

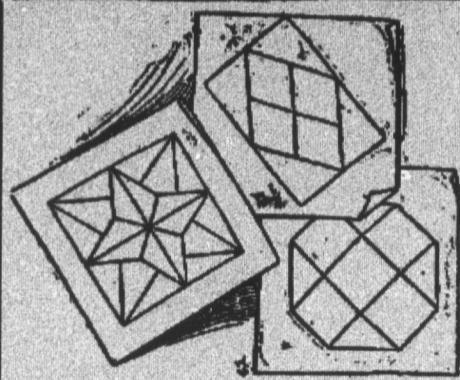
## A PRISON STUDIO.

TEACHING CRIMINALS TO DRAW AT SING SING.

Trying to Keep Prisoners Employed Since the Law Abolishing Convict Labor Went into Effect—Methods of Instruction.

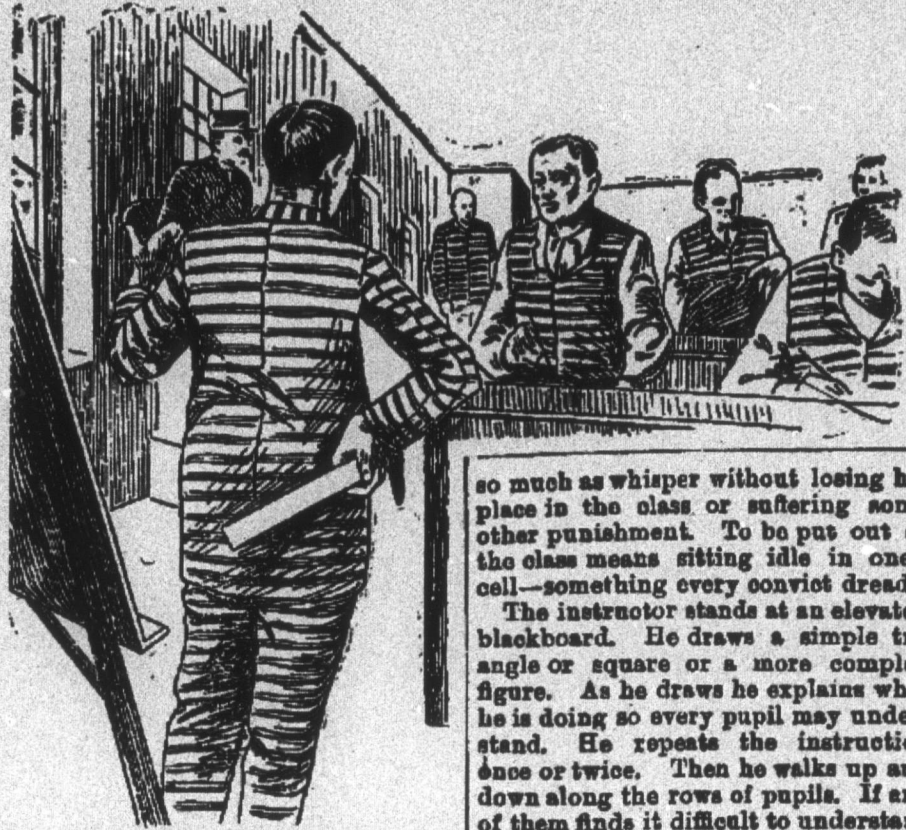
SING SING'S art school is firmly established. It has passed the experimental stage, says the New York World. There is no longer any doubt of its success. Its object is not that of any other school of art, being chiefly to keep its convict pupils out of mischief. Warden O. V. Sage, one of the kindest disciplinarians in the State prison service, invented the school when the law abolishing convict labor went into effect. He is surprised as well as pleased at the progress the pupils have made.

schools of art. The pupils march to the atelier in lock step. One by one they fall out of line as they arrive at their places. Each stands attentive



GEOMETRICAL FIGURES DRAWN BY CONVICTS.

over his drawing board and watches the teacher. Keeper O'Hara stands on a sort of high sentry box with a club near his hand. This studio is for serious application only. Not one of the pupils may



SING SING ART CLASS.

Imagine a great, long, bare, gray room, its thick brick walls pierced on three sides by many narrow windows. That is the atelier in which these humble followers of Raphael bend over their drawing boards. There are fifty students in coarse, striped suits. They stand at their work, resting their drawing boards on high tables on which brush fibre used to be worked. The atelier is a pleasant place, especially by contrast with the rest of the prison. Its walls have been newly painted in a dark gray tone. There is plenty of light and fresh air.

The art instructor is an architectural draughtsman of more than ordinary

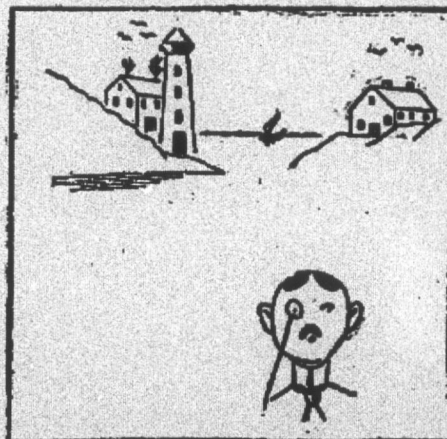
so much as whisper without losing his place in the class or suffering some other punishment. To be put out of the class means sitting idle in one's cell—something every convict dreads.

The instructor stands at an elevated blackboard. He draws a simple triangle or square or a more complex figure. As he draws he explains what he is doing so every pupil may understand. He repeats the instruction once or twice. Then he walks up and down along the rows of pupils. If any of them finds it difficult to understand he asks the teacher, who promptly stops and explains everything to him.

Some of the pupils have begun to decorate their drawing boards. One young fellow who is serving two years and a half for grand larceny has drawn a lighthouse and an attractive bit of the shore. A merry burglar, twenty-four years old, who is serving six years, has relieved the monotony of waiting for lessons by portraying a dude, not forgetting the necessary cigarette and the monocle. A young New York burglar illuminates his drawings with a motto he has borrowed from the American Volunteers—"Look Up and Hope."

### A German Communal Village.

A German correspondent writes: "A word about the community of Staufenberg, a city of six hundred inhabitants, for it maintains proudly the dignity of this legal designation, which it has held since the middle ages. It is one of the fortunate spots where poverty literally has been abolished. They are all agricultural, and till the extended fields which lie all around the place. The community owns, as a corporation, immense tracts of forest stretching for miles into the hills. I spent a whole morning ranging through them with the keeper, and we passed through a noble succession of magnificent timber—fir, pine, larches and oaks—with open glades in which the deer roamed, and all regulated by a scientific system of tree culture whereby these productive forests are extended and replenished. The first result of this communal wealth is that the citizens have no local taxes to pay; moreover, as the wood is sold at auction, they can get their fuel cheaply, and a certain amount is distributed gratis. Finally, each citizen receives from the municipality about \$5 in gold yearly as profit. All the municipal arrangements—town hall, streets, water supply and schools—are remarkably good, and administered with the utmost care and economy. There are other semi-socialistic enterprises carried on, as, for instance, the public bake house, of which every citizen



SKETCH MADE BY A PRISONER.

ability. He is serving a term of four years for a trifling misunderstanding with the law. He gave his first lesson on the morning of January 29. He has given two lessons a day since then, from 9 to 11 a. m., and from 1 to 3 p. m. His first task was to teach his men how to draw straight vertical lines. That sounds like child's play, of course, but let any one who thinks it is easy try to draw twenty straight lines three inches long side by side. If any of them are parallel he may congratulate himself.

The Sing Sing art students began their work with enthusiasm that has not waned. They drew vertical lines all morning and horizontal lines all afternoon. Lesson by lesson they

may make up, supplying his own fuel. If he does not use these privileges at least once a year he forfeits them."

The latest estimate of the Hebrew population of the United States places it at 500,000, of which 140,000 is credited to New York.

## BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

His Wife Not Afraid of Me—Letting Him Down Hard—Others—Civilized—Making Up for Lost Time—Triumphs, Etc.

"My wife is not afraid of me, And from a rat she never ran; The speaker wore a yellow skin— In fact, he was a Chinaman. —Twinkles.

LETTING HIM DOWN HARD. He—"Do you ever have 'that tired feeling?'" She—"Not when I'm alone."

IT'S CHEAP. "They say you have no sympathy for the struggling poor." "Me?" said the accused gentleman. "I have nothing but sympathy."

OTHERS. "Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate, "there are rudders."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. "What are you crying so for, Nellie?" "Oh, it's nothing, Lucy. I want my husband to buy me a new bonnet to-morrow, and I'm simply practicing a little."

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. "Why do you skate so fast, Bobbie? You're always in such a fearful hurry." "I only get one chance a week," explained Bobbie, "and I have to do seven days' skating all at once."—Harper's Bazar.

REALLY GETTING BLIND. Museum Proprietor—"What's the matter with the Blind Checker Player? He's been losing games all day." Manager—"He hasn't been just right for a month. I'm afraid his eyesight is falling him."

CIVILIZED. "And you didn't eat the captive? Now, I'll engage civilization was responsible for that." The savage sighed. "Yes," he answered, "it was the cook's day out."—Truth.

A MORE SERIOUS CASE. Mrs. Watts—"Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?" Hungry Higgins—"The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days."—Indianapolis Journal.

A LONG WAIT. (Mike, having been directed to go down to the station and see when the next train left, is gone about two hours.) Perkins (anxiously)—"Well, Mike?" Mike—"Well, sor, I had to wait a long time, sor, but it has just left."—Harper's Bazar.

TRIUMPHS. "General," said the almost breathless Spanish officer, "send out the glorious news without delay." "What has occurred?" "Three more brilliant victories. We have just put to rout two Sunday-school picnics and a camp meeting."—Washington Star.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY. Yuppies—"Did you hear that do Tanque nearly killed his wife with a single blow?" Potts—"Good gracious! no." Yuppies—"Fact. You see, as he was on his way up the stairs on his hands and knees after the bridegroom's dinner she accidentally caught a whiff of his breath."—New York Journal.

DIFFICULT TO DECIDE. "The last victory," remarked the Spanish general, in a tone of great irritation, "was not nearly as brilliant as I expected it to be." "Whom do you consider to blame?" "I can't quite make my mind whether the person who spoiled it was the typewriter, the telegraph operator or the compositor."—Washington Star.

A PROMPT DECISION. "Now," said the old gentleman's accomplished daughter, "I'm going to improvise a little for your amusement." "Is that what you were doing up till 11.30 o'clock?" he inquired suspiciously. "No, indeed. That was entirely different. Now, what kind of time would you like to have me play in?" And in a voice that was almost severe in its firmness the old gentleman answered: "Day time."

IN DOUBT. "I want to git a tombstone fer the old man's grave," said the lady in black. "He's been dead long enough now, and I've got the insurance." "Shall I put on any sentiment like 'Gone to a better land,' or something of that sort?" asked the dealer in ready-made monuments.

"I dunno, I dunno. He was kinder on the fence politically when he dropped off, and his last words was 'Hurrah fer—,' an' as he didn't finish I dunno whether he went the right way or not."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON. "It is pleasant," said the girl who read mystical philosophy, "to have some friends whose ideas are thoroughly in sympathy with yours." "I—er—I suppose it is," replied the young man who reads the sporting page.

"Some one who thinks as you think; whose words are often simply echoes of your own thoughts." "No," he interrupted in a positive tone; "I draw the line there. I found a friend to-day who answers that description, and it wasn't at all pleasant, I can assure you."

"How wonderful!" "Nothing strange about it. We met on the avenue and rushed toward each other with a common impulse. We had not finished shaking hands when we looked into each other's eyes and said in perfect unison: 'How are you, old man! Could you lend me ten dollars?'"—Washington Star.

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Charcoal thread used as filaments for incandescent lamps is worth \$12,000 a pound.

Scientists say that the inhabitants of Mars are undoubtedly trying to signal the earth.

Among the botanical specimens collected by the Cornell scientific party in Greenland were some full grown forest trees less than three inches in height.

Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield eighty-five pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water, 187 pounds.

The Pleiades contain six stars visible to eyes of only ordinary keenness, though twelve or fourteen have been counted in this cluster by persons of extraordinary eyesight. A two-inch telescope shows about sixty stars in this cluster.

A wave motor has a number of piston rods, connected with an air compressor, worked by the rise and fall of the billows. The air is forced through pipes to where the power is needed, or can be stored in a chamber for use when the motor is not running.

At Klausthal, Germany, a bolt of lightning instantly melted two wire nails 5.32-inch in diameter. To melt iron in this short time would be impossible in the largest furnace now in existence, and it could only be accomplished with the aid of electricity, but a current of 200 amperes and a potential of 20,000 volts would be necessary. This electric force for one second represents 5000 horse-power, but as the lightning accomplished the melting in considerable less time, say 1-10th of a second, it follows that the bolt was 50,000 horse-power.

British experience tends to show that there is no such thing as insusceptibility to vaccination. The public vaccinators of London and Reading report successful vaccinations in 88,875 and 14,000 cases respectively, with no case in which the individual was vaccinated three times unsuccessfully. Yet not less than 1983 certificates of insusceptibility were granted by medical men in England and Wales during the last year reported on—a fact probably due to the use by the physicians of stored lymph instead of that perfectly fresh.

### Animals and Steam Machinery.

A writer in a German engineering journal contrasts the behavior of different animals toward steam machinery. That proverbially stupid animal, the ox, stands composedly on the rails without having any idea of the danger that threatens him; dogs run among the wheels of a departing railway train without suffering any injury, and birds seem to have a peculiar delight in the steam engine. Larks often build their nests and rear their young under the switches of a railway over which heavy trains are constantly rolling, and swallows make their homes in engine houses. A pair of swallows has reared its young for years in a mill where a noisy three hundred-horse power engine is working day and night, and another pair has built a nest in the paddle box of a steamer that plies between Pesth and Semlin.

### A Curious Wooden Watch.

The most curious timekeeper, perhaps, that has ever been made in this country was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived at Bristol, Tenn., about twenty years ago. This oddity was nothing more or less than a wooden watch. The case was made of brier root, and the inside works, all except three of the main wheels and the springs (which are of metal) were made from a piece of an old boxwood rule. The face, which was polished until it looked like a slab of finest ivory, was made from the shoulder blade of an old cow that had been killed by the cars. "Doriot's queer watch," as it was called, was an open faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced a fine piece of work by all the watchmakers in East Tennessee.



### The Book of Life.

Life has a thousand pages—love and scorn, Hope and adventure, poverty and sin, Despair and glory, loneliness forlorn, Age, sorrow, exile, all are writ therein; And on each page, however stern and sad, Are words which gleam upon the crabbéd scroll, Lending words that make our spirits glad, And well are worth the study of the soul. We may not lightly shrink from any leaf, For on it may be writ the word we need, God turns the page—whatever joy or grief He opens for us, let us wisely read. —Priscilla Leonard, in the Outlook.

### Centered.

To each man's life there comes a time supreme, One day, one night, one morning or one noon, One freighted hour, one moment opportune, One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam, One space when fate goes tidling with the stream, One once, in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon, And ready for the passing instant's boon To tip in favor the uncertain beam. Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait, Knows also how to watch and work and stand On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow To seize the passing moment, big with fate, From opportunity's extended hand, When the great clock of destiny strikes Now! —Mary A. Townsend.

### The Sweet, Sad Years.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain, Alas! too quickly did they wane, For each some boon, some blessing bore, Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Altho' it idle be and vain, Yet cannot I the wish restrain That I had held them evermore; The sweet, sad years!

Like some of an old refrain That long within the mind has lain, I keep repeating o'er and o'er "Nothing can o'er the past restore, Nothing bring back the years again!" The sweet, sad years! —Canon Bell, in Leisure Hour.

### Tets-a-Tets.

Sweetheart, if there should come a time When in my careworn face The beauty of a vanished prime You strive in vain to trace; When faded tresses gray and thin, Dely the binder's skill; Sweetheart, betray no sign, By word nor look repine. Think of the grace that once was mine; Kiss me and be still.

Sweetheart, if there should come a year When from my withered lips The loving word that now rings clear, In tuneless weakness slips; If I should sing with quavering voice Some old song worse than ill, Sweetheart, with kind deceit, No mocking words repeat. Think of the voice that once was sweet; Kiss me and be still.

Sweetheart, if there should come a day— I know not when nor how— When your love beams with lessening ray, That burns so brightly now; When you can meet my faithful eyes, And feel no answering thrill; Sweetheart, let me not know— I could not bear the woe— Think of the dear, dear long ago; Kiss me and be still. —Samuel Minturn Peck.

### The One Dear Name.

Well, most persons know by forty not to look for much smooth sailing, An' I've learned to "grin an' bear it" wimsoever is my doom— Though the wind, a maddened tyrant, is the origin' ocean frailin' Till it spreads out white an' gleamin' as a cotton field in bloom.

Laugh when trouble strikes your pocket keep it hid if them you're dearer Drift away from home forever, or are fallin' by the way. People have their own great crosses, an' good fortune comes no nearer; For your outcry from the housetops to the rabble all the day.

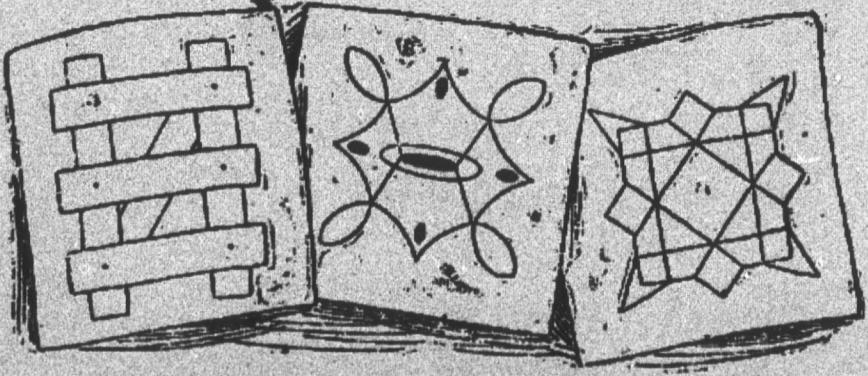
But a feller, though well hardened, tryin' all his trials to smother, Now an' then, when none is near him, will yet feel a yearnin' pain, While he wishes for a minute on the bosom of his mother He could hide from all life's worry as she croons her songs again. —Will T. Hale, in Nashville American.

### When Ills Are Forgotten.

"The last three weeks in December and the first week in January," said a Harlem druggist to a New York Mail and Express reporter, "is the dulllest period for the drug business the whole year round. In the hustle and bustle of the holiday season people seem to forget their ills and the medicine compounder. Some of our chronic customers have not made a call for their favorite remedy in three weeks, but they will be around as regular as ever in a few days. The reaction will set in about the middle of this month."

### A Very Old Couple.

William Turner of Pierce County is 101 years old, and his wife is ninety-nine. They were in their teens when they were married and twelve children were the result of the union. Nine of the children are living and have families. Mr. and Mrs. Turner have 227 grandchildren, 159 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild, a total of 499. Mr. Turner is in good health and frequently visits his children at Blackhawk and other places. —Dehlonga (Ga.) Nugget.



FREE HAND DRAWINGS BY CONVICTS.

have marched forward until now complicated geometrical figures have no terror for them. Of course, their drawing is all free hand. Not one of them has been allowed to use a compass or T-squares. They use pencils and light brown manila paper.

The manner of teaching is somewhat different from that employed in other