

# HELPED BACK TO FORMER PLACE IN THE WORLD

Philanthropic Societies Have Made Good Citizens Out of Veriest Derelicts

## RECORDS PROVE THE FACTS

That the Old Saying, "Once a Thief, Always a Thief," May Be Revised Is the Testimony of Those Engaged in the Work of Reform in Various Cities—Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth Cites Many Cases That Have Come Under Her Personal Observation in the Course of Years.

NEW YORK.—Following swift on the recent revolt of convicts in Sing Sing, their defiance of warden and keepers, their threats to dynamite the prison and effect a general delivery has come an insistent question:

"Is it possible to reform a convict and make a good citizen out of him?"

Take that same Sing Sing with its army of men incarcerated for crimes of almost every kind—burglars, highwaymen, habitual ne'er do wells, common thieves, housebreakers, second story men, pickpockets, bank robbers, bigamists, bunco steers, crafters of every degree, accomplished swindlers of every kind—take this mass of depraved humanity—is it possible really to effect a reformation in more than an occasional instance? Is it possible to restore a majority of these prisoners to places of respect and responsibility in the world of freedom?

Possibly a great majority of those who asked the question knew that certain religious organizations, welfare societies and other charitable agencies have long asserted that they actually can, and do, succeed in reforming criminals, men and women of the most hardened types; that they restore them to their families and see them become members of society—respected, trusted, and sometimes honored. But the average man is apt to be somewhat skeptical of such statements. What he asks for is plain, definite, convincing, indisputable facts.

**No Doubt of Rescues.**  
Those who ask the question and demand proof are, for the most part, practical, level-headed men of affairs. In order to ascertain whether a definite, incontrovertible answer to their doubts can be obtained inquiry has been made of agencies and individuals who have much to do with convicts discharged from prisons and penitentiaries. In each instance the attitude of those questioned was one of surprise that at this day there should be any doubt regarding the absolute reformation of former convicts.

One thing that will strike the inquirer who goes carefully through the records is the fact that while hundreds of former convicts are today successful in business undertakings and in trades, a large proportion seek not to engage in money making occupation but to go into rescue work themselves. Missions of every kind, industrial homes, college settlements, all forms of social service for the "down and outers," seem to appeal more powerfully than anything else to these men who have been down and out themselves, and who throw themselves into the work of reclaiming other human wrecks.

Prominent among those interested in the work of rescuing human derelicts is Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. Here is her testimony on the subject:

### The Way Up From Prison

By Maud Ballington Booth.

This is the case of a former convict whose companions nicknamed him Skinny. During his five terms he served over twenty-one years in prison. He was a young man who had not had advantages, and in fact had stolen from childhood.

During his last term he contracted rheumatism, was so bent and broken that he was unable for months to lie down and was permitted to do a little clobbering in his cell. At times his pain was so great that the physician would give him a morphine tablet, but instead of using them he kept them, intending to kill himself when he had saved enough of them.

"How many of these would it take to kill a man, doctor?" asked Skinny. "About twenty," was the reply.

On the day that our message reached him he had accumulated nineteen of these tablets, and following our talk he went back to his cell and threw the nineteen away. After subsequent interviews he decided to come to our New York home, which is one of four maintained by us for released prisoners. He came out on crutches and he was indeed emaciated.

**His Reformation Complete.**  
During the eleven months he remained with us he built up his shattered health, and when able to work was employed by a gentleman at \$3 a week. While his employer was able



Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth

to give him a much larger wage he wanted to put Skinny to the test.

Day after day he proved his worth, and his wages were increased accordingly, so that at the end of a few years he was in a position to marry. Wherever he has worked he has proved faithful and has given every satisfaction to his employers. He is at present holding a position of responsibility, is married and has two fine young daughters. He has lived an upright life for fifteen years.

Then there was the case of Tom, who had served two short terms in Sing Sing prior to 1889. Upon the evening of the day of his second discharge from Sing Sing Tom, wandering down the Bowery, met two of his friends, who invited him into one of the saloons to have a drink. After their third or fourth drink they were placed under arrest by detectives from headquarters, who charged them with a robbery committed that very day.

**His Innocence of No Avail.**  
Tom protested his innocence, saying that he was not the man, that he had only just come from Sing Sing, and in fact did not have time to do a job of that kind. Despite his denials he was locked up, for, unfortunately, Tom's appearance tallied almost exactly with the description of the missing third of the three men who had done the robbery.

On the day of trial the other two men pleaded guilty and received fifteen year sentences, at the same time affirming that Tom had no part in the robbery. Tom again protested his innocence, saying that he had not committed the crime, that he had done nothing for which he should have been arrested. He declined to take a plea and decided to stand trial. On his record he was found guilty in short order, and as he put the county to the expense of a trial he was sentenced to twenty years in prison. He went back to Sing Sing sored and sullen and with a desire in his heart to get even with society for the wrong it had done him and a determination that he would get even when he came out.

How well I remember the many talks I have had with Tom, and how at times it seemed as though nothing that might be said would move him, but at last God working in His own mysterious way saw fit to change his heart. Tom put the evil desires and evil inclinations back of him and came out of prison a saved man.

**Twelve Years of Upright Life.**

It is now twelve years since Tom left prison. He is holding a good position in one of the towns of Pennsylvania. We hear from him frequently and the burden of his letters to us is that he thanks God that the Volunteer Prison League came into his life, and now he has wished that he had harkened earlier to the godly counsel and wise precepts.

John C—was liberated in 1907, having come under the operation of the parole law which permitted life prisoners who had served twenty years and whose conduct had been good to be paroled. For twenty-seven years John had been an inmate of Sing Sing prison and for many years of that time hope and John were strangers.

We went into that prison carrying a message of hope to such poor souls as he, and it was with gladness that he received the message, and he has told us now he hoped and prayed that the time would come when he would secure his release, and thanks to the wise measures instituted by our lawmakers he was one of the first who came under the operation of the "Hfer" parole law. He now holds a position of trust and responsibility in one of the largest corporations in New York city.

**Forty-seven Years in Prison.**  
Another example, and this one is eighty-three years old. He was, I think, the dean of the prisoners of this state, for he had spent forty-seven years of his life in the prison. In Danemora every one knew old Frank. He too was a beneficiary of the life men's parole law, for he is now much bent and at times somewhat feeble

He is very proud of his kitchen garden and the fact that he is the organizer for our services.

Last summer he went as caretaker to some vacant flats in Brooklyn. He rented them all, and the agent let him have another house with the same result. He returned to the home with \$30 of his earnings, and unknown to us in the winter spent \$7 of that amount for flowers for our grounds in the spring.

Rev. F. H. B. was pastor of a thriving church in Philadelphia. His wife died after presenting him with a baby. Later he became involved in a scandal which was of such a character as to render his pastorate untenable. He resigned. In a short time he was a physical and moral wreck. In New York he was picked up by the police and sent to Blackwell's island.

### Made a Useful Citizen.

After his release he came to us, frankly told his story and accepted our proffered aid. One of the most eloquent and scholarly ministers in Philadelphia, whose letter is on file at the prison department, wrote Captain Anderson urging him not to give the fallen pastor any money, but to accord him such assistance as would enable him to obtain some sort of a foothold. The assistance was given, advice was tendered, the man was induced to believe that all hope was not dead, and he soon recovered some of his lost ground.

Today he occupies a prominent position with a large organization engaged in the work of human uplift. He is a forceful speaker and an indefatigable worker. His faith in human nature and in the ability of the God assisted man to rise on "his dead self" is one of his most potent assets.

George F. Warnell had been so frequently in prison that he could not enter a town without receiving immediate orders from the chief of police to depart. He came to us saying that he could find no place upon which he could set his weary feet. We interceded for him, obtained a place for him on a farm in New Jersey. He proved faithful and today owns the farm and is doing a general and prosperous real estate business. Sometimes he visits us and often sends us a donation for the purpose of helping others who were as unfortunate or wicked as himself.

Now has this all been worth while? I could take up all the space of this issue of the Sun telling the story of the reformation of men who at some time or other have believed that every man's hand was against them. Our league has proved that good can come out of prisons. If all that has been made public about our prisons during the past few weeks will but find lodgment in the hearts and minds of your readers it will mean more for those behind the gray wall than one can well imagine.—New York Sun.

### Improved Dieting Rules.

The rules for dieting in which the Medical Congress has been so prolific reminds a writer in the London Daily Chronicle of Ruskin's method of arranging his food supplies during his illness. He procured from his doctor a list of all the things that he must not eat, took them all, and recovered. He made it his rule to eat whatever his fancy suggested, and he lived to be over eighty. The moral is obvious. Never surrender to the stomach. Bully it. Defy it. In an emergency ask yourself, "What would the worst thing for me to eat?" Then eat it and live forever.—Exchange.

### At the Indian Schools.

Nearly 50,000 Indian children went to school last year, more than half of them being educated at government schools. Mission schools cared for 3,000 and more than 17,000 had so far adopted the white man's ways as to be enrolled in regular public schools, according to a statement on Indian education furnished by the Indian office of the United States Bureau of Education.

# BLOODHOUND DIGS UP A "TREASURE"

Camphor Scent in Police Station Leads to Cache.

## FINDS "GREAT" HOARD

Lockup Keepers of Chicago Jail Thought Negro "Runner" for Prisoners Had "Fortune" Hidden and Start Sherlock Holmes Search.

Chicago.—After three days of digging in the basement of the South Clark street police station, a treasure hoard amounting to \$1.30 was uncovered the other day by Bob, a Siberian bloodhound, owned by Pinky Isenstein, who conducts a second-hand hardware store next door to the station.

The treasure belongs to Sam Wilson, a negro, who for the last seven years has been a "regular boarder" at the station. He is the only man in the employ of the police department who is satisfied with the salary he receives. He never has asked for an increase, and a few months ago, when Mayor Harrison announced a reduction in policemen's salaries owing to a shortage of funds, Wilson sent word to the mayor that he was willing to help him out.

Wilson is something of a humorist. The only salary he gets is what prisoners give him for running errands. He takes coffee and pie and sandwiches to those behind the bars, and the usual tip is 5 cents. Sometimes he gets 10 cents for a run by purchasing a nickel cigar and charging the prisoner a dime for it.

For a long time there has been a suspicion among the policemen at the station that Wilson was in affluent circumstances. The lockup keepers probably were to blame for the story that "Wilson had a plant."

"That fellow," meaning Wilson, Lockup Keeper Leonard said to Captain O'Brien, "has got all kinds of money. He runs from twenty to fifty errands every day, and there's always a piece of change for Sam. I would not be surprised if he had several hundred dollars buried somewhere in the basement."

Other lockup keepers told a similar story about Wilson's buried treasure, and for months a close watch was kept on him to see if he would go to the place where the hoard was hidden.

A few days ago Wilson got into an argument with Sgt. Arthur Danahy as to the ingredients in chili, a southern dish of which Wilson is inordinately fond. It ended by Wilson offering to bet \$1 that he was right. Danahy took him up.

Wilson disappeared for a half-hour. When he returned he had a dollar



The Dog Had Dug a Hole.

bill that smelled of camphor. It had come from the "plant." Danahy was sure there were seven or eight hundred more dollars where that camphor smelling bill came from. At that moment Bob, the Siberian bloodhound, wagged his way into the station. Danahy snatched the bill from Wilson's hand and gave the dog a sniff. He then led the beast to the basement and told Bob to find the treasure, but without success.

The following day Bob was again given the scent of the camphorated bill and this time he led the treasure seekers to the front part of the basement, which is concreted. Picks were sunk into the adamant composition and every man in the station who was on reserve duty was called out of bed to help in the work. When they quit the basement was completely dug up.

Loud yelps from Bob brought the police on the run to the alley in the rear of the station. The dog had dug a hole about two feet deep at the side of the rear door. Once more the picks and shovels were brought into service and after a few minutes' work the treasure box was found. Besides the money it contained a presidential campaign button of William Jennings Bryan and a check good for 2½ cents on a 15-cent drink.

### Really!

Chicago.—Chicago men spend \$750,000 every year for their nighties, according to a report issued by the board of commerce. Shirts alone cost them \$7,500,000.

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Plan Public Golf Links at the National Capital



WASHINGTON.—President Wilson's new commissioners for the District of Columbia are planning to provide the national capital with public golf links, and golfers already are waging the chief executive will be found playing on them.

At present he gives the two so-called fashionable golf clubs the go-by and motors over the hills of Virginia, where the common folks maintain the Washington Golf club.

The membership of the club is made up mainly of government clerks and other persons who have to look sharp to make both ends meet financially. The democracy of the playground seemed to appeal to the president.

All golfers agree that golf is played for either one or two purposes—exercise or pleasure. If you play a good game, you play for pleasure. If your game is bad, you play for exercise—and you get plenty of it.

Now, the President is not so bad

as they make them, by quite a long way, but he still is in the exercise class.

He plays golf for the good it does him and because he never expects to make his living teaching golf to beginners.

He goes out to the club with two automobiles. He is in the front one with Dr. Cary Grayson, while the second carries a secret service man or two.

The president usually reaches the club about 3:30.

He plays the first nine holes very leisurely, without the least sign of having to hurry back to the White House. Then he usually cuts off to the seventeenth, playing that hole and the eighteenth. Then, without going into the club house, he gets into the automobile and rides back to the White House.

With the president, golfing serves as no silk-stocking amusement. He never plays golf with the nabobs of the town. His almost exclusive golfing companion is Dr. Grayson.

Indeed, President Wilson has not devoted himself in the least to making friends in the wealthy.

Indeed, if the president were in pursuit of society, he would not play golf at the Washington Golf club. Society is not found there—not the kind that is spelled with capitals. SOCIETY abides at the Chevy Chase club.

## Wanted Senator to Look Up a Prospective Wife

THE other day Senator Knute Nelson was startled by the receipt of a letter which contained the following clipping from a publication called Cupid's Column. His surprise grew as he read the clipping, which was as follows:

"2783 Washington, D. C.—I am a young widow, twenty-five years of age. No children; 5-6, 120 pounds, blonde hair, gray eyes, very good form, good disposition, French Methodist; have a small income; like both city and country life. Would like to correspond with some young man matrimonially inclined. See my photo."

To the right of this touching missive was a picture, also clipped from a newspaper, of a remarkably pretty girl, wearing a low collar and an elaborate picture hat.

The senator, who is over seventy years of age and married, at once began to suspect that some widow had her eyes on him. But taking another look into the envelope he found the following letter and a photograph of a young man. The letter read:

"I am mailing your picture and your description," said the note, "to the city of Washington, D. C. I hope you will get it and write to me at once, for I am a young bachelor, and my father owns a farm in Minnesota,



with a ditch running through it, and I am sure that we will be happy here. I am 5 feet 8 inches—' and much more to that effect. On the back of this was written:

"Dear Senator: This young woman lives in your city. Please look her up for me, as I want to marry her. I put her photograph outside the envelope, but the postoffice authorities returned it to me. If you will look her up and tell her to write me I will be much obliged to you and will remember your kind favor."

All the senator said when he dropped the envelope and its contents into the wastebasket was:

"He wants me to open a matrimonial agency for his special benefit. Now, I'll do any number of things for the people, but I'll be blamed if I will do that."

## They Tell McAdoo How to Run U. S. Treasury



THE people who know how to run the United States government better than the man who made it are numerous, and they always have their information on tap. The other day a woman, who is tired of government interference, wrote to Secretary McAdoo as follows:

"Hon. Secty McAdoo,

"Sir: Why do it for you to persecute the little stocks of Steel and New Haven and Telefun. Only a little I have and now all gone so that I can't make any will to give to my own. My lawyer says it is alright becuz Wilson will do it, but he gets my money, and my husband is a striker. My bank says it is was Mr. Taft &

Mr. Wickersham, and my Savings Department says it is Wilson & Mr. McAdoo. Respectfully Yours, —"

Another letter which Secretary McAdoo received is even funnier than the foregoing.

"U. S. Gov—t" writes from Fresno, Cal. The letter is dated June 2 and is as follows:

"Mr. McAdoo: In regard to all government money Loan none out unless you can get 8 per cent. Have all Departments Deposit every week in National Treasury money collect that week. Keep everything in first-class shape equipped Treasury Department with a Burglar alarm system if necessary and have for protection four Arm Guards at night. Swear them in to be loyal to the Government, which is 48 States and Island Possessions. Yours truly,

"Signed in full: U. S. GOV—T."

Under the signature appears the following: "Approved at 5:30 P. M."

The left-hand margin has been utilized for the following postscript: "Loan it on the same terms as bankers do. Good Bye."

## This Job Hunter Certainly Was a Good Guesser

A STORY which is going around the capitol in these days of scant patronage had its origin at the national capitol with Secretary Redfield of the department of commerce.

It happened at a time when there was keen rivalry for government positions," said Secretary Redfield, "that a young man named Allen desired a place in the postoffice department and applied to his congressman. He was told he could get no place until a vacancy arose. He waited for several weeks and one day, when his money was nearly exhausted, he went down to a beach nearby. There were many people bathing there and among them was a man whom Allen recognized as a clerk in the division which he sought for a place.

"This clerk ventured beyond his depth and was drowned. When the body was brought ashore Allen hurried up to his congressman and exclaimed:

"I can have that job now! There is a vacancy!"



"Where?" said the congressman. "Why, a clerk in that division was drowned this afternoon."

"The congressman looked at him sadly. 'I regret to inform you,' he said, 'that you are too late; the place has been filled.'

"How can that be?" shouted Allen. "The man has just been drowned!"

"Yes, I know," answered the congressman, "but the place was obtained by a Massachusetts man who saw the clerk go in swimming. He made a correct guess that the clerk could not swim and made his application by telephone ten minutes before the clerk's body was brought to shore."