

## Prisons of Yesterday and Prisons of To-day

Undoubtedly Very Great Progress Has Been Made—Moral Conditions and the Bad Sanitary Conditions of the Past.

A recent reform inaugurated at the Illinois state penitentiary at Joliet does away with the "lockstep." The prisoners now are to march in military fashion. Which item of news sets us pondering on the change in treatment of prisoners that marks the last century and a half. Not yet are conditions ideal, not yet is the prison admittedly successful as reform school; but unquestionably progress has been made.

An authority asserts that to-day there is no department of science, whether physical or social, in which progress is more evident than in the realm of penology—the study of the management of prisons. The same

one-time prison cells, where, 70 feet below the surface, manacled prisoners were crowded at night; their feet fastened with heavy iron bars, chains about their necks attached to beams above. The caves reeked with filth; contagious fevers were incessant. The keeper was allowed to punish by flogging, putting on shackles and fetters, the treadmill, solitary confinement and putting in the stocks, double and treble sets of irons, hanging by the heels, and other methods that seem far removed from criminalist views of the present.

But let us turn from the horrors and inhumanities of the past to the work for betterment. In the work of



WHIPPING AT THE PILLORY.

authority, writing in the Forum on "Progress in Penology," declares that the civilization of a people can now be told quite as well by its prisons as by its picture galleries, its schools or its churches.

No one can accuse prison wardens of being mere sentimentalists. They have practical knowledge of hundreds of convicts, they know the total, they know the average. And when they give as their judgment that there is hope for reform in a goodly per cent. of men under their care, the reformative aspect of prison life should loom large. Formerly the idea of punishment dominated. To-day the prisoner is "deprived of opportunities for self-indulgence, but is given what he needs for self-development. He is not punished for what he has been; he is to prove by labor, study and good behavior what he may be."

It was in 1777 the Englishman, John Howard, made his famous report on prisons, calling attention to the fact that young and old, innocent and guilty, were shut up together and in idleness. Very soon England set to work at reforms in prison conditions, and has since continued at the task. Experience in the world at large has shown that stringent laws and severe punishments do not lessen crime.

In the old days they used to look upon criminals as dangerous beasts, desperate characters, of different clay from ordinary men and women, creatures of uncanny cunning. In the prisons of an American "Old Newgate," a colonial prison that later became the Connecticut state prison, one may still see deeply embedded in the walls the iron staples to which the prisoners were chained while at their work; and remains of the treadmill used for refractory convicts. The prisoners were confined in underground caverns, shafts and chambers of an abandoned copper mine. You may to-day wade down a tortuous path to these

prison reform in the United States four great organizations have done much to hasten progress: The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons, formed in 1777; the Boston Prison Discipline Society, organized in 1824; the Prison Association of New York; the National Prison Association of America. And as Dr. Wines says, yeoman service has been rendered by individuals.

Barrows, in summing up the most important indications of progress in penology in the past century, gives the following points: (1) The highest standard of prison construction and administration; (2) the improved personnel in prison management; (3) the recognition of labor as a disciplinary and reformatory agent; (4) substitution of productive for unproductive labor, and to a small degree for unrequited labor; (5) an improvement in prison dietaries; (6) newer and better systems of classification; (7) the substitution of a reformatory for a retributive system; (8) probation or conditional release for first offenders, with friendly surveillance; (9) the parole system; (10) the Bertillon system for identification of prisoners; (11) the new attention given to the study of the criminal, his environment and history; (12) the separation of accidental from habitual criminals; (13) the abandonment of transportation; (14) the humane treatment of the criminal insane; (15) the new emphasis laid upon preventive instead of punitive, or merely corrective, measures.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.

Unappreciative. Reider—I wonder what Jingleton gets for his magazine poem? Noxley—I don't know; but I know what he ought to get. Reider—What? Noxley—Six months twice a year.—Chicago Daily News.

## MEAT SUPPLY FOR MILLIONS.

Packers Can Kill More Than 450,000 Animals Daily at Chicago Stockyards.

Chicago.—The daily capacity of the Union stockyards in Chicago is 75,000 cattle, 300,000 hogs and 50,000 sheep. Persons employed in and about the yards number 45,000, upon whom are dependent probably a quarter million relatives.

Within the square mile occupied by the stockyards are 200 acres of pens, 20 miles of streets, 20 miles of water-pipes, 55 miles of drainage and water troughs and 150 miles of railroad tracks. The stockyards were founded in 1855. With accessories, they represent invested capital of \$67,000,000.

Chicago literally supplies the world with meats. The and Russia subsist upon fare prepared here, as do a great part of the population of those countries.

The Union stockyards received last year 2,613,630 head of cattle, or 1,829,622 more than St. Louis, 1,803,368 more

than Omaha and 767,397 more than Kansas City. Nearly twice the number of sheep slaughtered in Kansas City, Omaha and St. Louis are killed annually in Chicago, while much of the stock sold in other cities finds its destination in Chicago.

Since the establishment of the Union stockyards 352,000,000 live animals have been received, of which 12,370,000 were shipped away alive, leaving a total of 339,630,000 animals killed and packed in 40 years at this chief center of the meat industry.

Queer Request of Murderer. A Chinese murderer before being hanged in Batavia asked to be supplied with a ticket to Singapore, so that he could have it on his person after death. His request was granted and he died happy.

Scriptures Widely Distributed. The British and Foreign Bible society now distributes the Scriptures in 400 languages. Last year the society issued a few volumes short of 6,000,000.

## COUNT BONI IS CAST OUT.

French Chamber of Deputies Annuls Election of Castellane on Bribery Charge.

Paris.—Despite a protest from the count the French chamber of deputies the other day by 253 votes against 221



COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE. (Husband of Anna Gould Ousted from French Chamber of Deputies.)

decided to invalidate the election of Count Boni de Castellane, husband of Anna Gould, as the deputy for the Basses Alpes.

Bereft first of his little American wife and no longer to scatter the millions she brought him from the coffers of Jay Gould, Count Boni found him-

self arrived at the limit of humiliation when the chamber of deputies ousted him from his seat and besmirched him with insinuations of political corruption and open charges of bribery in buying his election.

Truly the dapper little Frenchman finds that money makes the gentleman, the lack of it the fellow.

He now has few friends. Once the flattered little spendthrift of the boulevards, the pet of titled women, on whom he lavished diamonds and jewels until his wife shut off his supply of money, he has sunk into the position of a man ridiculed and laughed at. Former friends who fawned on him and reaped the fruits of his sensational methods of getting rid of his wife's money now look upon him as a fool who has permitted himself to be found out. Not until the present, however, was any thought ever taken that he might find enemies enough in the chamber to throw him out of his seat.

Now he is mournfully aware of how far fortune has turned against him and at one of the clubs from which he is not yet excluded he declared that the action of his fellow deputies was the result of his "painful family difficulties," made public through his wife's action for divorce.

How the French aristocracy regards Count Castellane in his actions is best shown by the fact that when he offered himself as a member of the Jockey club he was "pilled" by the largest number of black balls ever received by one man.

## WHAT DEWEY IS DOING NOW.

THE ADMIRAL PREFERS HARD WORK TO LIFE OF EASE.

Rank Makes Him Independent of President or Secretary of Navy—Is Known as a Well-Groomed Man.

New York.—"What has become of Admiral George Dewey and what is he doing now?"

This inquiry, sent to a St. Louis newspaper, elicited the following information:

Taken all in all there is perhaps no man in the United States in the service of the government or out of it who is in a more enviable position than is Admiral Dewey. Congress has given him the rank, pay and allowances of an admiral of the navy, receiving the rank for his benefit. He is absolutely independent of the secretary of the navy and of the president of the United States.

He cannot be retired and he cannot be disciplined by reduction in rank or any of the other usual means employed. The place gives him an annual income of \$15,500.

If he chose to do so he could close down his desk, go home and never turn his hand over in the way of work, either for the navy or anyone else, and his pay and allowances would go on as long as he lives; but the admiral prefers to work and to work hard.

He is at the head of the navy general board, charged with the duty of devising general plans for improvement of the navy, the management of the ships, the handling of officers and men, and the control of the great government shipyards. Every day when he is not at sea for the maneuvers he is at his desk in his office or attending to the meetings of the board.

Admiral Dewey is much loved and much respected. He is a dapper little fellow, not much more than five feet in height. His clothes fit him like the naval uniform, without crease or bag anywhere.

They do say that the admiral's Chinese valet has no less than 20 new suits of clothes and ten pairs of shoes to take care of at a time. The admiral is not a dude, merely a well-groomed man without seeming to have any thought of his personal appearance.

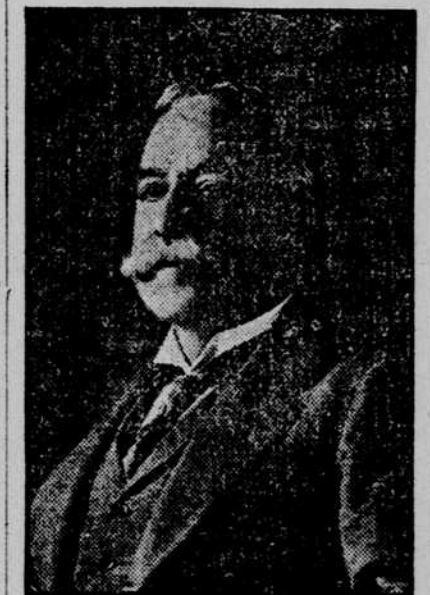
He has but one fault, if that it may be called, and that is his love for animals. He has one of the finest teams of driving horses in the city and also an ugly-looking English bulldog. The dog went through the battle of Manila Bay with Dewey, so they are real bunkies.

When the admiral was making a tour of inspection of the fleet the dog went along and was allowed the run of a vessel while his master was aboard. On one ship the admiral returned from the men's quarters just in time to encounter the dog salting in most hurried fashion from the officers' quarters with the toe of an officer's boot in hot pursuit.

Admiral Dewey was white with anger and surprise. In a second, when the captain appeared, following the direction of the toe of his boot, the admiral, controlling himself as best he could, demanded:

"Sir, what do you mean by kicking my dog in that manner?"

The captain came to a swift salute



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

(The Distinguished Naval Hero is a Hard Worker Through Choice.)

and his face, it was noted, was as pale and drawn with suppressed anger as was that of the admiral.

"Sir," he said, "I would have kicked that dog if he had been the personal property of the Supreme Being; but, sir, I would not have kicked him, and did not kick him, until he had chewed the legs out of two \$15 pairs of uniform trousers and ruined a de luxe edition of the Naval Regulations, as well as killed the ship's feline mascot."

Then they both laughed.

## "KATIE QUAQUA'S CAMP."

Willow, Mich.—While all of the white settlers who traded with the Indians in this vicinity at the beginning of the last century have passed away and the reds have long since gone to the happy hunting grounds, there are a few landmarks which still recall the stories and legends of those times; not the least interesting of these is the old log hut, built nearly 100 years ago on the banks of the Huron river two miles of this town.

In the early days it was known as "Katie Quaqua's Camp," and was at that time inhabited by the Indians holding a big reserve in this vicinity. This reserve granted to the Wyandottes by the United States in 1818 was located in the southeast corner of Huron township, Wayne county, and included 4,996 acres. By a treaty of March 17, 1842, this tract was ceded back to the government and the Wyandottes were removed to Kansas.

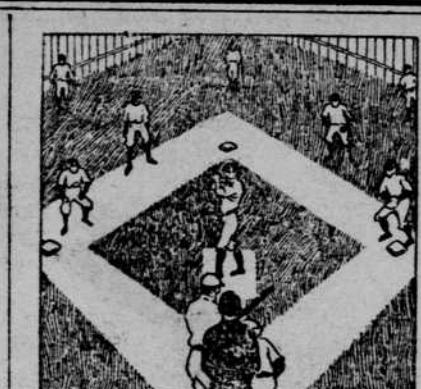
The familiar landmark to old settlers known as "Katie Quaqua's Camp," was a favorite camping ground of the red men when they came to this section on their hunting and trapping excursions. Katie Quaqua was the wife of James Clark, who lived near Amherstburg, Ont., and with his daughter, Mary McKee, was among the last of the once most powerful tribe of Wyandottes who inhabited this territory.

It is related that Katie offered a half bushel of silver dollars to any white man who would marry her daughter, who was almost as fair as any white girl. After the tribe was removed Katie visited this place annually for several years and it was believed by the old settlers that she had money buried in this vicinity.

### Nation's Moral Sense Hypnotized

By PROF. JACOB G. SCHURMAN,  
President of Cornell University.

Among the rich and well-to-do business and professional classes "grafting" has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a byword and a reproach; the whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virus of honesty. The idle rich are an excrescence in any properly organized community. And in a democratic republic, in which every man has a vote, be assured that the rights which convention grants to property would be swept away if the propertied classes become idle, luxurious, selfish, hard-hearted and indifferent to the struggles and toils of less fortunate fellow citizens. The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toil by which alone wealth is created. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character. But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by material prosperity. We must restrain the brutal and predatory pursuit of wealth by laws for the protection of the weak and for the equalizing of opportunity.



## AROUND THE BASES

Ferris Always Studies the Plays He Makes

Albert S. Ferris, of the Boston American league club, doesn't convey the impression of overpowering mentality by his appearance in baseball diamonds, but there are few faster of the game who really think faster of more accurately on the duties of their positions than he. Recently "Hobo" handed out a few ideas on scoring from a ball player's standpoint that are really illuminating.

"I always get the worst of it from the scorers," was the way he opened up, and the introduction made it seem like the usual complaint. The explanation, however, was very different from the stereotyped article.

"If I play the balls that come out my way off to the side, I'd get about half the errors they charge to me," Hobo plaintively continued. "It's an easy thing to do, and more than half the American league infielders do it, too."

"The consequences are obvious," Hobo got this away with great gleefulness of tongue. "If I fumble one, handling it my way and getting squarely in front of it, it looks a

jumping to the conclusion that it was a 'spit ball,' called out 'ball' a moment before it had reached the plate. So you can see that the man who matters the 'spit ball,' and can pitch it effectively, is handicapped in his efforts to fool the batters. In spite of this handicapped style of delivery, and I expect to use it this season with considerable success."

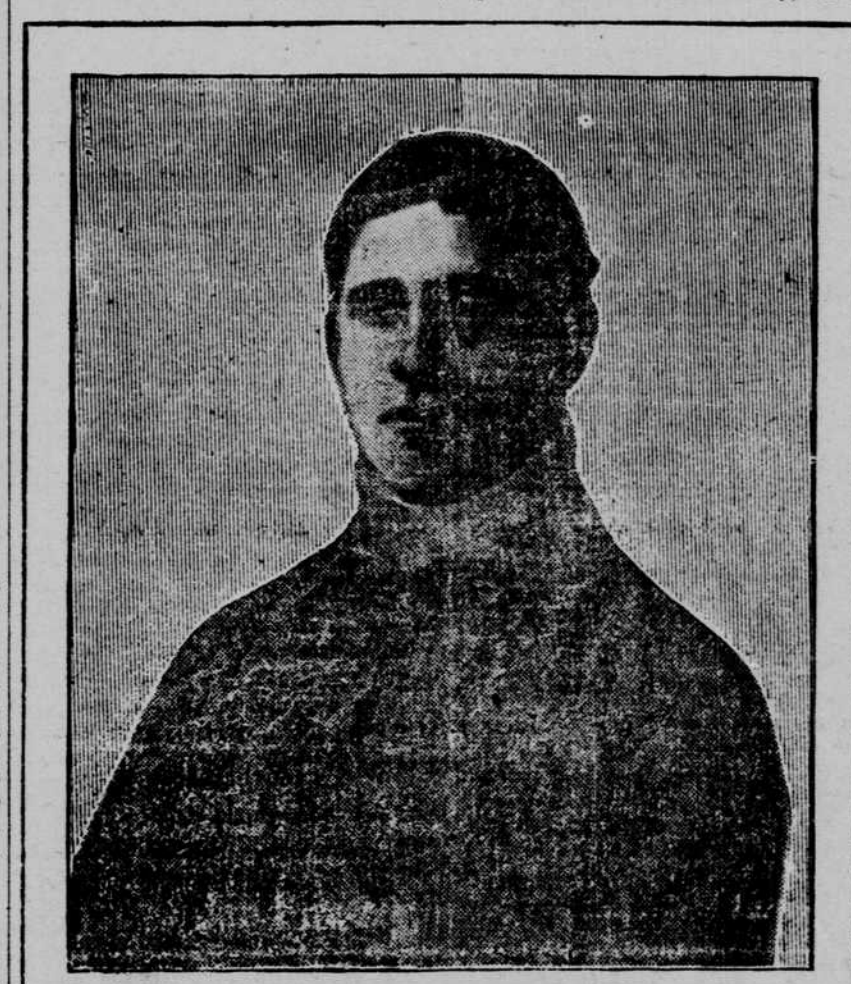
## Catchers Are Born Says Bowerman

For eleven years Frank Bowerman, of the New York Giants, has stood behind perspiring batsmen and wig-wagged signals to pitchers of various degrees of efficiency. He has picked inshoots and outshoots of the bats until the knuckles on his hands are the size of last year's acorns, and his fingers, once straight and supple, are curved like the prongs on a hook used to extract clinkers from a furnace grate.

"I have caught all manner of pitchers," says Bowerman, "but the fellow with speed who lacks in control is the one who keeps me busiest and makes me regret I was not born of rich, but honest, parents. See that enlarged forefinger? Well, that is a small token of esteem given me by a wild pitch one day in New York when there were two men on bases."

"A successful catcher must use his head as well as his hands and arms. He must know the weak points of the different batters, and signals the pitcher which balls the batsman can hit and which ones he is weakest in hitting. He must be on the alert when a runner is on first and try and guess on what ball he will attempt to steal, so as to signal the pitcher to throw wide of the plate and about shoulder high. Such a ball can be quickly thrown to second and increases the chances of nipping the runner at that base."

"Successful catchers, like successful pitchers, are born. They come by the faculty of doing the right thing at the right time naturally. Hard work will improve a catcher of fair ability, but if



Charles F. Doolin,

Catcher of the Philadelphia National League Club.

Charles F. Doolin, catcher of the Philadelphia National League club, is a native of Cincinnati. He started his career on the lots of that city about ten years ago, when he became a prominent amateur player. He is 25 years old, of a stocky build, and one of the fastest and most accurate throwers that ever stepped behind a bat. Doolin's first professional engagement was with Indianapolis in 1888, but during the exhibition season he met with an injury and was released. His next experience was with Dubuque, from which club he went to St. Paul. As Comiskey did not give him a chance, he went home in disgust and did not play professionally again until 1893, when he was with the St. Joe club of the Western League. During the season of 1896 he was a member of Julius Fleischmann's Mountain team. Doolin was regarded as the star catcher of the Philadelphia club in 1902, since which time he has been that club's mainstay behind the bat.

whole lot worse than it would if played off to the side. On the other hand, by playing it squarely, I sometimes have a chance to recover the ball and make the play, which is seldom possible when the ball is played to the side. From the standpoint of averages, I'm a fool, but I'm playing the game for Boston and not for Ferris, and Collins knows it, so I suppose I shouldn't bother.

## When Cooley Didn't Make a Home Run

An amusing story of old Dick Cooley is told by Dave Jones, of the Tigers. "I never saw a crowd laugh so hard as it did in Chicago one day while Dick was doing one of his famous sprints around the diamond for Boston," says Jones. "Dick was the first man up in the game and he hit the first ball pitched on a line out toward my field. I sprinted for all I had in me, going back and off to the side and, as luck would have it, just got the ball in one hand. At the time Cooley was busy turning first. He gave a glance, saw I was still on the run—I hadn't had time to slow down—and dug for second, thinking certainly that the ball was past me. Well, I saw the joke, and I kept running, too. Cooley, turning second base, saw me, far out in the field, throw the ball to an infielder, who was obviously going to relay it in. Poor Dick passed third and dug for the plate like a wild man. He hit the dirt at the finish, making an excellent slide and just beating the ball."

## Why "Spit Balls" Puzzle Umpires

Jack Chesbro has a grievance, and it pertains to the celebrated "spit ball."

"I tell you," said he, "that a man who tries to deliver the 'spit ball' has his troubles with the umpires. Even the best of them don't seem to understand that delivery. Of course, the tendency of the 'spit ball' after it leaves the pitcher's hand is downward, and by the time it reaches the batter it has a decided drop. Now, a spit ball that is started waist high is apt to take a more pronounced drop than one that is started higher. It is the balls that I start low that fool the umpires, especially when they are umpiring behind the bat. They seem to jump to the conclusion that every 'spit ball' that is started low is going to cross the plate below the knee of the batsman, and it seems the fashion of them to yell 'ball' at every one of them."

"Now, in order to test the matter, last season I frequently wet my fingers as though preparing to send in a 'spit ball,' but never moistened the ball at all, and sent it in straight over the plate. I always started this ball low, and it never dropped an inch, but nine times out of ten the umpire

## Diamond Gossip.

The Sioux City club has released Pitcher Lindsay. Umpire Phil Campau has been dropped from the Eastern league staff. The Indianapolis club has signed Pitcher Leo Hafford, late of Cincinnati. Ex-pitcher Eugene McGreevey has been appointed an I.-I.-I. league umpire.

## Crispannen's Career as a Critic

By KENNETH HARRIS

Some men, as Mrs. Crispannen remarked in a moment of exasperation, just naturally "ben around." It may be inferred that to "ben around" means to conduct one's self after the manner of the domestic fowl mentioned—that is, to fuss, to cackle unnecessarily, to betray undue excitement for a seemingly small cause. Nevertheless it would hardly do justice to Crispannen to say that he belonged to this happily small class. Mrs. Crispannen was, as has been said, exasperated, and being exasperated, she exaggerated. Her husband did concern himself rather too much with what she wore, though.

"Say, what in the nation is that you're wearing?" he would ask her.

"It's a dressing sack, my dear. Did you think it was an ulster?"

"Oh, I know perfectly well that it's a dressing sack. But the material. Great guns! Where did you get it?"

"The material is dimity. I'd have got a nice burlap or astrakhan if I had thought you would have preferred it. I got it at Swellitt's."

"Well, that's something of a surprise, I must say. Anybody would suppose you got it at a wall-paper store."

"Don't you really think it's pretty?"

"Pretty! Well, it depends on what you use it for. It might make an effective bedroom wall covering, but—what are those? Rosebuds? Rosebuds and garlands of forget-me-nots on a pink-striped ground! Honest, I thought you had taste, my dear."

"That's a surprise to me. You never seem to give me credit for any. I'm sorry, though, if you don't like it. I thought you would. Mrs. Ferguson thought it was awfully becoming. She's going to get a couple made just like it."

"She was trying to let you down easy. She's a diplomat, that woman. Well, it may be all right, but it's going to give me a jar ever time I look at it. I wish you had shown me the samples. By the way, Mrs. Ferguson had on one of the daintiest, prettiest little dressing sacks I ever saw the other morning. She was taking in the ice at the back door and—"

"What pattern was hers?" Mrs. Crispannen would inquire.

"Well, I couldn't say, exactly, but it was—"

"What was the color?"

"I'm not quite certain. I saw her only for a moment. I just got a general impression of it. I think there was some blue in it."

"That is a mild sample of the dialogue that takes place whenever Mrs. Crispannen springs something new—something that her husband has not approved of previously. He is appreciative of the garments that other women wear, as in the case of Mrs. Ferguson. He takes notice.

About three weeks ago Crispannen looked up from the paper he was reading and observed that he had met Mrs. Spurling on the way from the station. Mrs. Crispannen did not show any particular interest. Perhaps she suspected what was coming.

"You ought to have seen the coat she was wearing," said Crispannen.

"Yes?"

"I should say. It was a peach. Weren't you talking about getting a coat?"

"Well, I have been dinnin' it into you for the last month or two, but you didn't seem to be very enthusiastic about it and I'd almost given it up," said Mrs. Crispannen, with a note of sarcasm in her voice.

"Get on," said her husband, generously. "You don't need to talk about it. Get one. See if you can't get one like Mrs. Spurling's."

"What kind was it? But I don't suppose it's any use asking you. You wouldn't know."

"It's a pity if I wouldn't. It was a sort of brownish-yellow—light."

"Foggy?"

"Search me. Anyway, it was all puffed out in front and sort of belted in and came down to about her knees with a lot of lace about the collar. There was style to it, I tell you."

"James Totman Crispannen!" exclaimed Mrs. Crispannen. "That's the very identical coat I was speaking about, and you declared it was the most hideous thing you ever saw."

"I never did."

"You did, and I can prove it."

She went out of the room and returned with a fashion book, turned its leaves rapidly and put a finger on a cut, with emphasis. "There!" she said. "Foggy coat with blouse, front girdled. Do you mean to say I didn't show you that and that you didn't say just what I said you did?"

Crispannen looked a little sheepish, but he said it wasn't anything like the one she had shown him.

"Is it like Mrs. Spurling's?"

Crispannen confessed that it was.

"And you think I would look well in a coat like that?"

"I know you would," said Crispannen, stoutly. "It would suit you down to the ground."

"Very well, then. I'll get one if you want me to."

A few days later she asked Crispannen how he liked the coat. He surveyed it critically and was then surprised enough to say that he liked it pretty well. "But the collar isn't the same as the one Mrs. Spurling had," he objected.

"Indeed it is," contradicted his wife. "It's the same collar and the same coat exactly that Mrs. Spurling was wearing. I asked her to wear it for me and walk down toward the station the afternoon it was finished."

Women play mean tricks on a man once in awhile.—Chicago Daily News.

## Would Spoil It All.

"Maybe your husband is a wee bit jealous," suggests the friend. "Maybe he objects to your going to that summer resort because he thinks you might flirt with some of the men there. Why don't you tell him there are no people there but women and girls?"

"If I do that he will insist on going, too, at once."—Life.

## Shrewd.

The burglars stole the perfume. A rather strange event. But Feltlock Holmes went on the case and traced them by the scent.—Milwaukee Sentinel.