

# Wayward New York Girls Now Paying the Wages of Sin



THE OTHER DAY—"The sunny, velvet carpets, and the silken draperies of their rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria—and truffles and lobsters, and champagne and scented cigarettes."

NEW YORK.—"Straight ahead!" ordered the matron and the line of procession went past the long narrow benches placed on either side of a higher, narrow bench, called by courtesy a table. Katherine and Charlotte Pollon, the gay and pretty sirens and hotel beats, and their fellow prisoners stopped at the door at the farthest end. The door opened. The first prisoner was shoved in. Five minutes later there was heard a splash.

"It's the carbolic acid bath," whispered a woman who had been an intermittent guest at Blackwell's Island, New York's famous harem for malefactors. The first prisoner came out shivering from her bath, and greatly subdued in manner, and smelling of carbolic acid. A shiver ran through the delicate frame of Katherine Pollon. For the woman had dropped her gaudy finery in the bathroom and come forth arrayed in the hideous prison garb. She had seen mattresses covered with precisely the same material, heavy white ticking of alternate broad and narrow blue stripes. Its skirt was short and scant, reaching to the tops of the shoes. The waist was gathered into the same unwieldy belt of blue and white ticking that held the skirt. It was fastened over the bosom with cheap, flat white buttons. The collar was a turnover. At sight of the gown Katherine Pollon bit her lip. When her eyes traveled down beneath the hem of the skirt and fell upon the shoes, the eyes filled with tears. The shoes were of prison manufacture, flat-soled, square-toed, low-heeled, of the cheapest leather manufactured.

All Finery Discarded. "In there, Miss Pollon." The matron's voice was softer than the warden's had been, but its tone was as determined. Into the bathroom went the siren, No. 1. An attendant helped her remove the long baby lamb cloak, the fashionable broadcloth gown, the big picture hat of black velvet and plumes. She disrobed her of the clinging pink silk underwear, the chemise trimmed with real valenciennes lace, the black silk hose with yellow butterflies fitting among violets, embroidered upon them. All these the attendant rolled quickly, and not at all gently, into a sheet, pinned and labeled the sheet, and into a bag of gray ticking thrust the woman's eight diamond rings and emerald bracelet. "Get into the tub," commanded the attendant. Miss Pollon stepped forward dipped her foot faintly into it, and drew back.

"Aw, go on," commanded the attendant, and the girl took the plunge. "What is this for?" she asked, as her lips curled and her nose tilted at the whiff of carbolic acid.

"Antiseptic bath; don't ask questions," answered the woman in the blue-checked uniform of the prison at

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tenant. A moment later the girl who had amazed the Peacock Alley at the Waldorf-Astoria with the magnificence of her gowns came forth, a humbled, woe-begone figure in the blue and white stripes of penance.

So fared Charlotte, Siren No. 2. Following the procession, they mounted the narrow iron stairs at the foot of the mess hall to the second tier of cells. "You into 18," said the attendant to Katherine. "You into 19," to Charlotte, and the iron door clanged after them.

The notorious and irrepressible Pollon sisters were repressed at last.

Young Women's Criminal Career. The young women who have figured conspicuously and flagrantly in New York in eviction suits, in damage suits, in suits for slander; who have been the bane of hotel keepers, and one of whom was a particularly prickly thorn in the side of the New York millionaire, W. Gould Brokaw, whom she sued for breach of promise, and with whom she settled for \$17,000, have subsided into the peace that, outwardly at least, broods over Blackwell's Island.

Latterly the young women had concentrated their energies upon ingenious devices for beating their hotel bills in the metropolis. The Waldorf-Astoria, the Breslin, the Bristol, have all complained of the success of that ingenuity. While practically penniless, the young women had lived in the most luxurious manner at these hotels for periods extending into weeks, and in some instances months. When weekly bills were presented, the debtors showed a positive genius for evasion. They were not in their rooms when the bellboy tapped gently but firmly with one hand, while he held the weekly reminder in the other. Though he slipped the bills under the doors the Pollon sisters said they never received them. Airily they asked the bookkeeper when he telephoned their rooms about the over-due bills, to add them to that for next week. And the bills for the next week were accorded the same reception as the last.

"Satan himself is not more ingenious than those women," exclaimed an unhappy manager as he ordered them evicted from his hostelry.

Retribution at Last. But at last ingenuity failed. The last coup of charging a New York magistrate with connivance in their manner of life was defeated. The fluff and furbelowed young women having made their last face at the presiding judge, their final grimace of derision at their keepers in the Tombs, departed for Blackwell's Island.

At the landing a man in blue uniform, whose voice was as coarse as the whistle of the river tugs, met them and shouted: "Fall in line there!" When Katherine, the smaller of the pair, did not understand the order, he grasped her shoulder and thrust her beside a bent, old Italian woman, who horribly grinned and gibbered. Charlotte walked beside a negro who had been arrested for disorderly conduct on Twenty-eighth street.

Within the Prison Doors. The sorry procession, ludicrous in spite of its wretched significance, as Falstaff's army, marched from the landing to the broad doors whose stone steps had been worn by the feet of thousands of the city's criminals.

The door of the great castlelike jail swung back grindingly on its heavy hinges. "To the right," shouted the man with the voice of a tugboat whistle, and the motley human assortment went in at the open door of the warden's office. Warden O'Fallon, white-haired, bureaucratic of manner, with crisp, metallic voice, sat at his desk and peered from under bushy brows at the women. Javert himself could not have been less emotional.

"Your age?" he said, peering under the bushy brows at Katherine.

"Twen—Oh, well, 30."

"And you?" to Charlotte.

"I am 24."

"I brought her up," volunteered the voluble Katherine.

"And right badly, I should say."

"Murphy, call Miss Moriarity."

The matron, stout, soft-voiced, firm-willed, entered. She looked the women prisoners over with level glance. Katherine preened and fidgeted, trying to display her prettiness in a good light. She flushed when she saw by Matron Moriarity's cool glance that for her she had no individuality. She was merely one of the new batch.

The First Night in Jail.

"Come this way," said Miss Moriarity, and the female prisoners followed, marching in pairs, Katherine still the companion of the bent, mumbling Italian woman leering at her own untranslatable jests; Charlotte striding beside the negro. Across a wide-roofed court whose stone floor rang with echoes of the footsteps of the prisoners, Miss Moriarity led her or rather drove the prisoners, to the female department of the workhouse.

The long, high-walled, narrow room repeated the sound of their footsteps hollowly, for the female department was empty. The women were at work in the laundry, the kitchen, or the sewing-room.

The women sat down upon their narrow cots for the very good reason that there was nothing else to sit upon. In the narrow, grave-like room, white-washed walled, was a small, rough, triangular bracket that held a candle, a drinking cup, with space left for one book, a small Testament. At the foot was an electric light. On a rough stand stood a basin. That was all. The prison smell hung heavy upon the tiny room, for the only means of ventilation was the barred door, through the spaces of which filtered a slight hint of the outer air that came through the corresponding windows in the great gray walls opposite the cell.

No Dainties at This Meal.

Such a supper! No truffles, no lobster, no champagne! Merely dry bread and bologna and coffee, eaten from a tin plate, or drunk from the cheapest tin cups with but one aid, for knives and forks are prohibited at Blackwell's Island. There, primitive hands and primitive teeth are supplemented by one tin spoon. Instead of damask napery were rough, narrow boards, scrubbed clean, but boards, nevertheless.

This, after the sunny, velvet carpets and silken draperies of their rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria—the truffles and lobsters and champagne and scented cigarettes. The elder of the Pollons dampened three handkerchiefs while she sat there waiting for the nasty meal to be over.

To cells 18 and 19 they went again after tea. There, although the electric light may burn until half-past nine, there was darkness, and a hillarious negro rattled the door of her cell and cursed softly because the sound of her neighbors' sobbing fretted her.

Beginning the Long Day.

At five the next morning the gong sounded. Every prisoner sprang out of bed. If she lingered she would be punished. Punishment, she knew, meant a brief interview with the warden, and then the dark cell behind the big iron door at the end of the mess hall. The dark cell, every prisoner can tell you, breaks the boldest spirit and renders the wildest captive humble in a few hours. It is, they tell you, an inferno of silence and darkness.

The women thrust themselves into the ugly striped uniforms, combing their hair back plain and smooth from their foreheads and fastening it in a tight, unbecoming knot at the back of the head, as is the rule at Blackwell's, and putting on the black knitted prison hood, grasp the cell palls in their hands and set forth on the first procession of the day. Down the stairs, through the corridor, past

the big doors, into the dawn of the fresh day they go. If a thought of flight visits them a harsh voice at their elbows calls: "Hurry on, there! No fooling you!" They march to the shore, empty their palls and go back through the great doors into the tainted prison air once more. Up the stairs to their cells, hoods off, palls deposited, and they resume their march into the mess hall below.

Plain Bill of Fare.

If it is Monday they breakfast from the tin pan and cup, and, with the aid of the spoon, off bread and hash and coffee. If it be Tuesday their meal is oatmeal and coffee. If Wednesday, they have bread and jelly and coffee. They march around the tables, deposit their spoons in a box at the end of the table and go in regular file to the work that has been assigned them. The Pollons, as a first essay at hard labor, were ordered to the big, square sewing room. There Katherine darned socks, Charlotte mended torn sheets and tattered blue and white striped dresses.

They sat on rough chairs and stooped until their backs ached over their tasks. Through Charlotte's mind flitted recollections of the diversified golf links. Before Katherine's vision danced the gay invitation of the spring shop windows.

By noon they were faint, but their delicate stomachs rebelled at the mid-day dinner, vegetable soup, roast rump steak, potatoes, cabbage and thick, though not strong coffee. Katherine's tears dripped into the big tin cup of coffee. Charlotte frowned heavily.

Back again for the afternoon's work. They were interrupted only by an attendant's "Can't you do better than that? Every woman ought to be able to do a little light family washing." During the morning sewing Charlotte complained that the brass thimbles might cause blood poisoning. But no one paid any attention to the pair who had been in the public eye until they had grown to like it. Their fellow prisoners, when they looked at them at all, looked insults. When they spoke to them they jeered.

Jeered by Companions.

"How do you like the Hotel Blackwell?" whispered a hard-faced dame over the wash tubs, during the afternoon session.

"O'Fallon's a mighty sharp hotel keeper. Nobody ever beats his bills." The Pollon sisters reddened, and were mad through and through. Charlotte thumped her washboard viciously.

At five came the call to tea, then back to their cells went the sisters, to read a little if they chose, from books in the prison library. Lights must be out at 9:30, the hour at which these gay women of upper Bohemia were wont to dine.

The next day both sisters were heavy-eyed and pale. Katherine could not answer the matron when she spoke to her.

"Hub; 'prison sore throat,' I suppose," said Miss Moriarity, and sent for the hospital physician. He or-



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dered her to the hospital. For lesser symptoms of the same sort Charlotte followed her. When this temporary illness has ended they will go back to the prison routine, and the sewing and the soapuds.

These rules will again face them from the blackboard in the mess hall:

- Rules for the Mess Hall.
1. Prisoners, while at meals, are forbidden to talk or make any unnecessary noise.
  2. They are forbidden to spill soup on the table or drop bread upon the floor.
  3. Those wishing to pass reading matter or any other articles while at the table must obtain permission from the office.
  4. No one shall leave her seat at the table without permission.
  5. When leaving the mess table each prisoner will bring her spoon and deposit it in the spoonbox.
  6. Violation of the above rules will subject the offender to punishment.—From the New York American.

## TABLE DELICACIES

### APPETIZING SALAD AND AN EMERGENCY DESSERT.

Light Meal Easily Provided and Appealing to the Palate—Corn Pudding with Tomato—Recipe for Chicken Croquettes.

A salad may be made with tomato without vinegar for an invalid. Use salt, pepper and sherry, but no oil. Choose very firm tomatoes for salad. Sliced tomatoes may be dressed with horseradish and chopped parsley and laid upon lettuce. Pass French dressing.

Emergency Dessert.—An Edam cheese, a crock of pure apple butter, a tin of good crackers and some choice coffee or tea provide a dessert at short notice. To neglect the table for mental pleasure is not right, but it is perfectly right to satisfy the appetite and palate with food that is easily provided, and so leave time for other pursuits, and to some to the table rested and the mind filled with agreeable thoughts gained from reading or a chat with cultured friends.

With food so well prepared for use now there is little reason for undue amount of time and strength used up over the mixing table and the oven, and what is far more wearisome; the scullery work. Good fruit costs something, but far less than doctors' bills. It always sets off a table, and is sure to meet the needs of the rising generation. The wife of a learned man said recently that her half-grown children, mostly boys, smile at their parents clinging to cooked desserts and refuse them, taking fruit instead, and saying to their parents that it is useless to make cooked desserts at all, as the parents have such to eat up for luncheon another day.

Corn Pudding with Tomato.—The corn that comes canned without any skins in it makes an excellent corn pudding or soup. Some people like it mixed with tomato for a soup. It is also nice to stuff tomatoes with and to make corn chowder, which is a good Lenten dish. Make corn chowder by frying out some onion and adding sliced raw potato, the corn, some milk and seasonings such as are used in chowders of fish and clams. Add crackers just as they are used at the coast.

Fruit Pudding.—A frozen fruit pudding made with dates, figs, rice, gelatine and grapejuice is put together in this fashion: Soak half a package of gelatine in one cupful of cold water for 30 minutes, and set it over hot water until the gelatine is all dissolved, and then partially cool it. Add to it a cupful of either Concord or Catawba or other pleasing variety of grapejuice; a small cupful of sugar, half a cupful of boiled rice, and a fourth of a cupful of cut-up seeded dates and the same of figs. Freeze until a smooth, firm mass, and serve in ice cream dishes or high glasses.

Chicken Croquettes.—Occasions arise when chicken croquettes seem a necessity, and the following recipe will be found invaluable:

Boil a tender, moderate-sized chicken till tender and cut the meat into dice. Saute in butter one-quarter pound of fresh mushrooms, which have been peeled and stemmed. Make a cream sauce by rubbing three table-spoonfuls of flour into one-quarter pound of butter, melted, and adding one-half cup of chicken stock and half a pint of sweet cream, stirring until it boils and is very smooth. Remove from the fire and add salt and pepper to taste, the juice of half a lemon and just a hint of nutmeg. Spread this on a platter until cool, then form into croquettes, dip in egg, then in crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs, and fry to a golden brown in deep fat.

Eye Wash.

Add a teaspoonful of powdered boric acid to one cup of boiling water; strain and apply to the eye night and morning.

To Remove Coffee Stains.

The most difficult of all stains to take out are those made by coffee. Most everyone thinks that the garment is hopelessly ruined if a drop of that stimulating beverage is spilled on it. But with care the spot can be easily removed from the most delicate silk or woolen fabric, even if there is cream mixed with the coffee.

Rub the spot gently with pure glycerine, rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side until quite dry. The glycerine absorbs both the stain and the grease.

Tomato Toast.

Cook down till thick half a can of tomatoes, with a pinch of cloves, half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, an onion, minced fine and a teaspoonful of minced parsley, have ready buttered toast without crust, and pour this over without straining.—Harper's Bazar.

Thread Machine.

If when sewing on dark fabric the needle should become unthreaded, slip a piece of white goods underneath and you readily can see the eye.