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In Prison

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"What's the matter, sir?" queried the old "trusty" who was sweeping out the warden's private office.

He asked the question of a young man who had come in from the corridor. The latter, like the trusty, wore a gray shirt—gray in Menlo prison is the badge of good behavior—though of slightly different cut. He was a personable chap, lithe, vigorous and erect, on this side of thirty. Now he breathed heavily, as if from recent exertion, his hair was rumpled, and from a cut beneath his right eye blood was flowing.

"The deputy warden hit me and I fell against the corner of the window ledge," he panted.

Neither noticed a young girl who had come to the door of the public office, and had heard the young man's answer.

Now her little hands were clenched; her expressive face wore a mingled look of pity and indignation. She came swiftly into the room.

"Pardon me, but did I hear you say the deputy warden struck you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the young man, as he applied a handkerchief to his injury.

"And they say this is a model prison!" was her spirited comment.

"I'd like your name and—number—please, and a full description of the deputy's attack upon you."

"Why, ma'am?" queried the young man.

"I am my mother's private secretary. She is Mrs. Campbell Bannerman, chairman of the prison committee of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs."

The young man's quiet humility changed to lively concern. "You mustn't, you know!" he cried. "That wouldn't do at all. Please don't mention a word of what I told you!"

"Why?" queried the girl.

"Oh, because I—" began the young man, and checked himself. He became the model prisoner again. "It—might be better for me, ma'am," he said quietly.

"I understand. They would seek to revenge themselves if they knew you—told. But I want you to promise one thing, please."

"I'll promise you anything!" assured the young man.

"It's only this," she replied hastily, confused a bit by the look in his eyes. "If they ill-treat you again, write me at Eyredale—Ethel Bannerman."

She opened her bag, fumbled in a tiny pocketbook and produced a silver dollar.

"It's all the money I have here," timidly. "Mamma has enough for both of us. Please take it."

With a sudden impulse she offered her hand. He took it, gently, his warm palm met her own. She smiled faintly in farewell, but there were tears in her eyes.

"It was all wrong to deceive her that way," said the young man, to his own reflection in the mirror, when she had gone. "But I couldn't let her go and forget me. I had to get her interested. Now, I wonder if she'll forgive me when she finds out?"

"She's a good little girl, and a mighty sweet one, too. Why, she wanted to cry over my troubles." He paused for a moment, in glowing, boyish awe. "By Jove, I must see her again. Now to waylay Mrs. Bannerman." He plunged into the making of a speedy toilet.

Two hours later the visit of the officers and prominent committee members of the state federation was over. The president, Mrs. Lucretia Lorne Hammond, rode back to the city in the same automobile with Mrs. Bannerman and her daughter.

"A visit to a prison is a saddening experience," remarked Mrs. Hammond, with the enunciation of the public speaker; "so many hopeless faces, so many broken hearts."

"I noticed one queer thing in there—and it's supposed to be a model institution. I met a young prisoner in the corridor with a bad cut on his face. He looked as if he'd been fighting. Do you suppose they still have corporal punishment here in spite of their denials?"

Ethel Bannerman leaned forward with eager, wide open eyes, her lips parted. Mrs. Bannerman smiled.

"Was he a tall young man with a gray shirt?"

"I believe he was," replied Mrs. Hammond.

"Handsomeness, brown-eyed?"

"I couldn't tell about his eyes; I suppose he might be called handsome," admitted Mrs. Hammond, austere.

"That isn't a prisoner. That's Gerald Primrose, a member of the prison board. He's here because there's a meeting of the board today. The governor appointed him because he's wealthy and can give his time and thought to prison problems. Warden Stone speaks very highly of him."

"He seems rather peculiar," commented Mrs. Hammond. "I think I saw him again, just as we were leaving. He had changed to his ordinary attire. He was holding a silver dollar in his hand, and looking at it like a miser. Why, he acted as though he wanted to eat it!"

"Ethel, you look as happy as a bride," she observed presently.

"I am happy," Ethel replied, with a sigh of content. "And this has been a delightful day!"

Body and Mind.
A sound mind in a sound body; the former be the glory of the latter, the latter is indispensable to the former.—Tryon Edwards.

Unkind Inference.
"Now, caddy," said the clergyman about to start off with his golf game, "I'm very particular when on the links, and I don't want you to open your mouth during the game." "Then I takes it, sir," replied the boy, "that you intends doin' your own swearin', sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

What She Couldn't Understand.
A charity expert was talking about charity. "It's altogether erroneous, the prevalent idea of the rich man's callous, stupid attitude in the face of poverty and suffering. That prevalent idea is illustrated well in the story of Mrs. Gobsa Golde, to whom a charity worker said: 'Thousands of poor people freeze to death every winter.' 'Dear me!' Mrs. Gobsa Golde replied, 'why don't they go to California?'"

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Her Preference.

First Saleslady—"Are you going to marry that gentleman that comes here every day?" Second Ditto—"Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job."—Life.

Playing Safe.

"Did you make up the list of the 20 greatest women that the editor asked you to prepare?" "Not on your life! But I've told at least a hundred women that they were sure of a place on it."

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