

BEFORE THE BRIDGE.

Sights and Scenes of a Morning at a New York Police Court.

Into the courts come a world of what for a better term may be spoken of as the miserable and afflicted of New York. They constitute, en masse, the degraded and the afflicted—fallen women, drunken and besotted men, thieves, robbers, liars, cowards. A large number of them are seeking for anything but justice. They have spite and vengeance to gratify. A large number want only to pull the wool over Justice's eyes and escape with an unearned increment. Thousands, of course, require only plain justice, and seek it with extended hands and tear-blinded eyes. It is for these that the various police magistrates of New York are required to sit in judgment.

A visitor to these courts sees practically nothing of their operation. He will find two rows of benches in an ill-ventilated and darkened room, with an aisle down the middle, the men on one side and the women on the other. Three-fourths of the distance to the back wall there is a railing with a gate at which a uniformed policeman stands. Inside the railing there is a space of about ten feet. This is crowded with prisoners, brought in from a side door, with policemen, with lawyers, with probation officers reporters and hangers-on.

Back of this space there is a bench that runs clear across the center, behind the middle of which the magistrate sits. In front of the magistrate is a platform six or eight feet long, about four feet wide, called "the bridge." In front of this, on the floor level, prisoners are arraigned. On either side of the magistrate are the clerks, usually half a dozen of them. It is the duty of these clerks to listen to the complaints and put the papers in legal form for the consideration of the magistrate. Here in manipulating these papers, there is plenty of chance for grafting.

Then the mill starts. A hum of conversation that sometimes amounts to a roar calls for loud thumping for order by the magistrate. Prisoners are pushed and shoved up to the bridge, and the policemen and complaining witnesses tell their stories in a voice that cannot be heard six feet away. Often the magistrate cannot even see the prisoner for the crowd in front. Nine-tenths of the time the prisoner cannot hear what is said against him, and frequently, when the policeman on the bridge calls out, "What-ye-gotter-say?" no one pays the slightest attention to his mumbles, and he finds himself hustled out of the way and thrust back into the court prison without knowing what has been done in his case. He finds out later when the prison van comes around.—Broadway Magazine.

Professional Bondsmen.

In the trail of the police court lawyer as a matter of necessity comes the professional bondsman. One of these with two lawyers and a magistrate composed the famous Pickle Trust. A large batch of women would be gathered in by the police solely for the sake of plunder. These women hate detention for even an hour. By the payment of \$5 each to the station house bondsman, who divided his fees with the police, they would be released at once to appear in court the next day.

There the Pickle Trust got hold of them. The magistrate would hold up his hands in horror over the spectacle before him. He would declare that he would clean the streets and make them respectable. He would put the women under bonds for good behavior.

The law gives him the right to detain them until he is satisfied with a bondsman. He would lock them up and then their satellites would scurry around for a bondsman. One after another would be produced, and all rejected. Finally the mysterious tip would be passed around that a certain man must be hired. His fee was ten per cent of the bond \$20 for a \$200 bond, and so on.

Most of the women would be put under \$500 bonds. If there were twenty of them the Trust would have \$1,000 to divide—a pretty good picking for a morning's work. One of the magistrates was a member of that trust, and although exposure has checked its work, it is still in existence in a covert form.—Broadway Magazine.

The country in which the large towns are most nearly equidistant is Holland. They are at an average distance of twenty miles from one another.



His Version.

Pete—Say, Sam, it were all Adam's fault dat he done got mixed up wid dat trouble in de garden.

Sam—How's dat?

Pete—Why, he done asked Eve to save him de core.

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"Fluff," An Autobiography.

I have heard the story of my life related so often to wondering and admiring visitors that I feel capable of telling it myself.

My mistress is a dear little girl, whose soft, dark eyes first saw the light on "Sunny Georgia's sandy plains," and, outside of her school hours, I am her playmate, her joy and delight.

A year ago Amanda and her mamma went into the country, and when they returned home the little girl was the proud possessor of a big white goose egg, given her by a good woman who kept geese. And the day Amanda's mamma found me, a very animated ball of yellow down, creeping in the coal house by the biddy, under whose warm feathers Amanda had slipped me with a hopeful and expectant heart, there was no happier little girl in Dixie than my owner.

The hen was put back in the chicken yard and I was taken into the house, where, for three weeks, I slept in a basket by Amanda's cot, knowing no mother but her—my gentle little mistress.

I am a grown gander now and sleep in my own little house, though Amanda still puts me to bed. I am told I am not of a fine breed of goose, but my feathers are nice and white and look rather well, I think. My name is "Fluff," but my mistress calls me "Baby."

When Amanda and her mamma go out driving, I go with them and enjoy the drive as much as they. My mistress puts me in a basket in the carriage while she and her mamma are dressing and there I sit without moving or murmuring until they are ready, which I am told is very much better than human beings of my age behave.

Amanda's mamma often steps by a stream on which geese and ducks play to permit me to enjoy a river bath, and people wonder that on these occasions I do not join the fowls in a friendly swim, for I do no more than step in the water, then return to the sands, where I squat quickly beside my mistress, ready to go. But Amanda and her mamma do not swim, so why should I? And their society suits me better than that of the fowl kind.

I like to play "horse" with my mistress, and frequently draw a tiny cart for her. The harness is a cotton band that, placed around my neck as a horse's collar, rests on my breast and has straps attached to the ends of the shafts. I can not permit a bit to be placed in my mouth as the horses do, but my mistress has reins fastened to the shafts and I obey her word of command. When she brings out my wagon I am always ready to go and stand quietly as I can while she adjusts my harness. I feel no embarrassment in the presence of the crowds of children who collect to watch us when we go out on the pavement, but my little mistress frequently turns homeward when too many strangers gather to see a little girl driving a goose to a cart.

Amanda's grandmother lives in the Bluegrass state, and after Amanda and her mamma had gone on their usual summer visit to her, the little maid became troubled about me. She felt that she could not do without me six long weeks, so papa, at home and lonely, sent me to her.

I took my long train ride very comfortably in a crate. The train men were kind to me, but I thought I should go wild with happiness when I saw my little lady again and felt her soft love pats.

While in Kentucky, I went with Amanda to the photographer, where we both had our pictures taken. The artist was so much pleased with our behavior under the trying ordeal that

he requested permission of Amanda's mamma to put a large picture of us in his show window.—Sarah Belle Hackley, in *Pets and Animals*.

Beauties of Platonic Friendship.

Having gone thus far, I shall surprise no one by affirming that I consider a real friendship between man and woman a very beautiful and inspiring thing, says a Spinster in M. A. P. I will go farther, and declare that no man and no woman should be without one. After a perfect marriage (in which husband and wife are one soul as well as one flesh) this relation is the most desirable of all human relationships. I will tell you why.

In the first place, it is free from the dross of sordid self-interest. The man in it has no material claim on the woman, nor has she any such claim upon him. The bond between them is quite implacable; it can be dissolved merely by a spiritual tie, composed of mutual interests, tastes and desires.

Also, as platonic friendship does not involve intimate contact, the familiarity that breeds contempt, it is not prone to degenerate from a condition of mutual kindness, courtesy and respect into the take-all-for-granted grumbling and grudging attitude of the ordinary marriage. Being amenable to no laws but those of reciprocity and good faith, to keep these intact is the first object of friends.

Distrust or any harshness may not creep in—nothing demanded, nothing accepted, as a matter of course; tact and sympathy are absolute necessities. Such friendship is, in fact, a debt of honor in which both are at once, debtor and creditor, the medium being loving kindness and comprehension. In this lies its superiority to the married state, where the relation between husband and wife is so often terribly strained.

Living under the same roof, observing continually all the petty faults and failings which are so much harder to forgive than larger sins, poor frail human men and women are apt to become critical and snappish, to forget the good manners they so carefully observe outside the home. Thus, I repeat, in friendship it is easier to preserve the ideal than in the wedded state, being less subject to disillusion, the eating canker of love. One can manage to keep on a higher plane with a masculine friend than with a husband or lover, breathe a purer air, and revel more fully in those artistic and intellectual pleasures which are likely to be marred by the interference of household cares.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

James Bryce.

Hon. James Bryce, the new English ambassador to the United States from England, was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1838, and was educated at the high school and University of Glasgow, Scotland. He took his degree of B. A. at Trinity College, Oxford University, in 1862. He was also elected a fellow of Oriel College in 1862. He was made a barrister in Lincoln's Inn in 1867 and practiced law until 1882. He was appointed professor of civil law at Oxford University in 1870 and stayed there until 1893. He first went to Parliament from Tower Hamlets in 1880. He was made under secretary for foreign affairs in 1886. He was given a seat in the cabinet in 1892. He was made a member of the senate of London University in 1893 and a fellow of the British Royal Society in 1894. He is most famous as a writer on historical subjects.

A sea captain named Wenlock been elected mayor of Brightlingsea, Essex, England, the ceremony taking place in the church belfry, according to immemorial custom.

Twilight Chat

Any woman who did not save a little money with which to buy herself some much-desired article was not sensible. No matter how generously there is always some longing ungratified unless we have a gift of money or had the forethought to save a bit of our appropriation for the inevitable bargains.

Every merchant of pretensions knows that there will be a slump in business after the holiday trade, and whatever money he takes in must be wheeled out of women. Men rarely seek bargains, or are tempted by them, but a sale is irresistible to the average woman. That there are real bargains to be had at certain seasons nobody denies; the trouble is in picking them out of the useless things which are dear at any price.

It is well to keep a list of needed articles, adding to it as desired. Then when the real bargain seasons come they can be purchased at a considerable saving of money. There are articles, of course, without which life is not comfortable, and those have to be supplied when the need arises, without regard to price. But think of the things which can be delayed until we are ready to purchase! They are the articles which we are likely to find on the bargain counter.

Getting one's wardrobe into condition is a hard task after it has been allowed to run down. There are so many articles to replace that the chance of adding the dainty little trifles which mean much and cost little is remote. But keep the supply of clothing up to the standard, and the additions will be comparatively trivial. "It is easy to do that when you have an abundance of ready money," you say? Yes, and also when your income is limited, in fact it is an economical fashion of getting along.

A well-made and well-kept costume will do honorable service a season or two longer when fitted up with fresh trimmings and up-to-date collar and cuff set or a smart belt and stock. A clever dresser, feminine, told a secret to her inquiring and admiring friends; she spends two-thirds of her dress allowance on accessories and always looks modish and better dressed than her rich friends. She can't afford new gowns frequently because she considers quality and fit and finish the distinguishing marks of good clothing, but she keeps what she has in the best of condition and hides deficiencies by clever touches.

This is one of her tricks—she hires good dressmakers in dull seasons, and declares that she secures better attention with no aggravating delay. She buys hats after the stock has been weeded out and finds choice models within her reach. Invariably she selects models in both gowns and hats that will wear more than a season and show no sign of a departed fashion. We are not all clever in that direction, I grant, but improvement is possible, you know, particularly when you have the good fortune to find an adviser.

Buying articles merely because they are cheap is extravagant. I have seen trunk loads of beautiful odds and ends that footed up to a sum larger than the ordinary woman can afford, and there was scarcely one of the lot that could be turned to use by the owners. Think of money tied up in trumpery, even to the richest, when everyday wearing apparel is what is needed! It is like the principle on which some homes are furnished—skimping on comfortable furniture to spend on ornaments. I do not like such homes—I prefer plain ones with comfort stamped all over them, and so do you, if you have the true home instinct.—Betty Bradeen.

An Arab Vendetta.

A determined Arab vendetta has just run its murderous course at Fermann, in Algeria. A man named Fared-ben-Aissa had determined to kill a fellow resident of one of the mountain villages, named Hussein-alba-Ahmed, and never went abroad without his gun. The other day the two men, both carrying loaded guns, met face to face in a quiet spot in the mountains. Instantly Fared drew his weapon to his shoulder and fired. Hussein fell but rising, rapidly got his own shot in, Fared in turn falling with a shattered thigh. He managed, however, to nerve himself for a second shot, and Hussein fell dead with his chest shattered. Fared will have to undergo amputation of the leg.

A BOWERY THEATER.

What Happened on "Amateur Night" at a Popular Vaudeville Show.

"G' me a good seat, old man," you exhort, in a fireman-save-my-child tone of voice.

"Bes' in de house," returns the box office man as he shoves out to you a bit of yellow pasteboard and grabs your money as if he feared you would repent your purchase; and you enter the abode of Terpsichore and her friend Thespis.

The first number, now on, is the famous Italian trainer, Signor Mazuma's Troop of Trained Dogs, Cats and Monkeys. On careful inspection you assume that the part of Italy that boasts of the Signor's birth is the County Sligo. However, this is by the way, and you forget all about it in watching a cantatrice. She has a gown of blue jet, silk stockings, an ingrowing voice and a blonde wig, and she sings things that Melba might have sung if her musical education had been received in a penny amusement parlor.

After her, you have two acrobats who peel off their velvet dinner coats that they may perform in their shirt-sleeves, "like swell guys should;" and then a tramp juggler, whose appearance would cause a red blush of shame to suffuse the swart cheek of the worst human derelict that ever warmed a bench; then a "lady and a gent" in silk shirts and plush pants, who play tunes on gas-pipes and things that look like radiators and cornets and banjos and xylophones and end up with their feet in the footlights, discouraging sweet melodies on overgrown slide trombones and doubling up their left knees on every second and fourth beat; and then a trick bicycle rider; and then a sketch in which a startlingly svelte lady comes in reading a letter and says, at a rate of speed that would surely get the Traffic Squad after her if she tried it on the street, "I-have-just - hold - from - my - music-teacher - he - will - be - here - at - ten - forty - it - is - now - ten - fifteen - while - I - ar - waiting - I - guess - I'll - sing - a - little - song."

She makes good her threat and demonstrates her need of a teacher; and when that individual does come, he proves to be her long-lost sweetheart who went out to the Klondike in the year of the general exodus, and has come back with so much money that it clutters up the house and trips him whenever he tries to go downstairs; and then two sidewalk comedians who refresh you with such classics as

"Who was dat lady I seen you comin' down de street wit' de odder day?"  
"That wa'n't no lady. That was your wife;" the obvious retort for this being a slap on the pneumogastric nerve with a final pink sporting edition, and then—but what's the use? For the purpose of all this is but to introduce the query that you have often asked yourself:

"Where do they all come from?"  
And the generic answer is:  
"Amateur night!"

Amateur night is no evening that the cheaper burlesque houses set apart out of each week, or fortnight, for the purpose of allowing the young idea to demonstrate its shooting capabilities, competitively, the prize being, usually, a watch or a certain sum of money, awarded by popular acclaim; and sometimes, if one demonstrate a truly marvelous capacity, a job in the olio of that or some other show.—Broadway Magazine.

The Pace that Kills.

In a word, greatness in womanhood is like greatness in nature. The mightiest forces in the realm in which men and women are called to do their work are the quietest and sereneest forces! And just as we turn from the fierce gust of the hot sirocco that tears and roars and beclouds its way across the desert to the silent and sovereign sun that kisses the wide harvests into life, just so we turn from that fevered and overhurryng step which is too widely the gait of our modern life to a pace that is more deliberate, to speech that is less vehement—in one word, to a service that is quiet and unhurried and thorough.

"But the age," I hear some one say. "Do you know that its whole spirit and habit are hostile to the ideal which you have painted?" Alas! I know the wrecks of women—the victims, so often, we are told, of "nervous prostration"—who are its victims. All the more, fair sister, friend, wife, daughter, mother, whosoever you may be, does it belong to you to resist the drift and to chasten the pace!—Bishop Potter, in Harper's Bazar.