, and by a system of privileges granted for good conduct he greatly improved on the condition of affairs left by his predecessors. The high standard of discipline and successful management has been continued under Warden Dement.

THE LORD, THE DARKEY AND THE POSSUM.

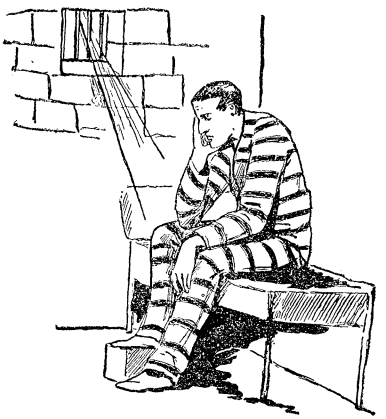
"Yes sir'ee, boss," said a colored convict to the prison chaplain, "I loves de Lord better dan anyting else in de worl'." "How's that?" asked the chaplain, "didn't I hear you tell the doctor that you liked baked sweet potatoes better than anything else in the world?" "No sah, I loves de Lord de most."

"But how about baked sweet potatoes and possum?" asked the chaplain. "O, go 'way, now, sah, you'se axin too hard questions."

THE SUNBEAM IN THE CELL.

(THE CLOSING HOURS OF A LIFE-CONVICT'S SENTENCE.)

BY JOHN ALLEN.

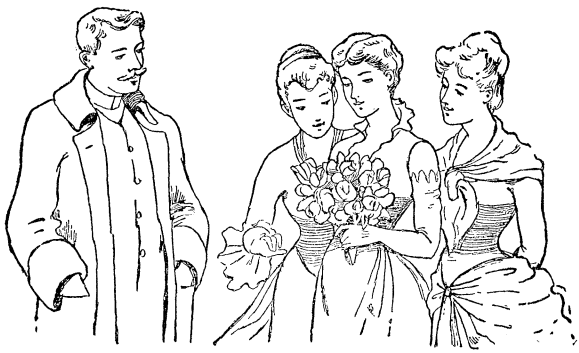


Behind the bars, in silent gloom,
Dark shadows of the gratings fell.
Immured, as in a living tomb,
(The silence of a prison cell)
A prisoner sits, with care oppressed,
With head bent down, and tearful eye,
With ironed limbs, and felon-dressed,
In hideous garb of infamy.

A sunbeam, wandering thro' the door,
Lights up the lonely, dreary place,
It plays on stony wall and floor,
Smiles in the weary prisoner's face,
Bright messenger from a fairer scene,
Where flowers bloom and song-bird sings,
In freedom, 'mid the foliage green,
It brings a thought of happier things.

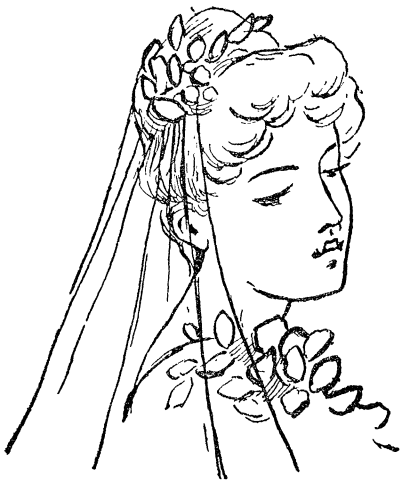
It brings to mind his early days,
A mother's kiss, a father's voice,
The laughing games and merry plays,
That made his childish heart rejoice;

It speaks of boyhood's hope and joys
Of loved companions grown to men,



Of sweeter faces, fair and coy,
He sees their gentle smiles again.

It speaks to him of manhood's pride,
A loving word, a fond embrace,
A whispered vow, a winsome bride,
With orange-blossom wreathed face.

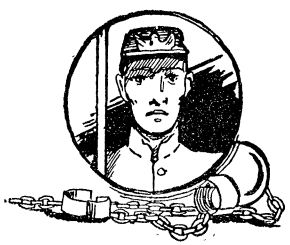


It speaks of wife, of home, of lands,
Of honored name and family,
Of toddling feet and little hands,
And rippling baby melody.

Too soon the sunbeam fades and leaves
The gloom to darken on the wall,
Alone the prisoner sits and grieves,
While sobs are heard and tear-drops fall.

It fades from bar, from wall, from towers,
It flits across the stone-girt yard,

A darker, deeper shadow lowers,
The shadow of the prison guard.



HIS LIFE'S BARK.

An old hoary-headed sinner, who has been a convict for a number of years, recently ended a letter he had written to a lady friend, in the following manner:

"I am keeping faith on the deck of my life's bark, unbelief down in the hold, but with Christ at the helm. I can truly say, Let-her-go-Gallagher."

THE NEW GUARD.

BY "MOLLIE MATCHES."

If you can not be a watchman, standing on the wall so high,
With a rifle on your shoulder, watching all the trains go by,
You can stand down in the cell-house, when the boys grab up their soup,
You can jump some little convict, you can make him "hurry up."

If you can not bŏss the stone-gang—where the men are mean and enough,
You can run the "bucket cleaner," you will find him tame enough.
If you can not control the coopers, when they fall into their ranks,
You can run around the buildings—hunting up the "stiffs" and "cranks."

If you can not scare the shoe-gang," with your uniform and stick,
You can go and ask the doctor if he'll let you guard the sick.
If you can not guard the the loafers, round the idle-house that lurk,
You had better turn in your buttons, go outside, and go to work.

STABBED TO DEATH IN HIS CELL.

THAT TERRIBLE CELL-MATE, MOONEY—A GRISLY TALE.

The most cold-blooded and fiendish murder ever committed inside of prison walls was the killing of convict John Anderson by the red-handed Mike Mooney, his cell-mate, in cell 310 of the East Wing.

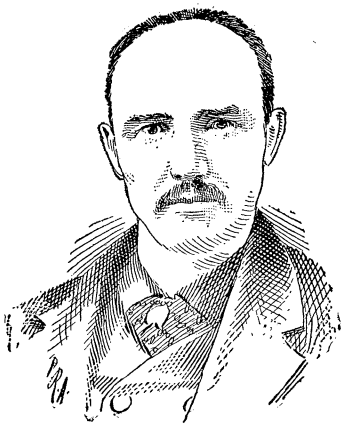
It appears that Mooney had a grudge against his cell-mate for some trivial disagreement that had occurred between them. Anderson would not talk to Mooney. It was a malicious, carefully and cunningly prepared murder on the part of Mooney, who desired to get rid of his cell-mate, and to have it appear that Anderson had taken his own life by committing suicide.

Mooney had stealthily, and against the rules of the prison, made a knife, a terrible looking weapon, from a ten-inch flat file, tempered and ground to a keen razor-edge, with a ring turned in the handle through which the thumb could pass to keep it from slipping when the knife was grasped in the hand.

Secreting it on his person, Mooney carried the knife to his cell, where he and his victim were securely locked in together.

Anderson was not only unarmed and defenseless, but locked up with his murderer in a seven by four-foot cell, so that escape was impossible.

The cowardly assassin did not have the courage to attack his victim while awake, but waited until



MIKE MOONEY.

Anderson was asleep and the lights had been extinguished in the cells. After the night-guard had made his first round on the galleries and found that all was quiet, and the convicts all in bed, Mooney arose steathily from his place in the upper bunk, and by the dim light that came in through the iron-barred door surveyed his slumbering cell-mate.

The gleaming uplifted knife descends and is buried in the head of his victim. But the murderer had missed his aim. He had aimed to sever the wind-pipe and jugular at one blow, but the knife had entered back of the right ear and came out of the mouth, carrying away part of the jaw and several teeth. With an unearthly scream Anderson awoke and sprang from his bed. But now the tiger, Mooney, baffled and alarmed at the terrible screams of Anderson, springs upon him; Anderson falls to the floor clutching at the cell-door, while the butcher, Mooney, rains stab after stab into the poor wretch's body, each thrust intended to take his life and stop his cries.

Anderson finally drops dead, and Mooney leaps back into his bunk just as the night guard—who had been racing up and down the galleries to locate the cell from which the screams came—reached the door of 310.

Poor Anderson's lips were closed with the seal of death. Mooney sat up in bed, and sleepily rubbing his eyes, in reply to the guard said, in an innocent way:

"I guess Anderson must have had a fit."

The entire prison had been aroused by the yells and piteous cries of Anderson, and a party of keepers were soon gathered at cell 310 and the door unlocked.

Mooney was told to dress himself and step outside. He was then locked up in a vacant cell down

below. An examination of Anderson's body disclosed thirty-three horrible cuts and stabs, located on all parts of the body, three of which had pierced his heart.

The ugly instrument of death was found on the floor at the rear of the cell.

While the ceremonies of a trial had to be gone through with, and more than the usual expense incurred in the trial and conviction of Mooney, yet it was nothing but a legal farce. There never was, or could be, evidence more fatal or testimony more conclusive against a man than there was against Mooney. Yet he did not hang.

He was tried at Joliet and sentenced to suffer death for his crime, but a faint-hearted judge granted a new trial, and a change of venue was taken to Waukegan, where another jury sentenced Mooney to death, but the wheels of justice were again clogged.

Another trial was granted the murderer, and this time to save further expense—his different trials had cost the State nearly $15,000—he was sent back to Joliet for the term of his natural life. Mooney now cells alone.

BILLY PARKER'S PRISON PANTS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My name is Billy Parker, from Chicago,
I'm a convict, as you can see,
If you care to hear what I'm singing
Why join in the chorus with me.
Last Monday I came from that city,
With bracelets fast onto my feet,
My right hand was chained to my partner's,
As we marched two and two down the street.
But when we got down to the prison,
The chains did jingle and dance,
The sheriffs all cried, and they holler'd,
"See the boys in their striped prison pants."
You are watched and guarded at all times
By fierce looking "screws" by the score,
You see them like sentries patrolling
At every corner and door,
You see them brass mounted, in buttons,
With sticks thro' the prison they march,
But you bet, when the deputy is looking
They brace themselves up, stiff as starch.
There are prisoners of every description
With black and with white countenance.
Some have a "ball and chain" for an ornament,
To wear with their striped prison pants.
On Sunday you march to the chapel
And sit up like posts in a row—
To hear the convict choir bawling,
And a sermon that's preached by the "Joe."

On Monday you swim in a bath-tub,
For to bathe every week is the law;
On Tuesday the nigger will shave you
With a razor that cuts like a saw.
It's a deuce of a life to be leading,
I'll beat it if I get a chance,
And if I get once on the outside
I'll pawn these striped prison pants.

GENIUSES IN STRIPES.

There are many geniuses in disguise in Joliet prison. Some of them are disguised so well in their richly striped "togs" that you would never suspect them of anything else than being conventional jail-birds and cut-throats.

Yet old-time prison officers can tell many an entertaining story which shows their unusual mental activity—stories of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, of arts and wiles worthy of the pen of a Dickens and the pencil of Doré.

The ingenuity with which escapes have been planned, the schemes made use of to give secret communication to outsiders or fellow convicts, are something marvelous.

Poems by the score have been scratched against the walls of prison cells, and some of them are not as bad as a good many that somehow or other find their way into print, as witness many of those to be found in this little volume, written by men of every degree in crime.

IN PRISON FOR LIFE.

A GLANCE AT ILLINOIS MURDERERS.

"The sentence of the court is that you be conveyed to the Penitentiary, and that there you be kept in safe and secure custody for the term of your natural life."

Those are the ominous words pronounced by the judge. The enforcement of such a sentence is supposed to mean an absolute isolation from the outside world as long as the wretched convict draws the breath of life; to be inclosed within four walls, with no hope beyond them, and to feel that there he must remain until death comes to set him free.

This is so terrible a punishment that no man can contemplate it as happening to himself, even though sustained by conscious innocence, without a feeling of positive horror, and the prospect transcends imagination when the sentence is for life.

The certainty that such a sentence will be carried out must be the nearest approach to final despair which any combination of earthly circumstances can produce. Of the effects of this upon the victim, much has been said and written.

It was singularly and strikingly illustrated not long since by an occurrence at the prison.

Among the "lifers" was a young man, who was sent up from central Illinois some ten years ago.

During that entire time he had, apparently, been forgotten and deserted by all who sustained any relation to him—whether of friendship or kinship.

One day the warden sent for this young man and announced that there was a lady visitor in the reception room waiting to see him, and asked whether he would receive her. The young man was unable for some moments to make reply. The color flew from his face and he turned deadly pale; trembling like a leaf, he had to lean against the wall for support.

Then he detained the warden with speculations as to who the lady could be: Who, of all the women who had cared for him, had come to see him after ten years. Wife, he had none. Was it his mother or sister? Of the latter, which of the girls, his playmates as an innocent child, free to enjoy the sunshine and breathe the country air, which of them had remembered him? Who was it that came to bring him news of the old home?

The convict said, after his visitor had gone, that when her arrival was announced he thought his emotions would choke him, his heart seemed ready to burst and he had to gasp for air. Hours elapsed before the flood of memories the visit had awakened permitted the unhappy man to relapse into his former state of sullen, silent endurance.

The old prison records tell an interesting story regarding Illinois murderers who have been sentenced to Joliet for life.

Since 1833 there have been about 200 men and two women who have received a life term in Illinois. Of this number 46 were pardoned after serving from one to thirteen years. One was stabbed to death by a fellow convict. Three committed suicide. Twelve went insane and were transferred to the insane asylum. Two escaped, one from Alton, the other from Joliet.

Sixteen had their sentences commuted to lower terms, ranging from five to twenty-five years.

There are now about sixty life convicts at Joliet, the oldest of whom is Peter Zowar, who was sent from Freeport in 1868. Zowar has now been in confinement a quarter of a century, a longer period than any man was ever held before in Illinois. Jo Daviess county imposed the first life-sentence in the State. John Dormer was sentenced from Galena in 1840, but made his escape from Alton in 1841. The next "lifer" was John Baxter, who killed a man at Monmouth, Ill., in 1847. Baxter was granted a free pardon in 1857, on condition that he would leave the State and never return. Chicago has sent down about forty "lifers;" the first was Samuel Gilmore, who was sentenced to hang in 1857, but received a commutation; he died in prison. Mike Finn, sentenced in 1859, was pardoned after six years. James Morgan, sentenced in 1861, was pardoned after thirteen years service. Franz Spindler, who smothered his wife to death in a feather-bed in 1865, served ten years and then became insane. The oldest life con-

vict from Chicago now at Joliet is Dan Walsh, the king of the Chicago cabbies, who murdered pretty Rose Weldon in 1869. Dan also received the death sentence, but it was commuted to a life term.

THE CRONIN ASSASSINS.

Among the noted criminals that have been sent down for life from Chicago were: Alfred Ziegenmeyer, the Gumbleton murderer; he died after serving eight years. Gregori Peri, the Italian, who killed two men in his saloon the day of the great Chicago fire;

Peri was pardoned after serving four years. Jack Oliver, alias Orr, died after serving two years. Tom Cahill, who killed officer O'Brien, died after serving two years. Ling Ah Dwe, the Chinese murderer sent down in 1883, went insane. Joe Williams, the murderer of Mollie Brooks and Giles Hunt on the levee in 1883, recently died in prison. Among the noted "lifers" from Chicago still living and serving the State are John Gales, the Hessel murderer; Tom Maguire and Edward Meagher, both wife killers; Jack Keenan, the Hensley murderer; Henry Jansen, wife murderer; Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, anarchists, commuted from the death sentence in 1887, and the assassins of Dr. Cronin—Martin Burke and Daniel Coughlin.

THE SONG OF THE BOOT.

POOR BILL HENDERSON.

AFTER TOM HOOD—BY JOHN ALLEN.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Look at Henderson stand
With a boot in his hand
Scratching his mop of a head.
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
Till the fingers are weary and sore,
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!

Till he can hardly shave any more—
Six cases a day—keep shaving away,
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
The heels are as hard as a rock,
Since the heelers quit using their pails
And Sheol can not save
Him from nicking his shave
When they come along—chock full of nails.
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!

BILL.

Till his breeches are ragged and torn,
Till his apron is dirty and worn,
10 hours a day—keep shaving away
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
There are ones to fives, boots for the kids,
And sixes to tens for the men.
When he gets "twenty-three's"

For the Chicago police,
By Jove, he must shave 'em up then.
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
Till his welt knife is all out of gear,
Till his planes are crooked and queer,
Six cases a day—keep shaving away,
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
He says they are lasted one side,
And the soles out of place, do tack,
T'would puzzle the d——l
To get the heels level

With the top pieces all out of whack.
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
Till his belly is meagre and thin,
Till his bones stick out of his skin;
Ten hours a day—keep shaving away,
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!
Some day Bill will drop dead at his bench,
And his "stiff" in a box will be hurl'd.
I expect his ghost will
Sit out on the "hill"

And shave on till the end of the world.
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!

While the worms are eating away,
Till his bones have fell to decay,
Six cases a day—keep shaving away,
Shave! Shave!! Shave!!!

A DEATH-TRAP.

Joe Kingsley's terrible fate.

Some years ago, a prisoner, named Joe Kingsley, serving a four-year term from St. Clair county, conceived what he thought was a brilliant plan to escape from the Joliet prison.

Joe was employed as a cook in the big kitchen connected with the warden house basement.

In the room where he acted as cook was a long wooden sink, with an iron top or basin, used for washing dishes. The lower portion was tightly boarded up with matched siding, leaving a hollow space within, six feet long by two feet wide.

Joe's plan was to get under this sink and remain in hiding until all search for him had ended, then at night, when there was no one in that part of the building, he could crawl out of his hole and saw the bars on a window, which opened out on the front lawn. A fellow-convict promised to assist him, to furnish food, so that he might remain beneath the sink for a week if necessary.

One evening just before locking-up time, an opportunity came when Kingsley and his confederate were alone in the kitchen. The iron basin was raised up, it was quite heavy, and while the confederate held it, Joe crawled into the opening below, and then the basin was again lowered into its proper place.

The count that night was one man short, and when the steward had counted and recounted his men—he discovered that the missing man was Joe Kingsley. The alarm was given and soon a hundred guards were on the hunt for the missing man. The other convicts in the kitchen were closely questioned—the confederate had a plausible story ready—saying that he had seen Joe go into the prison yard, just before the whistle blew, and that he had gone toward the meat house. The search was extended to the prison yard and shops, and was kept up all night without any trace of the missing convict. The wall guards were kept on duty night and day for a week, at the end of which time the mystery surrounding Kingsley's disappearance was as deep as ever.

After some days a very peculiar odor began to permeate the lower floor of the warden house, and the rooms were filled with a terrible stench. It was thought to be sewer-gas escaping from the pipes—and workmen were put at tearing up the floors and overhauling the sewer-traps—but this did not stop the nuisance—the stench grew worse every day. It made everybody sick; no one could eat a meal in the din-

ing-rooms. Finally it was decided to remove the stone floors under the kitchen, and in doing so it became necessary to tear down the sink, when a horrible sight greeted the eyes of the workmen—the missing man was found. Joe Kingsley was dead, his body bloated to twice its natural size—and the face was black as a negro's. Joe had entered this trap, thinking it would be an easy matter to kick out the sides and free himself, but he was suffocated in this air-tight compartment before he could attract attention to his hiding place. His confederate confessed his share in the tragedy—but said that he had been afraid to tell the officers for fear of punishment.

THE BURGLAR AND THE OLD-MAID.

One way to win a husband.

There is a prisoner named King—now serving a term at Joliet—who has had a queer matrimonial experience—and in his case, surely, marriage was a failure:

The woman in the case resided in the same town—in central Illinois—as did burglar King. She had reached the age of 40 without getting a husband.

It was not her fault. She had not been shy and coy. She would have welcomed a lover, but he never came. She smiled on mankind and made such timid advances as woman can, but no one smiled back on her. No one seemed to care to pluck that particular rosebud. But at last, in her 40th year,

that time of life when hope and love bid the unmarried woman adieu, she made a bold stroke for a husband and she got him.

A burglary was committed in the town. The officers of the law were unable to find out who committed it. That surprised no one. But this particular spinster was sharper than they. She found out that young King was the criminal, she was able to prove that he was the criminal. His liberty was therefore in her hands. Had she been an unscrupulous man she would have black-mailed him after the ordinary fashion. She would have given him the choice between the jail and paying out much money. But she, being a woman, and an old one at that, got an idea in her head that she would blackmail him, not out of his money, but out of his liberty. So she gave him the choice between marrying her and going to the penitentiary. Then for the first time poor King realized what a wicked and foolish thing it was to steal. He was only 25 and she was 40. There he was between the frying-pan and the fire. If he went to prison he would be disgraced. If he married the old maid he would be ridiculous. But Joliet stared him in the face—there was no use pleading with her. It was her last and only chance. If she let this fish slip she would never hook another. So she did not yield and he did, and married her to the astonishment of the town. The other old maids in that community at once took heart.

Young King seems to have been a no-account sort

of a fellow, for instead of taking what there was in the house and clearing out for parts unknown, after a month of bliss, or rather misery, with Mrs. King he took poison. While his friends were pumping him out he committed the further folly of telling them the whole story. On the whole he thought he preferred the Penitentiary to marriage, as being a less cruel form of punishment. But after he has served his time at Joliet he will probably find his wife waiting for him at the doors, prepared to reclaim him, and he will have to commit some fresh crime in order to escape from her. It is hard to pass judgment on this spinster. She felt that the world owed her a husband, and if she could not get him by fair means she would by foul.

The only moral to be drawn from this sad story is that if an unmarried man commits an offense, he must be careful not to let an unmarried woman know of it, or he will be at her cruel mercy.

AN INDIAN CONVICT'S GUILE.

His ferocious disguise and attempt at escape.

"Yellow legs" was the peculiar alias by which a half-breed Indian convict from Wyoming was known. He had been sentenced for killing beef-cattle that belonged to ranchmen. He either would not or could not speak English, and there was a good deal of discussion as to what to do with him after he had

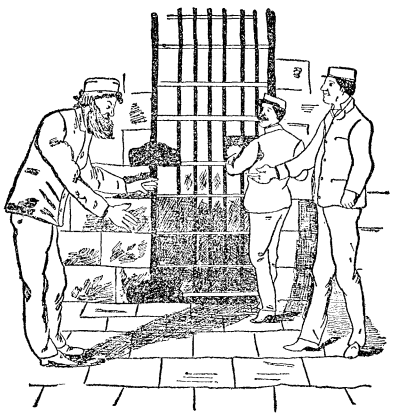
arrived at Joliet and was fitted to a suit of stripes. In course of a day or two, however, "Yellow-legs" was installed as a boot-black for the guards, and allowed to lay around the wash-room.

After a vast deal of pantomimic instruction, from a darkey convict, the half-breed became an adept at shining shoes, but he was terribly hard on brushes and it required a wonderful amount of blacking to keep him supplied.

One afternoon, several weeks after the arrival of "Yellow legs" at the prison, the turnkey at the warden house gate was confronted by a queer object in the form of a man, with bristling black whiskers that would have turned the average dime novel pirate green with envy. The fellow wore a greasy looking suit of black clothes, and as he came up to the gate he grinned at the turnkey and made a polite bow. He then stepped to one side for the turnkey to open the gate and let him out. But for reasons best known to himself the grizzled old veteran, who had stood at that gate for twenty years, refused to comply, and the gate did not open. In the first place it is positively forbidden to allow any one to pass out of that gate without a written pass from the clerk's office, and even then suspicious characters are detained until fully identified.

Seeing that the fellow wanted to get out, the turnkey demanded a pass, but he of the bristling beard responded with a series of polite bows, which were comical to the last degree. The man's looks

were enough to brand him as a "crank," and to settle matters, a guard was called and the bearded pantomimist was placed under arrest, and taken into a side room, and the deputy warden was summoned. When the deputy arrived and had been in the room a minute or two, there was a sound of uproarous laughter within. The door opened presently and out came the deputy leading no less a person than "Yel-



low legs," who, deprived of the piratical beard, no longer looked terrible, but very sheepish and glum, yet his countenance bore that look of innocent calm so characteristic of the Indian race.

This episode explained the destruction of brushes and disappearance of so much blacking. "Yellow-legs" had improvised a set of false whiskers out of the black bristles, and with the blacking had colored

the white stripes in his suit, until the cloth was all one color. He had watched the guards going out of the various gates, and noticed that they always bowed to the turnkey, and, supposing this to be the "sesame" which caused the iron gates to swing open, he had imitated them.

A "KID'S" COMPOSITION ON CONVICTS.

By Johnny Enos.

A convict is a stripped animile like a zebery, only a zebery has fore legs and a convict has two, and a convict don't kik just like a zebery and it never hurts anything but hiself.

Some convicts are red-headed and some are bull-headed, and some havn't got eny head to speak of.

They allus march in line like gees; it's hard to tell some convicts from gees, only there don't no feathers gro on convicts. Some convicts eat as much as a man, but they don't care anything for ice cream nor pie, they eat mostly hash.

Convicts live in big houses and each one has a room to hisself and their door to their room is made of iron and it is locked all the time the convict is in his room, so that no one can git it open to hurt the convict or steal anything while he sleeps.

Convicts don't no anything about George Washington, Esq., and most convicts don't no nothink about stealin', for they get caught at it too quick.

Some convicts snore worse than an ole maid. Some convicts are trained to sing and they call 'em canary birds. Take them all together, they are a pretty orful set. Some of them try to put on stile with bracelits on their ankles and chains with a ball on the end for a charm.

When a convict don't behave they put him in the "hole" and don't give him anything to eat but bread and water. Convicts never get kidnapped.

When a boy wants to be a convict he reads dime novels and runs with other bad boys and commences to smoke and drink bad whiskey before he is big enuf. A feller ought ter wate until he is 'bout a hundred years old before he does that and then he won't wan't ter.

Convicts are pretty good at going through most anything, and they all say what made them convicts was cause some one squealed on them.

SONNETS.

BY WM. MURPHY, ALIAS "POET MIKE."

To a missing friend:

I never had a cell-mate friend,
To breath sweet whispers to my soul,
But some bad-tempered "screw" would send
Him to the "hole."

To an absent shop-mate:

The convict boy to the "hole" has gone,
In a white-washed cell you'll find him,
He's got a pair of handcuffs on,
And his pants hang loose behind him.

To the Fourth of July:

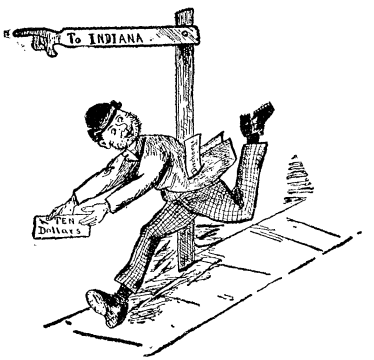
Stone-walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
While lemonade and current cake
Our appetites assuage.

SONNETS.

BY "WINDY DICK."

To an Irish friend:

I had an Irish cell-mate once,
One of the best of boys.



He did his "bit" and "screw'd his nut"
Away from Illinois.

He crossed the borders of the State
With energetic jumps.
He wanted no "second term" in his,
Like the Chicago chumps.

To an "outside parson" who preached in the chapel.

In calm and trustful confidence the outside parson sat,
While an energetic visitor went pasing, round the hat.

THE AUDIENCE.

The services were over, and now had come the pause,
To give an opportunity to help along the cause;
But vainly went the visitor, teetering up and down the aisle.
In all the congregation, no one recognized the "tile."
The missionary's hat returned, as empty as it went.
He was preaching to an audience that hadn't got a cent.

O'er the parson's face there flittered a disappointed look,
As from the solemn visitor his empty hat he took.
Then, smiling at the convicts, he returned it to the rack,
With these words: "I'm very thankful, to get my 'beaver' back."

ALIAS'S OF NOTED CRIMINALS.

SOME OF THE PECULIAR NICK-NAMES THAT BECOME ATTACHED TO THEM AND BY WHICH THEY ARE KNOWN.

The reader will readily recognize these cognomens as belonging to men whose exploits are noted in the criminal annals of the day:

"Stiff-necked Tom," "Stuttering Bob," Scully de Robber, "Memphis Bill," "Gopher Jim," "Pock-marked Frank," "Antonio the Dago," "Pretty Tom," "Brick the Hoodlum," "Snapper Johnny," "The Spider," "Lame Sam," "Speckled Ed." "Muscovado Jack," "Mollie Matches," "Glass-eyed Dick," "Minooka Dick," "Fat-Man-Burke," "Pug-Nose-Kelly," "Bad Jimmie," "Confidence Dave," "Browny Hinck," "Little Dave," "Policy Connors," "Dublin Tricks," "Solid Muldoon," "Sheeney Dave," "Dick Punch," "Yellow-legs," "Handy Andy," "Honest John," "Reddy the Rough," "White Pine," "The Pointer," "Windy Dick," "Smasher Kayse," "Piggy Paran," "Oyster Jim,"

"Jimmy the Greek," "Minnie Marks," "Bible Lee," "Tony the Tramp," "Tiger Jim," "Yellow Sam," "Little Horace," "Red Leary," "Bill the Knuck," "Chicago Jack," "Canada Lew," "Hoosier Bill," "Belgium," "Brocky," "Borie," "Yorkey," "Red Jett," "Jennis," "Chub," "Slip," "Combo," "Frenchy," "Foxy," "Modock," "Flip," "Plin," "Slick Jim," "Grasshopper," "Nosey," "Hawkshaw," "Jew Jake," "Skedaddle," "Poker Dick," "Shang," "Copper Shaw," "Camille," "Swell," "Buck," "Thumby," "Wingy," "Big Levi," "Black Tom," "Bismark," "Britley," "Papes," "Piano Charley," "Sailor George," etc., etc., etc.

THE SEVEN AGES OF CRIME.

BY "PRETTY TOM," THE FORGER.

When I was but a baby boy,
I cribbed my sister's every toy;
When I a little older grew,
I pilfered change from mother, too.
At age of ten I went to school,
And stole away to play pin pool;
When I was at the fifteen notch,
I pawned my father's silver watch.
At twenty I was such a churl
As to run off with brother's girl;
Some stocks I did, at twenty-eight,
Without "suspish," hypothecate.

I earned, at thirty-five, some fame
With suckers at the sawdust game;
At forty, though, I struck a snag,
While burgling banks, and "got the lag."
They sent me up for 15 years,
In spite of all my pleas and tears;
So here in Joliet now I dwell,
Hark! there's the ding-dong of the bell,
And instead of cracking safes, my bones
Will soon be aching—cracking stones.
But ere the lock-step I fall in,
I'll tell you how this "might *not* have been."
What! "Christian rearing in my youth?"
O, nix, come off; this here's the truth:
I'm jugged this dreary morn,
Coz once I happened to be born.

THE FEMALE BURGLAR.

A NEW FIELD OPEN TO WOMEN.

BY "BROCKY" DAN, THE "NIGHT-WORKER."

The recent arrival of a number of women convicts at the prison—some of them convicted of the crime of burglary—seems to point out a new avenue that has been opened to woman by which they may obtain a livelihood, and all of us who love women—and most men do—are glad of it, though we may oppose female suffrage.

We have no objection to female pick-pockets, for if a man must have his pocket picked it will be much

more enjoyable to feel the delicate hand of a beautiful woman fluttering about his pockets, than a rough male hand. Many a man who would object to having his pocket picked by a man would be willing to lose ten or fifteen dollars just to have a female pickpocket go through him.

As forgers, women have been highly successful, and also at the confidence game.

But as burglars, the idea seems revolting. To think of women going about nights with a jimmy and a dark lantern, opening doors or windows, and sneaking about rooms is degrading. If a male burglar gets in your house, and he is discovered, you can shoot him or kick him down stairs, but who wants to shoot a female burglar, or kick her over the banisters? It would be unnatural. You would almost rather let her go ahead and burgle, and get away with your roll of money, than to shoot her. Besides, you could not hit her with a bullet from an ordinary pistol in a vital part. The heart and other vital organs are covered with bullet-proof corsets, liver and lung pads. You take a corset and tie it around a sack of flour, and try to fire a bullet through it, and you will find that the bullet will drop to the ground. Try to fire a ball through a bed quilt, and you will discover that the ball becomes wound and twisted in the cotton batting, from the rifling of the barrel of the pistol, and stops before it goes through. A liver-pad is as good as boiler-iron to protect the form, so you see there is no place to shoot a female burglar, except in the head and legs.

No gentleman would want to shoot a beautiful woman in the face, and with a long dress on he might as well shut his eyes and shoot at a hop yard and expect to hit a pole, as to expect to hit a leg. It is plain that a female burglar would be perfectly safe from a pistol shot. Then, again, the natural gallantry of a man would prevent his making much of a fuss if he found a female burglar in the house. If the average man should wake up in the night and see a woman burglar feeling in his pants, rifling the pockets, or rummaging in the drawers of a bureau, he would lay still and let her burglar as long as she would keep still and not wake up his wife. Were it a male burglar, he would jump up, regardless of his nocturnal costume, and tell him to get out of there; but he would hesitate to get up before a female burglar and ask her to make herself scarce. He would not feel like accosting the female burglar without an introduction. If he spoke to her familiarly, she would be justified in being indignant, and saying, "Sir, I do not remember that we have ever met before," and very likely she would turn her back upon him and say that she was insulted. No true gentleman would like to see a female burglar go home alone at three or four o'clock in the morning, and, while he might feel the loss of his property, it would be courtesy for him to offer to see her home, and help carry the "swag." Take it all around, if the women become burglars there is going to be more or less violence and annoyance to our feelings.

QUEER SCENES BEHIND THE BARS.

A MAN'S LAST DAY IN PRISON.

A sight that makes every prisoner stop and look is a lone convict hurrying down the main avenue of the prison yard toward the clothing-room, with a bundle of striped blankets under one arm, and a pillow slip full of something under the other.

THEY ALL KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS.

It is always indicative of the fact that the man's term is at an end, and that within a few hours he will bask in the warm sunshine, whose cheering rays he has been denied so long.

Convicts can never resist the temptation to look at such a man—notwithstanding they are forbidden to do so—and if the guard is not looking they will crowd about him and bid him good-bye.

"KEEP A PLACE FOR ME."

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE BEHIND THE BARS.

ANON.

DISCHARGED AGAIN.

Discharged again! Yes, I am free:
But, Warden, keep a place for me.
For freedom means that I must go
Out in the winds and rain and snow,
To fight with hunger, shame and cold,
A woman gray, and worn and old;
To clothe myself in rags again,
And seek some wretched, narrow den,

And after that, what must be done?
Steal? Beg? Hard lines for anyone?
To work is easier. I would try,
But there's no work for such as I.
A fine thing, truly, to be free—
But, Warden, keep a place for me,

For I'll come back. It's seven years
Since I first entered here in tears,
A woman, wretched and sick, I came,
And felt the burden and the shame,
The prison's taint, the outlaw's dread,
When first behind his hopeless tread
The gates clang to with dreadful sound,
And the dark prison walls close round.
But when I went away I said:
"If I can earn my daily bread,
I'll work my fingers off before
I'll wear a convict's dress once more."
'Twas easy said, I mean't it too.
Work? Is there work enough to do
For those who spend their weary lives,
And starve at last? When willing hands
That never broke the laws' commands
Are idle by the thousands, how
Can jail-birds keep a virtuous vow?

No work, but all the same I found
The time for meals would come around;
No work, but time enough to think,
And that's the easy road to drink.

Who cares, that ever with the best
I was a woman like the rest?
Who cares that one day in my life
I was a happy, joyous wife?
None care, and I care less than they,
And curse the man, and curse the day.

How did I know he would be
A drunken scoundrel dragging me
Down in the mire? Alas, the life
He led me. Oh, the bitter strife
'Twixt love and hate! He went away
And left me with my little May.

"MY LITTLE MAY."

My little child! My little pearl!
My pretty brown-eyed baby girl.
Bah! That was only childhood's grace,
She grew up with her father's face.

Her father's selfish, wicked heart,
Grew up to take an evil part,
Grew up to soil her mother's name
And cover it with double shame.

But I've a little baby dress,
The one soft vein of tenderness
That's ran through all these hateful years;
I've wet it many a time with tears.
And many a time at dead of night
I've clasped it to my bosom tight.
What for? Because it means for me
A simple, stainless memory;
Because it means there was a time
When I, now gray with want and crime,
Old jail-bird as I am to-day,
Knew how to love, and dared to pray.

No, I'm not fit for liberty;
It ain't a wholesome thing for me;
The prison takes care of me too well.
Better to be locked in a cell,
Where all is clean and sleep is sweet,
Than roam the misery-haunted street.
Better the quiet sober life,
Than yonder city's desprate strife.
Better the prison's homely fare
Better the prison's watchful care;
Better for me than liberty—
So, Warden, keep a place for me.

THE VERDICT.

First Burglar.—(Waiting in the corridor, to his friend, rushing in from the court room) "What's Jim got?"

Second Burglar.—(In a breathless whisper.)—"For loife!"

First Burglar.—"For loife!" (With emotion.) "Och, shure, he won't live to serve the half of it."

A USEFUL COCKROACH.

BECOMES A LETTER-CARRIER AND FAITHFULLY TRAVELS ITS ROUTE.

A common cockroach was trained to act as a letter-carrier between Billy Forrester and "Scar-faced Tom" Riley, while those two noted criminals and jail-breakers were doing time at Joliet. Forrester occupied a cell in the east cell house, in the tier just above the one where Riley was confined, and for a long time they had no means of communicating with one another.

Forrester was a bright fellow, and was forever getting up plans to escape. Both him and Riley ultimately succeeded in beating the prison, but not until many of their schemes and well-laid plots had miscarried.

One evening Forrester noticed an innocent-looking cockroach running about on the floor of his cell.

After watching its gambolings for a short time, he concluded he would capture and use it. So, writing a short note to his friend, he tied it to the cockroach's wing and kneeling down on the floor he put it on the wall under the iron balcony in front of his cell. He calculated that it would run into the cell underneath, and it did. "Scar-faced Tom" noted the paper, caught the insect, and read the note. Then he answered it and poked the little creature out on the wall from the ceiling over the door, where he released it. The roach went into Forrester's cell and was caught. Then they fed and cared for it, and used it in this manner for several months. In fact, it grew to understand its business. It must have been a female cockroach, however, for one day it stopped to chat with a friend and was noticed by the cell-house keeper. The note, which was written in some sort of a cipher, was taken off and Warden Dornblazer read it. Then the bug was replaced on the balcony floor, when it ran into Forrester's cell. Thus the officials were kept posted as to these clever criminals. After a time "Scar-faced Tom" began to suspect that something was wrong, and he added a postscript to his letter something like this:

"If everything is right you will find a hair from my head in this note."

The warden read it as he did the others, but dropped the hair and lost it.

"Never mind it," said the cell-house-keeper, whose hair was red, "put one of mine in it."

The answer came back, "That last dose of the dark cell you got must have been a corker, Tom, for it has changed the color of your hair."

Thus the scheming of these two ingenious worthies came to naught.

Forrester escaped twice, was recaptured each time, and finally completed his 13-year term. Since then he has served a term in Pennsylvania and is now in the Virginia prison.

Riley is serving a 20-year term at Auburn.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE LIKE A MAN.

BY CONVICT NO 4776.

Come, brace up, cell-mate, it's no use to sit there and repine,
The time will fly no faster, while you sit there and whine.
Brace up, and stand your punishment as gritty as you can,
And always try and take your medicine like a man.
I know it's pretty tough in here for such a kid as you,
With such a heavy sentence, and your first conviction, too.
Remember what the warden said, nay mate, no use to curse,
This prison's pretty bad, I know, but there are others ten times worse.

Come, turn your stool this way, and don't sit there and pout,
While I tell you of prisons I've seen or heard about.
You never heard of *Toulon*, and the prison called the *Bagne*,
Where the French convicts work and sleep in irons on the chain.
I've worn that chain, myself, cell-mate, and "hugged the widow" there.
Saprist cette veuve, sacrie m'embrace en des armes de fer.
Excuse me talking French, old boy, I thought I was again
Among the white-faced "forcats" in the "galleys" on the chain.
I've seen men in the "galleys," who, some simple rule forgot,
Loaded down with double irons, in the underground "cachot."
Cell-mate, if we'd sat down and whined, I'd be in the *Bagne* to-day,
But one dark night we cut the chain, and seven got away.
We reached the Italian frontier safe, though the hunt was hot and close,
And we said "no extradition," with our fingers to our nose.
Did you never read of Russia, and the convicts far away,
O'er leagues and leagues of frost and snow, in drear Siberia;

Where, loaded down with fetters (here's what I call
hard lines),
The convicts wear their lives away in the deadly
silver mines,
Their bodies cut with "knout" or steel, or seared
with iron-brand?
There are no such horrid prisons in this more favored
land.
Cell-mate, if we could look for once inside the prison
wall
That surrounds the prison of *Saint Peter and Saint
Paul*,
We'd see fair women tortured with electricity,
And nihilists giving up their lives with shrieks of
agony.
Look at the English convicts (for that's my native
clime)!
I've seen them in the "hulks" at Portland, many a
time.
They've no steam-heated work-shops to keep the
convicts warm,
But work them in the harbor, exposed to frost and
storm.
If you think the "pens" in Canada are any overnice,
I know a man don't think so, that's poor Old
"Bobby" Price.
Let's cross the line to Buffalo, and in the States you
bet
I'll show you lots of prisons that are worse than
Joliet.

You never heard the Auburn boys tell how they shriek and groan
When they swing them on the "pulley," just under "Copper John."
You never heard the Clinton men say how they gasp and choke,
While standing underneath the beam they call the shoulder "Yoke."
You ought to hear the yells that make the rafters ring
When they put the boys upon the boat that "paddles" in Sing-Sing.
You think you're walking, mate, in a hard and thorny path.
You ought to try Columbus and the icy "shower-bath."
Come West to Kansas, if you want to see a fearful kind of hole,
Where out at Leavenworth the prisoners are put to digging coal.
Go further West, to Canon City, and get some crook to tell
Of "Sixteen-shooter Maggie,' beside the sulphur-well.
You ought to hear the story a forger told to me,
Of "Dead Man's gulch," outside the wall of the pen at Laramie.
You ask about San Quentin; now, mate, I can not say,
I don't know many crooked men in California.

You ought to go to Baton Rouge, where the keepers
yell with glee
When some poor nigger gets a shock on the galvanic
battery.
If you think the officers at Joliet are tough and
mean,
You ought to see some "Tie camp" guards in Miss-
issippi I've seen.
Would you like to change our deputy for "Alabama
Jack?"
Cell-mate, you'd very soon wish you had the Captain
back.
I know men out of Chester, and often have heard
them tell
They don't like Deputy Starkweather, down there, a
bit too well,
Just ask some Chicago shop-mate to tell the little
tale
Of Bridewell-keeper Felton and "thumb-string"
piggy Gale.
There are lots of convicts in the States would gladly
change you bet,
And finish their remaining "bits" in the Grand at
Joliet.

IN THE DARK.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic lady visitor to the convicted burglar at Joliet, "I pity rather than blame you. If you had had the advantages other men have had your career might have

been so different! You were reared amid scenes of vice, and passed your life in moral darkness—is it not so?"

"I can't deny it, mum," replied the burglar convict, "I've allus been obleeged to do most of my work in the dark."

TATTOOED THIEVES.

CRIMINALS WHO ARE WALKING PICTURE GALLERIES—SOME MARKED MEN.

Scientists find evidence of primitive savagery in a custom in almost universal use among criminals, who tattoo emblems on different parts of their epidermis.

In many cases these criminals obtain their marks while they are "kids," or inmates of reform schools and refuges. It is pastime for the boys to practice the art upon the skins of each other. If they can not obtain India ink and Chinese vermilion for fine effects, they use coal dust as a substitute.

One of the interesting sights at the Joliet prison is to witness the disrobing of a gang of convicts in the bath-room.

Now is the opportunity to observe the work that has been executed by various India-ink artists. On the white bodies of many of these criminals are pricked almost every design imaginable—some of the designs are finely executed, and are drawn in various colored inks. There are goddesses of liberty, coats of arms of all countries and the flags of all nations, pictures

of full-rigged ships, anchors, chains and compasses, men-of-war, and mythological beings like old Neptune and Venus, ballot-dancers with scant skirts and muscular lower extremities; a favorite design is a weeping willow tree and tombstone, with the words "In memory of my Mother." One man, who must have been a butcher, has on his arm the picture of a cleaver with two butcher knives crossed above it.

Another has tattooed on his breast a skull and cross-bones, with a black flag floating above.

Two dirks or pistols crossed, Indian figures, serpents, pugilists boxing, eagles, horses and other animals are also favorite designs.

Some men have the name of sweetheart, sister or wife, the date of birth, on their arms. Billy Forrester, the famous burglar, is one of the best marked criminals in America, having a Goddess of Liberty on his right arm; an eagle and the stars and stripes on the same arm; on his left hip is an Indian Queen seated upon the back of a flying eagle; a full rigged ship on the center of his breast; the coat of arms of the United States on his left arm, and bracelets of red and blue on both wrists. Even the black-skinned negro convicts bear tattooed marks, done in Chinese vermilion. One convict had the mystic numerals "1640" tattooed on his arm. When asked what the figures meant, or what event in his varied carere they were a memento of, he said that he once won a prize in the Havana lottery of $5,000, on ticket No. 1064. He had always since that time considered it

his lucky number, and for that reason had the figuers tattooed on his arm. When asked what luck the $5,000 had brought him, he said it was the turning point in his career. He had "blowed" the whole of it against a New Orleans faro bank, and that in less than three months afterwards he was sentenced to prison for ten years.

THE MODEL (!) CONVICT.

(AS HE IS LOOKED UPON BY HIS MATES.)

NOTE—By "Jimmie the Greek," a disgusted prison poet. —Miss Arabella Root, of the Root Concert Company, in addressing the convicts during a recent visit to the penitentiary, said: "A prisoner came to me and said he was glad to be in the penitentiary." Now that man *lied*, but, as he has since been sent to the Jefferson City pen for another term, I think that when old Marmaduke gets the whip-lash around his back, he can say, with truth, "He would be glad to be back at Joliet."

When I was outside I used to be
The worst old bum you could see.
I used to tramp the country o'er,
And beg my bread from door to door.
I used to steal the widow's mite
And sleep in freight cars every night.
The railway brakemen knocked me down,
And "coppers" ran me out of town.
O, yes, dear Miss, I'm glad to be
Here in the penitentiary.

They took away my filth and lice
And gave me these stripes, so nice;
They gave me lots of bread and meat;

I need not beg from street to street.
The worst of it is, I've got to work,
And I can see no show to shirk.
If I could only have no task,
A softer snap I would not ask.
O, yes, dear Miss, I'm glad to be
Here in the penitentiary.

I'm trying to make up some excuse
To get off working on these shoes;
So I will try some "pious game"
To interest this singing dame.
And when they call the mourners out
You'll hear me raise my voice and shout
"Look here!" I am the model man,
Reformed upon McClaughry's plan.
O, yes, dear Miss, I'm glad to be
Here in the penitentiary.

I'll weep and moan, and wipe my eyes,
And fill the air with doleful cries,
And when I work this "racket" sly,
I think I'll gain their sympathy.
I'd rather travel round and bum,
Than work; so when the ladies come
I'll raise my mock religious shout,
And may be they will get me out.
O, yes, dear Miss, I'd rather be
Outside the penitentiary.

PADDY, THE WHISTLER.

A NOTED "SAND-BAGGER."

This noted exponent of highway robbery, was recently released from his second term at Joliet—a six-year term for practicing his art with a "sand-bag" in Chicago.

Previous to his last conviction, pedestrians were nightly waylaid, slugged and robbed in all parts of Chicago. The deftness which characterized many of these jobs suggested the clean action of Paddy, and the police laid for him, and, after a few nights' watching, caught him "dead to rights" with a shotted bag on his person; and that is why Paddy had to come down.

"Paddy, the whistler," is the ablest man in his profession. Within a month he sand-bagged seventeen different people. He worked on a regular system. By knowing many of the high-salaried men in and about the business houses on the South side, knew their pay days and the amount they received, and the hour they generally started for home.

In this way he was enabled to pick out the man who had "stuff," and Paddy himself has said that he never "dropped" a man without being well paid for his trouble. The "persuader" he used was a long canvas bag about an inch and a half in diame-

ter, with some eighteen inches of its length filled with bird shot. Then there was about six inches of slack for a handle.

No matter how heavy a blow was struck it would not fracture the skull, but it was sure to knock the victim senseless.

'Winter is the proper time for going bagging," said Paddy, in a recent conversation with the writer. "It is the only time in which the work can be done safely, and the night must also be dark. Streets that are illuminated by the electric lights must be avoided. Your man must be picked out early in the day, and you must know the route he takes to his home. Of course he is bundled up. Men going home after dark, business men, are like cows going home to be milked, they take the same path all the time, see? Well, what's the matter with bein' in an alley way when he is about to pass? If you want to be successful you must wear rubber shoes, then you can sneak up when his back is turned and 'do him.' He's stunned for a couple of minutes, and gives you time to go through him. He doesn't know who struck him, and the chances are two to one you'll escape. But never 'soak the stuff'; that's how I was caught."

Paddy gives it as his best opinion that the only way for a citizen to escape a "collusion" with a sandbagger is for him to provide himself with a 44-caliber revolver and take the middle of the street when going home at a late hour of the night.

"SUFFERING MOSES."

THE MAN THAT WAS PARALYZED.

One of the most singular attempts at deception was practiced by a horse thief from Quincy, sentenced for three years, and who was called "Suffering Moses" by his fellows. Foreseeing sure conviction, and making up his mind not to work when he should be sent to Joliet, he contrived to get a fall in the Quincy jail, one day, that apparently paralyzed the use of his limbs. He had to be carried to bed, to court, back to jail, and everywhere it was necessary for him to go, and when convicted and sentenced to prison, the sheriff had to bring him on a stretcher, and upon his arrival he was carried to the hospital. The prison physician made a careful examination of the patient, and at once pronounced the man a fraud. But all the tests they put him through failed utterly to bring out a sign of feeling in his legs. If the attendants, while holding him erect for any purpose, suddenly let go of him he would fall as flat as so much dough. Pins were run into his feet and legs, but failed, apparently, to attract his attention. The doctors several times approached him when they thought he was sound asleep, and suddenly pricked his soles or tickled them, without eliciting the least sign of consciousness. Whenever they would try their experiments upon him, he would look up at them with a sort of "suffering Moses" expression of the eye, as if to say, "Oh, will you never let a poor fellow alone? Have you no heart?"

Nevertheless his legs were, to all appearances, as sound as any pair in the prison.

The authorities were astonished at his nerve, but felt sure he was shamming. They applied an electrical battery to his feet and turned on as strong a current as they dared, without moving him. He "felt a kind of dull pricking about the hips," he said, but that was all. Then they put a croton plaster over the nerve center, just below the small of his back, but he never seemed to know it was there.

Finally, the physician concluded to try ether. The subject protested; said he had heart disease and that the anæsthetic would kill him. He implored them with screams of agony not to murder him because he was a poor unfortunate paralytic, but without avail; he was forced to breathe in the drug. As soon as the fumes had taken complete possession of his senses, the doctor pushed him violently off the table to the floor.

In a moment, almost, a magical change came over the scene. The paralytic sprang to his feet with an agility both surprising and gratifying to those present; but more than that, after more than three months' rest his feet seemed suddenly seized with an alarming desire to kick the roof off, his feet striking out in all directions. The air was filled with medicine bottles, teaspoons, porous plasters and other adjuncts of a hospital. The terrified patients hobbled out of their beds and sought refuge in other rooms. The unhappy nurses, who had carried the

paralytic up and down stairs for three long months, gazed on in blank astonishment, until kicked out of the room by their former patient.

Fully exposed, "Suffering Moses" was brought to his senses, and was then himself kicked out of the hospital. The fellow went gladly to work the next day, and ever afterwards avoided the hospital nurses who had carried him up and down stairs all those hot summer months.

FORMER OCCUPATION OF CRIMINALS.

THEY COME FROM EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

Among the inmates of Joliet Prison are men from nearly every known profession. There are actors, artists, barbers, bar-keepers, book-keepers, brakemen, brewers, brokers, butchers, carpenters, chemists, cigar-makers, clerks, confectioners, cooks, cowboys, draughtsmen, druggists, electricians, engineers, engravers, farmers, firemen, florists, glaziers, grocers, harness-makers, hatters, hotel-keepers, hunters, interpreters, jewelers, lawyers, letter-carriers, liverymen, machinists, masons, merchants, millers, miners, moulders, musicians, newspaper managers, painters, peddlers, penmen, photographers, physicians, plumbers, policemen, porters, printers, railroad conductors, reporters, sailors, salesmen, saloon-keepers, stenographers, stock-dealers, surveyors, tailors, tanners, teachers, telegraphers, tinsmiths, traveling agents, upholsterers, veterinary surgeons, waiters, watchmakers and weavers.

"THE DAY OF JUDGMENT."

IT COMES MANY TIMES IN THE LIVES OF SOME CRIMINALS.

BY "RED JETT, 3RD TERMER."

When the trial is ended, and the twelve good men and true have rendered their decision, that impressive, benevolent-looking old gentleman speaks to you in dulcet tones from the bench as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been defended by able and learned counsel; you have been committed after a fair trial, by an unbiased jury of your fellow-citizens; in the verdict which has been rendered I sadly, but heartily, concur. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the State Penitentiary at Joliet, at hard labor, for the term of——"

The atmosphere of the court room is charged with silent interrogation. Amid the hush of expectation the roar of the city that was going to lose a citizen floats in, monotonous, dull, mournful. The prisoner at the bar steadies his trembling lips and looks eagerly at

"For the term of ten years."

The suspended life around the convict moves again; whispers rise to loud-voiced comment. There is a rush to the door, and, amid it all, watchful officers guide the victim of the law on his journey toward expiation.

Many of you, good people, who read these lines have sat in the jury box, and all of you have read in the papers to the effect aforesaid. Have you ever thought

of the hereafter to such a sentence, of the hours, days, weeks, months, years, lives of constrained work and more fearful idleness, of an existence without freedom, followed by a future to which death is often preferable?

A "HIDE-OUT" CASE.

HOW A LIFE CONVICT ATTEMPTED TO GAIN HIS LIBERTY

A "hide-out" is of common occurrence at the penitentiary, but in most cases the hidden convict is located after a few minutes search. Recently a life convict thought he had all he wanted of prison life and would go home.

With this object in view he secreted himself under a heap of rubbish at the foot of the tall chimney which rises from the yard near the machine shops. He covered himself over with old tin cans, bits of paper, barrel hoops and other refuse that had been dumped there. At count time a convict was missing from his cell, and an active search was made to find him. After an hour's hunt the foolish fellow was fished out of the dirt pile and consigned to a solitary cell.

A clever convict, who occupied the adjoining cell to that of the lifer, turned himself poetic over the failure of his neighbor to escape, and wrote the following parody on the famous gospel song of Moody & Sanky:

There were ninety and nine who safely lay
In the care of the cell-house guard;
But one had skipped from the line away,
And was "planted" out in the yard.
Away from his keeper's watchful eye,
Away from the frown of the deputy.

The "count" does show but ninety and nine,
Is that not enough for thee?
But the deputy answered, "One of the line
Is planted away from me—
Perhaps he has gone o'er the wall so steep,
Or under some building has tried to creep."

Now, none of the other convicts knew
The trouble that "lifer" cost;
Nor how closely the shops were hunted through,
Till they found the "con." that was lost;
Hid under a chimney, tall and high,
Hungry and dirty, and ready to cry.

But hark, there rises a joyful cry—
The missing man is found;
And drak was the frown of the deputy
When they brought the prisoner round.
But the keepers laughed with might and main
When he went to the "hole" with ball and chain.

STUDYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHY BILL KICKED.

"I thought you had got a new trial, Bill?" called out a friend of the prisoner whom the sheriff was putting on the train for Joliet. "No," answered the abject wretch, who had stolen a cow, "it was the feller in the cell next to mine that killed his wife that's got the new trial."

UNHONORED GRAVES.

THE PRISON CEMETERY ON THE HILL—AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER, THEY SLEEP WELL.

On a woody knoll, half a mile east of the prison, is the convict burying-ground.

In this spot lie the remains of hundreds of criminals who have died in the prison, and among these graves are those of many of the most famous criminals that have been known in the West. The only resemblance the place has to a city of the dead is the long rows of sunken places, showing where once a mound of earth was heaped above a coffin. There are no stately monuments here, no marble shafts or broken columns to perpetuate the memory of the dead, not even a stone of any kind.

The spot is oblivion personified, and all identity is lost. A pine board painted white, stuck here and there, marks the head of a grave. This board contains an inscription in small black letters, giving name, age, and date of death; but the action of the elements soon obliterates this record, and then no one knows whose grave it was. But who cares? Few were in prison under their right names, most were known under an alias, and when death overtakes them no friend or relative could ever find them out or learn their end. It is only one more unfortunate gone to his final reckoning, while, perhaps, a fond mother in some distant State is waiting, as the years roll by, for the return of a prodigal son; waiting and wondering what has become of her lost boy, till finally the weary soul goes down to her own grave, never knowing that her boy died in a prison and fills a dishonered grave.

WHEN THE BURGLAR IS A-BURGLING.

How the man with an arsenal of weapons is liable to act.

WRITTEN BY BOB B.

There is something about the earnest yet pitiful gaze of a revolver as it looks into a man's eye that carries weight with it.

A man who can steel his heart to the pleading, tearful glance of a child seems powerless when the hole in the muzzle of a revolver is looking at him, and he knows that his friend, the burglar, is behind it with his finger on the trigger. As he looks at the small hole in the revolver, it seems to enlarge on him, and after it has been before his eyes for a moment the small 22-caliber hole looks like the entrance to a tunnel. One may meet a burglar every day and think him but an ordinary citizen and despise him, but when he stands at the foot of the bed with a revolver in one hand and a dark lantern in the other, his few words are full of power and they appal the stoutest heart. A man who has a revolver under his pillow and a shot-gun in the corner, and an old sabre hanging over the headboard, and who has decided in his own mind that if a burglar gets into his house he will shoot and carve him and telephone for the patrol wagon to take the gory corpse away, forgets about his weapons when the burglar begins to burgle, and he does not notify the police that he has been robbed until along toward noon the next day.

A PROFESSIONAL HORSE-THIEF.

THE CRUEL MINIONS OF THE LAW GAVE HIM NO CHANCE—SEVEN TERMS IN PRISON.

It is a remarkable fact that of all classes of thieves horse-thieves seem to be the most inveterate.

When once a man has stolen one horse, the desire to steal another becomes a mania. Such thieves rarely repent or reform, but as often released from prison they usually resume their nefarious calling.

"I have known men to be convicted and sentenced for horse stealing as often as six or eight times," said Ex-Warden McClaughry; "one man at Joliet was first sentenced to the State penitentiary in the 40's. This man is now serving his seventh term for horse-stealing, and accepts the vicissitudes of his vocation as philosophically as an ordinary farmer would the loss of a carefully cultivated crop, or a broker the failure of a well-laid scheme of speculation. Just before the termination of this man's sixth term he vowed reformation and seemed to have determined to become a better man. The prison officials really thought he would lead a better life this time, and on his liberation, when he shook hands all around, he was presented with sufficient cash to procure him a citizen's outfit and to support him for a reasonable period until he should find remunerative labor. A few months passed by, probably three or four; one day, just after the close of a term of court in one of the counties of southern Illinois, a sheriff was seen entering the prison leading this

irrepressible convict—again sentenced for nine years for horse-stealing. "How's this?" said I, "I thought you were to reform sure this time and go into some honest business?" "Well," whined the old rascal, "I was just ready to begin an honest business when they caught me. I had picked up three buggies and four horses, and was almost to the Mississippi river, ready to cross over into a little Missouri town to start a livery stable and lead an honest life, when the officers caught me. The truth is, Warden, the cruel minions of the law give us poor devils no chance to reform. We are persecuted. That's what it is—persecution."

EARNING "GOOD TIME."

HOW CONVICTS MAY REDUCE THEIR TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT BY GOOD-BEHAVIOR.

Every convict in the Joliet prison, other than those serving life sentences—may by good conduct and the faithful performance of his duties reduce his term, by having a certain number of months taken off from each year of his term—and also be restored to the rights of citizenship.

The first year one month is taken off, the second year two months, the third year three months, the fourth year four months, the fifth year five months; so that a man serving a five year-term can reduce it to three years and nine months. Six months is taken off for each year after the fifth. A ten-year man need only serve six years and three months. A 20-year man only eleven years and three months, etc.

THE MIRROR IN THE DOOR.

"PIPING HIM OFF."

BY "TONY THE TRAMP."

Come, crooks, I'll sing to you a song about the latest fake,
And when you hear I know you'll say, It surely takes the cake.
Though you can't hear the night guard when he slips along the floor,
It's easy enough to "pipe him off," with a mirror through the door.

Softly, gently, hear him, pit-a-pat,
Stepping just as soft and easy as a cat.
He knows the boys can't hear him
As he glides along the floor,
And little thinks they "gun him off"
With a mirror through the door.

So, when you want to write a note
Unto your convict chum,
And don't exactly understand
Just when the guard will come,
It's no use standing listening
Till your ears are tired and sore
Just get up to the bars and stick
The mirror through the door.

Heigh, boys, how is this clever fake,
I sing to you in rhyme?
The shadow in the looking-glass
Will beat him every time.

No matter how he sneaks along
So gently on the floor,
It's easy enough to "pipe him off"
With the mirror in the door.

THE GAMUT OF CRIME.

AS COMPILED BY "HAWKSHAW."

Stealing,	$1,000,000	is called	genius.
"	100,000	"	shortage.
"	50,000	"	litigation.
"	25,000	"	insolvency.
"	10,000	"	irregularity.
"	5,000	"	defalcation.
"	1,000	"	corruption.
"	500	"	embezzlement.
"	100	"	dishonesty.
"	50	"	stealing.
"	25	"	total depravity.
"	One ham,	"	war on society.

DOGGED PERSEVERANCE.

NERVE AND DETERMINATION OF A PRISONER.

WRITTEN BY "JERRY, THE LIAR."

There was once a man who was shut up in a dungeon with walls 200 feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone.

He had no tools but a pair of scissors which his brother had sent him in a loaf of bread, but he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that

a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon, with the scissors, and escape, if it took him a hundred years.

He had been digging about a year, when the governor pardoned him, and the warden brought him the joyful news. But they couldn't get him to leave the dungeon. He told the warden that he had undertaken to dig his way out through the wall and escape in that way, and that he was going to stick to it, no matter how long it might take. The warden urged him to give it up and walk out of the door, and even offered him $10 to give up his dungeon to a new lodger, but nothing could induce him to change his mind. So he staid in the dungeon and dug away at the wall for 47 years, and every six months he had to pay a big bill of damages to the prison, and he finally died when he was half through the wall. This shows what a splendid thing perseverance is, and that we all ought to persevere.

"MICKY" VANDYKE'S PARDON.

Oh, mister Vandyke,
We do so dislike
To throw you off your base,

But we have got word
That the Governor's heard
And passed upon your case.

He says by letter
That we had better
Give you another show;
So here's your pardon,
If you're not a hard one;
Hereafter go it slow.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

A well dressed polite man walked into detective headquarters in Chicago recently, and asked Inspector Marsh to allow him to see some novel burglars' tools that had recently been captured from a gang of "safe-workers." The implements were brought out, and the stranger examined them carefully, exclaiming, "Wonderful! Wonderful!!" He then said to the group of "fly cops" standing about: "Much obliged, you see I've just finished a ten-year "bit" at Joliet, and I wanted to see what progress had been made in my profession. Thanks, gentlemen, thanks." And before the paralized detectives could recover from their astonishment, the polite gentleman had faded gracefully away and floated from the City Hall.

SAWING PRISON BARS.

THE STORY OF PADDOCK'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE—MAKING A KEY TO THE TOWER DOOR—HIS FINAL RECAPTURE AND RETURN.

WRITTEN BY JAMES D. PADDOCK.

It was a miserable combination of circumstances that caused me to be sent to this prison, for a term of eight years: Was I guilty? Well, twelve good men and true said I was, and so brought in a verdict to that effect. This all happened in the city of Rock Island, where I was entirely unknown and without a friend. Unlike most criminals of the day, I was a married man with a wife and child in a distant State. This was the incentive that induced me to regain my liberty either by fair means or foul, after I had once been landed securely behind the strong walls of the prison.

The longing for freedom grew stronger daily, and after five months of incarceration I determined to make an effort to escape. During the day I was employed in the shoe-shop directly under the eyes of a guard, and those eyes were always upon me, from early morn till night. The only time during the twenty-four hours of a day when I was alone to myself and away from the keeper's watchful eye was during the dead hours of night when everybody is supposed to be in bed and asleep. Here was my only chance, and at last I began the work which, I hoped, was to set me free.

The first work to be accomplished was securing a few necessary implements, which, under the discipline, was a very hard matter. At last I secured a case-knife, and after weeks of labor I managed to convert it into a saw. Then it took me many days to cut through four bars on my cell-door. It was hard work and had to be done slowly and noiselessly. There is no silence like that of a vast prison cell-house at night. The faintest sound is observable, and the sawing of the hard iron bars through an ill-stroke now and then gave out a sound in which I heard the doom of my undertaking. At last, however, the cell-door bars were cut through, and the freedom of the corridor was mine whenever I chose to take it.

To conceal the fact of the bars being cut from the guards was a problem and gave me a great deal of trouble. But it had to be done—or all was ost. I had still to effect an entrance to the tower of the prison, which was padlocked, and to cut the bars of the tower window before I got out, that the cell-door bars which I had removed should be taken in and out while I accomplished the work in the tower. Taking the bars out, once they were cut through, was an easy matter, but fitting them back again so firmly that the jar of opening and closing the door should not remove one of them and at once destroy all the work accomplished was a task. First of all, I tried, by the insertion of paper between the severed ends of the bars, to keep them in place. This would not do at all, however. Then I got some leather and tried that, but

that wouldn't work. Finally I packed the ends with cloth fibers, torn from my striped blankets, and it worked like a charm. With this packing, the bars stood as firmly as if solid—and my means of going in and out of the cell was as perfect as I could desire.

When I had thus finally secured my cell-door from discovery, I slipped out one night and made a tour of inspection of the corridor, which resulted in the determination that the means of escape which I had always considered the most feasible lay through the tower door before mentioned, and I began at once to make a key to fit the brass padlock. First of all, I took an impression of the lock—a bar of common yellow soap did the work for me. It was terribly hard work though, making that key. I got a bit of iron in the yard one day, which I had treasured for the purpose, but the work seemed to be endless before I converted it into a key that would fit the padlock. Over and over again I modeled and remodeled it, but to no purpose. The padlock was a modern affair, with the smallest possible slit, and the more thought I gave to it the further I seemed to get from discovering its inner formation. I worked four weeks over that lock and key, sometimes remaining awake for forty-eight hours at a stretch, working for the State all day and for myself all night.

It seems astonishing that I could elude the guard for so long a time, as I had to pass from my cell to the tower door at least forty different times. But I was very careful and patient. Of course the guards

come and go irregularly—at least they intend to—but close observation enables one to form a pretty good judgment of when they are likely to be around again after they have paid their visit.

The great danger in this work lies in a man's getting over hopeful and enthusiastic. He gets to work at night and is doing splendidly, so well that the temptation to remain at the post of danger proves too strong; he lingers a moment longer than he ought to, is discovered, and then there is an end of it all. Many a time when I was working over that padlock I became so excited with the job that it took the strongest possible effort of the will to enable me to follow the rule I had formed, namely: to stop work always some minutes before I had reason to believe the guard would be around again. I always managed, however, to get back to my cell in time, and finally had perfected my key, the lock turned and the inside of the tower was at my service. I at once prepared for

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER WINDOW.

The arrangement for our escape—for my cell-mate "Puggy" O'Leary, serving a 40-year term, was to get away as well as myself—was as follows:

Early in the night we were to leave the cell together and go to the tower, which, being opened, I was to enter, "Puggy" locking the door after me and returning to the cell to await the result of my work. Previous to leaving the cell I had arranged a dummy in my bed to satisfy the curiosity of the

officer when he made his round. This done, we went into the passage together, gained the tower, which was some 60 feet distant from the cell, and "Puggy" locked me in and left.

Up to this point everything had worked well. The tower window was about twelve feet from the floor, but there was a staging which enabled me to reach it. Once up there I brought my case-knife saw into play again and began cutting away the two bars which stood between me and the freedom I had been working for four months so patiently.

It was tough work, but after some hours of toil I got the bars cut through, and then all that was left to do was to cut away the woodwork of the window. This was soon done, and then I remembered the promise I had given to "Puggy" to let him know when I had finished the task. I made the signal agreed upon, three light taps upon the tower door—but he did not answer. He had evidently fallen to sleep. I waited a while and gave the signal again, but it was no use, and I had then to look after my own safety. It was getting near morning, and, as I gained the window again looked out upon the dull sky, the clouds parted, and it became suddenly much lighter than I wanted for my purpose. I knew the warders would soon be out, so there was no time to spare. There was a long piece of wire in the tower, which, together with my jacket, which I tore into strips—served as a rope to let me down from the tower window to the ground. Had it not been for this I should have

had to drop for some distance upon the solid stone beneath and run a terrible risk of a general smashup.

I reached the ground in safety, however, and at once struck off for the country, taking an easterly course. I was almost naked, all the clothes I had on me were an undershirt and a pair of prison pants, my head and feet were bare. I made as good time across the country as possible, avoiding people and keeping in the fields and woods. Toward evening, however, I entered a barn where I found an old hat and a blanket. After a night's rest on the prairie, I got up and investigated another barn, where I feasted on raw eggs, and milk which I drew from a good-natured cow that stood in a stall, and, as good luck would have it, I changed clothes with a man, he was't around at the time, but had left them in the barn. Now I felt more secure; I made my way to Kankakee, got some socks and boots, and finally worked my way to Cincinnati, from which place, after some time, I communicated with my wife. She objected to my returning home—and if I had only followed her advice, I would not now be back in prison. She wanted me to send for her and move off some distance, but I could not raise the money. I knocked around for a year and finally drifted to Chicago, where I was betrayed by a pretended friend, which resulted in my being recaptured and returned to Joliet.

Paddock's cell-mate, "Puggy" O'Leary, did fall asleep, and therefore lost his chance of escaping—

this so preyed upon his mind that he afterwards became violently insane and had to be sent to an insane asylum. "Puggy" was a baby at the time when his mother's historical cow kicked over the lamp that started the great Chicago fire.

MINE ENEMY.

BY AN EX-BANK CLERK.

If mine enemy died, and it lay with my hate
To settle a future for him,
And I sat at his grave, and pondered a fate,
Hopeless, loathsome and grim,
Would I send him to Hades, to scorch in its blaze
And forever dance on live coals;
Would I turn him adrift, in a bewildering maze,
To roam with other lost souls?
Well, hardly; not I! when I have in my hand
A trick worth two of those,
I'd bring him to life and back to a land
Where he would have need of clothes.
I'd lead him the way of weak-minded men,
To imbue his soul with sin,
Then I'd take him quietly to the Joliet "Pen"
And gently shove him in.
When once I had him within the same
I'd leave him with this yell.
"Go in and suffer, you've struck a game
That doubly discounts h—l."

THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

"Der aint no use tryin' a square shake in dissher State," said a tough-looking foot-pad serving a term from Chicago.

"What's de matter, deputy onto you again?

"Naw, but I understan' Jimmy the Bruiser's got twic't as big phortyraph in de Rogues' Gallery as I have. Anybody knows I stand higher in de profession dan he does."

THOSE WONDERFUL POWDERS.

OF THE PRISON PHYSICIAN.

BY "STUTTERING JOHNNIE."

If you'll listen to me, I'll sing you a rhyme,
And I hope the subject will please.
It's all about the doctor, who says all the time,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

"These" are wonderful powders of quinine and flour,
Done up like papers of seeds.
They cure all diseases in less than an hour,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

Whenever you're sick, to the doctor away,
He will quickly give you release.
He will paint you with iodine, or will say
"Every hour you must take one of these."

If you've got a complaint with a horrible name
In Latin, or Greek, or Chinese,
The doctor will tackle it all the same,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

Bronchitis, rheumatics, fever or chills,
Scrofula or kidney disease,
The doctor with powders your fingers he fills,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

Meningitis, tuberculosis, or tosc-
aemia, or bone-caries
The doctor rams his hand down in the box,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

Diabetes, insomnia, tooth-ache or piles,
Hydrophobia (*canis rabies*)
The doctor feels of your pulse, and he smiles,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

Leucorrhea, hysterics, disease of the lung,
Consumption or psoriasis,
The doctor will tell you to stick out your tongue,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

If you've been in the "hole," feeling forlorn,
At having been starved by degrees,
The doctor will tell you, sure as you're born,
"Every hour you must take one of these."

If you've got a big sentence and are beginning
to grieve,
You're troubles he'll certainly ease;
You'd all get a pardon, I really believe,
If "every hour you took one of these."

Let Hahnemann and Allopath talk as they mind
Of other systems of curing disease,
In all their researches they never did find
Such wonderful powders as these.

Let savants, like Pasteur, in medical terms
Discuss the source of disease.
The doctor will knock out their germs
With "Every hour you must take one of
these."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY "SCULLY, DE ROBBER."

"I was once a hardened and cruel man," said a convict, to the chaplain. "I was a burglar and for my crimes I am justly here.

But my life has not always been insensible to the touch of better inspirations and the call of duty.

One night I broke into the house of a wealthy man. I supposed everybody had retired for the night and was fast asleep. I had rifled the dining-room and one bed-room, when I was startled by strains of music from the parlor. Expecting certain discovery, and being always resolute in promptly

meeting any danger, I drew my revolver and swiftly but silently entered the room.

I stood spell-bound. The banker's daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was seated at the piano playing a melody that my brain and heart recognized at once—she was playing "The Maiden's Prayer"——"And you fell upon your knees," cried the chaplain, "a reformed man forever, called back by the power of music?"

"Naw, not much," said the convict, through his set teeth. "I strangled her before she could play the second bar. Is a man expected to stand everything just because he is a poor burglar?"

THE ROGUES' LEXICON.

"PATTER FLASH OR SLANG TERMS USED IN AMERICA."

Slang is fast becoming obsolete among professional criminals; confidence-men, forgers, and horse-thieves have very little use for it. Pickpockets and sneak-thieves use it mostly. The terms "stall," "beef," "thug," "pipe," "graft," "gun," "shadow," "lay," "slope," "steer," "split," "blast," "worm," etc., are common to all classes of "crooks."

A "Night-worker" is a burglar or house-breaker.

A "Gopher-man" is a safe-blower.

A "Knuck," "Wire," "Dip" or "Tool" is a pick-pocket.

A "Shop-lifter" or "Hoister" is one who steals from stores.

A "Moll-wire" is a pick-pocket who robs women only.

The term "Bloke" signifies a man, "Kid" a small boy.

A "Plant" is hidden booty or plunder.

"Stag his Nibs," look at him.

"Tip his cady" is to push a man's hat over his eyes.

"Nick a Bloke" is to pick his pocket.

A "Fence" is a receiver of stolen goods.

A "Hole" is the prison punishment cell.

"Sheeney" is a Jew. "Ducket" is a railroad ticket.

"Coney" or "Queer" means counterfeit money.

"Climb Racket" or "Climber" is one who climbs porches to rob second-story rooms.

A "Jimmy" is part of a burglar's outfit—a short crowbar.

"Nippers," a pair of small pinchers.

"Settled" means convicted and sent to prison

"Tully" means a court trial.

"Turned up" means discharged from custody.

"Grand Quay" or "Quod" or "Stir," means State's Prison.

"Cooler" means a jail.

"Squared it" means that a thief has reformed.

"Mouth-piece" is a lawyer.

A "Stretch" means a year in prison.

A "Jug-worker" means a bank-robber.

"My bit" means a thief's share of the plunder.

"Graft" is stealing of any kind.

"Gun" or "Gunning" is one who watches while others steal.

"Pigeon," one who joins the gang and "gives them away."

"Super and Slang" mean a watch and chain.

"Sugar," "Dust," "Spons" mean money.

"Case" is a dollar, "Century" means a hundred dollars.

"Ridge" means gold.

"Fly copper," a detective or shrewd officer.

"Flatty" a policeman or sheriff.

"Head worker" or "Putter up of jobs" is generally a citizen of good standing who plots robberies for thieves.

"Con. Man," a confidence game worker.

"Capper," one who encourages a "Sucker" to invest money.

"Steerer," "Roper," one who picks up strangers and entices them into gambling houses and games.

"Squealer" is a thief who "gives his pals away."

"Joskin" is a countryman or "Hoosier."

"Pipe" is to watch anything.

"Leary" means I am afraid.

"Screws" are turnkeys or prison guards.

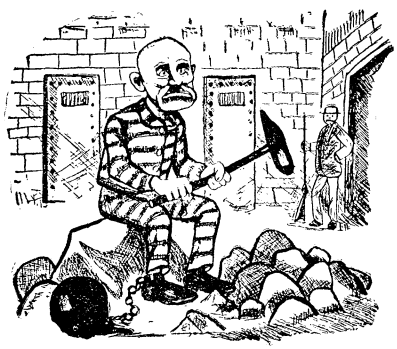
"Peter" is a trunk, "Pop" a revolver.

"Feed Soup," pumping or eliciting information.

"Monekar" means the name of a person.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

(AND HE GOT IT.)



He took things easy. "The world owes me a living" he said, "and it has got to come somehow." He would not work, but drifted along. The time came when drifting no longer brought him where there was food, or fire, or clothing, and he was forced by the sheer instinct of self-preservation to do something. Naturally his manner of life had brought him bad associations, and when he at last did something it was not of the right sort. After he had reached Joliet, he found the world gave him the living he had said it owed him. But it was not of the sort he had anticipated. The expression he quoted so often had been his destruction.

DEGREES IN CRIME:

If you should steal a million golden dollars in a lump,
The people would regard you as a genius and a trump
If you secure but half the pile, a "shortage" that would be.
Whereas a somewhat less amount would be "insolvency."
But if you steal a loaf of bread, whereby your life is saved,
They'll put you into prison with the totally depraved.

AH, THERE!! MY BEAUTY.

BY "BILLY THE TOUGH."

Of all the cranks, in jail and out,
That ever made one weary
With platitudes and tales about
Things long laid by and dreary,
Excuse me from the convict whose fad
Is to harp upon his time;
Who makes you tired, drives you mad,
Quite into a decline,
With ceaseless talk of days and hours
That he has still to stay
In "durance vile," 'neath these grim towers,
Ere freedom holds her sway.

He greets you thus—unmindful quite
Your feelings' laceration—
"Well, Billy, Old socks, I see the light
Through my incarceration.
I've now remaining, sure's your alive—
I'm sure you wish me joy—
Of days eighteen, and hours just five—
She's coming easy, boy."
He meets you early, meets you late.
Inside for you he lays.
"Ah, There!! My beauty, from this date
I've only fifteen days."
And not content, as you'd mistrust,
The days and hours to tell,
He states the minutes, till in disgust
You wish him quite in h—l.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO HER SEX.

A TRUE STORY.

A young woman who served out a sentence of five years in prison found means to educate herself, and, becoming thoroughly reformed, left the prison in appearance a lady. She found employment with a dry-goods firm as saleslady, and gave perfect satisfaction to her employers, till one day a wealthy lady of the place entered the store and recognized her.

Calling the proprietor aside, she told him that the girl had been in state's prison. He replied that he knew it, but that she had done her duty faithfully

and that they were satisfied with her. "Well," said the lady, "if you keep her in your store I will neither trade with you nor suffer any of my friends to, if I can help it." So the proprietor, rather than lose his customer, called the poor girl in and discharged her. A merchant who would do an act of this kind ought to be sent to the penitentiary himself.

People, and especially those who imagine themselves at the top of society, are ever ready to cast a stone at those who are compelled to work for a living, and there are few cases on record where a fallen woman has been aided in her attempts to rise, while the annals of society are filled with the slander of innocent girls who, in nine cases out of ten, are more pure and charitable than their slanderers.

FOOD FOR PRISONERS.

THE BILL OF FARE.

"What do convicts get to eat?" is a question often asked.

The fare is varied to suit the season of the year. The food is good and substantial, and well cooked, and every man is supposed to get all he wants to eat.

The bill of fare is substantially as follows:

Monday—Breakfast, beef stew, boiled potatoes, bread, coffee.
Dinner, boiled ham, beans, bread and water.
Supper, bread and tea.

Tuesday—Breakfast, corned beef hash, bread, coffee.
Dinner, vegetable soup, boiled beef, bread.
Supper, bread and tea.

Wednesday—Breakfast, fried sausage, potatoes, bread and coffee.
Dinner, boiled bologna, bread pudding, bread and water.
Supper, bread and tea.

Thursday—Breakfast, hash, potatoes, bread, coffee.
Dinner, same as on Tuesday.
Supper, bread and tea.

Friday—Breakfast, stewed cod fish, potatoes, bread, coffee.
Dinner, corned beef, potatoes, turnips or beets, bread.
Supper, bread and tea.

Saturday—Breakfast, same as Tuesday.
Dinner, Irish stew or pork and beans.
Supper, bread and tea.

Sunday—Breakfast, butter, molasses, bread, coffee.
Dinner, roast pork or beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, apples or onions, bread and coffee.

The convicts' Thanksgiving dinner is composed of the following: 1,800 pounds roast turkey, cranberry sauce. 30 bushels mashed potatoes, gravy and dressing. 18 bushels of apples. Ginger-bread, hot biscuit, coffee, milk and sugar.

Christmas dinner: 1,600 pounds roast pig with apple sauce. 100 gallons scolloped oysters. Baked sweet potatoes. Ginger-bread, biscuits, coffee, milk and sugar. Apples, cigars, etc.

In a year the prisoners consume 250,000 pounds of fresh beef; 150,000 pounds of pork; 3,500 barrels of flour; 9,000 bushels of potatoes; 1,200 bushels of onions; 35,000 head of cabbage; 10,000 pounds of coffee; 8,000 pounds of butter; 25,000 pounds of bacon or smoked shoulders; 400 bushels of parsnips; 700 bushels of turnips; 300 bushels of beets; 200 bushels of carrots; 3,000 pounds of tea; 50 barrels of syrup; 50 barrels of pickles; 50 barrels of hominy; 50 barrels of apples for the holidays, etc., etc. The average cost of feeding the convicts is about eleven cents per man per day.

The prisoners use 20,000 pounds of plug tobacco in a year. It takes 15,000 pounds of bar soap to keep them clean; 5,000 tons of coal to warm them and cook their food. They wear out 8,000 yards of hickory shirting; 8,000 yards Canton flannel and 6,000 yards of convict stripe in a year.

BERTILLON SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION.

CRIMINALS TOLD BY THEIR MEASURE—BAD THIEVES CAUGHT BY COMPASSES—MATHEMATICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY COMBINED.

WIDTH OF THE HEAD.

There has recently come into use in this country a new method for the identifying of professional criminals It is the invention of M. Alphonse Ber-

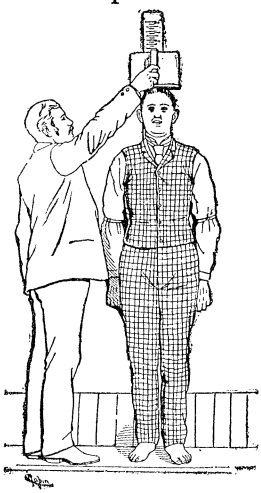
tillon, of Paris, and is now successfully used in every police department and prison in France, Russia, Italy, Germany and other foreign countries—and it is only a question of a short time before it will become the standard system of the world.

THE RIGHT EAR.

Major R. W. McClaughry first adopted it in the United States by introducing it into the Joliet Prison for the description of convicts sent there.

Mr. Gallus Müller, of Joliet, then became interested in this new system, and at great trouble and expense translated from the French Bertillon's work on the subject—rendering it into English, so that it became an easy matter for officials in this country to become familiar with the process and put it into practical use. George M. Porteous, of Chicago, subsequently visited Paris and became a pupil of Bertillon, and upon

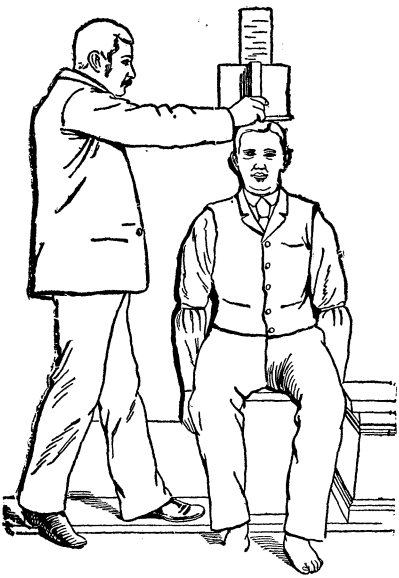
becoming proficient in the art of obtaining the bone dimensions of criminals he returned to Chicago and organized the American Bertillon Bureau, and since then has introduced the system into all first-class police departments and prisons in this country.



THE HEIGHT.

It consists in the exact measurement, by the metrical system, of a criminal. His height, the length and width of his head, the length of the left foot, the out-stretched arms, the trunk or body of a person seated, the middle and little fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the point of the fingers, the length of the right ear, and the color of the eye. It will be noticed that all the measurements mentioned are those of bone dimensions of the human body, which bones remain unchanged after the body has

once attained its mature growth. Marks and scars on the person of the subject measured are also carefully noted down—and a photograph is taken showing both profile and a full-face view.

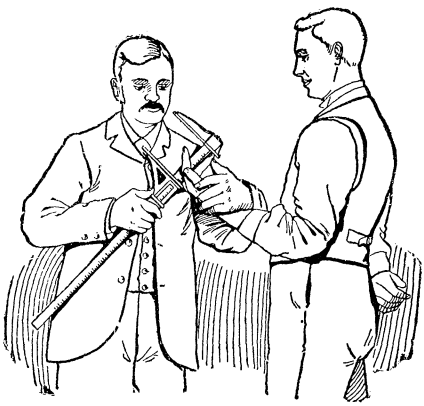


THE MEASUREMENT OF THE TRUNK.

This combination of science and pictorial art renders the identification of felons and chronic law breakers as much of an absolute certainty as the rogues' gallery of old made it vague and unsatisfactory.

Nature may change her aspect, even in man, but the abstract truths of applied science remain always

the same. A fully developed and mature man, once measured by the rules of Bertillon, can only alter the exact relation he bears to the record thus made by mutilating himself. A man individualized by measurements of this character is mathematically identified, it is absolutely correct, there can be no mistake.

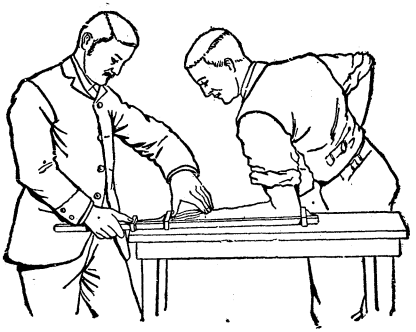


THE MIDDLE FINGER.

It has been repeatedly proved that among many thousand chosen subjects no two will be found who will have the same head diameters, length of foot or finger. To find two subjects showing exactly the same measurements, with marks and scars, would be as impossible as to find two persons or objects that look exactly alike.

Having secured these measurements, the next step is to so arrange them as to make them immediately serviceable. If time elapses and a criminal changes

his name or grows a beard, the identification under the old method of the "rogues'" gallery would be unsatisfactory, if not impossible. Under the new system, however, the identity can be surely established and the man's record selected from among 50,000 subjects or descriptions in a space of time not to exceed five minutes. The indexing of these descrip-



THE FOREARM.

tions so as to be readily found is the same method employed in searching a dictionary for a certain word. The figures obtained by the different measurements compose a "figure word," and like a word in the vocabulary, can only be found in one place in the book; it belongs right in that spot or line, and no where else, mistake is impossible.

"POOR LITTLE AH-SID."

The Chinese Convict.

BY AH JON.

Klind flends, please pity poo Chinee,
Ah Sid, alle samee namee;
Flom Chilaland, acloss him sea
To San Flansisco came.
Me likee lats, me likee mice
Me hittee pipe alle day.
Me likee Melica gal so nice.
I'm flom Hon-Kong fal away.
Heap lidee Ah Sid on him tlain.
Me clum to Illillois;
No likee glod glam Ilishman
Him makee muchee noise.
Ah Sid keepe lillie laundry,
Muchee, washee, shirtie, socks.
Catchee melica man's mullay
And lockee in him box.
One light me kille Sam Lung,
And cutte off him tail.
Policeeman takee poo Ah Sid.
And puttee him in jail.
Heap talkee lawyel man,
Him julee takee to,

Him Jludge takee, putte in pen.
Heap kille poo Ah Due,
Plison gualde robbe Chinaman
Him cutte of my queue,
(No hair alle samee clonvict man.)
Warden takee mully too.
No likee muchee plis'n wash,
No gette any pay.
No likee chow-chow plis'n hash,
Me likee go away.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

BY TOMMY O'DOWD.

The sun had already sunk in the West when the convict returned to his native village.

During the many years of his confinement, behind the grim walls of Joliet, he had harbored but one idea—that of revenge.

As he neared the old school-house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to fire) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not felt in many years filled his breast.

He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears, moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling, he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his calloused hand and exclaimed:

"My heart is softened, I will not shed blood to-night. I will rob instead!

THE CONVICTS' TELEPHONE.

How the wicked convicts bothered the guard.

BY JACK ALLEN.

If you'll listen to my tale, my troubles I'll relate,
I am a prison officer, in the service of the state,
To guard convicted felons doing penance in the pen.
The cell-house is my charge, and a gang of basement men.
Now, when I first came to this place, the men would read at night
Their books and papers and the like, in their cells by candle light.
On Sundays on the galleries, the guards went round to see
That each man got his "tallow dips," and never bothered me.
But when the news was told to me that the State would put in gas,
I little dream't the trouble that would shortly come to pass.
You see, the pipes were first put in, and ran from tier to tier,
Then in the cells and galleries strange noises I would hear.
I puzzled long to understand, until the truth was known
That the tricky convicts had invented a gas-pipe telephone.

You know the law on talking, so it's no use to tell
That it's against the rule to chin and talk from cell to cell.
But these sly dogs, instead of talking through the iron door,
Would get up to the gas-pipe and through it would roar.
Of course I tried to catch them, but that was mighty hard.
For, along the pipe a warning ran, "Look out! here comes the guard!"
But one day, climbing on the tier from the gallery down below,
I caught a convict "dead to rights," just as he bawled "hello!"
You bet I horsed that convict out, and led him down the hall,
And stood him underneath the stairs, with his nose against the wall.
No doubt, that rascal thought his "hello!" very queer and droll,
But he got a chance to halloa in a different kind of "hole."

PART 2—THE GAS.

Now, when the gas was ready, and the burners were put in,
Of course that put a stop to the telephonic din.

I thought that then, at least, my troubles would be o'er.
By Jove! The gas was worse than I had ever known before.
For every day when I went round (according to the law)
Examining the iron doors for marks of file or saw,
In every cell I came to there was a slate upon the bed.
I'd pick it up and read it, and this is what it said:
"Oh, cell-house guard! the gas won't burn," or else "The burner's gone."
The gas is a bigger nuisance than the gas-pipe telephone;
But when the day is o'er, I go up the warden's stair,
And rush into the chaplain's room and kneel me down in prayer.
I then beseech forgiveness for the wickedness I've shown
And for the curses that I've cast at the convicts' telephone.
When the evening shades draw nigh, and the chaplain by me stands
And says the benediction, and stretches out his hands,
I mingle with the mourners that stand around the throne,
And pray for the wicked convicts and their gas-pipe telephone.

OLD GHOST DANCES.

THE LATEST FAKE AND HOW IT WORKED ON TWO ANGELS.

"S'elp me, gents, I'm a-givin' you a square deal. I ain't no bum; I'm a discharged convict trying to git back to the home of me childhood."

He was a frayed and ragged man, with a bright blue eye, and he had halted two prosperous looking actors strolling clubward after their night's work. The novelty of the plea struck them:

"When did you leave Joliet?" asked the first player. "Yester-mornin', I live up in the north uv the state, in a little rooral village, wid me aged mudder."

"Take much to get there?"

"Bout two dollars and ateteen cents."

"Jim, shall we chip in and help him along?"

"I'll go you. He looks honest."

There was a clinking of silver—the rustle of a bill drawn from an obese roll and the actors walked away, followed by the most violent protestations of undying gratitude.

Out of the shadows came a second frayed and ragged man.

"How much, Bill?"

"Two ateteen. They was angels and dead easy."

"Same lay?"

"Yep. This convict yarn's a corker. The old ghost dances about wantin' a nite's lodgin' or havin' a starvin' family ain't in the same class wid it."

A moment later and the two frayed and ragged wayfarers had disappeared into an adjacent saloon.

MOLLIE BROWN'S FATAL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.