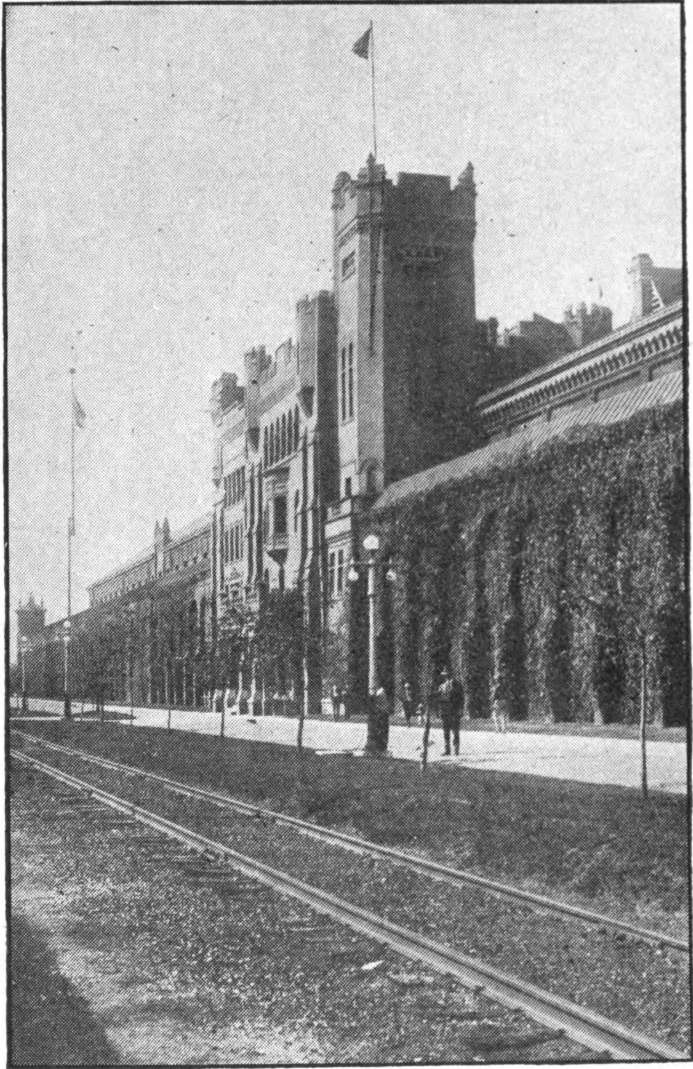

"The City of Dead Souls"

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The City of Dead Souls

And How It Was Made Alive Again

A Hundred Years Within the Walls

By

LUCIEN V. RULE

Chaplain Indiana Reformatory
Secretary American Prison Chaplains' Association

Centennial Story of the Old Kentucky State Prison (1800-1920) and The Old Prison South, Indiana (1822-1922), with the Great Reforms and Reformers of the American Prison Association and the Salvation Army (1870-1920)

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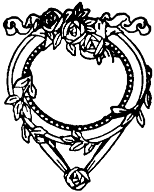

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DEDICATION.

The dedication of a book is like the christening of a child, the laying of a corner-stone and the launching of a ship with song and ceremonial. So I will imagine assembled about me the loved ones of heaven and earth, to witness and hallow the event and receive the tribute of my gratitude and praise.

To the memory of Edward Eggleston, pastor of "The Church of the Best Licks" and pioneer prison reformer; ideal of my childhood and friend of my youth, whose footsteps I have reverently followed on the circuit and in the cause of the imprisoned and oppressed.

To Zebulon R. Brockway and Timothy Nicholson, patriarchs and prophets of a century of prison reform, who have honored my lowly task with their kindly attention and encouragement.

To Commander Evangeline Booth, Col. Edward J. Parker, Brigadier Thomas Cowan, Brigadier L. M. Simonson, Adjutant Fred Ladlow and Major and Mrs. Horace Dodd, comrades and fellow-workers of the Brighter Day League of America whose devoted love and service to "the boys behind the bars" have made possible the story here related.

To my father, mother and brothers, the Household of Faith and Love—and especially my brothers, Arthur R. and Wallace B. Rule of New York City, who have been to me like Aaron and Hur in the life-long struggle for justice and right.

To Ida Lee, the wife of my bosom, with sweet little Mary Lily upon her breast, who symbolizes to us both the re-birth of "peace on earth, good will to men."

To the General Superintendent, Officers and inmates of the Indiana Reformatory, without whose confidence and loyal friendship this book would never have been given to the world.

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FOREWORD

AFTER the great fire of February 5th, 1918, we determined to write the centennial story of "The Old Prison South." The first fact we found was that the Kentucky State Prison at Frankfort was not only an older institution than this, and the mother and model of it, but the first prison west of the Alleghanies. So the stories are interwoven, and we have the history of the oldest and also of the most terrible "Places of Punishment" in this section of the country.

It was no easy task to write such a story. It was like investigating a murder or suicide preparatory to a trial or an inquest. As soon as we began to uncover long-hidden horrors and revolting facts and conditions, our heart failed us and we went to Mr. A. T. Hert, founder of the Indiana Reformatory, who not only heartened us to renew the task and told us where to seek for and find the necessary facts, but said that while he was gratified at any success that had come to him in life in a material way, he was prouder of the part he had in abolishing The Old Prison South and establishing the Indiana Reformatory than anything else that had happened in his career. We only need to add what Mr. Hert himself casually mentioned, that he was burned in effigy by the bitter enemies of the great reform inaugurated. So we at once went on with our story.

In the careful and absorbing task that ensued we wish to gratefully acknowledge the invaluable assistance of Timothy Nicholson, the yet living father of prison reform in Indiana; Amos W. Butler; and the State Librarians of Indiana and Kentucky, who gave us full access to rare and treasured state documents by which our story was thoroughly verified. We are likewise indebted to Percival B. Coffin, Booth Tarkington and Zebulon R. Brockway for their generous encouragement in our great undertaking. It is infinitely gratifying to add that after the publication of these articles and stories in newspaper form there was a spontaneous and wide-spread movement whereby both of the great political parties of Kentucky pledged themselves to the enactment of new penal laws which would bring the state much nearer the true Reformatory System. This pledge was honorably fulfilled by the new Governor and Legislature elected, and the best men and women of Kentucky have put aside all partisan feeling and have carried out with enthusiasm and devotion the new measures and methods adopted.

So then we may claim for our story a just measure of public

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attention, because we believe there are living quietly among us today men and women with the same heroic hearts for humanity that characterized the great souls of the past. And we do not hesitate to say that the names of the men and women who fought so fearlessly in past generations to make Indiana live up to the pledge of her constitution that "the penal code shall be founded upon the principles of reformation and not of vindictive justice," are worthy of record beside the names of John Bunyan, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry and other great lovers of humankind.

The dramatic climax of this glorious struggle was coincident with the birth of the American Prison Association fifty years ago, and we have endeavored to give our story a vision and outlook corresponding to the noble anniversary to be celebrated in Columbus, Ohio, in October, 1920. For instance, when we discovered that the reading and study of the papers and proceedings of the American Prison Association back in the seventies fired the brave and devoted soul of Governor Luke P. Blackburn of Kentucky to make one of the most memorable and triumphant stands for justice and right in American prison reform, we understood how deep and powerful were the currents of truth set in motion by this great organization for the transformation of involuntary servitude into something more scientific, merciful and humane.

* * * * * *

And in all our survey of the spiritual forces and religious influences that gave vision and courage to the pioneers of prison reform in this country we have come upon no more inspiring story than that of Mrs. Governor Luke P. Blackburn, who organized the first real Sunday-school and established the first real library in the old Frankfort Penitentiary. Like Mr. Hert, Mrs. Blackburn now looks back upon this as the most memorable experience of her life; and we will give her story as nearly as we can in her own words:

"You may recall that the Governor was stirred by what he saw in the old prison when he came into office. He found the cells overcrowded to twice their capacity—a condition alike ruinous to health and morals. So he told the Legislature at the outset that something would have to be done at once to remedy this condition or he would pardon hundreds of prisoners until the stress was relieved. He said he knew for a certainty that the people of Kentucky would never stand for such a wrong if they were aware of its existence. His firmness brought speedy relief when the law-makers saw he meant every word he said.

"I often wonder how it is that some men are put in places of responsibility, where they have the lives and liberties of hundreds of human beings in their hands, and yet take the obligation

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so lightly. Governor Blackburn was not that kind of a man. I have known him many a night to get up and walk the floor, unable to sleep because of the work and worry on his mind, and the conditions he saw and was utterly powerless to remedy. One night when he seemed greatly perplexed about the way the prison was conducted, I advised him to just drop around in person and see for himself what was the matter and then tell them what he demanded to be done. He did so when he found miserable food being served. He told them bluntly if it occurred again he would discharge everyone of them.

"The prison chapel at that time was used as a lumber room, and the office of chaplain was never given a serious thought. It came home to me that the wife of a Governor could greatly assist his efforts for fallen humanity without interfering in any way with state affairs. So one day I said to him: 'Governor, what would you think if I started a Sunday-school for the prisoners?'

"He brightened into a smile at once and answered, 'It will be just the thing.' So the old chapel was ordered cleared and cleaned up ready for business, and we began a Sunday-school with the assistance of a very earnest group of teachers and a sweet singer to lead us in the music. You know we had a lot of colored men and we gave special attention to bringing out the latent negro melody in them. The singing was wonderful and the spirit of our services beyond anything I had ever witnessed in religious work. When we closed our time there we had a Sunday-school of five hundred and the finest corps of teachers in the history of the prison.

"The personal results of our work exceeded all expectation. One Sunday I dropped a book by accident and when a man in the class picked it up, I thanked him. He looked at me in astonishment as though he had never before been shown any appreciation or courtesy. The effect and influence on the manners and attitude of the prisoners surpassed belief. I recall another man in whom I took a special interest. He was considered a hardened character and for some violation of the rules that involved his own rude conduct, was given the choice of making an apology or being punished. He held out that he would never apologize.

"There was something about the man's history that had won my sympathy. I think his mother lived in Missouri and when her first husband died had married a peddler. The new stepfather was found murdered out in the country not long after and there was serious trouble about it. Anyhow, this man set himself against the best wishes of his real friends in choosing to be punished rather than apologize. So I asked to see him. The warden told me that it was of no use but that it was all right to

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speak with him. When he heard my voice and foot-step he turned as white as chalk and trembled from head to foot. I addressed him in a quiet tone of voice and told him that possibly he did not know the ways of real gentlemen toward each other; but that when one had done a wrong and realized it, he was always quick to offer apology and make amends. It may have been my calling him by name; but he agreed without hesitation now to apologize and play the man. He became another human being altogether from what he was.

* * * * * *

"One night when the Legislature was about to adjourn and the Governor was very busy, he came home to dinner and told me that he must have a little rest and not be disturbed on any condition, as he expected to be up until two o'clock in the morning. He then went out on the veranda behind the vines and reclined to sleep a little while. Directly I heard a woman's voice addressing the Governor and heard him answer that it would be absolutely impossible to talk to her then as he was buried so deep in laws and business that he could not look into the facts of her petition.

"I caught sight of the woman's face and never in all my life did I ever see such grief and distress in a mother's countenance. I stepped up to her and told her to come around and sit with me and we would talk it all over together, then later see what could be done. The woman was very grateful. It seems that she was a poor widow from Covington or Newport who had seen her husband and older boys drowned in the Ohio river one evening as they were coming home in the skiff from work on the other side. This left her with but one boy, the youngest, who was now her only stay and support. He had been out the previous Christmas with some young bloods for a good time and one of the party was shot and killed. Somehow, the crime was put upon him by circumstantial evidence, which she insisted was by no means conclusive.

"I heard her story through and asked where she expected to stay that night. She said her friends had made up sufficient money for her to pay for a night's lodging. I told her we had a room in the yard to make her comfortable; and we gave her supper. I arranged with her for the attorney in the case to furnish me with all the facts about the crime and the evidence on which the boy was convicted: so that at the opportune moment I might lay the matter before the Governor. She seemed much relieved and retired to rest. I gave the servant instructions to leave her alone till a late morning hour and then attend to her wants.

"Next morning the mother was up at dawn and went down

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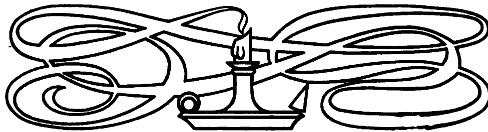
to the prison in hopes of seeing her boy. We cheered her up and in due time I heard from the attorney with all the facts that soon convinced me the boy was made the scape-goat in the crime. The attorney came himself to see the Governor and called at the executive mansion to talk the case over with me. I was so anxious to hear the outcome that I agreed to go down to the capitol and await the termination of the interview with the Governor. I sat in the office of a state official who was a personal friend and every time the door to the Governor's office opened, I would go and look out to see who it was. At last, after what seemed to me hours of suspense, the door opened and the attorney came out tossing his handkerchief and exclaiming his delight. It was the most joyful news that any mother ever received—the pardon of her boy behind the bars."

What a wonderful prophecy of the New Time when motherly womanhood will have a voice in the remaking of fallen mankind. And our story will show how the work of these devoted heroines of Indiana and Kentucky, Mrs. Rhoda M. Coffin, Mrs. Luke P. Blackburn and others, is today organized and continued in a wonderful way within the walls and outside by the Salvation Army and the Brighter-Day League.



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THE CITY OF DEAD SOULS

CHAPTER I.

TALL and cathedral-like, it looms along the banks of the Ohio above the falls, a little way back from the river, on the north side, in the old Hoosier state.

A little walled city, ranging from 600 to 1,300 inhabitants, none of whom are native there, but who come from nearly every state of our Union and from all over the world. A city without childhood or womanhood, only youth and manhood, though many of these seem indeed but grown-up children, lacking judgment and self-direction; this being the chief reason they are there.

A city which supplies nearly all its own wants at cost by co-operative labor; where three times a day the entire population, except those on special duty, eat in silence at a common table and march in military order to and from the shops and barracks. A city always under martial law, whose inhabitants can not go in and out without a pass from the superior officer.

"It is not a free city, then," you say. And we answer, "No, it is not a free city, because its inhabitants have been temporarily deprived of their citizenship on account of violating the law of the state in which the city is located. But this deprivation is not merely a punishment of the offender. It is intended rather to make worthy and restore each inhabitant to his citizenship outside at the expiration of the minimum time for which he was committed to the city in question."

"A City of Refuge, then?" you ask. And we answer, "Yes, in one way, because it is the city set apart by law where those who are offenders against society must be sent for shelter and treatment, safe-keeping and moral betterment."

Yet, as you can well imagine, it is no happy experience to become an inhabitant of this City of Refuge, because it is the supreme test of youth to pass within its walls and sojourn there for a season. For this reason some have called it "The City of Dead Souls." An unusual young man, who went out from there one time, wrote back to his chaplain, "the keeper of souls":

"I am beginning to live again. The thought of being inside there makes me feel more solemn than a funeral. I always felt like I was dead and buried when I was there. And it is indeed death to be cut off from everything one loves. It is the death of one's soul, if he is not careful, and the death of all the finer feelings. It takes one's youth and gives experience. Which is the most valuable, Youth or Experience? It either makes one a firmer or a weaker character; and a man can choose, and is

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forced to choose, one or the other there."

"The keeper of souls," after a sojourn of five memorable years within the walls, in close and intimate contact with the "dead souls" there, has determined to give certain typical stories to the world. They are stories of young men who have been seasoned and tested by flood and fire.

These young men, with their comrades, saved the city outside from devastation some years ago in the great overflow of a nearby river. And in the disastrous fire of February 5, 1918, which so nearly destroyed their own little city within the walls during the worst winter ever known, they stood ready to sacrifice life and limb to save it.

Young men like that can hardly be dead souls, though they may seem so to themselves and the world outside. One of the greatest of these "dead souls" wrote a story showing how in every world city beyond the walls youth is tempted and betrayed for profit. He pictured this typical world city somewhat as John Bunyan portrayed "The City of Destruction," from which Pilgrim fled. In the wonderful allegory which this young man wrote he called it "The City of Dead Youth." He told how the spirit of youth was blighted and its soul destroyed in the haunts of sin and shame until song and laughter, love and joy were no longer found within the whole city limits. Youth aged and young girlhood withered and died while happy childhood passed out forever. The story climaxed in a crime and tragedy.

The very first life story the chaplain heard when he went to "The City of Dead Souls" was that of a young man who was born and reared near the scene of Abraham Lincoln's melancholy boyhood in Southern Indiana. This young man was secretary to the chaplain when he first became "keeper of souls" within the little walled city. The original manuscript was burned and charred around the edges by the fateful fire, from which it was saved only because it was wet with water and covered with ashes.

This reminded the chaplain that the souls of his boys and young men in the world outside sometimes only escape destruction by the grace of God, with the smell of smoke and fire upon their garments. But the very danger and courage and endurance endear them all the more to the "keeper of souls" and to their God. And we will offer them to the world again in their weakness and strength, their wisdom and folly, their good and evil, even as you and I.

Interwoven with these stories is the long lost history of "The City of Dead Souls." This history, gathered and written fifty years ago by a remarkable young convict in "The Old

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Prison South," who saw and suffered some of the most horrible and unspeakable things ever perpetrated under the old system of cruel and unusual punishments that existed despite every constitutional and human right, summons to the judgment bar of modern enlightenment and social justice the ignorant and degraded wretches who so outraged every sense of decency and honor. The story is backed by documents of state authority and authenticity.

So, then, from the midst of this modern "City of Dead Souls," you descend, as it were, into the dark caverns of history underneath, running back one hundred years. As you leave the world of sunlight and human comradeship above and go down into those dark, damp and winding corridors of the past, a muffled and mournful figure like that of sorrow, sable-robed, precedes us, murmuring this melancholy song:

An hundred years of history here,
Filled with faithless force and fear
That made such brutes of wayward men,
They never turned to right again.

A sense of horror smites the soul
As those dark years and deeds unroll—
A horror as of hell and hate
Within that solid wall and gate.

If such a horror haunts the place,
What tongue can tell the black disgrace
That shrouded in eternal shame
The convict's very life and name?

Oh God, the terror of it all
Haunts yet the tower and the wall;
The awful tragedy and doom
Of many a soul in that dark tomb.

The gallows and the lash were there,
Where murderes died, and backs laid bare
Were beaten till the blood ran cold—
Such was the place in days of old.

Yea, even woman suffered there
A depth of shame beyond repair;
Her body gripped in basest lust
By brutes that knew no truth nor trust.

A place alone of punishment,
Where wayward youth for time mis-spent,
Locked in with creatures more accursed,
Still viler things heard and rehearsed.

So let us well the lesson learn
With tear-blind eyes and cheeks that burn,
And lead once more to Love and Truth
The tempted throng of maid and youth.

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CHAPTER II.

THE CITY OF TERRORS.

"The old-time penitentiary was a place of punishment and not a reformatory," said Dr. Mason one evening to the Chaplain.

"It was, indeed, a City of Dead Souls," answered the Chaplain.

"More truly a City of Terrors," said the doctor, "because punishment by torture was the prime motive of the old Greek and Roman prisons, and our old-time penitentiaries were founded on the same cruel idea of force and fear. The story of the City of Terrors is a remarkable one."

So, while the Chaplain listened, the doctor related with thrilling interest the world-old legend.

The City of Terrors in most ancient times was approached by way of Mt. Vesuvius, and only the bravest and worthiest of mortals were ever allowed to visit there. Among these was a certain valiant young warrior, who had suffered defeat in defense of his native city and had escaped with a few intrepid spirits like himself, determined to find a place of abode on foreign shores. His mission to the City of Terrors was to find and interview his own father, who had lost his life fleeing from the siege at home.

The road to the City of Terrors was surrounded by sulphurous pits, lakes and streams of hot lava, and the mountain summits were crowned with dark and melancholy forests; but the warrior summoned his courage and passed on to the hidden entrance in a gloomy cave on the mountain side. His guide was a beautiful young woman, Sibyl by name, who herself dwelt in a cool and shady cavern near one of the ancient temples and sacred groves. It was she who had secured permission for the young warrior to enter the City of Terrors, and she was to accompany and protect him.

As they drew near, a great roaring was heard in the forest and the howling of watch dogs that warned of coming visitors. Together they went down into the cave, and there upon a solemn throne sat the King of Terrors with two beautiful maidens before him, one spinning the thread of life, the other interweaving the colors of good and ill, and the third dark spirit severing the thread at will.

At the threshold a mournful group met them—Grief, Care, Age and Disease, Hunger, Fear and Crime, Toil, Poverty and Death. Fury and Discord were the tormentors of the place, and other monsters struck terror to the heart.

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The Warrior and his guide turned away to the banks of a dark river, where an aged and shriveled but vigorous old boatman met them. A great throng crowded the shore, beseeching the old man to ferry them over, but he shook his head and drove them back with his oar. The Warrior wondered at this, seeing that in the multitude were most worthy mortals, young men and maidens who had been cut down by death in the morning of life and many who had perished through misfortune or sudden calamity. The Warrior recognized some of his own deceased friends in the crowd and cast a look of pity upon them. One, the pilot of the Warrior's ship, who had perished in the storm coming over, besought the privilege of passing over with him and the guide. But they were compelled to refuse this request. It was the law of the region of Death that no spirit should pass over until the body of the departed had rested in the tomb for a certain length of time, and the unhappiness of these newly-deceased mortals may well be imagined.

The old boatman glared at the Warrior as he stepped aboard, and only the assurance of the guide permitted him to pass. When they touched the opposite shore a pitiful cry smote upon their ears and they beheld the souls of young children, who had died on the verge of life. Close by these were the souls of those who had been punished and perished unjustly. Then still near at hand were the souls of suicides, who had thought to escape the miseries of life by self-destruction, only to awaken in the abode of the dead to endless remorse and the desire to live again on earth, whatever ills beset them there. Of this mournful multitude the children had the wail of the orphaned and the deserted, while the rest appeared like newly-arrived prisoners at the place of punishment.

Three stern judges were seated in the vicinity of this unhappy throng, and one by one they called and questioned each waiting soul as to the story of his life and deeds on earth and the cause of his coming thither after death. It was their duty to attend carefully, make record of the good and evil impartially, and leave the decision of the case to the Goddess of Justice, who stood near, blindfolded, with the scales in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, to indicate a square deal and absolute enforcement of what was decreed. Where the good was greater than the evil, the soul was conducted to the Elysian Fields beyond the City of Terrors; and where the evil was greater than the good, the soul was driven to the fiery gates of Tartarus by the fierce-faced Furies with cat-o'-nine-tails in their hands. The cruelty of these tortures was like that of the City of Terrors.

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Some little distance from this hall of judgment was a shaded woodland, called the Grove of Sadness, where hapless lovers and victims of unrequited passion roamed about in ceaseless melancholy. In this abode of lost love the young Warrior halted, uncertain and trembling, in the presence of a lovely young queen of earth, who had been devoted to him in life and had committed suicide when she realized that the gods did not sanction their union.

"Heaven pity thee, my precious friend!" he said in a voice quivering with suppressed emotion. "And did you really perish in memory of me? Alas, on the honor of my soul, I was compelled to leave you by the command of the immortal gods and my duty to my countrymen! Never would I have wounded you so myself alone. Speak to me but once, and at least a tender farewell!"

The poor soul passed with downcast eyes, but she answered him not a word, bound as she was by the silence of the realm of Death. Her lover followed her some distance, pleadingly, but fate forced her onward and he returned to where the Sibyl quietly waited for him. He was so heavy of heart that he could not speak until they came to the fields where the fallen heroes of his own country abode, and there he recovered his cheer somewhat as former fellow-soldiers in arms approached with eager questions about home and why he was come to the region of Death.

After these familiar greetings, the young Warrior and his guide hastened on to a point where the roads separated, one leading to the fields of Elysium and the other to the City of Terrors. The cat-o'-nine-tails, the clanking of ball and chain and other ominous sounds reached their ears, and the Warrior asked his guide in an undertone to explain the reason for these horrors. The Sibyl answered: "This is the place of punishment for those who escaped the penalty of their crimes on earth."

As the big gate swung outward to admit them they saw the bottomless pit, where those who defied the gods were confined. These were the most famous prisoners. Others, hungry and gaunt, wre tortured with the sight of food and drink, which they could not taste. Some stood trembling beneath great balanced stones, which constantly threatened to fall and crush them. And in response to the Warrior's question, the Sibyl said:

"These prisoners hated their brothers in human life. They smote their parents and committed acts of fraud and treachery upon their friends. The larger portion of them are men who got rich by such means and selfishly withheld their money when it was needed by the suffering and unfortunate. Here, too, are

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those who were guilty of adultery, who were always on the wrong side of the struggle against evil, and who went back on their word in daily dealings. Here, too, are traitors and corrupt men of affairs, no better than traitors—those who lie and steal and defraud their city or country or the common good anywhere. The tortures, as you observe, are terrific."

The soul of the young Warrior wearied of these cruelties, and the Sibyl led him out of that terrible place till they came to the borders of Elysium. The City of Terrors so resembled an old-time penitentiary that even his stoical spirit was depressed and troubled beyond endurance by what he had witnessed within the walls.

CHAPTER III.

THE STAR OF HOPE:

"Above the lake a Star;
Softly the long day ends;
Dearer to us by far
Than sky and water are
Laughter and love and friends!"

So sang a gifted young printer-poet in "The City of Dead Souls." The New Day had made wonderful advancement meanwhile. You would not have recognized it as the same prison. The section of ground whereon it stood had long ago been a swampy pond or lake, with a large wood in front, where the big car foundry now stands. Gradually this watery area became the dumping-place for the little city, where many a poor white and negro family picked up a meager subsistence. Then the State acquired the property at a nominal price and made it into The Place of Punishment for the outcast and criminal population. It was not a lake that burned with fire and brimstone, but the old methods of torture were then still in vogue, and the world looked black, indeed, for the men behind the bars. And oh, so many of them were young!

Nevertheless, they were human, and the Day Star arose at last; for as Paul Hudson, one of their number, said of himself: "One groping soul, through many long months of battle with self, cheered on by Hope, has paused many a time in his weary tread of 'four steps and a turn' to catch in verse the songs Hope sang to him. There was a message in every sound and a journey back to boyhood in nearly all, for these songs are the songs of Youth. The vision of brighter things and better days looms

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up through the mists of the future, and Hope stands forth in radiant robes of power to sway the soul and lift up the heads of the hearer." He, too, sang of the Star which he saw in the East while yet the night was dark and chill; for the presence and spirit of Youth can gradually soften and change the most pitiless perdition of earth.

The one man who heralded this great change in America was Zebulon Brockway, who from his very youth up seemed predestined to befriend the boys behind the bars. His father was the finest type of New England reformer and humanitarian, and turned his son's attention to saner methods of dealing with the criminal and unfortunate. From his mother he inherited a remarkable patience and self-control. She was a deeply-spiritual woman and the Bible was her Book of the Heart. She dwelt always in the Divine Presence. She was always full of Faith, Hope and Love. She always opened her windows toward the East. She never lost sight of the Star of Day. One morning, not long before her last illness, her son found her awake, watching the miracle of dawn. The color of cloud and sky, the shadow of wood and vale, the song of bird, the glow of dewy, misty moisture enraptured her soul beyond expression. She was bathing her spirit in a world of light and beauty, worshiping the Father of all with tearful, happy eyes, rejoicing in His word and handiwork. From such a mother the son received his courage and strength to devote a whole lifetime to reformatory work.

It was Zebulon Brockway who came down from his own prison work in Detroit during the darkest days of the Old Prison South and assisted the courageous Quaker reformers in pushing through the legislation that brought relief to the men in stripes and the tortured women convicts at Jeffersonville. This man's touch has thus aided in transforming "The City of Dead Souls," which every prison was in those days, into a "City of Living Souls." And the day will come—yea, it now is near—when the dream of Ibsen regarding the social failures and fragments of humanity will be realized in a regenerated race.

"Yet from these torso-stumps and souls of thought
A man complete and whole shall grow;
And God His glorious child shall know
His heir, the Adam that he wrought!"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD PRISON HOSPITAL.

Harry Youngman, a convict writer, fifty years ago gives a terrible but truthful description of the Old Prison South hospital and the prisoner attendant who kept it as neat and clean as possible under the crude conditions existing, but the convicts were handled and disposed of very much like cattle when they reported at sick call. The writer gives his own personal experience:

"I had not been well for several days and resolved one morning to attend 'doctor's call.' The boys from all sides advised me to 'tough it out' and not go to the doctor. They said: 'That hospital will croak you in two weeks.' But I knew what I needed and resolved to go to the doctor and ask him for it. 'Don't laugh, boys, I am better posted now.

"When I entered the waiting ward there were stretched about the floor and on the benches some twenty-five or thirty sick men waiting for the doctor. Soon he came in, a little dried-up, prematurely old man, with sharp features and a voice like a cracked brass kettle. Entering the office he threw off his slouch hat, and, taking his seat behind the big book, without noticing anyone or looking up from the page, called out sharply:

"'Come in!'

"Number one stepped in before the doctor's table. Feeling a natural curiosity to see and hear as much as possible, I fell in near the rear of the line and kept my eyes and ears open. The greater portion, I saw, came out and returned to their shops without anything. Some would be given a spoonful of syrup of some kind by the steward, with orders to 'Gargle your throat and swallow a little. It won't hurt you. No, you may drink it all, if you choose; it won't hurt you!'

"I could not help feeling amused at one man, who imagined or perhaps really was suffering with heart disease. After an examination he got the usual prescription of 'Gargle your throat,' and went off apparently satisfied.

"Many of the patients received a dose of ipecac, which speedily made them vomit, and they were the sickest imaginable. The writer's turn came and he received a dose of the dreaded drug and disgorged his breakfast in short order. He records his conviction that the attending physician doubtless knew his business, but that since the men were valuable for the profit they produced, it was the aim of the prison management never to admit a man to the hospital until he was sick sure enough.

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"As a consequence, disease has gained such an ascendency over nature that a large majority who go there die. This creates a mortal dread of the hospital and a distrust of the medical treatment. The men will often work till they drop before they will give up.

"Then, again, there is a class of men here who will suffer anything, almost, rather than work. They report to the doctor morning after morning until they seem almost to take ipecac with a relish. This is what is called 'playing off.' When a guard does not like any particular man, and that man becomes sick, the guard immediately reports him as 'playing off,' and he is worked, sick or well, and is probably cruelly punished for complaining at all. An instance in point has just occurred.

"William Board was a young man about twenty-one years of age, sentenced for the term of two years. He was the largest man in the prison and a noble-looking fellow. Becoming unwell, he was put at work upon the brickyard. This yard is situated outside the walls, is without shelter and intolerably hot. The poor fellows who work here come dragging themselves in at night so tired that it is with difficulty they gain their cells.

"What is still worse, and a downright barbarity, is that men are not put at work here until they are weakened down by sickness, for fear if they are well and strong they will run off. So the sickly, weakly ones are kept at work here in the sun. In this yard Board was worked, after being worked down in the trip-hammer shop. Day after day his comrades begged him to report to the doctor, but he was sure, he said, that if he went to the hospital he would never come out alive. One day he had been pushed very hard. That night he was so ill that time and again he asked to be taken to the doctor. His entreaties were disregarded, and in the morning he crawled out of his cell and started for the hospital. He had got only as far as the corner of the cell-house when he fell, completely exhausted. He was carried to the hospital and in five hours this great strong man was a corpse—worked to death!

"Another instance is that of George W. Kelso, who died August 9, 1868. George was a young man, perhaps twenty-two, and worked in the trip-hammer shop. After having been here about six months he was taken down with fever. When he could stand it no longer he reported to the doctor, but was returned to the shop. This was continued several days. The guard (Old George) and the foreman, not willing to give him up, reported him as 'playing off.' On the fourth morning of his illness he was sent to the shop, as usual, but was unable to work. The fever

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was raging upon him. He went and lay down behind his forge, like a poor, sick animal. His eyes were dilated, his cheeks flushed, and his skin and tongue parched and burning.

"He lay there for perhaps an hour, when Old George came crawling down the shop. No sooner did his eyes rest upon young Kelso than he began cursing him.

"'Come out of there!' he snarled. 'Come out of there, sir!' And taking him out of the shop he said: 'Do you know who is guard of this shop? Now, sir, if you don't go in there and go about your work and do your task, too, I'll have you cut all to pieces! I'll loosen up your hide fer ye, sir!'

"'Mr. H——,' said Kelso, 'I'm sick; I can scarcely stand up!'

"'Don't make any difference. Doctor sent you to the shop, and you got to work. You can't 'play off' 'round me!'

"'I'm not playing off, Mr. ——; I'm sick!'

"'Go to your work, sir, or I'll take you to the office and have you 'catted' till you can't stand!'

"A strange sort of fire came into Kelso's eyes. Entering the shop, he grasped his hammer and went to work like a wild man. For three hours he worked without flinching—his lips and tongue parching, and the strange light in his eyes. Old George would pass him frequently, grinning like the demon he was, and muttering:

"'No convict ever beat me yet; and by G—— they never shall. I'll fix 'em!'

"Bank! Spank! Cling! went Kelso's hammer, and the red sparks and hot cinders rained around his anvil as he worked on like mad. Suddenly he was seen to swerve slightly, a tremor ran through his body, his uplifted hammer fell with a dull thud to the ground, his strong arm dropped limp by his side, and with a gasp he sank senseless at the foot of his forge. His comrades raised him in their brawny arms and carried him out. But he never spoke. Before they reached the hospital George W. Kelso was a corpse. Murdered! Murdered! And, Old George, you did it!"

The aroused writer adds: "Reader, these illustrations of treatment here are no fancy sketches. Would to God they were! They are the truth! I refer you to the prison books, where you will find the record. Before I lay away my pen I shall give you death scenes by the side of which these are bliss. For proof I refer you to the prison books. Here you will find enough on record, that they dared not but write, to prove the truth of my narrative."

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We are greatly indebted to J. J. Milhaus of Indianapolis for the use of the only copy of this book known outside the Indiana State Library.

CHAPTER V.

TWO OLD STATE PRISONS.

The Kentucky State Penitentiary was established by law in 1798 and opened for occupancy in the autumn of 1800. The Kentucky State Prison was the first penal institution west of the Allegheny Mountains, and profoundly influenced the establishment and early administration of the old prison south at Jeffersonville, Ind. Indeed, the one might almost be said to have been the duplicate of the other, so strongly were the pioneer lawmakers of Indiana governed by the constitution of the state of Kentucky in making their own at Corydon in 1816. The Indiana State Prison was built of logs instead of brick and stone.

* * * * * *

It was the month of September, 1800, in the city of Lexington, Ky. The District Court was in session and a sad-faced young fellow stood before the bar to receive sentence. He was in the custody of the jailer and showed the effects of close confinement. He was an humble white laborer from Madison County and looked helplessly into the face of the judge. It was a solemn moment. This young man was the first convicted felon sentenced to the state penitentiary recently opened at Frankfort. His crime was horsestealing, punishable by death under the old laws of Virginia. But now, under the new laws that had some regard at least for the life of the offender, he was to wear stripes for two years and spend one-twentieth of that time in solitary confinement on a low, coarse diet.

The stern features of the judge softened somewhat as he said: "And now, John Turner, in pronouncing sentence upon you we have reason to believe, from all the evidence in the case, that this is your first offense, because from your very infancy you have borne an unblemished reputation, and we are convinced, furthermore, that the circumstances attending the commission of your crime were extenuating rather than aggravating. Therefore, we have commended you to the humane custody of the prisonhouse keeper and trust that the period of your confinement will prove not merely a means of punishment, but of reformation also."

Poor John Turner answered nothing to these learned words,

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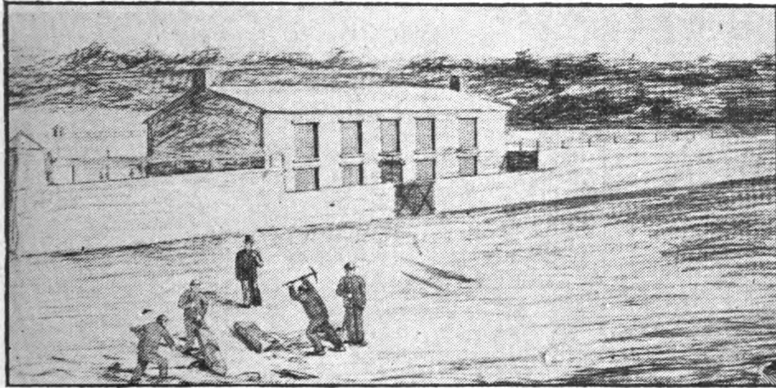
but the tears coursed down his cheeks as he turned away to the melancholy distinction of wearing stripes within the walls of the first penitentiary west of the Allegheny Mountains. It was moreover an unusual occasion since the state of Kentucky had made the discovery that a man convicted of a felony was more valuable alive, because of his labor, than hanged by the neck till he was dead. Sixteen years afterward, the new state of Indiana made exactly the same discovery and abolished precisely the same old cruel laws of Colonial Virginia by which she had been governed while still a territory.



First Kentucky State Prison, 1800, Frankfort, Ky.

It may seem incredible that the first and best story of the Old State Prison at Jeffersonville was written by a young convict of the Civil War period, but it is even so. And though his account is colored by his own painful prison experience, we may do well to weigh the facts to see how far we have progressed since those crude, cruel and far-off days.

Under the territorial government of Indiana, and until after the adoption of the state constitution to the institution of a State Prison, the gallows, the whipping post and the pillory were the instrumentalities for the punishment of crime. These modes of punishment were practiced by many if not all of the older states, and really were not more barbarous and degrading to humanity than the corporal punishment inflicted almost daily on convicts in the penitentiaries with that modern and facile instrument known as the "cat-o'-nine-tails." Yet the customs of our fathers and indeed the customs of all civilized nations, ancient and mod-

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ern, down to the Nineteenth century, are ridiculed and execrated as the relics of barbarism.

Standing in the pillory a few hours on court day, exposed to the public eye, or the application of a few stripes, generally laid on very lightly, by the sheriff of the county, though humiliating, seemed to that generation not such unreasonable penalties for grand larceny, arson, burglary and other crimes of greater turpitude.

About the year 1822, the state of Indiana provided by law for the erection at some point on its southern border, then the most densely populated, "an institution for the punishment and reformation of convicted criminals." Such are the words of the law. Jeffersonville was selected on account of its contiguity to Louisville, regarded at that time as the best market for the product of convict labor. One acre of ground was donated by John Fischli, adjoining the western boundary of Jeffersonville, one-half of which was enclosed by a brick wall 15 feet high.

The building contract was made with Daniel C. Falkner and William Ramy, then residents of Clark County. A cell house, not exceeding 100 feet long and two stories high was erected on the west side of the area, enclosed by the walls of which it was in part composed. One or two workshops and a guard house near the gate were the appendages of the main building.

But few cells were prepared for the reception of penitential visitors. They were rudely made, but very strong, being constructed of hewn beech logs 15 inches square, securely dovetailed together, making solid wooden walls. The doors were correspondingly strong, being made of stratified oak planks, strapped on both sides with iron bands, well riveted together.

A hole in the center of the door, 3 inches square, was the only arrangement for ventilation. Through this small aperture the oxygen and carbonic acid gas contended for the right of way. When we take into consideration the fact that the cells faced the east instead of the west, it seems incredible that human beings confined in such places could in hot weather survive a single night. The convicts were often taken out in the night almost asphyxiated. This nightly respiration of impure air told severely on their health. As might be expected, there was always a large per cent on the sick list, and many were entirely broken down.

The hospital was a room 8 feet square, in the southern part of the cell house, capable of accommodating six or eight patients.

It is a singular fact that Falkner, one of the architects of this bungling imitation of the Black Hole of Calcutta, was one

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of the first felonious occupants of his suffocating contrivance. For two years he had an opportunity of experimenting on his ideas of ventilation. He suffered not only the penalty of the law, but the penalty of his ignorance of the common sense laws of health.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

The Old Mother Church in our home State of Kentucky had a convict on the roll of her children in past years. This young man was the son of a leading elder and had grown up, uncontrolled, indulged and self-willed, right under the eyes of everybody. He was a bright and capable lad in business and his father gave him every opportunity. He was popular with the common people of the community and commanded a splendid trade with them in his father's store. But, somehow, the craving for the usual sinful indulgences over-mastered the young man's character and undermined his moral stamina. Desire for money to gratify his passion for forbidden pleasures led him to take money from the store and finally to forge upon responsible people. His father paid him out once or twice to his sorrow, for the son did not profit by the lesson. In due season he had led a lovely young girl to ruin, was forced to marry her against his will, and then he plunged into periodic dissipation and prodigality. The end of all this was a term in the State Prison.

While this young man was doing time at Frankfort Prison, a homesick school-boy from the same old neighborhood was sent away to military college at Lexington. He stopped over-night with his uncle, who was a lumber merchant at Frankfort, and who was helping to educate the boy. It had been the dream of the lad to become a soldier and go to West Point. He even imagined that he could become a great general and live in history for his victories on the battlefield. But the boy was actually gun-shy. And this trip to a military college was the intended touch-stone of reality to give him a clear understanding what sort of work he was fitted to do in the world. His father was a minister and the lad seemed destined to preach the gospel and not to command armies. But here he was, headed for a military school with martial ambitions still ringing in his head.

That night in Frankfort as the lad lay abed with his uncle and heard the pant of the impatient locomotives at the station across the way, a great homesickness and sorrow settled down

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over him. The young man from home who was doing time behind the bars in the prison down the street was not a sadder soul than this poor, heavy-hearted boy. It was evident to his uncle and to everybody but himself that he would never become a great general. Indeed, a very significant thing had happened that same evening.

Shortly after supper at the hotel where his uncle boarded, this good man took his little nephew down the street to a Salvation Army meeting. It was in the old days of the tambourine when the Salvation Army had first established itself in the smaller cities and towns of America. The lad wondered at these picturesque uniforms. He saw men and women enlisted in an Army of the Lord that he had never heard of before. They were engaged in a battle that never ceased. They were devoted to the saving of human lives and human souls, while the warfare in which he was ambitious to enlist was given over to the destruction of human life. He listened with bated breath to the touching testimonies of the fallen souls that had found God again out of the gutter and up from the dens of vice and crime. The sweet-faced young girls wearing the queer-shaped bonnets sang so feelingly that the boy's heart beat with a great throb of emotion, so that he almost then and there abandoned his martial ambitions and desired to enlist in the Army of the Lord. But this was not yet to be.

While the lad was at college having the martial dreams fully taken out of him, his mother, ever a great and loving woman, came to Frankfort to see the poor prodigal forger from home. She called up the Chaplain, a godly minister from the same old neighborhood, and attended morning service behind the bars. She sat there with a great pity for these lost men, looking ever for the one wayward soul she had known from his mother's arms. She longed to give these boys and men a touch of truth as she sang the songs of Zion with them. After the service she talked to the young prodigal who came up, sheepish and ashamed, but grateful beyond words for her visit. The way was prepared for his return on parole to his home community, where, alas, he violated the confidence placed in him by some of the best people in the world. But they did not give him up even though he descended to worse depths of sin and crime.

So now, after all these years, the meaning of these two incidents comes back to us with wonderful revelation. We understood now why our uncle, since gone home to Heaven, took us to the Salvation Army meeting when we were a boy. We under-

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stood also why our mother could brave the terrors of an old-time prison to seek out a lost youth in whom she felt a profound interest and for whom she still cherished a great hope. Destiny decreed that her son should work with the Army in the salvation of men and boys upon the streets of the great cities and behind prison walls, and it is not at all strange that this noble Army has a crowning place in our story.

Tragedy shortly afterward overtook our good uncle. He had made his declining years secure by the savings of a life of honest labor and upright business dealing. But in attempting to help an unfortunate brother-in-law who had failed, our uncle re-invested his entire property right on the verge of the panic of the nineties, and of course it was swept away as by a tidal wave. He borrowed heavily to avoid the catastrophe, and when the crash came he walked the streets of Frankfort, Kentucky, struggling a whole night to control the impulse to cast himself headlong off the bridge into the river and end it all.

It was at this critical juncture, when our uncle had no means of employment or support, that our father came to the front and put a mortgage upon the little home farm to set our uncle up in a little business that appeared profitable. But instead it was "unloaded on him" by a cunning swindler and left our family with backs against the wall to fight the battle for bread as best we could. Two of us brothers were in the pitiless grip of ill-health, unable to turn a hand and were a double burden upon our brave and devoted father's back. In the cow-barn of that little farm we made our last stand against poverty and debt, with the creditor ever watching his chance to put us out and take possession.

All this time our father was preaching the gospel to the poor of the country round without a cent of remuneration—going to the lost sheep of the House of Israel; and we followed him in this most blessed ministry. We understood from bitter experience the hard social problems of "Darkest England"; and that wonderful story became a beacon light in the dark ahead. Set apart and ordained in the Presbyterian ministry to go as an evangelist to the laboring classes, we worked side by side with the Salvation Army upon the streets of the great cities of the Middle West; and many a time in order to escape the hard skepticism of the embittered toilers and their leaders, we would steal away and bow in tears at the altar in the Army hall. Thus we learned the problem and relation of social misfortune and crime; and in our present happy ministry to prisoners of all

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races, conditions and creeds we are realizing how thoroughly and devotedly "The Army of the Lord" enables us to meet these needs.

CHAPTER VII.

PUNISHMENT AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

At a meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society in Louisville in October, 1853, Dr. William C. Sneed was appointed chairman of the committee to make a report to the society one year later on the history of the mode and management of prisons and penitentiaries in the state. Dr. Sneed had for some years been connected with the State Penitentiary at Frankfort as physician and was in a position to know the history well. He spent seven years at the task and his report grew into a book that became a classic in penal literature.

His investigation convinced him that the original intent of the penal law, first enacted by the State Legislature, was to do away with the severe and merciless measures handed down under the old Virginia system, which made crime against property a capital offense. He was convinced also that the state had departed widely from the original purpose of those humane laws by seeking to make the convict profitable financially and had almost lost sight of the prime object of improvement and reformation. Yet he discovered in the administration of one successful warden in early days, a successful reconciliation of the two ideas and dedicated his book to this venerable man, Joel Scott, who introduced into the Kentucky Penitentiary, order, decency, economy and comfort and made the institution both creditable and profitable to the state.

"Our state was then but thinly populated," says Dr. Sneed, "and had none of the facilities possessed at this day for transportation and for intercommunication with other states and people. There was no other institution of the kind west of the Alleghany Mountains, and none nearer than Virginia or Pennsylvania. But little was known generally about the proper mode of management pursued by similar institutions elsewhere, and yet we shall find that in the early history of our penitentiary system there was a degree of philanthropy and sound philosophy not surpassed in the history of any other institution in this or any other country."

He remarks that the early prison statistics give no account of the previous social condition of the prisoner, although it was the intent of the law that "the previous character of the prisoner

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and all the circumstances in his case" be set forth to the warden and the governor. It was not until 1835 that the proper attention was given to this important matter.

But Dr. Sneed says, "It is well known, however, that the convict, in the early days of prison discipline in Kentucky, was a daring, desperate character and required the most rigid discipline and constant watching to keep him within the walls of the prison and force a compliance to the rules of the same. Some sketches of individual desperadoes could be given highly illustrative of the history of the early days of our state. But few of the prisoners were from the cities, where the great supply is now obtained."

He then gives a table showing the crimes for which the convicts were sentenced for the first fifteen years of the institution: Horse stealing, 55; larceny (grand and petit), 23; manslaughter, 23; house burning, 2; counterfeiting, 3; felony (particular crime not mentioned), 46; rape, 4; perjury, 3; cow stealing, 2; stealing slaves, 6; hog stealing, 1; stabbing with intent to kill, 3; mail robbing, 2; highway robbery, 1; burglary, 5.

* * * * * *

At the National Prison Reform Congress held in Baltimore, January 21-24, 1873, Charles F. Coffin, of Indiana, gave a sketch of the founding of the old Prison South that obtained general publicity. In this sketch, which has become classic, he draws a striking contrast between the pioneer periods and the present as regards crime and its causes:

"The state of Indiana was admitted into the Union in 1816. The population was then small, probably not exceeding twenty thousand. Most of its territory was thickly covered with trees, and the labor of clearing and rendering it habitable was great; hence its progress for several years was slow. Its inhabitants were mostly farmers, crime was rare, and punishment speedy and of a primitive character. By a statute of 1807, horsestealing, treason, murder and arson were punishable by death. Whipping might be inflicted for burglary, robbery, larceny, hog stealing and bigamy, also for striking a parent or master. Provision was made for confinement in jail for some offenses.

"But the state has grown rapidly and now numbers about one million, eight hundred thousand inhabitants; railroads and turnpikes have been constructed in almost every part of it; vast bodies of coal and other minerals have been found, which have already given it, in many places, the characteristics of a

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manufacturing and mining community; large towns and cities have grown up, and as a natural consequence crime has increased."

The reasons for this difference in the two periods are that during the time of the pioneers their wants were few and pretty well supplied. Everybody was on an equality and they advanced together in the struggle of life. They were hospitable and helpful to one another, as perhaps in no other period of our history. This social atmosphere made every pioneer community like one big family.

Now the resources of life are largely controlled by the few. The struggle for existence, even with increased opportunities, is sometimes hard and bitter for the great majority, whose wants are many and not easily satisfied. The struggle of life is competitive and only beginning to be co-operative. The old simplicity and hospitality have passed out in many communities. And in the cities and towns people are strangers to each other and face temptation without the strong social and spiritual restraint that surrounded them in early days.

The abolition of the death penalty for felony was undoubtedly due to a genuine valuation of human life and to the fact that the offender had some social relationship in the community. No man's life or liberty can be taken away from him without affecting a large and sometimes powerful group of friends and relatives.

Mr. Coffin was undoubtedly familiar with the fact that the old-time prison resembled the ancient walled city, and that the simple, hospitable, pastorial life, with its equality and freedom, succumbed to the new, commercial, crime-breeding age and generation very much as Cain slew his brother Abel and builded a city, which he fortified with walls and where to, unquestionably, be brought the captive who became a slave.

Mr. Coffin's sympathy with the prisoners was due primarily to his humanitarian, Quaker instincts, and also to his sad realization of human frailty—frailty in the face of temptation under the complex, commercial regime that supplanted the old patriarchal life in this country after the Civil War and launched the nation into possibly the most corrupt and trying period of its social history. Yet he saw the whole thing through with remarkable clearness and courage, and his memory stands like a monument in our midst today.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE PASSING OF THE STRIPES.

On the wall of the Chaplain's study at the Indiana State Reformatory there hung, before the fatal fire of February 5, 1918, a famous picture, painted some years ago by one of the inmates. This picture represented the "Passing of the Stripes." In the foreground of a prison courtyard stood a white-robed figure of Justice with her balanced scales, and kneeling before her was a victim of involuntary servitude, from whom the ball and chain and penitentiaary stripes had just been removed and flung into the background of forgotten horrors. Scores and hundreds of visitors studied the picture until they understood the New Spirit of the American Reformatory system which abolished the shameful zebra stripes which once branded human beings behind the bars. Within the memory of young men yet living there were convicts in the Old Prison South who carried their clanking ball and chain and wore their zebra colors into the Chapel services on Sunday morning.

This is now done away, but there is another species of cruelty outside the prison walls which is all too common in the making of criminals from childhood up. George Cary Eggleston speaks with pride of how his maternal grandfather, "the Old Kentuckian, George Craig," adopted many a bright boy and girl of poverty-stricken parents into his own home and heart and "gave them a show in the world," as he used to say, by kindness and education and fatherly encouragement.

The same noted writer speaks with pride of his being the original "Hoosier Schoolmaster," who first abolished whipping in the backwoods districts and inaugurated the reign of mind over muscle and of reason over the rod. He vigorously defends the stalwart young Hoosiers who rebelled against the beech and hickory switches with which ignorant and brutal pedagogues endeavored to drive them like cattle along the road to knowledge. "Under the old system, as I very well remember it," he says "the government of the schools was brutal, cruel, inhuman in a degree that might in many cases have excused, if it did not justify a homicidal impulse on the part of its victims. The boys of the early time would never have grown into the stalwart Americans who fought the Civil War if they had submitted to such injustice and so cruel a tyranny without making the utmost resistance they could."

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Corporal punishment, especially whipping, is one of the oldest and most primitive forms of punishment. It has been theoretically abolished in France and Italy, Germany and Austria, Russia, Sweden and Switzerland. English-speaking countries justify its continuance in dealing with youthful offenders on the ground that a jail sentence is almost certainly ruinous to a growing boy or girl. Yet an English magistrate, who once favored whipping, discovered by careful investigation that fully 60 per cent of the juvenile offenders who came before the court a second time were the very ones upon whom corporal punishmnt had been inflicted. So he weakened greatly in his advocacy of the method and was convinced that a change of social conditions that ruin youth would be far more effective. Recourse to the rod and cat-o'-nine-tails is still secretly cherished as a last resort in many countries and institutions that profess to have legally abolished it. Indiana certainly leads all others in living up to the law she has put upon the statutes in this respect, but occasionally an appalling instance of such cruelty as a cause of crime comes to light. Many a boy in the State Reformatory has told the Superintendent or Chaplain how such treatment at home from an unnatural parent or step-father first drove his feet into wayward paths, and the story appeared incredible. But one Saturday afternoon, when the Chaplain was very busy finishing up his week's work, word came that the mother of one of the boys, Forest, No. 9480, wished to talk with the Chaplain in the waiting room.

She was a woman of forty years, with sad, dark eyes and a timid, modest manner that won instant sympathy. She told her story with quivering lips and downcast looks, and the details were recited with painful reluctance in response to very tactful searching questions by the Chaplain. Her son was not getting along at the institution, and she had come down to see what could be done to help him. He had evidently not sought the Chaplain's confidence and encouragement, and it was necessary to make careful inquiry to get at the facts in the case.

"The trouble is with his father," said the mother, choking up. "You see, I married him when I was a young girl and did not know any better. I saw trouble ahead, but how could I understand it? He and I were direct opposites. We never had a thought alike. He was always insanely jealous and just like a child. He was always proud of me in the first years, it is true, and wanted me to look well when I went out. Then he depended upon me like a baby to help him out when notes and bills came

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due, because I worked and sewed and gave half to the support of the child."

"When did trouble first begin with the son?" asked the Chaplain.

"When he was yet a boy in school. He was a bright, studious, ambitious little fellow, while his father cared nothing at all for books. Work was the father's only thought. He said he had worked and only got a grade education, and that was good enough for the boy. Yet he had promised our boy that he could go on into high school when he had finished the grades. But he broke his promise and refused to allow it, and our boy was terribly disappointed."

"So much in favor of the boy," said the Chaplain. "Tiring of school and playing truant is one of the first signs of juvenile delinquency, and your son was evidently a normal boy in his love of books and desire for education. It was mighty bad for the father to break faith with a boy like that. Can you not recall some other indication of your son's waywardness?"

"Yes," the mother answered, "there were some trying experiences with him at school. One was when he got hold of a revolver and took it into the woods with some playmates and hit the trigger to make it snap. It went off and the ball grazed another boy on the breast, making a slight mark in the flesh. The other boy's parents made a great stir about it to the school authorities, but they called my son up and gave him a strong talking to and let the matter drop. They did not even take it up with us."

"Can you recall anything else in those early years?"

"Yes; the next thing was when he took a brace and bit from a neighbor and brought them home. The man found it out and was so rough about it that the boy denied he had them. But I searched and found the missing articles and told the owner I was going to make my boy bring them back, and then I wanted him to give the boy the right kind of a talking to, as it would impress him.

"Somehow the boy's father heard about the trouble, and then he came to the front and said he would settle the matter with the cursed young scamp. He got his black-snake whip and rushed upon the boy and beat him until his flesh ceased to flinch under the blows. I stood by dumbfounded, as usual, but finally snatched the whip from behind and threw it over the fence into a field. The father rushed upon him with his fists and beat the boy in the face until his skin was torn loose and bloody, and

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one eye was terribly bruised and blackened. Of course, he could not defend himself against such a big overgrown brute. And, besides, that was the father's customary method of punishment."

"The capital method of making criminals!" exclaimed the Chaplain with suppressed indignation. Then, bethinking himself to analyze such an inhuman monster, he asked more calmly:

"Was your husband a religious man?"

"No, sir, my husband was not a religious man at all. He never went to church himself, and he only allowed my boy and me to go occasionally. Of course, when we lived in the country we were not near enough to attend with any regularity, even had we wanted to. But he sat down on it anyhow. He would abuse and curse the boy whenever he disagreed with him. He rarely ever entered the house that he did not swear the most horrible oaths. I wanted to put the boy in Sunday school and unite with the church like my mother's family, but I was held down by the tyranny at home so that I could not."

"What were your husband's habits?"

"He would take a drink when he wanted it, but he was never addicted to liquor. He never used tobacco, and it made him furious that the boy indulged himself a time or two, though other boys that he ran with were smoking. He cursed the boy and told him if he used tobacco any more he could not stay under the same roof, but just get out and go. From that time on he refused the boy money even to buy postage stamps."

"That only arouses the instinct to steal," said the Chaplain.

"I know it," said the mother. "We got together and he found employment in a drug store in town. We moved in and were all working to keep up the expenses of the household. The boy was larger now and naturally wanted things which he never thought about before. One morning a police officer rapped on the door while my son was eating his breakfast, and he stood in the entrance and said:

"'I want you, my lad.'

"'Well, what do you want him for?' I asked, anxiously.

"The officer informed me that a number of articles were missing from the drug store, but my son denied having taken them. I told the officer to come in and search the house. He did so and found some toilet articles in my son's room and on his table. But the main things which they suspected him of taking were not found, and I am sure he did not take them. But he went to jail just the same."

"What did your husband do in this instance?"

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"Why, he raged, as usual, and then treated the boy with the utmost indifference. He lay in jail seventy-three days, within three squares of the house, and his father only went to see him once. Then when he got out his father constantly taunted him about it, just like some other people about town. The boy was broken-hearted and decided to steal away and enlist in the navy. The sheriff saw him at the wharf when he took the boat to Louisville to enlist. The tears were streaming down his cheeks when the sheriff bade him good-bye and wished him well.

"'It's time for me to go! Everybody is against me here,' he said with a sob. And the sheriff remarked to me afterward: 'That boy of yours has a mighty bright mind and will become either a mighty good man or a mighty bad one.' He got along in the navy for a while until he took a clock, and then he was discharged and came home, worse discouraged than ever."

"What about your boy physically?" asked the Chaplain. "Is he perfectly sound and normal?"

"The doctor examined him once after his first trouble to see whether he could find any trace of hereditary defect which caused him to steal. He did have the habit, and his father tried to beat it out of him. The boy was a hard student and was very bright mentally and undersized physically when he was about thirteen years old. Then between fourteen and sixteen he shot up to six feet and over. He is a very tall lad and only eighteen now."

"That is quite likely in the case of the mental at first outrunning the physical and then the physical outrunning the mental, so that your son looks like an adult, but really has only a juvenile mind as yet, with its lack of judgment and forethought. Crime sometimes finds lodgment in a boy like that for the very obvious reason of immaturity. Did he ever show a tendency to cruelty in any way like his father?"

"No, indeed," answered the mother positively. "He always showed a pity for animals and a sympathy for anyone in trouble or being imposed upon. I have known him to willingly fight in defense of a crippled, unfortunate lad who was being taunted by others."

"Anything but a criminal in that respect," said the Chaplain. "What were his boyhood ambitions? What did he want to do?"

"Why, his dream was always to be a soldier. He is greatly taken with the military work of the Reformatory, and he also has an ambition to study engineering."

"What he needs is some big-souled man to take a personal interest in him and direct his life in a kindly way."

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"Just exactly," answered the mother. "He is so fond of the Commandant here. He takes that sort of an interest in him. One time the father came for an interview the same time I did, and we noticed an emblem on our son's coat. I asked the meaning of it. 'Oh, that means that he belongs to me!' said the Commandant, who was holding the interview. Now the boy's father is insanely jealous, and he conceived a senseless dislike for the Commandant simply because he made that remark. He was always jealous the same way about any attention I showed the boy. He said I was too good to the boy and would spoil him. He wanted the attention himself."

"Are you still living with your husband?" asked the Chaplain.

"No," answered the mother with downcast eyes, "that became utterly impossible; he was so cruel. We separated by a mutual agreement, to be friends for the boy's sake, and I came down here where I could work and be near him until he gets out. His father is lonely and comes to see the boy just because I am here. One day, when we were in to see him, the boy put our hands together and said, laughingly: 'It looks like you two are going to make up again, don't it?'

Generous, forgiving Heart of Youth! Surely there is hope for it here!

CHAPTER IX.

ONE'S OWN STORY.

The distinguished sociologist, whose two years' work at the Indiana Reformatory left such a lasting impression upon the inmate life, gave much thought to the psychology of the personal interview, and this medium of self-revelation and mutual understanding between the Chaplain and the inmate body was afterward established by the General Superintendent in a way to produce wonderful results. The interview was made wholly voluntary upon the inmate's part, and the Chaplain was given the freedom and confidence of the confessional in his work with the boys and young men. These disclosures are, of course, secret and sacred, but when a youth comes to us and tells his own story, we quietly weigh its probability and try to make him see his weakness and wrongdoing as he has confessed and stated it.

This story, taken down as a personal interview, or written out by the inmate himself, is a far more interesting study than cold statistics based on mere physical phenomena and fact. Even

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the untruth and exaggeration of such confessional work, without a doubt, may be readily detected. The young man has to prove his profession by his practical work in the institution, and the Chaplain finds any number of cases where the inmate proves true in both his word and work.

The General Superintendent maintained the physician's point of view in understanding and treating the mentally and morally defective, but he insisted most positively that the attitude of mere physical science is but half the truth. Hence he established the department of moral and social pathology for the Chaplain's work, which approaches the same cases from the viewpoint of moral and spiritual fact and truth. The voluntary interview, the carefully-written life story, and the close personal touch and patient moral encouragement of the delinquent youth of the State within the walls of the Reformatory have had remarkable moral and spiritual results in the cure of souls.

Each man idealizes his own story. He gives his version as he would like for it to appear. So it may not always be in exact accord with facts. Indeed, it may vary from the real truth in many instances. But we are satisfied that the young man's account of his own case is as trustworthy as tradition, and is not only typical, but reveals an actual condition of social disorder.

Just as a patient may give his own conception of his case, and be misleading to the physician, yet the account is symptomatic and leads the physician himself to make a correct diagnosis and find a sure remedy. Moreover, while a man is not forced to testify to his own condemnation, nor encouraged to confess merely to his own justification, his own account possesses a vital and thrilling interest to the moral and social pathologist.

The experience of the Reformatory is that the various versions given by the inmate under the above conditions are, in the main, dependable, because in most cases the boy comes desirous to get the poison of sin and wrongdoing out of his system and the moral load off of his mind and heart, and to begin all over again. Indeed, the story of the unfortunate is of itself a confession, and is regenerative in its effect.

CHAPTER X.

THE CITY OF DEAD SOULS IN ANCIENT TIME.

The Old-Time Penitentiary was a conscious or unconscious type of the ancient walled-town where prisoners of war were confined as slaves and guarded while they labored. Amongst the

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Hebrews Cain was regarded as the first founder of "The City of Dead Souls," and the prison house of olden days with its cruel system of vindictive punishment might well be traced back to the man whom scripture presents as the first criminal in human annals. The Hebrews did indeed have laws that demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and the death penalty was often inflicted in terrible form; but they abhorred depriving a human being of his liberty or life without just and sufficient cause. They established "Cities of Refuge" for involuntary offenders, and restitution was the fundamental idea in the whole Mosaic code regarding crime and punishment. The prison house, so common and cruel in older civilization, was long unknown in Jewish history, except where men like Joseph suffered in a foreign land. So, the cause of penal reformation and the humanized place of confinement date far back in the annals of time, and "The City of Dead Souls" has not become "A City of Living Souls" without a long and heroic struggle.

The City of Dead Souls an ancient city was;
Recorded on the scrolls of history because
Its founder, Cain, had fled; leaving his native sod
With Abel's life-blood red; a crime accursed of God.

A cunning man was Cain; a tiller of the ground;
Abel a shepherd plain, whose songs were heard around.
Brothers were they, indeed, as brothers often are;
But Cain's ideal was Greed, and Abel's Love's sweet Star.

The soil was hard to till, and Cain waxed weary quite;
So he imagined ill of God and Truth and Right.
His brother Abel's prayer, so simple and devout,
Was answered everywhere; but Cain was dark with doubt.

He served not God for naught, as subtle Satan said,
Because his only thought was coming out ahead.
"The game of life at best is but a game of chance.
Relinquish, then, the rest, and your own good advance."

When such a prayer as this had soiled the soul of Cain,
He deemed it not amiss a brother man to brain.
Then turning from the spot besprinkled with the blood,
He feigned to have forgot all memory of the good.

And in another land—the fabled Land of Nod,
He ruled with iron hand, and scorned the sons of God.
He built a city there—The City of Dead Souls—
Forcing the free and fair to pay his tyrant tolls.

A human market-place for burdened Toil and Love,
Captured in war and chase by them who potent prove.
Then into bondage sold, to serve the lust and greed
Of such as have and hold, while others suffer need.

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A careful study of the evolution of law courts and primitive methods of punishment in early Indiana history vividly reveals the same melancholy story. The history of Allen county, in north-eastern Indiana, gives us powerful pictures of primitive justice amongst the Indians and pioneers:

"No stately palace of justice reared on high its magnificent and imposing dome to point out and emphasize the power and majesty of government and law. Courts there were, but not like ours. The arching sky formed the dome, a cleared spot among the trees the court room, where the simpler trials of the time were held. Few were the questions decided, the first being, "Shall he live or die?" The second and final one, the duration and kind of torture the victim should endure before the boon of death should be given. It was a democratic court, for the whole people participated in the threefold capacity of judge, jury and executioner. No lawyers were needed.

"Less than a century ago, within rifle shot of the Allen county court house, at the meeting of the rivers, the last man convicted here by such a court was bound to a stake by a long raw-hide thong. About him twigs and fagots were piled and fired, near enough to shrivel the skin and slowly roast the flesh, but not near enough to hasten the death he longed and prayed for. And there, blinded by fire and smoke, tortured by thrusts of sharpened poles, with hot ashes and live coals showered over his head and shoulders by his cruel tormentors, he trod the circle of his tether over a pathway of burning coals, goaded on by his pitiless executioners. If he fell, he was lifted up and driven again around and around that fiery footpath till the welcome but tardy angel of death at last claimed him. Thank heaven, that dread court, with its attendant horrors, has forever passed away. The century just gone brought that wilderness under the reign of law and into the full light of the world's best civilization and jurisprudence."

Now the above humane historian overlooked the low, crouching figure of Cain in the bush nearby while this awful spectacle of primitive savagery and vengeance was being enacted. He did not observe this same Cain arise directly, when the victim, captive or prisoner, had fallen to the ground, a dead and charred cinder. Approaching the group of pitiless executioners and torturers with a peculiar expression of assumed pity and cunning calculation, Cain expostulates upon the enormity of this ancient method of punishment. Then, too, he points out the utter waste of human life when the victim, captive or prisoner,

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might prove a profitable investment to anyone who would take the time and trouble to watch him and make him work.

So it came to pass that the Indians and our pioneer forefathers applauded the wisdom of Cain, and, in order to avoid the responsibility and expense of keeping the law-breaker, turned him over to the sagacious and enterprising founder of the original "City of Dead Souls." Of course the people of Indiana, who were a party to this bargain in the long ago, never troubled themselves any further about the felon in the case. He deserved his punishment anyhow, and, besides, he was only worth his keep, if that. But, nevertheless, we have not been able to escape our moral, social and economic participation, as a people, in this sorry business of involuntary servitude. The historian of Clark county, where the old "City of Dead Souls" stood, tells us in the most powerful words on record about the business, how the bargain turned out:

"The prisons of Indiana have been conducted on three different principles. The first, adopted at their inception and above referred to, was suited to the days when but a small number of persons were convicted, or confined, and may be designated as the boarding system. During its continuance the keeping of every prisoner was at the direct cost of the state, without any return and without any sufficient check upon the dishonesty and rapacity of keepers, who could abuse the men committed to their charge by semi-starvation and other measures of 'economy.'

"So soon as the number of convictions in the state had so far increased as to warrant the change, prisons were erected at the cost of the people. In these the convicts were confined, building, prisoners and all, leased to private individuals who fed, clothed and maintained the prisoners, and paid a certain gross annual sum in addition for such labor as they could extract from them.

"The third system adopted by the state consisted of renting the labor of the convicts to contractors, who paid a certain per diem for each man employed, while the discipline, control and personal care of the men was in the hands of a warden and other officials representing the state. This was commonly designated as the contract system."

Now as a progressive business man and cultured citizen of Indiana, Mr. Lewis C. Baird, the historian we are quoting, tells us right from the shoulder how these several bargains of involuntary servitude have turned out: "The curse of idleness was removed by the lessee system, but only to give place to abuses so

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horrible that it is a matter of congratulation that Indiana abandoned it as soon as she did. Under the lease system a warden was appointed by the state for each prison, whose duty it was to see that the contract of the lessee was lived up to; but the convicts were body and soul in the hands of the contractors, and the warden had little power and too often less inclination to restrain those whose interest often led them to commit the greatest cruelties.

"The one aim of most of the lessees was to obtain from the convicts under their control the greatest possible amount of labor at the least expenditure for maintenance. Men were ill-fed, ill-clothed, punished by the lash with the utmost severity, for trivial derelictions, or for a failure to perform in full the daily allotment of labor, often when sickness and infirmity made it an impossibility to fulfill the requirement.

"The sick and disabled were neglected as if the consideration of life weighed lightly in the balance against the few cents daily necessary for their maintenance. The cells and corridors were foul, damp and unwholesome. Swarms of vermin infested every corner; and thus overwork, cruelty, starvation, filth, the pistol and lash of the guard, all contributed to a wholesale murder of the weak, and to brutalizing the strong beyond the hope of redemption here or hereafter. The horrors of the prison systems before the lessee ceased to be the guardian of convicts were such as to better befit the days of the Spanish Inquisition than the enlightenment of the nineteenth century."

In this case at least, Cain had become "his brother's keeper," and we verily believe he not only outdid the Indian savage in the refined cruelty of torture upon his victims, but that actually he was more merciful when he murdered his brother outright! In this last role he not only inflicted untold misery of body and mind upon the prisoners in his charge, but Judgment Day alone will reveal the poverty and wretchedness entailed upon the dependent and helpless wives and children of the men within "The City of Dead Souls" in days of old.

The House of Bondage thus arose,
Built for the prisoner and the slave,
Whose untold tale of wrongs and woes
Descended with them to the grave.

But lo, at last, from Nazareth—
The town that was no good at all—
Came One who mastered sin and death
For those behind the gloomy wall.

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Between two thieves he hung on high,
And by the Brother's blood he shed
Redeemed lost souls condemned to die,
Till all the world was comforted.

The curse and crime of branded Cain
Was thus at last through Christ atoned;
The god of greed and gore and gain
Cast down and saving Love enthroned.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD LESSEE SYSTEM.

The old lessee system in the state prisons of Kentucky and Indiana was an extremely interesting experiment in combining remuneration with reformation.

Warden Joel Scott was the first keeper of the Kentucky state prison who put the institution on a progressive, profitable basis. His administration dated from 1825 to 1834. He was a native of Abingdon, Va., where he was born in 1781. His father was a revolutionary patriot and soldier who came to Kentucky with his family, when Joel was five years of age. The lad grew to manhood amid the dangers and hardships of the frontier and was conspicuous for self-reliance and leadership in every worthy enterprise. He made his father's farm a success. He established and maintained a cloth and woolen mill on Elkhorn Creek during the war of 1812, which supplied raiment for the nation's needs. In 1817 he sold his farm and mill and removed to Georgetown, Ky., where as a merchant and miller he became even more successful.

The state prison at Frankfort was at a low ebb. Joel Scott realized this and gave it due consideration. Then, says Dr. Sneed, "Impelled by a desire to engage in still larger mechanical operations and confident of his capacity to manage men, he applied to the Legislature of Kentucky for the office of keeper of the penitentiary. In making this application he was influenced not a little by a desire to achieve some good to the public by a complete reorganization of that institution, which, up to that time, had been only a school of immorality, and an expense and disgrace to the state. Although he offered to guarantee a clear profit of at least $1,000 per annum to the state, yet so incredulous was the Legislature of the practicability of so great a change that the institution was granted to him with some hesitation in 1824-25.

"But under his unremitting industry and judicious management a complete reformation was accomplished. The institution

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became not only a place of punishment, but also a school for the repentance and reformation of the inmate, and a source of large pecuniary profit to the state. Mr. Scott was reappointed in 1832 and continued to hold the office as long as he wanted, resigning on account of ill health, a part of his unexpired term in 1834; having paid into the treasury of the state more clear profit in proportion to the number of prisoners, than any other keeper before or since."

When Warden Scott first came, we are told that "The prisoners had nothing on them but their dirty, tattered rags—swarming with vermin. In this state of wretchedness, misery and filth, it was taken possession of by Joel Scott, who with a degree of humanity, industry, enterprise and integrity, completely changed the whole from that degraded state of things, which was not only a heavy expense, but a disgrace to the state. The filth was removed, the prisoners were washed clean and clothed; their cells were renewed, made safe and comfortable; and turned that which was before an expense and a disgrace, to an order of things which became not only profitable but creditable also to the state."

* * * * * *

Col. Ira Westover, David Starkweather and George Spencer were the first lessees, who, taking charge of the Old Prison South at Jeffersonville, in addition to what they could make from the labor of the convicts, were to receive a bonus from the state—a bonus of $300 for the first year of their administration. The number of convicts with which they commenced operations was seven.

After the first year Starkweather and Spencer retired from the partnership, and David and John Morgan, brothers, young men living in Jeffersonville, took their places. The number of convicts, annually increasing, made it necessary from time to time to modify the contract between the state and the lessees until the year 1828, when Westover and the Morgans were superseded by James Keigwin, who agreed to pay all the expenses of the institution and give the state an annual rental fee of $500.

With the advantage of a low rental, a steady increase of convicts, economy in the management of the financial affairs of the prison, and a judicious application of convict labor, he succeeded in the eight years of his administration in amassing a considerable fortune. Westover, his predecessor and partner, made little or nothing. He remained in Jeffersonville a few years after his lease expired, keeping tavern in the old Indiana Hotel on Front street. At the breaking out of the Texas rebellion against Mex-

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ico, he joined the insurgents and fell in the massacre of San Antonio with three hundred other brave defenders of the Alamo.

Starkweather was a thorough business man. For many years after his connection with the prison he merchandized in the town of Utica, Ind. In 1850 he emigrated to the Far West, taking with him the proceeds of his industry and economy.

George Spencer, another of the original lessees, removed to Texas, where he died, but in what circumstances it is not known.

Under the lesseeship of James Keigwin the number of cells were increased, the main building enlarged and the prison well managed generally. Provisions, clothing, medicine and a physician at an annual salary were provided for the convicts and promptly paid for.

To the prison, Jeffersonville was indebted for its prosperity. At the same time that the prison was established there it was one of the poorest towns on the Ohio River. Its population was less than three hundred, mostly dry goods stores and three "doggeries" constituted the commerce of the town. One yoke of half-grown oxen and a small wagon did all the hauling for the business men and had plenty of time to rest. Real estate was of no value. Lots now in the heart of the city could then be bought for ten dollars. Any quantity of land in the immediate vicinity could be bought for five dollars per acre.

Keigwin employed the prisoners in building houses and clearing land, and by dint of industry and financial ability, he grew rich. At the time of his death his estate was worth a quarter of a million dollars. He retired from the prison in the spring of 1836 and was succeeded by Samuel Patterson and Benjamin Hansley.

CHAPTER XII.

ABUSES UNDER THE OLD LESSEE SYSTEM.

The punishment of prisoners with the lash was common in Kentucky and Indiana under the old lessee system. A convict who would not do his allotted task, or who attempted to escape, was whipped to the limit with the cat-o-nine-tails, just as a negro slave was handled for the same reasons. We know very well that the motive for punishment in both cases was to make the prisoner and the slave more profitable to his keeper and his owner. And it was hard to persuade the public of that day to adopt a more humane system.

As far back as 1841 the chairman of the committee on the Kentucky penitentiary said to the Legislature: "The doctrine

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that extreme severity is the most likely method of reclaiming the prisoner has passed away, and, the committee hopes, never to return. The system of solitary confinement by night and silent labor by day it is confidently believed does and will have a beneficial influence on the morals of the unfortunate inmates."

Mr. Haggard, a member of the House, moved that the committee on the penitentiary make immediate inquiry into the discipline and abuses and the infliction of any merciless or inhuman punishment on the prisoners. The motion carried and the committee reported on the case of the convict who attempted to escape, was caught, and was given "between seventy and eighty lashes on the bare skin with a cow hide, and from the stripes on the back and legs, we presume that is about the number inflicted. But the committee, upon close examination, say that though it was a severe whipping, yet it was not such a one as to be called cruel and inhuman."

Nevertheless, the House was aroused over the case, and Mr. Clay moved a resolution to have the committee on the penitentiary report a bill "preventing the infliction of corporal punishment upon convicts" and to "punish all prisoners by solitary confinement and fasting only." The motion, however, was tabled.

This case occurred under the administration of Thomas S. Theobold, one of the most efficient and successful of the old-time prison wardens. He was a native of Bourbon County, Ky., a capable and prosperous merchant and a very brave officer in the wars against the Indians of the Northwest Territory. He distinguished himself in the Tippecanoe campaign and returned to Kentucky to fill various offices of trust.

Doctor Sneed says of Warden Theobold: "The most important event of his business life was his election as keeper of Kentucky Penitentiary in 1834 for a term of five years, and his re-election in 1839 for a like term. This institution during his administration of ten years was eminently prosperous. He found the buildings and appurtenances about the prison so aged and dilapidated as to require entire reconstruction, which was done by Mr. Theobold, under authority of an act of the Legislature to that effect. The reports of the penitentiary for the period of his term will show that the profits of the institution were over $2,000,000, the state receiving every dollar of her share of the said profits. Although a large portion of these profits were expended upon improvements on and about the prison and other public property; yet the records will substantiate the fact that Mr. Theobold paid into the state treasury a larger sum than any other keeper before or since."

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During the early years of the Old Prison South at Jeffersonville, the only officer of control was the lessee. But it was found after a few years experience, that the man who leased the prison did so for the purpose of making money and cared very little about the prisoner or his condition or wants, either physical or mental.

They were worked from early light until dark and fed just as little food as they could possibly be made to subsist on. That which was given was, of course, of the cheapest and poorest quality. William Lee, Esq., warden of the prison from June, 1846, to June, 1849, in speaking of those times, says: "For supper they have nothing but cornbread and water, which is eaten in their cells."

For breakfast there was corn bread and coffee made from parched corn, and twice a week coffee made from parched rye, which, by the way, the boys "thought was bully." For dinner they had cornbread, boiled bacon and about twice per week some kind of soup, which is best understoood by giving the "boys'" name for it. They called it "turnip tea." At dusk when they marched to their cells they passed by a window of the dining hall and were each given a piece of cornbread about three inches long and two wide, which they carried with them to their cells, and might moisten as they ate with a little water, as stated in the warden's reports.

It would appear that the clothing and bedding were in keeping with the feeding. By careful searching we find that "the prisoners sometimes, in inclement wather, complain that they are deficient in clothing and in bed covering. The want is usually supplied."

We do not hear of many abuses being practiced upon the prisoners until a certain avaricious individual became lessee. It was during his lease that affairs became as above described. This lessee was a man of considerable wealth, but of very miserly disposition. It was his aim to get the last stroke of work out of the men with just as little outlay as possible. In a leading newspaper of this time we find some passages from which we will quote: "The meat which the lessee gets from the pork houses in Louisville consists of jowls and refuse bits, not even fit to make bologna sausage of." "The whole interior of the prison should be kept much cleaner than it is now kept. Cells originally constructed for the occupancy of one prisoner, like a niche in a solid stone wall, can not be tenanted by two without serious detriment to health."

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This was one thing that caused the cholera to break out among the prisoners in 1851, from which 36 poor fellows died. It was enough to give one the cholera to walk through the prison yard, to say nothing of the tainted cellhouses. Then came the scurvy to rage so terribly in 1855. Thirty in the hospital at once, the book says, and twice that many on treatment, and made to work in the shops when all around them the floor was covered with bloody mucus from their mouths. One poor fellow's teeth dropped out, as half starved, he attempted to eat a tomato, and was obliged to work in the shop at the same time.

Another convict, when discharged, was obliged to leave the prison on his hands and knees, and the guards contributed to the relief of the sufferers.

The facts are on record. In 1846 the abuses of the lessee became so flagrant that it was decided to let the people elect a warden who should have control of the government of the prison. It was his duty to adjust all difficulties arising under the discipline, and to see that the prisoners were fed and clothed and not abused. William Lee was elected to this position in June, 1846, and served until June, 1849. Under his administration the former harshness was considerably modified.

In 1849, Col. Lemuel Ford was elected warden. During the year 1849 the greater portion of the workshops were destroyed by fire. The east wing, containing the hospital, female department and chapel, was built this year. There was also a large double mansion erected, with all necessary outbuildings, for the use of the warden and his deputy.

The whole number of convicts, December 30, 1849, was 131. Mr. Ford says that at that time discipline and police had fallen into disuse. Everything was running at haphazard, owing to the absence of his predecessor. Subofficers were acting upon their own responsibility, and they were responsible only to the lessee, who discharged them if their men did not do a certain amount of work. They regulated the task and conduct of the prisoners and cut and slashed to suit their own ideas. The punishment was "stripes" inflicted with the "cat-o'-nine-tails," and no record was kept.

Mr. Ford thinks that he greatly improved on this state of discipline, as he instituted a record and carefully put down every stripe. The first six months he reports 270 stripes with the "cat," equal to 2,430 lashes, divided among thirty-one prisoners. No doubt it was an improvement on the old regime, but Mr. Ford's name will never shine among the reformers.

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The labor of the prisoners at this time was used within and without the walls: brickmaking, cutting and hauling logs, loading and unloading boats at the landing in Jeffersonville, farming at Clarksville, domestics in and about the lessee's dwelling, coopering, shoemaking, etc. Sometimes a very trusty man would be hired to a farmer several miles in the country and only return to the prison on Saturday night.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITHIN THE WALLS

HOW many of you who have read this have ever thought what actually happens to a man who is sent to prison? I wonder! Not only what happens to the man physically, but also mentally and morally, as he is born into a new world, a new life, a life as different from the one you know as night is from day. Let us follow a new man through the first few days, that are always the worst.

In the Old Prison South a new man was treated much the same as a new machine. He was to be installed and started working, nothing more. The fact that, criminal though he might be, he had hopes and fears, and was, in the end, just a human problem, as we all are, did not enter into the case at all.

The new man came into the guard's hall, and here the first step toward crushing his identity as an individual personality began. All his personal belongings were taken from him. Not the slightest memento of his loved ones or his past life was left to him. He was given a number here; no more would he be Jim or John—just a number. Then he was conducted to the clothing department. Here he was given a suit of clothes, a cap and a pair of shoes, exactly like the thousands of suits, caps and shoes that had been given out before. Then his hair was cut close to his head, just the same as the hair of every other unfortunate had been cut before him. He had entered the front gate an individual, a personality; he left the clothing department just one of the many that this man-breaking machine turned out, each like the other, as far as was possible to make them.

The new man was then taken to the cell-house, where a damp, dark cubicle was assigned to him. Imagine, if you can, a man's feelings when he realized that here, in this iron-barred tomb, he must spend the major portion of two or three, or perhaps all the years of his life! Then, under that harsh, unthinking old system a man was put to work with no thought of his fitness

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for the task given him. It was "do or die" with vengeance in those dark days. But much of this is changed today.

A new man is sent to the Indiana Reformatory, and he first enters the guard's hall, as in days gone by. Here he turns in all his personal belongings, but if he has a picture of mother, wife, sister or brother or children, they will be returned to him later on. Here, also, he is given a number, but it is more for registration and convenience in handling accounts and records than anything else. Here he also has his finger-prints taken for the first time.

He is then handed on to the clothing department. He is given a neat uniform, cap to match, underwear, shirt and shoes. He is given a shave and his hair is neatly trimmed, not cropped close to his head.

From here he will go to the cell-house. And how different it is from those old cells that once obtained here! They are of fair size, clean, furnished with a toilet, running water, electric light, and there is a very good mattress on the bed. This is one of the best of all cell-houses, though the dormitory system is still better, and it is used here as far as the housing facilities permit.

During the next few days the new man makes the rounds of the Identification Department, schools, hospital and Psychological Department.

At the Department of Identification he is measured according to the Bertillon method, and his picture is taken. He also is asked questions that furnish a history of his past life, the circumstances leading up to his crime, and the crime itself. He is next taken to the Superintendent of Schools, where he is thoroughly tested as to his education, if he cannot pass an examination in common school subjects, he is listed to be put in school. Once listed, he must attend until graduation or release from the institution.

He then goes to the hospital for a searching physical examination, and to the Psychological Department, where his mentality, powers of observation, skill with his hands, and other things are ascertained. It is upon the reports of these two departments that the new man's assignment to work largely depends. They no longer force a man to do work that is too much for him physically or mentally.

A few days later on he is visited by the Chaplain, who should be a big, broad-minded man, who is beyond creed or sect, believing and teaching the Christ-like brotherhood of man. He has charge of not only the religious training of the men, but of all the various branches of social service connected with the institu-

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tion. If the prisoner is not hearing from home as often as he should, or perhaps a wife is thinking of breaking her ties, or there is some lost relative to be traced and found, the Chaplain stands ready to help him with practical aid. And the Chaplain extends at all times a helping hand to those who are perplexed as to the future life. He has lifted many a young man out of the "slough of despond" and set his feet on the "high road of life."

One of the greatest and most humanizing changes that has come to pass is the free and easy accessibility of the General Superintendent. In the old days a man had but little more chance to see the prison head than he had of seeing and talking to the President of our country. But now that is changed. Twice every week this big, kindly, whole-souled man sees those who wish to talk to him. He calls them one by one into his private office. With a wonderful kindness and a keen insight born of long experience, he hears their troubles, with a word of encouragement here, a definite promise there, and, where it is merited, a word of rebuke that is always as firm as it is just. He sends them back to their cells feeling better toward their fellow-man and society. This big man lives squarely up to his Masonic motto of "fifty-fifty."

There is an ideal toward which many of the greatest penologists and prison leaders are working. This ideal embraces a more intensive training industrially, tending to turn the young man out at the end of his time with a good trade to help him in the struggle back to honesty and happiness. Training that will change a man or boy from a liability into an asset!

It is our belief that the prison reforms of tomorrow will be based upon the words of the lowly Nazarene, who said: "Even as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it also unto me."

CHAPTER XIV.

HONESTY AND HEREDITY.

Officer Warner sat in the big cell-house at the noon hour talking to the Chaplain. They were discussing why the weaklings and felons all around them failed in the struggle for existence and became wards of the State.

"Do you see that unfinished nail on my forefinger, Chaplain?" asked Officer Warner, holding up his hand. The Chaplain noticed the nail closely.

"Well, that defective nail is hereditary in my family. My father had such a nail, and my father's father before him; and I

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doubt not other ancestors besides, if we could trace it. We were people that did not like to drudge, and we are easy-going and careless in some regards, but honesty with us is just as much a characteristic as breathing. I never knew a man or woman of our family name who would touch tainted money.

"The trait is born and inbred the same as the common human horror of a snake. We read in the Bible of the old Eden days when the serpent wrought such harm to the race; and in that Eastern country where the children of men were first cradled the serpent is a deadly enemy, and the terror has come down in our blood, so that today we fear a snake even in far northern lands, where they are few. It all traces back to that primitive time and contact.

"Now, in a similar manner, honesty has long been a heritage in our family. During the panic period of the nineties, when it was so hard for the average man to live, my wife and I had a little baby boy, who was stamped by the laws of heredity in a striking way. To help us get by, we raised a large flock of fowls, and my wife was constantly out among them, feeding and caring for them. When the child was born he developed a fondness for the chicken-yard as soon as he was old enough to toddle. He would cry and fret if confined in the house, but put him out with the chickens and he was happy, talking to them in his baby way by the hour.

"By the time has was six years old he could easily tell the different breeds and distinguish the graded ones from the poor variety. In short, he became a perfect fowl fancier, and made a success of it in his very childhood. One day a hen belonging to our neighbor came into our yard and laid an egg in a nest in the hen-house. My little boy, then a wee chap of five years, saw her. Without saying a word to anybody, he got that egg and took it over to the neighbor's back door.

" 'Here's your egg.'

" 'How do you know it is ours?'

" 'Your hen laid it.'

" 'Where?'

" 'In our hen-house.'

" 'How did you tell it was our hen?'

" 'I saw her come over there.'

" 'And so you brought the egg she laid?'

" 'Yes, sir, it belongs to you.'

"The neighbor marveled at the child's honesty. But he could no more help being honest than these poor fellows here can help pilfering when the temptation and opportunity are pres-

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ent. I cannot help feeling sorry for them, yet I sometimes wonder if it is wise to preserve and protect and allow the type to reproduce and perpetuate itself. If we find a defective limb on a fruit tree, we cut it off and save the life of the tree; but we permit these defectives to have their freedom and associate with our growing children and young people in a way that is sure to hurt and ruin them. I am in favor of the most humane methods possible in caring for these hopeless defectives, but I verily believe that they should not be released to run at large, but remain in the perpetual custody of their State."

CHAPTER XV.

HONOR AND HONESTY.

The same evening at the supper table Officer Warner, the doctor and the Chaplain were discussing honor and honesty. The doctor advanced several good ideas on the subject, many of them verified by long years of close observation of all classes and condition of men. He said:

"I believe that the desire for possession is so strong in some men and women that it is almost impossible for them to resist temptation when they see something they wish to possess. And I believe that in many cases this desire is due to pre-natal influences and fostered by environment. The mother, perhaps, is very poor, and at this most trying period of a woman's life it is common for her to want the things she hasn't and can't get. She may crave a certain fruit that is out of season, and wants it so badly that it may be classed as a temporary mania. Or perhaps it is something else that she has long wanted—a dress, or something for her home—that is beyond reach. Then the child of this birth condition is raised in poverty and is denied many of the simple little things so dear to all children, and in this way the transmitted desire for another's possessions is fostered and strengthened."

"Yes," said Mr. Warner, "that is undoubtedly true. And I guess," he contined, "that all of us have somewhere about us some slight taint of dishonesty, in one form or another. I heard a friend of mine once make the remark: 'No man is so good but that he stole something in his childhood.' He went on to tell me about the only time he ever stole. He said: 'My father's hired man was talking about the county fair that was being held in our town, only a short distance from our home, and he was brag-

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ging about the things he was going to buy. He asked me what I was going to buy, and I hung my head in shame, for I had no money to spend. Mother always kept some small change in an old glass tumbler that stood in the cupboard. Watching my chance, I climbed on a chair and took five cents for myself and five cents for my brother. That is the only time I ever stole anything.'

"And," said Mr. Warner, "I well remember the first and last thing I ever stole. It was an old clock key. I stole it because I loved to play with the chime bells in the old hall clock."

The Chaplain took up the topic and mentioned the various stories of pride and honor in history. In the course of his talk he mentioned the honor of the Old South, that is so famous in song and story, saying: "No doubt the men of the Old South were in many ways a great race of men; still, I am not entirely in accord with their sense of honor and pride. For, while they would fight for their honor, they would at once soil it by gambling and trafficking in human freedom. They were too proud. They needed the humility and unassuming charity of Christ to make them truly virtuous and to make them feel the true spirit of brotherhood."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHY DOES YOUTH GO WRONG?

Several days later, after the evening meal was finished, the Major, Mr. Warner and the Doctor gathered in the Chaplain's study for one of the quiet little talks that they all enjoyed. During the evening the conversation drifted around to the question of why youth goes wrong, and there were so many excellent ideas brought forth that the Chaplain has never forgotten that evening. Many things he learned were of great use to him in his work with the prisoners.

The Major said: "To my mind, the lack of parental control and evil associations are two of the big causes of youth going wrong. So often is this true where the mother has to raise the boy unaided. A mother's love is a wonderful thing, but, like all virtues, it sometimes has its weaknesses. Her love may be so big that, no matter what the boy does, his fault is condoned and the blame of it is laid on some one else.

"It is a case of love refusing to see any weakness in the one loved, and unwittingly, but nevertheless surely, fostering that weakness. Sooner or later the boy of that mother will say: 'If

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mother had not allowed me to do thus, and go unrebuked, I would not be in trouble today.'

"And the evil associations are generally the result of the boy not having the proper home life. This so often happens with the boy of poor parents. Restrained by a false pride, they do not encourage the boy to bring his friends home. Consequently, the boy takes to hanging around the street corners and the pool rooms. He gets in bad company, and, before any one knows it, the boy has done something foolish and comes down here, dazed and wondering how it all happened."

There was a moment's pause, and then the Doctor spoke up. He was a keen observer and a profound student of human nature as well as of his profession, and he sometimes fused his knowledge of the two in a way that was little short of wonderful.

"Did you ever stop to think of why so many of our boys seem to be dead to all the finer feelings of mother love, and are deaf to any appeal made to them along that line? And why some of them crave an abnormal amount of excitement, and are not contented with the usual pastimes of youth? Let us look for the causes of these things. They seldom appear on the surface. I believe in them we will find an answer to why youth goes wrong.

"Cast back in your minds, gentlemen, and see how many cases you can recall of the child that was born unwanted. A child, not born because its mother wished to fill the highest of all God-given privileges, but purely as an accident in the gratification of physical pleasure. Multiply this by the thousands that we know nothing of, and you have one of the many answers to the question of youth going astray.

"Again, and this is far more prevalent today than it was fifteen years ago, and is growing all the time. It is the case of a woman who is employed in a factory, and is earning good money. She has, perhaps, no financial worries, but she likes the bustle and hurry of the shop, and prefers it to her own more prosaic home. And she defers going home, at this the most crucial time of her life, until it is absolutely necessary. Should we wonder that the child of this birth is not satisfied with the normal amusements when grown up to young manhood and womanhood? The desire of the unusual is born with them. It is the curse of a restless age."

During the last of the Doctor's conversation Mr. Warner had been nodding his head in approval, and now he woke up.

"Doctor, you have partly voiced some of the ideas I have

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long held." He shifted to a more comfortable position, and went on: "It is my belief that of the inmate population 14 per cent of them are accidental criminals. To illustrate my meaning of the accidental type, I will cite the case of Sanderson. You all know him. A fine, bright, honest and altogether trustworthy young man.

"He was agent for an express company, and had several men under him. He was supposed to check all the stuff in and out, as he was personally responsible for it. But sometimes in the rush of business he entrusted this to some of his subordinates. One day a part of the express matter and the money received for it was missing. I am morally certain that Sanderson did not take it, but he was the one responsible, and he was the one to suffer. And I know of many similar cases.

"Then we have the semi-accidental criminal. They are the boys of whom the Doctor just spoke. They have an underlying weakness, inherited or produced by environment. Some of them are very impetuous by nature, and haven't that leaven of caution necessary in the well-balanced man. When boys and young men of this class have bad luck of any sort, and then meet with temptation, they nearly always succumb. These fellows form 85 per cent of our inmate body. And last is the purely criminal type, or as near the born criminal as we have—the Cain type. They are generally the product of bad birth, worse environment, and are seldom reformed. But they only constitute one per cent of the men in prison.

"There is a reverse side to the semi-accidental type of criminal, and that is the accidental type of honest citizens. I believe many of us are honest accidentally so, more than we would care to admit. We have had good surroundings, and the sailing has been comparatively smooth. Just where we would stand if subjected to misfortune and reverses and to temptation, when we are in trouble, is a question hard to answer. As it has been so well said, 'There but for the grace of God go I.' This is all too true of many of us, would we admit it. Many an honored and respectable citizen might be changed in the crucible of adversity into a semi-accidental criminal."

After they had left, the Chaplain sat for a long while, lost in thought. And as he arose to leave for the night he murmured to himself: "Am I an accidentally good citizen? I wonder."

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE CRIMINAL.

Officer Warner answered the Chaplain's request for an instance of a real criminal. He passed over the types of first offenders, criminals of accident, circumstance, passion, and so on, for whom he felt a large compassion, and many of whom he had helped back into life and citizenship. He selected a case of the Cain type, and said to the Chaplain:

"I came to this institution twenty-odd years ago, when it was first changed from an old State Prison to a modern Reformatory. Among the men left here when the other prisoners were transferred was a fellow by the name of Barner. He had been a life-timer, who had received executive clemency, with the prospect of becoming the first inmate officer in the new institution.

"Barner was doing time for the murder of a friend. As I recall the story now, when he was a young man grown he went out hunting one day with a companion, and came back alone, saying his friend had gone away somewhere. This appeared improbable; also the missing companion had money on him, and people at once suspicioned young Barner of having killed him for the money.

"Of course, Barner stoutly denied this, but the missing friend's dog, which was with them when his master disappeared, whined around the house so peculiarly that somebody took notice and followed the dog back to the fields and woods, and there, under a heap of brush, discovered the body of the young man, with every evidence of foul play.

"Thereupon Barner was convicted and sentenced for life. I must say that he was a vicious and revengeful character, very morose and uncommunicative when the mood was upon him. He stoutly denied his guilt throughout, and gave no unnecessary details about his past. I could never have any confidence in him. Even when he became an officer in the institution he betrayed his former companions with as little regard as he had murdered his own friend.

"Why, he even reported one fellow who formerly stole bread from the bakeshop to give to Barner himself when he was an inmate. Six months after his release as a prisoner he divorced his wife, who had stood by him and written to him, and secured clemency for him at the hands of the Governor. It was not her

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fault. It was Barner's own selfish, sullen, animal nature, cultivated in solitude, till he could not dwell in peace and harmony with any civilized creature. He proved his real character afterward by committing a burglary, for which he was sentenced to the Ohio State Prison for ten years.

"Yet Barner was a young man of unusual intelligence and mechanical skill. He made a beautiful article of furniture, containing a thousand pieces, here in the cabinet shop, and could turn his hand to almost any line of artistic workmanship. But the fellow's soul seemed dead within him. He was an ingrate and a dangerous man to trust, inside the walls or out. He would as soon stick a knife through you for money as to eat his dinner. He was a real criminal of the Cain type.

"There was doubtless something vicious and inhuman about Barner's heredity, Chaplain, which we never knew. He was down on our books as five feet, six inches in height, fair complexion, gray eyes, light hair, born in Ohio, temperate, married, able to read and write, together with the usual body marks for future identification. But there was no scientific study of types such as we have today, and, as he was skeptical and hostile to religion, he never confided in the Chaplain. So we know nothing about Barner except that he was an undoubted criminal."

"But why do so many of these unfortunates weaken and go to the wall?" asked the Chaplain, in earnest quest of fact and truth.

"Lack of care and companionship, in many cases, Chaplain," answered Officer Warner. "You see, even the little child loves company, and will find somebody to play with. And as it grows up, if father and mother haven't time to pay attention to it, some bad boy or girl will be sure to come along and lead it astray. Association is everything in the development and training of character. The home is the prime place in all the world for this to be done. It is my duty to give time to my boy every day, no matter how busy I may be. And if a mother cannot chum with her daughter, she will lose the confidence and friendship of the young girl to the infinite peril and unhappiness of both. Bad company is simply the result of unoccupied space and time in the heart and life of youth."

"Then true leadership and friendship, even among the fallen and the felon, constitute a tremendous force in the work of redemption?" said the Chaplain.

"Certainly," answered Officer Warner. "Right here in this prison-house, among these unfortunates, are young men capable

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of remarkable leadership with their fellows. Even they can be trained to loyalty and service so that others will follow them, and never falter or betray a trust.

"The larger percentage of these boys came from broken homes, and most of those whose homes remained intact were victims of perverted indulgence and coddling. There is no surer candidate for a penal institution than the spoiled child. A woman cannot raise a family of boys by herself, as a rule, without great risk. She needs the help and balance of the father's authority and example and discipline. The home, Chaplain, is the foundation-stone in the temple structure of human character."

The Chaplain was very thoughtful as he studied Officer Warner. Here was a man who had charge of the housing, the home-making, of the fellows inside the walls. In one sense, they dreaded to be locked up in the cells more than anything else; but here was a friend and a father to them, who would do his level best to see that they were comfortable during the time similar to the evening and night at home. He was just and tolerant, patient and companionable at all seasons and under all circumstances, and apparently got closer to the men than any one else in the institution. Certainly, his opportunity was immense.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

Officer Warner told the Chaplain one day that he always liked to approach the prison from the outside first and get its history and tradition. He knew nothing of this when he came down here twenty years or more ago as a teacher in the night schools of the institution, but he was very anxious to learn.

He was not a student of criminology, but he had read and thought upon several famous murder cases in his time, and he gave the subject of crime close attention after he became a teacher within the walls.

"One of these murder cases," said he, "was that of a half-insane, degenerate son of multi-millionaire parents in an Eastern city, who killed one of the most famous artists in America in a moment and season and mood of mad jealousy. The girl in the case was the beautiful daughter of a widowed mother, who went to the studio of the artist to pose and work for a wage when she was about sixteen.

"The artist was a man who gave to his craft 95 per cent of

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his time, and gave but little attention, possibly none, to moral equilibrium. He was ambitious, coldly intellectual, and without any ethical scruples whatever. When his animal nature demanded satisfaction he knew no restraint of Masonic honor or human pity. He looked upon the beautiful young model and craved possession of her, and he both drugged and violated her in a cunning and cruel manner.

"After that, her virtue gone, she sank to the level of desire and became a highclass woman of the town, a prey upon the wealthy rounders and sports, selling herself at the highest price. Thus she met the young millionaire when she was a chorus girl, and he became crazy about her and traveled with her all over Europe without lawful marriage.

"It was said that sometimes, in moods and fits of insane jealousy, he would tie her to the bedposts and whip her unmercifully. Finally, in spite of the violent opposition of his family, he married the girl, and they allowed her to come to the palatial home and meet the family on a cold formal level.

"One day the girl told the young husband the story of her downfall in the artist's studio, and he brooded over it until he conceived the insane notion of getting even with the artist and avenging the wrong done to his wife. It is supposed that the artist met them now and then in public places and bowed in recognition. Some said that the artist even followed the young couple a few squares in his auto, shadowing them. At all events, the young husband shot the artist one day in a crowded public pleasure resort.

"The young husband was cleared at the trial, but he was no better morally than the artist, because he afterward developed the most depraved passions and was irresponsible to the point of insanity. The artist was a moral vampire in preying upon young girlhood, but he was the brilliant conceiver and designer of some of the greatest artistic achievements in the metropolis of America.

"The point of my story is this: Most of our boys in here drifted into crime as a result of extreme poverty, broken homes, the separation of parents and the consequent lack of training and opportunity. They just 'growed up,' so to speak. Yet the young millionaire murderer was the product of another social extreme of overwealth, excessive indulgence, no parental care to speak of, the wild riot of his own whims and caprices, without any moral restraint or training whatsoever. Such extremes often meet in the prison-house.

"These reflections have taken out of me all feeling of pride and superiority toward my fellow-man, normal or criminal. We

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are all 'poor critters' alike, in the last analysis. One day I heard a boy in here telling another how to keep himself uncorrupted by shunning the company of the rough crowd. It made me sad, in a way, because it suggested an imagined moral superiority and hypocrisy which is not socially sound. It is far better in this human life of ours to mingle with the common herd and take your chances of being helped or harmed with the rest of us. No separation or superiority of one over another. We are all on the level and the square. We are all brothers of the same blood and bound to the same common service."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FIRST REFORMS.

Joel Scott was the first keeper of the Kentucky Penitentiary who gave heed to the mental and moral betterment of the prisoners in his charge. They had a shave, bath and clean clothing on Saturday, and the entire day Sunday was devoted to the instruction of the men in reading, writing and ciphering as well as in religion and good morals.

Keeper Scott said that at least one-third of his convicts were entirely illiterate, and he paid his teachers two dollars a Sunday and the visiting minister who acted as chaplain the same price for each sermon. He complained of the difficulty of finding ministers to render this service and said that the prison pulpit was filled only half the time during the year. The accounts of Keeper Scott showed that he expended nearly $500 in pay to teachers and preachers, probably from his own personal income, as no chaplain was employed in those days by the state. Thomas Theobold afterward had a regular minister engaged on the Sabbath.

Lieutenant Governor Slaughter in 1818 expressed his thanks to the Kentucky and Lexington Bible Societies for the free donation of Bibles for the use of the prisoners; and he also makes this deplorable statement concerning the manner in which the convicts were turned out on the cold charities of the world: "I must remind you that neither the keeper nor the agent is authorized by law to furnish those discharged with even a small pittance to defray their expenses until they can engage in some honest employment; or are they entitled to ordinary clothing to disguise the evidence of their past offenses. It seems to me inconsistent with the design and spirit of the institution to cast

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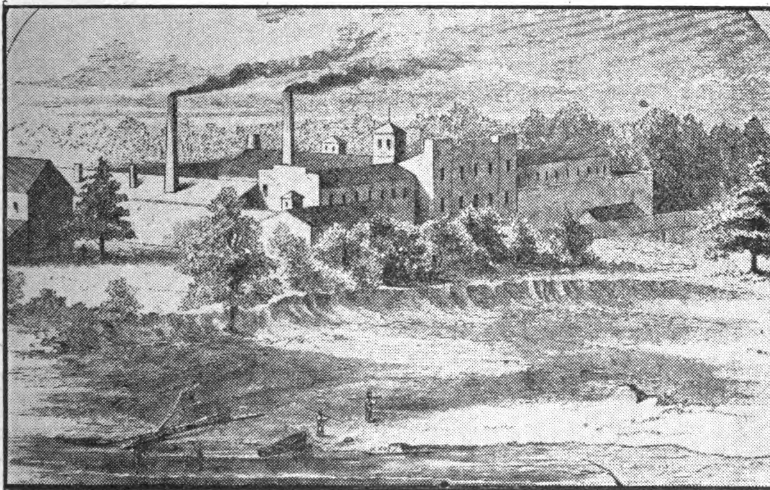
them off naked and penniless, with their marks of infamy exposed to public view."

This matter was remedied shortly afterward to the small extent of a cheap suit of clothing and a five dollar bill on discharge. This miserable provision was severely censured by Governor Adair in his message of 1821, and he also vigorously condemned the practice of corporal punishment.

No Sunday school or other moral or religious organization existed in the Old Prison South at Jeffersonville in 1849, nor can we find any trace of such until after the election of Leroy Woods Chaplain, in 1854. Mr. Ford says in his report of 1849: "The convicts exhibit great anxiety for religious services."



Old Prison South, Jeffersonville, Indiana. Built about 1847-8

But under the leasing system convicts were considered no better than so many beasts of burden. There was no library or books of any kind in the prison other than about twenty dilapidated old Bibles, which had been donated when the owners had become ashamed to have them in their houses. Colonel Ford makes use of the trite saying, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and says he wants books "to keep the men from studying deviltry."

Colonel Ford's administration, taken as a whole, we believe, was satisfactory. He was an old soldier, and although at times

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he appeared harsh, like most old soldiers, he had really a kind heart.

In 1851, A. Ruter was elected warden. He served but a short time and there is no report on file from his pen. We believe, however, that he made a report to the Legislature of 1851-1852.

In 1852 David W. Miller was elected warden. Mr. Miller was architect of the improved prison, which was built about the years 1847-1848. The first report of Warden Miller's that is on file is for the year ending November 30, 1854. There was still a miserly old lessee, and all the financial business was transacted by him. Mr. Miller had control of the men and state property and reported only it and them.

In the report mentioned the warden and physician are both praying for a moral instructor. Mr. Woods, before referred to, it seems was only temporarily appointed to preach on Sunday afternoons at $150 per year.

Formerly, in addition to the warden, there had been a "visitor" elected biennially, whose duty it was to visit the prison frequently and report to the governor its condition. Upon Mr. Miller's request, the office of visitor was abolished and three directors were elected in his stead, whose duty embraced that of the former visitor, and who elected all the subordinate officers, including the warden. The first board of directors was composed of the following named gentlemen: G. F. Cookery, president of the board; Samuel H. Owen, George F. Savitz. The warden was then David F. Miller; clerk, John R. Monroe; acting moral instructor, Leroy Woods; physician, R. Curvan.

The first act of the new board was to elect the above-named officers and to hire out 120 prisoners to various bidders, work to commence at the expiration of the existing lease.

On Sunday, June 15, 1856, the contract of the miserly old lessee expired, and the prison passed into the hands and control of the state. It was a glad day when the leasing system went out of practice, and if the intent of the law had been followed, there would have been no more lessees or contractors at the Indiana State Prison South. The law unquestionably contemplated that the state should furnish material and employ the labor of the convicts upon it, but the directors, without regard to this, proceeded to contract the labor to the best bidder, thereby securing a system but little better than the lease and which is still in practice.

The miserly old lessee wished very much to renew his lease. But the General Assembly decided that he should retire. He left the prison in a deplorable condition. Fearful of having to

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vacate, he had, with all the intensity of his avaricious nature, been straining every nerve to make and save the last cent possible. For months he had not cleaned the prison yard or cell houses, and for over a year had not renewed or washed the beds and bedding. The prison clothes, but poor when new, were now reduced to tatters and rags. Men were bareheaded and barefooted and nearly starved. Some idea can be obtained from the guarded report of the first board of directors and warden under them:

"We beg leave to state that at the time we took charge of the prison it was in a very dirty and filthy condition, and very much out of repair. The bedding was miserable, being nearly worn out, and dirty beyond conception, and entirely unfit for a human being to sleep upon. The clothing of the prisoners was very shabby and a number of men were suffering from an attack of scurvy, superinduced no doubt by bad diet and loathsome bedding. And their general appearance indicated a mode of treatment most assuredly not contemplated by the laws of the state."

The inauguration of the new system of control caused a sensational incident among the prisoners. They did not understand the meaning of the change, and copies of a partisan newspaper published at the time in Jeffersonville and containing articles calculated to mislead were secretly circulated amongst the inmates. Rumors of a revolt that was brewing came to the ears of the management, but they gave no especial heed to it except to double the guard and see that none escaped.

Sunday passed quietly, but on Monday morning when the men were ordered out to work, twenty-five convicts absolutely refused to obey, claiming that the state had no legal claim on their time and labor. This spirit of rebellion prevailed throughout the day and was with the greatest difficulty held in check. But at nightfall when the bell sounded for them to go to their cells, the cry of fire rang out, and it was discovered that the hospital had been set on fire.

Nearly the entire building was destroyed, and the fire was only gotten under control by the assistance of the fire departments of Louisville and Jeffersonville combined. Just as soon as the change of management and system of industry became clear to the men they accepted it without further complaint, and the discipline improved splendidly. This was all in the year 1859.

The Rev. James Runcie, who had been appointed moral instructor, took charge of five hundred dollars appropriated by the Legislature of 1858 and purchased textbooks for a school in the

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institution. This was the first really substantial step to enlighten the ignorant and help the depraved within the walls. Chaplain Muncie discharged his duties devotedly, and in 1860 the Rev. J. W. Sullivan succeeded him.

No chaplain ever connected with the Old Prison South held the hearts of the men as did Mr. Sullivan. He filled that sacred office for at least ten years and was the friend and defender of the unfortunate prisoners throughout the darkest and blackest period in the history of the institution. He saw with his own eyes the reign and riot of corruption and debauchery during the Civil War epoch; and when the cruel lash was wielded over the bared and bleeding backs of men and women alike, this gray-haired man of God stood by and protested almost at the risk of his own life.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRISONER AND THE SLAVE.

We have already pointed out the similarity between chattel slavery and involuntary servitude in the prisons of Indiana and Kentucky. It now remains for us to tell the story of one of the remarkable wardens of slave times at the Frankfort penitentiary.

Newton Craig was born in Scott County, Ky., in 1807. He was of Virginian descent. His father belonged to a numerous family of that name who took part in the struggle for independence. Some of them were Baptists who were jailed in the old days in Virginia for preaching the gospel to the common people. Young Craig was raised on a farm and became assistant keeper of the Kentucky State prison under Joel Scott, in 1833 and 1834.

He became warden in the prime of life and with a high purpose; but defeat embittered his predecessor and every obstacle was thrown in the pathway of Craig's success as warden. His political enemies even tried to make a mix-up in the financial affairs of the prison so as to ruin his reputation and enterprise. But Warden Craig introduced the most exemplary discipline, order and improvement possible, and Doctor Sneed vouches for his integrity of character and efficiency.

A most disastrous fire befell the institution shortly after he became warden and it nearly ruined Mr. Craig financially. Doctor Sneed said that the fire originated most probably by a woman slave convict sticking a lighted candle in the partition of the boarded-up room she occupied. There was then no female prison within the walls. The fire may have originated by a slow match concealed in an upper room.

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The alarm was given about 10 o'clock one night in August, 1844. It was soon beyond control. The water supply from the pipes connected with the town was cut off and all hope was abandoned of saving the institution. One hundred and fifty men were locked in their cells. A south wind would have produced unspeakable horrors. The governor came on the scene and tried to take a hand, but Captain Craig was in command and kept the prisoners cool by his great courage and calmness. By midnight a whole ruin stood before him, but he faced the same with an iron will and came out of it all with final success. All attacks by his enemies failed and he was justified.

Warden Craig was an absolutely fearless man. One time a desperado in the prison had threatened his life. With the utmost coolness the warden went to the cell with the man alone, locked himself in and overpowered the prisoner by sheer force of his own will. The man submitted to punishment and afterwards deported himself with credit. With the same absolute indifference to personal danger Warden Craig conducted the institution through a terrible scourge of cholera, ministering to the men himself without regard to the contagion.

In 1845 a young woman prisoner, Miss Delia A. Webster, was received at the penitentiary. She was sent from Fayette County for assisting slaves to escape to Ohio. She and another woman were convicted and given two to fifteen years. There was no female prisoner in the institution at that time, nor had there been any for a good while. It was just after the fire and a small room of boards was fitted up for her. Captain Craig made her as comfortable as possible.

All the facts of this case were known to the people of Frankfort and Lexington, and there was a general feeling of sympathy for her. She had been a school teacher at Lexington and was received into the best families there. Shortly after she was sentenced a large petition was gotten up in her behalf at Lexington and signed by the best citizens there who desired her pardon. Even members of the jury that returned a verdict of guilty put down their names upon the petition for her pardon simply because she was a woman.

Nearly every member of each branch of the Legislature, then in session, signed the petition. This, with many other considerations, induced Governor Owsley to pardon her; but that was against the urgent remonstrance and advice of Warden Craig.

Before her pardon her venerable father came down from Vermont to secure the release of his innocent and wronged

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daughter. After her pardon Captain Craig with much humanity took the father and daughter to his home where they remained over night until they could leave on the steamboat for her distant native state.

Before leaving she told Captain Craig that she was innocent of the charge of aiding slaves to escape and insisted that she was a virtuous and much abused woman. After her return home she wrote a long letter to Governor Owsley, Lieut. Gov. Arch Dixon, the Rev. J. M. Bullock, Captain Craig and William Todd. The letter was sent to Mrs. Craig, who had felt much sympathy for her while in prison.

This letter said that the climate of Vermont was very much against her health and that she would love to return South to prevent the possibility of tuberculosis. Captain Craig replied very kindly and gave her the best advice he could. From this grew up a correspondence which continued for some time. Dr. Sneed is of the impression in his account that the young woman was plotting to take revenge on Captain Craig for her imprisonment; but only an investigation into the records of the time could possibly determine the truth of this.

Captain Craig's friends thought afterward that he had been very unwise to permit the correspondence, and thus subject himself to imposition. They declare that he learned too late of her real character and always regretted the incident.

In the election of 1853 and '54 Captain Craig's enemies made use of this story in the newspapers with malicious intent to damage him. It was even said that a bribe was used by his enemies to secure some of the letters and give them to the public with unfair inferences. His enemies succeeded in defeating him, but he came out of the contest with an absolutely clean reputation; and it is very probable that the character of the young woman was blackened with like injustice. Yet we can not but admire the public sentiment in the state of Kentucky in slave times that secured the release of a young abolition school teacher from prison who had gone too far in her assistance of the negro slave.

At the old state prison in Jeffersonville an equal sentiment of compassion for the negro slave existed before the civil war. Dr. Nathaniel Field, father of Dr. Davis L. Field, was the physician at this old prison. He was a native of Jefferson County, Kentucky, born November 7, 1805. He was a graduate of the Transylvania Medical College at Lexington, Ky. He located in Jeffersonville in 1829 and became the first physician of the recently established penitentiary. He was a strong thinker and

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brave public leader. Though born in a slave state and a family of slave-holders, he conceived a dislike for slavery and wrote against it. He was one of the earliest vice presidents of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He was president of the first anti-slavery convention ever held in Indiana and president of the free soil convention held in Indianapolis in 1850.

Dr. Field aided escaping slaves and assisted the underground railroad. He lived up to the law and let matters of the kind be settled by the court; but as early as 1834 he voted singly and alone in the county of Clark against an unjust law which aimed to drive all free negroes from the state. He was threatened with mob violence, but like Cassius M. Clay he prepared to defend his house against assault and told the rowdies to come on. But they dared not molest him. Dr. Field treated the slave and the convict with the utmost kindness and was one of the greatest reformers in the history of the Old Prison South.

Dr. Field was one of the first physicians of the old State Prison as far back as 1829. He also served during the years immediately preceding the Civil War. Members of his family were slave-holders, but the doctor, from his earliest boyhood, abhorred the institution, and came to Indiana to practice medicine in a free state. He was one of the earliest workers in the Anti-Slavery Society in that section and more than any other man continued the work of Governor Jennings against slavery, till it was abolished by law.

With an equally firm and noble spirit Dr. Field was an early advocate of humane and scientific treatment of the criminal. The Kentucky State Prison was founded on this idea by an enlightened social conscience, as all historic records clearly prove, and the state constitution of Indiana was profoundly influenced by the same spirit. These facts are of great value in recalling our great reform of the past. Dr. Field was a Civil War surgeon and his son Dr. D. L. Field was for a time the physician at the reformatory.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT AWAKENING OF '57.

Rev. John W. Sullivan was to the convicts or the Old Prison South what the Bishop was to Jean Valjean in Les Miserables. Mr. Sullivan came to Jeffersonville about 1856-7 as pastor of the old Wall Street Methodist Church and held one of the greatest revivals in the history of Jeffersonville. Hundreds were converted and the good pastor got hold of the heart of the town.

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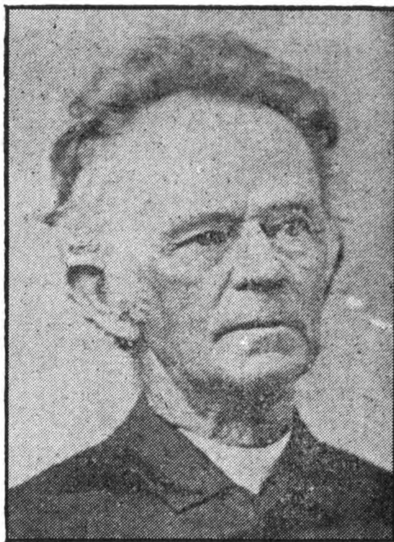

REV. JOHN W. SULLIVAN
Chaplain Old Prison South, 1860-1872

In those days churches and other public buildings in the Falls Cities were often erected by contract convict labor. A new Wall Street Methodist Church was thus built in 1860, and Pastor Sullivan become so interested in the men at the Old Prison South that he was chosen chaplain the same year when there was a vacancy. His soul was in the work. He was always the friend of the unfortunate and the wayward.

In those years he was very happily married and went down to his work at the prison with the great joy of rendering services where there was no hand to help and no arm to save.. He was a man of medium stature, rather heavy set, with fair complexion and blue eyes. He had a rich and powerful voice for singing and public speaking and was at one time assisted by a band of devoted women workers who resembled the prison heroines of early Methodism.

Chaplain Sullivan was reviled and threatened by enemies of his noble efforts within the walls; but the convicts at any time would have sacrificed their lives in his defense. He was associated with a remarkable young man who was his prison secretary in the library and whose testimony to the work of this great man of God will abide through all the coming years. The open

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Bible, the Cross, and the clasped hands of the chaplain and a convict in stripes was the symbol used in those days for brotherhood behind the bars. Chaplain Sullivan called the organization, "The Christian Brotherhood." He was beloved by every man, woman and child in Jeffersonville and died there at an advanced age. His body rests today in Crown Hill Cemetery.

CHAPLAIN SULLIVAN.

Heroic man of God
    In times of war and terror,
Under the iron rod,
    When men were lashed for error.
Ten years he shared their lot
    In the old southern prison;
And now, tho' long forgot,
    His name hath rearisen.

And shineth with the star
    Of Bethlehem's song and story.
Behind the cell and bar
    He found the Father's glory
In many a human face
    All scarred with sin and evil;
Redeemed them from disgrace,
    And freed them from the devil.

The place of punishment
    Was like a living hell,
Where youth and manhood sent
    Died is despair's dark cell.
Thru all those weary years
    He held the lamp of hope,
And many a soul in tears
    Back to the light would grope.

Black slander gathered slime
    To smirch his noble name;
But with a faith sublime
    He dared them to defame.
The Quakers came at last
    With healing and reform;
And like a peril passed
    The terror and the storm.

So in the days to come,
    The days that will be better,
His service we shall sum,
    And own ourselves his debtor,
Who held the Torch of Truth
    Aloft, before unlifted;
And threw Life's line to youth
    Who far from love had drifted.

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The great religious revival of 1857, conducted by Charles G. Finney, resulted in the awakening of the social conscience of America toward the men behind the bars. Among the remarkable leaders in the Prison Reform growing out of this memorable movement was Zebulon Brockway. He united with the Congregational church with his wife and children. He was greatly stirred by the addresses of Evangelist Finney and offered himself for service. He was made a teacher in the Sabbath school and established mission schools in destitute parts of the city wherever he was working. A revival invariably followed this spiritual planting. The uplift was felt so greatly in Detroit and elsewhere that this foundation work in penal reform has never been surpassed by anyone since that day.

The social Sunday school established by Mr. Brockway in the city of Detroit was a classic instance of his great preventive work. He met a Mr. James McMillan on the train going to Detroit and they became fast friends. Once each week after that, these two men made a survey of the slums and the underworld of poverty and crime. The social Sunday school was opened with Mr. McMillan at the head of a big class of untutored youth. Mr. Newberry, another able assistant, developed the remarkable musical talent of these children of the slums. The work soon paralleled that of Dwight L. Moody in Chicago. The average attendance of Mr. Brockway's school was 1,200. Leading business men and women of noble religious vision became his teachers.

General Pelieuse of the United States army took charge of a class of boy toughs which finally grew into an orderly regiment and military academy and revolutionized boy life in Detroit. Mr. McMillan's boys were the same unpromising social material; but he put personality into his teaching and attached himself to the lads with the irresistible force of a great friendship and affection. He followed them each into their after life. He provided employment and opened opportunity to every one of them. He even furnished capital to set some of them up in business; and is it any wonder that he made men of these boys who otherwise would have filled the prisons and penitentiaries of their time?

A Miss Hall, one of Mr. Brockway's greatest workers, helped him to establish a house of shelter for wayward and fallen girls. Thirty or more of them were in this big Sunday school. There was no social ostracism from any one and they were redeemed to bettter lives. Even the children were reclaimed. There was a young man by the name of Mahoney, a devout Catholic, who conducted the infant class of one hundred or more. He was a

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lover of childhood and the children idolized him. Young Mahoney afterward met a tragical end. In a purely unprovoked dispute with a young Spanish-American at the Detroit prison where Mr. Brockway was superintendent, Mahoney was compelled to defend his life and slew the young Spaniard. This so distressed him that he afterwards died of a broken heart.

It was a motto of Mr. Brockway to understand and not to judge and condemn the young men committed to his care. He relates an incident when he was a youth of 18 and made a business trip on horseback to Indiana. He saw the exciting life of the frontier with all its temptations to young men away from the restraints of home. He afterward located near a New England summer resort and fell into the company of lively young fellows who drank and gambled. Just once was young Brockway overcome by this fascinating evil. He squandered a certain sum of money in his possession, and awakened with a start to the dangers ahead of him. He never after surrendered his honor and integrity to this seductive influence; but it gave him a profound sympathy for all young men whose feet are entangled in the meshes and wiles of the Syren of Chance.

The point of our story is the birth of the American reformatory system out of the epochal experience of this great prison warden. He taught the homes and schools and churches of the towns and cities of his time and country how to conserve and redeem the waste youth and manhod and womanhood of the lost classes of society. He came to Indiana from his great work in Detroit to fight with a masterly ability and courage for the triumph of justice and humanity in prison methods and administration. Throughout the Civil War he held to his duty with the steadiness of the polar star. Time and again he gave his best thought to the regeneration of the terrible conditions existing in the Old Prison South. Living today past 90 years of age, his name shines with that of Timothy Nicholson and others who established prison reform forever in our midst.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It is said that the earliest state prison at Jeffersonville was built on the river front below the Big Four bridge and was enclosed by tall timbers like telephone poles, set deep in the ground, making a perfect stockade. We are told that the low built brick cottages in that part of town were originally erected by the state for the officers and their families.

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The next prison stood on Rose Hill in the old days and continued to be used until the Legislature of 1858 made provision for the construction of a larger institution, which was built by the labor of 150 convicts on the site of the present reformatory and was the Old Prison South of Civil War time. The Legislature of 1861 passed an act requiring the removal of 200 men from the Old Prison South to the Northern Prison, then recently opened at Michigan City.

There was a smallpox epidemic at the Old Prison South in 1863, with sixty-three cases in the hospital; but the condition was splendidly handled and finally controlled by Dr. McBryde and two able assistants from the physicians of Jeffersonville.

In the spring of 1865 Samuel Donelson aspired to control the affairs of the Old Prison South and to restore the former terms so profitable to the lessee. In this he failed and resigned from the board of directors. Another man was chosen to succeed him, whereupon David W. Miller, who had been warden for fourteen years, was removed. The prisoners looked upon this warden as a father.

It was indeed a sorry day when "Old Uncle Davy Miller," as the prisoners familiarly called him, left the institution. The heavy "cat" that for fourteen years had lain dormant—Miller punished with a whip—was brought out again and its thongs oiled and bullets woven into its fringed ends. This henceforth was to be the controlling power of the prison. Deeds were soon committed that would have made Nero blush. It was not avarice, as in the old leasing times, that now made the prison a very hell. It was brutal passion, and gross sensuality, maddened by drink and unrestrained by fear of law. The men who were elected to compose the administration, with one or two exceptions, were men whose sensibilities had been blunted by camp life, and whose conscience had been seared by years of debauchery in the lowest haunts of our worst cities.

This shameful reign of riot and lust and brutality continued for several years immediately after the close of the Civil War, and was only brought to an end when the wretches fell out amongst themselves. A corrupt and depraved underling of the beastly warden of those insufferable years finally exposed the rottenness within the walls when he himself had been cast out. A leading newspaper of the time declares: "Peculation, robbery and debauchery of convict women is what an investigation brings out. The prison was converted into a vast bawdy house, where shameless criminality with female prisoners, and other crimes

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that make the honest blush, were constantly practiced. The venality and beastliness are without parallel in the history of this country. They treated prisoners dreadfully, whipping one poor old man to death. The warden and steward got drunk, and under the influence of liquor committed brutal excesses too low and obscene for publication. The whole thing is being now brought out before a committee appointed by the present Legislature."

The legislative committee referred to made a thorough investigation, and even in their conservative language declared that: "The points brought out by the testimony show an amount of corruption, brutality and crime, and this by the officers and employes of the prison themselves, which, to say the least, is very discreditable to the parties concerned.

"Your committee found also, from the testimony, that the guards and other employes had free access to the female convicts; that the treatment of them has been disgusting, lecherous and brutal. Two witnesses refused to swear that they had not had immoral relations with the female convicts."

It may well be imagined, then, that the stories which follow concerning these times of terror and deeds of darkness, written by one who was himself "under the lash," as he so truly says, can not be very highly colored or far away from sober fact. Even if we make all allowance for a feverish fancy and highly sensitive feelings, we must admit that the barbarities recorded find a parallel only in the rank and rule of the "terrible Teuton" and the "heathenish Hun."

It will now interest the reader to learn how the chaplain became acquainted with this memorable convict story. One winter night at the Reformatory the chaplain was talking with Amos Butler, secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities. Mr. Butler constantly visits the prisons and jails and reformatories all over the country. He had just been describing the chain gang system as he saw it in the county jail in a leading Southern city. He told how the prisoners were transported in big wagons to and from their labor outside the walls, and how, when they returned at night, they were chained together still and were hardly allowed the commonest human rights of personal cleanliness and decency. Especially revolting to him was the fact that the officers and guards had access at will to the department where the women prisoners were kept. And there seemed to be no remedy or reform at hand, because the whole system appeared profitable and necessary to those who had charge of it.

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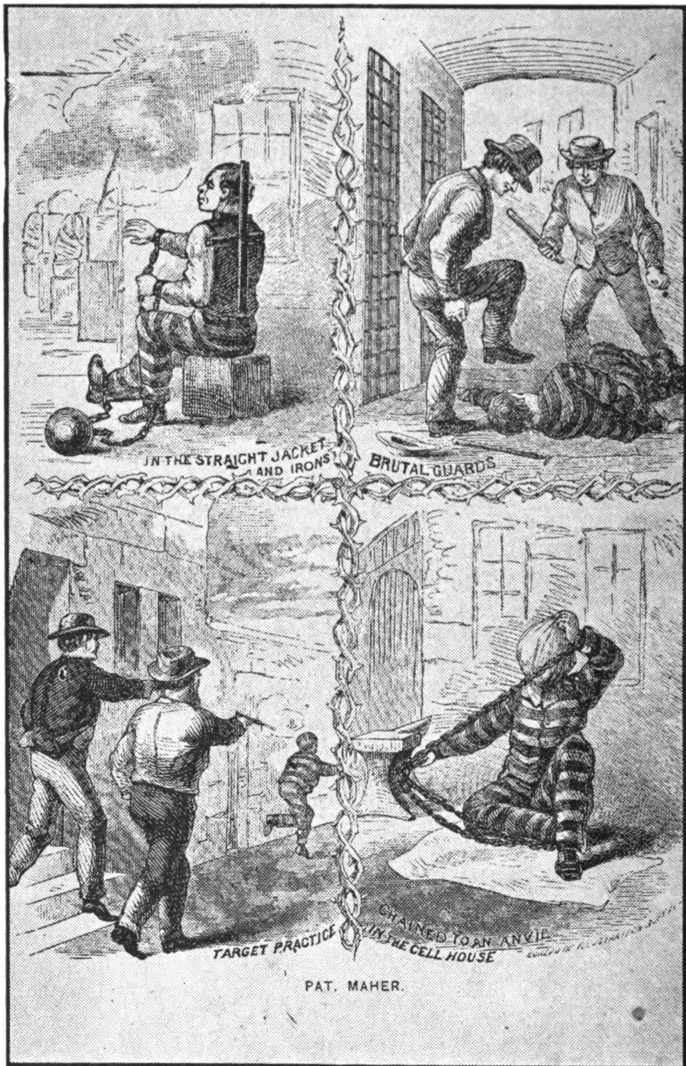

The Terror System of the Old Prison South

The chaplain remarked how similar the chain-gang system must be to the old conditions of chattel slavery, of which it is but a modified form. Mr. Butler regarded the chaplain a moment thoughtfully and then replied:

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"Chaplain, would you believe it? Conditions right here within these walls in the old days were as bad, if not worse, than either chattel slavery or the chain gang system. There is in possession of the state of Indiana just two copies of a book now forty-five years out of print, written by a convict here in the Old Prison South, describing the cruelties and horrors of which I speak. Sometime when you come to Indianapolis, we will show you that very book."

In due season the chaplain visited the state capitol and held the notable book in his hands. Opening the green lid, his eager eye fell on the first title page. There seemd absolutely no clew to the identity of the author in any of the prison records or the historic annals of his time.

The author says that a true narrative of prison life can only be written by a convict himself in a prison cell. Also, since so little is known by the outside world concerning the inner life of a prison, he feels justified in giving that life to the public as it is:

"The only difference between you and me, kind reader, is that I have met with temptations too strong for resistance, while you have not. Then do not condemn me entirely, but as you read of my sufferings, rather be thankful that you have been surrounded by happier circumstances."

He insists very earnestly that much has been written on the subject of prison life but always on the side and in favor of those in charge, never giving the story and tragedy of the convict himself.

"I am only a poor convict in a prison cell. And if I err in my rhetoric, you will pardon me when you know that I am writing this without even a spelling book to guide my erring pencil. Writing in an arched cell four by seven, with seven feet of solid masonry and three sets of heavy iron gratings between me and God's free sunlight. Writing by the dull light of a dirty wick dipped in lard oil, with a lead pencil on brown paper, all which I have to filch piece by piece from the contractors, and, to use the common expression here, 'run the risk of being skinned all over.'

"I do not know that what I write will ever 'pass the grate,' much less meet the public eye. Nevertheless, I am determined to write, whether my brown manuscript be doomed to rot within these walls and this damp cell, to be found and burned, or finally, overcoming all the difficulties under which it is written and kept, find its way to the outer world. Still, I am determined to write—not for compensation or fame, but in defense of the most unfortunate being on earth, the convict."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IRON FURNACE.

Two or three years after the close of the Civil War there was a young man sentenced to the Old Prison South from Crawford County, Ind. The trial was over and the judge had rendered his decision. The sheriff was taking the young man by an Ohio River steamboat to Jeffersonville. They were passing the scene of John Morgan's raid into Southern Indiana during the war. The prisoner watched the gay and sauntering passengers and the beautiful world of sunshine and freedom he was leaving behind him—

"Just in the flush of manhood; just as hope beat highest within my breast and all the world looked bright and promising." Just then, alas, misfortune came, and now name, honor, home, friends, all seemed lost when he bade his sorrowing young wife good-bye.

He watched the crowd for some sign of comprehension and sympathy, but all in vain. The sheriff had not handcuffed him, out of consideration, but was watching him closely. The scenes of his whole past life unrolled before him as he paced the deck all night long till the morning dawned, still watched by the vigilant sheriff.

The young man was now having an inward struggle. He was not a native of Indiana and was now determined never to let his old gray-haired father and kindred at home know of his disgrace. He was thankful to God that his dear mother was dead. But he grieved most for his wife's sake, and twice he had to restrain the impulse to plunge overboard and drown himself in the dark river below. But slowly the dawn kindled across the river hills, the robins and larks sang as the day ascended, and courage returned to face his fate and play the man.

It seems that they reached Louisville or most probably New Albany by boat. The young man was in absolutely new surroundings and in his account does not tell us where he landed. Yet it must have been New Albany, for there they took the train for Jeffersonville. Then, soon, yes, suddenly, as we shot around a curve the time-worn and blackened walls of the prison burst full upon our view. Nearer and still nearer we drew until—oh, how my heart sank within me—with shriek of engine and creak of brake, we came to a dead stop before the ugly pile.

"Slowly I stepped from the cars and looked around me.

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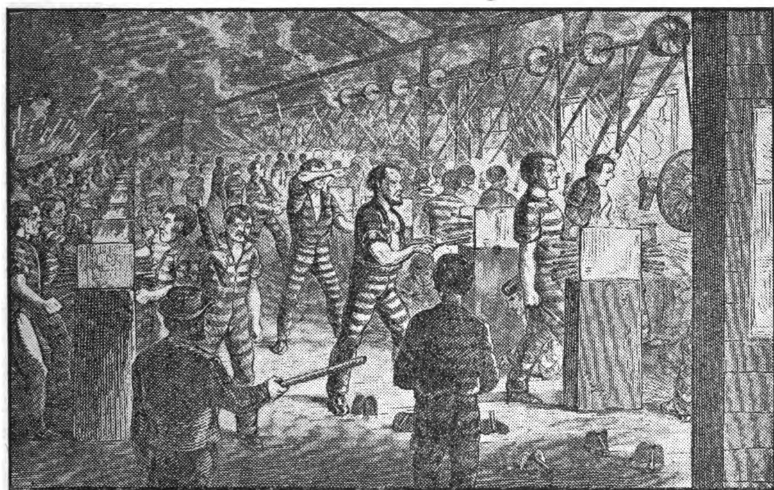
Here, then, was to be my future home. Within yonder gloomy walls I must be buried, dead to the world, dead to friends, dead to all save God and self.

"Ah, reader, pity a poor convict now. Pity him as he stands before his living tomb and takes his farewell look at the world. Before him are the frowning walls of his sepulcher. Before him is the arched gateway that leads to the cavern of woes. Behind is Nature in all her freshness and beauty. She was never so lovely as now. Every tree, every leaf, every straw that blows is beautiful. Even the dirt he is to carry upon his shoes from the outside world is precious. How he lingers upon that moment of liberty still left him. How he hangs back. What longing looks he casts behind. How he thinks, 'Oh, I can't go in there.'"



Old-Time "Trip-Hammer Shop." The "Iron Furnace," Old Prison South.

The prisoner then tells the incident of a young New Englander sentenced to the Old Prison South out here in Indiana, like himself, and accepted his fate with resignation till he got to the very walls and gateway to "The City of Dead Souls." Then he fought the sheriff like a maniac until overpowered and taken into his living tomb by main force. When his will was subdued he submitted and made a man of himself, despite the hell of cruelty and torture which the Old Prison South was in those days. So the new convict resolved to accept his fate with fortitude. But

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the chapter in his thrilling story of the imprisonment that followed ends with the picture of the hands of a convict chained up to the iron doorway; and with dread anticipation we follow him within the walls.

The young convict gives a detailed description of the prison proper and then proceeds with his story. He enters with the sheriff and prepares himself to be listed as "a dead soul." Then he catches a glimpse of the brutal individual who was master of "The City of Dead Souls" in those days.

"At a side table covered with letters and papers, with very red face and redder nose, tilted back in his arm-chair, with feet crossed on the edge of the table before him, a perfect type of Bacchus's best patron, sat a large, portly man, whom I rightly guessed to be Colonel M———, the warden.

"This dignitary arose on our entrance and shook hands cordially with the sheriff, motioning him to one chair and pushing me another with his foot. He was very genial, and had it not been for the unmistakable presence of bad whisky, would have been a gentleman of very prepossessing appearance and conversation."

The sheriff then delivered his charge with a kindly admonition, which seemed to anger the warden, for his whole manner changed and he called for the officers in a rough and cruel voice. Then a low, squatty man in uniform appeared, wearing what seemed a veritable satanic leer, and took possession of the prisoner. This new captor proved to be the deputy warden. The new convict was then taken to the inside, where he was stripped, examined, and prepared to don the stripes. He clung pathetically to a picture of his wife but finally had to surrender this to the deputy warden, who remarked with a lustful leer:

"She's a likely-lookin' gal, sure 'nough."

The prisoner was then assigned to the storeroom, where he fell into the hands of an ex-soldier of the late war, a long, lank, bony-cheeked fellow whose ignorance and coarse brutality were evident at a glance. He set the prisoner to handling barrels of potatoes. But the deputy warden soon returned and motioned the prisoner to follow.

"Crossing the yard we entered a long, low shop where the din of hammers and the glow of fires both deafened and blinded me. This was the trip-hammer shop, denominated by the men as 'Hell.' And standing in the door and looking down the dusty length, the lurid fires gleaming on their raised platforms, the hot gaseous air, the horrible din, the half-naked, sweating, swarthy, smoke-begrimed workers passing to and fro with slow and meas-

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ured steps, or swinging the molten iron from furnace to hammer, turning and fashioning it beneath its powerful strokes, the red sparks sprinkling hot cinders around—one could easily imagine that he stood upon the brink of 'the horrible pit,' watching the demons of darkness as they fashioned by fire the souls of the dead—damned.

"The chief 'devil' of this infernal region approached us. He was a small, dried-up old man, with sallow face, sickly hair and long, wiry beard. His small gray eye was never still, and a constant sneer was on his thin, hair-scattered upper lip. A very peculiar feature about him was the half-clutching position in which he carried his hands, as if always about to pounce upon and claw someone.

"'What's this?' said he, turning me around and looking at me.

"'Take him and set him to work,' said the deputy; and, turning on his heel, he walked off.

"'Come here, young man,' said the guard roughly, entering a small office on the left.

''Can you read?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Read them rules,' pointing to a large card, headed 'Rules,' tacked against the wall. As I approached them he left the room, locking the door after him. I took a general survey of things and then proceeded to con the following:

"'Convicts are to preserve order and silence at all times except when it is necessary to speak to the guard, foreman or each other in connection with their labor, or to the guards in making known their actual wants. They must not speak to the guards, foreman or other employes or each other on ordinary topics; all communications must be in reference to their duties, labors or actual wants.

"'When going to or from the cell houses, dining room, chapel or workshops, they must march with the lock-step, with the right hand on the convict in advance of them, and their faces inclined or looking toward their guards. Whenever two or more convicts are passing through the yards or about the prison, they must walk in single file, never abreast.'

"In half an hour the guard returned and unlocked the door.

"'Got 'em read?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Did yer notice the last one?'

"'Yes, sir.'

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"'Well, sir, do you know what we do with men here for punishment?'

"'No, sir.'

"'We lick 'em; shirt 'em and lick 'em. And, mind you now, if yer git a lickin' here, yer'll carry it to yer grave. Come on now.'

"This was said with teeth set and in the bitterest manner possible; and as I followed him out into the pandemonium, I thought my last day had come, and hope was gone."

He was assigned to his place at the furnace. It was a blazing hot day in August outside, and the heat within almost overpowered him. He drew back from the furnace, but the guard came up quickly and with rough hands pushed him back to his place and task.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WORD FOR THE CONVICT.

The new convict was assigned to piling iron and worked until his hands were bleeding and sore. Meanwhile, every convict who passed by asked in frightened whispers where he came from, what he was sent down for, and how he thought he would stand it. They taught him to speak in undertones without moving his lips, and one big hairy man with a giant heart came over and took his hands in his own as a token of fraternal feeling, then helped him at his task until a guard appeared. At noon he joined the lock-step for dinner, the negro convicts bringing up the rear. The meal consisted of tomato soup, a small piece of meat and cornbread. If they lacked anything or would make their wants known, they had to stand up as in school, and address the deputy warden. Their requests, however, were met with a curt answer or rebuke. There were four or five hundred in the dining hall.

During the afternoon the new convict worried about some letters he wanted to answer outside. The rules only allowed one letter a month, and the men told him he should see the chaplain, who passed through shortly with a pleasant smile and greeting. No sooner, however, did he approach the chaplain than the guard stopped him, and at the second attempt showed a big club and threatened to beat out his brains. So the letters remained unanswered that day.

He was duly assigned to his cell at night and the men called out teasingly to him and about him, saying: "A man died of

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smallpox in your cell last night!" So amid yells and rough laughter the long, lone night settled down in the old prison house.

"The guardhouse door clanged again and the boys knew that the officer had retired. So, having no other material to work upon, they now began upon each other. Of all the showers of filth that ever rained from human tongues, I think I now listened to the worst. I would not have believed that so much vile gaiety, such names and imprecations, such hellish comparisons and damning curses could have been formed from our language.

"There are in prison, as elsewhere, two classes, the one moral and the other immoral; or one good and the other bad; and I do not think there is so much blending of the two here as in the outside world. And while the bad, as is always the case, were the largest in numbers, and loudest in their protestations, by bending the ear, murmured prayers, the stifled, sobbing supplication and smothered moan could be heard.

"Amid this medley of curses and prayers, laughters and tears, hilarity and despair, I sank upon my iron cot and gave vent to my pent up feelings. Is it unmanly to weep? Then I am unmanly. For, oh, I did weep and the hot tears I shed seemed a relief!"

So the days passed in tiresome toil and monotonous routine. After a breakfast of hash, cornbread and coffee the new convict was hustled away to his task. He was disappointed that no trades were taught. The contract system prevailed and in the several shops a man was placed where he seemed most needed, without regard to learning the various parts of the work. He was put at piece-work and came out little better off than when he began.

"Could they have learned the trades they wished upon coming, or any other good trade, they would have been contented here, for they would have known that they were learning that which would be of benefit to them the remainder of their lives. They would have undoubtedly gone from here satisfied, honestly plied their trades, and become useful members of the community. As it is, they go out morose and sullen, from being constantly opposed, and discouraged from being thwarted in every endeavor to obtain a knowledge of some useful business. No wiser than when they came; tainted and trammeled, they are a floating debt upon the public, soon to be returned to its charge as vagrants, gamblers, burglars, thieves or murderers, their expenses borne by the sun-burned taxpayer and their 'hard labor' to fill the plethoric pockets of corpulent contractors.

"Every man acquainted with prisons knows that a large

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per cent of their inmates are men who are serving their second or third, and some their seventh and eighth terms. Upon talking with these men you will find that they are men who have gone out of prison without trades or means of support other than a day's work here and there, or a job of hard knocks now and then, as they can pick it up. Discharged without money enough to pay a week's board or even a night's lodging, many times failing to get work because there is nothing at which they can apply themselves with confidence, the ex-convict becomes discouraged.

"Besides, he must do something. Food and shelter he must have. A great, strong, brawny man can't beg. Those of whom he asks would say: 'Go to work!' He must cover his disgrace; therefore he has no ready excuse for being idle. This creates suspicion and no man gives him work. Hungry and disheartened, he thinks of the old prison life as little worse than the outside world, and in a moment of desperation resolves to run the risk, commits a crime and is returned to his old stamping ground, hating all men and with a curse in his heart."

The convict author had a vision of the future day when this condition would in some measure be remedied. "Inaugurate a system of trades and of schools. With an agent who has the good of his fellowmen at heart it can be made to pay. And suppose it does not? You are yearly spending thousands upon homes for fallen women. Suppose you add to the glory of your work by making your prisons homes for the fallen men?

"I am a prisoner. I speak as a prisoner and for the prisoner. I am willing to work at this and that. At anything that is to be done, say for six months or a year, if I am a long time man. But before I go away, if you wish to reform me you must teach me a trade and teach me to read and write. None know like the poor unfortunate who has never before experienced it, how inspiring it is to feel that one has something on which he can depend for a living, a good trade or an education. There is some hope for a man who has spent his imprisonment in acquiring useful knowledge. But for him who has none of these, who goes out no wiser than when he came in, but just so many years behind, who is a floating debt and knows himself to be such, there is little hope."

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE SHROUDED HORROR.

Yea, to that living tomb one day
A stranger, Youngman, came to stay;
Branded and sentenced as a thief,
But stern of heart to hide his grief.

His soul aroused by what he saw;
The cruel deeds allowed by law;
And with a pen that pierced and probed,
The Shrouded Horror stood disrobed.

By moonlight and chance candle dips
He wrote the secret of sealed lips;
Exposed the Place of Punishment,
Where splendid youth were hellward sent.

Strong Quaker Friends, of Hoosier State
Had oft bewailed the hapless fate
Of youth confined within those walls,
And, somehow, heard distressful calls.

The calls of men beneath the lash,
Red, gaping wounds seen in a flash;
Young women wronged behind the bars,
Whose cries were choked beneath the stars.

It was when the chaplain had nearly finished his long and tireless researches in the Indiana State Library, amongst old prison documents and reports, that he unexpectedly discovered the authorship of the convict story. The author was "J. H. Youngman, harness maker, sentenced from Crawford County, Indiana, for grand larceny, three years, August 12, 1868. Discharged May 20, 1871; age 24; 5 feet 5 inches in height; fair complexion; brown hair; hazel eyes; born in Michigan; temperate; married; vaccination scar on left arm; long scar on top of left foot running back from great toe; long scar on inside of right foot; wife, Emily Youngman, lives in Oblong City, Crawford County, Illinois; read and write; attends S. S."

Beneath this record we read in pencil: "This man is the author of 'State Prison Life, by One Who Has Been There!'" He appears to have been pardoned by Governor Baker not only because of his excellent record and valuable services, but especially because he had indirectly occasioned one of the greatest reforms in modern prison life.

This convict story is of incalculable value because it represents a real experience and aroused the most emphatic and fruitful protest against cruel and unusual punishment in that generation. Like Donald Lowrie's two famous books, "My Life in Prison," and "My Life Out of Prison," it accomplished the aboli-

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tion of the system and method that had become a torture to the offender and a reproach to the institution concerned. In fact, Harry Youngman's story is one of the most remarkable human documents in our state's history.

In the little town of Utica on the Ohio River above Jeffersonville, about the year 1869 a young Union soldier killed a man who had been hounding him and threatening his life for sometime. The man who was killed had been a boarder at the house of the young soldier's mother and owed a considerable bill, which he had failed to pay. The young soldier asked him for the money one day and serious trouble resulted, the climax of which occasioned the sentence of the young soldier to the State Prison South for two years for manslaughter. It was during the humane administration of Colonel Shuler, and the young man, who was a model prisoner, was granted exceptional privileges. His mother and a younger brother were frequent visitors at the prison. This young man knew Harry Youngman, author of "State Prison Life," and a copy of the book remained in his family for many years. The younger brother knew it to be a fact that parts of the book were written by moonlight, on sheets of brown paper, under the old administration of Colonel M———. The reputation of that disreputable warden likewise was exceedingly familiar to this younger brother, who knew the old prison for years and years like an open book. When Colonel M——— was down and out he became so agitated over the terrible impression of truth that the book created in the community and the state that he sent some of his personal agents from house to house collecting and destroying every copy of the book they could lay their hands upon. If the book was not surrendered, threats were made, and it was usually forthcoming. Certainly tradition is in accord with fact in regard to this story.

Harry Youngman's description of the cat-o-nine tails is graphic and powerful:

"Young man, come here!" said the guard to the new convict. "Why didn't you report to me when you came in this here shop?"

"I don't know, sir; they put me to work here."

"Who does know, then, if you don't? Who set you to work here? I'm runnin' this here shop myself. I'll jest take you to the office, I will, blank ye!"

"I haven't done any wrong, sir; I am ready to go!"

"How dassen you talk back to me, blank ye? Huh?"

"I wasn't talking back to you."

"Dispute my word, do ye? Well, come here. Have ye read the rules?"

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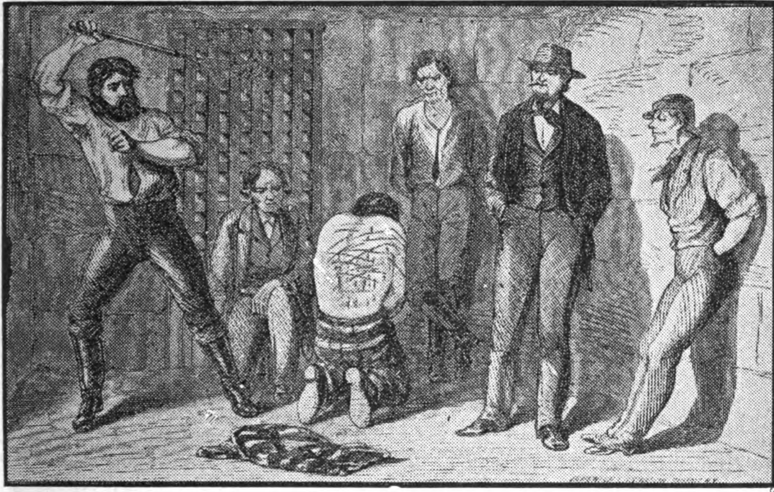
"Yes, sir, I have read them."

"Well, you jes read 'em agin, and the next time you open your jaw to me without sayin' so first, you'll go to the office, you will. You hear!"

"Yes, sir, I hear."



Horrible Punishment Under the Old System.

"The method of punishment duly revealed itself to the new convict. It was concealed as far as possible from visitors conducted through by the guide. "But had he taken them to the basement of the hospital and opened a small door in the thick wall, exhibiting to them a black hole without a ray of light or a ray of ventilation and said, 'Here, without bed or food, we starve them into submission.' If, as they passed out of the guard room on the way to the world, he had opened a little side-door and taken from a peg a short, stubbed rawhide, with nine twisted lashes curling and writhing therefrom, at the end of each lash a buckshot firmly platted in for a cracker, every lash and cracker red with the blood it had licked from the backs of its victims. If he had taken this instrument of torture and, dangling its writhing and blood-stained thongs in front of their eyes, had said, 'Here is the mystery of our rule,'—he would have told you the truth.

"Instead, to their inquiry if at times it was necessary to resort to punishment, he said blandly: 'Oh, yes, sometimes,

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though rarely. We have to use some mild punishment.' They were completely deceived and left the prison with the impression that it is carried on very humanely and admirably. The guard chuckles to himself, goes up to the hospital steward's office, takes a big drink of state's whisky and waits for the next visitor.

"But say! Let us change the scene. It is night now, the tired convict's time for rest. All day he has been his master's, body and soul, not daring to look up or even raise his eyes for fear of a merciless 'cat.' All day he has worked, though his fingers were bleeding and his tired limbs trembling. Slowly he drags along to his cell. Wearily he leans against the wall, holding with feeble grasp the grate until the count is complete, and then the 'all right' bell taps. Then he lets down his iron cot and, throwing himself thereon, thanks God, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief, for night. Yes, the oft-repeated phrase goes up from many a bloodless lip. 'Oh thank God for night and Sunday!'

"But see! There comes a guard from the office! What seeks he at this late hour? Step in the shadow of an arch here, and we will watch him. He is bent on mischief; on some mission of cruelty. I see it in his villainous eyes. Straight he goes to the fourth range, and unlocking the cell, drags its inmate from his cot, and bids him come to the office. Frightened and trembling, he is driven along. As he passes, see how bloodless his lips are and how blanched his cheek. The guard room door clangs after them, and all is scarcely still again when what shriek is that, which, half-smothered, rings out on the still night? There it is again, so full of anguish that it goes to the heart.

"Step up to this window that looks into the 'black room,' or room where the whipping is done. There, surrounded by half a dozen fiends in human shape; naked and upon his knees, is the poor fellow who just passed us on his way to the office. A powerful brute stands over him, grinning like a fiend incarnate. In his brawny hand he holds that instrument of torture, the 'cat-o'-nine-tails.' Rising upon his toes, he brings down the hard, twisted bullet-tipped thongs upon the poor victim's bare back, each blow counting nine lashes, eating into the tender flesh and drawing forth the shrieks of pain we heard. Five blows are struck, counting forty-five lashes, when his torturer stops for breath.

"'Talking in yer sleep, was yer?'

"'Yes sir,' sobs the victim. 'If I talked at all, I talked in my sleep.'

"'Well, d........ yer; if yer can't sleep without talkin' yer

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hadn't better sleep at all. Here, Joe, give him five more!'

"'Oh, please, sir! Don't hit me again! I'll be very careful. Indeed, I will, sir,' pleads the poor fellow.

"'Dry up yer ....! or I'll give yer twenty.'

"'Git down, sir!' and again he is made to fall on his hands and knees, and again the raw clinging thongs come whizzing down upon his already cut and bleedy shoulders.

"'Put on yer shirt and go to yer cell,' says the brute guard as the last blow is counted. And, deathly pale and trembling in every muscle, the poor victim follows the turnkey back to his cell.

"Let us draw a veil over the scene. Let us not listen to his groans, his prayers or his curses. Think you he will reform? And this, my reader, is no fancy sketch gotten up for the occasion. Could you go with me almost any night in person, as I have endeavored to take you in imagination, you would see the very scenes we have described. You would hear the very sounds we have listened to. Scarcely a night passes but some poor prisoner is dragged from his hard bed and scourged on some lame pretext or other, merely to gratify the passion of some brutal guard."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MISTREATMENT OF WOMEN PRISONERS.

The story which Harry Youngman told of the mistreatment of women prisoners, finally led to state investigation, and exposure and we give this revelation:

"There are at this time eighteen female prisoners, and a hard time they have of it. The younger portion of them are constantly subjected to the worst of debasement at the hands of the prison officials and guards, while the older ones are obliged to do the work of all.

"The propriety of detailing the manner in which this department of the prison is conducted may be questioned; but how then is the public to know of the abuses of power constantly practiced by her custodians in office. A warden's power in this prison is absolute. From it there is no appeal, from the fact that the law allows him to indict immediate punishment and that of any character he chooses. One is allowed to speak to no one without his permission, and then only in the presence of his deputy. If even a chance word slips derogatory to the prison discipline, one is punished unmercifully. Did you ever talk to a prisoner with the cool eye of an officer fixed upon him? If you have and got any-

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thing but smiles and contentment out of him you exceed my exprience.

"Especially is this official care taken of the females. It is the warden's particular pains that there be no communication between them and the outside world. The female department is arranged with cells and hall, the same as the male, with the exception that the cells are larger. Between the building and the outside wall there is a narrow strip of yard, covered with grass, and in which there are several fruit and shade trees. Here also the women cultivate some flowers, but with poor success, as there is only about an hour during the day—in the morning—that the sun shines in the yard.

"The department is in charge of a matron whose duty it is to be constantly among the women. She has the same supervision over them that a guard has over the men in his shop. She is also required to make out a yearly report of her department. She is furnished with rooms in the department and required to lodge and live there. The keys of the department are in her charge. At this time the cells are not locked, but all doors leading from the department are locked at 9 o'clock. The kitchen and dining room are at the rear of the cellhouse, over which are the matron's rooms. The food is the same as that of the male department, but probably better cooked.

"The work of the department is to mend and make the prison clothing, wash for the hospital, attend to the rooms or the guards' quarters and usually from two to five are employed as servants in the warden's family. As said before, the most of this work devolves upon the older and less comely of the women. The younger and better-looking are kept for other purposes, a thousand times worse than work.

"It appears that upon the election of —M— to the office of warden, he established the practice of concubinage in this institution by selecting a mistress therefrom for himself. His deputy, immeditely upon his election, followed his example, and the guards, seeing the abuses which their officers were practicing, forged themselves keys and fought and quarreled for the possession of the poor women, who were obliged to submit to their hellish outrages.

"Before —M— became warden of this prison he had been acting provost marshal of this district. While employed in that capacity he had under him a kind of detective, or whip-dog, named Joe F——. —M— knew this man would do his bidding and be his willing tool, so he could not rest until he succeeded in getting him appointed his deputy.

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"But Joe F——, it seems, when once installed in office, stood more on what he called his dignity than —M— had anticipated. This consisted in doing as he pleased, going where he pleased and ordering whom he pleased. Heretofore, —M— had not allowed others to frequent the female department, and had gone there seldom himself, unless intoxicated. He preferred to enjoy the company of his favorites in his office or the room quarters.

"Amid all his badness, —M— had one redeeming point. When sober he was ashamed of his drunken abuses. But the trouble is he was seldom sober. F——, on the contrary, was dead to all such feeling. He would outrage humanity and decency when drunk and boast about it when sober. No sooner was he confirmed deputy than he walked into the doctor's office, swallowed a half pint of state whisky, walked into the female department, selected himself a mistress, and bade her prepare her cell for his reception. In the meantime —M— walked into the doctor's office, took inside of him a half pint of state whisky and walked into the female department."

The two men met and a terrible altercation ensued, which ended in bloody noses and faces, —M— the conquerer. But the matter was compromised by F—— being allowed to retain his particular mistress. But let the convict tell how she felt about it:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried Sallie M——, the girl prisoner F—— had selected for his mistress, wringing her hands, and running up to the matron's room.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" Mrs. B—— laid down her work and looked calmly at the distressed girl, as she stood there a picture of despair. She was of medium size, pretty, but wore a dissipated look.

"You saw the disgraceful affair in the hall just now," she answered. "Well, the worst of those brutes, F——, has ordered me to prepare to receive nightly visits from him, and he is coming this very night! Oh, it was bad enough before to be called to the warden's office or waylaid when about my work in the guard's quarters and outraged———. But that is not enough. This devil dog must now come and bid me entertain him by night. Before I prayed for night; now I shall pray for death; for night and day will be hell alike—I wish I could die and end it all!"

"Mrs. B—— had lowered her head long before this and was weeping bitterly. She was a good woman and her whole sympathy was with the poor creatures in her charge. But she was powerless. She had remonstrated again and again and her only reply was a threat of dismissal. She only remained amid such

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scenes from pity, for the object of —M— was to get her dismissed and some tool of his own appointed. Mrs. B—— knew that she was some check to his abuses, and clung to her commission for the sake of the prisoners.

"Hush, Sallie! I'll lock every door at 8 o'clock, and lock your cell, too. Then he can't get in."

"Well, that will be one night more rest. But it will come to that sooner or later. I see the devil in his eye, and he will never give up. Oh, if I were out of here I would kill him if he touched me. Here he will kill me if I oppose him. He told me so."

"There, Sallie; put your trust in God!"

"Oh, Mrs. B——, how can you say that? Haven't I prayed every night and morning since my imprisonment against this very thing; and here it is upon me! I will never pray to God again as long as He allows sons of the devil to abuse me!"

True to her promise, at 8 o'clock Mrs. B—— locked all the doors leading to the department, and among the rest, Sallie M—'s cell door, with Sallie inside. Thus secured, the poor, tired girl threw herself upon her cot and soon cried herself to sleep.

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" The 9 o'clock bell has rung, the gas is turned down, and aside from the guard room, the old prison is as still as the grave.

Half an hour after, a low dark figure, closely wrapped in a military cloak, passes noiselessly through the guard hall and enters the recess. Closing the iron door that leads to the female department he stepped stealthily in, passed down the steps and tried the iron door leading to the hall of the cell house.

As he expected, it was locked. Fumbling in the folds of his cloak, he produced an immense iron key, forged in the rough. It was a foot long and very heavy, looking as though it would serve as well for a weapon as a key. But rough and homely as it was, it did the work. Inserting it carefully, he turned the bolt with as little noise as possible, pushed a crack large enough to admit his body, squeezed through, and locked the door after him.

Moving on tiptoe along the brick floor—more than one pair of eyes saw him as he passed the cells—he paused at Sallie M—'s cell. See! He listens! She is asleep. "So much the better," he mutters. "It will save a scene."

Carefully he enters the key; then quick as lightning he shoots the bolt, swings open the door, withdraws the key, steps inside, pulls the door after him and springs to the cot of the sleeping girl.

One long, piercing scream rings through the cell house and

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echoes and re-echoes through the dim old arches. A low gurgle and all is still again.

"Do that again! Dare to breathe above a whisper and I'll twist your infernal neck off! A pretty hellabaloo! You'll have the whole prison down on me! One word above a whisper now, and I'll knock your head off with this!"

Very still and pale the poor girl lay. But draw the screen and shut out the sight of man. Heaven's eyes can not be blinded! This poor girl is a daughter of Indiana and a prisoner. This brute by her side is a state official. Proud Indiana!

REFORM AT LAST.

Reform arose in robes of white
And healed the wounds with kindly light;
Then Youngman's story far and near
Ended the days of force and fear.

A story fierce and feverish,
With all the fire that one could wish;
A sword of flame that smote and slew
The infamy he drove to view.

Pardoned and proud of freedom's gift,
He gave his life for those adrift,
And showed the world that still sublime
May shine a soul obscured by crime.

And like St. George, the Quakers stood
Till every dragon of that brood
Lay pierced and perished where their breath
Befouled the air with dread and death.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE QUAKERS TO THE RESCUE.

CHARLES F. AND RHODA M. COFFIN.

Twin Souls were they who fifty years ago
Came to this charnel house of hell and crime,
Laid bare the records of its shame and slime,
And rescued women from black lust and woe.
'Twas war time and the moral tone was low
In all the land, where fratricidal strife
O'er slavery's curse slashed at the nation's life.
Inside the, walls and out 'twas blow for blow.
Men knew no mercy and believed the brute
Was born in all—sin's awful fate and fruit.
But freedom rose, and the forgotten Friend,
Whose kindly kingdom knows no earthly end;
And these, his servants, to the felon's cell
Brought hope and peace and love no tongue can tell.

Mr. Amos W. Butler, secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities, who has been following with intense interest the story of the Old Prison South, in a recent letter refers to Mr. Zebulon R. Brockway, the great American prison reformer, and his epochal work at the Detroit House of Correction during the Civil War period. Mr. Butler says further: "You may be interested to know and want to include it, that when the terrible condition resulting from the confinement of both men and women at Jeffersonville aroused the people of the State, Mr. Brockway was invited by Governor Baker to come here and address the General Assembly, in 1869, in favor of the establishment of a woman's prison, and it resulted in the Indiana Reformatory Institution for Women and Girls, now the Indiana Woman's Prison, which was the first prison for women in this country."

At the very time the terrible convict story was being written, the Quakers, under the guiding hand of God, were on the trail of these horrible conditions and in due time discovered and exposed them.

Mrs. Rhoda M. Coffin's account of the establishment of the woman's prison, and girl's reformatory is one of the most thrilling and inspiring chapters in the state's annals. Since 1865 she and her husband, Charles F. Coffin, had been regularly visiting state prisons, jails and workhouses of the United States. Freedom was granted them to preach the gospel, confer with the prisoners and give them comfort. The Northern and Southern prisons of Indiana received their special attention. The possibilities of the work exceeded their highest expectations and they soon saw the necessity of reform both in the prison and the management. Even the Legislature itself seemed to have missed the idea of reformation in making laws for the punishment of offenders, who were considered morally but little better than animals.

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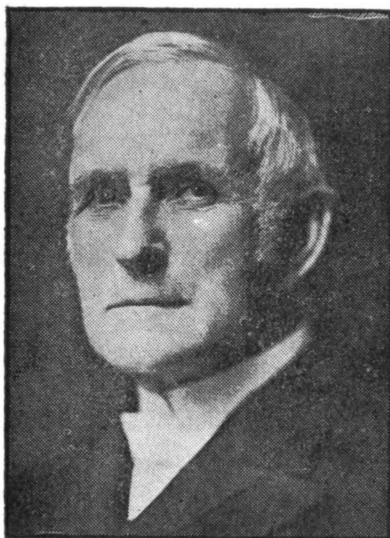

Charles F. Coffin, Greatest of all Prison Reformers in Indiana.

At the first National Prison Congress held in Cincinnati the need of reformation was insisted upon. Mrs. Coffin was called a dreamer and a visionary for her views, even by prison people, but she persisted until the great change began.

In the winter of 1868, Governor Baker, of Indiana, requested Mrs. Coffin and her husband to visit both state prisons and make a report on conditions found there. Especially at the Old Prison South, in Jeffersonville, did they avail themselves of this opportunity and were freely admitted into the presence and confidence of the prisoners, male and female, and discovered for themselves the bad conditions rumored to exist and now demonstrated beyond belief. In conversation with one of the convicts he whispered to Mrs. Coffin that their coming was a Godsend to the prisoners and begged her to do something for the protection of the women prisoners, because some of the guards had keys to their cells and entered at will to violate the unprotected victims. Where possible, the female convicts were quieted with trinkets or presents from the government stores.

And where they refused to be violated, they were reported as rebellious and stripped bare in the presence of others and whipped unmercifully.

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There was a reservoir in the courtyard where the men bathed, and on Sunday afternoons certain brutal officers forced the women prisoners to strip off their clothing and run across the yard and plunge naked into this reservoir. When they refused the lash was used without mercy amid the howls and laughter of the beastly guards and their favorite friends, admitted to the hellish carnival of lust. Mrs. Coffin found, furthermore, that prison babies had been born to the brutal guards. She and her husband had precisely the same story when they compared notes, and the chaplain, a noble and devoted man, admitted that conditions were even worse than suspected. But he could do nothing.

The report was made in confidence to the governor and he proceeded to have the Legislature make a thorough investigation. This more than substantiated what Mr. and Mrs. Coffin had found. The necessity for a Woman's Prison was evident and Gov. Baker, acting in counsel with the Coffins, had such a bill framed and passed, providing for the absolute separation of the sexes in the prisons of Indiana. Hence the Woman's Prison and the Reformatory for girls were established.

The report of the Legislative committee exposing the frightful mistreatment of women prisoners aroused wide-spread indignation throughout the state and the Coffins and other influential friends of reform pressed the passage of the pending measure before the Legislature. The bill became a law May 13, 1869.

The buildings were duly erected and prepared to receive the prisoners, seventeen in number, who were brought from Jeffersonville. They came heavily chained and under guard like hardened offenders. They presented a pitiful spectacle. Sarah J. Smith and Elmina T. Johnson were in waiting. Both were experienced and noble friends of the fallen and were to superintend the new prison for women. The Board consisted of Rhoda Coffin, Adaline Roach, and Lewis Jordan. These workers stood ready when the prisoners filed into the yard.

The very first prisoner was Sallie Hubbard, who was serving a sentence for murder. She and her husband had slaughtered a family of seven emigrants westward who had stopped over night with them. The man was hanged and his wife sentenced for life. She had already spent seventeen years in the old Prison South. She had a terrible reputation. The sheriff and deputies delivered her heavily handcuffed and demanded where to place her.

"Remove the shackles!" said Mrs. Smith.

"We dare not, madame!" answered the sheriff. "She is a desperate character."

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"Take them off, Mr. Sheriff! She is my prisoner now!" repeated Mrs. Smith. The manacles were removed and Mrs. Smith put her arms about the woman and kissed her on the forehead, saying:

"I receive you here as a daughter and I will be to you as a mother. I know you will be a dutiful daughter. Let us ask God to bless us."

With that they knelt. The arms of the noble matron around the poor prisoner, and such a prayer would have melted a heart of stone. Rising still with her arms about her, Mrs. Smith led her new charge into a cozy room with a loving word of welcome. A neat bedstead, table, chair, looking-glass, a locker, clean linen, a Bible and a hymn book and a pot of flowers made the room very homelike.

Rhoda M. Coffin, the Elizabeth Fry of American Prison Reform.

The woman was completely subdued and in gratitude gave her heart to God. She became a model prisoner and spread abroad a wonderful spirit of confidence and loyalty. This answer to their prayers gave Mrs. Coffin and her fellow-workers courage and faith to meet every obstacle till the new work was established for all time.

Rhoda M. Coffin was born in Ohio of Southern parentage in 1826. Her people left Virginia because of slavery. Mrs. Coffin

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had a noble father and mother. They trained their children with care, discipline, industry and perseverance as cardinal virtues. Their children were taught to work and to never shrink from an obstacle. They reasoned with their children and gave them lessons from nature and human life constantly. Rhoda loved the farm, but had to assist her mother about the house. Thus she became an intelligent, competent young woman. The mother was very intelligent, like the father, and on long winter evenings, when the family had retired, she gave the daughter heart to heart talks on the wonder and meaning of life, which fitted her for a healthful and happy future. This most delicate and remarkable companionship in the problems which beset a young girl's life made Rhoda Coffin ever revere her mother's memory.

She met her future husband, Charles F. Coffin, at the yearly meeting of Friends at Richmond, Ind. Her ambition was to become a teacher, but her father would not consent to her leaving home. Subsequent visits to Richmond, where she pursued her preparation for a life work, cemented the attachment with Mr. Coffin and they were happily married and entered a life of human service together. She was a devoted wife and mother, but, like Elizabeth Fry, she could not stop her ears to the cry of the orphaned and distressed about her.

After the establishment of the Woman's Prison and Girl's Reformatory at Indianapolis, Mrs. Coffin attended the annual meeting of the National Prison Congress in New York City, June 8, 1875. She was the first woman invited to prepare and read a paper on the subject of treatment instead of punishment in the reformation of female offenders. She trembled perceptibly when she ascended the platform, but the Rev. E. C. Wines, that noble leader of prison reform in the past generation, welcomed her with outstretched hand, saying: "Don't be afraid Mrs. Coffin; we will pray for you." A moment of silent prayer brought a wonderful victory for her cause. In succeeding congresses she pleaded for the protection of helpless women prisoners all over the land, still subject to the brutal passions of their conscienceless keepers. Thus she made the movement national and passed it on to her faithful defenders everywhere. She had become the Elizabeth Fry of her beloved state and of the whole Union, and her name will be held in lasting memory with that of Charles F. Coffin, her noble husband and comrade in the work of human uplift and social redemption.

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THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IF any reader has questioned the truth of the terrible experiences portrayed under the old prison system, he will certainly credit them when he peruses Harry Youngman's story of the wonderful transformation that followed in 1869 when the new system was established:

"Since the first part of this book was written there has been a great change in the officers of the institution. The brightest day that ever dawned on the clouded horizon of a convict's life was that upon which Col. L. S. Shuler took charge of the Southern Indiana State Prison. Why, the very air we breathed has since seemed impregnated with kindness!

"Under the influence of such a man, as a natural consequence, there also came a change in the inmates. This change has been steadily increasing; the system becoming more and more reformatory; the moral tone gradually improving, until today—yes, I think I can safely say, that today we are the most cheerful and contented prison in the world. A short time ago we were the most discontented and wretched. What has brought about this wonderful change?

"Formerly, cruelty, wretchedness and depravity were the only types from which we could print our pictures of prison life. They were the lessons furnished us, and from them we learned.

"At the advent of Colonel Shuler we laid away our pen, because we had no more inhumanity and barbarity of which to write. Some six months after his coming we were called to the duties of the library, where we have since labored. Upon becoming installed in our new quarters, we found considerable leisure time at our disposal and again took up our pen, not, thank God, to write of shadows darker than the Valley of Death, but to write of what was once unknown to us—the sunshine of prison life.

"Since our call to the library the records of the institution have been kindly placed at our disposal, from which we have been able to glean a great deal of interest as well as to compile an official history of the prison from its earliest day to the present hour.

"By the incidents in this portion of our book we shall show how much easier and better it is to rule by love and respect than by the lash and fear. We shall prove that away down deep in

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the worst and most barren of human hearts there lingers the germs of manhood which only await a breath of kindness or a friendly word to fan them into a flame of love and selfrespect.

"Why I have seen the hardened criminal, the brutal murderer weep at the gambols of an innocent child. Was not each tear a message from the heart that told of buds there, ready to burst into a new life? Never before did I understand the phrase, 'And a little child shall lead them.'

"As the present system is the reverse of the old, so this part of our book is the reverse of the first. We place the workings, influences and effects of the two systems before you, asking that you weigh them carefully and choose for yourselves."

Lawrence S. Shuler, the first great reform warden of the Old Prison South, was born at Terre Haute, Ind., June 30, 1825. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon and one of the pioneers of the state. He will be remembered by the very old settlers of Vincennes, Ind., as Dr. Lawrence S. Shuler. He was born near Amsterdam, N. Y., and was a graduate of the medical department of the university of that state. His diploma dates January 3, 1818, and the next year we find him located in the wilds of the then "Far West." In 1820 he married the eldest daughter of Francis Cunningham, then living near Terre Haute, formerly of Warren County, Ohio. Soon after his marriage, Dr. Shuler moved to Terre Haute, where he enjoyed a large practice and an extended reputation. He died in 1827 of quick consumption, leaving a large circle of friends and patrons to mourn his loss.

Lawrence was only two years of age at his father's death. His mother's family now consisted of himself and a little sister two years older. At the early age of 8 years, Lawrence entered the store of his uncle, Samuel Crawford, of Terre Haute, where he remained until 18 and received a thorough business training. The first business engagement of his own into which he entered was to load three flat boats with corn and start on a trading expedition to New Orleans. They passed down the Wabash into the Ohio and down the Ohio into the Mississippi. But owing to some mismanagement of his boatmen, the whole flotilla sank soon after entering the waters of the Mississippi, and his whole cargo became an entire loss. He continued on to New Orleans, however, where soon after he was stricken down with the yellow fever. During his illness, which was very severe, he was cared for by former friends of his father.

Upon his recovery, after several adventures which we pass here, he returned to St. Louis, where he entered into a commis-

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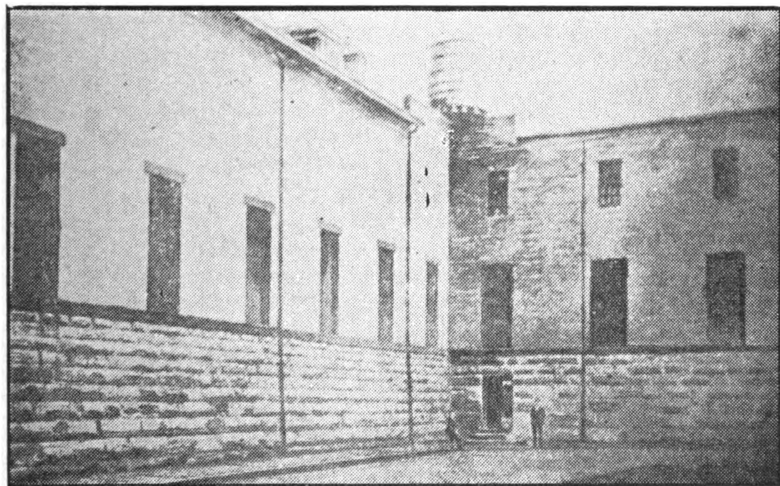
sion store in which he remained for several years. From St. Louis he returned to Indiana and located at Danville, in Hendricks County. Here he became interested in a store in connection with his brother-in-law, J. W. Matlock. In 1853 he married Miss Prudence Lingenfelter, eldest daughter of Valentine Lingenfelter, then living near Danville, and formerly of Winchester, Ky.



Old Cell House and Court Yard, Jeffersonville. In the Days of Horror.

At the breaking out of the Civil War Colonel Shuler recruited a company at the first call, but owing to some misunderstanding, he was not commissioned. At the second call he again entered the service and assisted in recruiting a regiment of cavalry, in which he was commissioned second lieutenant, July 23, 1862. In August the same year, a captain's commission was given him, and in September, the same year, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. On February 14, 1863, he was commissioned colonel of the regiment. Personal bravery and natural energy led to these rapid promotions.

Soon after taking charge of the regiment, he was wounded in battle and for some time his life was despaired of. Partially recovering, he again took the field and participated in many fights, at one time acting as brigadier-general in a severe battle. He never entirely recovered from the effects of his wound, and owing to the extreme prostration superinduced by it, he was forced to resign in the latter part of 1863.

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After his return to citizen's life he was elected auditor of Hendricks County, which office he filled for four years. During part of that time he was connected with the Hendricks Union as its proprietor. At the resignation of the warden of the state prison at Jeffersonville in December, 1868, the position was tendered Colonel Shuler by the board of directors. He at once accepted and entered upon the discharge of his duties, as before stated. Colonel Shuler entered the prison fully believing that a government by moral influence was not only practical but far preferable to one of violence and cruelty; more conformable to the political principles and enlightened judgment of the state, and better for the welfare of the convicts and the public; and on this belief he endeavored to act. In this he had the hearty support of the majority of the board of directors and a portion of the officers. But others, long accustomed to different measures, resisted the change as a dangerous innovation. This feeling of opposition finally culminated in charges against the warden; in substance that he was incompetent, encouraged insubordination, and endangered public security.

The chief mover in the charges was one Howard, who had been for several years an attache of the prison and was a firm supporter of Colonel M——, the former warden, and his mode of administration. These charges came absolutely to naught, as the committee of investigation from the Legislature made a thorough and searching inquiry into the old administration of Col. M—— and the new administration of Colonel Shuler and not only substantiated the terrible revelations of corruption and depravity made by Harry Youngman but commended Colonel Shuler's reformation of the prison in the highest terms.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIRST GREAT FIRE.

On Sunday afternoon, April 3, 1870, about half past three o'clock, fire was discovered in the main building of the Old Prison South in Jeffersonville. The fire originated from a defective flue in the lower part of the old cell house. It was the oldest portion of the prison and everything about it was as dry as tinder. The fire must have been smoldering for sometime, as the stoves were entirely cold when it was discovered. When first seen, it was bursting through the dry laths near the roof in a bright flame, and it spread with fearful rapidity. In less than

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five minutes it had run around the rear end of the block of cells, and the whole ceiling of that end of the hall was on fire. The smoke, rolling in black volumes through the iron gratings of the cells, was choking and suffocating the life out of the inmates.

As soon as it was discovered, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the prison, carrying terror to the hearts of the poor wretches in the cells and causing the wildest excitement everywhere. The cry was caught up in the guard hall and the prison bell was immediately sounded.

Colonel Shuler at the time was standing on the front steps and at once rushed through the guard hall to the inner gate, calling upon the men to be calm, and ordering the keys to be handed through, that the cells might be unlocked. The guards were ordered to man the outer walls. As soon as the inner gate could be gotten open, Major Luke, deputy warden, rushed in with the keys, giving them to trusty prisoners with instructions to unlock every man even at the risk of their own lives. Then, mounting to the fourth range nearest the burning roof, amid the thickest of smoke and danger, he unlocked the cells until he was led, blinded and tottering below, with the blood gushing from his mouth, eyes and nose.

As soon as Colonel Shuler saw the keys inside, taking a man or two with him, he rushed around the cell house to burst the outer door and let the men out into the yard. As soon as it was opened, he was met by a volume of smoke and a rush of excited prisoners. Waving his hand, his tall and commanding figure towering above them all, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Stand by me, boys, and show the world what convicts can do!"

Then, rushing in through the hot smoke, he saw that several of the keys had been broken off in the haste, and that the men must perish unless something was quickly done. Springing through the door, he cried to those outside:

"Men, take sledges, iron bars, anything, and burst open the cell doors! Rescue the men in the cells or perish with them!"

Then, rushing in again, he shouted his orders and directed their efforts, until he was supported, strangling and exhausted, outside the hall by some of the men. Time and again he rushed in, and often was helped out, struggling for breath himself, only to go back, urging other men to take the places of others already exhausted, until standing in the door as the last man was carried out, smoke-begrimed and strangling, he grasped the suffering man's hand, exclaiming: "Peter, you are the last man: they are all out now: thank the Lord!"

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"And now boys," he shouted suddenly, "let's save the buildings!"

At the time of the breaking out of the fire there were ninety-two men in the chapel at worship in charge of the Chaplain and the Reverend Walter Benton of Brownstown. This was a very fortunate occurrence, as most of those present, had they not been at chapel, would have been locked in their cells, where, undoubtedly, many of them would have perished, as it was with the greatest difficulty that those who were in the cells were rescued.

Chaplain Sullivan displayed as great a coolness as was ever witnessed on such an occasion. As the rapid strokes of the alarm bell reached the chapel, he arose calmly, saying: "I don't know what the ringing means, but be perfectly quiet, men," and immediately sent below for orders. "Take the men into the yard," was returned, and, assisted by Capt. Wahlen, guard, he conducted them in perfect order to the yard, when, rushing round to the entrance of the cell house, they aided greatly in rescuing those therein.

The hospital, which contained but few at the time, was burst open with a sledge and the sick were carried into a shop near at hand by the men. The library was closely connected with the burned cell house and at one time was on fire, but it was saved. Nothing was lost in this department except the books burned in the cells.

Nearly fifty-two years later, the Old Prison South, which had become the Indiana Reformatory, was again visited by fire. And it was again demonstrated to the world that the inmates of a penal institution could be as loyal and courageous in an emergency as any body of men.

On the morning of February 6, 1918, about 12:30 o'clock, the inmates were awakened by the blowing of the alarm whistle. They found more than half of the institution in flames. The cells were quickly opened and the young men and boys marched quietly and orderly out into the yard. It was a wonderful example of what military training and humanely administered discipline could do. It was a very dark night and there were over twelve hundred men, some of them supposedly desperate characters, walking out into the yard with only a mere handful of guards; and, to their great credit be it known, that not one tried to get away.

As many as could be used worked heroically, saving what material and stores they could get to. A failure of the fire-pumps caused the greater portion of the loss. The old cellhouse,

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the chapel, the dining hall and the trade school buildings were destroyed. With the institution crumbling before their eyes and every opportunity for escape and rioting, the men, as prison bodies have so often done before, came through it all triumphantly and with honor.

It was inevitable that the humane administration of Colonel Shuler at the Old Prison South, should become the target of the enemies of reform and progress. A careful examination of the files of certain newspapers in the public libraries reveals the fact that a concerted attack upon Colonel Shuler for his rational and successful innovations and methods in the handling of the convicts was plotted by his opponents. This attack led to an investigation, the report of which was transmitted to the Indiana Legislature, March 6, 1875. This majority report charges the warden, directors, deputy-warden, chaplain and others with the usual alleged misuse of state money.

Vigorous defense of Colonel Shuler's administration was made in a minority report submitted to the Legislature March 11, 1875. The absurdity of these charges against Colonel Shuler and his administration is perfectly evident to the impartial mind.

Nevertheless, Colonel Shuler was succeeded in office June 15, 1875, by another man, and Chaplain Sullivan was also retired. We need only add with reference to Colonel Shuler that his successor, after a longer time as warden, was discharged under a cloud almost as dark as that which hung over the notorious Colonel M——. Indeed, the legislative investigation which showed up this latter warden's irregularities and cruelties is one of the most shameful and disheartening revelations in the entire century of the Old Prison South. And it was the social revolt ensuing that resulted in changing the final status of the institution.

The historian finds it impossible to weigh with perfect justice and truth the alleged facts and transactions found in these several investigations. Hence the various documents are quoted as they stand. Our partiality is certainly with the warden who is humane to the men under his control, for history and tradition alike agree that such a warden was always most faithful in the discharge of his duty. Therefore, it is not possible to becloud the record left by Colonel Shuler and Chaplain Sullivan. The charge against the chaplain for attending the prison congresses at London, England, and St. Louis, Mo., at the state's expense was absurd because—in the first place—he had been appointed by Governor Hendricks to represent Indiana at each congress—and second, because from the standpoint of today such an ap-

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pointment is not a mere personal privilege; it is a supreme public duty and obligation.

It is an exceedingly interesting fact that during this same historic period the Kentucky State Prison at Frankfort had fallen into a similar condition of neglect and abuse. Dr. Sneed's History of the Kentucky State Prison had been published, coming out in 1859 with the approval and praise of Governor Magoffin; yet even the governor lamented "a fearful and rapid increase in crime and an utter failure to reform the convict."

In 1860 a committee was appointed to report on enlarging the area of the prison at Frankfort and some important improvements were made. But on November 24, 1864, a disastrous fire destroyed one of the old main buildings, and further repairs and improvements were compelled by necessity. In this connection also more humane methods were advocated by the various governors, some of them most vigorously and justly.

In 1867 it was pointed out that the prison was overcrowded and unsanitary; and in 1869 the separation and classification of the convicts was urged by the governor. In 1873, the governor again insisted that the system under which the penitentiary was leased was a disgrace to the state of Kentucky. An adequate enlargement of the prison was vehemently demanded and a modern system of management was earnestly prayed for. The old leasing system was pronounced a costly and cruel failure.

In 1874 a separate prison house for women was advocated, and in 1875, the still overcrowded condition of the men's prison was again deplored. In 1876 the same reforms were pressed without result except the usual procrastination. In 1877, the diseased and unhealthy convicts became such a menace that some new cells were provided; but these were pitifully small, and the prison management was still a disgrace to the state of Kentucky. Evidently, it would require a fire or some other judgment of God to arouse the keepers to a sense of mercy and humanity toward the prisoners in their charge. And in this deplorable situation the right man arose, as we shall see in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXX

THE MICHIGAN CITY PRISON.

The Indiana State Prison at Michigan City was established by an act approved March 5, 1859. It was first known as the Northern Indiana State Prison. The site at Michigan City was chosen March 1, 1860, and approved by the governor the next day. But there is a story about this which is new to the general public.

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The commissioners appointed by Governor Willard met at the State House in Indianapolis, March 6, 1859. They elected John W. Blake, president; John P. Dunn, secretary; Edwin May, architect; C. W. Seeley, superintendent of construction and ex-officio warden. These commissioners immediately proceeded with great care to select a site for the new prison. They went to various places at the invitation of leading citizens. The dividing line between the territory of the Old Prison South and the new Prison North was the old National road, which passed directly through Indianapolis, east and west.

The commissioners first selected Ft. Wayne because of its location, material, canal and railroad facilities and the cheapness of living and construction. The governor refused to concur in this choice, which was reported to him May 25, 1859. It was March, 1860, before the new report naming Michigan City was made. The commissioners went to Michigan City and purchased one hundred acres of land near the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railway. The Michigan Central tracks were also nearby. This land lay a little south of the lake and was reported as seventy-five acres, rich and tillable, the rest in timber. The price paid was forty-five dollars per acre, which was considered cheap because land all around was selling for one hundred dollars an acre.

The Old Prison South at Jeffersonville was then greatly overcrowded and earnestly desired relief. A temporary prison was built by changing the old Blair pork house on the Lake shore into quarters for the men. A strong board fence twenty feet high with sufficient yard room enclosed this pork house prison. The convicts were brought from Jeffersonville as they were needed and could be accommodated. The L., N. A. & C. R. R. transported the convicts at half fare and gave a very low freight rate. This saved the state at least fifty thousand dollars.

Lott Day, Jr., of South Bend, was the first deputy warden. The convicts on arrival were put to work on the temporary prison and were set to grubbing, clearing and cultivating the land of the permanent prison site. The farm was enclosed. The outside prison wall was made with stone from the Joliet quarries. The first building completed housed 300 prisoners, guards and the deputy warden with his family. A big basement was used as a storeroom.

The law required the contractors to take 150 convicts at seventy-five cents a day. The law was very defective, which provided for the selection of the convicts to be sent from Jeffer-

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sonville. The warden of the Old Prison South culled his own crowd and made sure that he did not send good strong men, as intended by law, but kept these for his own contractors and sent to Michigan City many who were invalids and few of whom were mechanics. The convicts generally were contented, quiet and peaceful, but several insurrections were suspected and discovered and only three prisoners escaped.

Col. C. W. Seeley was a very successful warden. He testified that it was no easy task to keep this body of desperate characters content and busy without danger to the life and limb of convicts and guards alike. "But," says he, "our system of discipline has been to govern by kindness rather than by coercion and flogging; and it was rarely that the warden was required to resort to whipping in order to preserve good discipline. We have as yet elected no moral instructor, but have had divine service almost every Sabbath from the ministers of the various churches of this city and from casual visitors."

Thus from the very beginning the method and tradition of the State Prison North were far more humane than had yet existed at the Old Prison South. It should be recorded that the commissioners had visited several other state prisons before making final decision as to building plans. They went to Joliet, Ill., and found that Illinois had built a new prison only two years before. The Illinois commissioners had made an extensive tour of the United States and had gotten together the best plans possible from every prison worthy of the name. A special architect accompanied them. And now the warden and commissioners at Joliet put all these plans at the disposal of the Indiana commissioners with many helpful suggestions for improvement.

Shortly after the Jeffersonville convicts were sent to the new prison, the Rev. Mr. Runcie and Chaplain Sullivan, of Jeffersonville, went up to preach for them and see how they were getting along. The first physician of the new prison, Dr. Mullen, confirmed the charge that the convicts sent up from the Old Prison South were inferior physically and many of them diseased. These men, however, were kindly treated and one with typhoid fever was nursed in the family of the deputy warden.

Hiram Iddings, the next warden, says in his report of December 15, 1861: "All state prisons have for the first object the reform of the convicts. It can not be desirable to turn a man loose from the penitentiary a worse man than when he entered it. Yet the system of punishment adopted in this and many of our penitentiaries is degrading, brutalizing and self-abasing in the extreme, both to him receiving and him administering. There-

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fore, I would suggest a change in our discipline, in so far as the lash is concerned, substituting solitary confinement and its attendant privations. In the solitude of his cell the convict finds the amplest punishment, and if he is capable of reflection, will examine himself and consider the cause and effect of crime without being bowed down with the feeling of personal degradation, which is closely allied to desperation."

Warden Iddings earnestly endeavored to abolish the lash by the use of solitary confinement instead. He also was horrified at the practice of sending juvenile offenders to the state prisons, where they were confirmed in crime by association with older convicts. The warden who succeeded him was a miserly, ungenerous character who made the men discontented with his pet privations and severity of punishment. A striking example during this reversion to old methods was a poor fellow by the name of Glissford, who became insane and committed suicide by hanging himself. He was subject to spells of raving mania when his fellow convicts were being punished with the lash. This instance did much to mitigate what might otherwise have been a continuation of cruelty. We are happy to record that this last inhumane warden was soon succeeded by a better man.

The most remarkable type among all the chaplains in the history of the Michigan City prison was the Rev. Aaron A. Wood, who served several years between 1865 and 1871. He was a native of Ohio and spent his boyhood on the trail of the Eastward travel and Western emigration. He made a close study of human nature and came to Indiana as a pioneer preacher when 21 years of age. The State Library possesses a little book by him called "Sketches of Things and People in Indiana." It was published in 1883 with an introduction by John Clarke Ridpath and contains very keen observations on the life of that period. This man did much to establish education and morality at the Michigan City prison.

It would be a matter of interest to dwell upon the various wardens and their policies during the ensuing years, but the story of the State Prison North reaches its climax when the Old Prison South, at Jeffersonville, was changed into the Indiana State Reformatory. This memorable transformation also made the State Prison North a new institution.

The board of control at Michigan City in its report of October 31, 1900, says: "We want to speak in the highest terms of the management of the Indiana State Prison under Warden George A. H. Shideler. He has put into the work his full time and has given to each department that supervision required to

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command the respect and confidence of each officer. Being a student in penology, he is in full sympathy with the reforms that are now being advocated in the handling of the delinquent of our state."

The board states further that the institution was conducted on admirable business principles; that the methods of administration and discipline tended to the elevation and promotion of the officers in charge and aroused in the prisoners a desire to help themselves, to redeem their characters and to live an honest and useful life upon their release. The board declared that honesty and efficiency prevailed throughout the prison and that it was in a more hopeful and progressive condition than it had ever been since its first establishment.

Just as Thomas Mott Osborne discovered the "Canada Blackies" in Sing Sing State Prison, so George A. H. Shideler found them in Michigan City State Prison and by the touch of peculiar comprehension and sympathy, together with a firm purpose and willpower, he saw these hardened offenders become "Stars in Stripes" who never lowered their colors on land or sea. The life-stories of these men, told upon the lecture platform, were received with keen interest by the public, and some day when given to the world in published form will stand as a noble monument of the message, the method and the man who helped to abolish stripes and corporal punishment and treat convicts as human beings and not brute beasts.

"STARS IN STRIPES."

The "Stars In Stripes" were souls of men
Reborn within the Prison Pen;
The souls of men that rose and shone
When hope and promise all seemed gone.

Through friendship found by one who knew
The paths that wayward youth pursue,
And just the touch to make them turn
And at the feet of wisdom learn.

The weakened will waxed true and strong;
The heart of youth regained its song,
And down the road of life went on
Into a newer, nobler dawn.

Within the walls that separate
The felon in a hell of hate,
He came—this friend—unbarred the door
And led to freedom's world once more.

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A star he was—this friend who found
The fallen brother bruised and bound,
And with the quaff of hope's pure cup
Did lend a hand and lift him up.

And so these "Stars In Stripes" became,
Through flood and fire and battle flame,
Clear, guiding stars to grander goals
Beyond "The City of Dead Souls."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

Prophets and teachers of the social age,
Who bore the banner of Reform afar
And pitched Truth's tent beneath the Silver Star
That onward leads until a glowing page
Records the wrongs and griefs your words assuage;
Wondrous your work will be when gory War
Rolls back in silence his triumphal car,
And Freedom stands indeed upon the stage!
Binding Life's wounded and rebuilding where
The Hunnish Dragon made his hellish lair.
Still are the orphaned ones your tender care;
And o'er the desert of Disease and Crime
Ye make the Rose to blossom in our time,
Till all the world is Love's millennial clime!

The first authentic story of the great reform of 1868 and 9, as told by President Timothy Nicholson at the State Conference of Charities and Correction at Richmond, Ind., November 11, 1896, made a profound impression. Mr. Nicholson said:

"As an introduction to the program of this fifth annual state conference of charities, it seems proper to refer to the first organized efforts to expose and correct some of the most glaring defects and evils connected with our state and county institutions. Previous to 1865, several reformatory measures had been adopted in Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois; but for some cause little attention had been given to such matters in Indiana. A few Christian philanthropists individually saw the need; and, 'To will was present with them; but how to perform they found not.'

"In 1866 the representative body of the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends appointed a committee of six, three of whom are still active members on that committee, 'to organize a system for the reformation of juvenile offenders and the improvement of prison discipline.'

"It was the belief that the jails and penitentiaries in our state were badly managed; that inhuman punishments were often in-

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flicted upon the convicts in the state prison; that many of the jails were filthy and otherwise unfit for human beings to be confined in; that, in their construction, little attention had been given to providing for the separating of the juvenile and first offenders from the more desperate and hardened criminals, and that in some of them there was no provision for the proper separation of the sexes. So little thought had been given to such matters by the public that the committee found it very difficult to awaken much interest in the subject. However, after several years of persistent and aggressive work, by which some of the more shameful abuses were exposed to the public, the governor and some members of the Legislature were induced to investigate some of the glaring evils complained of; and slowly, but surely, one step after another was gained, until now the condition of our state and county institutions—imperfect as they still are—compare favorably with that of the majority of our Northern and Western states.

"The efforts of this committee hastened, if, indeed, they did not procure, the establishment of the boys' reformatory at Plainfield and the woman's prison and the girls' reformatory at Indianapolis, and the correction of many abuses in the prisons, the Central Insane Hospital and the county infirmaries; and it was largely, if not chiefly, through the influence of this committee that the Legislature of 1888-89 enacted a law creating a board of state charities, to have advisory care of all state and county institutions, with the authority to thoroughly inspect them, and to investigate any complaints or charges that might be made concerning their management.

"This board consists of six people, appointed by the governor, three from each of the two largest political parties, the governor being ex-officio president of the board."

The Board of State Charities was created to prevent such terrible cruelties toward the prisoners as we have heretofore described, and which it is still our melancholy duty to record in the present chapter.

A house committee on investigation into the affairs of the Old Prison South—the report of which was published in 1887—made serious and criminal charges against Warden H——.

An expert accountant examined the books of the prison and charged that they had been kept in a loose, illegal manner, covering up and concealing gross frauds and peculations.

Being called before the committee, Warden H—— testified that he had held office over eleven years. On the afternoon of February 18, 1887, he tendered his resignation to the directors

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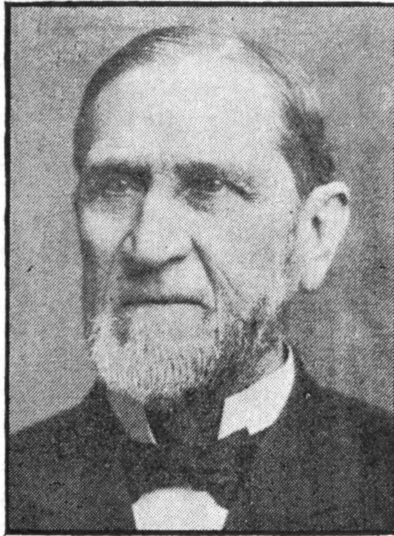
and delivered to the legislative committee the following statement in writing:

"As warden of the Southern Prison of the State of Indiana, I am willing to and do admit that the books of the Southern State Prison show a larger amount due the State, greater than I can account for, and more than I am able or willing to pay, believing as I do that the books are incorrect and that I am entitled to credits which the books do not show."

The resignation was accepted by the directors.



Timothy Nicholson, The Beloved and Life-long Friend of Prison Reform in Indiana.

The physical condition of the prisoners was miserable in many cases because the cells and bedding were foul, and there was no adequate provision for bathing and washing. The food furnished was better than usual, but this seems to have been mainly with a view of keeping the prisoners content at their labor for the profit of those most interested. Some of the most terrible charges of cruelty in the history of the prison were made against the warden and his officers. Says the report:

"Cruel and inhuman treatment has characterized the administration of Warden H——, and there is reason to believe that crimes have been committed under the apparent sanction of the

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law. Your committee made a partial investigation of three very questionable deaths, and from the evidence we are led to believe that:

"In 1875 or 1876, one Goddard, a convict, was punished and killed and his body burnt in the furnace. The remains of what was supposed to be a human being were found by the fireman whose testimony we were unable to secure. They were also seen by a convict now confined, and his testimony implicates A——, the present steward, Mr. K——, a guard now at the prison and Mr. H——, then a guard and now residing in Jeffersonville.

"We find that in February, 1881, one O'Neal, a convict, while sick, was unable to perform his task, and without the knowledge of the prison physician, Dr. S——, was punished by imprisonment in the cage, by being handcuffed to the door a number of days. When released he sought out the doctor and begged piteously not to be sent back to the cage and for change of work. Dr. S—— was indignant and Mr. Jack H——, a guard, undertook to carry out his wishes. Instead of doing so, O'Neal was again taken back to the cage, remained handcuffed all night, and in the morning was found dead." Dr. S—— ordered the body to remain where it was until the coroner arrived, but the subordinates conducted a hasty and cursory examination and pronounced the cause congestion of the heart and lungs. Dr. S—— was ignored, but he made a personal post-mortem examination and found the organs were healthy. Foul play was suspected by the committee.

"We find that about the same period, one Mungo, a negro convict, charged with stealing a file, was catted on the bare back while on his hands and knees, by John C——, then deputy warden, and a robust man. The evidence is conflicting as to the number of strokes, as counted by the convicts, but all agree in putting the number above fifty. Mungo died from the effects of the castigation in great agony."

The Indiana State Board of Charities grew out of the social awakening of the latter eighties and the early nineties. Each succeeding governor found in the body and work of the board an atmosphere and spirit of genuine public service which more and more came into control of state institutions. The very purpose of this board was to safeguard the wards and dependents of the state from neglect and abuse and to create continually an ideal of loyalty to public welfare. From Governor Hovey, Chase and Matthews on down the line to the present day, with rare exceptions, these executives came before the State Board of

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Charities free from the partisan spirit and devoted to the common good.

One of the earliest results of this social agitation was the discovery that the inmates of a big state asylum for the insane were being fed on spoiled meat and decayed fruit and vegetables at high prices. This fact got into the newspapers, and the report of the Board of Charities on the matter was substantiated by an investigation ordered by the Legislature. It was very difficult at that time to find any one trained to social service, and the men who began the fight for public good had to find themselves and the cause right in the necessity of the hour.

The young men who rose up at that time to fight corporate interest and partisan administration of state institutions became distinguished afterward in national affairs. Such men were A. T. Hert, George Shideler, Booth Tarkington and Ernest Bicknell. They carried the fight into the Legislature and before the people and in the end triumphed completely, although the same battle has to be waged anew with each succeeding generation which believes that "to the victor belongs the spoils."

"The Board of State Charities was appointed by the governor, by the authority of an act of the Legislature which was approved February 28, 1889. The members met with the governor, who is, by law, ex-officio president, in the governor's room in the Capitol Building, March 16, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. The members presented their certificates of appointment, which bore date March 1, 1889, and were for terms as follows: For three years, Mrs. C. W. Fairbanks and Oscar C. McCulloh; for two years, Mrs. Margaret F. Peele and E. B. Martindale; for one year, John R. Elder and Timothy Nicholson. The members being all present, were then qualified and took the oath of office, which was indorsed on their certificates.

On Monday evening, June 23, 1919, at 6:30 o'clock, there was a memorable banquet at the Columbia Club, Indianapolis, celebrating the thirtieth year of the Board of State Charities.

"This," says the announcement circular sent out by the committee in charge, "is in recognition of the progress made in the last thirty years in charitable and correctional work in the state and the important part played in it by this board. The honor guest on this occasion will be Timothy Nicholson, the only surviving member of the original board. Governor Goodrich will introduce Evans Woollen, who will be chairman for the evening. The speakers will include a number of social workers of national reputation."

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TIMOTHY NICHOLSON.

1828 1919

Like a great eagle of the mountains, thou
Didst lead and lift the battle for reform!
Calm and undaunted soul that braved the storm,
Laurels of love and reverence crown thee now.
Blind bats and brutes that unto Mammon bow
Wither like leaves when righteous wrath is warm;
Vampires of profit working childhood's harm
And preying upon youth where laws allow.
Baffled and beaten was the cunning crew,
With all their satellites of sable hue.
But like soft sunshine after widows' tears
Gathers the gratitude of all the years
From those who found in thee a father—friend;
God's rounded century on thee descend!

Abram of old was called the Friend of God;
But thou, Great Heart, the Friend of God and Man!
His brother-circle was the tribe and clan,
But thine the victims of Oppression's rod,
And those who Freedom's Fiery Road have trod,
In every age and race since Time began.
The Truth in mart and temple under ban,
Born at Love's Bethlehem, the blood-soaked sod
Of every battlefield hath sanctified.
Comrade of martyr-souls who lived and died
For the Christ Cause of Liberty and Light,
Thou standest like some noble mountain height,
Sun-crowned in song and story century old,
Whose glory reacheth to the Gates of Gold!

CHAPTER XXXII.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON'S STORY.

The first secretary of the Board of Indiana State Charities was Alexander Johnson, who served from April, 1889, to June, 1893. At the thirtieth anniversary of the board Mr. Johnson was in a most charming mood of reminiscence. He gave to the writer in a personal interview, and related to the guests in his speech of the evening, the substance of the story contained in this chapter.

The reform movement of thirty years ago first manifested itself in the educational institutions of the state when Benjamin Harrison and David Starr Jordan led the fight to remove these institutions from politics. This spirit of beneficent change soon spread to all other state institutions. There was a great wave of social reform from 1889 to 1900 all over the country. That was a wonderful ten years in Indiana. The State Board of Charities

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was not the movement itself, but a wave of it, as Mr. Johnson said.

The disclosure of abuses in one of the state institutions preceding 1888 had lost the state to one of the great political parties, and in the campaign of 1888 both political parties declared for non-partisan control of state institutions.

Alexander Johnson was at that time connected with the board of relief in Chicago, which was afterwards merged into another organization. He was solicited to come down to Indiana and work with the board of state charities but declined at first because of the reported political control of state institutions. He finally came in April, 1889, and was elected first secretary of the board.

Mr. Johnson facetiously remarked that the well-known minister who invited him to come down said that if he did not accept a place on the board he could at least come to hear him preach.

The new secretary was a man of wonderful humor, tact and human sympathy. He was always ready with a good story that caught the popular ear and heart for his cause. He was a master of the psychology of indirection. He understood how to win and wield public opinion against a wrong and for the right. The constant support of the Indianapolis papers during those memorable formative years meant everything to the cause which the board of state charities was championing. John R. Elder once wanted to resign from the board because he said the board had no power; but Secretary Johnson answered: "We have the greatest power in the world—the power of public opinion."

On the legal side of their work the board had to be strict constructionists, but in all ameliorative measures and conditions they were liberal. Mr. Johnson went about among the "poor-houses" and county jails of the state as did Edward Eggleston many years before him, to see conditions with his own eyes and find a remedy. Mr. Johnson made up his mind to always have three people in every county as his friends—the sheriff, the superintendent of the "poor-house" or county farm and the matron of any other institution, if it was there.

The secretary would ride up in front of a county farm, "hello-the-house," and say, "Can you keep another tramp over night?" Then with wide awake, observant eyes he made notes on the general surroundings. He made himself agreeable and friendly to his host, conversed on every interesting subject and so passed the evening away. He was handed to bed as a guest but arose first of all in the morning and saw how the institution began the day. He knocked about the premises and made a mental invoice

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of everything essential. If he had waited until late to get up and had only seen the institution on its company behavior he would never have been a reformer.

Then, too, he never told a man directly what he ought to do. He would cite the case of John Smith and what he was doing many miles away; and if the condition was close at home he would tell the story of such a case as once upon a time. When he came back the next year the story had become history and the parable was already practically applied.

Mr. Johnson some time ago wrote a series of delightful sketches for the Survey embodying these experiences as two old Hoosier reformers.

Governor Matthews in those days was wide awake to get good men for the work of reform in Indiana. He it was who first commissioned Dr. J. N. Hurty, George A. H. Shideler, Ernest P. Bicknell and others. The appointment of Mr. Bicknell as the successor of Alexander Johnson came about in a striking way. Mr. Johnson was selected to superintend the state hospital for the feeble minded at Ft. Wayne. It was desired that he name his successor. No one knew of his resignation.

Mr. Bicknell had been a newspaper man for many years, but was a modest, unassuming personality who did not relish public leadership. Mr. Johnson approached him tactfully, but he at once tabooed the very idea. But Mr. Johnson talked to him for an hour or two and finally persuaded him to try the secretaryship for a season. Then Mr. Johnson came back to the state house and told the governor he had found the very man for the place. The governor answered, "Very well, Mr. Johnson, if he is a good man. What is his politics?"

Mr. Johnson told him. "Oh, well," said the governor, "I would of course have been glad if he had been of my own political faith; but if he is the man we want, here goes." And so Ernest Bicknell was appointed and helped to put over the top some of the greatest reforms accomplished in those progressive years. Governor Mount reappointed practically all of Governor Matthews' wise selections and said: "He drove in the nails and now I have clinched them."

Ernest Bicknell served with distinction until January 1, 1898. Thereupon Amos Butler became the secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities, the secretary being executive officer of that body, which position he still occupies. In this capacity he has been instrumental in formulating many important steps in social legislation in Indiana, and in developing the state's system of charities and correction.

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The growth in recent years of farm or colony care of various classes of state wards—the insane, feeble-minded, epileptic and misdemeanants—is due in no small degree to his advice. He assisted in drafting the poor relief laws, the act for the village for epileptics, the juvenile court, the present board of children's guardians, and other important laws for children. He is the author of the present laws for the board of county charities, the Indiana farm for misdemeanants, uniform management of state institutions, the deportation of non-resident dependants, prison labor and many others.

Indiana holds an enviable position among the states of the Union in the field of charities and no one has done more to give Indiana this rank than Amos W. Butler. He has served six governors, each of whom has borne testimony to his valuable services. At the Indiana State Conference of Charities and Correction, October 13, 1912, Governor Thomas R. Marshall in his address said:

"This meeting would not have been possible in Indiana thirty years ago. It is the result of the patient toil, the struggle, the Christian self-sacrifice and devotion of the Indiana Board of State Charities, and I should be guilty of a distinct injustice if I did not here proclaim that every member of that board except myself, and particularly its secretary, Amos W. Butler, has been a part of the real motive power which has touched the conscience, awakened the intellect and moved the people of Indiana to mighty endeavors toward the reformation of human character. No man in this state can successfully enter the political arena in Indiana unless he purposes to stand back of the Board of State Charities and to back up its efforts in behalf of the sinning, sorrowing, dying men and women of this state."

Mr. Butler's reputation is more than state-wide. He has been connected prominently with associations of national and inter-national character. He has become widely known for his work in this connection and his advice is constantly sought by other states. The National Conference of Charities and Correction, at its Philadelphia meeting in 1906, elected him president and he presided at the Minneapolis meeting in 1907. He was made secretary of the American Prison Association in 1905, and continued in that position until he was made president in 1910. He was chairman of the general committee from the United States for the Eighth International Prison Congress, at Washington, in 1910, and was one of the vice presidents of that congress. He was lecturer on Economics at Purdue University in 1905, and has served as lecturer on Public Charities at Purdue,

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Indiana University, Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, The Chicago School of Philanthropy, and Chicago University. He was president of the Indiana State Conference of Charities and Correction in 1905.

No state can hope to make permanent progress in social reform and the enactment of humane laws without a Board of State Charities, free from all political influence or interference, to originate and stand sponsor for such legislation until it is on the statute books for all time. Any state which is without the services of such a board is not only a generation behind this enlightened age but leaves its dependent wards at the mercy of political reactionaries who have no other end in view but their own selfish profit.

There is no greater hope today in the breast of every true Kentuckian, who is alive to these conditions and crying needs, than the organization of a Board of State Charities similar to the Indiana board. No people anywhere have keener instincts of justice and mercy than the men and women of Kentucky, and we feel absolutely sure that this ardent hope will soon be fully realized.

The Prison Commission of Kentucky which served so faithfully between the years 1911 and 1915 came nearer being an ideal board of state charities than any other commission except those which so courageously carried out the reforms of Governor Blackburn. And the decided humane advancement made under the administration of Warden Wells at the Frankfort Reformatory marked the greatest progress in prison methods yet attained. But not until the state has entirely separated the needs of its wards and dependents from party politics will it have reached the high ground of its duty and possibility.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOUNDING OF THE INDIANA REFORMATORY.

The new warden selected to redeem the Old Prison South from its last terrible condition and reputation was Col. James B. Patten. He was about 50 years of age at the time he accepted the office here. He was a member of the Legislature and resigned to become warden. He was a native of Indiana. He enlisted in the Union army during the Civil War and made a fine record. He saw more than four years of actual fighting and served with distinction. After the war he studied law, in the practice of which he was very successful. He was also a farmer.

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He was three times elected to the lower house of the Indiana Legislature, where he was a very popular and efficient representative. He was a man of unquestioned integrity, resolute of purpose and plain spoken. As a public speaker he possessed considerable ability. He had no patience with shams of any sort and delighted in exposing them. It is said that he knew no party lines in the discharge of his duty.

Three years after Warden Patten assumed control, the Board of State Charities made the following comments on his work:

"The improvements which have characterized the management of this prison for the last three years continue with unabated zeal. During the year an additional dining room has been finished, a new kitchen, which is one of the best institutional kitchens in the state, has replaced the old shed which formerly served the purpose; a new bath house and laundry and a good frame barn have been built, and many other minor improvements in the shops and other departments have been made. All the improvements have been made by prison labor at a remarkably low cost to the state.

"Several notable changes in prison discipline have been effected under the present management. Among them we may mention the abolition of the lock-step, of compulsory shaven face and head, the relaxation of the silent system during the free hours every evening in the cells, when the convicts are allowed to converse, sing, or play the violin or harp. No evil consequences have been so far noticed from these humane measures. The appearance of the men as they march to and from the shops and the dining room is much improved. The stripes are still worn, but the contrast of colors is less striking than of old. Corporal punishment is not entirely abolished, but it is very rarely used.

"The morale of the officers and guards is excellent. Warden Patten is a martinet in cleanliness and order, but he is a reasonable man and approachable by all his subordinates, and he has their respect and loyal support in carrying out his plans. No one can visit this prison and spend a few hours with the warden without being conviced that he is an enthusiast in his work and that his sincere desire is to perform his whole duty to the prisoners and the state. He is indefatigable in duty, always on hand, always full of plans and experiments for the improvement of the prison."

The report of the Board of State Charities for 1896 contains an account of the far-reaching changes for the better that were

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adopted when the old Prison South was made a State Reformatory. Immediately preceding this radical transformation a remarkable experiment was tried upon the prisoners. The new warden, A. T. Hert, was one of that memorable group of enlightened young men who carried the banner of social uplift in the field of penal reform. Secretary Ernest P. Bicknell's report tells the story in substance as follows:

This most important improvement was the introduction of the grading system. It was put into effect July 6, 1896, after the Board of Directors and Warden Hert had visited many of the penal institutions in other states.

It was announced that every prisoner who had kept a clear record the last three months would be classed as a first grade prisoner. Those who had not succeeded in keeping their records clear but had made an attempt to do so would be in the second grade, and those who had not tried to obey the rules at all were in the third class. The rewards were as follows:

The first grade men were to be clothed in plain inmate's suits of gray; be allowed to march in double file, military fashion; be permitted to write letters to friends once each week; to receive all letters promptly; to receive visitors semi-monthly and many other much valued privileges.

Second grade men were allowed practically the same privileges except they were clothed in checked suits.

Third grade men were to wear stripes; compelled to march the lock-step; not allowed to write or receive letters; permitted no visitors and were denied all other privileges. A prisoner in either second or third grade moved up to the grade above when he had kept three months clear record.

The effect of this system was a marked and immediate improvement in the prison discipline. Corporal punishment was abolished and all other punishments were reduced. In three month's time after the establishment of the grading system 500 of the 800 prisoners were in first grade. The men went about their work in a far more cheerful frame of mind and obeyed the prison regulations more willingly.

Under Warden Hert's administration a commodious and beautiful chapel was fashioned out of the building which formerly housed the old one.

The need of a school in which illiterate prisoners could receive the rudiments of an English education was urgently presented in the report of the State Board of Charities to the Legislature. This recommendation was carried out by a special legis-

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lative committee, upon which Mr. George A. H. Shideler served with great fidelity. He made several visits to the institution and helped lay the foundation for the first prison school system, worthy of the name, yet established in the state.

The Legislature from which this committee was appointed made splendid progress that winter in the enactment of new laws which were passed with remarkable unanimity. Some of the most important were: a law for the better care of the orphan, dependent and abandoned children, a compulsory school law, the conversion of the Old Prison South into the Indiana Reformatory and the State Prison North into the Indiana State Prison, the provision that the men between the ages of 16 and 30 be sent to the Reformatory and all others to the State Prison, and the passing of an indeterminate sentence law for the State Prison as well as the Reformatory.

Especially worthy of mention in this group of prison reformers is Otto W. Ferguson, who served as clerk under Wardens Patten and Hert. His rare culture and human sympathy made him a universal favorite amongst the prisoners. He listened to their tales of struggle and sorrow and crime and published many of them in the daily papers. He had a fine instinct for the good in all men and scores of newly released convicts owed their success in after life to his earnest encouragement.

His mother, Mrs. Samantha Ferguson, visited the prison in those days, with Mrs. Dr. Sallie Jackson and other "White Ribbons" workers, held religious services, talked and prayed with the men and accomplished untold good. Mrs. Ferguson is still living and active, past her eightieth year, and her devoted son recalls with her the days of service to the convicts. These two are remembered in the following lines:

Sweet Mother to the men behind the bars,
Remembrance of those years of service yet
Can touch the heart until the eyes are wet.
The souls returned to righteousness like stars
Shine on, when Love hath healed their sins and scars.
I see thee now before the murderer's cell,
With word and smile that break despair's dark spell;
And Mercy comes where crime remorseless mars.
Yea, and thy gifted son a brother was
To youth without a friend to plead their cause.
Like Joseph in the Prison House of Old,
He hearkened kindly to the tales they told,
And glorified those gloomy walks and walls
With cheer that still like noble music calls.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

VINDICTIVE JUSTICE OR REFORM?

"The constitution of no state contains a more sublime injunction than that of Indiana: 'The penal code shall be founded upon the principles of reformation and not of vindictive justice.'"
—Judge James A. Collins, Indianapolis.

Justice with blinded eyes and balanced scale
Stood at the gate of ancient Tartarus,
Stern and vindictive; but today with us
She lifts the felon where our faith would fail;
Visions heredity behind the veil,
And all the evils of environment;
Studies the murderer and malcontent,
And tracks the wanderlust on every trail.
Thus in our modern-time metropolis,
Friend of the boys and men that do amiss,
Thy hand dispenseth equity to all!
A tower of strength thou art to them that fall;
And in the chaos of uncertain youth
Thou guidest onward to the goal of Truth!

Paul Hudson was a young tramp printer of the Indiana Reformatory some fifteen years ago, whose "Shut-In Songs" celebrated the new day of hope for the man behind the bars just as Harry Youngman's "State Prison Life" pleaded for the convict of the Old Prison South. The names of these two young prisoners are associated with some of the greatest reforms of our day, which they advocated long before they were enacted into laws.

Here is Paul Hudson's description of the mail man within the walls—one of the most powerful and humane factors in reformation:

"It is the first Sunday afternoon in May. The windows of the big cell house at the Indiana Reformatory are open, and the music of a thousand feathered songsters floats in upon the air with the sweetness of the flower's perfume. Many a wistful gaze is directed toward the beams of sunlight which play upon the bars of the windows, and many a vagrant thought passes out to homes that are happy and to homes that are wretched.

The steady grind of many feet on stone floors is heard, as restless and thoughtful men walk up and down in their cells. Four steps and a turn! Four steps and a turn! Four steps and a turn! Four steps and a turn!

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"Hark!
The mail man approaches; his footsteps I hear;
I've counted his pauses, and now he draws near.
I know he won't stop, for he never before
Has stopped with a letter in front of my door!

"You know how I'd treasure one, no pen could tell;
How it would cheer up the gloom of my cell.
I'd keep it a treasure in memory's store—
If he'd stop with a letter in front of my door.

"I'd like to have friends, like some of the boys,
To share both alike in my sorrows and joys.
What a pleasure 'twould be to read o'er and o'er
The letters the mail man would leave at my door.

"And then what a pleasure 'twould be just to write!
O, how I would watch the time in its flight,
Awaiting the day to write come round once more
If the man with mail would stop at my door!

"Often it brings me pleasure at night
To think of the good things about which I'd write.
I would think all the month of good things galore—
If he'd stop with a letter in front of my door.

"O, comrades of boyhood, are you in like plight?
Are you, too, longing for some one to write?
Perhaps you're in prison on some distant shore
And the man with the mail don't stop at your door."

Harry Youngman's plea for this inestimable privilege for the prisoners fifty years ago is no less sincere and convincing:

"In most of the prisons in the United States the correspondence of the inmates is limited. In Cherry Hill Prison, Philadelphia, the inmates are allowed to write once in three months, and then not to exceed twelve lines. In almost all prisons they are limited to one letter per month. This was formerly the rule here, but, with other barbarities, it passed away.

"Now prisoners are allowed to write as often as they choose, and those who have not the money with which to buy material are furnished with one sheet of paper and one stamped envelope twice per month. It is considered one of the reformatory agencies of the prison, and those who employ their time writing to their friends are invariably the first ones to exhibit signs of reform. The idea of allowing a husband, or father, or son, to write only once in three months to his wife, his children, or his mother, is at once hardening and cruel.

"If you could see the trembling hand extended to grasp the letter from a sister, a mother, or a wife; if you could see the tear

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that softens the heart, flow down the rough cheek, as they recognize the familiar writing, unless you have a heart of stone and are not for the refining influences of home memories, you will vote for a free correspondence. Take my rations, take my light, take my blanket, but give me my letters!"

The present parole system of all Indiana penal institutions was pleaded for by Harry Youngman half a century ago in his earnest protest against the injustice of the old system of discharging men and women convicts:

"The prison laws of the state of Indiana formerly provided that each convict who had served a term longer than six months, should, upon his discharge, be paid the sum of fifteen dollars. Now to turn a man out upon the world naked, and branded as an outlaw, with only fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes, maintain him until he can obtain employment, or to carry him out of a country where every man's hand is against him, is very much like obliging him to commit some fresh crime, or starve.

"'Let him go to work!' Yes, that is always our answer; let him go to work! There was a custom here of publishing every discharged prisoner's name in the newspapers on the morning of his release. That was equivalent to saying, 'John Jones was released from prison this morning; look out for him!'

"We have endeavored to tell you the condition of the discharged prisoner, and his need of a friend, but what we have already written has reference to the male prisoner. We will now give you a sample of the female convict going out from prison.

"This morning Sallie Love left the prison, she having served out her sentence of one year. Sallie had the reputation of being a good girl here, and gave evidence of wishing to reform and become a good woman. During the greater portion of her imprisonment she had been employed in the warden's family, and we have not heard of any misconduct. Last night we talked with her, and she told us a sad story. A sad story, but, my readers, the story of nearly every poor, ruined woman in our land. Four years ago, when only sixteen, she married a man she loved too blindly to believe that he could deceive her. With him she removed to Indiana, believing in all the confidence of her young heart that a long life of love and happiness awaited her. Too soon she awoke from her dream, deserted, ruined, and alone. Moneyless, friendless and far from home, is it any wonder that she, as thousands of others have done, should go to ruin?

"Naturally enough, in pursuing the course into which despair had plunged her, she came to prison. She told us last night

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she was glad when she came here, 'because,' said she, 'it has broken me from the ruinous and depraved habits in which I was trying to drown my sorrow.' We asked her where she was going and what she was going to do. Her answer was: 'God only knows!' We left her with a heavy heart.

"This morning, as we were standing on the front steps of the prison, she came out. She had a heavy carpet sack in her hand, and her eyes were filled with tears. 'I am a free woman,' said she, 'but I am no better off than I was when I came here a year ago. Nor as well,' she added, 'for then I knew where I could get a night's lodging; but now I don't know. Where shall I go and what shall I do?' and again with that weary, weary, 'God only knows!' upon her lips, she started on her aimless tramp, she knew not where!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TRAMP, A PRINTER, A POET.

On December 12, 1904, there arrived at the Indiana Reformatory a young prisoner who was destined to play a similar dramatic part in the progress and reform of his time to that Harry Youngman played fifty years before. Paul Hudson, a young man twenty-five years of age, with dark brown hair and hazel brown eyes, of medium height and sturdy build, was keenly alert and intellectual in his whole bearing.

He was the first poet behind prison bars whose strains reached the world of freedom outside, which he loved so well. His poem, "A Captive Mocking Bird" was a beautiful expression of his own experience. He discovered a new world of imagination and human sympathy within the walls, and the songs he sang in prison, like those of Paul and Silas at Philippi, were heard by every beating heart.

"A tramp, a printer, and a poet," said the editor of the institution paper, who knew and loved him well. "His name was Paul Hudson. He was left an orphan in one of the Gulf States. His father was a druggist. Paul was placed with an aunt in Tennessee by one of his uncles who had charge of him. He was a sensitive little fellow and did not like it at his aunt's for some reason, so he ran away to Chicago where he became a newsboy.

"He was subjected to all the vices and temptations of such an environment. He told us one day how the newsies shot craps on the lake front between editions. He insisted that there was

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a standard of honor in the crowd, because when there was a quarrel and an Italian newsy killed a comrade not a single kid would tell a word about it. There was not a snitch among them. Maybe they were all afraid of arrest; but I doubt it.

"Paul obtained his education at the newsboy's home and first became a printer's devil and then a journeyman printer and finally, a hobo poet. His one weakness was for drink. Perhaps otherwise he would have soared to success and fame. But then you can never tell. Maybe it was tragedy that touched his heart to song."

"How did he become a prisoner?" asked the chaplain.

The editor answered with a smile: "Well, you see he was working in an Indiana town near the Illinois line. A man had stolen some shoes over in Illinois and came across to Indiana. He sold Paul a pair of $5 shoes for a much less sum. When the fellow was caught and had confessed, he named Paul Hudson as one of the men he had sold the shoes to. The officers accosted Paul about it. He answered that he had bought a pair of shoes but would not tell anything about where he got them. So they arrested him for receiving stolen property and sent him to the reformatory."

"Came here for shielding a brother hobo?"

"Exactly. He made a splendid record here and was one of the best men we ever had in the shop. It did not take him long to catch the atmosphere of the place, and soon he began to sing his songs of the boys behind the bars. Of course he had been a poet outside and had written many verses of merit, but in here he was truly the 'Captive Mockingbird,' singing of his far-away Southern home:

"'To many, hearing, vision comes of childhood,
So long forgotten in life's steady fray.
The tune brought back the songsters of the wildwood,
That sang around the old home far away.
Forgotten were the city streets around them;
Forgotten were the turmoil and the strife;
Forgotten were the thongs of care that bound them;
Again they feel the joyousness of life!'"

"So he made his parole?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes, we sent him to Cincinnati to work in one of the largest printing houses there. He was getting along fine. They wrote us that if we had any more men like Paul Hudson to send them along. Then something awful happened that never should have occurred in the world."

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The chaplain's eyes looked eagerly into those of the editor, "What happened?"

"Well, you see, Paul was out on parole several months and had been drinking again. His old habits got him and his conscience was hurting him. He was not a physical or moral coward. He was a large, fine looking fellow with no sign of fear. But naturally his one dread was of being brought back here for violating his conditional pardon. God knows how he longed for full freedom again. He must have been uneasy all the time, especially when he had been drinking.

"At any rate he was at work one day on the fifth floor of the big printing house and looked down in the street below. He saw a big man standing down there and suddenly imagined that he was a reformatory officer coming after him. He was seized with a perfect panic of fear. No reasoning or persuasion could affect him for a moment.

" 'I know better,' he said to his comrades. 'It's Big Mike coming back after me and he'll never catch me alive if I can help it! Say Jim, loan me ten dollars! I am going to your room and put on a couple of shirts and suits of clothes and skip out of town at once!'

"No sooner said than done. He made his way in this disguise to one of the big railroad yards to board an outbound freight. Now it happened that the railroad people were looking for a train thief by the name of Jack Delaney, Paul had somehow heard of Jack without knowing him or that he was wanted. So the yard man accosted him.

" 'What are you doing around here?'

" 'I reckon that's no concern of yours,' answered Paul.

" 'Well, I guess it is, young man! Curse you, I'll know your name and where you're going or I'll run you in as sure as—!'

" 'Well, my name is Jack Delaney, if you want to know, and it's none of your business where I'm going!' answered Paul defiantly.

"The yard man sprang at him like a tiger, but Paul eluded him and slipped between some cars and caught a moving train on the other side. He also escaped the shots that were fired at him. Somehow he was afraid to remain on board the train he had caught. He saw another train approaching and sprang down to catch it, and leave in another direction. He was usually surefooted, but this time he missed his calculations and fell underneath the moving cars. Both legs were crushed and his arms and left side were mashed also. He was borne away to the hospital in a dying condition."

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"Not already dead?" asked the chaplain under his breath.

"No; he lived four days," answered the editor. "We received a message that a young man by the name of Paul Hudson had impersonated a train thief by the name of Jack Delaney and was crushed under a moving train in the railroad yards. He was now dying and wanted us to wire his brother in Texas. We did so and he answered us to bury Paul in Cincinnati. Then came another wire saying to ship the body to Texas and to send description and photograph so the brother could be sure that it was Paul. We did so and he answered that he could not be sure except from the large eagle tatooed on his breast. But it was Paul, to be sure, for the brothers had not seen one another for a long while, and I have always been certain myself for we never heard any more from him. He left his book of 'Shut-in Songs' with me and it is a priceless possession."

"So he came to prison for shielding a brother hobo and died in the place of a thief," said the chaplain thoughtfully. "And all the while he was really an innocent man."

"Yes," answered the editor, "he sang the song of 'Brotherhood Behind the Bars' and met his death like a man."

"Well, that is enough to make his memory live," said the chaplain, "for it is more than the most of us have done."

"But he did even more," said the editor. "He prefaced his songs of brotherhood with a beautiful expression of the new time spirit in dealing with the victims of involuntary servitude. He was a herald of the New Dawn."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Paul Hudson, the tramp printer-poet, has given us in the preface of his "Shut-in Songs" the most graphic and beautiful picture of how the long night of force and terror for the prisoner passed away and the new dawn of humanity within the walls came at last.

"Almost a century ago the great Commonwealth of Indiana, seeking an ideal spot for a prison, recognized the advantages of the location, and reared the grim structure on the hilltop west of Jeffersonville.

"At first the simple villagers who passed along the country road which wound away past the gloomy walls, experienced a feeling of awe at the terrible fate of the 'bad men' whom the State had been constrained to banish to the 'living death.'

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"It was then known as the Old Prison South, and the pale-faced, hollow-eyed men who emerged from its gloom at the expiration of their sentences, with a look upon their countenances as easy to read as a signboard were avoided as if they were plague-ridden, every door and heart was closed against them, and almost invariably were released only to be returned at a future date.

"But the march of progress and the passage of time have wrought many changes. The village has become a city, and the unsightly prison that once stood alone, grim and gloomy, today is a picturesque institution and is surrounded by the cottages of a prosperous and happy people. The grounds have been beautified and the administration building, built of stone and brick, presents an imposing appearance and enhances the beauty of the town.

"The sentiments of the people have changed, too, with time. The version of the charity which was exemplified in the Garden of Golgotha by the Great Leader has become more fully recognized by mankind, and the seeds of love sown so long ago have sprouted and grown, and men have become broad-minded and generous.

"And so the prison that once contained the hopeless scum of humanity, dressed in the degrading convict garb and discredited of the possibility of having thoughts other than of crookedness, where men were sent to expiate the penalty of a crime when vindictiveness was the popular theory, today is a reformatory where men are sent to be taught the value of honesty and good citizenship, and where men are credited with being human beings gone astray, but still with the capability of having their better natures aroused by humane treatment and industrial and educational instruction; a place where those who have been cut adrift from home environment and other character-making influences in early childhood and have drifted with humanity's ceaselessly flowing tide to the breakers along the shores of Distress, may be started aright on the Sea of Life."

The closing poem of "Shut-in Songs" was "Orphan Joe," said by those nearest to Paul Hudson to be an interpretation of his own life. There can be no question that it was a typical experience of the great majority of youths in prison who come from broken homes, pass from the orphanage to the boys' reform school, and so to the reformatory and State prison. No man knew better than the tramp printer-poet the utter impotence of a mere routine penal system to transform these pitiful products of poverty and social misfortune into normal citizens.

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The tragic undertone of "Shut-in Songs" is a longing for the home-life and mother-love that Paul Hudson never knew. This strange, heart-gripping pathos haunts his poems with the same elusive appeal that characterizes the folk-songs of Stephen Foster. The death of "Orphan Joe" within the walls of the old Prison South was as tragic as the death of "Old Black Joe," the slave.

Paul Hudson, the Tramp-Printer-Poet.

Beyond the "City of Terrors," which typified the old Greek and Roman Prison, lay the Elysian Fields where erring youth regained its hope and dream. So, beyond the "City of Dead Souls" lies the New Motherland, where the resurrected life of wayward youth shall unfold in an atmosphere of understanding and encouragement.

It has been our purpose to show, as far as possible, the progress made in prison management and reform during the last hundred years. In looking back over the things that have come to pass and observing the effect they have had upon the betterment of the human race, we may with some safety and assurance forecast yet other things that will carry us closer to our goal and ideal.

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No one thing has accomplished more for the prisoner and other wards of the State than the creation of a non-partisan Board of State Charities, which takes these helpless and unfortunate fellow creatures out of the power of politics, where they are used as pawns, lightly spent and cast aside.

Civilization has found again and again to its sorrow that involuntary servitude is a most expensive form of labor. Yet, as Minnesota has well demonstrated, the only way to remove the evils that heretofore existed in the employment of the prisoner is to allow him to participate in the fruits of his own toil. We thus restore to him his self-respect, through honest labor, and lift from society the burden of his needy dependents.

There are many ways in which the problem of remuneration for the prisoner can be worked out to the profit of the State as well as the prisoner himself. Employment on State and county roads, State manufacturing, properly managed State farms—these are a few of the solutions offered. It is not the method we are concerned with so much as the hope that every State and individual citizen will work toward the enactment of such laws as are necessary to this end.

After years of experiment and trial it has become an established fact that the State which turns out her prisoners, after they have served a term of one or more years, without making a genuine effort to improve their mental and moral status has signally failed in its duty to the prisoner and to society at large. For the education and training of the prisoner, to be successful, must include, as the scripture says, "correction and instruction in righteousness."

The first, last and greatest aim of all reformative imprisonment is the creation of good citizenship. The hope and aspiration of every worthy prison head is to send out of his particular institution as many potential good citizens as possible. In this fair land of ours, perhaps more than in any other country in the world, good citizenship means capacity for self-control, self-determination, self-government.

The ultimate method of teaching these virtues and cultivating these faculties in the prisoner has not as yet been entirely determined. Some reformers and States have made admirable and progressive experiments. With the passing of selfish profit and the old cruel punishment, and the coming of social justice and humanity, the New Day will be near its dawn.

We feel safe in saying that no State in the Middle West has made more earnest effort in recent years to realize these high ideals than Indiana; and the heart of every native Kentuckian is

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proud of the splendid progress his own great State is making now in the same direction. In spite of "crime waves" outside and the fear of reaction toward the old methods of brutality that always recommend themselves in the wake of war-time and social upheaval, the whole trend of American civilization is still toward the light. If anyone doubts the truth of this assertion, he has but to visit one of our penal institutions like the Indiana Reformatory and interview any experienced prison man and he will get the facts first hand.

Just the other day, Capt. A. F. Miles, assistant superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, was telling the writer how he had witnessed this wonderful change of attitude toward society's penal and dependent charges. When quite a young man he was employed at the Southern Hospital for the Insane at Evansville, and saw the complete transformation of methods in handling these pitiful unfortunates. After several years service in that work he came to the Reformatory at Jeffersonville and has been in close, daily touch with youthful offenders for fifteen years or more. He personally experienced the great transition which Paul Hudson so beautifully described; and all these years of living and working with the wrongdoer have not in the least diminished the faith of Captain Miles in the ultimate reformation of most young men within the walls. Nor is he pessimistic about the youth of our great cities who furnish the vast majority committed to penal institutions:

"The city youth is not necessarily worse than the country boy who breaks the law. The city youth is constantly surrounded by temptation and opportunity to go wrong. He gets started downward much earlier in life than the country boy, and parental control is far more lax in city than country. Hence the city youth may be slower to realize the logic of his career of crime and harder to arouse and bring back to normal morality; but we are seeing results that justify every effort to reclaim the offender.

"It is our earnest endeavor to give every inmate here the assurance of a square deal. Even the youth of low mentality is made to feel that he is fairly dealt with. We discipline every prisoner on this principle. There is no advantage whatever in the mere assertion of authority nor the use of blind force. Judgment and humanity are prime considerations, even though firmness must be exercised at times. I can freely say that the morale and contentment of our inmates is higher now than I have known it to be in all the previous sixteen years of my connection with this institution. The old day of brute force is gone forever."

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THE AMERICAN REFORMATORY SYSTEM.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ZEBULON R. BROCKWAY.

In long-gone ages when the world was young
Mankind were brothers and no curse of Cain
Hung o'er their destiny on land or main.
They dwelt together and one mother tongue
Made harmony the tribal hosts among.
Then came the crisis when that Eden state
Was undermined by Avarice and Hate.
Though many to the ancient order clung,
The Tree of Knowledge bore the fruit of crime,
For Man had fallen from his birth sublime.
In quick succession followed War and Woe,
When Cain had laid his brother Abel low.
Then city walls were reared and cunning Trade
Enforced her barters with the bloody blade.

Friend of the fallen and forgotten souls
That drooped and died behind perdition bars
In olden days, accursed with stripes and scars,
Thy name, as the New Century onward rolls,
Shines like a Silver Star on Heaven's scrolls.
Chained to the chariot of Ancient Mars
The captive prisoners came, and still his wars
Bedrench the world in blood unto the poles.
But from this slaughter-house of hate and hell
Man will emerge and break the Mammon spell
That holds in thralldom his God-given powers.
No longer in a savage cave he cowers,
Crime-branded with a low guerrilla brain:
His path is upward where the soul shall reign!

The ancient prison was a walled town to confine the captives of war when it was discovered that a captive was more valuable alive than dead because of his labor power. The old time penitentiary was a walled town also to confine offenders against the law who were hanged in old England and the colonies for minor offenses upon property. These cruel laws were once in force in Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana, and were abolished when the new State constitutions were adopted and modern State prisons established. Reformation of the offender and not mere vindictive justice was the purpose of the new legislation, and he was to be taught and enabled to support himself and his family by the labor of his hands, because it was a cruel waste of life under the old system to hang men when they might be useful to society.

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Then, too, the old idea is passing that prisons are merely to punish people and not to improve them. The Sunday School was started long ago by Robert Raikes to educate and uplift the besotted, ignorant multitude and their children; and Zebulon R. Brockway, founder of the American Reformatory System, began his great movement with a Social Sunday School in Detroit that cleaned up a whole area of the submerged poor and taught the churches to roll up their sleeves and get down to business. The victims of involuntary servitude are deprived as well as depraved, and we must work heroically to change these conditions so that every child will have its birthright of heredity, a decent home, parental love and care, protection from evil surroundings and corrupting companionship and the thousand and one temptations that make the sons of Belial to grow and flourish.

The modern Reformatory makes room for religious work, not only the regular evangelistic and personal appeal to regenerate the individual, but a carefully planned and continuous series of chapel services throughout the year with ethical and spiritual culture in view and the development of "moral thoughtfulness," and moral judgment. The Chaplain never forces his way into the human soul, but he is the understanding friend at all times who can encourage and counsel and admonish the young man in trouble and lead him into the light. The Reformatory audience is the most critical and sensitive audience in the world to insincerity or cant, and they are merciless on a man who does not mean what he says; but the confidence of these young men is the most precious gift of God to him who desires and deserves it by reason of genuine human service.

In 1827, the same year that Zebulon Brockway was born in Connecticut, the old underground state prison at Weathersfield was abandoned for a more modern place of punishment. The old cave prison was named after terrible Newgate prison of England, "Hell-above-ground," as John Wesley called it: and the Connecticut cave prison was indeed a "Hell-below-ground."

It had formerly been a copper mine and the hill-top was enclosed with rude buildings that guarded the entrance to this subterranean "City of Terrors." First used as a prison for Tory offenders during the Revolution, it was made a state prison for many years after. The only way of entrance was down a ladder from the mouth above, and dark passages led in various directions like the tombs of the Catacombs in ancient Rome. Rough board platforms with beds of dirty straw against the damp, cold walls were the only resting places of the convicts at night.

"The horrid gloom of this dungeon can scarcely be realized,"

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says a writer who knew it well. "The impenetrable vastness supporting the awful mass above, impending as if ready to crush one to atoms: the dripping water, trickling like tears from its sides: the unearthly echoes, all conspired to strike aghast with amazement and horror.

"The prisoners wore chains and heavy irons to their work by day, and toiled at the fiery forges from early morn till nightfall. Chunks of raw pork were thrown on the ground for them to boil in the water they used to cool the iron. For all offenses they were whipped, fastened in stocks, hung up by the heels, more heavily ironed, and fed on bread and water."

Mr. Brockway says this old idea of punishment to terrify and deter the offender was imported with the Pilgrim fathers and still survives in the minds of the unenlightened to the present day. He says it was more economy than cruelty that imposed this barbarous system on the State of Connecticut. But a better day dawned: and Mr. Brockway, who began his memorable prison service in connection with this old order of things, lived to conceive and usher in the true American Reformatory System.

The beginnings of the American Prison Association date far back to 1845 when the Prison Association of New York held its first annual meeting in Broadway Tabernacle. On that occasion Hon. John Duer pictured "The City of Dead Souls" in the following powerful words, referring to the city prison: "The Tombs! an awful name; but how appropriate! how descriptive! how significant! The Tombs! where living men are buried, and by a refinement of cruelty, the living are chained to the dying and the dead, until the whole becomes one mass of moral putrefaction. The Tombs! whence those who were buried issue forth again, speaking and moving as men, and bearing the form of humanity; but with death—death spiritual and final—stamped on their visages and reigning in their souls. These are strong words, sir; but they are not stronger than the occasion demands; not stronger than the truth requires; not stronger, nor half so strong as the claims of that duty which our knowledge of the truth imposes!"

The purposes of the New York Prison Association were noble and sincere:

I. Humane attention to persons arrested and held for examination or trial, including inquiry into the circumstances of their arrest and the crimes charged against them. Securing to the destitute and friendless a full and impartial trial and protection from professional sharpers and shysters.

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II. Encouragement and aid to discharged convicts in their efforts to reform and earn an honest living. Procuring situations for them; providing tools to help them begin a little business for themselves; and keeping up a friendly oversight and correspondence with them.

III. The study of prison discipline in every state institution and the visitation of jails and work-houses to gather data and disseminate the spirit of reform and progress where cruel punishment and private profit had been the sole aim of the old time penitentiary.

Scores, hundreds and thousands of ex-prisoners and helpless poor were assisted and saved from ruin just as the Salvation Army now extends aid to those in trouble. Mr. Brockway became imbued with these great ideas and in due season had the opportunity of putting them to the test in his memorable experiment some years later at the Detroit House of Correction. The reformatory agencies that Mr. Brockway employed were:

1. The primary school held three evenings each week.
2. The weekly lecture of scientific cast.
3. The singing exercise on Sabbath morning.
4. The pungent and plain presentation of religious truth on the same day.
5. The prayer meetings held for the men on Sunday afternoon, and for the women on regular week days, in the evening after work hours.
6. The personal visitation and private interview of each prisoner with the chaplain.
7. A well selected and carefully distributed library of fresh, readable books.

Mr. Brockway testified to the results that followed: "I have never witnessed, either in prison or out, more marked, uniform and thorough impressions for good than are to be found among the prisoners here following these means. The Divine Spirit is quietly moving upon the face of this deep, bringing out from time to time characters of solid worth." Thus step by step the American Reformatory System made progress toward the great end for which its founder labored. Dr. E. C. Wines arose to prominence about this time in the Prison Association of America and gave his life for the work. Later on the Salvation Army became the supreme First Friend of the prisoner.

Mr. Brockway afterward at Elmira made the most thorough scientific experiments ever attempted toward the improvement and development of youthful prisoners. The first experiment,

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conducted under the supervision of Dr. H. H. Wey, physician at Elmira, "consisted of scientific physical treatment for moral betterment." Twelve prisoners of the lowest and most incorrigible type were selected, ten whites and two colored, bums, street loafers and tramps outside and now under sentence for such crimes as burglary, grand larceny and rape. They were put through a special dietary routine and physical training such as bathing, rubbing, calisthenics and the like until every possible bodily handicap to mental alertness was removed or bettered. Like the story of Daniel and the Hebrew captives in Babylon, the result in six months was truly astonishing:

"The muscles were developed and hard, the carriage and bearing were improved; the careless, shuffling gait was gone; stolidity of countenance was replaced with a look of animation; they became interested and made advances in their studies, showing increased mentality." Their class marking rose from 42 to 74; and one negro learned steadily and was paroled to the lumber camps in Northern New York where he made a perfect record and wrote back to Mr. Brockway that he had learned one great lesson, "to be good to myself, I must be good to others."

Mr. Brockway opposed the crowding of two men in one cell together. He said that when this was done, individual demoralization was inevitable. Instead of corrupting companionship he started a class in English literature with sixty chosen pupils and gradually increased the number to five hundred. By patience and persistence the stupid and mule-like opposition to the task of study was overcome and in time the whole cell house at night showed hundreds of men busy with pencil and note-book reading and analyzing the best specimens of English literature. This work was connected with the ethical culture class and quickened the reflective and analytical capacity of the men to a remarkable degree. In this manner they were brought to the first stages of genuine moral and spiritual training.

The prison school secretary reported that he could see a change in the intellectual tone of the entire institution; that the improvement in manners and deportment was so marked, that he hoped it would become a regular requirement for every inmate to receive careful attention to his reading; and that he would be gently but positively compelled to undergo this class instruction and supervision in his reading so as to raise him from the "Diamond Dick" grade of fiction to the love of real human literature. He believed that every prison library should be utilized for the profitable employment of the prisoner's evening hours with good books.

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Mr. Brockway had neither time nor patience with mushy sentimentalism in religion. He quoted with satisfaction a saying of Charles Dudley Warner that the mushy sentimentalists, speaking pathologically, were suffering with "a fatty degeneration of the heart." And he endorsed most emphatically the clear-cut declaration of Mr. Warner's address on the work at Elmira, made before the American Social Science Association: "To reform diseased bodies and crooked minds is the work of experts; it is scientific work."

Yet, aside from doctrinal and denominational discussions in the ethical culture class and formal and perfunctory sermonizing in the chapel service, Mr. Brockway was always profoundly interested in and eagerly looked for the spiritual results of reformatory work. He did not believe that abstract moral teaching was best suited to the comprehension of prisoners; and while he had every confidence in the regenerative influence of true religion upon fallen manhood to lift it again, he favored that method most which persuaded and compelled prisoners to practice right-doing until it became a matter of habit.

Nor was he anywise disappointed in the final outcome. The cultivation of "moral thoughtfulness" was the supreme purpose of the class in ethical discussion. This class, like the one in English literature, aroused considerable opposition and scorn at first; but it was not long reaching a membership of five hundred; and in the several remarkable instances that Mr. Brockway gives of the spiritual awakening of unusual but typical members of the class, every one came into a distinct and thoroughly transforming experience. Mr. Collins, the teacher, said the class invariably came out of its discussions onto "the solid ground of New Testament doctrine"; and Mr. Brockway said that not a single member "openly denied the existence of God and the life hereafter." Indeed, he was thoroughly persuaded that right thinking inevitably produced right doing, and that the class in ethical culture powerfully supplemented the chapel service in reaching and arousing the souls of men to their temporal and eternal good. The Brighter Day League of the Indiana Reformatory organized its class system and open forum with these very ends in view.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FORGOTTEN HERO OF REFORM.

The first great reformer of the Kentucky State Prison after the Civil War was Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, a widely noted physician and surgeon. He was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, June 16, 1816. His father was educated as a lawyer, but became a fine stockman and farmer.

Luke, the son, graduated in medicine at Transylvania University and practiced in Lexington. He there married a daughter of Dr. Boswell.

An epidemic of cholera broke out at Versailles, Ky., in 1835. Some of the resident physicians died of it and others fled. Dr. Blackburn alone answered the call for aid sent to Lexington. His services were successful and he won the lasting confidence and gratitude of the people. He would not accept a money reward for the work, but removed to Versailles and established a large practice.

He was elected to the Kentucky Legislature in 1843 and following some financial losses in business at home he went to Natchez, Miss., and soon founded a lucrative practice. He was elected public health officer in 1848 and protected the city by a vigorous quarantine against a scourge of yellow fever. The epidemic was already threatening New Orleans and Dr. Blackburn saw the United States marines and other people suffering gross neglect and death.

Without a moment's hesitation the doctor had a hospital erected at his own expense and there treated the unfortunate victims of the plague. This noble action was the talk of the hour and Congressman Brown, of the Natchez district, told the story to the House of Representatives at Washington, and a bill was at once passed establishing a hospital at Natchez with Dr. Blackburn in charge. Ten others were erected in various parts of the country wherever needed. Dr. Blackburn successfully quarantined the New Orleans area, with the approval of the states of Mississippi and Louisiana.

Dr. Blackburn lost his wife in 1855, and then made a tour of Europe, visiting the hospitals of every civilized country. In due time he remarried and returned to America, locating in New Orleans, where he practiced his profession until the Civil War came on. He cast his lot with the South and rendered distinguished service to the Confederate government as a physician, surgeon and health officer of the armies in the field.

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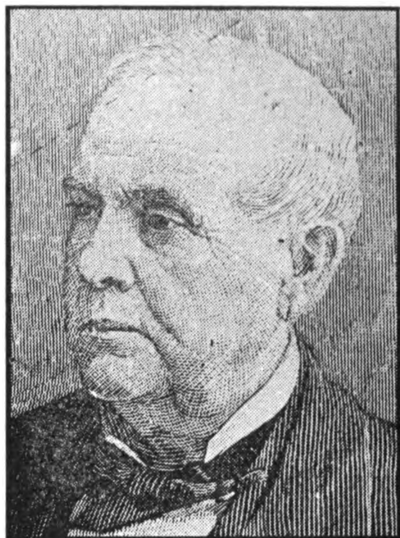

Governor Luke P. Blackurn,
The Fearless Reformer of the Old Kentucky Prison at Frankfort.

During the epidemic in the Bermuda Islands, about this same time, he again made himself a deliverer of the people and won the lasting gratitude of all friends of suffering humanity. He resumed the practice of medicine, this time in Louisville, in the year 1873, with immediate success and popularity; and during a terrible epidemic of yellow fever at Memphis he once more became a nation-wide hero because of his brave and devoted service. He was the very incarnation of the American Red Cross in his time.

In the year 1879, when the deplorable condition of the old State Prison at Frankfort called aloud for reform, Dr. Blackburn was nominated and elected as a spontaneous tribute to his generous public service in epidemic diseases. He came into office with a sincere desire to abolish such conditions. Naturally, the first grievous offense to his sane and merciful soul was the old medieval prison house where the men were crowded together and dying like rats. As a consequence, his first message to the Legislature was a broadside that took the breath away. It shines out like a star in all the state documents of a hundred years. In this memorable message to the Legislature he said:

"A Kentuckian myself, native to the manor born, I almost

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feel the blush of shame when I think of the accumulated horrors to be witnessed in our state prison. I regard our present penitentiary as a stigma on the fair name of the commonwealth; but I confidently trust and believe that the enlightened wisdom and humanity of the present Legislature will devise ways and means to rid us, at no distant day, of our present wretched and degrading penal system, and establish something in its place in accordance with the growing enlightenment of the age.

"Although I have granted many pardons, the convicts in the penitentiary now number nine hundred and fifty-three; and when I first came into the executive office they numbered nine hundred and sixty-nine, with but seven hundred and eighty cells for their reception. In other words, there were one hundred and eighty-nine more prisoners than cells.

"This terrible state of affairs required as a necessity that 378 of the wretched men should be thrust and immured two in a cell, although these cells were but 3 feet 9½ inches wide, 6 feet 3½ inches high, and 6 feet 8 inches long. These small, dark, ill-ventilated cells did not even contain enough air to support one man; and the death record gives us abundant proof of this fact. From January 1 last, up to the present time, there have died seventy-four. This is a fearful mortality.

"To show some of the terrible torments some of these convicts must endure, we quote from the testimony of Dr. William Rodman, an eminent physician of Frankfort, upon this subject. In a suit of the state against Jerry South, the present lessee of the penitentiary, to recover money due the state, the defendant South introduced as a witness Dr. Rodman, who, being duly sworn, testified as follows: 'That he had been a physician to the penitentiary for about eight years, and is well acquainted with the cellhouses and the workshops. The cellhouses have been as bad as they well could be. Each man ought to have in his cell 840 feet of air. They get instead 172 feet to two men. This has affected the health of the men in the prison and very materially lessened their working capacity.'

"The Black Hole of Calcutta, so abhorred in history, was not much worse than this. Only think of it: two human beings crammed together in these dark, unwholesome little dens! To what beastliness may it not lead? Yes, to what beastliness has it not already led? Ask those who have kept your prison and they will tell you; but shuddering delicacy will turn away and hide its head at the disgusting recital. The revelations would remind you of Sodom and Gomorrah. Let not such things be under the very shadow of our Capitol. Remember the national

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constitution says, 'Cruel and inhuman punishments shall not be inflicted.' If this is not cruel, the English language has lost all meaning.

"The object of all punishment should be the prevention of crime and the reformation of the offender; but our state prison degrades and brutalizes, and is a nursery of crime. Indeed, as has been well and truthfully said, it is the great college and university of crime. We boast of being a Christian people, and it is surely the duty of every man and woman to do their utmost to remedy this great wrong.

"It may be asked how is this to be done? The true and manly answer is: Change our present and barbarous plan; abolish every vestige of the leasing system forever and for all time, as soon as our present contract will allow. Let us commence, however, at once, as far as we can, to cast off this mighty incubus and terrible evil.

"I most heartily recommend that you make the necessary appropriation to build another penitentiary remote from this, and that there you adopt the warden system. Have control over your own convicts; see that they are properly clothed and fed; see that they have religious instruction; that they are kindly treated, and that there is due effort made for their reformation. A man may be reclaimed from his evil ways by sympathy and kindness, and interest manifested in his behalf. These things move his heart; whilst, on the contrary, the lash and cruelty but add to his obduracy.

"I trust no effort will be made to enlarge our present state prison. In the first place, it was built in a swamp and why such a place was ever selected it will be difficult for human ingenuity to imagine. To show how unhealthy it has ever been, we find in Dr. Sneed's History of the Penitentiary, page 81, that as early as December, 1815, Anderson Miller, the keeper, in his report to the Legislature, says: 'Not one of the convicts during the summer escaped a spell of sickness.'

"In this same work of Mr. Sneed's we find, on page 88, that a committee of the Senate and House, in 1817, consisting of such men as J. J. Marshall and R. Rudd, in their report say: 'The present place seems to be badly selected, the grounds being low, wet, unhealthy and not calculated to carry off the filth.'

"If we can judge from what has recently transpired in the prison, and look at the long list of dead men who have died there in the last year, it would seem that it is the same plague-spot it was in former years. Let us have no more mammoth penitentiaries."

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In order to to verify the facts of the great reform inaugurated by Governor Blackburn, the chaplain visited Frankfort and made a careful examination of all the records on the subject at the State Library. The chaplain was accorded every possible courtesy and assistance. We were more than pleased to find that those in touch with the time and reform of Governor Blackburn regarded his action in this trying emergency, when the lives of helpless prisoners hung in the balance, as one of the greatest exhibitions of courage in the history of the commonwealth.

We were told that the Governor informed the Legislature, which was so tardy and timid in meeting the emergency and passing the necessary laws of relief, that if they did not at once enact the proper measures, he would pardon with his own hand every worthy convict who was suffering from the fearful overcrowding disease and impending death. This the Governor did without any hesitation whatever; and we shall see in another chapter how every step of progress in prison reform worthy the name in the last forty years followed from this noble beginning. The one amazing thing is that no historian of Kentucky has ever before given this heroic chapter to the world.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CHAPLAIN OF THE "ORPHAN BRIGADE."

One of the most appalling facts in the prison history of Kentucky and Indiana was the stolid indifference to and neglect of the religious and educational betterment of the men behind the bars. Therefore, in the face of the same apathy and opposition on the part of those who profited by the system of involuntary servitude, Governor Blackburn inaugurated at once a religious and educational movement among the prisoners. The steps by which this movement went forward were at first slow and halting, but the names of two noble ministers of the gospel are forever linked with the work that was done.

The Rev. J. B. Tharp was chaplain of the Kentucky Penitentiary, at Frankfort, in May, 1880. He cleaned up the old, greasy and dirty chapel, repaired the benches and had services for the women at 9 o'clock and for the men at 10 in the morning. Good results were seen, for he quotes the Rev. Dr. H. B. McCown as saying that he would rather preach to convicts than to any other audience in the world. Chaplain Tharp called in the local pastors and the priests to serve the sick who wanted them.

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He organized a Sabbath school and selected eight or ten of the best prisoners as teachers. He met them once or twice a week in a teachers training class. He tried this plan in the summer and fall of 1880, but the results of this particular experiment were not satisfactory. He found that the prisoners did not respect fellow-convict teachers. Then, too, the teachers had no adequate time from their work to prepare the lessons properly. So the chaplain stopped the Sabbath school and spent Sunday afternoon in general religious services of song, prayer, testimony and exhortation. This also lost its freshness and interest in a short while.

But the following summer Governor Blackburn's wife and a noble band of Christian people from the city outside came to the aid of the work and ten or twelve classes with large numbers of pupils were reorganized into a stronger Sunday school than ever. This time all the teachers were intelligent and sympathetic and Mrs. Blackburn herself was the teacher of the largest class. The governor's sister, Mrs. Judge Morris, taught the Catholics in the prison. The men said that whereas Sunday was formerly the longest and dullest day of the week, it was now the best and sweetest of all. Dr. Gober, the prison physician, was also deeply interested in the Sunday school work, taking a conspicuous part in the class exercises and lending every assistance possible. There were three classes among the women prisoners, voluntarily attended by nearly all of them. The regular outside Sunday school lessons were used.

The prison library was at this time a small and dilapidated affair. Chaplain Tharp catalogued the books, bought five hundred song-books and two hundred quarterlies. Mrs. Blackburn solicited money to help buy literature and books that were needed, and Christian people responded liberally. Reading matter was forwarded from a prison supply house in Chicago, and Chaplain Tharp revived the circulating library system.

The chaplain pleaded earnestly for regular day school instruction amongst the prisoners. The men were pitifully anxious to overcome their own ignorance. Yet no schooling of importance was thus far allowed by the Legislature. The chaplain wanted blackboards and slates and books with which to do this work himself, as provided by law. He insisted upon thorough instruction in spelling, reading and writing; in English grammar and geography; in history, physiology and the laws of health. He also asked a reading room for periodicals and papers where the prisoners might enjoy an hour of self-improvement.

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The good work begun by Chaplain Tharp was interrupted by his resignation March 1, 1883. The Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh was appointed in his place July 1, 1883. The relief of Chaplain Tharp was merely to have a chaplain devote all his time to the work and hold no outside church. The new Chaplain Kavanaugh determined at once to continue the excellent work of his predecessor. At this time only those prisoners who performed their allotted labor, or were convalescent from sickness, were allowed day-school privileges and personal moral instruction to any extent. Chaplain Kavanaugh assumed these duties at a salary of $1,200 a year. His son, Mr. Frank H. Kavanaugh, of the Kentucky State Library, to whom we are indebted for the information about his father, makes the statement that Chaplain Kavanaugh gradually became so absorbed in the noble service he was rendering the prisoners that he resolved to devote every hour of every day possible to the work.

Warden Todd, in his annual report, highly commended the chaplain and approved most heartily the splendid Sunday school work. The warden said that all the prisoners respected the chaplain. Every local pastor in Frankfort was asked to come and hold occasional services, including also the Catholic and negro priests and preachers. Evangelical and devoted in his ministry, Chaplain Kavanaugh won hundreds of souls to the Divine Master. He baptized and administered the sacrament with punctual regularity.

The Sunday school went forward by leaps and bounds. The teachers from outside were retained; a good organ and organist gave spirit and power to the song services, and the Catholic Sisters of Charity were inspired with kindred zeal to help the fallen of their faith. The chaplain held prayer services during the summer evenings for the white and negro convicts. The library was enlarged and more used than ever; but the Legislature had been tardy as usual in providing school books and school rooms for the instruction of the prisoners. But in spite of this handicap, Warden Todd and Chaplain Kavanaugh used the chapel hall as a school house. They both insisted that convicts should not be treated like dumb animals, but as human beings. They searched out the causes of crime and made the welfare of the discharged prisoner a matter of earnest thought and action.

Without any question, this quiet, unassuming man of God was the greatest chaplain in the history of the Old Kentucky Prison at Frankfort. His son makes the statement that his father had not previously felt any special interest in the prisoners; but that once called to work among them, his whole soul

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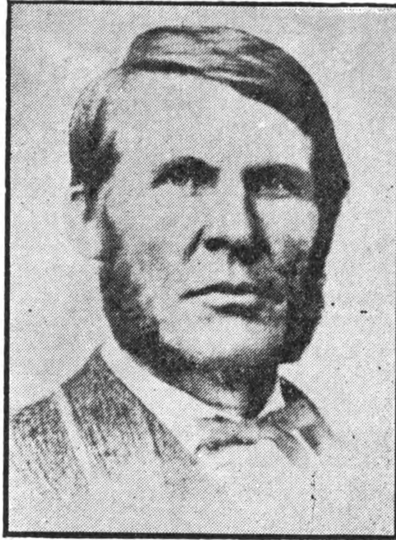
became absorbed. He was peculiarly fitted by nature and training, as well as by experience, for this line of service.



Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh,
Greatest of All Chaplains, Old Frankfort Prison, 1883-1892.

A native of Mt. Sterling, Ky., born in 1836, he grew up under the tutelage of a father who was a missionary among the Indians on the border. This was a dangerous and heroic work, but the family endured hardship with characteristic Methodist devotion. This turned the boy's thoughts to the ministry; but for some time, as a means of livelihood, he studied pharmacy under a relative, Dr. Hinde, in Missouri. Shortly afterward, he went to the Southern University at Greensboro, Ala., whence he graduated in June, 1861. He had already been licensed as a Methodist minister.

Upon his return to Kentucky he was placed under arrest as disloyal to the federal government. He made his escape and joined the command of Gen. John Morgan. He was a brave and daring soldier. Wounded three times in battle, he returned to his regiment each time except the last, when his leg was shattered by a ball at the knee. This permanently impaired him for future service in the ranks; and he thereupon became a nurse of smallpox patients in the military hospitals of Tennessee.

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Few men serving the sick were so beloved, and it was the very call of God that made him a chaplain in the Sixth Kentucky Infantry. While convalescent from his recent terrible wound, he had preached on a circuit in Alabama, happily married with the enthusiasm and romance of a young cavalier, and organized a generous and effectual work of relief for the needy soldiers in the ranks. Joining his regiment in January, 1864, he began a ministry to the wounded and dying comrades of the Southern cause that immortalized his name on the annals of valor.

During the long and bloody months of the enusing spring he was constantly under fire, serving as chaplain in five regiments on the field of battle. Says one who was at his side: "Many a time has the writer seen him trudging along on foot with the boys through the mud, leading his horse, ready to be used by the first footsore and exhausted comrade whose needs were made known to him."

Chaplain Kavanaugh re-entered the ministry of the Methodist Church at the close of the Civil War and was for a time a teacher of youth. He was the idol of the Orphan Brigade and at the Old State Prison endeared himself likewise to every convict. Each succeeding governor prized his inestimable services and he died in office January 18, 1892, mourned as no man had ever been before him. His last utterance was the Twenty-third Psalm and his parting prayer for his devoted family and his flock within the walls.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FOUNDING OF EDDYVILLE PRISON.

The firm and fearless stand taken by Governor Blackburn against the over-crowding and cruel treatment of the convicts at the old prison at Frankfort eventually brought the Kentucky Legislature to action.

On Tuesday, March 8, 1880, a bill was introduced by Senator Berry, of the twentieth district, to erect a branch penitentiary. Senator Berry was a member of the committee on prisons. The bill was returned from the lower house on March 18, and referred again to the committee on prisons. The bill was passed April 7. The main points of the bill were:

The governor was to appoint a committee of three who were to select the site for the new prison. It was stipulated that the grounds contain not less than 200 acres nor more than 600 acres. A wall was to be built, not over twenty-five feet in height, and to inclose not more than eight acres. The cell house was not to

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contain more than 500 cells. The work, as far as possible, was to be done by convict labor, leased to the contractor erecting the prison. There was an appropriation of $150,000 made for the work and the purchase of the grounds, and all other expenses attached to the building of the new penitentiary.

The same year another bill was passed concerning the management, government and discipline of the state prison and became a law. The main points of this bill were:

The warden was to be elected by a joint vote of the Senate and House; he was to serve four years; and thus instead of being elected by a non-partisan board of control or trustees the warden still was a political appointee. Cruel and inhuman punishment was forbidden. The warden was instructed to inspect all the cells, bedding, food and the like every week. Good time of five days per month was allowed the convicts with good records. The contract system was still retained, in spite of Governor Blackburn's protest against it in his first message to the Legislature. Six hundred convicts were to be leased every year if possible. The contractor was to furnish food, clothing, and medicine. He also was to pay for all of the men leased, whether they were able to work or not. We shall see in another chapter how terribly this power of the contractors was abused, and how heroically Governor Blackburn's Reform Commissioners followed up and exposed this insufferable outrage on the helpless prisoners in their power. For the first time in the history of the institution a chaplain was to be employed to devote his entire time to the prisoners.

A committee of all the physicians in both houses was appointed to act with Governor Blackburn and to visit and examine the penitentiary.

P. P. Johnson, on March 15, 1880, moved to change the title of the branch prison to the reformatory prison, but the motion was defeated by a vote of 13 to 10.

On May 4 Governor Blackburn appointed as commissioners for the erection of the new branch prison, Judge Richard H. Stanton of Mason County, Judge William Beckner of Clark County, and Gen H. B. Lyon, of Lyon County. The appointment of these commissioners was confirmed by the Senate May 5. The same day a bill passed providing for a regular physician at the Frankfort prison. He was to engage in no outside practice and must have at least five years experience in his profession.

The prison commissioners were authorized to select a site, receive plans and specifications for the branch penitentiary and

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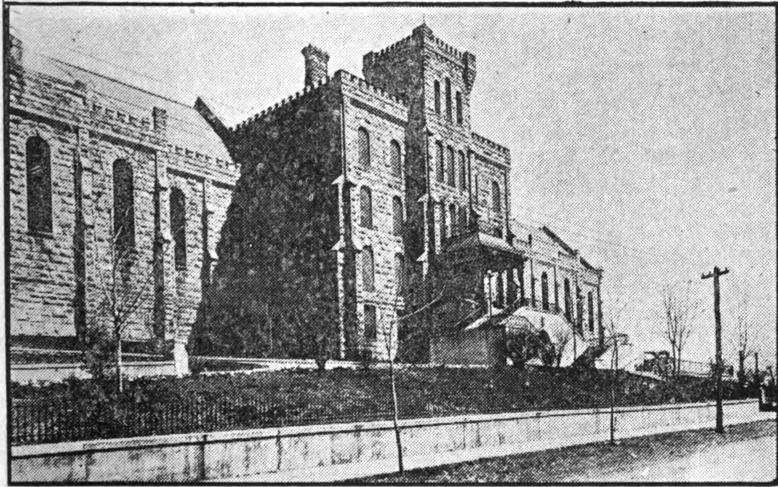
to arrange for all the equipment necessary. They were to visit and report on five like state institutions east of the Mississippi River.



Kentucky State Prison, Eddyville.

The committee went to Columbus, O., in June, 1880, inspected the state prison there and then acted on the suggestion of the governor of Ohio to attend the National Conference of Charities and Correction in session at Cleveland. They were much impressed by this conference and imbibed the best ideas of the time on penal reform.

Late in the summer of 1880 the committee visited Elmira Reformatory, New York state. They saw there in full operation the first reformatory system in this country. Reporting their observations, they said:

"The success and admirable condition of the Elmira Reformatory are mainly due to the Superintendent Zebulon R. Brockway. He is a man of great intellect and kind heart. He has made penology the study of his life. He has had thirty years experience in the management and discipline of convicts, and is in full sympathy with the ideas of prison reform.

"He has the highest administrative ability and devotes all the energies of his mind and body to the great work intrusted to him. He endeavors to win the confidence of the prisoners in his charge and to make them feel that he is not their keeper but

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their friend, who is seeking conscientiously to promote their highest good. It is through the heart and will that he aims to reform the criminal, and not by harsh and bodily inflictions. Labor rewards and deprivation of privileges and all the moral and religious influences work to this one end, namely, the reformation of the prisoner."

From Elmira the committee went to Auburn, N. Y. There they found imposing architecture, but the old system of force and fear in full control. They were not at all impressed. On going to Sing Sing they found that prison under good modern control and the lash abolished for the time.

They next visited the Massachusetts prisons and found them modern and progressive, with the idea of crime prevention far developed. They were also pleased with the woman's prison of Massachusetts.

Nashville, Tenn., was the next to be inspected. They declared in disgust: "This is a very old and dilapidated institution, and uncomfortable in all arrangements and equipments." It was conducted under the old lessee system and "nobody about the institution seemed to have any faith in reformatory influences; and evidently the ruling idea of the management of its affairs was to make it profitable."

The committee then took their journey to Joliet, Ill. They were so well pleased with the institution there that they unanimously adopted its general design and arrangement for the new branch Kentucky penitentiary over all others they had seen.

The site chosen was Eddyville, Ky., because of climate and other advantages. The committee advocated a more humane system than that of terror and brute force and made a strong plea for it. They earnestly advocated educational and religious instruction along with humane, rational methods. They condemned corporal punishment absolutely, for they had discovered that even negro convicts, who are accustomed to obedience under iron rule in the South, would submit to right treatment. The committee most earnestly recommended a reformatory like that at Elmira.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note the broader outlook and nobler vision that came to these Kentucky Prison Commissioners through intelligent travel and careful observation in other states and penal institutions. As one stands today upon the portico of the magnificent state capitol at Frankfort and looks toward the old, medieval place of punishment crowded in between the hills, which passes as a modern reformatory, he can not wonder at

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the strong words of Governor Blackburn demanding and imploring a more humane prison house for the penal offender.

Yet, as we shall see in a later chapter, the spirit of reform is even of greater importance than mere material equipment, however magnificent. The true friend of humanity has many a time stood in front of some imposing modern prison house, with its faultless lawns and beautiful architecture, sadly conscious that within those walls scenes were still enacted that belonged to the hell houses of old.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CHAIN GANG IN OLD KENTUCKY.

Spurred at last to action by the determined and noble spirit of reform characteristic of Governor Blackburn, the Kentucky Legislature at the beginning of the year 1882 appointed a committee to visit the convicts leased to contractors outside and report on their treatment and management, whether they were clothed and fed and given the medical attention agreed upon; and whether they were guarded, housed and worked as required by law.

This committee consisted of Henry George, John Bennett, W. O. Hansford J. H. Mulligan and G. W. Herron. They left Lexington, February 16, 1882, held a meeting at Winchester and proceeded to investigate the convict camps where construction work was being made. This committee was thoro, conscientious and determined to get at the truth. They gave their unvarnished, unprejudiced opinion without fear or favor. Convicts, citizens and other witnesses were examined with scrupulous care.

The convicts in the first camp they visited were sent out from the penitentiary at Frankfort, June 29, 1880. In the course of time 164 were discharged because of the expiration of their term and for disability; 28 were returned on account of absolute unfitness to work; 7 were pardoned; 32 died of disease and 232 remained in the custody of the contractors. The total number in this camp was 455.

The committee was puzzled by the term "disability," but discovered that the law establishing the leasing system, while supposed to be well guarded, when tested by actual observation of its practical workings, was so general and loose in its provisions as to be utterly inadequate to protect the convicts from the inhumanity of contractors and bosses whose only interest seemed to be to exact the last quivering effort of expiring strength, as the committee so forcibly expressed it.

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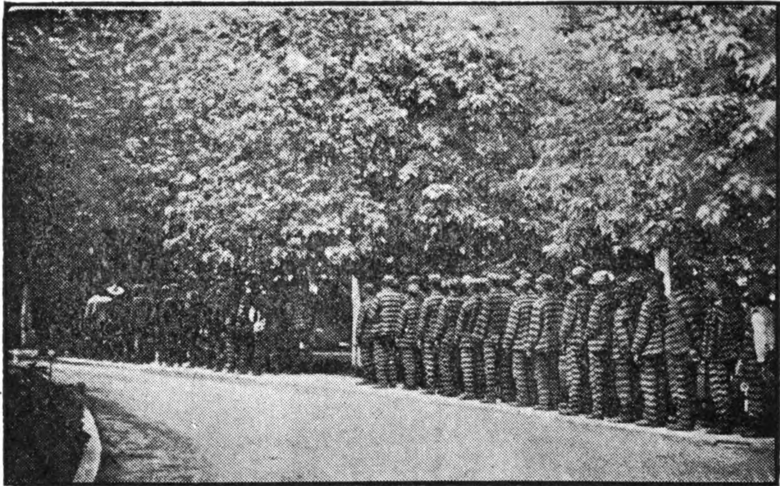

The Chain Gang in Old Kentucky.

The committee visited two camps, one only two miles from the site of Boonesboro, and those in charge would only give meagre details as to the number and condition of the convicts. The committee decided that such a system was "no better than its worst features," and by this test merited the severest condemnation. It was pronounced cruel and inhuman almost beyond belief in this age of refinement.

The condition of the convicts in one camp visited was found to be reasonably fair in housing, clothing, feeding and pay. But in another camp there was "presented such a condition of affairs, such an absence of all system, disregard of the law, cruelty, inhumanity and injustice as to cause one to bow his head in shame in the contemplation of this blot on our civilization."

There was a big wooden cellhouse heated by stoves. Twenty men occupied one room; two-story bunks with straw and shuck matresses and blankets constituted the sleeping accommodations. The only window was one eight inches wide and four feet long, grated with iron. There was no glass or board shutter to cut off the cold air, and the heat was generally insufficient to keep the men warm. There was not enough light to read by. The cells were not clean. There was a barrel of water and a tinpan for washing, but no towels were furnished. The beds were scoured occasionally, but still were full of vermin. The men, too, were lousy. The food was coarse and the same

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all the time. There was not enough of it. There was no vegetable diet furnished as required by contract and law.

The convicts were engaged in digging a tunnel one hundred and fifty feet long. The entrance was covered with a foot or more of soft mud and water and the interior was likewise covered with shallow water in most places. The convicts stood or waded in this water and mud constantly while at work, and even their big heavy shoes were no protection against the cold and exposure of mid-winter. They worked with wet feet in nearly total darkness but for a few miners' lamps. The atmosphere was so stifling from the smoke of giant powder that the committee had sore eyes and lungs for the rest of the day. But the convicts worked twelve hours a day in this poisonous atmosphere with one-half to three-quarters of an hour for dinner.

The committee saw the men eat dinner, wet, with soaked feet, amid this depressing chill and dampness. The meal consisted of "one piece of beef, not sufficient in quantity; a piece of wheaten bread of sufficient quantity had the meat been in proportion; bean soup; and to each man two potatoes not larger than walnuts. This they took in their hands. There was no plate, knife or fork. The meat and potatoes were in a large tin-pan from which each man's slender share was doled out to him."

The law as to the hour of labor and night work was openly violated. Sunday work was forced out of the convicts. It was pretended that the men were only required to labor eight hours and could quit then if they wanted to. It was claimed that they were paid for the extra four hours per day required of them. But it was evident that no convict knew of this lawful liberty or dared exercise it. They were swindled out of the greater portion of the extra pay due them for this overtime labor. They were docked even for the ten minutes they were idle while waiting for a blast and when sick or disabled.

Each regular worker was entitled by law and contract to 50 cents per day, but received only 12 cents in actual pay; and even then he had to take this out in goods delivered to him by the company at 50 per cent profit.

The committee was profoundly indignant at the mistreatment of the sick and reported as follows: "The sick have no such comfort or care as either humanity or mere economy of human life would provide. We found six sick and crippled men in a hospital room, a rough board shanty, loosely put together, full of cracks and spaces, unfit for any sick person. They were lying in two-story bunks, upon straw ticks, with blankets for covering, without sheets or pillows or any ordinary comforts for

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the sick. In all fifteen men were found to be sick in the hospital and cells. Fevers and pneumonia seemed to be the prevailing diseases. Out of a total of ninety-three, although the inspector stated the whole number at eighty-six, fifteen men were found sick and disabled, or nearly one-sixth of the whole number."

The committee could obtain no reliable information about the number of deaths. There was no adequate supply of medical equipment. The physician makes no report and gives no reliable data, says the committee. The death rate of the men while in the penitentiary at Frankfort was 2½ per cent. In the convict camp here described the death rate was 20 per cent. It was pronounced frightful by the committee.

Another camp visited was conducted in a lawful and fairly human manner and the men were not robbed of their just pay for work. But in all the camps, so the committee said, with but two exceptions, the "punishments have ben frequent, cruel and often brutal. There has never been and now is no person specially delegated to inflict punishments. But this has been done by any so-called warden or hired boss who might choose to vent his anger or indulge his brutality when and how he pleased, without authority from or responsibility to any one. Men have been and are constantly whipped with a strap, lashed with a twisted line of fuse, kicked or beaten with a stout stick called a swab-stick, when and to any extent any boss feels so inclined.

"The person of a convict who had been whipped on the morning of our visit was examined by the committee. His back was found bruised and beaten, with the skin broken. He had in the course of the punishment been struck on his person and was swollen terribly and suffering agony almost unbearable."

Another man, beaten with the swab-stick, presented a back which was all a mass of bruises. This swab-stick had become the favorite weapon of punishment as the cat-o-nine-tails was inside the walls. Disinterested citizens near one of the camps testified that the treatment of the men had been shameful in the past. "Cruelty, beatings and death" were the words they used. The convicts were forced by the barbarous treatment into a caving tunnel where free labor refused to go, and "were there maimed, crushed and killed by the masses of falling rock." One poor convict, too faint and ill to labor any longer, was clubbed and beaten till he was nearly dead.

The anger of the committee on discovering this horrible crime on defenseless human beings burst forth in burning words which stirred the state of Kentucky as no revelation had done in a generation of time. "The dead were put in boxes," exclaims

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the committee, "placed in a grave, and the dump of the railroad as it progressed, covered the graves."

"No reading matter is ever furnished the convicts," continues the committee; "no religious services, nor moral or religious instruction have ever been provided for or had among these convicts, and the entire management and system is calculated but to make a bad man still worse."

The foregoing description of the convict camps demonstrated beyond a doubt that the leasing system in its abuses was as bad as the notorious chain gang system of the South. Judge Mulligan, of Lexington, who took a leading part in the examination of witnesses and the makeup of the report, joined in the strong and insistent recommendation of the committee that the whole leasing and contract system be forever abolished by the state of Kentucky in the name of civilization and humanity.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SELF-SUPPORTING PRISONER.

The first important step made by the administration of Governor Knott to keep pace with the reforms instituted by Governor Blackburn was the removal of Warden South from the prison at Frankfort. The House Journal of January 8, 1886, contains the message of Governor Knott transmitting the reason for this action. Warden South was charged with dismissing old and experienced guards and officers within three days after he had managed to be reappointed to the responsible position. Great things were expected of him but he disappointed the friends of reform most grievously.

The prison under Warden Todd of Governor Blackburn's administration had been greatly improved and excellent discipline prevailed. But now the prison had become demoralized again. Warden South resorted to the confinement of the men in their cells all day Sundays without any recreation whatever. He had recourse once more to whipping as a punishment also, making no record of the same as required by law. Says the report from which we quote: "The convicts became disobedient, insolent, defiant and indecent, after replying, in the most obscene and profane language to their guards when commanded by them to observe order."

This condition soon went from bad to worse. On August 14, 1884, an attack was made by the prisoners on the guards at the gate. Three convicts escaped, one was mortally wounded,

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while all the others were in the wildest excitement. One of the guards was knocked down and trampled and another fell with his thigh bone broken by a pistol shot from a convict. A rush was made for the gate by the officers and the day was saved; but Warden South was removed.

On March 6, 1886, Governor Knott sent a message to the Legislature with the report of Louis D. Craig, state inspector of convicts, to the effect that at Greenwood, Pulaski County, on the afternoon of March 5, "a well-organized, well-armed and almost sober mob of about two hundred men marched to the camp (where the convicts employed in the mines were quartered) and demanded that we march the prisoners to the depot and keep them there until a train could be had to take them to Frankfort; and that we remove all stores from the camp buildings, as they intended to destroy the buildings at once. At this time the convicts were in the mine."

Inspector Craig reasoned with the mob and finally persuaded them to let the prisoners remain in their quarters idle for two days until the governor could be communicated with. There seemed to be no issue but to withdraw the convicts from the mines or send state troops to restore order. The mob issued a "proclamation to the people" demanding the removal of the convicts to the engine house while the train was being made ready. The convicts were to be kept at a distance from the prison camp houses, which the mob expected to destroy. They promised to aid in removing the stores, property and all other state belongings without disorder, if their demands were acceded to at once. They said: "Our home people must live; hence we do this."

In the above brief statement we have the reason for the conflict between convict, contract labor and free labor outside. The answer of the governor was to send the state troops. But the contractors had already seen this trouble brewing and asked to be released a few days before the mob assembled. This situation was more embarassing than ever. The governor was confronted with the return of the convicts from the mines to overcrowd the prison at Frankfort. He called it a popular calamity, saying that it suggested revolting and horrible possibilities.

"There are," he said, "all-told, but seven hundred and forty-four cells in the penitentiary for male prisoners. Of these but six hundred and forty-eight are available, and they are barely sufficient for one convict each. The remaining ninety-six are totally unfit for occupancy except in the mildest weather. Therefore, unless some provision shall be made for their better accommodations, over a thousand convicts must be crowded into quar-

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ters scarcely sufficient for six hundred and forty-eight. * * * If you would realize the terrible results which must ensue from such a condition of things, you have but to recur to the horrible history of squalor, crime, disease and death disclosed by the investigation of the conditions of the penitentiary made by your predecessors in the winter of 1879 and '80."

The Governor demanded sufficient cell room, since the new prison at Eddyville was not yet erected, and would not be opened for occupancy for some time to come. He insisted that implements, machinery and material would have to be provided for the employment of these returned men within the walls. But the Governor declared that not even the best provision could possibly make such a proposition profitable to the state, for they were without room and nearly all the convicts were unskilled laborers. In a word, the state of Kentucky and its prisoners were still helplessly dependent upon the old lessee and contract system as they had been since the penitentiary was first established.

As will be readily seen Governor Knott was caught between the horns of a century-old dilemma. The state of Indiana has wrestled with the same problem since the Old Prison South was first established. It might be well, therefore, to hear the words of an eminent Indiana jurist, Judge James A. Collins, president of the Indiana State Conference of Charities and Correction for the year 1918:

"The constitution of no state contains a more sublime injunction than that of Indiana, 'The penal code shall be founded upon the principles of reformation and not of vindictive justice.'

"For eighty-one years the enunciation of that great humane principle remained a mere collection of words. But in 1897 the legislature made its first attempt to apply this principle to the administration of justice by enacting an indeterminate prison term. * * * * * It was never intended under so sublime and exalted an injunction to confiscate the labor of the man behind the walls!

"It was never intended to subvert that great principle in providing for the infamous system known as 'contract labor' in our penal institutions!

"It was never intended that poverty and misery should be increased by completely depriving the wife and children of their only hope for support!

"It was never intended to permit corporations or individuals to wax rich on the labor of the state's delinquents!

"So sublime a principle never intended to take from the

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offender the fruits of his labor, and at the expiration of his term of imprisonment to place in his hands the princely sum of five dollars, a suit of clothes and a railroad ticket back to his family.

"No; the framers of our constitution had a broader vision. They could see that reformation and not vindictive justice was the solution of the prison problem. They could see the wage-earner entering prison, deprived of his liberty, but with bodily health and vigor, capable of earning something for his dependents; and so they said, 'Let it be reformation and not vindictive justice.'

"One hundred years have passed since the adoption of our constitution and we have never caught the vision of the founders.

"To the everlasting credit of Indiana's great governor, James P. Goodrich, contract labor in institutions has been abolished by a recent act of the Legislature. This act will not become effective until 1920. It fails, however, to make any provision for compensation for the inmates.

"Compensation for inmates of penal institutions is not a theory. Such a plan has been in successful operation at Stillwater, Minn. You may be interested in knowing something of their experiences. I, therefore, take the liberty to quote from Warden Reed's discussion of this problem at the meeting of the American Prison Association at Buffalo last year:

" 'The state of Minnesota, in attempting to solve the problem of inmate labor, has established two industries inside the prison. We have also the prison farm of 760 acres. We manufacture binding twine and farm machinery. Out of our population of about 1,000 men, 600 are employed in these industries. They are paid wages of from 15 cents a day up to over $1 a day. The money belongs to them. A statement is made at the end of each month and an account is rendered. Last year we manufactured over 23,000,000 pounds of twine and sold it for over $2,000,000. We shipped 16,147 farm implements, amounting to $470,576.01, and did a total of $2,275,000 of business. We paid the inmates over $75,000 in wages. As far as discipline is concerned, we have had very little trouble, the men being so busy and so profitably employed that they do not bother with infraction of the rules to any extent.

" 'I believe Minnesota has in a way as nearly solved the problem of prison labor as any state in the Union. The money that these men earned was sent to their families, if they had any. If a man does not earn enough to provide for his family and the family is destitute, we have a state aid law that supplies the family. No children are kept from school in our state by reason

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of their father or mother being in prison, neither are they in want. I believe that the salvation of inmates in prison is profitable work. I do not believe that it is right to expect men to work at their best if they are paid nothing. I believe that our prisons should have that degree of efficiency that they can afford to pay the men. When we have solved this problem, we will have very little trouble regarding discipline. I believe in the indeterminate sentence and in the state aid law, so that when a man gets to prison he does not have to feel that his family will be pauperized.' "

A living wage to men within the walls—
Slaves of involuntary servitude,
Whose loved ones languish for the needed food
And raiment when misfortune's fate befalls.
A curse is o'er the little babe that calls,
And mother hands must battle with the rude,
Cold world, by spectres of despair pursued.
In olden days men bore their chains and balls,
And branded stripes of shame and punishment,
Mocked and maligned whene'er they came and went.
The fathers underneath that ancient Elm,
The heart and hand of Jennings at the helm,
Decreed no crime like this on penal toil,
But bound its wounds with healing wine and oil.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AMERICAN BAD BOYS IN THE MAKING.

The one physician who continued the work of Dr. Sneed and Governor Blackburn as a reformer of the Old State Prison at Frankfort, was Dr. A. K. Stewart, formerly member of the Kentucky State Senate Committee on Prisons and Charities, physician and assistant warden at the Kentucky Penitentiary, and captain in the Spanish-American War.

Dr. Stewart published a book in 1912 called "American Bad Boys In The Making." This book was made up of articles and public addresses growing out of his experiences at the Frankfort Prison during the years 1896-97-98. He made a close understudy of the old system of repression, intimidation and terror. He said that he had frequently visited the prison and served on legislative committees making reports on the institution; yet it was not until he was actually connected with the prison and came in close contact with the inmates that he arrived at an intelligent comprehension of conditions and causes of crime.

Dr. Stewart pointed out that most people believe their boys are destined to fill the professions, business life, public office and

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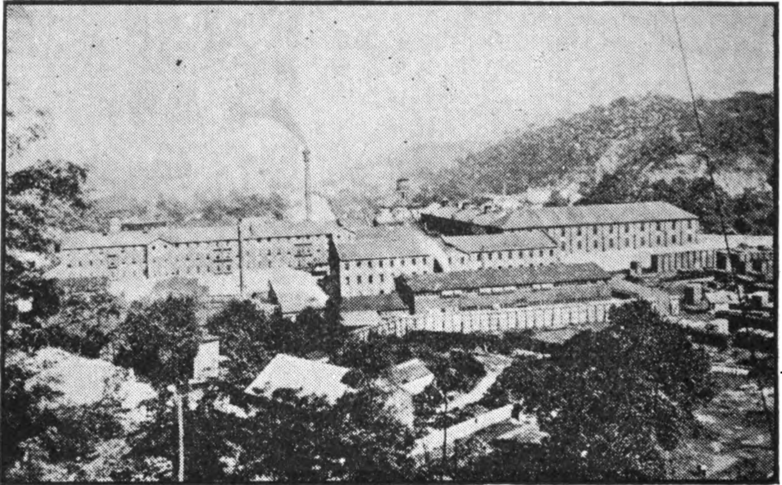
the army, while their neighbor's boys go to the bad and fill the jails and prisons. But these good folks are suddenly aroused to the realization that their own boys, in many cases, are headed for the pen. Dr. Stewart digested his scientific and social observations of delinquent youth somewhat as follows:

First—Out of 1,500 male prisoners, between 200 and 300 boys and young men were under 21 years of age. Among them were many lads from twelve to fifteen years old. Dr. Stewart questioned several hundred of these wayward youths and found that they had been corrupted in the county jails. He afterward visited most of these places in person and found them, "Loathsome, disease and crime-breeding dens maintained at public expense."



Old State Prison, Frankfort, Ky.

Second—Five hundred of these boys were traced to their homes. There was not a single model home in all that number, and 95 per cent of these boys had positively bad surroundings.

Third—The education of these boys was of the most rudimentary kind and it resulted in low social ideals. Fifty out of the 500 were bright. Fifty were dull and animal-like. The other 400 were about an average. These boys were not as good as school groups in better favored localities; and evidently most of them were suffering from arrested development in a vicious environment.

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Fourth—Dr. Stewart endeavored to see that these boys were given a chance in prison, and every one improved under such treatment; but when severely punished they became confirmed enemies of society. And the doctor found that most of the cases of personal violence were due to the crude custom of the primitive community. These mountain boys had no conception of the community or state settling matters of dispute. The thieves, burglars and housebreakers among these young offenders were mainly from the cities. They were poorly developed physically but shrewd, cunning and worldly-wise. They had no moral sense to speak of and no idea of property rights. The home surroundings of the city youth were altogether bad, and these were the hardest of all to reform.

Fifth—A study of twenty-four hundred life histories of the older convicts revealed practically the same conditions. Twenty per cent were below the average mentally. Five per cent were epileptic, idiotic and insane. Thirty-five per cent were of fair intelligence. Forty per cent had good mentality, but only four per cent graded high. Thirty per cent were neurotic, quick-tempered, and with no conception of citizenship.

Dr. Stewart was no stranger to the cruelties and barbarities of the old prison system and the convict camps. He tells us his experiences as a physician in contact with this terrible phase of life; and it was the one supreme passion of his soul to bring about a final reformation. He nobly succeeded in the years that followed. His splendid book abides as testimony and proof of this.

The next step forward in Kentucky was a change in the method of selecting the state prison commissioners and the removal of penal institutions from the control of party politics. The story of this great reform will be found in the reports of the Board of Prison Commissioners from the year 1911 to 1915. This is such recent history that we shall not dwell in detail upon it. The abuses of the old system which we have endeavored to portray are pointed out in these state documents with intense and earnest protest. And the new methods of humane treatment, tried at first with fear and trembling, were an astonishing success.

The one vital defect in the reforms established was leaving these glorious changes and results at the mercy of political reactionaries instead of framing them into eternal and inviolable law. Nevertheless, in one striking human story of the old Frankfort prison thus regenerated we find our faith abundantly justified.

William R. Butler was a man 53 years of age who had spent twenty-one years behind prison bars. He was a New Yorker by

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birth. His mother died when he was a boy. The father was too indulgent and left his son to grow up at his own will and discretion. When the lad was 18 years old the father gave him $1,000 to spend or go in business with in New York City. Of course the youth was a good sport and found many a boon companion to help him blow his thousand.

Out of funds shortly, he made friends with professional safe-blowers and served his apprenticeship in the life of crime. The next few years were spent mostly in stripes. After a time he landed in the Middle West and came down to Kentucky with his pals to rob a bank in Paris. For this he was sentenced to imprisonment for life at Frankfort.

Butler nearly dropped dead on the spot. He describes the routine at the Frankfort penitentiary under the old order. But, somehow, hope had not entirely died out of his heart; and one day the new order reached him. The warden's wife gave him a copy of "Rip Van Winkle" to read. It woke him up with a start. He saw that he had been asleep in "The City of Dead Souls."

A marvelous reformation was accomplished in the life and character of William Butler and he was made a teacher of his fellow-inmates. In due time the warden and the governor took up his case and procured his parole. Once more the prison gates swung wide for his release. We do not know the after history of this man, whether his reformation was merely an Indian summer preceding the winter of old age and dispair or whether his was a life of increasing usefulness and service. At all events, his experience proves that the most abandoned criminal, so-called, has still within him a spark of the human and divine.

The story of William Butler has been widely circulated and read with the Jesse James type of fiction. The preface to this little book splendidly supports Dr. Stewart's plea for "American Bad Boys in the Making." The Butler story insists upon Boy Scout work to fill the imagination of wayward youth, which otherwise satisfies itself with a life of crime. The temptation to get something for nothing appeals to every thoughtless lad; yet, as Butler shows, the criminal pays the highest price of all for what he gets. He was proud of his bad reputation and gloried in the career of a safe blower, but when he came to himself he saw the unutterable folly of this false pride.

Who then can fail to see that the prime object of any penal institution is not merely to punish crime nor to make a profit out of the criminal but to turn the feet of the youthful offender into the paths of righteousness and of life?

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CHAPTER XLIV.

THE AMERICAN PRISON ASSOCIATION.

The American Prison Association celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in October, 1920, in the State of Ohio where it was first organized. Hardly one person out of a thousand is familiar with the story of this great organization for the uplift of the prisoner and the progress of prison reform. Therefore, as secretary of the American Chaplains' Association, it has become our duty and pleasure to tell this story in as concise and interesting a manner as possible, because the Chaplains' Association is the spiritual right arm of the Prison Association.

The American Prison Association was conceived and brought into existence through the devoted love and service of one great man and minister whose whole time and thought were given to the betterment of the men and women within prison walls fifty years ago. Dr. E. C. Wines was a leading educator in the city of St. Louis at the beginning of our Civil War and his well known school was compelled to close its door during those trying times.

In the year 1867, Dr. Wines was called to New York City as secretary of the New York Prison Association, which had been in existence since 1844 and had exerted a far-reaching influence toward the enlightenment of the general public on all problems connected with the punishment and reformation of the offender.

This new task was to Dr. Wines the crowning opportunity of a noble and benevolent life. For some years he had enjoyed a wide correspondence with the leading prison reformers of Europe and America, and was thus enabled to incorporate in his annual reports some of the finest thought and sentiment yet given to the world.

Among his correspondents was a certain Count Sollohub of Russia, a great philanthropist, who proposed to Dr. Wines the idea of an International Prison Congress. This idea at first staggered the New York association owing to the complicated and responsible problems of political inter-relations. Accordingly, Dr. Wines set to work at once to organize the National Prison Association as a basis of the yet larger grouping of progressive and congenial prison reformers throughout the world.

The first meeting of the National Prison Association, as it was then called, was held in Cincinnati in 1870 and proved to be the most important and historic gathering of its kind that had

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ever assembled. A great movement for the regeneration of prisons and the prisoner grew out of this meeting.

Societies for this purpose had been working from darkness to light for a long time previous, and one or more encouraging conventions of prison people had been held in New York City. The American Social Science Association, founded in 1865, had prepared the way for the Cincinnati Congress; and the call was answered by delegates from nearly every American State, Canada, and South America.

City of Jeffersonville Saved in the Great Flood of 1912 by Inmates of the Indiana Reformatory, Under Direction of Major D. C. Peyton, General Superintendent, 1909-1918, President American Prison Association 1917-1918.

The Cincinnati meeting was the mother of the National Conference of Charities and Correction and also of the Council of Associated Charities. A committee of twelve men was appointed to secure a charter and organize the association. Dr. Wines was authorized to proceed with his great plan of an International Prison Congress. The Committee of twelve attended to all matters respecting the permission and policy of the National Government. So the International Prison Congress became a fact in London, July 3, 1872.

The Committee of Twelve became famous. They were Gov. R. B. Hayes of Ohio; Speaker James G. Blaine of Maine; ex-Gov. Daniel Haines of New Jersey; Dr. Theodore W. Dwight and

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Hon. Horatio Seymour of New York; Gen. Amos Pilsbury of the Albany Penitentiary; F. B. Sanborn of Massachusetts; Dr. E. W. Hatch of the Connecticut Reform School; Charles F. Coffin of Indiana; Zebulon R. Brockway of the Detroit House of Correction, and G. Wm. Welker of North Carolina.

The medical profession of America played an immense part in paving the way toward the scientific and humane treatment of felons and convicts. Dr. Charles Caldwell of Louisville nearly a century ago took this position regarding youthful delinquents. He was one of the first men in his profession to teach the American people humanity toward the imprisoned.

He remembered with pain his own boyish ambition to acquire an education in the backwoods country, and how little incentive there was in the rough schools and the ignorant pedagogues of that time. So he built him a little log study in his father's yard and continued his work there alone. Unfortunately, his teacher was a coarse, illiterate, self-conceited fellow who trusted to high temper and corporal punishment to impress the mind of youth under him. Instead, he received the contempt which he merited.

Very fortunately, in his 12th year, young Caldwell began the study of the classics, and there came to this remote community in North Carolina, a really cultured schoolmaster. He was a young man preparing for the Presbyterian ministry and from the first was kind and attentive to the boy and took infinite pains to bring out the best that was in all his pupils.

He made himself their companion and friend in all the questions that concern youth and life, and turned the tide of many a boy's future right there in that little log schoolhouse. The ruffian predecessor had "often severely and vulgarly rebuked boys and inflicted corporal punishment on account of their deficiencies in lessons and tasks which he had shown himself to be unable effectually to expound to them."

But the new teacher was a master of knowledge and of youth. He afterward distinguished himself as a preceptor at Princeton College, New Jersey, and was preparing for the Presbyterian ministry when he met an untimely death. Many years afterward Dr. Caldwell went to the cemetery and located the grave of his unforgotten benefactor. There was no head or footstone to mark the spot and the weeds had overgrown the place. These he cut away and a suitable stone was erected to his teacher's memory while with his own hands he planted some beautiful flowers to grow and spread their fragrance upon the air around. Then, with tear-filled eyes, he turned away to his great life work,

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realizing that knowledge and religion with cultured and gentle touch can reach and redeem the young whatever their temptation or tragedy may be.

The next great physician-reformer of Kentucky and Indiana was for many years connected with the Old Prison South. Dr. Nathaniel Field was born at Middletown, Ky., in 1805, November 5. Because of an aversion to human slavery he removed from Kentucky and settled in Jeffersonville in 1829. His mother owned slaves and at her death four slaves were willed to him, but he promptly manumitted them. He came of a distinguished family. John was Judge of the Circuit Court at Little Rock; William was Judge of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, both holding such offices for many years.

Another brother, Col. Alexander Pope Field, was an eminent criminal lawyer, was a Congressman from New Orleans and subsequently became Attorney General of Louisiana. The father, Maj. Abner Field, commanded the "Pawtucket Rangers" of Virginia throughout the Revolutionary War and was at the surrender of Burgoyne at Yorktown.

Dr. Field graduated from the medical department of Transylvania Institute at Lexington, Ky., in 1825. He married in 1827. He therefore practiced medicine from 1825 to 1888. He died August 18, 1888. He was a remarkable man. He held his convictions tenaciously and no inducement could sever him from the strictest integrity.

He wrote a book against slavery entitled "Onesimus." He was physician to Warden Samuel H. Patterson, and served for a good while as physician in the Old Prison South. In those times, even during the wardenship of A. O. Shuler, there was no resident physician in the prison, but there was only the morning call, when the sick and ailing were attended to, occupying from one to two hours each day. In those times prisoners were marched out in the country to cut down trees, build houses, dig foundations for schools, churches, etc. The foundation of Wall-street Methodist Church, Jeffersonville, was dug by prisoners. Many brick houses standing in Jeffersonville today were erected by prison labor.

Finally, under David W. Miller, warden, a mob of hundreds of citizens, headed by A. J. Howard, assembled and all prisoners were compelled to return to the penitentiary under penalty of a repetition of such proceedings, if not worse, if they dared to compete with free labor again. Dr. Field's son heard Jack Howard's speech to the directors, who were awaiting the mob's appearance.

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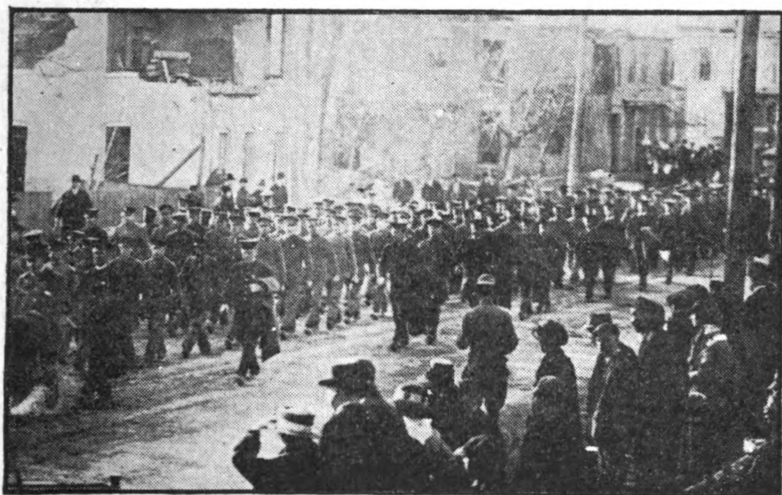
They were appealed to by Mr. Cogerly, a director, but to no avail. Convicts never thereafter worked on contracts without the prison walls. Dr. Field had been threatened with mob law for opposing the "Black Law" of Indiana, and he was no friend of mob rule. He was the friend of the fugitive slave, and many who had been hunted and pursued by slave dealers made their way to the north side of the Ohio river and were speeded on their way to freedom. His son said of him: "I have known father to hide them through the day, and start them on their way in the darkness; money and food were provided to take them to the next underground railway station."



Inmates of the Indiana Reformatory Marching to the Aid of New Albany after the Great Tornado. Major D. C. Peyton, General Superintendent.

We have given these facts in the life of Dr. Field to show the spirit of the man as a reformer of unjust and vicious social conditions. Gov. Luke P. Blackburn of Kentucky, who afterward carried out the programme of the American Prison Association in the reformation of the old Frankfort penitentiary, was himself a physician like Dr. Field, with a courage and determination equally heroic. When Dr. Field became physician of the Old Prison South the medical department was a travesty. The sick-call patients were known as "The Ipecac Line." He established scientific and humane treatment at once.

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Dr. E. C. Wines, founder of the American Prison Association, was on a commission that investigated the prisons, reformatories, jails and other penal institutions throughout the United States and Canada. This commission visited the Old Prison South at Jeffersonville shortly after the Civil War, while Warden Merriwether was in charge. The buildings were found to be old and inconvenient and the whole appearance of the place was slovenly and repulsive. Colonel Merriwether made no answer to the requests of the committee for written information regarding the institution.

The truth was that his administration was the most corrupt and brutal in the history of the Old Prison South. Conditions at the Frankfort prison, as viewed by the commission, likewise merited just criticism. These very conditions were subsequently exposed and changed by the famous message of Governor Blackburn in 1879-80. The cells were low, narrow, suffocating and foul. The clothing of the convicts was filthy and infested with vermin. Their shirts were only washed twice a month.

Zebulon R. Brockway, father of the American reformatory system, was then stationed at the Detroit House of Correction and had made that a model institution of its kind. Consequently, when Dr. Wines and his commission extended their investigations to the jails and workhouses of the large cities of the Middle West, astonishing conditions were discovered. Chicago, Cincinnati and Louisville revealed a situation that was revolting to describe.

We only wish it were possible to quote the simple but powerful recital of the commission itself picturing such beastlike mistreatment of human beings convicted of crime. But when newspaper reporters went round with the commission and put the fearful facts before the public, the effect was truly amazing. It was then, coincident with the organization of the American Prison Association, that the great reform of fifty years ago spread rapidly throughout the country.

The heroic reformers of Kentucky and Indiana, who had so long been fighting single-handed in the cause, saw the noble service they had rendered established for all time.

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CHAPTER XLV.

THE AMERICAN CHAPLAINS' ASSOCIATION.

A careful perusal of the proceedings of the National Prison Association at Cincinnati in 1890 and at Louisville in 1903 will show anyone how large a part the work of the chaplains was in the sessions of this great organization twenty and thirty years ago. This is not at all strange when we remember that it was the Rev. E. C. Wines, D.D., who really started the National and International Prison Associations, as well as the Chaplains' Association. At Cincinnati ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, so long the popular president of the Prison Association of America, opened the programme in the fullest measure, and Zebulon R. Brockway, founder of the American reformatory system, took a conspicuous part in the discussion.

It was in this discussion at the Cincinnati Congress that Mr. Brockway pointed out the handicaps of a chaplain amongst the prisoners. Mr. Brockway had just listened to a strong and convincing address by the president of the Chaplains' Association. He had been in serious doubt as to the need of any chaplain at all in the Elmira Reformatory. He had been deeply disappointed in the perfunctory type of men who filled this responsible place in his institution, and he had resolved to dismiss them all and substitute a series of highclass ethical culture lecturers instead.

"I have the power of appointing a chaplain," said Mr. Brockway, "and if you will send me one that will fill the bill, he shall have the situation immediately. But some of the points of failure, wherein chaplains do not come up to the standard so as to be of any use, occur to me."

Mr. Brockway said it was not the fault of the man himself. He might make an excellent minister in a parish and entirely fail amongst the cynical and self-deceived wrong-doers within the walls, who would not stand for the sort of sermonizing that church people like. Someone asked Mr. Brockway whether the chaplain wore out his hearers in prison. Mr. Brockway replied with a candor and directness that astonished his auditors:

"I am not worn out, though I am sometimes bored. These men to whom you preach are shut up in prison. When they come down from the religious service they have not the diversion during the remainder of the day or week or between the two Sabbaths that citizens have. They cannot forget, and come back to the next Sunday's discourse as something fresh. A man's

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voice, illustrations and lines of thought become very familiar. They take his measure, and know him thoroughly; and we do not always reverence that with which we are thoroughly acquainted. Then every chaplain whom I have ever met has proved to be human. Not more so than the rest of our brothers, but still human. He has his imperfections and his faults. He talks himself out. When he strikes out on a line of argument, the men recognize that they have heard it before. There are no people in the world so quick to discern, and so uncharitable in their judgment as prison people. That is one of the difficulties—familiarity of voice, of manner, of thought, of illustration, and the uncharitable judgment of those that hear them. I have obtained better results by bringing in new men."

Mr. Brockway was no less searching and thorough in his analysis of the prisoners' attitude toward the chaplain: "The class of men that we have to deal with are full of finesse, by inheritance, by environment and by habit. It is a manifestation of the subjective criminal condition, and one of the very first effects to be wrought by the government and discipline of a prison, to call a halt to that, every activity of it, conscious or unconscious. The chaplain either contributes to this or he hinders it. It takes years of contact with criminals before a man, whether he be prison officer or chaplain, can fathom the depth of deceit in these men. I do not mean to take the superficial ground of saying that they lie awake nights and plan to deceive, although there is a great deal of that; but they are self-deceived, and unless you can get down to the root of that and prevent its further activity you do them damage instead of good. I never knew a chaplain yet who met my ideas about this matter. I remember when we opened the Elmira Reformatory they sent us from Auburn and Sing Sing a hundred or two of toughs whom the wardens desired to get rid of—hard fellows—the very worst criminals. For a while they seemed to miss something about the place. Finally, one day the trouble was revealed by a prisoner, who said to me, 'Superintendent, this is no place at all; you ain't got no chaplain, nor no doctor; meaning no official to be readily 'worked.' "

If anyone imagines from these remarks that Mr. Brockway was hostile to religion as a reformatory force, he is entirely mistaken. From its very beginning Mr. Brockway's great work with criminal offenders and fallen humanity, both men and women as well as children gone astray, was characterized by an intelligence and sincerity of spirit and a devotion beyond that of any other prison work in American history. It only remains to be added that Mr. Brockway's plain speaking put the Chaplains'

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Association immediately on its mettle and made it measure up to the high standard demanded.

At the Prison Congress in Louisville, thirteen years later, the Rev. J. W. Batt of Boston, president of the Chaplains' Association, referred with deep feeling to the words of Mr. Brockway above quoted and told how far-reaching had been their influence on the work of prison chaplains everywhere. Prof. Charles R. Henderson of Chicago University was then introduced and discussed the work of the chaplain as "The School of Character In a Prison." The Louisville congress placed the Chaplains' Association next to the Wardens' Association in importance and space in the proceedings.

Dr. E. C. Wines, who left after him forty or fifty years ago one of the greatest results and services of any living man in prison reform, traced the work of the chaplain far back into English history when Bishop Latimer was the only gospel minister who stood out conspicuously as the friend of the felon behind the bars. One hundred years ago in America the neglect and cruelty, the indifference and brutality toward the lawbreaker was accepted as the unquestioned and just penalty due the prisoner. The story of the mighty transformation that came about in the public mind, resulting in the establishment of Sunday-schools in scores of penal institutions, proves beyond all doubt that religion and education are prime factors in reclaiming lost humanity. Yet today the church and community everywhere must still be brought in touch and contact with the conditions that destroy human character and send souls to their ruin.

For fifteen years Mr. Amos W. Butler, the secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities, made patient and persistent appeal to have the great work of penal institutions represented on the chautauqua platform all over the country, together with other religious and social movements and service. This appeal was not favorably regarded for a long while simply because it was looked upon as a radical departure from conventional religious endeavor; and it was extremely problematic to religious people whether the men and women, the boys and girls who had violated the law were legitimate subjects of Christian effort. They were locked up, and it was not customary or comfortable to come in contact with such degrading and horrifying facts and conditions. God have mercy on the poor creatures; but let John Howard, John Wesley, Elizabeth Fry, Dorothy Dix, Clara Barton and other great souls go to them! That cannot possibly be our work!

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Amos W. Butler, Secretary Indiana Board of State Charities and Author of Many Noble Laws for the Humane and Scientific Treatment of State Wards and Dependents.

Now we are free to confess that while our whole outside experience and service in the gospel ministry had been along lines of spiritual and social prevention, not in ten years' time had we ever, except on one occasion, gone behind prison bars and spoken a word to the miserable souls lying in county jails all day Sunday within the sound of church bells four times and even within easy earshot of Christian song and praise. That particular Sunday, with a godly elder, who had once been an officer of the law, we passed through the big iron doors and stood in the presence of the prisoners. How few and feeble were our words to the men, and how our cheeks burned with shame when all the elder could think to say was this:

"Well, fellows, I suppose you've found that the way of the transgressor is hard, haven't you?"

There was no answer, and we did not wonder; but when we followed one of our boy scouts to the Reformatory shortly afterward, the whole problem became clearer to us. We soon found that work with the wayward youth of the land was the most intense and absorbing work in the world. Finally, Prison Sunday was set apart as an annual occasion for the consideration and discussion of the great work and some feature of personal effort to befriend and uplift the prisoner might be pointed out.

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Then, in the summer of 1917, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Sol C. Dickey of Winona Lake, a regular conference on crime and social correction was arranged, and we were assigned to a part on the programme, with the Secretary of the Board of State Charities and other prison workers of the Middle West. The experiment was a pronounced success, and in the opening discussion of 1918, Dr. Dickey said:

"My interest in this great work is due to a peculiar providence. I had a brother-in-law who was a man of means, and, somehow, his heart was touched with sympathy toward the spirits in prison. He accomplished much himself and longed to do more; but sickness and death came; and in his will he made provision to have the work go forward. Casting about for some one to take it up, he decided upon me and exacted of me a solemn promise, standing by his dying bed, that I would devote a certain portion of my time from a very busy life visiting the unfortunates within the walls all over the land, and once a year hold a conference and fellowship of workers in the cause so as to cement the interest and spread the inspiration of this greatly neglected Christian service.

"I must confess that personal contact with actual conditions has been a revelation to me; and I lament that the Church of Jesus Christ has in our time been so tardy in taking up in a more general and united way the welfare of the men and women, the boys and girls, within the walls. We cannot excuse ourselves on the ground of ignorance, for the words of our Lord are definite and clear as to our duty toward those in prison. And it is indeed earnestly hoped that conferences like this will awaken every one to a larger knowledge and deeper experince as to the problem of crime and social correction and prevention."

When the Rev. Francis W. Irwin, D.D., was pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Louisville, eight or ten years ago, he visited the Indiana Reformatory and took a profound interest in the reformation of existing conditions at the Frankfort State Prison. As a result of his investigations he was put upon a committee by the General Assembly of his denomination to recommend the most progressive and enlightened methods of dealing with crime and criminals from the viewpoint of the Church of Jesus Christ. In the General Assembly of 1914 at Chicago Dr. Irwin fought this question out with such devoted courage and zeal that this great denomination today has established a special department to deal with the prisoner within the walls and on parole outside.

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Director Steele of this department, whose headquarters are in Pittsburg, addressed a circular letter to every warden and chaplain in America this past spring, (1920) frankly admitting the shortcoming of the church heretofore toward this great social problem and asking with wonderful directness the following questions:

First—What can the Church do for defectives and their families?

Second—What can the Church do for prisoners and ex-prisoners and their families?

Third—How can the Church best create public sentiment in favor of discharged and paroled prisoners?

Fourth—What can the Church do for the prevention of crime?

Fifth—Give suggestions for work in each church in your community.

Sixth—How can the churches of the community best co-operate with officers of jails, penal and defective institutions?

The Brighter Day League of the Indiana Reformatory answered these questions with unusual interest in its open forum, and Director Steele made a special visit to the institution Sunday, May 16, 1920, to carry out in practical, co-operative effort the suggestions made in the answers. The Jewish Church has already a powerful fraternal organization to reform and help the prisoner of its own faith. The Catholic Church has a first-aid organization equally generous and friendly to the prisoner; and there are a number of splendid societies, both independent and religious, ready to act in behalf of the man or woman who has done time. Yet the one organization that has more fully than any other realized the ideal of sane and kindly service to the prisoner is the Brighter Day League of the Salvation Army. It ministers everywhere unto all alike, and the man who belongs to it, inside the walls or out, has a feeling for it not easy to describe. The American Chaplains' Association, through its president, the Rev. S. F. Forgeus, D.D., of the Pennsylvania Reformatory, is accomplishing great things for the future by bringing together at its annual meetings every noble soul engaged in such work.

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THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN the rude, backwoods schools of Indiana sixty years ago, as described in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," the three requisites of a teacher were "Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic." A strong arm, a determined will and the absolute mastery of the school were demanded also or the rough-neck pupils put the teacher out. So the primitive pedagogue cut himself six or eight beech or hickory switches nearly every morning on the way to school. The Eggleston brothers tell us in their recollections that chastisement was meted out to the stupid, the obstreperous and delinquent urchins as follows:

First—a sharp cut for misspelling a word.

Second—Failure to do a sum, two or three stinging blows.

Third—Speaking without permission, five or six lashes.

Fourth—For graver offenses, removing the coat and whipping till the blood showed red through the shirt.

This pedagogic penology in the schoolroom of long ago was analogous to the cat-o'-nine-tails within the prison walls of the same generation. Some masters, indeed, substituted the fool's cap, the dunce's stool, standing on one leg, with a larrup for putting the foot down, letting unruly pupils thrash each other under the master's eye, and so on. It was the day of force and fear. Every reader of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" will recall how Bud Means and other muscular young backwoodsmen rebelled against this unreasoning tyranny, notwithstanding they were themselves devotees of the doctrine that might makes right.

But Bud Means and the young master, Ralph Hartsook, struck a moral bargain to change the fisticuff system to human fellowship and "put in their best licks for Jesus Christ." When Bud understood that the Nazarene was a sort of "Flatcricker" himself, it worked wonders with the rude but genuine young Hercules, and he confessed to Ralph that Old Bosaw, the Hard-shell preacher, whose only gospel was that of punishment, had aroused the ire of the juvenile gang and they had cut up his saddle and turned his horse loose. But the doughty Bud entered the service of his Lord and Master with enthusiastic love and courage when he and Ralph struck hands in consecration to the right, as God gave them vision to see it. Then and there "The Church of the Best Licks" was organized.

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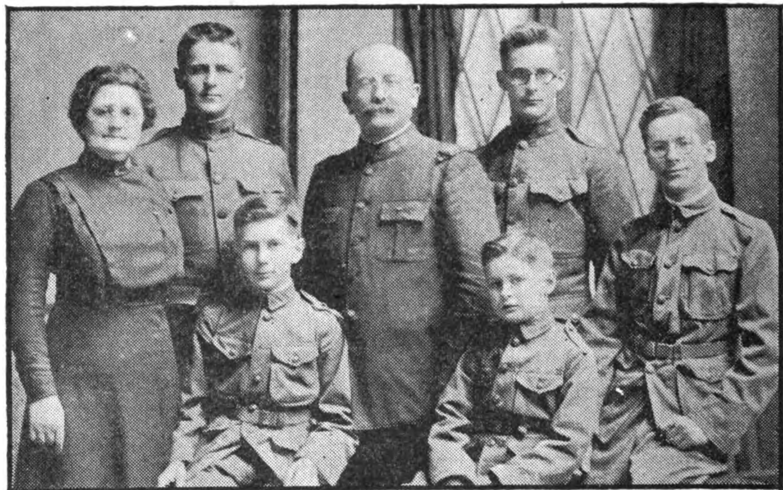

Brigadier L. M. Simonson and Family, Salvation Army, Indianapolis
Brigadier Simonson officially organized the Brighter Day League of the Indiana Reformatory in February, 1919—now the largest Prison League in America

It was a happy stroke of truth when Edward Eggleston made his hero come so near being sentenced, unjustly, of course, to "The Old Prison South" at Jeffersonville, by the corrupt and unscrupulous villians who profited off the flesh and blood of the poor, the orphan, the widow and the prisoner of those days. "The Old Prison South" was another "hell-above-ground" during that barbaric era, and there was a noble and godly old Methodist preacher in Jeffersonville, the Rev. John W. Sullivan, who for twelve years, from 1860 to 1872, ministered to the degraded and imbruited convicts with untiring kindness and devotion. He it was who organized one of the first bands of fraternal religion behind prison bars in this country. About the year 1868 or '70 he established "The Christian Brotherhood" in the Old Prison South, despite the bitter opposition and prejudice of the passing regime of blood and terror. The coming of the Quaker reformers and a new warden at last fulfilled the hopes and answered the prayers of his convict converts and prison helpers, devoted men and women from Jeffersonville.

The very same year that "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was published, Chaplain Sullivan's secretary, a gifted and regenerated young convict named Harry Youngman, gave to the world a book of experiences at the Old Prison South called "State Prison

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Life." It was published with the sanction of Chaplain Sullivan, Warden Schuler, Governor Baker and the two great Quaker reformers, Charles F. and Rhoda M. Coffin. The story had an immense circulation and sale and accomplished in a brief space of time the complete change of the very conditions and wrongs that Mr. Eggleston attacked so vigorously in his world-famous work of fiction.

George Carey Eggleston tells us that it was always the dream of his brother, Edward, to be pastor of a church which would stand for something like this in practical religion:

First—Devoting its endeavors solely to the betterment of men and women.

Second—The uplifting of those who are down.

Third—The encouragement of those who despair.

Fourth—The strengthening of the weak.

Fifth—The amelioration of life in every way possible.

So it came to pass that when Edward Eggleston made his residence in the East to devote his life to literary labors, he was called to the pastorate of just such a church in Brooklyn, the Lee-Avenue Congregational Church, the name of which he and its people shortly changed to "The Church of Christian Endeavor," to carry out the programme of his dream. It was an immense success from the very first, for, says his brother George, "This was a Church of the Best Licks to which Abou Ben Adhem would have been welcomed as a typical representative of the prevailing spirit."

In the year 1879 Edward Eggleston was compelled to relinquish this most happy pastorate because of a nervous breakdown due to overwork. The name, "Christian Endeavor," passed on to the Rev. Francis E. Clark, who about that time organized "The Society of Christian Endeavor" for young people in the churches; and this society speedily belted the globe. But, meanwhile, Zebulon R. Brockway, founder of the American Reformatory System at Elmira, N. Y., had been working out with great insight and forethought a plan for the spiritual uplift and moral training of the prisoner. A man of lifelong experience in dealing with juvenile and adult delinquents and the difficult problem of their social redemption, he had organized at Elmira his famous ethical culture classes, supplementary to the regular chapel services; and these classes, addressed by the ablest and noblest teachers of youth obtainable in the outside world, exerted a profound and far-reaching influence in the regeneration of the prisoner.

But there was as yet no distinct society or brotherhood for

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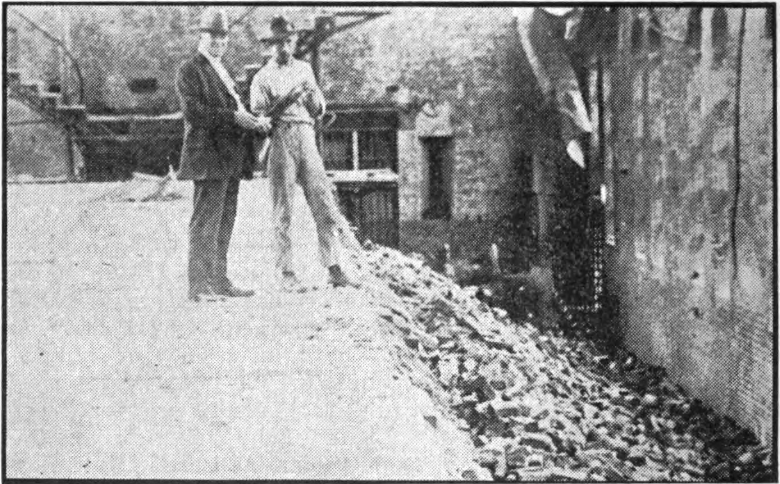
the thousands of young men behind the bars. It remained for the Rev. A. H. Currie, chaplain of the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, to make the first great experiment in this part of the country—adapting the work of Christian Endeavor to the prisoner's needs. He began his chaplaincy August 1, 1895, believing that Christianity was the sovereign remedy for all crime and immorality. He went to work in earnest, with a good prison choir and sincere, straight-forward preaching of the Gospel.



From the Old to the New.
Capt. A. F. Miles, Assistant Superintendent Indiana Reformatory, and Constructor Condra planning for the New Chapel in Old A Cell House burned by the Great Fire of 1918.

There was a genuine response to his efforts. The chapel was unsafe and services were abandoned August 16, 1896. But a prison church was organized September 29, 1895, with a membership of 100. It was quite an innovation at that time. He baptized many believers. There were fifteen denominations represented in the fellowship, and communion services were held every three months. The prison discipline was then relaxed for the work of Chaplain Currie and he asked permission to organize a Christian Endeavor Society among the prisoners. Warden Harley cheerfully granted this request, and on October 28, 1895, a society was organized in the Michigan City Prison with a membership of 250. Amid much doubt and skepticism the work grew and won its way to success and favor. When the chapel was

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abandoned as unsafe the meetings were held in the prison schoolrooms.

Chaplain Currie hoped and planned to interest the Indiana Christian Endeavor in the welfare of the hopeless, helpless prisoners. The warden and his officers were exceedingly friendly and helpful to the work. The contractors and foremen reported better deportment and industry among all the Christian Endeavor members. The prison church and Endeavor Society became the most powerful force for good in the history of the Michigan City prison. The prisoners were classified religiously and the work of the library was redoubled in the mental and moral training of the men.

But Chaplain Currie gave his life for the cause. He died November 3, 1896, after a week's illness of pneumonia. On the morning of the 4th the prisoners were given an opportunity to view the remains of the beloved man of God, after which he was taken to his home town for burial, Windfall, Ind. A committee from the prison accompanied the dead chaplain and Warden Harley paid his memory this feeling tribute:

"Words cannot express the interest that has been shown by the Rev. Mr. Currie in his work since assuming the duties as chaplain, and the high esteem in which he was held by officers and inmates of the prison. He devoted his whole time and energies toward the betterment and uplifting of the unfortunates in his charge, and great good has been accomplished by his efforts, both to the prisoners and the discipline of the prison."

It is exceedingly gratifying to report that for six years after the death of Chaplain Currie the Christian Endeavor Society which he organized still continued strong and forceful for good. Only men of the first grade in deportment were admitted to membership. It was conducted by the men themselves and this privilege was never abused. There was a good orchestra in the prison, and each man had a clean and well-kept Sunday suit, which increased his self-respect greatly. The secret of this continued interest and redeeming spirit was that God had sent another big-hearted, broad-minded and humane warden to Michigan City in the person of George A. H. Shideler. It was he who brought that institution to the highest point of reformation and efficiency in its entire previous history. We cannot wonder, when we read his words to the parents of the prisoners:

"Look after the youth. Teach them honor and self-esteem. Do not let the seeking after wealth so occupy your mind as to rob you of that which money cannot buy. But, on the other hand, counsel and advise, and instead of always stern reprimand,

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forgive occasionally and make your child your confidante, and you will be doing the greatest work set out for you to do—namely, protecting your offspring from the pitfalls that lead to the prison door—there long hours and weary days to repent of the mistakes made. Let us as prison officials, teachers, ministers of the gospel, parents and good citizens, renew ourselves to this work, that peace and happiness may prevail in every home and heart-aches and crime be strangers to our people."

For many years after the time of Chaplain Sullivan at the Old Prison South in Jeffersonville, Mrs. Dr. Sallie Jackson of the Wall-street Methodist Episcopal Church and Mrs. Charles F. Ferguson of the Presbyterian Church, together with other devoted women, under the inspiration of Miss Jennie Casseday and the White Ribboners in the Falls Cities, visited and held services for the convicts. Miss Jennie Casseday's heart was in this work, and bedfast invalid though she was, her name is today a saintly one in Louisville.

Between the years 1894 and 1898 there was a "Young Men's Prayer Band" in Jeffersonville, which used to meet at the old Holmes and Thias Building on the corner of Chestnut and Spring Streets. Messrs. Frank R. Allen, Jesse Coleman, Harve Eastman, J. E. Taggart, Charles T. Jackson, T. B. Bush and others, who were devoted Christian Endeavorers as soon as that great movement was organized, came regularly to the Old Prison South for service, song and prayer. These meetings had an immense influence during the days when the institution was made a reformatory, and some years later an institutional church was organized among the prisoners, as at Michigan City, with decided success. There was a strong Sunday-school and Bible Class from time to time and the local Christian Endeavor Union of the Falls Cities took a profound interest in the uplift of the men behind the bars.

So, with the advent of new vision and methods in prison reform, there was urgent need of a special religious and social organization for the prisoner. In 1917 the Indiana State Y. M. C. A. took a great interest in the men at Jeffersonville and rendered invaluable service in their behalf, proposing to establish a Y. M. C. A. within the walls. But each annual prison Sunday of the Salvation Army some splendid exponent of their Brighter Day League, the prisoners' own brotherhood, spoke from our platform and remembered the families of our boys at Christmas time with the much needed basket or check. So that little by little the Brighter Day League commended itself to our favor and

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judgment. Brig. Thomas Cowan told the story of the league the very Sunday before the disastrous fire of February 5, 1918. He is the prison chaplain of the Salvation Army and represents the league work throughout the country.

The old chapel was burned to the ground and for an entire year we held our religious services in the mess hall immediately after breakfast on Sunday morning. These services revealed a spirit that had never been felt before. There was a peculiar sincerity and earnestness in the response of the young men, as if the fire had humbled us all to the level of human need and fellowship. Then came the man who had transformed the Michigan City Prison nearly twenty years before and who was destined to do the same great work at the Indiana Reformatory. As a newsboy on the streets of Indianapolis, on up through years of struggle to success, George A. H. Shideler had watched the work of the Salvation Army amongst the needy and the lowly and had contributed to its service. So when another chapel was opened the first of February, 1919, Brigadier L. M. Simonson of the Indiana Army and League organization, celebrated Prison Sunday with us and the Brighter Day League was established.

During the war days, and especially while the "flu" epidemic raged, there was a little band of prayer and song that went from ward to ward in the hospital and ministered to the sick and dying. This little circle included the chaplain, the bandmaster, H. H. Dreyer, one of the greatest religious workers in the history of the institution: Herbert C. Taska, clerk; Dr. C. F. Williams, physician, and J. J. Milhaus, one of the devoted Quaker leaders and reformers of Indiana. This little band called themselves "The Associated Friends" and carried into the newly-organized Brighter Day League an enthusiasm and purpose that was communicated at once to the inmate body. They responded to the appeal so rapidly that in the space of a very few weeks there were three large classes, each with a separate teacher; and in a few months time the league of the Indiana Reformatory was the largest in the United States. It now numbers 594 out of a prison population of about 750. This is indeed remarkable considering the fact that the membership is purely voluntary on the part of every inmate.

The Brighter Day League includes in its fellowship Protestant, Catholic, Jew and every sincere soul looking for the love of God and the brotherhood of man. It is the prisoners' fraternity, inside the walls and out, giving him the hand of relief and uplift at all times and under all circumstances of discouragement and struggle. The beautiful button of "The B. D. L." is an un-

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failing sign of recognition to the Salvation Army anywhere in the world; and the ministry of kindness and succor to the distressed families of these boys and men shut up within penal institutions is a service that no words can adequately describe. A word to the chaplain sends a message to Brigadier Simonson at Indianapolis, and in every nook and corner of the land the lost relatives, the suffering wife, the destitute brother or sister, the wayward son on parole, is reached and assistance rendered. Is it any wonder at all that these men of the Indiana Reformatory as a whole contributed $306 in the last Red Cross drive, or that they subscribed $433 to the work of the Salvation Army at its annual call sometime ago?

On Sunday, February 25, 1920, Brigadier Simonson of Indianapolis and other army leaders came to celebrate the first annual meeting of the Brighter Day League in the institution. This was Prison Sunday to the Salvation Army all over the land. It was a memorable service at the reformatory. A beautiful Brighter Day League banner was presented by the general superintendent to the class that made the greatest progress in the clear record contest of the past five months. This contest aroused the keenest interest, one class winning over another each month by one point only; and the contest for the month of December was a tie between the two leading classes. Once each month the Salvation Army leaders in Louisville, New Albany and elsewhere come for a special service to the winning class. The teachers are: Prof. H. H. Dreyer, leader and secretary; A. J. Warner, Charles T. Jackson, C. T. Mingis and Dr. C. F. Williams. Mr. Warner and Dr. Williams follow the Brockway method in their class instruction, while the other teachers are assigned to the regular Sunday-school and Bible class work. The Salvation Army songbook is used and Prof. Dreyer conducts an old-time singing school very often. As the men leave, each one receives a copy of the War Cry. Salvation Army books are sent regularly for the library. The chaplain always uses the same topic for his chapel talk that is studied in the league, and an open forum discussion in writing follows at least one service a month. These letters and articles reveal the prisoner's thought and need in a unique way. Twice each week the general superintendent sees a large number of the inmates on personal interview nights; and the work of the chaplain, who is present at these interviews, brings him exceedingly close to the trained, kindly and transforming touch of the man who means more to the inmate's future than anyone else within the walls. Surely, this big, human congregation is a "Church of the Best Licks" after Edward Eggleston's own heart.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

MUSIC AND REFORMATION.

We have all heard the beautiful Greek legend of Orpheus, the son of Apollo and the Muse, Calliope. From early childhood he played upon the lyre and cast a spell and charm upon nature, man and beast. Dark passions were lulled into repose and he was master of the soul of man. He loved, wooed, won and was wedded to the beautiful Eurydice and was supremely happy with her. But one day she met a shepherd who made advances to her, and fleeing from her pursuer she was bitten by a poisonous reptile and died in agony.

Orpheus was inconsolable with grief and he made the terrible journey to the City of Terrors to beg and bring his lost love back to earth again. The pathos and power of his music on the denizens of the Place of Punishment surpasses words to describe. Though destined for the Elysian Fields, Eurydice was allowed to return to the earth with him, only to be lost again when he looked upon her precious face too soon.

This touching legend is symbolic of the moral and spiritual power of music in prison houses to recover the lost children of men; and the bandmaster at the Indiana Reformatory is a wonderful soul in this great work.

The harp of Orpheus in days of old
Was heard in Hades, seeking his lost love.
Wondrous the music that could deeply move
Hearts so crime-calloused, dead and cold.
Yea, hark, the heavenly strains such pathos hold
That Pluto weeps, and like the gentle dove
A sigh of sympathy is sent above
As the sad Poet's tender tale is told.
Thus to our Prison House a glorious Youth
Came with the gifts divine of Love and Truth.
Love filled the Melody and Truth, the Friend,
Seeking Lost Manhood to remake and mend;
And lo, such art was in his touch and tone
The City of Dead Souls no more made moan!

The story of this young bandmaster is interwoven with the transition from the Old Prison South to the new Reformatory established under Warden A. T. Hert.

Henry Dreyer was born on a farm near Sellersburg, Ind. He wanted to be a doctor in his boyhood; so he studied and memorized physiology perfectly. But a little later he took a great fancy to the cornet and became absorbed in music to the exclusion of

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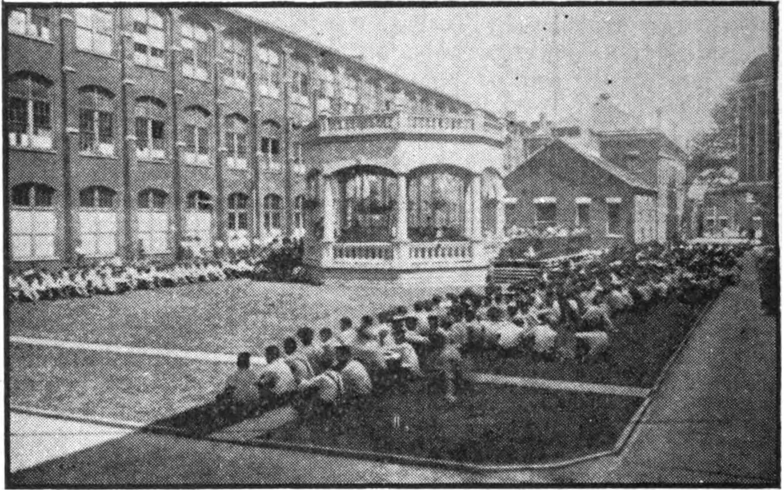
all else. He came to Louisville and studied under Eichhorn, the old bandmaster. Eichhorn was not a man to encourage his pupils very much. He believed in making them dig for what they got and prove their efficiency by genuine work. Henry Dreyer did not disappoint him in this respect.



Great Musical Festival, Indiana Reformatory, Directed by Prof. H. H. Dreyer, Band-Master and Leader; Secretary of the Brighter Day League.

One day Mrs. Eichhorn came out in the hallway after the lesson was over and said to young Dreyer: "They want a band leader over at the Reformatory in Jeffersonville and you go there after the place."

The young man did not feel sure of himself at first, but this urgent encouragement from Mrs. Eichhorn spurred him to apply for the place at once. Warden Hert looked the young man over and asked him if he was much of a director. Dreyer answered: "Maybe not much, warden, but you give me a show."

The warden took him into the bandroom and told him to mount the platform and lead the band. The trial was satisfactory and the warden said: "Dreyer, the band is yours!" The young bandmaster felt for the moment that he would have given most anything to be released from his engagement. He was just twenty-one at the time, but something within him held him steadily to his purpose and he became to the institution the incarnation of one of the greatest reformatory forces—music within the walls.

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In the days of the Old Prison South, instrumental music was an unheard-of thing, and even when Professor Dreyer first came to the institution he looked upon his art as a luxury allowed to the prisoners. But, as the years went by and he saw its beneficent effects upon the population at large he became convinced, as Bovet, a great French musician said, that along with food, shelter and raiment, music is one of the absolute necessities of the life of man.

The purpose of music within the walls is to entertain and divert the mind of the prisoner from the intolerable monotony and depression of the place and to lift his imagination and soul to a higher spiritual plane. Average prisoners are not above the ragtime level in their musical and moral conceptions; but through training and constantly hearing good music it is remarkable what capacity of appreciation is developed.

Fortunate, indeed, was the inmate who had the privilege of special training in this fine art. The very first thing his teacher did was to make him understand the principles of music as seen by a teacher of the art. To this end the teacher must have personality and inspiration, and his pupil to do well must have confidence in his teacher.

Fear and force are utterly foreign to this great universal art of soul expression. Music and military drill together were the great factors in the new Reformatory life.

The roots of the old prison system inevitably remained for many years after the great change for the better. Professor Dreyer still saw prisoners come into the chapel service bearing a ball and chain, and the terror of the olden time still hung like a deadly pall upon the spirit of the place. But through the steady determination of Warden Hert the old methods of repression and punishment were more and more discarded.

Superintendent Whittaker brought to the institution a thorough and practical spirit of progress and improvement. The material equipment of the place was immensely bettered. He earnestly endeavored to imbue his official force with an ideal of human helpfulness toward the prisoner. "Shut-in Songs," by Paul Hudson, the tramp-printer-poet, was published during his administration and admirably characterized the motive of it.

Superintendent Whittaker held monthly meetings for the officers and the instructors where an exchange of ideas took place very much like the social center school so popular now in city administrations everywhere.

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In 1909 with the coming of Superintendent Peyton, the Reformatory took another step forward in the scientific study and treatment of the prisoner. The physician's viewpoint was emphasized by the establishment of a psychological laboratory in charge of Prof. Von Klein Smid. The schools of the institution and the adaptation of the inmates to their work now became a subject of closer study and greater care, the results of which were soon abundantly seen. The way was open for an advance in these especial lines and the administration of Superintendent Peyton will be remembered by the progress attained.

Adjutant Fred Ladlow and his Famous Salvation Army Family Band, Louisville, Ky., Frequent and Favorite Assistants of Prof. H. H. Dreyer in the Brighter Day League Music, Indiana Reformatory.

(Photo by Standiford, Louisville)

One of the greatest ideas put forth by Professor Von Klein Smid was what he called "The Psychology of the Personal Interview." This was not indeed a new idea within the walls, for we have seen that it was the secret of the strong and human hold that Warden Shideler had upon his men at the Michigan City Prison.

To the inmate of a reformatory the privilege of personal appeal to and talking with the General Superintendent is an event like that of the citizen meeting the Governor or President face to face. It is now the invariable rule at the Reformatory

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for the incoming men to meet the superintendent each month in a body and for every inmate who so desires to see him every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Zebulon Brockway, the father of the American Reformatory System, stressed the importance of this personal interview as one of the supreme duties and opportunities of the warden or the superintendent. The human soul in distress or sin has often felt that it would give anything to stand face to face with its Maker, as Job did, and unburden itself of uncertainty and guilt and fear.

So, with all reverence, we say that the helpless prisoner, with none to plead his cause or to explain and interpret his case, feels an infinite relief in standing face to face with the man who holds in his hand during the years of incarceration the destiny and future of hundreds sentenced under the law.

From Brockway on down through the years, even including the wonderful work of Clara Barton as a woman's prison superintendent, the personal touch has been the transforming power with the wayward and wrongdoer. So greatly does Superintendent Shideler value the personal interview as a factor in reform that many a night it is 11 and 12 o'clock before the close of the session; and so clearly does he see the spiritual result of this wonderful human contact that he always has the chaplain present to study with him the mind and heart and soul of the men who come with their burdens and sorrows, their hopes and dreams.

However perfect may be the material equipment of the ideal institution of the future we may be sure that the regenerative influence of this close touch of one soul with another will abide wherever men are turned from the error of their way and brought back to moral life and good citizenship.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE VOYAGE.

We have all heard the story of the Greek hero, Theseus, and how he delivered the youth and maidens of Athens from the Labyrinth of Life and Monster Minotaur, who devoured them. We can readily see the moral of the beautiful legend in the knightly deliverance of all youth and maidenhood from the clutch of circumstance and temptation that lead them to destruction and death.

Crime is a Monster Minotaur that demands fearful sacrifices of youth and maidenhood every year, as of old; and in the City of Dead Souls the knightly deliverer was Orpheus the master of music and song. He loved the soul of youth, even as he did the beautiful Eurydice, and when the soul of youth had wandered away and was lost in the City of Dead Souls the wonderful strains of this matchless musician fell like a message from home upon the heart of lost youth.

Orpheus likened the course of youth to a voyage upon the sea of life, and said that the future of youth depended entirely upon the set of the sail. So the keeper of souls and Orpheus made a song together as a message to lost youth everywhere within prison walls. It was dedicated on the altar of friendship to brotherhood and service unto the journey's end.

With moistened eye and trembling lip
  Youth leaves the harbor, Home.
Will he steer straight, or will his ship
  Strike treacherous seas and roam?
Within his soul the Wanderlust
  Hath wakened as in all;
Oh Pilot Truth, in whom we trust,
  Steer safe, whate'er befall.

Then off the coast where souls are wrecked,
  With breakers all around,
A Watchful Star we will expect;
  A Saviour Friend be found.
With Him aboard will come a calm
  And peace no tongue can tell;
Yea, restful sleep like soothing balm,
  And Home, where all is well.

Let Honor, too, have hold the helm
  When Sin's dark trail is crossed;
Then not a wave will overwhelm,
  And Youth will not be lost.
Let Love's clear eye look far ahead
  Until the voyage end;
And Youth will then have naught to dread
  Till Death's dark night descend.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

"OLD TOUGH MUTT."

The band-master is a great believer in boys. One day he said to the chaplain: "When people see what they can make **out** of boys instead of what they can make **off** of them, the world will be a very different sort of a place. In fact, boyhood is the most profitable of all investments for any man, measured by the returns of real happiness it brings. Somehow, I can't be real happy myself unless I feel responsible for somebody who needs a friend and defender."

Best of all, the band-master believes in the boys behind the bars and that is why we made him Secretary and Leader of the Brighter Day League. He must have good reason for this faith because he has now been teaching music among them for sixteen or eighteen years and has personally instructed seven hundred or more boys and young men of various nationalities and degrees of intelligence.

The band-master is himself a young man; and then he has a bright little boy of his own at home who is the pride of his father's and mother's heart. The fellows in chapel love especially to sing "Sunshine In My Soul" because the band-master, who is also the choir-leader, radiates sunshine and good cheer to everyone. He reminds you of "Balder the Beautiful Brother" in the old Norse legend, whom everybody loved for the very reason that he always drove the darkness and gloom of life away at his coming. Indeed, the band-master is as thoughtful and courteous toward his band-boys every day as he is with his loved ones at home.

"Hello, fellows! How are you this morning?"

"Good night, boys! See you tomorrow!"

Busiest man in the world, nearly; but always ready to listen to a tale of trouble and to bind up a broken heart or hope. Settle quarrels and clean out jealousies? Certainly—with ease.

"I tell my boys they can count on me to the last minute when they are right. But I won't stand by them in the wrong."

So they always know just where to find him. He is no weak sentimentalist. Not on your life! He is a man who humanizes music; who, like Orpheus in the beautiful Greek legend, carries it through the gates of the prison house where his boys are confined. And many a young man has gone forth again to the glad, green earth and free air just because he has found his soul in music and song under the band-master's wonderful friendship.

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Prof. H. H. Dreyer, Bandmaster and Musical Instructor, Indiana Reformatory, and Leader-Secretary of the Brighter Day League. His Son, Henry, Junior, who is a Skillful Young Musician and a great favorite with the boys behind the bars.

The band-master believes that music is the most universal of all languages and one of the greatest forces in the world for cleaning out the selfishness and sin of the human heart. He believes that the God of Love and Truth and Beauty speaks to his boys in the tone and melody of this world-wide language. That is why he throws his whole soul into his work. He has witnessed the big change wrought in the imagination, sentiment and ideals of rough, brutal, criminal types of boys and men who came to him as raw material. The personal touch, the patient spirit, the a-b-c of human decency and spiritutal harmony inculcated with the lesson sooner or later has its effect.

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But there was one young fellow in the band who seemed a curious conundrum. The boys called him "Old Tough Mutt" because he was so mean and grouchy and crooked. He was a nice looking chap, too, with soft brown eyes and a natural cunning about his deviltry that kept you in the dark till you had personal dealings with him once—just once; and then you found him out to your satisfaction, or otherwise, as you will.

"Old Tough Mutt" loved music but hated religion. He played his part in the musical program with interest, but when the song, scripture reading, prayer or address came around, he would stand or sit as grum and scornful as you please, head down, as though he were deaf or a hundred miles away. He scoffed at the Bible and considered every Christian man or woman a hypocrite. He made an utter mock of sacred things and laughed bitterly and tauntingly at the mere mention of honesty and honor and like human sentiments. You really wondered how such a black, selfish human soul could put any expression into music at all.

The band-master did nearly despair of "Old Tough Mutt," sure enough, for he was a third-timer and nearly at the end of his rope of legal clemency. Only a little more and he might become a life-timer. But the band-master insisted that he had never yet seen a fourth-timer; and he did not wholly despair of "Old Tough Mutt." So at last one day he told the young fellow's story to the chaplain with radiant face and faith:

"'Old Tough Mutt' came of good people in some large Eastern city. But they were so busy with the dollar that they forgot all about the boy. So 'Old Tough Mutt' started out in life with the idea that it is easier to take than to earn. He would go into a store to purchase a collar button or a tie and slip a fine shirt while the clerk's back was turned. He would ride through town in an auto and stop most anywhere that people were not watching and carry off a grip, some merchandise or anything he could lay hands on. He was a regular bandit on personables. He then got to using liquor and dope; and that was about the finish of 'Old Tough Mutt.'

"Of course his own people turned him down. They were too selfish to acknowledge the impetus they themselves had given him on the high road to hades; and when he went back home on parole the first time, they played the elder brother and sister to the returned prodigal to a fare-you-well.

"'Yes; you've blackened the family name, and now you come

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back here to hang around like a nuisance! We'll fix you, old pard, if you don't beat it double quick.'

"So the elder brother and sister made complaint the very first possible chance and had 'Old Tough Mutt' returned here for parole violation. He was, indeed, a mighty tough Mutt, we must admit. But then can you think of any family, however prominent or respectable, that hasn't a black sheep somewhere, far back? And how could 'Old Tough Mutt' be said to have been the utter disgrace of his people?

"Anyhow, he tried it a second time and failed the very same way. Then we all though 'Old Mutt' was done for. But he and Boyles became good friends here in the band and it had a positive influence for good on 'Old Mutt.' When Boyles went out on parole he determined to look out for 'Mutt.' I was up there in Boyles' home town myself on band business and found 'Mutt' a good job with a big music company. Boyles arranged for him to stay with the Board family, warm friends of his own, with whom 'Old Mutt' was sure to be safe and comfortable.

"The Boards were fine Quaker Christian people and they made a home atmosphere for 'Old Mutt' that he had never known before in all his worthless life. Mr. and Mrs. Board would reason with him very kindly and tactfully about the places he went and the company he kept, leaving him always free to choose for himself, but at the same time insisting that he would have to do right if he remained under their roof. 'Mutt' had never had anybody to take any special interest in him before, and instead of becoming grouchy and hard-headed and shooting off after sporty company, he found it infinitely preferable to share the friendship and confidence of the Boards. Then, of course, they treated him like a son or a brother.

"Now you know Boyles went away from here an earnest Christian; and he persuaded 'Old Mutt' to attend church and Sunday-school and join the young men's Bible class. 'Old Mutt' balked at first; but it was a matter of self-preservation. His folks at home wouldn't have anything at all to do with him; and he had nowhere in the world to go. As he became better acquainted with the young fellows in the class he was appreciated and finally elected class secretary or treasurer. That touched the right spot with 'Old Mutt.' He never missed a Sunday after that; and the friendship of Boyles and the Boards convinced him that Christian people are not all hypocrites. He began to brush up on the Bible, too, and the seat of the scornful became a mighty uncomfortable place for 'Old Mutt' to sit. Boyles saw that it would

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either be the back seat or the amen corner for 'Mutt,' whichever way he got headed.

"So when the big winter revival meeting came around 'Old Mutt' was in line with the other fellows to attend services. He sat with his head down for a while; but something strange was at work inside of 'Old Mutt,' sure's you're born. He had never been so miserable in all his life. First he loosened up on his selfishness. Then his grouchiness made him groan. Next his crookedness gave him such agony that he could not stand it any longer. So one night 'Old Tough Mutt' hit the saw-dust trail hard. He was as miserable a sinner as ever asked to be saved by the grace of God; and his conversion was as clear and positive as ever delivered a human soul from the prison house of sin and death.

"'Old Tough Mutt' gave his heart to God last night in meeting here,' was the word I got from Boyles; and when I saw him he was a new man all over, inside and out. He rolled up his sleeves and pitched in to do his part to win that whole town for Christ. Then the call of country came and 'Old Mutt' was the only one of his Bible class who did not ask exemption. I don't mean to imply that they were weak-kneed Christians, but merely to say that 'Old Mutt' was on the job with his whole soul. His motto was the word of the old song:

"'Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.'

"I am happy to tell you that the Boards love that boy as if he were their own son. They came hundreds of miles to see him in camp, and such fine folks you rarely meet. Even Quaker Christians now are helping in the world war for human freedom; and they are so proud of 'their boy' who is going to the front. Yes, chaplain, God can save even a third-timer and make heroic stuff out of him. 'Old Tough Mutt' is a 'New Mutt' now, and we shall hear from him 'Somewhere in France.'"

The chaplain rejoiced; but he also marveled. Not once had the band-master taken credit to himself for helping to bring about the big change in 'Old Mutt'; but 'Old Mutt' knew, and God knew, and the reader now also knows why 'Old Mutt' sings with such a will:

"Onward Christian soldiers;
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

* * * * * *

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"'Old Tough Mutt' had a real conversion," said the bandmaster, "but he thought he could put it over on God as he did on man. Old habits and old temptations began to take root again when he allowed himself to yield and be led by evil companions at the army camp.

"Life is like a garden. The weeds of temptations and sin must be cut down constantly. He let the garden of his soul grow up in weeds. He let down on his fight against sin and was overcome. Gambling was a favorite indulgence with him. Also immoral pleasures. I had a letter that he was coming down to camp and one Saturday night he called on us at our home. He saw us often and took several meals with us. He took part in the church services with apparent joy and I believe he was then still a saved man. You remember how he never sang or bowed in prayer here in prison. But when I saw him in the church service, just after he came down to camp, there was an amen in his heart all the way through. He was just exactly the opposite of what he was before. Now I will tell you how he became a backslider.

"The visits of Old Tough Mutt to our home became more infrequent. We suspicioned that he was slipping. I told my wife that I believed he was drifting back to the old life again. That very night when I got through teaching my pupils about half-past ten o'clock there was a telephone call for me. The first question asked when they found who I was made me very uneasy. It was whether I was a friend of Old Mutt. I answered hurriedly that I was and then I asked what was the matter. The man was evidently a kind and sympathetic person from the sound of his voice.

"He said that Old Mutt had been shot in a house down town. In this crisis he had asked that they call me and bring me at once to the city hospital. So I went right over. I told the family good-bye for the night and not to expect me back until morning. When I reached the hospital and saw poor Old Mutt I found that the ball had passed through his jaw, had shattered his teeth, had cut through the base of his tongue and lodged in the roof of his mouth. He was suffering agony and was bleeding profusely. The first thing he did was to try to tell me how it all happened. His speech was paralyzed by the bullet and the only way he could communicate was with a pad and pencil. I said to him that I did not want to know anything about it now. Instead, we would pray for his soul and try to get him well again.

"In a little while my wife came. The good Catholic nurse, my wife and I nursed him through the night. We put whole

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sheets under his shattered jaw to soak up the blood. I asked him if I should wire to his own mother. He answered no, that I should wire Mr. and Mrs. Board, who had been to him a real father and mother in the town where he worked and enlisted. So I wired them that poor Old Mutt had been shot and was in a serious condition. Also that they must come at once if they wished to see him. They answered immediately that they would arrive Sunday morning.

"On Saturday morning they had moved him to the camp hospital. From the very hour that I first saw him after he was shot the poor fellow pleaded with God to forgive him and take him back. It was very touching when Mr. and Mrs. Board came in where he was. The deepest devotion and tenderness was manifested between them. Later on we wired Mutt's real mother and she came from the East. She was the coldest and most indifferent human being toward her own flesh and blood that I ever saw. She went from his dying bed to purchase fashionable clothing and seemed far more interested in shopping than she was in whether her son would get well. Even when he was lying in his casket, boxed up for the last journey at the station, she stood about, utterly tearless, and purchased some picture cards to send home to friends! Yet she was sure after the money for Old Mutt's life!

"She got the insurance after his death, but Old Mutt clung to Mr. and Mrs. Board and asked to be taken to their home town and buried in their family lot. He shook his head sadly when I asked him if he cared to be taken back to his own people. I asked him again if he felt at peace with God if death should come. This was after four days of constant struggling to regain the assurance of salvation. He died about two o'clock in the morning; but before he passed away he told me that all was well and that he was ready to go."

The chaplain shared his part in this pitiful tragedy and paid the last respects to the remains of poor Old Mutt when he was taken away for burial. The closing scene of his life was sadly sweetened by the letters and roses of a beautiful young girl back in the town where he worked. She was a poor girl who had made a noble struggle for success in the world and Mutt loved her very dearly. They were just at the point of pledging their lives to each other when the war came on; and now the story was suddenly ended in death. But Old Mutt was a New Mutt once more and entered on the Life Everlasting.

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CHAPTER L.

LINCOLN DAY BEHIND THE BARS.

There is no character outside of Holy Writ more popular with prisoners than Abraham Lincoln. Not even the Prodigal Son himself, could he appear upon the chapel platform and in person relate his experiences to the boys behind the bars, would hold the undivided attention and arouse the enthusiasm which the Great Emancipator would undoubtedly call forth. You may explain this from any psychological point of view you please, yet it is a fact. The men within the walls do indeed adore a human character like unto themselves—weak, wayward and erring. Yet there is in every human soul "the chord that was broken that will vibrate once more." So, while men under sentence are touched to the profoundest depths of their hearts by any experience akin to their own, they are quite as deeply sensible that they need the mighty strength and sympathy, the vast tenderness and truth of a great soul like Lincoln's to fill them with hope and courage and good cheer. In the same way, though incomparably greater, of course, the character of Christ appeals to the prisoner in his normal moods, "when he has come to himself" and desires a better life. In a word, the prisoner wants an Intercessor, an Advocate, a Mediator, a Redeemer. And while Abraham Lincoln was only human and Jesus Christ Divine, to the prisoner the one is the highest incarnation of human mercy and the other the divinest realization of saving grace conceivable to mortals here below.

The outside world is so prone to forget that prisoners are human. We imagine that they only revere Jesse James, Cole Younger, John Reno and the bandit brotherhood in general. No doubt the men within the walls do revel in the exploits of outlawry and hail as their heroes the bank robber, the safe-blower, the burglar and the holdup and stickup man. They themselves are men of nerve and daring and reckless courage; and a long-time officer at the Indiana Reformatory recently said that every penal institution where youth is confined could easily furnish types who would go to the gallows or the electric chair with a smile if they thought it would make a hero of them in the eyes of their fellows. So the same fact confronts us in the prison world that we find in the human family outside—we are all lovers of the heroic; we all idealize our particular conception of leadership and self-sacrifice. Hence the moving picture screen and the religious service, both of which are in the same chapel in

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most prisons, must study to minister in an inspiring and uplifting way to the prisoner.

The question was recently put to Dr. C. F. Williams, physician at the Indiana Reformatory, whether he thought our young fellows and prisoners as a whole possessed a sense of moral values. He replied without any hesitation whatever: "Go to the moving picture show and observe these boys when they unconsciously betray the real self as they watch some intense struggle where right and wrong are involved and where the hero and the villain are pitted against each other as champions of virtue and vice. Any man who fails to catch the significant murmurs and comments, the excitement and enthusiasm heard and aroused as the drama moves toward its climax, is himself wanting in moral understanding. Prisoners are like other human beings, and should be appealed to as such, and they will always respond."

The prisoner lives in a world of imagination as a relief from the monotony and sameness of his daily thought and toil.

Hence, even the religious services must possess an appealing and dramatic force. To this end there are no stories in all literature that so hold the prisoner's interest and attention as the stories from the Old Testament. They are so elemental and human and they possess such immeasurable moral value. A keen-minded young skeptic in our institution, who was long hostile to the religious services, which, of course, he was compelled to attend, used to sit with his head down in seeming cynical endurance when in reality he was listening with ears pricked up to the highest point of attention. He finally said to the chaplain one day that the Bible stories retold in the mother tongue of common mortals by chaplains or Sunday-school teachers would prove the most popular literature imaginable even to criminals and convicts. Hence, in the Brighter Day League classes and the regular chapel services it is frequently customary to tell the Bible story with all the wonder and charm of "once upon a time in a faraway land." Such moments and seasons are worth everything to witness and experience, for you have before you the unconscious candor of childhood and the moral goes home to the heart with irresistible power.

There can be no question that Lincoln's eternal hold upon the human heart and imagination is due in large measure to legend and story. He was so elemental and epical. Then, too, he was so human and humorous. And it is with thrilling interest each year that our boys anticipate the celebration of "Lincoln Day." This is usually on Sunday morning in the Brighter Day League and chapel meetings. The patriotic hour is observed

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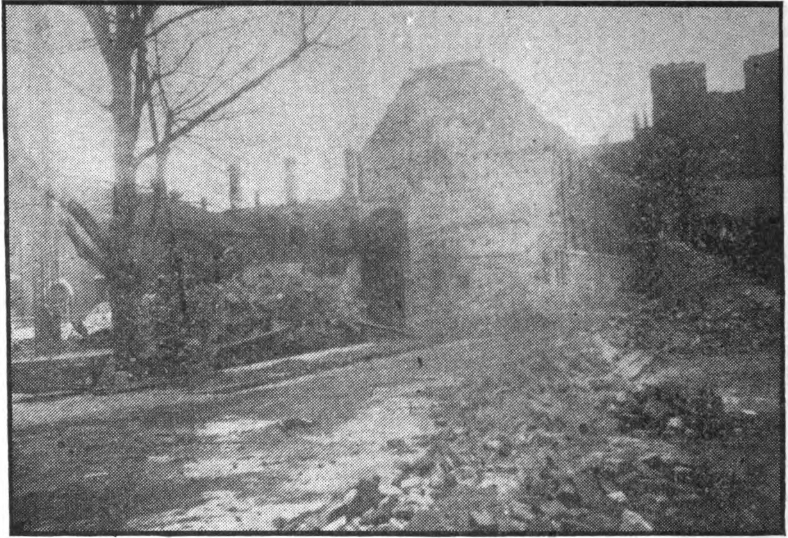
every evening when the colors are lowered and the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the institution band. But on Lincoln Day we endeavor to create in every inmate's breast the highest possible realization of American manhood, honor and heroism by stories and lessons from the life of the great martyr President.



Ruins of Chapel Building and Cell Houses, Indiana Reformatory, after the Great Fire of 1918. The "Death Drop," Old Prison South, was in the walls above.

This coming Lincoln Day we plan to observe in an unusual manner. We hope to have Ensign Ladlow of Louisville and his wonderful little Salvation Army family band to assist Professor Dreyer's band in the musical programme for the Brighter Day League class that wins the monthly clear record contest. Then, in addition to the regular religious exercises, we have arranged for the General Superintendent to give a cycle of Lincoln stories in his own inimitable way.

The superintendent is a close personal friend of Hon. Fred B. Landis, who made a great hit with the American public some time ago upon the lecture platform relating new stories of Lincoln which he had collected after untiring research. Mr. Landis is wonderfully blessed with humor and human sympathy. At heart he is a great big boy. So he tells most comically how, when he and his brothers were youngsters at home, the preach-

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ers used to come as his mother's Sunday guests and devour all the chicken and pie before the unfortunate urchins could get a chance at the good things. The mother was a widow and could ill afford to provide bountifully. So one Sunday Fred and his brothers watched outside to see whether or not there was a bite left for them. The preachers were inside holding forth to one another upon divers disputed doctrinal points, utterly oblivious that Young America was waiting outside with a keenly conscious sense of wrong. Fred and his brothers boosted George to the window sill to peep in and spy upon the parsons and the pie plate. With a burst of rage and language to respond, George declared that his reverence had taken the last piece of pie upon the plate. This to a Hoosier youngster was the worst of calamities.

This magnificent Landis mother loved her boys with a deathless devotion. In her last illness they were all summoned to her bedside and she had fifteen minutes alone with each one in tender farewell. One son was overseas in France, but she asked to be left alone in silent spiritual companionship with him also. She then went down into the dark valley of shadows with perfect resignation to the will of God.

Fred B. Landis made a tour through the South with his famous Lincoln lecture. He was in a Texas town one evening getting ready to appear on the platform. He had just lathered his face for a shave when the door opened and in stalked a long, lanky Texan. Pausing a moment, he said:

"Is this Honorable Fred B. Landis?"

"It is, sir; w-h-a-t c-a-n I d-o f-o-r y-o-u?" answered the Hoosier Congressman, scraping away with his razor.

"Well, suh, I just come up to tell ye that I'm secretary of this Chautauqua and wantter be on the squar' with ye. This is an old rebel neighborhood here and a whole passul of rebels will be out tonight to hear ye, an' I dassen't predict the results."

Mr. Landis did not lose his nerve at this announcement, though he felt more concern than he 'lowed." He said that he would have to go ahead, as he was billed, and if folks did not like what he had to say of "Old Abe" they would have to simply "lump it." At this the honorable secretary remarked:

"Well, suh, a rebel soldier will preside who has been shot up by the Yanks and then turned a spy and was caught."

Mr. Landis went ahead to the Chautauqua and found himself indeed amid "the enemy," as he imagined. The tall chairman arose and told his neighbors they all knew him and how he had fought for the Stars and Bars and had been shot to pieces by the Yanks and then turned spy and was caught and condemned to

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die with five other young Yankee soldiers asleep on the job. About daylight of the fateful morning they were to be lined up before the firing squad a courier arrived on a foaming horse with a message from President Lincoln calling off the shooting.

It was communicated to them, somehow, that Secretary Stanton had taken the list of fated names in to the President and presented them, saying:

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, it is time that you sign these death warrants."

The President arose and walked the room for a few moments until the patience of his War Secretary was taxed. He went to the window and looked outside. It was springtime. The buds were bursting and the faint perfume of flowers floated in the open window. The tender notes of mating birds filled the air. Calling the Secretary to his side the President said:

"See here, Stanton. It is spring, and I am tired of death and the shedding of human blood. Let's tear up these papers and save life instead of sacrificing it any further."

The young rebel spy started afoot for Washington to thank the great Liberator for "letting a poor, repentant rebel live." But when he got to the Carolinas he discovered and heard that Lincoln had been killed "by our own people," as he put it to the crowd of old rebels. There was a stillness as of death when the secretary-chairman announced that they would now listen to the story of that great martyred soul by a Hoosier Yank who would make himself at home among the "Lone Star Rangers." Such a welcome and such a lecture that town never witnessed in all its history.

Then there is Mr. Landis' great story of Lincoln's close personal friend whom he persuaded to play the rebel sympathizer and get into the Knights of the Golden Circle. Ostracised by all his family and friends and comrades in arms, he fulfills the great commission and bears in silence the unmerited contumely of his old associates. Not until his deathbed does he summon his old Colonel and confess to him the carefully guarded secret that clears up his name and his honor and reveals the supreme self-sacrifice for the sake of a great cause.

It is stories like these that the General Superintendent will tell to the Brighter Day League. And to show you the response of our boys to these noble ideals of patriotism and devotion, the chaplain's former secretary, the favorite youngest son of a brave old Union soldier, a Kentuckian by birth and upbringing, related this incident of his own father's family:

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"Sometime during the Civil War, in the city of Vincennes, Ind., there was a mother who had given several sons to the service of the nation. The eldest of these, who had remained at home as the support of his parents while the younger brothers went away, finally enlisted in the service of the Union. He went South, was made a prisoner and was confined at Andersonville, Ga. His constitution was utterly exhausted and undermined by slow starvation and disease. He and his comrade at one time had only a piece of bacon rind between them for two days' rations. This brave soldier died a lingering death with his tongue blackened by famine.

"When the other sons returned after the war and were discussing the victories of the Union Armies, one of them noticed the mother's great anxiety. The one question which she held in reserve and finally asked with a bleeding heart was this: 'And what about John?' One of the sons replied sadly that John had been taken prisoner and died at Andersonville. And his name was not even among those of the thousands which Dorris Atwater and Clara Barton afterward gave to the world from Andersonville. His grave was unmarked; but he died with supreme heroism."

In conclusion, we are happy to relate that this very young man returned home from the reformatory anxious to enlist in the great World War and fight for his country and human kind. He dreaded the stigma of being an ex-prisoner; but one day a poor widow across the street from his father's house received word that her only son had been killed at the front in France. The red blood of his old soldier father boiled with fervor even upon his sick bed. The young man went immediately to the home board and offered himself in place of the widow's son who had fallen. He was immediately accepted without question, came down to Camp Zachary Taylor and became one of the finest young patriots in the service. He nursed comrade after comrade back from the jaws of death during the epidemic of influenza last winter, retired with honor and a clean name on his final discharge and is now married to one of the sweetest and prettiest young daughters of the Hoosier State—the pride of his old father's heart and the solace and comfort of his devoted mother. This is a typical result of "Lincoln Day Behind the Bars."

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CHAPTER LI.

"THE LEGION OF DISHONOR."

(February, 1920.)

Under recent date, Mrs. Nathan Sparks, Jeffersonville, chairman of the War History Committee for Clark County, Indiana, wrote to the chaplain as follows: "It has occurred to me that the story of the Reformatory in its war activities would be an interesting addition to our county and State war records, and I want to ask you to furnish us with it. The Reformatory is a State institution and it is located in Clark County; so I think it will be very appropriate to add its record to others that are now being collected."

So the compass of our present article will be the historic heroism of the prisoner in general and of this institution in particular, which we are to fittingly celebrate this next Washington's Birthday.

During the great world war the prisoner behind the bars was like "The Man Without a Country." Yet no one close to the prisoner in any penal institution doubted for one moment his courage or desire to fight for human freedom. Indeed, this courage and desire were tragic to witness when they could not be gratified; and it was the daily dream of every prisoner that the nation would finally make a place for the man under sentence to serve in the ranks. One morning a very bright young fellow, the chaplain's secretary, handed him the following striking statement:

"The most interesting thing that has come to my notice during the week was the story of the 'Battalion de Afrique' and the 'Foreign Legion' in the French military service. The 'Battalion de Afrique' is made up of men who have been sentenced to military service. It has served with distinction throughout the present war and demonstrates the possibility and nobility of human nature, supposedly bad when given an opportunity.

"The Foreign Legion is the famous regiment in which foreigners are allowed to serve in the French army, and in many cases are men who have wiped out by conspicuous bravery some offense or crime, or have enlisted to escape some tragedy in their own lives. The discipline imposed by the military authorities is very severe and regenerative to the individual. These men enlisted for five years; saw service in times of peace in other lands under the French flag. It was a tradition that no man's

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past should ever be inquired into; he was accepted on the name under which he enlisted; and there were no deserters. Men from the regiment always went after and brought back the fellow who tried to get away; and so the standard of honor and courage was at the highest point.

"During the drive of 1914, when it seemed that the Germans would surely take Paris, the Apaches from the slums of Paris were rushed to the front in automobiles and taxicabs and saved the day with immortal bravery and self-sacrifice at critical points of the battle line. Who, in the face of such facts, dares say there is a limit to the redemption of even the worst human nature?

"There is now a similar legion in the Canadian service made up of men from America and elsewhere who have gone to the front as volunteers with the same devoted spirit. Could we know the stories of these individual lives they would make a memorable recital of human courage and achievement."

So together we worked out the story and song of "The Legion of Dishonor" in commemoration of the heroism of every prisoner and all prisoners in the great World War. And with this story and song we will dedicate our inmate service flag for all time to come.

THE SONG OF THE LEGION.

Exiles from every region
  Where Kings and Kaisers reign,
Gave France her "Foreign Legion"
  Of strangers for her slain.
The alien and rejection
  Of every race and clime
Composed this famed collection
  Of warfare, chance and crime.

The ruffian and freebooter,
  The hobo and the bum;
The outlaw and the looter
  From Hell to Kingdom Come
A curious aggregation
  To follow valiant Mars;
But never any nation
  Had such a crown of stars.

Full eighty years of valor
  From every field and fray
Enrolled them in Valhalla
  Forever and a day.
Their only decoration,
  A modest little star;
But every tribe and nation
  Beheld them from afar.

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At last the Cross of Honor
Endowed their deathless fame,
Fair France, depend upon her,
Gave each a home and name.
Numbered with the immortals,
They sleep in Freedom's sod;
Beyond the shining portals,
At home with freedom's God.

This "Legion of Dis-Honor"
Was called to save the day
When Paris felt upon her
The Hunnish beast of prey,
The regiment recruited
From alley, dive and slum;
But human souls imbruited
Can Stars of God become.

The bum became a brother
Along the battleline,
And died for one another
With valor so divine,
That human nature never
Will worthless seem again.
And France henceforth, forever,
Reveres her sacred slain.

Oh, wayward youth in prison,
Repining for the front,
Your soul hath rearisen,
As youth's brave soul is wont,
And by the starry banner
That floats in yonder blue,
Ye yet will show what manner
Of men ye are to do!

The Teuton tyrant trembles
When such as ye are sent,
His beastly soul dissembles
Because his heart is spent.
Hell gates will yet be shaken
By your heroic tread;
Berlin the Boastful taken;
The Kaiser Devil dead!

On Sunday morning, February 22, 1920, Washington's Birthday, one of the most memorable anniversary services in the history of the Indiana Reformatory will be held. It will be a meeting in honor of the 200 of our young men who fought for human freedom in the armies of the Allies during the great World War. A star for every man on our rolls who finally enlisted or was accepted, and a star for every brave and adventurous youth who bore arms in the cause and afterward came to us

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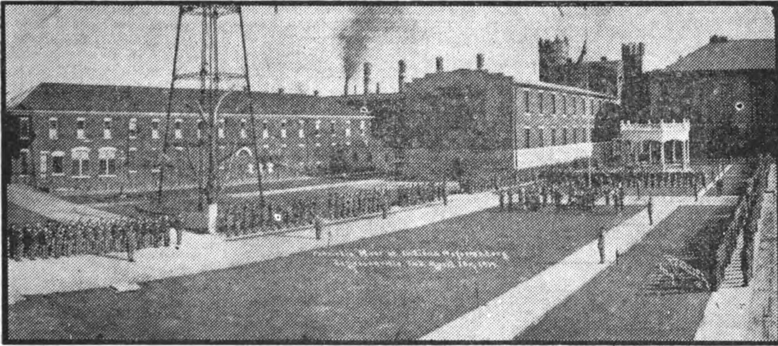
for any reason whatsoever. An immense and beautiful war-time service flag bearing all these stars of honor will be dedicated for all future years by the General Superintendent and Hon. John H. Weathers of the Board of Trustees. A service flag for our boys over there and one for our officers who went to the front or who fought in the ranks and afterward joined our official staff. These two flags have been displayed at every State exhibit of our institution for the past two or three years and will now receive their final historic consecration.



The restored court yard and cell house made into new Chapel building, Indiana Reformatory, one year after the great fire of 1918. Formation of lines for chapel services, Brighter Day League Classes and Patriotic Exercises in the open.

This idea of recognizing the worth and merit of every man who offered himself in behalf of human liberty, whether or not he was ever under sentence of the law, has for more than fifty years been the tradition of this old institution. This special patriotic service on Washington's Birthday will very closely resemble another service held half a century ago by Warden Shuler, the great reformer of the Old Prison South, and the boys of '61-'65 behind the bars here in the old prison chapel, Sunday, the Fourth of July, 1869. Col. Shuler was himself a brave officer in the Federal army, and he believed with all his heart in his boys from the ranks. One of his first great innovations, after taking charge of the Old Prison South and transforming it from the reign of terror to human discipline and moral order, was to establish the most impressive and appropriate celebration of all national holiday occasions and give "the boys in blue" confined here a chance to be heard. The result in restored self-respect and renewed love of country and human kind was wonderful to witness.

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Harry Youngman, the gifted young convict who wrote the famous book, "State Prison Life," that reformed this old institution fifty years ago, was a soldier of the Union like his distinguished warden; and Harry Youngman was unanimously selected by the management and the inmates to represent them on their programme. His description of the scene and occasion is indeed worthy:

"Never did such a scene occur before within these walls, and never, perhaps, was the system of privilege, in its power to control and govern, more clearly illustrated than in this instance. With a judicious use of it, prison discipline may be maintained anywhere.

"The day came on the Sabbath. The chapel services were all attended to, as usual, in the forenoon, after which we all repaired to the dining hall, and there beef, roast potatoes, roast onions, pickles, butter, rice, wheat bread and coffee, with a dessert of cakes and ice cream, were served. A Galt House dinner could not have been more fully appreciated.

"After dinner we all repaired to the chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens. The large room was soon filled, visitors coming in until there was not standing room left. It may be proper here to say that the oration, toasts and replies, with the music, were by the prisoners."

In one paragraph of his address, only four years after the close of the great conflict, Youngman makes fitting reference to the valor and heroism of Confederate heroes:

"But before we pass entirely from the subject, it is but meet that we freshen the flowers of our memory by dropping a tear of remembrance over the graves of our fallen heroes, both North and South. While we rejoice at the victory of the Federal arms, we do not forget the veterans of the 'Lost Cause.' We have three ugly scars and the recollection of six months' starvation on Belle Island to remind us of them, and we do not know that we wish the mementoes gone. They fought with a valor that proved their heroism, and should there come a foreign war today, as threatens, there could be as brave a troop of soldiery mustered from the gray-jackets of the South as from the bluecoats of the North."

And Youngman's eloquent reference to the patriotism of the prisoner found echo in every heart:

"Is there one within the sound of my voice so lost to manhood or dead to patriotism that he does not feel his heart swell within him as he looks upon the broad stripes and bright stars of his country's flag? No, no; there beats within these striped

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jackets hearts as true to their country as those that flutter 'neath the gilded uniforms that today crowd the halls of the executive mansion. I hope there is not one who does not fully concur with me when I say that I go to my cell with a blessing and a prayer of thankfulness that the same flag that floated from the Capitol dome of the old 'Continental Hall' in Philadelphia, on the fourth day of July, 1776, floats from the Southern Indiana Prison this fourth day of July, 1869. Ninety-three years have not dimmed the luster of those bright stars, or faded its broad stripes or azure field. 'Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!' "

This memorable patriotic experiment by Warden Shuler was the first on record in any American prison and the social happiness and moral uplift to the men in stripes sounded incredible to the outside world. But here it is on record by Youngman himself, who was an eye-witness and enthusiastic participant:

"All now returned to the dining hall, where a dessert of cake and ice cream was served.

"Cake and ice cream?

"Yes, sir.

"Cake and ice cream in a penitentiary?

"Yes, sir; cake and ice cream in a penitentiary.

"And let me say, that dessert of ice cream did more toward preserving discipline for the next year than did all the 'cats' and curses the old order ever gave.

"The visitors were regaled in the small park in front of the dining hall, and seemed to enjoy it very much. Conversing freely to diffuse satisfaction among all. Several songs were sung in the park, and order and good feeling prevailed on every hand.

"On returning to the cellhouse, and the 'count' being completed, the bell tolled freedom for two hours to all. We cannot describe the scene. Friends who had known each other on the outside, but under the prison rules, of course, could not converse, rushed into each other's arms. Men found comrades who had stood by them in battle and suffered with them on Belle Island, at Andersonville, and in other prison pens; such shaking of hands and greeting of friends, old and new, is seldom seen. Groups gathered here and there in friendly chat; others arm in arm, walked up and down, talking of 'old times' and the future; while the more hilarious amused themselves with athletic sports. For an hour not a guard or an officer, except Colonel Shuler, was with the men, yet not a harsh word was heard. This, we

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think, is unprecedented in prison annals. At the expiration of an hour the officers and guards came in and mingled freely with the men, and the most friendly feeling seemed to prevail. Everywhere was seen the kindly faces of Colonel Shuler and Major Luke, with a cheering word and friendly nod for all.

"Gather the same number of men from all classes of society and place them together anywhere, and you will not find a more orderly or gentlemanly-behaved company than was this body of prisoners. From 'unlock' in the morning until 'lockup' at night, there was not a word of profanity or wrangling heard, and we feel that it is but just that the record should go forth to the world as evidence that convicts can be successfully reached by kindness, and by its influence be led to turn away from their corrupt practices, and to become good and upright citizens as well as active Christians."

Warden Shuler continued these notable celebrations each year throughout his administration; and the general superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory today is following the same worthy tradition in the most noble observance of our national holidays.

CHAPTER LII.

BLUE JEANS OF OLD HICKORY COUNTY.

Harold Begbie, the English author of "Twice-Born Men," sounds a trumpet note of truth in behalf of the man behind the bars when he says: "In this book it will be seen that punishments invented by the law for the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal, fail absolutely of their purpose in certain cases, and only render more hard and more rebellious the lawless mind; whereas the lawless mind, apparently so brutal, terrible and hopeless, responds with extraordinary sensitiveness to love and pity, and under the influence of religion become perfected in all that make for the highest citizenship."

He then makes a rather startling suggestion: "It would be a simple reform, and yet one of the most humane and useful, if the state did away with the formality of prison Chaplains, men who too often perform their perfunctory duties with little enthusiasm and with little hope of achieving anything, and admitted, under proper authority, some such organization as the Salvation Army, which has in its ranks many men who have themselves suffered in prison, who know the criminal mind, and who would approach the most deplorable case with certain knowledge that conversion is possible."

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It may be that Mr. Begbie's statement about the perfunctory prison chaplain was true in many English and American prisons under the old system of jurisprudence and punishment; but it does not begin to be true today because the powerful and far-reaching influence of the Salvation Army itself has entirely changed our attitude toward the prisoner. There is no audience in all the world that spots and despises a religious figure-head quicker than the men behind the bars; and daring indeed would be the audacity of any minister of the gospel who imagined he could fill such a place without being every inch a man.

In the Old Hoosier State, where Henry Ward Beecher years ago did away with silk hat dignity by wearing a slouch, there has long existed an ideal preacher of the people in the popular imagination. No man in all the years approached this ideal man more nearly than Blue Jeans of Old Hickory County. His personal and spiritual resemblance to Abraham Lincoln was remarkable. He belonged to the Lincoln period by birth, and his instincts of justice and human kindness were keen to the core. His humor was homely and common, sometimes almost shocking, when it flashed into wit and satire; but back of it burned the soul of a man who was sublime and martyr-like in his devotion to human freedom. He was chiseled out of the Heart of Old Hickory like some august figure in bronze, and his Sunday talks to the boys behind the bars in the early years of American prison reform sounded like bugle notes of dawn.

Of course it would be hardly possible for so strong a character to have been long connected with the office of Chaplain in the days of frequent political change. But the tradition of Blue Jeans abides in the atmosphere of Southern Indiana like the memory of Lincoln. He was one of those genial, natural, folk-lore types whose legend lingers upon the popular tongue in much the same manner that Riley's stanzas reached the hearts of all.

There is no special record of his visits to the men behind the bars. They were only occasional. He was too tender-hearted and too great a lover of freedom to have stood it long; but he was a pathfinder and torchbearer in the transformation of the whole American penal system.

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CHAPTER LIII.

THE PRISONER AND THE PRODIGAL.

He was a big, brawny, brown-eyed Scotchman and the prison chaplain of the Salvation Army. When he made his talk in the chapel to the boys he had them guessing as to his nationality. He said some called him a Dutchman, some a Swede, others a Spaniard; but the greatest of all compliments was when he was called an Irishman!

He was born in Scotland and as a youngster he wanted to be, above all things, a hero when he became a man. He would have gone into the Queen's army but was once in a runaway and jumped to save his life and got an injured limb. He was reared a Presbyterian, and said the Scotch Presbyterians were sound in doctrines but never had sufficient confidence to know they were saved. That seemed to them spiritual presumption. John Wesley made but small inroads into Scotland but Moody and Sankey carried the day in their great revivals.

Well, our young Scottie resolved that he would be a hero of the faith like the honor-roll of the saints in the 12th chapter of Hebrews—a hero of righteousness. He became a strong, virile preacher and said that he never indulged much in the mother-sob type of preaching because it often aroused emotions uncontrolled by reason. Yet the Scotch erred on the side of dignity. The Salvation Army spread like wildfire throughout the world, and he became one of them.

His favorite theme was the Prodigal Son, though he was aware the subject was overdone, especially in prisons and reformatories. "I was once called to hold a service there and the chaplain said he hoped I was not going to speak on the Prodigal Son because he had come home five Sundays in succession already, and the fatted calf had been killed so often that the fellows were tired of veal and wanted a bite of hog meat!

"Anyhow, I am here today to talk on the Prodigal Son," added he with a smile," and I want you fellows to follow his career closely now as I briefly sketch its several stages for you.

"At the outset I want you to be honest with yourselves and own up to the very first wrong thing you ever did. Of course there are many of them all down the line of your lives, but if you will be faithful and confess, God will be faithful and forgive. One time at a social conference in New York this question was put and I confessed to spending a nickel once for something in a shop window when my mother had sent me for something else. I lied to my mother that I had lost it and she did not believe me

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and I wilted at once. She immediately turned me over to my father and he applied the remedy in approved Scottish fashion. I have been cured ever since!

Brigadier Thomas Cowan, Chaplain Prison Department, Salvation Army New York City. First Messenger of the Brighter Day League to the Indiana Reformatory, who won the Institution to the work.

"Now let us notice the steps of the Prodigal away from home until he came back to his father's house again.

"**First,** his **Demand** of his portion of the inheritance. He was suffering from an inflamed ego, the disease of the head called know-it-all.

"**Second,** his **Departure** from the old home to try his wings in the world.

"**Third,** his **Dissipation.** The flower-covered chains of desire led him on to the pleasure of sense until he awakened to find himself a slave.

"**Fourth,** his **Destitution.** Thus so many come to the Salvation Army for relief; but there was no such solace for the Prodigal away from home.

"**Fifth,** his **Degradation.** There was once a young man who faced the truth about himself frankly and fearlessly. That young man was in Joliet Prison, Illinois, and had long been an incorrigible. He heard the message, had his whole life changed by the

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grace of God and afterward became a prison chaplain in New York City, just where they needed him most. He began by making his testimony in a meeting in Chicago where the Governor heard him and secured a pardon for him there.

"A New York minister picked him out to be the chaplain of the Tombs Prison, where he made good wonderfully.

"Now the turning point and upward progress of the Prodigal begins with:

"**First,** his **Reflection.** He came to himself.

"**Second,** his **Resolution,** which he put into immediate action.

"**Third,** his **Return** to his father.

"**Fourth,** his **Repentance.**

"**Fifth,** his **Restoration.**

"Let none of you be discouraged but arise and go to your Father and he will abundantly pardon and save."

No sermon ever preached within our walls had such great and lasting results. It planted the truth of genuine and thorough gospel regeneration as the fundamental fact in all reformatory work. It saved us in a wonderful way, by the clear and powerful providence of God, from the then subtle and gripping hold of scientific skepticism, which too often paralyzes the most earnest efforts of heart-felt religion within prison walls. Along with this skepticism there goes a spirit of intellectual pride and self-sufficiency which petrifies the souls of lost men until they are utterly impervious to the gentle overtures of saving grace. In a word, we were looking to scientific method, progress and equipment to accomplish what the leaven of gospel love alone can bring about, namely, the world-old miracle of dead souls made alive in Christ Jesus.

And here we wish to make the full confession, that just as we used to steal away to the Salvation Army hall in the years of our work with the laboring classes, after many a street talk where the skepticism of the labor leaders paralyzed our soul in the same way—so now we turned to the Salvation Army for peace and hope and comfort. It was Brigadier Thomas Cowan who made that wonderful address on "The Prisoner and the Prodigal." We copied it from memory; the boys got its various striking points of truth and talked of it for weeks and months afterward; and from that time on we had the courage and grace to bring men to their knees in the chapel study and witness the birth of souls as the first and final essential of all our work.

They were glorious days. The General Superintendent gave us freedom and opportunity in abundance for personal evangelism; and for several years before the Brighter Day League was

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finally organized we continued to experience the deep and undoubted presence of the Holy Spirit in case after case of marvelous redemption. There was present in the institution in those days a remarkable group of "intellectuals"—bright-minded, skeptical young fellows who were won from the first by the directness and sincerity of our efforts, but who withstood the influence of saving grace in the very same manner that scientific materialism always does. To us it was the same old Labor Movement experience. We were personally very fond of these young men and our friendship grew and strengthened by contact; but there was always the reserve and coldness of doubt upon their part when it came to any mention of a change of heart and life.

Nobody today but the bandmaster and the chaplain realize what a mighty transformation has been wrought in the entire spirit of the inmate body by the Brighter Day League. But it required years of patient prayer and devoted personal effort to overcome the prevailing skepticism and prepare the soul-soil of these men for a growing organization like the League. The ambition of the young "intellectuals" was a League like that of Thomas Mott Oborne at Sing Sing; and we turned down various good things before we eventually became convinced that the Brighter Day League was the only practical organization for our needs and possibilities. We were ready and eager for anything that commended itself to our common-sense and that took hold of our hearts. Looking back, we wonder how the Salvation Army messengers were so patient with us; but Brigadier Cowan —always a prime favorite with us—left the Brighter Day League literature after each visit; until the Day of the Lord drew nigh and the Day Star arose to "cheer and bless and brighten," as the old song says.

This is the story that remains to be told now. We wrote out each chapter of it at the time, while the impression was vivid and powerful upon us and it falls into line here with illuminating clearness, like all the providences of God when we have sufficiently progressed to understand them. The Salvation Army took over the celebration of "Prison Sunday," which the churches outside had never very fully appreciated or espoused. It is now the Star Day in our Calendar. And we are sure that our experience in trying to awaken the churches to this great anniversary will interest the reader.

Then followed the astonishing conviction and conversion of the "intellectuals." This was accomplished by the gracious and generous remembrance of the suffering and needy families of our

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boys at Christmas time by the Salvation Army—which never forgets and always forgives, never forgets to do a kindness and always forgives the selfish ingratitude of those who discount its sweet and precious ministry to the poor and needy! It was this noble service that finally made the skeptical element give way and admit that God was indeed a living, loving and saving Father to the prodigal as well as to the poor. So, one by one, they came home to glory; and now the skeptic sings the praise of redeeming love as joyously as the humblest believer.

Then, at last, the permanent organization of the Brighter Day League, after a baptism of Blood and Fire. The Welfare League at Sing Sing had its beautiful story of "Canada Blackie." And the Brighter Day League of the Indiana Reformatory has its story of "Samuel Hardin," who died for the Cause of Christ within the walls. His name will live with those of Harry Youngman and Paul Hudson, as long as grateful memory endures. The Great Fire of 1918 was the final touch of the finger of God that brought us to our knees in sack-cloth and ashes in repentance and preparation for the ultimate triumph of Truth and Grace in which we now rejoice.

CHAPTER LIV.

"THIS HERE RELIGIOUS BUSINESS."

"I aint' much on this here religious business, Chaplain, but somehow or 'nuther I want to get right inside. I was down there in the yard awhile ago when the boys was agoin' to dinner, an', thinks I, why not go up and have a talk with the preacher about it? I didn't send for no pass, an' I jest drapped in on my own accord-like. I ain't no coward, Chaplain. 'Ceptin' right along thar. I don't like to be laughed at fer talkin' to the preacher about my soul."

The speaker was a tall, angular, stoop-shouldered but powerfully built young man who had "drapped in," Nicodemus-like, to see the Chaplain at the noon hour. He worked about the yard and knew no one would notice where he was or understand his mission. But he was terribly and tragically in earnest. He had long been regarded as a desperate, 'Jesse James,' type of character who "didn't keer fer nothin' ner nobody," in prison or out. But there was an admirable bluntness of soul about him that even the most casual observer could not resist.

There he sat, crosswise on the chair, bending forward with a searching look in his keen blue eyes, talking in low, picturesque, mountaineer English. His formerly black, curly hair was now

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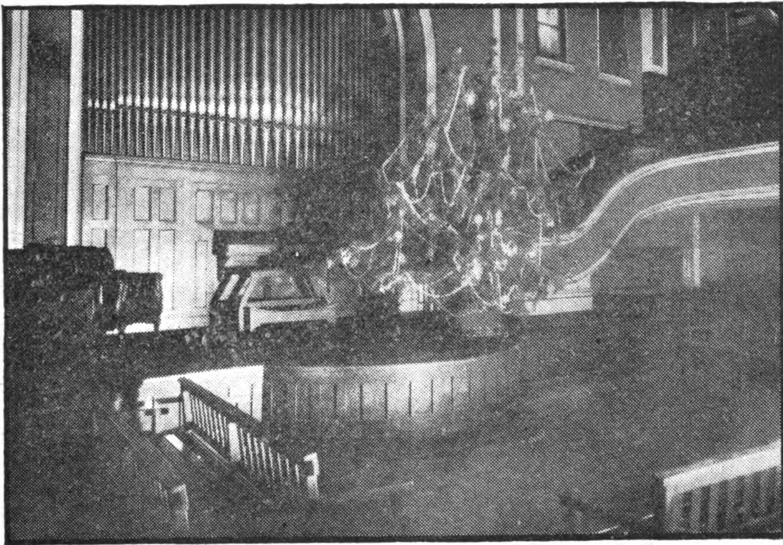
iron gray from hardship and dissipation, though he was hardly more than thirty-five years of age. He had lost time repeatedly for fighting and had won a parole at last for conspicuous and dangerous service to the State on the tall smoke-stack of the institution. The Governor recognized his merit and Grayson, number 7772, had gone out to work for a farmer in an adjoining county. It was the first time in several years that he had breathed the air of human freedom, and one would have thought he would never come back into the walls again. But he did, and he had come to tell the Chaplain about it. He talked in slow, incisive sentences that were biting with truth and bitter with melancholy and remorse.



Indiana Reformatory Chapel burned in the Great Fire of 1918. Upon this platform Brigadier Thomas Cowan first told the story of The Brighter Day League.

"What was it that awakened you, Grayson?" asked the Chaplain kindly.

"Well, it was jest this here. You recollect sayin' in Chapel las' Sunday as how a feller warn't altogether bad at heart who loved music: and that thar hit me and set me to thinkin'. You see, Chaplain, they sent me up thar on a farm where they wasn't no sound nowhere but the hack, hack of yer corn knife from daylight until dark. Nobody to talk to and take notice of yer. In

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here it's, 'Howd'y Jim,' with a friendly nod from the boys at least, and the band a playin' to cheer yer up when yer feels blue. So I jes' come back. I couldn't stand it no longer.

"Some says I went off and got drunk. But that there ain't so, Chaplain. I did send for some likker, but I didn't get drunk. Bad as I is, I ain't no liar and I ain't no thief. I can look a man square in the eye, and when I hits him, it's right between the eyes. I never take no underhand holts, an' I never hit no licks from behind yer back. I says jes' what I thinks an' I treats every feller on the square. I ain't much on this here religious business, Chaplain, but that there's my religion in a nutshell."

"What has been the matter with you, Grayson?" asked the Chaplain, when he had a chance to put in a question, for Grayson talked steadily to one point.

"Well, my trouble, Chaplain, is red likker an' high temper, jes' plain booze an' fighten'. Them's my two black marks. An' yet, Chaplain, do you think it's altogether fair to punish a man fer the color of his eye?

"You see I come by this here cravin' for likker natcherly, I did. My father was a Yankee sailor an' likker had the underholt on him. He was lots older'n my mother an' she worried so much in them early days that she got to foolin' with the stuff too. Then it got the underholt of her, an' you might say, Chaplain, that I nussed likker at my mother's breast. Ain't no wonder then that the stuff got the underholt of me."

"And you want to break the spell, don't you?" asked the Chaplain.

"Jest what I'se after, Chaplain. The Superintendent has promised to give me treatment fer the appetite an' he told me to drap in an' have a talk with you. I ain't much on this here religious business, Chaplain, but if you will help a feller when he's down, I'm willin' to give the thing a trial."

"Have you ever prayed over it, Grayson?"

"Yes, Chaplain, I hev prayed a heap over it, but I don't seem to get nowhere. I can't take holdt, somehow, an' they ain't no answer ever come yit to my prayers."

The Chaplain explained in the simplest possible manner the gospel approach to God and then pressed the matter home to the heart of Grayson whether he was ready to surrender his whole life over to the right, on his knees, then and there?

The young man was deeply moved. He was having a terrible struggle within. His soul was giving him no rest day or night. He was seeking the light in his own blunt, honest, stum-

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bling way, and he experienced a wonderful relief after confession. But he still hesitated.

"I ain't much on this here religious business, Chaplain," he repeated, "but I can't trifle with the Almighty. I'm coward-like right along here. When I give my word, I'll keep it er die in my tracks. Then I don't like to make no parade before these boys. They'd say, 'Grayson is nutty.' When I does move I mean to take the bit between my teeth and go straight ahead an' all hell can't stop me!"

This with grim determination that was in itself a vow to God and man. "My old father has done time in state prison fer killin' his man," added Grayson, "an' he written me last week to get right with God an' I would be happy. It kinder teched me an' I have been thinkin' a heap since then. I ain't no camp-meetin' mourner's benchman, Chaplain, an' I ain't much on this here religious business. But ef there's a balm fer my trouble I'd like to know whar it is. I reminded the old man of his duty the last time we was home together, an' he didn't seem to take it kindly. I hev been sorry sence, an' now the old man has found the light and puts it up to me. This here likker business has got the underholt on me, an' I'm goin' to git free some way, Chaplain, er else it's all over with me!"

He arose as grimly and solemnly as he had entered and went slowly and cautiously down the stairs to the yard as the men were returning from the dining hall. But he had promised the Chaplain to ask until it should be given him, to seek until he found, and to knock until it was opened unto him.

CHAPTER LV.

MERCY AND HUMANITY.

Doctor Walker, for some years the Associate Superintendent, always insisted that crimes of passion were more primitive and less reprehensible than crimes against property. He contended that the man of high temper was far more deserving of respect than a sneak thief and far less degenerate. However that may be, the Chaplain certainly had a different feeling toward Grayson. He recalled the beautiful old legend that Senator Crittenden of Kentucky quoted many years ago in the defense of a proud and wealthy young man who had murdered a noble high-school teacher in cold blood.

The legend was that long ago when the Great Father was about to create man and place him upon the earth, He foresaw

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man's frailty and fall and called into divine counsel Truth, Justice, and Mercy.

Arthur R. Rule, brother and counsellor of the Chaplain in all his prison work—whose tireless interest and constant encouragement have made possible this prison history of Indiana and Kentucky.

"Shall I create man?" he asked of Truth.

"No," answered Truth. "He will only deceive you and bring misery on all his posterity after him."

"And what say you?" he inquired of Justice.

"Create him not," answered Justice. "He will not only break the divine law but will involve unnumbered millions in his own guilt and punishment."

"What shall I do, then?" he asked of Mercy.

"Create him I say," replied Mercy with tenderness of countenance and heart. "He may sin and fall indeed, as Truth and Justice have said; but I will follow after him upon the earth and save him."

So man was created and Mercy taught him to be forgiving to his fellows.

The Chaplain recalled also an equally striking incident—the defense that Old General Wolford, the Mountain Congressman, once made of a young Kentucky highlander who had committed murder according to the code of vengeance which he learned at

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the feet of his fathers for generations. The trial was in the cultured town of Danville and the jury was made up mainly of intelligent and wealthy farmers and business men. Gen. Wolford said:

"Have you the right to take the life of this ignorant, high-blooded young man of the mountains, gentlemen, as a punishment for violating the laws which you have made? Look into the eyes of Truth and answer me, every one of you: has this blue-eyed boy, who grew up with the wild eagles of his native hills, had an equal chance in life with you? What access has he had to schools and colleges and the refining influences of a Christian home?

"Can you wonder that in a moment or hour of primitive animal passion he took the law into his own hands and outraged your sense of Justice, gentlemen? In the name of Mercy, I asked you whether it would not be another murder only to forfeit his life when you have left him and his people in isolation and poverty and ignorance so long? That is not justice, gentlemen. It is punishment without pity or compassion, which is cruel and inhuman: and I know that you will not be guilty of so great a crime!"

The young man was cleared and sent to school and became an upright citizen and a leader of his people in the paths of righteousness and peace.

CHAPTER LVI.

"WHEN MY FATHER AND MOTHER FORSAKE ME."

He came into the Chaplain's study quietly and took his seat. He was a young man of medium height and light brown hair and blue eyes. His voice and manner were gentle and a peculiar pathos impressed itself by his presence. The Chaplain took down his name and number.

"Well, Allman, what can I do for you this morning?"

"Chaplain, I want to tell you something I ain't never told nobody here before."

The young man choked and his eyes filled with tears of humiliation and shame. A great shadow was haunting his soul. It was the black social stigma of illegitimacy. He forced himself to go on.

"My father and mother was not married when I was born, Chaplain."

There was a silence in the room except for the stifled emotion of young Allman. The Chaplain for a moment compared himself

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with the young man; he was born within wedlock, of intelligent, highly respected, religious parents; and this young man, a social pariah, punished now for the sins of his own worthless father and mother. The Chaplain was at a loss for words at first, but asked directly:

"So you had no home?"

"No, Chaplain, we never had no home. They never done nothing for me. My grandmother raised me until I was eleven years old."

"Was she your mother's mother?"

"Yes, Chaplain. My mother went wrong when she was young. She throwed me to one side when I was three months old. If it hadn't been for my grandmother I wouldn't never been here today."

"Did any of your people ever have any religious or church connections at all?"

"No, Chaplain, my people never give that a thought."

"Not even your grandmother? She seems to have been a good woman."

"Yes, Chaplain, she was a good-like woman and brought me up the best she knowed how; but she never went to no church nowhere."

"Did she know that your mother was an evil woman?"

"Yes, Chaplain, she knowed it mighty well, and that's why she was kind to me, I guess.

The Chaplain thought a minute. Then in a very quiet tone of voice he said:

"Allman, it looks like every child ought to have the chance in life that Jesus of Nazareth and Abraham Lincoln had. They were both of very humble origin, and many a sneer of scorn was cast upon them because they were poor and lowly and because they died for men.

"Listen, Allman! Did you ever hear the story of how Love came down to earth a long time ago, one Christmas time, in the heart of a little child who was born in a barn amongst the cattle? The mother of the little boy was a beautiful young working girl in the despised town of Nazareth. She, too, had the imputation of shame cast upon her good name. Only God and Joseph, her husband, protected her. Yet the angels sang about the birth of the little boy, and the shepherds were glad to tell the news of his birth. And wise men from the East came to offer him gifts and loving reverence. Did you ever hear that story before?"

"It seems to me that I've heard that story somewhere, Chaplain."

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"Well, Allman, that little boy grew up to be a man. He was the Son of God upon the earth. He lived and died for the world. He came to seek and to save the lost. His life and death were meant to give young men like you a chance in life."

"Yes, Chaplain; but my father and mother turned their backs upon me when I was born."

"True, Allman; but did you never read where the Bible says, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' Don't you think that you could love and serve a Heavenly Father like that? Don't you think that you could give your heart and life to Jesus, His son, who died for young men like you?"

"I think I can, Chaplain."

"Well, now, Allman," said the Chaplain very gently, "how did you happen to go wrong in life?"

The young man's voice choked again and his eyes were blinded anew with tears. In a scarcely audible voice he answered:

"My own father learnt me to be crooked, Chaplain."

"What business had he about the house when he never did anything good for you?" asked the Chaplain with rising indignation.

"Well, Chaplain," answered Allman, "you see he lived in the same town as me and my grandmother did. He was a sort of a roustabout in the office of a lawyer there. So one Saturday morning my father come down to my grandmother's when she didn't know nothing about it. He coaxed me off after him. I followed out of curiosity, I guess.

"He taken me up to the lawyer's office where he worked. The lawyer was a dope fiend and was asleep in the back room at the time. So my father taken the keys to the safe and shows me how to open up the lock. It wasn't no complicated affair, Chaplain; just a simple place where he kept his money and valuables."

"Do you mean your father used you as a tool to steal the money?"

"Yes, Chaplain," answered the young man, choking up again, "my father learnt me to be a burglar when I was eleven years old. He showed me where the money was and made me go in after it. Then when the thing leaked out he put the blame on me."

"Were you both sentenced?"

"Yes, he got nine months in jail and they sent me to the Boys' School till I was twenty-one."

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"Was that the first dishonest act of your life, Allman?"

"Before God, it was, Chaplain."

"How did you get along at the Boys' School?"

"Well, Chaplain, you see it was pretty hard on a kid as young as I was being torn from his grandmother and put among a lot of strange boys. I nearly died of homesickness. At last I couldn't stand it no longer and I run off and went home to see her. They caught me and brought me back. Then they told me if I would keep a clear record for five years they would let me go home and stay a whole month with my grandmother. I done the best I could and they did let me go home that long."

"What made you take to burglary when you got out, Allman?"

"Well, Chaplain, it never done a young feller like me no good to be mixed up with them bad boys. Home is the place for a child. You can't expect to make much out of kids that is brought up in droves like cattle. They ain't nothing to take the place of mother-love in the life of a boy, Chaplain.

"I can't tell you why I went wrong afterward. I didn't care, I guess. When I learnt that my father and mother wasn't married, it kinder hardened me, like. Then when I thought how my own daddy done me, thinks I, 'what's the use, anyway?'

"I got with a feller who knowed where some money was. He said it was easy to get, and he talked me into it. I was still nothing but a kid, though I seemed growed up. Just looked like a spell come over me. The same thing that I done at eleven years old was easier the second time, I guess, when the odds of life was all against me. They wasn't nobody cared for me, anyway, but my grandmother. I did have some feelings for her, but, thinks, I, 'You ain't no credit to her, noway.' So I just went wrong."

"Yes, Allman; but don't you repent of it now? Can't you see that such a life has nothing in store for you? Don't you think you could begin over again in the right way, with God's help? Wouldn't you like to have Him as your Father instead of the worthless man who cursed you with his name? Wouldn't you be willing now to give your whole life to make the world a better place for poor boys like you to live in? Jesus calls you into this great service, Allman. Will you accept his saving grace and friendship, now and forever?"

"I am ready, Chaplain," answered the young man with deep solemnity. And they two knelt there before Almighty God and made a covenant that was bedewed with many tears and registered in the Lamb's Book of Life. The young outcast arose from

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his knees a new convert. The crook became a child of the Most High, for it is written:

"Zion shall be redeemed with justice, and her converts with righteousness."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE BRIGHTER DAY LEAGUE COVENANT.

I voluntarily agree to conform to the following:

To read a portion of the Bible at least once a day, and to kneel in prayer each morning and evening, asking God for help and guidance.

To refrain from the use of profane language, and to be kind to my associates.

To consider myself, from this day, an abstainer from all intoxicating liquors or drugs, and to encourage others to do the same.

To obey the rules and regulations of the institution of which I am at present an inmate, and to obediently carry out the instructions of the officials of the same.

To endeavor to always live an exemplary life, and to act in such a way as to entitle me to be called a good citizen.

To Darkest England came a glorious light
That summoned millions from black Slumland's night.

The hand of Mercy and the torch of Hope
Reached down and guided where lost souls did grope.

The oil of Gladness and the balm of Love
Restored Sin's wounded to the home above.

O League of Service and the Brighter Day,
Imprisoned spirits find the heavenly way;

And in the selfish, hostile world outside
Are saved and solaced when their faith is tried.

The dawn of manhood through dark prison bars
Studdeth the dome of God with new born stars.

With sweet compassion for the prisoner's own,
No more at Christmas will they weep alone.

Sister of Mercy to lost womanhood,
The subtle Tempter is at last withstood!

Daughter of Zion to the battle line,
With bread to strengthen and Love's holy wine!

Herald of kindness in a world of wrong,
Millions will answer thy millennial song!

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CHAPTER LVIII.

"THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF REFORMATION."

The personal interviews which the General Superintendent holds with the men each Tuesday and Friday nights powerfully supplements the work of the Chaplain and the Brighter Day League in bringing the prisoner and the prodigal to themselves. These interviews have the deep psychological and spiritual effect of a confessional. In a firm but fatherly way the Superintendent insists that "truthfulness is the first evidence of reformation." Hence, when he looks a man squarely in the eye, he reads clear down into the soul; and few young fellows fail to come across in time with the truth about themselves. Conscious as they are that the institution motto "fifty-fifty" is lived up to, they feel the infinite relief of having so great a force of right on their side when they "play the game fair" with "the big man outside," as they fondly call the Superintendent.

It is sometimes a dramatic experience to witness these personal interviews. One night a young colored man, who was a native of far-away South Carolina, came out and told his story. He married a young girl of his race who was of weak virtue. Taking her away to Indianapolis, where he had good employment and had never been in trouble before, he established a little home and was very happy with his wife and child. A close friend of his engaged board under his roof and was made welcome. In due season the common tragedy happened. This friend alienated the affection of the young wife and ruined the home. The husband discovered this fact one day very suddenly, and taking the law into his own hand, shot the offender. He refrained from killing his wife only because the presence of his little child excited an emotion of pity for the mother. He was given a sentence of two to fourteen years. In his distress he came to the Superintendent to ask if anything might be done to shorten this time.

Turning to the Chaplain after the young fellow left the room, the Superintendent said: "The breaking up of the young man's home means a lot to him in spite of the fact that he is only a Negro and not as highly sensitive in his feelings as you or I. It is difficult for either of us to imagine what we might have done under a similar provocation. It reminds me of a famous trial where Daniel W. Voorhees defended a prominent Southern man for avenging the honor of his own house and heart and home.

"Senator Voorhees began his speech by describing how the American consul in a foreign land years ago asked permission of

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his Government to send home the mortal remains of John Howard Payne, author of 'Home Sweet Home.' He pictured the homeless wanderer who had written one song into which his genius had embodied the human heart. When the poet-wanderer's remains were carried through the streets of New York and Washington City, people of wealth and fame competed for a place in the procession. School children scattered flowers in honor of the dead exile who had come back as last to sleep in the bosom of his beloved Motherland.

"The First Evidence of Reformation"—General Superintendent George A. H. Shideler holding one of the 4000 annual personal interviews with Inmates of the Indiana Reformatory which change the lives of so many young men from careers of crime to good citizenship.

" 'Home,' said the Senator, 'is the sweetest word on mortal tongue except the one sweeter word, Mother. That home may be a hut on the hill or a hovel in the valley below. Its roof may be open to the rain or snow, but it is home where the wife loves and nourishes her innocent boys. When this trial is over and you go back to your own homes and face your wife and child in peace, love and happiness and they ask you what this trial meant, tell them it was the trial of a man for his life who did what every lover of home and wife and child would have done in a like situation. That when the shot that killed was fired, every man said, 'Amen,' excepting adulterers, seducers, and libertines. I resign this case of Life or Death into your hands. May He who watches

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the sparrow's fall have you in his keeping and guide your thoughts aright!' "

Of course the man was acquitted; but in the case of the humble prisoner who held the interview with his Superintendent, there was nothing to do except to reconcile him to the law and see what clemency could be obtained for him. The finest thing of all was the fact that the Brighter Day League membership had taken all desire for vengeance out of the young husband's heart. He did not cast his wife away but took her back and forgave the offense and the offender, who lived and recovered.

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BY BLOOD AND FIRE.

CHAPTER LVIX.

CRUSADERS OF HEALTH AND CHILDHOOD.

When the Boy and Girl Scout movement began in Indiana nearly ten years ago, the first social service that the Scouts were called upon to render after their enrollment was in the battle waged against tuberculosis and typhoid. Under the direction of the Indiana State Board of Health and the Social Service Committee of the Presbyterian Church the Boy and Girl Scouts of Jackson County carried out a systematic programme of campaign annually in the cause of public health. They sold the Red Cross Christmas stamps and distributed literature from house to house supplied by the State.

But the most effective work of all was the personal educational propaganda conducted by Dr. J. N. Hurty himself, secretary of the State Board of Health, with the Scouts as valiant young volunteers in the cause. Wherever the scouts are organized and agitate, there Dr. Hurty comes to lecture and lead. Dr. Hurty holds himself in readiness for such calls in the name of the State and wherever electricity can be secured, the stereopticon moving picture demonstration of disease and community hygiene is a big success. Some have thought that these pictures are too terrible for the imagination of a child; but Dr. Hurty has a wonderfully simple and fascinating way of talking to little folks and young people, and it makes a lot of difference in their after life.

The story of these heroic crusaders of health and childhood runs back many years before the Civil War. James Whitcomb, the Hoosier Governor for whom Whitcomb Riley was named, was a Vermont boy, born in 1795. His people came out to Ohio and settled on a farm near Cincinnati when the woods were thick. He did not like farm work. He loved books. He would take a book to the field with him and read while the horses rested in the plow. It pleased him very much to let the horses rest. He often hired his brothers to do his work by promising them each one a farm, and he afterward made good the promise.

James Whitcomb entered Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., when that institution was the mother of Old Centre College. He paid his expenses by teaching school. He studied law and located in Bloomington, Ind. He arose steadily from one public office to another until 1843 when he was elected Gov-

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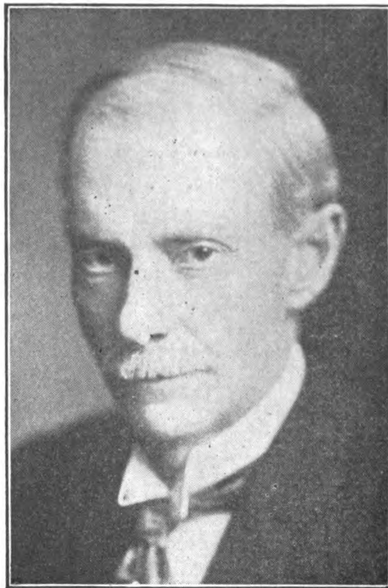
ernor of Indiana. He was Governor during the Mexican War and insisted on dedicating to freedom the territory acquired. He was chosen United States Senator in 1848, and owing to ill health did not take a conspicuous position in the State. He died in 1852.



Dr. J. N. Hurty, Secretary Indiana State Board of Health.

Governor Whitcomb was married in 1846 as a bachelor to a lovely young woman, the pride of his heart. His wife died the following year, leaving an infant daughter which the heart-broken father carried in his arms to Ohio and gave to his wife's sister to rear. This child became the wife of Claude Matthews, afterward Governor of Indiana and father of the great reformatory movement and measures that redeemed the State institutions from political control and corruption.

Claude Matthews was born in Bath County, Kentucky, on a farm, and grew up as a trained hand with fine stock. His father had 500 mules ready for the market during the Civil War about the time that General Morgan was assembling his volunteers for the famous raids across the Ohio River. The Matthews mules

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were sent across the river into Ohio in charge of Claude, who was a nervy youngster. It seems that the community where he was hiding the stock was near the home where the young daughter of Governor Whitcomb grew up. Somehow, best known to young hearts, these two became acquainted and fell in love with each other. They pledged their love but agreed to complete their education before marrying.

Claude came back to Kentucky with his mules and became a student at Old Centre College. He afterward moved to Indiana and settled on the Wabash River. He had a fine farm and was a man of unusual integrity and devotion to the public good. He was elected Governor in 1892 and was on the lookout for men like Dr. Hurty, George Shideler, Ernest Bicknell and other great souls in the crusade for child welfare, public health and prison reform. Governor Matthews put aside party preference and selected each of these men for their devotion to the cause so near his heart and their own.

Since Dr. Hurty is now one of the most widely known health commissioners in America, we asked him to tell us how he came to champion the cause of the people in the health crusade.

Dr. Hurty thought a moment, then replied: "As a young physician in Indianapolis twenty-five or thirty years ago I began analyzing the city water. There was a big block of rented houses and rooms owned by a certain sordid rich man. Typhoid fever patients, or rather victims, were hauled out of there every week or so to the City Hospital, where I attended them. This repetition of cases from the same locality aroused my suspicions, and I immediately made an investigation. The block was a typhoid fever factory and the millionaire owner was to blame for allowing such a menace to public health. To confirm my theory I poured coal oil in the outhouses and it showed up in the well or cistern water the people were drinking.

"This exposure of conditions brought the old gentleman around to see me. He was in a rage, saying I had published a lot of accursed nonsense and caused him to be criticised by the public. He added that if I didn't let up he would take steps to see that I did. But I stood my ground. An old physician of the city who had made a lot of money came with his fatherly advice to let such matters alone and look to the profits of my profession.

" 'It's all right, Hurty,' he said, 'to take legitimate opportunities to raise a protest and attract attention, but I'd drop that typhoid fuss if I were you. It will mean ruin to you if you don't.'

"I studied the old gentleman and saw that he was the same make as the millionaire, a miserly soul without a cent of care

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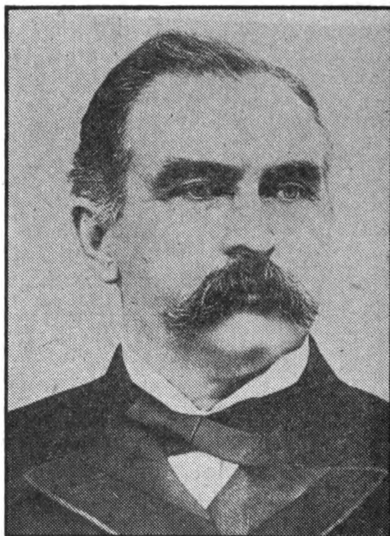
for humanity or its misery. All the fight in me rose to the occasion, and I was more than ever resolved to stick to the cause of public health. I did lose lots of practice at first, and got my full share of censure at the hands of the selfish interests that were disturbed, but in time my practice increased and the public was more and more aroused.



Claude Matthews, the great Prison Reform Governor of Indiana

"One day I was surprised beyond measure by a call from Governor Claude Matthews. He came to my office and said he had been watching my work for some time with appreciation and approval, and he wanted me to become secretary of the State Board of Health. I was wholly unprepared for such a proposition at the time and told him I had slowly built up a practice of $4,000 a year, which I could not afford to let slip without some assurance of an income. He insisted that I was the man he wanted, and the matter of remuneration was at length made reasonably good, so I accepted and threw my whole life into it."

It was characteristic of Claude Matthews, the "Farmer Governor" of Indiana, to discover a man like Dr. Hurty. Matthews was a Kentuckian by birth, a Presbyterian by training and a graduate of "Old Centre College" at Danville. His election as Governor of the Hoosier State in the 90's created lots of enthu-

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siasm among the students of his alma mater. He was a powerful foe to every enemy of the public good; and in this connection Dr. Hurty insists that every citizen should call the attention of his representative in the Legislature to measures of social relief and welfare. Some rural legislators speak and vote against a bill because they have had no message from their constituency about it, although the bill may involve the physical alleviation of thousands.

One of the most abused party leaders in Indiana heard about the stubbornness of such a representative regarding a badly needed law that was about to be choked by red tape in behalf of the interests. The member from the country had delivered a very windy denunciation of the measure when a tap on the shoulder from the party leader made him as docile as a lamb. He voted once for the public good. Dr. Hurty goes after such indifference to social welfare in a very characteristic way, and his satire is a peculiar blending of scorn and sorrow, wit and tears.

"Do we love clams more than children? If we do not, why did Congress without hesitation appropriate $20,000 to pay experts to study clams, and almost unanimously turn down an appropriation of $3,000 to pay an expert to study children?

"The clam appropriation was passed in 1907, and early in 1908 the child appropriation was killed. In 1905 the State Board of Health presented to the Indiana General Assembly a new health law which had for its object the conservation of human life. It seems to the board that our State would do well to catch up with other States, and do like sensible, practical work along the lines of preventing disease and saving lives.

"When the bill was up a member arose and said: 'I have been requested by my constituents over and over to vote for measures to protect hogs from cholera and trees from scale, but I have never been asked to vote for a measure to protect women and children from preventable diseases.'

"Of course, the bill was defeated as a crank bill. Had the bill been for hogs or clams it would not have been cranky. The reason why the $20,000 clam appropriation passed like greased lightning was because the pearl button makers want clam shells to make pearl buttons from. We cannot make anything but men and women out of children; therefore Congress would not give any money for such an end.

"It is to be said that Secretary Garfield heartily indorsed the child appropriation, and when he made his argument before the Congressional committee a mighty member from Sinkhole arose

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and asked: 'Does this not approach dangerously near the line of encroachment upon the rights of States and municipalities?' When will some people quit thinking it is cranky to protect the human family against disease? No one thinks it is cranky to protect hogs against cholera and trees against scale."

During the epidemic of influenza at the Indiana Reformatory, in the winter of 1919, the State Board of Health sent to the institution one of its trained and trusted physicians, Dr. C. F. Williams. He came in an emergency and has remained ever since, for Dr. Williams thoroughly understands the bad social conditions and causes back of all crime. Speaking of remedial measures in the mind of the State Board of Health, he said:

"There should be a board to pass upon the physical, mental and moral status of every delinquent boy and girl committed to a penal institution. The court has not heretofore taken these things into consideration because the court seems compelled to follow the letter of the law and has no jurisdiction or choice in this most important matter. For example, we receive boys here with tuberculosis who are a menace to the health of their fellow-inmates. We also receive youth who are moral perverts and they greatly hinder the moral uplift work being done amongst the others. Then, too, there are boys committed to the Reformatory who seem as yet such novices in crime, and whose surroundings and parentage were so much at fault, that some preventive steps in time might have averted such a calamity.

"Such a board as I have mentioned would point out the causes back of all crime and convince us that prevention is of far greater importance than mere punishment. The medical inspection and supervision of school children insisted upon by the State Board of Health has in view the discovery of the juvenile delinquent long before he has reached the courtroom. Bad teeth, evil home conditions, a depleted vitality and weakened nervous system, not to mention a thousand and one incentives to immorality and crime that forever beset the children of the street and slum, call loudly for devoted effort on our part to save these helpless little ones. In China they decapitate the criminal. Here in America we bring forth and foster an enormous human waste material that could be an asset instead of a social liability. In one word, if we would spend a tenth or an hundredth part of our time and money on prevention long previous to punishment, crime would yield to control and elimination in the same manner as disease. Upon these points the Indiana State Board of Health is in close co-operative touch with all our penal institutions."

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One of the first essentials in the American Reformatory System insisted upon by Zebulon R. Brockway, its founder, was clean, clearcut, scientific teaching of wholesome morality and ethics amongst the inmates. Dr. Williams assisted in the organization of the Brighter Day League at the Indiana Reformatory and has charge of these splendid class talks from time to time, which have had an immense influence in turning wayward youth back again into the paths of right thinking and worthy citizenship.

CHAPTER LX.

"THE PAWNS OF FATE."

Dr. Paul E. Bowers, who for some years was physician at the Indiana Hospital for Insane Criminals, Michigan City, has written a prison story of unusual interest called, "The Pawns of Fate." The story is an understudy of those hereditary and environmental forces and influences which predispose so many youth to a life of crime. Dr. Bowers draws upon a ripened experience in his treatment of the subject. He understands youth and is the friend and guardian of the wayward and mentally defective. He advocates a psychopathic laboratory in connection with every criminal court and a clearer analysis of the social causes of crime. He is also a firm believer in the regenerative influence of a wholesome work even for the insane. Dr. Bowers during the great war was in the National Army Medical Service where he rendered notable aid to the unfortunate soldiery deranged by the shock of war. The most beautiful symbol in his story is Justice, with Science, on one hand and Mercy on the other in the modern courtroom. Dr. Bowers was afterward superintendent of the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Logansport, Ind.

Life's derelicts his pen depicts:
  The pity and despair;
The grievous load, the thorny road;
  The father's sins they bear.
The Pawns of Fate, whose lost estate
  And kingdom of the mind
May nevermore to them restore
  Sweet freedom unconfined.

Bereft of hope, they face the slope
  That to life's summit leads;
Cursing the morn that they were born,
  They turn to darker deeds.
The Pawns of Fate, whose bosom-mate
  Is Force that fathers Fear,
The Undesired whose souls seem sired
  In Hell and banished here.

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To wandering wait, till soon or late
The chains of crime and chance
Are forged and fast, that from their past
They never may advance.
Their heritage from age to age
Is tainted blood and birth;
The ball and chain, the stripes and pain,
That bind them to the earth.

Vague wanderlust and cold mistrust
Harden their hearts to crime;
Environment and years misspent
Exclude Love's light sublime.
'Tis Faith or Fate within the gate
That grips the souls of men,
For good or ill, the weakened will,
To rise or fall again.

There is but One beneath the sun
Can lift them from the fall—
The Lord of Life who calms the strife
And heals his children all.
Yet, on each hand of Justice stand
Science and Mercy, too—
Holding the scale for them who fail,
Compassionate and true.

Dr. Bowers believes in the beneficial result of steady discipline and a congenial mental task to hold wayward youth in the path of self-improvement and progress. He one time had under his control a promising boy who was determined to have his own way. The doctor compelled him to measure up at school and to give an account of himself, his time and associations. The boy rebelled against this and thought he was very much imposed upon; but after a few years, when he was ready for the duties of life, he realized the hidden kindness in the way Dr. Bowers had trained him.

While Dr. Bowers was conducting the Hospital for Insane Criminals at Michigan City, he had as his secretary a young fellow who was committed for murder and was subject to the impulse of self-destruction under the spells of deep melancholy that came over him. Dr. Bowers assigned this young man congenial work in the department, and he was even able to handle a lot of data having to do with cases similar to his own. In order to divert him, the doctor had the boy to read and analyze a novel of Walter Scott. This latter task seemed hard, but the effect was exactly what the doctor wished

One of the big magazines has recently been running a series of articles on the subject of moral derangement, which shows the effect of soul shock on human life and character. There is no

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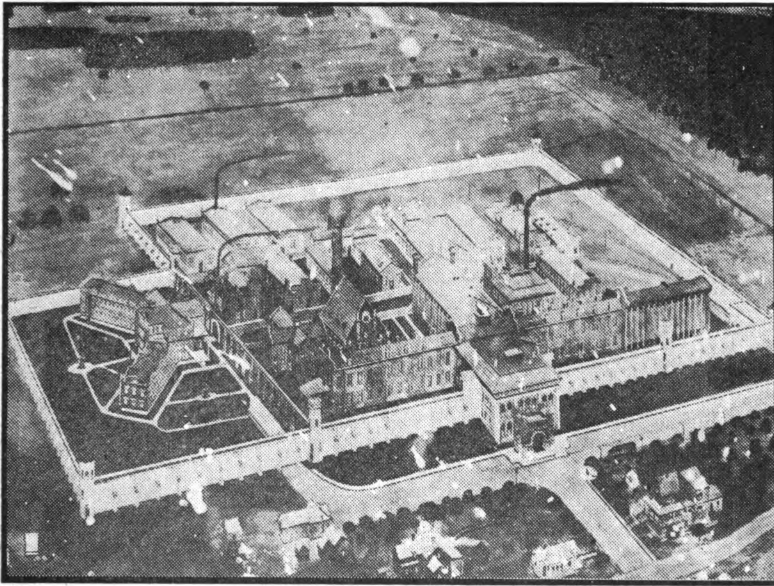
doubt in the world as to the soundness of this theory. One night at the interviews by the superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory a boy told how he became a thief. He said that his father was a drunkard and did not give his mother sufficient money to keep the family going. Hence the mother had to watch her chance when the husband was in a drunken sleep and take money from his pockets, if he had any left. During this trying time this boy was receiving, before birth, the impressions that predestined his future fate as a petty thief.



Indiana State Prison, Michigan City: E. J. Fogerty, Warden. One of the best conducted prisons in America. Hospital for Insane Criminals on the left.

The chaplain has had in his office from time to time some of the brightest and most interesting types of wayward youth imaginable. The life stories of these young men have given vivid revelations on the subject we are discussing. One of these young men defined fate as circumstances over which we have no control. He then told the story of his life and downfall as follows:

"The ruin of my life was due to an ideal suddenly and tragically destroyed. My father married my mother when she was young and beautiful, out in the lovely prairie country of Illinois.

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It was an ideal community they lived in, and their love was clean and pure, tender and loyal. Father was an efficient, capable young man, not above manual labor, and he built up a good name and credit by hard licks. He came to the city where we afterward lived and there had one of the most quiet and happy homes in the place.

"My father was indulgent and kind, never selfish and stingy or grouchy. When I asked him for a quarter I got a dollar; and when I wanted a dollar he gave me five, with no accounting how I spent it. This was really not best for me as I acquired tastes and desires beyond my years and means while I was still in high school. I was going with sons of wealthy parents and when they went out to anything in a social way, it behooved me to shell out more than I was able. This was the first factor in my subsequent downfall.

"My father was also tempted by the world of ease and sin and self-indulgence. He was at first a buyer for a big poultry company and made good money at that. Then he foresaw profit in the moving picture show and invested in that with success to the extent of several thousand dollars. He sold out one and went into another, and that was also profitable. But the picture play business brought him in contact with sporty people, and the intoxication of financial success and leisure time in company with these fast people had its great influence in his undoing.

"The set of the scenes in our lives seemed to be fated. Mother was five years the senior of my father and was not well after my birth. She was also at the time of life when a woman's health is often precarious, and she was not as happy a companion to him as she had been at first. My father meanwhile met a coarsely fascinating girl of the more common, illiterate class, who was cashier in a clubhouse and open to the same desire for ease and self-gratification. She became the ticket girl in his own show and was thus in daily contact with him. But this was all a dead secret and mystery to mother and me.

"Now my father was a splendid comrade and sportsman. He took me out hunting one day and I hastily shot a rabbit setting in the bush. My father gave me a straight talk about not giving an animal a chance for its life. He said that if I wanted to kill for the mere pleasure I should shoot at a target or a tin can and not at rabbits or birds. In fact, my father was to me the ideal of manhood.

"The first intimation I had that anything was wrong was when he mentioned at home one day having other shows on the road, and that he would be away for several days at other towns.

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But it happened that I saw him downtown with the other woman when he had said he would be somewhere else. I trailed them to the show, and about half past 11 o'clock they left together. I saw them take a car together. I boarded the same car and rode out until they got off at an apartment house. I took the elevator after them and got off at the same floor where the elevator boy said they were. Investigation confirmed my worst suspicions. I sat outside across the street until 3 o'clock in the morning, dazed and confounded by the loss of faith in my father. Then I went home.

"I said nothing to mother as yet. Then one day we chanced upon a stub checkbook in father's desk and noticed money for a stove range and a rug that we knew he had not bought for our home. I thereupon visited his other apartment and satisfied myself that he was guilty of a double life. Mother and I called him to account for his conduct, and he denied it; but there was such a scene that mother became desperately ill afterward.

"Father left home then for sure. He went on the road in the show business and deserted us entirely. I trailed him again and found that he had quit the show and gone as guide to a fishing party on one of the lakes. I intended having it out with him; but he was gone the Sunday I arrived. My mother could not endure the suspense any longer; so she took a trip back to her old home in Illinois and then out to Missouri to her brother's. It was then that I hit the trail also. I met a man, after many strange adventures, who told me that my father and his new wife were in the far South together.

"Fool-like I got me a gun and said to myself that I would even up with my father for treating my mother as he had done. I beat my way over the long journey and as I hugged 'the rattler' I burned with indignation and thirsted for revenge. Well, I reached the town and traced my father to a squalid sort of a dwelling with no comforts or ornaments whatsoever. I opened the door and covered my father with the gun, telling him to get ready to die. Wife No. 2 stepped up to interfere and I knocked her across the room, though I am not one to strike a woman ordinarily.

"There was something in the utter humiliation and shame of father's condition and spirit and appearance that aroused an unexpected contemptuous pity in my heart toward him. So I lowered the gun and let him live. We then took a walk together on the Gulf coast with the infinite blue sky above and the shoreless water line all around, like time and eternity. I told father that his old mother was still living and that she loved him and grieved over him every day that came.

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" 'You know how old and feeble she is. She has your picture on the wall out there in the Illinois home; and she has been mourning for you and praying to God every morning and evening to bring back her lost son as from the dead. She takes your picture down off the wall and hugs it to her old heart with tears and sobs. And now I want you to promise me on your life that you will write to her and give her some relief and comfort. I will not stand for this cruel neglect of her.

" 'I am here to tell you also that your real wife, my mother, is waiting for you back home and will welcome you without a word. She, too, is praying for you, as a woman always does. But as for me, I will never welcome you back again. You have a streak of yellow in you that makes me want to never set eyes on you again. This is all I have to say. I bid you good-bye.'

"So I went forth with shattered ideals and a reckless spirit of folly. I, too, became a tramp from Maine to California, even as I had been from the lakes to the gulf, hunting my father. But it did not matter where I was, I always wrote to my mother and gave her a word of cheer. She is a woman of infinite patience and unfaltering faith. She is just as sure today that my father will come back home some time as she was years ago. She goes down on her knees in prayer for him with every rising and setting sun. And the old mother out there in Illinois is now 86 years old, but she still takes the picture of the prodigal son from the wall and kisses it, with tears. That is faith, I guess; but fate alone confronts me."

The young man continued to insist that his father was "The Prodigal Who Never Came Back," and sometimes the shadow of heredity haunted the son with a strange melancholy. But he always wore a smile; and he was quietly susceptible to the influence of hope. Taken from hard physical labor and given a chance to cultivate the really exceptional gifts of thought and expression which he possessed, he proved himself a wonderful helper to the chaplain. He always fought shy of anything like a religious confession and was very skeptical about prayer. But when the Brighter Day League was organized he became interested in its work and began to take part in its meetings. In spite of himself he developed a keen relish for the discussions and had numerous quiet talks with the chaplain on the subject of "Faith or Fate?" It was not long until the chaplain was able to write a letter to the mother about this boy of hers, for whom she thanked God every day, "even though he had done wrong and was a prisoner."

Now the supreme spiritual merit of the Brighter Day League

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is the creation of faith and hope in the heart of the prisoner who has lost faith in God and man, and in himself. He breathes it in the atmosphere of the meetings through the happy medium of song and prayer and intensely human talks. This young man told the chaplain one day that the only religion he had was his mother; but when the power of fate was broken and the influence of faith was felt in his case, he could truly say that he had his mother's religion. It was then that the chaplain handed him a little song of hope which voiced the victory of one soul delivered from the grip and gloom of utter despair:

Adverse waves and winds that blow,
How they change our course below;
As the sea of life we sail,
Trifles often turn the scale.
Many a lover's blasted dream
Heads his future down the stream;
Many a maiden's wound unseen
Makes the lonely Magdalene.
Peering through the prison bars,
Hopeless spirits watch the stars,
Feeling that relentless Fate
Fathered them with Misery mate;
When in truth a kindly word
Wakes the deadened soul unstirred,
And the earth and sea and air
Burst with beauty everywhere.
Easter song to souls astray
Calls them home from far away—
Giving Faith instead of Fate—
Back from Hell to Heaven's gate.

CHAPTER LXI.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

(April, 1919)

(This article was written by Rabbi Joseph Rauch of Louisville, Ky., at the earnest solicitation of the Department of Synagog and School Extension. Rabbi Rauch has been doing voluntary Welfare Work among Jewish delinquents for a number of years. The article is published in the belief that work which has revealed such a sympathetic grasp of the problem and has met with such fine results cannot fail to be of genuine interest to the general Jewish public.—Editor, Union Bulletin.)

* * * * * *

In the spring of 1915, I received simultaneously communications from the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, calling my attention to the presence of Jewish prisoners in the Indiana Reformatory, and each asked that I interest myself in them. For obvious reasons I

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decided to do this work as rabbi and, therefore, under the auspices of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. I looked upon it as an extension of my pulpit work, and in this spirit I have tried to carry it on during the last three and a half years.

On the 27th of August, 1915, I made the first visit to the institution. The authorities permitted me the use of the chapel and gave me two afternoons a month to have services and to talk with the boys. At first neither the officials nor the boys themselves were very much interested in me or in the things I tried to do. The former thought it was a passing fad with the rabbi of Louisville, and the latter suspected my motives. As they told me afterwards, they thought I was writing books on jails and prisons and came there for first hand information. It took fully six months to convince the institution, as well as the Jewish inmates, that my sole purpose was to help both. And here I wish to say that of the two it was by far more difficult to gain the confidence of the prisoners. Many of them had experienced a great deal of unfairness, and this made them look upon every person with mistrust.

It requires but a very few visits to see that the conventional service and sermon would mean little behind prison walls. What the boys wanted and needed was fellowship, encouragement, brief, private heart-to-heart talks and a world of singing. They never tired of singing. Youth wants to be happy as much in prison as in the free world, and by singing these boys forgot their present troubles. I dare say no congregation knows the Union Hymnal as well as the Jewish boys of the Indana Reformatory. This is not the only singing we had. We gathered a large repertoire of the latest popular songs—good, bad and indifferent. Our High Church dignitaries would probably not have given their approval to this; but, fortunately, I was a law to myself, and I was as much concerned that they should be cheerful as that they should grow better ethically and morally. In fact, I used to ask the boys what they wanted to sing and at the next meeting I had the selections they asked for. There were occasions when our song service was taken almost entirely from the vaudeville stage.

The justification for all this is that it produced the thing I most needed to begin constructive work—in gained for me their whole-hearted confidence. Without my asking a single boy to tell me the story of his life, and more especially the circumstances that brought him to the reformatory, each one told me his tale of misfortune. I know that they told the truth, because what they said agreed fully with the records of the institution. The

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usual difference that I found was that they made a cleaner breast of their past before me than they did before the court which tried them, even though the additional information was at times damaging to them. These confidential conferences gave me a basis on which to work. I tried to build up the waste moral places. The work was not as hard as I anticipated. It is really remarkable how readily the boys responded. Once they learned they had a friend in me they became as obedient children. Practically without exception they did what I told them.

In less than a year's time after I began my work each one of the nineteen Jewish boys was on the honor roll of the institution. This means that each one lived up the rigid rules of the reformatory. Our own duties are light in comparison. The outside world knows little of the temptations that the prisoner has to overcome in the penal institution. I was therefore proud of the record my boys made. The resident chaplain, Rev. L. V. Rule, and the superintendent, Dr. Peyton, told me repeatedly that for the last two years the Jewish inmates have ceased to be a problem.

You may be interested in knowing how we spent our afternoons in the reformatory. Miss Edna Jones and I went there on the second and fourth Thursdays of every month. We were usually in the chapel at 2:45 p. m., and found the boys waiting there for us. We invariably began with singing. This created the proper atmosphere of cheerfulness and hope. Then we had a short religious service. This was based on reading selections from the Prayer Book, sometimes from the Bible, or from other good literature. At other times I would just read to them a story with an implied moral. We varied this with a song service from one of the hymnals. At first I did all the reading at the services, but beginning with the second year I had different boys take charge of the service. You see it gradually grew into a sort of informal congregation. The boys enjoyed reading the services, and I invariably tried to do what pleased them most.

The service over, they would gather about the piano and, while Miss Jones played and led in the singing, I had brief conferences with each of the boys. The term "conferences" is probably too formal for these personal chats. We talked over what happened since my last visit, and especially where I could be of help. Sometimes I was asked to straighten out a misunderstanding between the boy and the institution, or to write a letter home, or to intercede with the Board of Parole. When a boy was sick I visited him in the hospital. On such a visit I usually took a little delicacy to the poor chap, and this at times helped as

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much as medicine. I would also speak to the physician, and on one occasion secured a certain drug for one of our boys which the reformatory hospital did not have. These are all very little things, but it was just through such little services that I rendered the help needed.

Rabbi Joseph Rauch, Temple Adath Israel, Louisville, Ky. Visiting Jewish Chaplain, Indiana Reformatory.

I laid much stress on keeping intact the home ties. I insisted that each boy write home regularly and then followed up these letters with personal notes to the families urging them to reply promptly. I knew that in course of time these prisoners would again have liberty and I wanted them to be able to go back to their homes. I found out very early in my work that some boys drifted back to prison because during their incarceration they had become estranged from their families. I wanted to avoid a recurrence of this. I have on my files copies of hundreds of such letters that I have written for the boys.

Strange as it may seem, I have had a non-Jewish boy in my group. His Jewish cell-mate gave him a glowing and exaggerated account of my work and he begged and pleaded to be permitted to become one of us. Needless to say that I made no effort at conversion, though he seems to possess the zeal of a

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convert. He is interested in all that I am doing and has become one of our prison family. I have had many requests from non-Jewish boys in the reformatory to include them in my Thursday afternoon group, but I had to refuse. With only two afternoons a month for this work I could not accept additional boys. There were at the reformatory until very recently over eleven hundred inmates, and I would not have known where to draw the line.

Apropos of what I have said above, the following anecdote may interest you. A year ago last Pesach I asked the superintendent for permission to serve the Jewish boys a Seder dinner and to announce this at the chapel services the preceding Sunday. Permission was given me, and some of the women of my congregation prepared a feast fit for the gods. We took this over to the institution, and after the Seder service had a real party. The superintendent was present and seemed to enjoy what was going on. When I was ready to leave he came up to me and said, "Rabbi, I did not announce to the boys that you were coming over here with a dinner. I merely said that you had planned a special religious service for the day. For, had I stated that you were coming here with a spread, this whole institution would have been converted to Judaism."

Now, as to results. I am sure you and your committee will be pleased to learn that of the original nineteen boys, sixteen have gotten their paroles, and of these sixteen, fifteen have made good. Before each one left, his family was ready to receive him. I was also prepared to give every man a job in case he needed it, paying him not less than $50.00 a month. Realizing that the first few months after leaving the institution are the most critical, I tried to have all the necessary safeguards prepared in advance. Most of the boys drop me letters now and then, telling me what they are doing, and I have every reason to believe that their future will in a large measure atone for their past. Of the three that are still in the reformatory one is likely to receive his parole in December and the other two next March.

I cannot close this brief and informal account without expressing my deep appreciation and sincere thanks to Miss Jones for her most valuable help. Without her aid much of this work would have been impossible.

* * * * * *

Having been closely associated with Rabbi Rauch during the past five years of his work among the Jewish boys of the Indiana Reformatory, we are in a position to state that the cases he cites have been tested by time, and the majority of them have

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given him reason to be proud. We have before us the records of one case which Rabbi Rauch took great pains with in the face of general discouragement. It was a wonderful transformation through which this young man passed from a prisoner with the spirit of rebellion in him to a man on parole touched by the humanizing sentiment of home and loved ones and inspired by the confidence and success of newly-discovered business ability and opportunity. His letters to the Rabbi and the personal presence of this young man when he visited the institution again filled every heart with joy. No officer in the institution shared this joy more genuinely than the Band Master who was the constant friend of the young man during his imprisonment.

Another case was that of a young Hebrew who had failed to avail himself of the advantages of education and moral training usually given to Jewish boys. As a consequence he fell into evil associates and became a criminal. While an inmate of the Reformatory he lost touch with his people in a distant city and his mother died. This was a great sorrow to him and had its influence in making him respond to the friendship of Rabbi Rauch. Communication with his loved ones was restored and he made so creditable a record within the walls that he was duly released. This young man was provided with employment, clothing and other badly neded advantages of civil life by the Rabbi and Jewish friends in Louisville. He afterward left his employment, but not until he had made good every cent spent upon him; and his employer had not only advanced him in salary but deeply regretted losing him.

The third case in mind was that of a Jewish youth whose father was more rigid and exacting of the son than the discipline of the prison itself. The boy's eyes were bad and he had no money for treatment. He said that he committed forgery to secure the means for this purpose, and instead received a sentence to the Reformatory, of which his own father heartily approved. However, the Reformatory physician discovered that the boy's eyes were not only bad but that the disease demanded the isolation of the patient. This fact was communicated to Rabbi Rauch by the chaplain and the physician, Dr. Williams. The Rabbi came immediately with a specialist and the boy was subsequently released on a Governor's parole until his eyes were entirely restored to normal. The kindness of Governor Goodrich and those interested in the case resulted in the complete reformation of the boy, who is now at home happy with his people.

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CHAPTER LXII.

THE KENTUCKY BOARD OF STATE CHARITIES.

The act creating the Kentucky Board of State Charities and Corrections was approved March 9th, 1920. The new Board was formed to manage and supervise the benevolent, charitable, eleemosynary, correctional and penal institutions, superceding the former State Board of Control and the managers of the House of Reform for Girls.

The Board consisted of eight members, all resident Kentuckians, not less than thirty years of age, and two of them were women. They were appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. Not more than four members of the Board should belong to the same political party. They were to serve without compensation, but all actual and necessary expenses should be paid.

The purpose of the act was to establish a broad, humane and practical policy in dealing with State wards. To study the sources and causes of crime, delinquency and dependency, and to suggest and put into effect all beneficial remedial measures possible toward the prevention and ultimate eradication of anti-social acts and conditions. To enforce the law by strictly non-partisan management of State institutions.

The new Board as given in the State Directory consisted of Edward W. Hines of Louisville, Chairman; Fred M. Sackett of Louisville, William A. Ganfield of Danville, S. A. Holley of Lexington, Mrs. Lafon Ricker of Harrodsburg, George B. Caywood of Morehead, Secretary; and Miss Virginia Saunders, Stenographer. Two other members were afterward added to the Board, namely, Miss Lucy Blythe Simms of Paris and E. S. Tachau of Louisville.

The State institutions that came under the control of the new Board were the Reformatory and Penitentiary, the Houses of Reform, the State Hospitals for the Insane and the Feeble Minded Institute, and almost immediately a new spirit of hope and progress was felt in the atmosphere. Chairman Hines carefully tabulated all the acts relating to the various institutions; and we have before us a notable address upon, "The Prison and the Prisoner." This address covers in a very concise and impressive way the early beginnings of prison history in the State and the progress made down to the present time. The address is also a splendid exposition of the just and humane attitude toward the youthful offender taken by the entire Board.

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Chairman Hines says that in the one hundred and twenty years since the Old Frankfort Prison was established it was rarely without some descendant of John Turner, the first convict, whose history we traced in an opening chapter. The Houses of Reform for juvenile offenders were established in 1896 at Greendale, near Lexington. Mr. Hines says that the Legislature of 1916 provided for the purchase of a separate farm for delinquent girls but made no appropriation for the purchase of the farm or for improvements. The Women's Clubs of Kentucky stepped in and raised thirty thousand dollars, which was supplemented by the Federal Government with an equal amount. The Farm is located in Shelby County and will be prepared for occupants as rapidly as possible. But the institutions at Greendale have been much improved and are now superintended by Major H. B. Hickman, formerly of the Indiana Boys School at Plainfield, one of the best juvenile institution men in the country.

Mr. Hines in this same address traces the purpose of the American Prison Association in the last fifty years of its history and states the demand made upon it by the present appalling conditions in all reactionary penal institutions. He goes on to say that the prisoner should not be coddled and treated as a hero or a martyr, but that entire justice and humanity must characterize prison reform. He follows the thought and experience of Thomas Mott Osborne at Sing Sing and makes a rigid and searching analysis of the old penal system against which Osborne so strongly protested. Mr. Hines says:

"The first need of a prison is a warden who recognizes the fact that his wards are human beings and that his duty is to prepare the prisoners in his charge to make good citizens when they go out and not merely to make of them orderly prisoners while in prison; and who recognizes further the responsibility which rests upon him to select as guards men who will help him to bring about that result. Even where the warden has high ideals of prison management he often selects or is compelled to accept as guards men who have no other conception of the duty of a guard than that of punishing the prisoner for a violation of the rules of the prison or of preventing them from escaping from their confinement. Strict discipline is necessary, but this is not inconsistent with a sympathetic interest in the prisoner on the part of the warden and his assistants. As some one has well said, the ideal is, 'warm personal interest without sacrifice of control and mastery.'"

Consistent with this new policy, the Board selected General Superintendent Moyer, who has so notably abolished the whip-

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ping post and other obsolete and cruel methods of punishment belonging to the old regime at Frankfort Reformatory. Mr. E. S. Tachau told us a number of striking changes for the better that have been applied by the Board at Frankfort and Eddyville. Guns were removed from the guards. Now at table there is no guard with a gun as formerly but quietly watchful officers, who look upon the inmates as they eat and enjoy conversation with one another, something which has not been known at Frankfort in a century of time. There are ten less guards at Eddyville and the entire spirit of the place is different.

For instance, as the prisoners appear before the Board for parole they are allowed to state their own viewpoint about themselves in a concise manner and the Board possesses itself of all necessary facts about the prisoner, his previous history, present status and future outlook and work in the world. This is far different from the former method years ago when he was turned out to shift for himself and almost invariably drifted back into crime.

Furthermore, as Mr. Tachau and Chairman Hines told us, scientific methods have been adopted in all state institutions, looking to the clearer understanding of each individual case and having in view the correction of any physical condition which may underlie human delinquency and wrong-doing. Out-patient departments have been established under the direction of experts; and county clinics can be called in county cases to which general practicioners can bring patients. The work of the insane hospitals has been co-ordinated, as in Indiana and other states, and work to employ the time of the insane wards needing diversion has been adopted at Hopkinsville and elsewhere. Venereal diseases as a cause of insanity are properly treated now. At Lakeland, where many years ago no records were kept of the patients except the crude court commitment, one of the most experienced men in this line of work, during the recent war, among the demented soldiery, has been employed and has entered upon his work with enthusiasm and devotion.

Chairman Hines is also the author of a very excellent statement of the policy pursued by the Board in the administration of the parole law. It would profit us to mention quite a number of admirable changes and steps of progress made by the Board; but we need only say that the State of Kentucky is now abreast of the time in the manner of handling her prisoners on parole. Mr. Hines answers a recent criticism of the unposted public as to the number of paroles granted by saying that this was inevitable be-

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cause so many cases had accumulated that were entitled to be heard. So the Board gave a hearing to them and granted paroles to prisoners deserving release. Similar care and justice characterize the action of the Board in all cases of boys and girls at the reform schools. These beneficent reforms have been greatly facilitated by the splendid assistance of Mr. Joseph P. Byers, so long General Secretary of the American Prison Association.

CHAPTER LXIII.

CAPTAIN TURNER'S STORY.

General Booth said that the Salvation Army was the only religious body in modern times that had members in prison for conscience's sake. For this reason he said that the Salvation Army is peculiarly adapted to help the prisoner inside the walls and out. The prison work of the Army dates far back in the history of the organization. It is said that when the Army first began their hall and street meetings in America forty years ago lots of good church people wanted to run them out of town. The use of the tambourine and what we call rag-time tunes nowadays made the public imagine that the Salvation Army was burlesquing religion. The public could not understand the great secret of adaptation that made the Army such a success with the lower classes that the church never reached at all.

Some thirty-two years ago in Columbus, Ohio, there was a young Salvation Army officer by the name of Turner who went down the alleys and by-ways of the city streets with drum and cornets and drew the lost children of the slums together and gave them cards and invitations to the Army hall. Four young girls were detailed every Sunday morning to wash these children in tubs of water and make them ready for Sunday school. The kids never had a bath at home during the week and the Sunday morning bath was a regular religious exercise. The Sunday school was a go from the start, for the personality of young Turner was magnetic.

The next move was to invite some of the wealthy women of the city to come down and see the work for themselves; for thus alone could their interest be enlisted and their support as well. Young Turner next turned his attention to organizing the Sunday-school work in the State Prison at Columbus. A large class and prayer meeting were permitted to meet every Sunday. Old time methods of punishment were still in vogue; but Warden Thomas of those days was a humane executive and welcomed the

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work of young Turner so warmly that he was given the freedom of the prison. Results more than justified the faith of the Warden.

This young man was a native of Marion, Ohio, and saw nearly forty years of continuous service in the Salvation Army. The story of his conversion is one of the most dramatic incidents in Salvation Army history. He was a close observer of his own heart and life; but he had lost all faith in everything but his mother in those early years. He had been a spender of his father's money for five years, having lived up twenty-five thousand dollars in a short period of time. Utterly disgusted with himself, he wanted to take his own life. He saw that what young fellows call a good time consisted of little nightly rounds of cards, dance-halls, whisky and fallen women.

One Christmas day he went with a bunch of young fellows and fifty dollars to the wedding of a friend. The friend did not get married, for he was loaded to the gills and turned up drunk as a lord, without a license. He lost the beautiful young girl to whom he was engaged. Young Turner, however, stood by the groom in a Christmas round and got in about two A. M. with a black eye and some other bruises. He barely escaped a jail sentence. He developed a case of pneumonia and begged his mother to bring him beer to drown his sorrows. The mother did not bring the beer. Instead she handed him the love story of a young Methodist circuit rider of early days, the famous Lorenzo Dow, humorist, evangelist, reformer and poet of the Western backwoods. The young preacher fell in love, told his girl he loved her, was accepted on the condition that when he came back from his four hundred mile circuit they would get married if neither of them met any one they liked better. A little babe was born into their home sometime afterward and they went to England and Ireland preaching the gospel together. Young Dow began life with nothing and ended with a crown of glory. Young Turner had begun life with everything and seemed nearing the end now with nothing. It waked him up.

In spite of his bad eyes and broken body young Turner was seeking religion with all his heart. It happened that the local preacher in the church of his home town was an auctioneer and a character not very strong in the confidence of the good people. But young Turner raised his hand for prayer and became a seeker for pardon and peace of spirit. He was a moulder by trade and went home from the factory on the run so he could get ready for church. Forty other mickeys were there to joke him and giggle at him. They all bowed their heads and attempted to trip him

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when he got up to go to the old-fashion mourner's bench. He was a good spender in the crowd and they did not like to lose him.

But young Turner was seeking something he did not have. He had not shed a tear for years. He had been a leader on the wrong side of life. When he climbed over his pals and got down on his knees in the penitent form, an old woman, known as a religious pretender to hide her evil life, was the first to come to him. He pushed her back. His father approached, but Turner told him to wait and let Jesus have his way with him. The soul of the young man was a long time in travail before he was reborn. He took his cold lunch at noon into a shed to pray for conversion. He did not know the Bible except to argue about it. He was full of cursing and swearing. But he got a Bible, a dictionary and a commentary and studied up into the small hours of the morning to understand the way of life.

In this way he learned to be honest with himself and thus to be honest with God. "Be honest with yourself! Be what you are! I have dealt with all kinds of men in the last forty years. I have met the greatest crooks and dynamiters in the country. When they come to me I ask them frankly if they want help from me. If not, I tell them to go their way; that we have nothing in common. This blunt candor has always made a man open and on the square with me."

This straight-forward manner has made Capt. Turner one of the great forces in the Salvation Army. He took hold of men in the gutter and just out of prison. They got a bath and shave, decent clothes and something to eat, then a warm bed. Self-respect was restored, a job was found, and the man came out spiritually as sure as the day rolled round. His business was to uplift the drunkard and get him back to normal life. He believed with all his heart that Christ could save a man from his sins, whether drunkenness, dishonesty, lust, or any crime whatsoever. One time he had an uncle who was a skeptic. This uncle was constantly ragging with him about the Bible and how foolish it was to believe the Old Book. He asked young Turner where Cain got his wife? Turner replied by asking his uncle where he got his. The uncle answered truly, and then his nephew said, "Well, now you are satisfied with your wife, aren't you? Why need to bother about somebody else's wife? You're a hypocrite of the first water!"

In due time the uncle came to want and back to God through the help and prayers of his nephew. This body-blow directness was always characteristic of young Turner as a soldier of the

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Cross. In the early days of the Salvation Army when mobs of rough-necks wanted to run them out of the cities and towns of Ohio and other states, Turner's father was one of the six men in his home town who stood by the Army. Turner became a door-keeper of the hall. The collections in those days were received at the door. One night his former pals made up among themselves to lick him and clean out the house. He slipped the change into his trousers pocket, threw off his overcoat and met the rowdies blow for blow. When the police arrived he knocked one of the bullies down upon the blue-coat and the victory was won for the Salvation Army in that town.

From that hour W. A. Turner gave his life for the Salvation Army. He met a beautiful young girl from a well-to-do family. She was a college graduate but had a heart for the lowly and went among them under all conditions to bless and heal. She nursed and tended the little babes of the slums and tenements. For twenty-eight years after her marriage with W. A. Turner they lived a life of devotion and happiness that is one of the beautiful stories of the heart in the Army. He always called her "Buddie." When she lay on her death-bed unable to speak a word, she smiled her love into his tear-filled eyes. He asked her if her faith in the saving grace of God was just the same now as it was thirty years before. She lifted her hand in assent and smiled more sweetly than ever. Her husband said that he had seen men die with curses on their lips as though hell were yawning for them in the Great Beyond; but the soul of this brave woman went out without a tremor.

Capt. Turner was a power with the convicts. One time during a Grand Army encampment in one of the great cities of the North a man came into the Salvation Army meeting and sat down. He looked like a demon. Capt. Turner went to him and said, "My friend, are you a Christian?"

"To hell with your Christianity!" answered the mad-man.

"I have seen you before! It was in the Columbus Pen. twenty years ago. I am just out and can't find work. I am going to get even with somebody! And, sir, I've got three or four houses picked out for tonight! We'll get our rake-off all right."

"See here, pard, you've been deader than Rip Van Winkle for twenty years and don't know it," answered Turner. "You're sick unto death. You are not going to pull off any jobs like that. I'm going to pay for your eats for the next week to come and find you a place to work."

It was a restaurant job as dish-washer at one dollar and a

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half per week, but he took it and made good. He brought his first two weeks wages to his friend Turner and told him he could not pass the line of saloons down the street without blowing it. Then, too, the police were watching him. But Turner saw him through these times of trial. One night he came to the penitent form to seek salvation. Turner told him to pray.

"Who in hell must I pray to?" exclaimed the old convict in the only vernacular he knew. But Turner got down on his knees beside him and helped him to find the light. The poor fellow uttered a very stumbling and illiterate prayer; but in twenty minutes he was a new creature. His face lit up with a smile and he said to Capt. Turner: "Is this religion? Then I have been a fool all my life. An awful load is gone! You bet I'll have it right the rest of my life, praise God!"

His new employer gave him much better pay and the old convict became an honest man. He lived up to his vows and was a credit to the Army. One day he came to Capt. Turner and told him that he wanted to marry a widow across the way. The Captain got them together, looked the matter over, and then gave his consent. They lived in peace and happiness together.

When the Great War came on the world thought that the Salvation Army was good enough for the bum and scum of society back home but would never do overseas. They did not understand the humble training to scrub floors, wash dishes, black shoes and look after the sick and injured that is given in the Salvation Army school. There was a certain colonel in the Salvation Army ranks who began in this way and it humbled his pride as a college graduate. But he said to himself that he would not be too proud to shine shoes for the disciples of his Lord since Jesus himself had set the example of washing the feet of his followers. So he became a colonel in the Army.

In like manner overseas it was suddenly discovered that the Salvation Army lassies and workers were adapted to any condition and demand made upon them. It did not matter how wealthy the family or proud the name of these lassies may have been at home; they were at the front under fire and gave the boys the best that was in them. It was in this way that they leaped into fame and favor at the front. They stood the mud and rain, the snow and sleet as bravely as the boys themselves. Sometimes the fellows would come to the Salvation Army hut and give over their little keepsakes to Capt. Turner, saying in a husky voice, "Capt., we're going over the top tomorrow. If we hit the trail West tonight, will you please send this to mother?"

It was a touching sight to witness the Jew, Catholic, Prot-

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estant and all alike with bowed head while the lassie led in a word of prayer. Then a cup of coffee and a dough-nut, given with a God bless you to the boys going over the top. And the most powerful impulse underneath this memorable gathering was the sentiment of brotherhood that united all races and religions in that supreme moment and always at the front. In like manner within the prison walls of today the Brighter Day League assembles around its altar men of every faith and no faith at all; and in the bond of brotherhood which it creates many a soul finds itself again.

The Brighter Day League was organized to carry out the prison program of General William Booth. His daughter, Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army in America, has been President of the League since it was founded many years ago. Col. Edward J. Parker of New York, Prison Secretary of the Salvation Army, first suggested and sent Brigadier Thomas Cowan to the Indiana Reformatory on his mission for the Brighter Day League.

Citizens Committee of Jeffersonville coming to thank General Superintendent Peyton and Inmates of the Indiana Reformatory for saving the City and to serve a splendid Dinner at the Institution to All, after the Great Flood of 1911-1912.

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CHAPTER LXIV.

BROTHERHOOD BEHIND THE BARS.

Can Brotherhood, so great and good,
  Move men behind the bars?
Yea, Joseph kneels and deeply feels
  For all their sins and scars.
They tell to him, in dungeons dim,
  And tragic undertone,
Their fears and fates—their loves and hates,
  In solitude alone.

He sees them rot, by kings forgot,
  And hearkens to their tales;
Yea, dreams illume that living tomb,
  And many a prisoner pales.
A brother wise with soulful eyes,
  He reads each dreamer's fate—
The good, the bad, the lone, the sad,
  Whene'er they watchful wait!

He rarely tells the hope that wells
  Within his homesick heart;
The desert crossed, the loved ones lost:
  But, ah, he weeps apart!
He waits so long and hides the wrong
  His own have done to him.
One, sinful fair, sought to ensnare
  And shut him from the sun.

He sealed his lips, and 'mid eclipse
  His goodly name went down:
And God is still his anchor till
  A call comes from the crown.
Yea, suddenly he is set free
  To solace Pharaoh's fears:
And lo, at last the curse is past,
  In triumph he appears.

'Mid power and fame he is the same
  Good brother unto all;
For like our Lord, he keeps his word,
  And lifts the souls that fall.
Yea, Brotherhood, so great and good,
  Behind the bars abides—
The conquering force to change the course
  Of all man's tempting tides.

Be brothers then, ye sons of men,
  Within the walls and out!
Let Sovereign Love, below, above,
  Put force and fear to rout;
Till men shall see that to be free
  They must be on the square:
That Friendship's trust heals Lucre's lust
  And turns foul souls to fair!

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In the early spring the Chaplain was called upon by his Presbytery to preach a sermon on the work among the prisoners; so he chose the subject "Brotherhood Behind the Bars." He told the story of Joseph in Genesis in a rather striking way. Joseph was the younger brother of a family of twelve. The brothers, much older, treated him harshly. David's elder brothers did the same to him.

Joseph was a motherless youth of seventeen years. He was the favorite of a fond and partial father. The coat of many colors that he wore was the garment of idle nobility while the elder brothers wore the drab raiment of daily toil and hardship.

Joseph reports the sins of the elder brothers to Jacob the father and tells the dreams of his future lordship to them, when they should bow in acknowledgment of him. The brothers naturally conceived an intense jealously and aversion toward him. They hate him so that when the unsuspecting patriarch Jacob sends Joseph to see how they fare with the distant flocks and herds, the elder brothers conspire to sell Joseph into Egyptian bondage for the paltry sum of twelve dollars.

A slave in Egypt, Joseph enters the school of temptation and hardship. He is made Potiphar's trusted governor. Potiphar's beautiful wife lays a snare of sin for the unsuspecting youth. He resists her entreaties for days and days until finally he is forced to flee out of the house, leaving his garment in her hands. Chagrined and angry at losing so comely and promising a lover, Potiphar's wife conspires against Joseph and has him sent to prison as soon as her husband comes home.

What a tragedy to the motherless boy in a far-away land. Cast into prison on the charge of attempted rape, which in our time would have called for the noose and Judge Lynch in short order! And who would believe him if he protested his innocence? He could not even let his old father know where he was, for there were no mails in those days, and prisoners were not allowed to correspond with loved ones outside the walls. Then, too, he was committed for an indefinite sentence with absolutely no hope of parole except the rare possibility of an appeal to Pharaoh.

But Joseph did not give up in despair. His candor and sincerity and youthfulness appealed to the heart of the warden, and he was made a trusty. He befriends the prisoners and forgets his own sorrow by serving them. Meanwhile, Pharaoh's cupbearer and chief baker are imprisoned at the whim of the high-tempered monarch. They are troubled with dreams and Joseph

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interprets their dreams for them. The cup-bearer goes out and forgets his brothers behind the bars. The chief baker is hanged, and the prisoners wonder whose turn will come next.

Naturally, Joseph is led to doubt the worth of human kindness. What is the use, with such forgetfulness and ingratitude on the part of those you befriend? His moral nature is subjected to the terrible temptation to go to pieces and yield to the beastly vices and prison immoralities around him. And for the crime of refusing the seductive overtures of a beautiful woman in a land of easy virtue! What a fool, his fellow prisoners said when he referred to his trouble. It would not have mattered so much had he been punished for the pleasure of sin. But to turn away from the arms of a rich and charming creature who would never have told in all the world? Why man, said they, there must be something the matter with you! A pitiful and desperate plight indeed for the "Brother Behind the Bars!"

And now at this stage of the story we want to tell you about another real Joseph among our colored men at the Reformatory. We want you to see him first in the cold damp cell of a Northern jail in the month of December, with a ten-to-twenty sentence for burglary hanging over him. He is a rather tall, slender, graceful young man with black but highly sensitive features and a disposition the exact duplicate of Joseph in human sympathy. He coughs occasionally, for the exposure tells on his Southern temperament.

It was somehow noised about in the jail that he was a young Baptist preacher gone to the bad. The officers came and cursed and clubbed him unmercifully to make him confess to things he had not done, and his cell-mate pities him so that he leaves poor Hardin his blanket when he is released. The cell-keeper, a coarse and brutal German, discovering this indulgence, swears at "de dirty neegar" and deprives him of all cover whatsoever, so that poor Hardin's teeth chattered from nervousness and cold the long night through. In this particular town "furriners and niggers" are in especially bad repute, and the severest possible penalty of the law is meted out to them for the most ordinary offenses.

In the case of Hardin the sentence was like a death blow. A minimum sentence of two years for grand larceny must have been sufficient; but it was made ten-to-twenty to show other "niggers" a thing or two! So when poor Hardin arrived at the Reformatory the Sheriff assured the officials that the prisoner was a desperate character, and he passed within the walls absolutely hopeless.

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Joseph S. Cotter, the Paul Laurence Dunbar of Kentucky and the South. Poet-teacher author of "The Story Hour" that has won thousands of colored children from the streets and crime. A favorite visitor and lecturer to the colored men of the Brighter Day League at the Indiana Reformatory. A faithful friend of Samuel Hardin.

He had a dream of being down in the dark waters with no light. Yet he does not sink and wonders why? He discovers a log upon which he can sustain himself. He is in a state of mind to go down to absolute wreck. He has an idea that no cultured white man can possibly feel any sincere or genuine interest in a common negro like himself. He believes that only the successful ngroes gain the notice of the whites.

But after he had been in the institution about three months he saw that you would get what you yourself gave. Dr. J. H. Walker, the physician and Assistant Superintendent, noticed Hardin's depression and passed a word with him. Then he said kindly:

"Hardin, I'm going to give you a show."

Hardin thereupon realized the meaning of the log that upheld him in the dark waters. It was the friendship in distress and need. He had another dream of working in a white box with ice. This foreshadowed his transfer to the hospital, where he was under the eye of Dr. Walker, and where he could minister as Joseph did to his fellow prisoners. He comforted himself constantly with the prayer and promise from the Psalms that

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though a man fall, he shall not be utterly cast down. He prayed to be forgiven for his weakness and fall and then to be made a power for good with his race and people if he should live to be free again.

Gradually this faith in God and the friendship of Dr. Walker cheered and sustained poor Hardin until hope returned to his heart. He had never had but one friend like that who took a deep and genuine interest in him. That was a physician in Memphis, Tennessee, who trusted him with great kindness. One day he said, "Hardin, how would you like to be a doctor?"

"Oh no!" answered Hardin, thinking of the long nights up late and the loss of sleep. But the doctor took him into his laboratory and showed him how to examine a patient and analyze a specimen. He pressed the possibility of a career of medical service among his people, but Hardin had no father or mother to back up his own weak resolutions and wayward impulses, so he ran away from the best friend he had, foolish and boylike as he was.

But God had made him a wonderful physician of human souls among his people. And now that his great shame and punishment had come upon him, another physician friend, Dr. Walker, was raised up to guide him and counsel him for some good purpose. In due season Dr. Walker made him acquainted with the Chaplain, who was instantly impressed and responsive. Poor Hardin's touching life story and tragedy as a minister of the Gospel appealed powerfully to the Chaplain's heart and another friendship was assured. Dr. Walker sometimes questioned whether the remarkably sensitive human sympathy which Hardin showed amongst the prisoners was not exotic in the negro race. But there was the case of Paul Laurence Dunbar, and the Chaplain believed more and more in the possibility of poor Hardin's redemption and service. So there came to be cemented between Dr. Walker and Hardin and the Chaplain one of the most noble instances on record of friendship behind the bars. In due course of time Hardin wrote out his own story for the Chaplain and this established the friendship forever.

It is not our purpose here to tell the life story of Samuel Hardin on the outside, touching and tragic as it was. The story of Samuel Hardin within these walls was the story of the one Pilgrim Soul among the prisoners who prayed, hoped, suffered and died to realize the coming of the Brighter Day League. Time and again he told the Chaplain that the out-pouring of the Divine Spirit upon the inmate body would never fully come until such an organization was established as we have now. Some-

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how, the tragic death of Samuel Hardin and the Great Fire of February 5th, 1918, became the baptism of Blood and Fire to us all in bringing about the final triumph of Truth and Love in our midst. Thus the story of Samuel Hardin is the supreme prophecy of the great work that followed when the Salvation Army took possession of the City of Dead Souls.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE LAST PAROLE.

Dr. Walker, the Associate Superintendent at that time, was a very quiet, modest man, but loyalty to poor Hardin from first to last gleamed like a star in the gloom of the whole tragedy. When Hardin had served a part of his time, he appealed to Dr. Walker to take some step in behalf of his freedom. Dr. Walker replied in a memorable letter that Hardin long cherished and lived up to:

Samuel Hardin, No. 8726.
Dear Sir:

"Your letter has been received and I have duly considered the matter. It is needless to tell you that I feel for you the keenest sympathy, as I do also for many, many others who have made similar mistakes.

"However, the logic of the situation, as well as its ethics, is for you to conduct yourself so during the months that must intervene between now and liberty, that when the glad day comes, as come it must, you will be ready to go back to the combat, chastened, humbled, but stronger for your experience and more effective in your efforts because of this sorrow.

"I cannot help you directly to secure your parole now. In fact, I doubt whether it would be either just or wise. You must atone for your folly by suffering. It is the great law and none can escape it. Study, cultivate a stoicism towards life, and hope; never surrender to despondency; worry is the greatest enemy of efficiency. Do not let yourself acquire that habit. Be patient, cheerful, and try to extract from your experience the wisdom it contains.

"Yours truly,
Associate Superintendent."

Afterward, with the approval of the General Superintendent and the Associate Superintendent, the Chaplain while in Indianapolis during the following summer, made a thorough inves-

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tigation of the case of Samuel Hardin, through the leading members of his former congregation. These men came to the front with the noblest possible spirit and the Chaplain bore to Hardin for the second time the fullest assurance of sympathy and support. These good people were devoted friends of Hardin's wife and while she was somewhat reserved on account of a suit for divorce, she did her uttermost to encourage the release of her poor husband. The Chaplain was overjoyed at this successful result of his visit and complete reconciliation of poor Hardin himself and his mother church at home. And the peace and consolation at the news may well be imagined.

The last letter that Hardin ever wrote was to his friend, Rev. William H. Sheppard of Louisville. It is so touching and beautiful an expression of gratitude and hope—and possesses now such a peculiar pathos in the light of Hardin's untimely decease, that I give it here in full. Dr. Walker truly said that such events were but a part of the whole tragedy; and he regarded the story of Samuel Hardin a classic instance of the Reformatory at its highest level and endeavor to renew and restore lost manhood. It was at Dr. Walker's suggestion that the Chaplain set in order the story of Hardin's life and gave it to the outside world.

Pastor Sheppard,

Louisville, Ky.

My dear Friend and Brother:

I sincerely hope you will pardon me for not writing you before now. The Chaplain has been bringing me messages from you and your congregation telling me about them praying for me and also for all of the boys here. He has said on several occasions that you are willing to do me any kind of special favor if it is necessary, and I want to thank you for your special kindness already manifested toward me.

Mr. Sheppard, I don't know as I can give a reasonable excuse for not writing to you before unless it was my modesty. I'll admit that I'm a little sensitive on my part, and when I look back on my life and see what I was once and how I guarded my integrity and respected God's law, and then when I have looked at myself now and see how low I have fallen and what a fatal mistake I have made, it makes me ashamed of myself.

I sometimes think I could not face society again as a moral leader. Of course these are my thoughts. But when the Chaplain talks to me, all this leaves me; but it soon comes back again. I know you and your wife will be friends to me, and I would be true to you or report to God the reason why. I have said, and

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do say now, that before I shall deceive any friend of mine, especially those who come to me in this trouble, I would rather die. I only have sixty days now before I go up before the Governor. I will ask you and your wife and congregation to pray a special prayer for me the first or second Sunday in December and ask God to touch the Governor's heart that he may set me and some of my friend inmates in here free; and as my health is not very good it would be a double blessing to me.

Mr. Sheppard, one of the greatest sufferings I had to undergo whilst in here was the loss of my wife. No one knows just how I feel about this but God. I had no sister, no mother, no father, and no brother, and you can see that all the love I had was centered in her. She was a good woman and I have no evil to say against her. It was all my fault. It even caused me to lose my health. I thank God that I am much better than I was.

I think of you and your wife every day and it seems to me like a dream when I think of you as my friend, a man that is cultured and intelligent and religious. How could you take a fallen creature like me and be my friend? Yet I do not doubt it; for the Chaplain said you would and I know it is true. Mr. Sheppard, if I had had three friends like Dr. Walker, the Chaplain and yourself, I never would have been in here. No one could have made me believe that I could find friends like these in prison, and for this reason I will be a man, and I'll take new courage and fight till the end. When you read this letter I hope you will see why I have not written to you before now. I pray that God will continue to bless you and your loving wife and your dear congregation.

* * * * * *

In the mid-winter of 1912 there was received at the Reformatory from a Central Indiana town a young colored man about twenty-five or six years old who gave his name as Frank Lester, but whose real name was Robert Jackson. He was born in Maryland about the year 1886. He gave the name of his mother, Mrs. Mary Jackson, Alexandria, Va. He had a brother Henry and two sisters, Melissy and Dolly Jackson, who lived in the same town as the mother. There was a brother Thomas in Baltimore.

Letters sent to the family failed to reach them and were returned unclaimed, although the chief of police in Alexandria gave the latest directory address of Mrs. Jackson. Robert Jackson gave the name of a Dr. Thompson in Maryland for whom he had formerly worked, and Dr. Thompson wrote a favorable letter regarding Jackson at the time he worked for him. He said that

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poor raising and bad associates must have caused the downfall of young Jackson, for he was a good, quiet boy without any of the vicious traits usually attributed to his race.

Rev. W. H. Sheppard and wife, Southern Presbyterian Missionaries to Africa, and now leaders in the Presbyterian Colored Missions of Louisville, Ky. Visiting Evangelists to the Colored Men of the Brighter Day League at the Indiana Reformatory and faithful friends of Samuel Hardin until his tragic death.

Although sent to the Reformatory for the crime of burglary with another man, Jackson was intoxicated and unduly influenced when he got into trouble. He proved by his record in the institution that he was at heart an honest, industrious young man. A very intelligent young colored man made this statement to the Chaplain:

"Jackson came into our town one cold winter night and found shelter in my pool room. I was perfectly willing to protect and help one of my own race. He worked about the pool room and saved his nickels and had something ahead. Williams, a cripple and crook from another town, who gambled, bootlegged and stole for a living, would now and then pull off a deal at both places. He had probably been in our town and looked over a certain store where he wanted to make a raid. He would occasionally come around with silk handkerchiefs and other articles to sell, which he had evidently picked up at different times and places.

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"Well, one night at my pool room Williams and Jackson got in with the white boys and took too much liquor. Williams knew when to stop but Jackson did not. So in that condition Williams put Jackson up to going to the store and making an entrance while he watched outside. Jackson was too far gone to know how to rob a store, because he left the change on the counter, and what he had was his own.

"The police came up. Williams had broken one window to let Jackson in, and he hobbled to another window when the officer came up and covered him. Williams first made a feint of shooting, then begged the officer by name not to hurt him. Jackson hid between two rugs till they got him and was too drunk to know he was in jail afterwards. In court he said he could not answer guilty because he had no recollection whatever of where he was or what he was doing.

"The two men were given a ten to twenty sentence. Jackson came here and worked hard like he did outside and saved his money and had a clear record but for one offense. A fellow called him a coarse name and blackguarded him in the most insulting manner; so Jackson struck him for it and got a six months' suspended sentence. Several efforts were made to locate his relations for him, but in vain. He made progress in school here and had the respect of all his fellow inmates."

This statement as to the real character and industry of Jackson was more than substantiated by Jackson's superior officer at the foundry who took special pains to recommend him to the favorable consideration of the General Superintendent. This officer was a man of great force and few words and his testimonial is one of the rarest and best ever given to an inmate of the institution. Said he:

"First: This man, Jackson, has always been honest and loyal to his officers during his assignment to the foundry.

"Second: He worked hard and faithfully every day.

"Third: He has never complained about his work or any task that he has been assigned to.

"Fourth: He has never gone short on his work and has made an overtask each and every day.

"Fifth: Since his assignment to the foundry, in all the work that he has made I can say that he has never lost on an average more than two pieces a week.

"Therefore, I know, that after you have read this and investigated his conduct in the foundry, you will agree with me, as I have stated above, that this is a very rare case; and for this reason I consider the man worthy of your confidence."

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The local paper made this comment about him: "At the Reformatory he had made a good record and worked hard in the foundry, making considerable overtime. He developed tuberculosis and his condition became such that he was paroled by the Governor in August. He went to Louisville and took lodgings where he was comfortable. There was, however no improvement in his physical condition sufficient to enable him to go to work; and he was returned to the institution early in September for treatment and passed away about the middle of the month."

During the long winter weeks before his parole the Chaplain talked frequently with Jackson and made renewed efforts to locate his mother and people. It seems that his father, William Jackson, was divorced from his mother and lost sight of. Jackson was a very reticent young man, and only the repeated kindly inquiries of the Chaplain finally prevailed upon him to try again to find his people. When he did make this concession it was constantly on his mind to hear from his mother. He watched the weary weeks and months roll around with no word from the far-off Virginia home. He was sick at heart and lay dumb and uncomplaining when the Chaplain knew only too well that he was sad and lonely.

He at length made his peace with God and Samuel Hardin aided the Chaplain in talking and reading to him until his last hour drew nigh. He was a pitiful object with his thin and wasted form and hacking cough and hopeless look out of the eyes—for his soul was weary for the solace of maternal love.

> "Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
> Dah let me live and die!"

But it was not to be, and he did the next noblest thing. He reserved enough of his savings for his own decent interment and then left the remainder for the old mother, should she ever be found. Then quietly as a babe falling asleep he passed on to his own eternal rest.

The remains were removed and prepared for burial at the local undertaking establishment. The Chaplain selected the casket and went with the undertaker to purchase a lot in the city cemetery, where a suitable stone could be erected to Jackson's memory. The General Superintendent arranged for a funeral service at the grave and sent pall-bearers from among the inmates, several officers accompanying the Chaplain to the cemetery. There under the beautiful September sky the body of the dead was committed to the ground with appropriate and touching services. The Chaplain prayed for the far-away mother and bade

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farewell to the silent form of her son with "dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," and the vision of immortal life for all who sleep in Jesus.

Still further attempts to find the mother of Jackson that she might share the money he left her proved fruitless until a year afterward when it chanced that a young white man from Alexandria, Virginia, besought the Chaplain to write for him to his wife and solace her lonely hours with the hope of a reconciliation and home coming after a while. At this interview the Chaplain told the pathetic story of Robert Jackson, and the young man communicated the facts to his wife. She in turn spoke to a colored man passing by the house and he told her where the mother of Jackson lived. It was beyond the city limits and she had never received any letters that were sent and advertised and returned to the institution.

But at this tidings from her long-lost boy she came to the house and stood wringing her hands and weeping when the sad news of his death in a State Reformatory was read to her. She bemoaned him piteously, knowing how he had yearned for her and died mute and dumb with no word whatever to soothe his aching, homesick heart.

"My Bobbie dead? Lawd, I can't believe it, Miss! Died a-callin' on his ole mudder, an' I never knowed nuthin' 'bout it all! How I'se been a-prayin' fer him all these years, too, hopin' de good Lawd would find him an' send him back home to hep his ole mudder out! Gone! Gone! My Bobbie's gone, an' I won't never see him no more! Lawd, have mussy on his soul! An' thank yer, Miss, a thousand times thank yer!" Wiping her weeping eyes with her apron she passed out of the door and returned to her lonely toil.

This tragic incident made a profound and melancholy impression upon Samuel Hardin. He, too, was frail and subject to tuberculosis and he dreaded to think of dying alone and friendless within the walls like Jackson. The Chaplain shared the same uneasiness, especially whenever Hardin had spells of sickness, to which he was occasionally subject. In all such illness he had the closest and kindest care. It mattered not what he wanted, Dr. Walker the Assistant Superintendent procured it for him, and usually he was up and about in a reasonable length of time. Once when he was very seriously ill the Chaplain made a strong appeal to the General Superintendent for an immediate Governor's parole: but it was not deemed necessary to take such action before the Christmas when Hardin's two years were up and when an appeal to commute his sentence of ten-to-twenty

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years, to two to fourteen, and his immediate parole, was determined upon. He arose from his illness sure enough, and seemed in fairly good health again for some time.

Whenever he was ill he yearned for his wife's presence and sympathy just like poor Jackson longed for his mother. It was the same dumb, helpless, martyr-like submission to the Lord, but a great hungering, human heart-cry for love and Home! You could see it underneath the wan smile of hopeless cheer assumed. You could hear it in the quiet, tragic undertone of voice and speech—such an appeal as men make when dying on the battle field of life alone.

"It's awful to think of dying in here!" whispered Hardin one day to the Chaplain at his bedside. "You know I haven't anybody in the world now who cares for me since my wife left me. She was the only mother I had. I am not impatient, and I know the doctors are doing all in their power for me. But I wish I might get over to Louisville where I could be near Mr. Sheppard. He was so good to me! I know I could get well then! And if I had to die it wouldn't be so hard as in here. Just think of it, Chaplain, dying alone and friendless in prison, with not a soul in all the world to care for you!"

The Chaplain used his every endeavor to drive away these gloomy forebodings and it was the constant prayer of poor Hardin himself that this bitter cup might pass, if the great God would only so will it! But the Divine will had otherwise decreed. The Way of the Cross was the only way home for poor Samuel Hardin. He was the chosen one to die for the sake of his race and people within the cold prison walls. Everything in human power had been arranged and prepared for his freedom and happiness when Christmas came, so there was no manifest uneasiness on his part, even, until the last sudden illness came upon him.

He did not seem to rally, though Dr. Mason and Dr. Walker did their uttermost. One, two, three painful, anxious weeks passed by and the poor body seemed more wasted away than at any previous time. But the patient had everything he wanted and Dr. Mason assured the Chaplain that he had the disease under immediate control again and felt absolutely certain that Hardin would soon be sitting up and walking about. The Chaplain went to the bedside regularly and carried out his every desire, besides giving him every possible comfort and hope, human and divine.

But hemorrhage of the nose set up on Friday, and when the

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Chaplain went to the hospital about five o'clock in the evening poor Hardin had that sad deathly look out of the eyes that made the Chaplain conceal his own great anxiety. There was no immediate return of the bleeding and Dr. Mason felt that he had it in check. The Chaplain did not fully realize the danger of this bleeding at the nose. Had it been from the lungs and the mouth he would have been more alarmed because he imagined that was the usual fatal flow of blood in tuberculosis.

On Saturday evening at the same hour when the Chaplain saw Hardin again the bleeding had recurred but again seemed checked: and once more the Chaplain did not realize the impending peril to poor Hardin's life. But Dr. Mason was watching the patient very closely and felt satisfied now that the worst was over. He and the Chaplain after a hard day's work went out to supper. It was the preparation for the Sunday service with the Chaplain and he was very busy in his room later in the evening.

Between eight and nine o'clock the bleeding began again very suddenly and the physicians were hastily summoned. The General Superintendent came also on the emergency call and used every remedy known to human skill. But the poor weary soul looked heavenward for a moment, calling upon the Lord, and fell over unconscious. In a very brief space of time the heart had ceased to beat and the martyr spirit took silent wing to the bosom of his God in answer to the pardoning summons from the Most High. His long parole and eternal release had arrived at last, and word went out that Samuel Hardin was dead.

Words are inadequate to describe the distress and regret and sorrow felt throughout the whole institution at this sad tidings. The General Superintendent was grieved because he had his heart set upon making Hardin happy at Christmas time. Dr. Mason did not sleep all night because he has lost the last battle with death. And to the Chaplain and Dr. Walker the loss of their friend was peculiarly painful and touching. They were silent in the main because it was so hard to realize the actual truth of it. He was so near and companionable that it seemed incredible that he was dead.

But the next morning the General Superintendent and the Chaplain got in touch with poor Hardin's friends by long distance 'phone to Indianapolis and communicated the sad intelligence. These were the friends and loved ones in the old pastoral charge who had arranged to rally as one man in his behalf before the Governor at the appointed time. Their shock and

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grief may well be imagined. The leader, Sherwood Daniel, answered that Hardin's wife had gone on a visit to her people in Tennessee but that he would get in immediate touch with her by wire and answer at the earliest possible moment what disposition to make of the precious remains.

In due time the response came back that Samuel Hardin was to be taken back home to Indianapolis and lovingly laid away to rest by his own people. So the body was fittingly prepared, as in the case of Jackson. The good wife returned at once and assisted in the final preparations and services. It was a noble and beautiful act on the part of his wife. Shielding him from the publicity from which he himself shrank, he was buried with quiet and becoming exercises by his old pastor and immediate friends. It was even an expensive service, in touching tribute to his dignity and manhood, which the grace of God had fully restored unto him.

"My dear Brother in Christ," wrote the sorrowing wife a few days later to the Chaplain: "I want to let you know that I am more grieved than you would think at my former husband's death. Mr. Daniel telegraphed me and I went at once to Indianapolis and had Samuel's remains brought there. We had a private funeral but gave him a Christian burial.

"I know it is too late now for vain regrets, but I do wish I could have felt the same toward him before he died and could have answered his letter as he wanted me to do. But God knows best. I don't feel now that I will ever be happy again. This sad affair has spoiled my life in a way, but with God's help I hope to try to be content.

"If I could only think that grief over my divorce did not help to shorten his days! I hope and pray that it did not. You understand how it was and the things he said. It seemed I just could not live with him any more as his wife; and yet I am very, very sorry for his death.

"Will you please write to me if he was conscious of his approaching death and how long he was sick? Will you kindly write me all the details? I want to thank you for your kindness to him: and will you please thank the physicians who attended him at the last? I am sorrowfully yours, Addie Hardin."

There were many touching testimonies of appreciation expressed to the Chaplain after the memorial services of Sunday. Poor Hardin had already entered on the eternal reward of his renewed devotion to his fellow men even unto death.

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"He died today, unmourned, alone,
Within his gloomy cell.
No picture hangs upon the stone
Of friendships, true, to tell.

"An old man ere he reached his prime—
Himself his greatest foe.
Thus ends the life of woe and crime
Of little Orphan Joe.

"They bore him off in a box of pine
With slow and measured tread,
And laid him where God's bright sunshine
Gleams o'er the convict dead.

("The lonely cell he occupied
Another tread will know—
Its doors tomorrow open wide
For another Orphan Joe).

"A mother's love he never knew,
Nor father's hand to guide,
No friends with friendship kind and true
In all the world so wide.

"And when we figure up the shame,
The trials and the woe,
Let's weigh them up against the blame
And not poor Orphan Joe."

A JEWISH TRIBUTE.

"I can hardly tell you how sorry I was to hear of poor Hardin's death. When I was over at the hospital I slept near him for three months and found him to be a good hearted soul. He was the first one amongst the inmates to give me some sound advice as to what we should do in here in order to get along.

"He always tried to help someone. If he thought a boy was real sick and needed sympathy or anything especially, he would do all in his power to make the boy's necessities known to the physicians, as he quartered in the hospital constantly. Only last Saturday I sent him over a paper, the Chicago Defender, a colored paper, to read, and yesterday when I heard he was dead I was shocked. He certainly deserved a better fate."

FROM A GERMAN.

"I was very sorry indeed to hear of Hardin's death, but I am sure he is happier now than he was in here. My prayer tonight is that God may treasure his soul. I wonder if you ever realized that he was loved in here by everyone on account of yourself? Well that is true. Every time he would call me for an interview

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with you my heart would always say, 'I love him because he's the Chaplain's runner.' May God bless him and keep him forever."

ONE OF HIS OWN RACE.

"I wish to show my appreciation, and also to thank you for all the colored boys in Shop Five for the true friendship and compassion shown in behalf of our beloved Hardin. Although he has gone, his kindness and love for his race will always be remembered by us. Thanking you again."

FOR ALL THE COLORED MEN.

"I write this short note of congratulation for the way in which you addressed us in regard to Hardin our brother. I will venture to say for my own fellow men that we feel a genuine gratitude to you. Every one of us in our hearts love you for this great address in which you praised our brother Hardin to the highest."

THE LAST PAROLE.

The Last Parole came when his soul
Was summoned to its God.
He bore the load and passed the road
His pilgrim race hath trod.
He sinned and fell, and knew full well
The hopeless prison bars:
But his sad eyes found Faith's pure skies
Bestudded with sweet Stars.

His honored name was soiled with shame;
His goodly sun went down,
But saving grace transformed his face;
His Cross won him a Crown.
He found the Friend who could descend
With him into that hell,
And comfort those who with their woes
In outer darkness dwell.

His heart made moan: "Oh, to atone
For my most grievous sin!"
The Lord replied: "For this I died:
Renew thy vows within:
And I will make for Love's sweet sake,
Of thee a martyr soul:
That growth and grace be given thy race
To bring it nigh the goal!"

"Though life is sweet; dear Lord, 'tis meet
To suffer for my past;
Then lift me up, if by Death's cup
I may find peace at last!"
The last parole came when his soul
Was summoned to its God.
He bore the load and passed the road
His pilgrim race hath trod!

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AFTERWORD

The Semi-Centennial session of the American Prison Congress at Columbus, Ohio, October 14-19, 1920, was the most memorable meeting in all its history. The various divisions of this Congress bring together the best thought and experience in modern prison management and reformation. While scientific method and progress take the lead in present day penology, this Congress, like the first one held in Cincinnati fifty years ago, accorded full recognition to Religion as well as Science for abolishing the old cruel system of punishment and reclaiming lost manhood within the walls. The venerable and beloved Chaplain Batt of Massachusetts gave an outline of the origin and growth of the Chaplains' Association.

Not only was the American Prison Association first organized right here in the Middle West, the scene of our story, but the American Chaplains' Association was born of a spirit of prayer for human uplift and first met in the city of Indianapolis at the Meridian Street M. E. Church, June 15, 1886. There first assembled the leading chaplains in this part of the country. Chaplain Cain of the Old Prison South in the last years of terrorism and cruelty, made the address of welcome. Chaplain Hickox of Michigan State Prison spoke on the "The Practical Result of Prayer Meetings in Prison." He was the first President, and a leading spirit in the Association. Chaplain Walter of the Illinois State Prison spoke on "The Summary of the Prison Chaplain's Work." Chaplain Crawford of the Kansas State Prison took this subject: "Convict Employment, Best Methods of Moral Improvement."

Chaplain Kavanaugh of the Kentucky State Prison addressed the Association on "The Sunday School in Prison. Its Importance and how Classes are Best Taught, by Convicts or Citizens?" He told the great story of Governor and Mrs. Blackburn in this work; and Mrs. Blackburn says the Governor's deep interest in fallen humanity dated far back to a Presbyterian mother's knee and her answered prayers in the life and service of her devoted son.

To Chaplain Howe of Nebraska State Prison was assigned the subject: "Visiting from Cell to Cell. Its Influence and Usefulness." Chaplain Hutchins of Wisconsin discussed: "How Can We Aid Prison Discipline in our Department of Work?" D. A. Matthews, a Prison Missionary, was present; and Michael Dunn, founder of the New York Home for Discharged Convicts, made a telling talk to the Chaplains along lines of work which the Salvation Army was even then taking up all over the country.

In due season the Chaplains' Association broadened out and included in its fellowship the Catholic and Jewish chaplains of American Prisons until today its field and future are commensurate with the great task to be accomplished. Yet the conference of chaplains at Columbus in October, 1920, faced an appalling problem and perilous condition in numerous state prisons of America. Chaplain Allen of the Federal Prison, Leavenworth, Kansas, who had made careful investigation of the matter, reported that quite a number of prisons are without chaplains, and experienced men for the places are not to be found. Many states still regard religious work and service among prisoners with such a skeptical eye that the average chaplain's salary is only that of a young seminary student; and rather than employ mediocre men, many wardens dispense with the chaplain altogether.

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Thus hundreds and thousands of prisoners are reported to be practically without any religious services at all.

Facing this situation with great courage and earnestness, the Chaplains' Association authorized its President, Chaplain Forgeus of Pennsylvnia Reformatory, to appoint a Committee on Organization and Education to make a further careful survey and investigation into the spiritual needs and moral neglect of prisoners and to report their findings to the Association for future definite action. Positive steps were taken toward increasing the attendance and spiritual power of the Chaplains' Association at future sessions. The new Committee represents the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish Churches of America; and the Salvation Army threw its powerful influence into the scale for the regeneration of the prisoner still without God and without hope in the world.

This Committee consisted of Chaplain Robert Walker, Massachusetts Reformatory; Chaplain Harmon Allen, Federal Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas; Father W. E. Cashin, Catholic Chaplain, Sing Sing Prison, New York; Rabbi Moses L. Sedar, Jewish Chaplain, Massachusetts; and Chaplain Zed H. Copp, Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa. Father Cashin reported that a survey and investigation along such lines in the State of New York resulted in a remarkable improvement of conditions; and at the big union meeting of the wardens and chaplains at the Ohio State Prison on Monday morning of the Prison Congress, Father Cashin made an earnest and powerful plea for the genuine spiritual office of the chaplain, as against the old idea of making the chaplain a parole-agent, a schoolteacher, a mail-man, and a police-officer in the walls and thus obscuring and destroying his spiritual force and influence, so much needed by the management and inmate body alike. Father Gavisk of the Indiana State Board of Charities stands firm with Father Cashin on this ground, and General Superintendent Shideler of the Indiana Reformatory made a remarkable and convincing address to the Chaplains' Association upon these vital points. Superintendent Shideler forcefully defined the chaplain's real position and duties relative to the warden.

The big result of these conferences was the reassignment of the main Sunday meeting of future Prison Congresses to the Chaplains' Association on the one condition that they produce the highest possible type of speakers for the program and include the beautiful and sacred memorial service of the Prison Congress on the same program. The passing away of Zebulon R. Brockway at Elmira, New York, a few days after the adjournment of the Prison Congress at Columbus, was indeed fitting and memorable. Almost his last words were a feeble but feeling acknowledgment of the affectionate greetings sent by the Prison Congress and the Chaplains' Association; and the new century will grow in conformity to his "Fifty Years of Prison Service."

The Monday morning session of the wardens and chaplains in the Old Prison Chapel at Columbus, where General John H. Morgan was confined during the Civil War, was rendered notable by Warden Thomas, who said that the State of Ohio would soon lead forth her convicts from this old medieval prison into a more humane and scientific place of confinement and reformation; and every soul present sent up a prayer for a like realization in his or her state and institution in years to come.

Representing the great religious bodies of America in the Chaplains' Association were Rev. John Steele, Director of the Department of Delinquency, of the Presbyterian Church; Rabbi Joseph Rauch, of the Jewish Church, leader in the uplift of Hebrew prisoners; and Brigadier Thomas

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Cowan, Prison Chaplain of the Salvation Army. These men will be in constant and nation-wide touch with actual conditions and needs during the year and will bring to the attention of the large religious constituencies they represent ways and means of amelioration and betterment. The President and Secretary of the Chaplains' Association corresponded with nearly every Governor and penal institution in the country previous to the Prison Congress at Columbus, and replies were received from everywhere, making possible a splendid co-operation with official forces in a manner that is proper and practical.

It was exceedingly gratifying to see the State of Kentucky so well represented at the Prison Congress. Not only were the leading spirits in her new prison reform movement present and prominent in all the proceedings; but the brave and steady steps she has taken to reach the goal of her dreams were manifest in the faces of her delegates.

Some ten or twelve years ago when Chaplain Vreeland of the Frankfort Reformatory was beginning his faithful services amongst the prisoners, he recalled the fact that he was first interested in this work by going to the Tennessee State Prison at Nashville while a student at Vanderbilt University. In that prison was an old neighborhood boy where Chaplain Vreeland grew up. This boy was the son of a Baptist minister, but he went the way of the transgressor and finally landed in a convict cell. This meeting and ministry amongst the convicts decided Chaplain Vreeland's whole future life for the next ten years, and he will live in the souls of the men he brought back to freedom and good citizenship.

On the evening of August 13th, 1916, a Salvation Army Adjutant got off the train in Frankfort, Kentucky, and inquired for the local headquarters of the Army. This new officer was James Thompson who was sent to take charge of the work in the town. In due time Chaplain Vreeland invited him over to preach in the Old Prison. Thus began a contact with the men in stripes that touched the heart and won the love of the prisoners, as always happens when the Salvation Army comes to befriend the forgotten and fallen wrecks of humanity. This faithful Adjutant continued his humble and sincere labors for three memorable years both at Frankfort and Eddyville. The influence of his kindness permeated the prison body and was deeply felt in many vital changes for the better that came in due season. The names of Chaplain Vreeland and Adjutant Thompson will live in the history of these old prison houses of the past that are now transformed by the spirit and purpose of the new age on which the world is entering.

In conclusion we would mention the fact that Warden W. R. Moyer on August 16th, 1920, announced to the world this decision: "As long as I am Warden of Frankfort Reformatory, prisoners will be governed by kindness, not by brutality!" True to this determination, he put aside the old chain system of punishment. Convicts will no longer be strung up for infraction of the rules. The whipping-post was burned publicly. Warden A. J. Wells and Warden Davis had endeavored to accomplish this great change before; but Warden Moyer established it for all time to come. And thus the State of Kentucky, with the oldest prison west of the Alleghany mountains, stands at last in the forefront of Southern States in sincerely adopting the American Reformatory System which Zebulon R. Brockway recommended to her Prisoner Commissioners forty years ago.

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