

women and 1395 men, the average number of men varying as a rule from 1,400 to 1,500. 314 of the men were negroes. A school for illiterate inmates was held from 9 to 2 every day. Those whose education was defective, but who were able to read and write, attended school once a week and could study through a corresponding school after five o'clock each evening. There were 14,000 books in the library and each prisoner was allowed two volumes a week.

The cell accommodation was very restricted, from two to five men occupying the same cell at night and, in the majority of the cases, during the greater part of the day also. The prisoners all worked at some trade or other, being taught by their cell mates if they knew nothing on their arrival. Stocking knitting by machine, cigar making, chair caning and shoe making were all carried on by the men in their cells. The women made lace and did embroidery and very fine drawn linen work. The prisoners made by their work about 20 cents (ten pence) a day and were allowed either to save their earnings, or to spend them at the prison store in buying extras for themselves, such as soap, tooth brushes and powder and tobacco.

The Governor of the Prison told us that most of the inmates learnt exceedingly quickly anything to which they applied themselves. One man, a miner from Wales, who was serving a life sentence for having shot and killed two men in a quarrel, had taught himself to play five musical instruments and had painted large pictures of his home and the scenes he remembered on the walls of his own and the neighbouring cells. All his earnings were spent in paints and brushes. He had never tried either to paint or play before coming into prison. His pictures were not artistic but they were much better than those of the average pavement artist.

One of the women prisoners had been given a harmonium which she was learning to play.

There was a good brass band in the prison which practised twice a week.

HARRISON STREET GAOL, CHICAGO

A foul, foul stench that reaches out into the street, grows stronger as one enters, and catches the breath as one goes down the stone steps. Below, the light is dim. The heat and smell are almost suffocating. Each cell has a black stone floor and its back and side are black also. Its front is a barred gate and its only light comes through the dim corridor. It contains

nothing but a wooden bench fixed to the wall. The sole sanitary convenience for the inmates is a narrow gutter in the floor at the back of each cell, along which there is water running: one hears it running always. If the excrement be solid, the matron, or the warder, must come and poke it down a small hole with a stick. Sometimes as many as four or five human beings are crowded into one of these loathsome dens together.

Both men and women are to be found in this gaol. Some are merely awaiting trial – they may be innocent. Others have been found guilty and are serving gaol sentences. The matrons and warders too, are here for long long hours. They suffer much from rheumatism and tuberculosis.

A CANADIAN PRISON AT OTTAWA

A long corridor on one side of which are barred windows and on the other narrow cells with barred fronts. Under the windows are long wooden benches and upon these sit a number of women and girls with idle hands.

One woman, with her head all bandaged round, is sobbing. She speaks half French, half English; she sobs too much to tell her tale: 'It was he – he – but the policeman hit me – they always blame the woman.'

'You would not understand – he always left me – I was so lonely –' another says.

They sit together and in low voices tell what they have done. One alone stands thinking, silent and apart. The winter's afternoon is fading, but no lights will come. When it is dark, the matron locks them in the cells.

BEDFORD REFORMATORY PRISON, NEW YORK STATE

A windy hillside, brown in early spring, dotted with delicate budding saplings. The sky a rain-washed blue, great heaped up driving clouds and brilliant sun. A colony of detached red brick buildings, nestling on the slopes, and broad white concrete paths, with flights of steps here and there, reaching from one building to another. Seen through the veil of little trees, a group of laughing, shouting girls, digging upon the opposite rise. Another band of them upon the path below, their cheeks glowing and hair and skirts blowing in the wind.

This, though there are no walls around it, is a prison too. Dr Kate Davis the principal, a little woman with grey hair round kindly face and