

THE AGE OF THE STARS.

Another tell me, won't you, pray, how old the stars are? "Well, it is a thing that's hard to say; indeed, no man can tell. ... say that Irving's twenty-nine, Mitchell's twenty-eight, Elsie Leslie came in line when Jackson ruled the state. ... only certain thing we know about the stars we see at which seemeth to be so that which cannot be."

—Carlyle Smith.

MASQUERADE BALL

chum, Dick Harborne, and I sitting together in our room. It was but two weeks after the opening of the fall term, and, as Dick said, "it was still a hard head." He was sitting at the table. I was lying on a window-seat behind him, smoking a pipe and thinking—well—thinking of those moonlight nights the month before, when the Tautonic cut so merrily through the waves, and I sat and heaved a deep sigh. It interested my reverie, yet, after all, chimed most appropriately with my thoughts. Yes! Summer was over; no more travel, no more excitement, no more pleasant evenings on deck, but what was the matter with that yellow novel before him, hardly suggestive of melancholy. Dick was unhappy from some cause; perhaps he too regretted the summer had slipped away so fast, being something of a staid, easily lay aside my own troubles and sympathize with his. I would cheer up. "Say, old man," I began, "funny things happened this afternoon. I told Miss Reiter for your sister. Look a good deal alike; don't you see so?" "Yes, I do," Dick replied without looking up from his book. "I was rather unsuccessful. How she seemed to appreciate so fully the path of my first remark, that, puffing away at my pipe for a moments in silence, I ventured to say, 'Suppose you're going to the Harborne masquerade ball next week. I'll be pretty good fun.' The yellow book sailed wildly across the room, the sturdy chair swung with a vicious squeak, and I was facing my chum, with an indescribable expression of wounded pride, and smouldering wrath upon his face. "Look here, Jim, are you trying to make me mad? You know well enough I wouldn't go to that ball if you'd let me." "Don't know anything of the kind," I replied. "What's your reason?" I was a little exasperated at the failure of my philanthropic efforts. "Had enough of masquerade balls," he answered gloomily; then looking earnestly at me he added, "Didn't you hear about the ball we had this summer at Dearborne?" "No," I replied, "give it to us." "At a moment he was silent. He seemed undecided whether or not to tell the story. Finally a smile passed over his face, and looking good-naturedly at me, he said: "I might as well tell you, I suppose. You hadn't been in Europe, you'd have heard all about it before now. There's one thing, however, I want you to understand," he added, "and that is that you must never again say a word to me about the matter." The expression in Dick's eyes, and the suppressed chuckle with which he accompanied this last remark, showed me plainly that he was having a little joke about somebody, whether himself or not I couldn't quite make out. However, as the story promised to be amusing, I did not trouble myself as to whom the hero might be, but settling back more comfortably in the window-seat refilled my pipe and waited for the yarn. Dick was slow, but he had a droll way of telling a story that was very entertaining. "You see," he began, "we were all up at Dearborne this summer, the whole family, when what must my sister Elsie do but invite Helen Reiter to stay with us at the hotel. I used to see Miss Reiter, you know." "Don't you now?" I here interjected. "Keep still, will you, till I finish my story," Dick replied, and I, dreading more to arouse my chum's anger, was silent. "Well, Miss Reiter came. She and I walked, rode and boated together. I used to make up parties to climb the mountains. I always went with the other fellows were trumps; I kept off to give me a fair chance, I suppose I had it," he added after a pause. There appeared, however, no doubt in Dick's mind as to the result of the last remark. Moreover, a smile with which he began his story was gradually disappearing. In a moment he continued: "I tell you, those eyes of hers and that low voice of hers, I said. I was not really much interested in Miss Reiter's eyes and voice. "I tell you honestly, I fell awfully in love with her, and knew that sooner or later I'd have to tell her so. I thought she cared for me" (weak attempt at a smile as he said the word "love") "though she had a little way of always laughing off the matter as if I tried to tell her anything about my own feelings. "Finally by way of amusement we decided to have a ball at our hotel. It was to be something pretty fine, because we wanted to outdo the people at the other house, who had had a ball the week before. After a long

discussion we decided to wear masks and go in costume. I saw that here was my chance. I'd find out what Helen, I mean Miss Reiter, was going to wear, then get a chance to speak to her alone, and I was sure she'd listen to what I had to say. The trouble lay in finding out her costume. We were all horribly secret; wanted to fool each other, and that sort of thing, you know." Dick paused here to indulge in a laugh. I thought it would have been more polite to have hastened on to this point as quickly as possible, so that I could laugh too. "Well, the day before the ball, at dinner, I found a little note in my plate. It was in Helen's handwriting. "Come to the bay window of the reading-room at half past eleven, if you care to see The Little Nun." "Here it was all done for me. I was almost crazy. Just think of it, Jim" (I was thinking very hard), "she wanted to see me alone, for the reading-room was at the other end of the hotel from the parlors where we were to have the ball. "The night came. There she was. Amongst that crowd of queens, sultanas, heaven knows what not, the Little Nun walked slowly back and forth. She needed no mask, for a heavy veil covered her face. Graceful, Jim! no name for it. I was simply bewitched. I followed her, watched her, got in every one's way in trying to keep her in sight, and I suppose made a fool of myself." ("Probably," thought I.) "Once I danced with her," Dick continued. "I hardly spoke. You know at masquerade balls people either say nothing or talk like idiots; I chose the former course. Just as I left her, however, I whispered 'Shall we meet?' and for reply, she only pressed my arm. That finished me, Jim, for the rest of the evening. I could hardly wait for the party to break up. At last it was over. The couples went out to sit on the piazza. It ran all around the house, and was a first-rate place for a moonlight evening such as that. Dick was gazing absently at the floor. He spoke very slowly. I could see that he imagined himself at the ball once more. "I watched the Little Nun," he continued. "She moved gradually toward the door; soon I saw her leave the room and walk slowly out on the dark side of the piazza. I followed her, and when she had almost reached the reading-room door, spoke. "Is it you, Helen?" She simply bowed her head and put her arm in mine; she was expecting me. There were no lights in the room. We sat on a little sofa that stood in the bay window. The evening was very warm; the moonlight streamed across the piazza and in through the open window, flooding the room. Outside it was still. Occasionally we could hear the others laughing at the farther end of the hotel. Then even that sound ceased. I tried to talk. I don't suppose I succeeded very well. She only listened and drew closer to me. Once I asked her to raise her veil, but she shook her head slowly. I forgot what happened next; I think I took her hand, then, then— "Dick started; that soft, far-away expression disappeared suddenly; his eyes shone almost fiercely; something, forgotten in his dreaming, must have come back to anger him. "Let's have it, old man," I said gently, "what did you do next?" "Well," he blurted out, "I told her that I loved her, and asked her if she loved me. For a minute she didn't speak, and then said very low, 'Yes, Dick dear, I do very much; kiss me, Dick,' and drawing her veil aside, the moonlight fell full on her face as she held it up to mine." "Dick had risen at this point, seized his hat, and was standing by the door when I said: "Well, you did it, old man, I'll bet." "Damned if I did," he replied. "A man don't kiss his sister every time she asks him to," with which remark the door slammed after him. In an instant it opened again, and thrusting his head into the room, my chum added in a roar, "Whole crowd of 'em sitting out on the piazza, too, just beside the windows, listening to what I said, hang 'em," and this time I heard his footsteps as he stormed down the stairs. "I saw Dick's sister two days later. "What made you play such a trick on Dick last summer?" I asked. "Oh! he's told you, has he? Why, you see Miss Reiter was engaged last summer, although no one in the hotel besides herself and me knew it. Dick made a perfect fool of himself about her, and as she didn't want to announce the engagement, and I couldn't bring him to reason by good advice, we thought we'd cure him another way, that's all." "Just like a girl to do a thing like that," I remarked and she couldn't deny it. "Well, Bridget, why did you leave your former mistress?" "Oh! She was a queer one. When her baby, the shwate darlint died, she only missed one meal, an' sure, when her pet dog—the oogle, woolly baste! kicked the bucket, she laid in bed one whole week an' never ate a thing." "You had a just reason for leaving. You may consider yourself hired to me, Bridget."—Chicago Ledger.

Why Bridget Left.

Who Pays the Freight?

IN JACKSON PRISON.

LIFE IN MICHIGAN'S BIG PENAL INSTITUTION.

A MODEL ABODE FOR RETIRED CRIMINALS.

Blood Stained Friends On Whom Society is Being Avenged—R. Irving Latimer's Crime—The Prison Bank and Work Shops.

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Among the oldest penal institutions in the West is the Michigan State prison at Jackson. Ground was broken for the prison in 1827, in pursuance of an enactment of the Legislature at Detroit, then the capital of the Wolverine State. It covers thirty-two acres of



WARDEN DAVIS.

ground. The first prison was a stockade fence around the property. It was strongly guarded with armed men, but escapes were nevertheless frequent. In 1842 a stone wall twenty-four feet high was built outside of the tamarack stockade.

The first man to enter the place as a convict was John McIntyre, sent from Detroit for one year for larceny. There have in all been confined in the prison 5,261. At present there are 781 convicts, all males. Female prisoners have not been received there since 1871, the legislature of that year ordering them transferred to the Detroit work house instead.

The prison property is valued \$681,222. It consists of ten shops, built of brick three stories high, and the main front, which is four stories high surmounted by a stone tower. The fourth floor front is occupied by wardens' and business offices; second by deputy warden, chaplain and postmaster and librarian. The third story is used as chapel, where 1,000 can sit down, and a gallery where three hundred or four hundred visitors each Sunday go to see and hear. The fourth story is the prison hospital room, airy and clean. The prison offices are George N. Davis, warden; Fred Collem, deputy; Edwin L. Kimball, physician; Eugene Mesher, hall master; G. Major Taber, clerk; Geo. N. Hicox, chaplain. This latter has been there continuously for over nineteen years. The others are all new. There are 800 cells, the overflow being housed in the corridors on bunks. The health of convicts is first-class, only five being in hospital. The cells are 3-1/2x9 feet; ceiling seven feet high. The life solitary cells were evolved in 1847, and discontinued in 1857 by legislative enactment.

Articles of food vary at each meal with exception of Tuesdays and Friday; these two days the foods are identical. Breakfast and dinner are partaken of at table. The supper or last meal is always served in the cells, the food being placed there by convict attendants before the men are rung off from the labor, which time varies according to the time of year. In the winter quitting time is 4:40 p. m.; the spring and summer 5:30 p. m. The men go to work at 7 each morning. Here is the bill of fare as served for three days including Sunday, which gives a fair idea of how and what the convicts eat: All convicts are bed and clothed at state expense, except the clothing shop, carpenter shop and kitchen. Convicts are hired out to contractors at from fifty to sixty-five cents per day.

Sunday breakfast—Hash, wheat bread and coffee. Sunday dinner—Mutton stew, potatoes (ten bushels) corn bread (900 pounds). Monday breakfast—Codfish, (300 pounds) wheat bread, baked apples, coffee. Monday dinner—Pork and beans, wheat bread, vinegar, coffee. Thursday breakfast—Codfish, potatoes, baked apples, white bread, coffee. All convicts are full fed, and none complain of quality or quantity, which

games are then allowed. Base and football forms a popular feature, and several games go on at the same time, many of the players showing by their expertness that they have made base hits before they made the one which landed them behind the bars. While it is well understood that most convicts are clever at getting into banks and lugging off all the money they can find, it's not so generally well understood that once in the prison very many of the prisoners suddenly manifest a laudable ambition to save money. Where before, the man would not care to save a few cents a day, once a convict he does not refuse to lay aside however little he may become possessed of against the day he will see the outside world again. Many fellows who never supported any one, even themselves, outside the prison, once there, will delve and save for the support of wife or children.

There is at present in the prison bank belonging to convicts \$11,850.27. The amounts vary from one cent to one thousand dollars. A few years ago a man was released by expiration of a long sentence who had saved \$2,000. It is on record that a convict once fell heir, while serving a sentence here, to \$50,000. He received it when he came out. Many of the prisoners are rapid workers and by doing two days work in one save fairly good wages. Nearly all have regular tasks assigned them and they can work as fast or as slow as they desire, only they must complete the allotted work.

In these days of sensational crimes and noted criminals, Michigan has kept up its unsavory record equally strong with other States. There are all sorts and conditions of criminals: inside the walls, from the slick-fingered forger to the bloody-handed matricide. The most noted criminal Michigan ever had, who was convicted, is without doubt R. Irving Latimer, at one time leader of Jackson city's four hundred. He was born of parents who were both very strict church members. His father was a druggist and R. Irving learned the profession. Just before the son was 21 his father, who was a man of splendid physique and of a commanding appearance, went home one evening, drank a glass of cider while awaiting supper and never left his chair, dying inside the hour. Mrs. Latimer and the son both opposed an inquest and none was held. The father carried \$16,000 life insurance and there were several thousand dollars of debts which were paid by the widow. Irving was then started in the drug trade. He followed it two years and became overwhelmingly in debt. Feb. 24, 1888, Irving carried a fictitious conversation through the telephone with a person supposed to be in Detroit. That after-



ENTRANCE TO PRISON.

they are reliable to do if the occasion warrants it in any form. The shops of the Michigan prison are built inside the walls in the form of a hollow square. The center is occupied by a lawn with a beautiful flower garden in the center. The garden is supplied in the early spring from an exten-

sive greenhouse, and all is done by convict labor. The largest contract inside the prison is the Withington & Spoolery. This firm hires 250 men. They are farm implements, such as hay forks, shovels, scythes, swaths and the like. The firm occupies three shops, have had the contract thirty years and made large fortunes. The Webster wagon contract is of next importance. This company has also been in possession of its present quarters for over a quarter of a century. All kinds of farm wagons and trucks are made and sold abroad, as well as in every State in the union. The firm employs about 260 convicts. The Fargo shoe contract employs 100 convicts. Twelve hundred pairs of shoes is the output per day when running full handed. The broom contract employs seventy convicts and make the highest priced brooms in the country. In the broom contract shop alone there are thirteen life convicts, one of whom has been there twenty-four years. Two shops are manned by State men, that is, convicts who work for the State alone. These shops are the carpenter and tailor shops. In the first are made all kinds of wooden boxes and children's toys. These include chairs, tables, rockers and many varieties of toys. The tailor shop is where convict clothing is made, including men's socks, by machinery. Some articles of bone implements are also made by an inmate of this shop, who does his work on overtime and has the receipts of his sales for his own use. The educational advantages of the prison are better than in most penal institutions. They are carefully conducted by competent instructors and are varied and suitable to the convict. Schools at night are maintained for reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history, and all well-behaved convicts may attend who desire. There is a lecture hall or literary club room handsomely furnished and fitted to the requirements of the exercises given. Classes are taught the higher branches, essays are read by the convicts, extemporaneous speaking is indulged in on holiday occasions. During the warm weather, all convicts not in punishment, are allowed one full hour together in yard, each Saturday afternoon. All sorts of athletic

William Walker, a colored man, born a slave, came to the prison Christmas day twenty-six years ago for life. He is hale at 70 years and works on the wagon contract. He was born of slave parents in Kentucky. He served seven years in the dungeon cell when he first came. One of the long term convicts is Fred Newberg, colored, who was recently sentenced from Grand Rapids. He ended a long list of crimes by going into a house in the evening, presenting a revolver to the head of the woman at the home and telling her she had just five minutes to give up what money she had or die. He pleaded guilty, and is 36 years old and six feet two inches tall. He will be 72 when his sentence is ended. Among the odd fish is Jacob Beck, with a fatherly cast of countenance. Beck is serving his eighth term in prison for petty stealings. He never takes much but takes it often. He has served one term in Indiana and two in Ohio penitentiaries, besides his eight here. There are others serving from as high as seven terms down to two.

A unique thing about the prison management is that its board of inspectors is composed of very rich men. O. M. Barnes of Lansing being worth one and half million of dollars, while Francis Palms of Detroit is quoted at eight millions. There are also the prisons at Marquette and Ionia for less hardened criminals. G. A. RAYMOND.

A \$50,000 SUPPER. A Chicago Physician May Have to Pay That Amount. When a husband permits his wife to follow the occupation of a typewriter girl he is running grave chances of losing her love. Henry E. Taylor of Chicago knows this a little better than most men. For that reason he sues Dr. E. E. Fahdney of the same city for \$50,000, which sum he thinks will just about fill the vacuum created by the loss of his better half's love. Anna Louise Taylor was a stenographer and typewriter in the office of Dr. Fahdney. Being pretty and inclined to attend the theaters, the doctor often acted as her escort. After the theater they would visit the cafes and indulge

in extensive wine suppers at the doctor's expense. When the husband learned of this state of affairs he called a halt by applying for a divorce. Then a second suit was brought against Fahdney for the amount named. The defendant is highly connected socially.

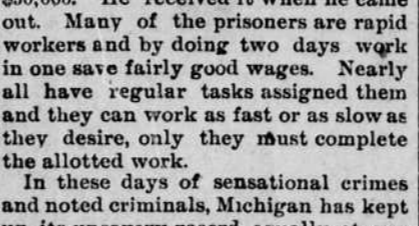
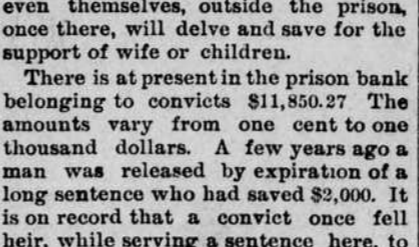
In English Hospitals. There are now twenty thousand trained nurses in England, Ireland and Scotland. The largest hospital in London employs 250 and the seven next in size aggregate 1,000. So where such a number goes becomes quite comprehensible.



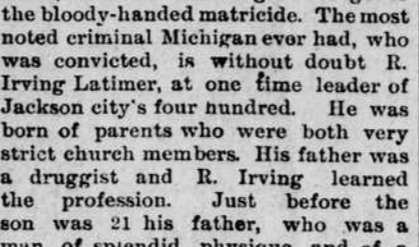
R. IRVING LATIMER.

Countess Margarethe Hoyos. For political reasons, it is said. When the marriage with the Comtesse de Brilliorde was prevented, many formed the belief that young Bismarck would remain a bachelor. And perhaps he might have, were he not the only means of handing down the name to posterity. The young Count was deeply in love with the Comtesse. He said at the time he could never love again. Then he went away to England with a view of forgetting the tie that had been broken by the mandate of his stern parent. He met the Comtesse at an English court reception a year afterwards. Their meeting was a cold one. The Comtesse could never forgive him for his loyalty to the ex-cellar's wishes. About the same time he met Countess Margarethe whose father is Count George, one of the richest men in Prussia. The Hoyos afterwards accompanied him to Friederichsruh, the residence of Prince Bismarck. A match was arranged by the parents of the two, the cellar saying that he wished to see English blood inducted into his family. It is well known, though his son has not forgotten his loyalty to the divorced Comtesse de Brilliorde. One of the richest heiresses of Europe is Mrs. Edith Davis, aged 20, who a year ago was Miss Edith Reddington of the famous Reddingtons of London. When she married Edw. Wellington Davis, it was at the command of her father who saw in the match a chance to keep the Reddington billions in the family, Davis being a relative. The daughter who had graduated a year before did not take kindly to the marriage, but by frequent threats of severe punishment, was compelled to go to the altar for better or worse. She had no trouble in seeing that it was for worse. For a month after the marriage her displeasure was openly manifested. Then she was sent away to an Italian watering place with her husband. When they reached Florence young Mrs. Davis devised means to desert her husband. She did so, and not wishing to be alone in her flight, sought a young Englishman as a companion. They were arrested at Havre as they were about to set sail for America. The erring wife was returned to England. Her companion was allowed to sail for the United States. Two weeks ago Mrs. Davis turned up missing for the second time since her forced marriage and investigation went to show that she had taken a steamer for New York. Word was at once sent to Seligman, the New York agents of the Reddingtons, to intercept her on her arrival in that city. A staff of London physicians followed by the next steamer, under instructions to examine into the young woman's mental condition. She was arrested and a court of inquiry declared her to be insane. Then she was hustled to a returning steamer and taken back to England. Her lover, whom she had arranged to meet in New York, followed by the next steamer. The end is not yet, however, as the Sunday Reform league of New York has protested against the high-handed assumption of the British

Mrs. Reddington-Davis. Physicians who declared Mrs. Davis insane. They will apply to the state department for a rigid inquiry. Mrs. Davis is a strikingly pretty young woman and does not bear the slightest sign of insanity. The portrait printed herewith is from one recently published in a New York paper.



A \$50,000 SUPPER.



MRS. REDDINGTON-DAVIS.

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