

Wichita Daily Eagle

IN A POLICE COURT.

An Excellent Place to Study Human Folly and Weakness.

Four Hours with a Chicago Magistrate—Some of the Prisoners and Their Extraordinary Pleas—Queer Phases of Life in a Great City.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

A few days ago I went to one of the prominent police stations for the purpose of studying human nature. Had I gone from one end of the country to the other I couldn't have found a more prolific field for my researches. I arrived at the station just in time to see a score or more offenders, male and female, who were being conducted to the ante-rooms of the police court in the adjoining building by the burly blue coats responsible for their arrest.

Most of the prisoners looked as if their acquaintance with the guardians of the peace dated back many years. Some smiled offensively at stale beer and whisky, others had bandaged eyes, crooked noses, and swollen mouths, and still others trembled like leaves in the autumn wind—not because they were ashamed of their positions, but because their systems had not been supplied with stimulants for several hours.



ON THE WAY TO STATE'S PRISON.

They were all physical and moral wrecks, picked up in the gutters and sewers, from which nothing will rescue them save death or imprisonment for life.

Nearly every one of the prisoners was sentenced to serve a term in the bridge-well. Some listened quietly to the sentence, others abused the judge, but all of them will resume their riotous way of living as soon as the doors of the reformatory institution are opened to them.

The crowd which I saw at the police court on this particular day was, seemingly at least, incapable of reformation and redemption; and unless Providence interferes with a miracle each one of the unfortunate creatures will expire amidst scenes of vice and misery too sad for description.

One young fellow attracted the attention of the crowd assembled in the courtroom. He looked hard, and seemed just a trifle annoyed when the officer in charge of the case accused him of habitual drunkenness. The judge, who seemed to be well acquainted with the prisoner, exclaimed "thirty days," and the hangers on strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of the next victim. Few noticed the shabbily-dressed old woman in the courtroom who sighed as the judge pronounced the sentence. Had they known that she was the mother of the prisoner they might have treated her with some consideration, perhaps, when she broke into tears. As it was, she was made the target for the cheap wit of the callous frequenters of the courtroom, who were inclined to think that only good luck had saved her from sitting on the prisoners' bench herself.

They did not realize that her swollen eyes were produced, not by dissipation, but by weeping over a son who, at one time, promised to be her support and comfort. Instead, the young man drifted into evil company and was even then on his way to the penitentiary, for the fellow standing next to him promised to give valuable information regarding a robbery which had puzzled the police for several days provided he should be acquitted on the charge of drunkenness. His offer was accepted. The judge imposed a fine, but suspended judgment; and the vile wretch accused his companion of having been a party to the robbery. He bought four weeks of freedom by his treachery and broke a heart which had never ceased to hope for the reformation of her boy.

No one paid the least attention to the little tragedy which I had been observing with great interest. Something humorous seemed to have succeeded the tragic denouncement of the

last prisoner's confession. Before his honor stood a vixenish old woman whose disheveled hair was but illy concealed by a nightcap of uncertain color. She wore a once white, but now brownish yellow, Mother Hubbard. The sleeves were rolled up above the elbow. Although the officers of the court worked laboriously to keep her quiet, they made not the least impression on the furious dame, who denounced, in the most emphatic language, the police, the city administration and the magistrate before whom she stood. Viler language, I feel confident in asserting, had never been heard in a courtroom. The united efforts of three policemen were required to remove the prisoner to her cell, and the officers heaved a sigh of relief when they heard the snap of the lock which confined her to a place of safety. In the afternoon she was compelled to take a ride in the "Black Maria," a vehicle which carries convicted prisoners to the bridge-well. There she will have time to "sober off," a process made tolerable only by the hope of another protracted spree at the expiration of her term.

The next prisoner was a rather genteel-looking, middle-aged party accused of petty larceny. The evidence, produced by a number of peddlers and other peripatetic merchants, showed that the defendant was in the habit of

plundering small articles whenever he passed their counters. The prisoner employed no lawyer, but argued his case at length and with wonderful ability. He produced tears at will and in the waterworks line was as great a success as Mr. Weller's friend Job Trotter. He spoke glibly of persecution referred to his accusers as "misguided Hebrews" and "vicious monsters," and alluded to himself as the "son of a patriot who has shed his blood on many fields." The judge listened patiently to the harangue and then advised the poor fellow to recite a new tale at the next trial, as the one here outlined had become just a trifle stale from continued use. In order to give him the leisure necessary for the production of an entirely new line of defense his honor favored him with six months' sentence.

The argumentative victim's place was taken by a meek-looking young woman who was charged with beating her four-year-old stepdaughter with a leather strap until the poor little thing dropped insensible to the ground. The prosecution in this case was in the hands of the lawyer of a philanthropic society, whose agents told in a few words how they rescued the little girl from being whipped to death. The judge, who had shown but little interest in the preceding cases, listened with interest to the testimony and viewed with horror the wounds and stripes on the tender body of the child. The testimony brought out the fact that the girl had eaten an apple which the mother had given to her own child, and for this offense she was punished with incredible cruelty. The judge fined the woman fifty dollars and costs and turned the child over to a charitable organization. The prisoner's husband and father of the abused child paid the fine and, accompanied by the demon who looked as meek as an abused angel, left the courtroom.

The next prisoner brought before the judge was a fat woman charged with misleading young girls. The old hypocrite carried a handkerchief in her right hand for the purpose of wiping away the few tears which were occasionally allowed to meander down her fleshy cheeks. She pleaded persecution, and persuaded her attorney to land her as one of the most disinterested benefactresses in the city. Her "indignation" persuaded none of the habits of the court, who knew her as an old offender, but she managed her case with such consummate skill that she had to be discharged. When the judge announced his decision, the crocodile tear gave way to a broad grin, and leaning on the arm of her legal adviser the aged sinner left the courtroom.

Just before the court adjourned a comparatively young-looking woman entered the court and asked for a warrant for the arrest of her husband who had amused himself the night before by getting fall and knocking his better-half under the bed. When he

had her in this undignified position he wound up the day's enjoyment by kicking her with great vigor and cursing her in the choicest phrases known to the lowest elements of society. The warrant was issued, but, unfortunately, the judge could not enter a decree of divorce for which the woman pleaded. She was told that to secure a legal separation from her loving spouse she would have to file a bill in a higher court, a bit of information which called forth a flood of tears. "She's moved just now," said an officer to me, "but when her old man is brought into court she won't be here to prosecute him. It's always so with women."

For four hours the grind continued, and then the court adjourned. In the afternoon the "Black Maria" came around to take the convicted prisoners to the bridge-well. The cells vacated by them were made ready for the next night's "catch." Men with brooms and buckets of water cleaned the filthy floors of the cells. The matron and her assistants made preparations for a new consignment of female malefactors.

The judge and his clerk, tired out by their disagreeable work, repaired to an other office where his honor transacts business as justice of the peace. The inmates of the courtroom went to the nearest saloon to "talk things over." No one gave the least thought to the cases which lead so many promising young men and women to perdition; and yet there is no school in the world where the folly of wrong-doing is illustrated so forcibly as in a city police court.

G. W. WELLS.

Forgot Himself. "Yes," said the proud mother, "Charles can read well and is a good writer."

"An I write all my own excuses," said Charlie, proudly, and the look he received from his mother told him he had put his foot in it.—Lima Times.

Knowledge Is Wealth. Druggist—You might have charged that young man two dollars for filling that prescription. Why did you put the price at twenty-five cents?

Clerk—He understands Latin.—Good News.

He Usually Was. Cabbage—That was an appropriate verdict the coroner's jury brought in about McWarty, the man about town.

Rubbage—What was it? Cabbage—Found "round"—Philadelphia Press.

Method in His Order. "How odd of Mr. Ergent to make me a present of a parrot!"

The Parrot—Not at all! He's training me to speak a good word for him.—Lima Times.

What France Wants, according to M. Jules Simon, is state restriction upon female labor, as in England. The excessive number of hours worked by many women is, he says, most injurious to the well-being of the family, that unit of every well-

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

CHICAGO LUMBER CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. LUMBER DEALERS! Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue. Chicago, Ill.

BUTLER & GRALEY Wholesale Dealers. PIECED & PRESSED TINWARE. 213 South Main, Wichita, Kan.

ROSS BROS. Wholesale and Retail Seedmen. 319 E. Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

Huse & Charlton Crockery Company, Importers and Jobbers of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY. 220 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. 233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonade Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc. Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited.

MAXWELL & McCLURE, Wholesale Dealers In NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, Etc. No. 237 & 239 S. Main St., WICHITA, KAN.

FOUR LEGGED VETERANS. THREE HORSES THAT KNEW AND LOVED THE BATTLEFIELD.

Recent Death of Keogh's Comanche, Sole Survivor of the Custer Massacre—Sheridan's Famous Rensel and General Lee's Traveler.

Comanche is dead. He died of pure old age after a most honorable career of many years. He was not a racer nor a prize beauty, but he was far more to all soldiers, for he was the only creature in the United States service that es-



LOADING THE BLACK MARIA.

caped the dreadful Custer massacre of June, 1876. Evidently the Indians had stripped and left him to die, for he was found by Reno's men standing in the field and gazing mournfully over the water of slain.

Every man and every other horse was killed, and as the horses fell the men made breastworks of them. Captain Keogh, Comanche's rider, was among the slain. An order was issued that the badly wounded horse should be shot to put him out of his misery, but the soldiers grieved so deeply that the farriers exhausted their skill and Comanche was saved. Thereafter no man ever backed him. He lived at Fort Riley, Kan., in "horse heaven," if such there be, fed with the choicest food, groomed with loving care, patted and petted and soled with lumps of sugar and the sweetest of apples. He was part of the original mount of the Seventh Cavalry in 1866, had carried Captain Keogh and others through many an Indian fight and was literally striped and spotted with wounds.

Almost a New Carpet. An ingenious woman has upon her floor a carpet rescued from dirt and destruction to a condition "almost as good as new."

The German emperor loses no opportunity of winning favor with the ladies with his gallant speeches. One of the prettiest of these courtly utterances was delivered in answering a toast to his wife in the province where she was born.

A Tribute to His Wife. The German emperor loses no opportunity of winning favor with the ladies with his gallant speeches. One of the prettiest of these courtly utterances was delivered in answering a toast to his wife in the province where she was born.

An Improved Clothes Press. This was the scheme of a woman who she announced to her husband as her wish to dispose of her children's clothes when the one small closet of her country quarters was filled. A bedstead with a high headboard stood against the corner of the room, and on the back of this headboard the perplexed mother had rows of books screwed, fitting to the top on a wire cord, a certain of calico to prevent the clothes from dust, and that improved clothes, she said, "my salvation," which is a suggestion worth remembering against future restricted quarters.—Exchange.



TRAVELER.

Third in the list of famous war horses of recent times was Traveler, the favorite mount of General R. E. Lee, but he died prematurely, surviving his master but a few days. General Lee bought him in West Virginia in 1861, when he was 3 years old, and rode him through all the battles of 1862 and in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, and in his last campaign. At Appomattox he was a party to the surrender, and then went home with his master, according to the generous terms extended by Grant. Traveler was a dark iron gray, sixteen hands high, docile, enduring and calm as his master under fire. Six years after the war he became almost milk white from age, and while yet vigorous trotted on a nail, which penetrated his hoof, causing lockjaw and death.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

F. P. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail. Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames, Mountings, Picture Glass, Enamels, Screens, Etc. 114 NORTH MARKET ST.

SOLIDAY BROS. Manufacturers of High Grade Baking Powders, Fruit Extracts and Vinegars, Grinders of Pure Spices, Tea Importers. 127 & 129 N. Market St.

WOOD, IRON AND CHAIN PUMPS. Manufacturers of all kinds of pumps, pipes, fittings and plumbers' supplies. 114 NORTH MARKET ST.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO. Wholesale. Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods. Complete Stock in all Departments. 110, 121 & 123 N. Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THOMAS SHAW Wholesale Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Sheet music and books. All kinds of music. 102 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection.

CHAS. LAWRENCE, Dealer in Photographers' Supplies. 102 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS. Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, and General Western. Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale, Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO. Wholesale Grocers. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET. Sole agents for the celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO. Wholesale Grocers. 203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

SOCIETY GOWNS CHEAP. WHAT BECOMES OF EXPENSIVE DRESSES BUT LITTLE WORN.

Very Many Garments of the Wealthy Cannot Be Used More Than a Few Times by Their Owners and Are Then Worthless to the Possessors.

The other day an inquisitive person asked a leader of New York society with the reputation of never wearing a gown more than three times: "How do you manage not to be swamped in a sea of garments? Your gloves cost more than all my wardrobe, yet I find my closet disagreeably full at least once a year."

"The woman smiled inscrutably, saying: 'The poor we have always with us. I see you look incredulous, but it is an absolute fact that my wardrobe helps to warm many a poor creature every winter. Not, of course, in their first estate. Madams is the magician that makes them available. When I have told you my part of the story I will send you her for the rest.'

"You see, if one goes out in a great deal, heaps of clothes are necessary, and the more unique and striking a gown is, the shorter its season of usefulness. For people remember it and do not forget to remark its appearance if at all frequent. Then you must either remodel it, give it away or send for madams."

"A clever maid, with knack in her finger tips, can transform a simple gown with new draperies and trappings, but give her an embroidered French creation, radiant with the individuality of Worth or Pingat and she bungles terribly—an terrible, in fact, that the last state of the garment is more notable than the first."

FORTUNATE RELATIVES. "The most serviceable gown in the world is a silk or velvet, very handsome and well cut, but severely plain, upon which all sorts of trimmings are superimposed to give the effect of different times. By so clothing yourself you will escape reproach. On the other hand, your style will never be remarked, and what woman could bear that? Nearly all prominent society women have sisters, cousins, aunts, friends or proteges so situated as to make the gift of their scarcely worn garments more than acceptable. This is what becomes of a deal of society's trills. Their new owners make them over or wear them intact in fresh fields and conquests new."

"One Fifth Avenue matron with my knowledge is a sort of special providence to many people of whom she knows hardly more than their names. The surplus of her wardrobe goes into the hands of a rosy-groined creature who delights to distribute among other gentlewomen who are secure enough of their gentility not to take offense at the gift."

"That sort of thing goes on largely abroad, where the ranks of poor gentlewomen are so pitifully crowded. There is more of it here, too, than you would imagine. I could name you more than one belle and beauty whose career would be impossible but for such good help. Very handsome stuffs are, of course, sometimes worked over by dressmakers outside, but it is the exception, not the rule."

"In London, though, you always count on getting a new evening gown out of your closet after you have been presented. It is four to five yards long, and heaven knows how many breadths wide—so it is as easy to deal with as new stuff; besides, there is the lining for a new undergown. Historic brocades, too, are kept and made over."

WHERE THE GOWNS GO TO. "Indeed, as a rule, each one of us cherishes in every rack of our wardrobe, real lace or real satin, Lyons velvet and fabric. In each of these by such quantities as deserve to become heirlooms, and for the most part we keep them very well. Our maids of course come in for many things, even such as is manifestly impossible for them to wear. But generosity toward one's personal attendants is more and more taking other forms."

"Disagreeable countermeasures have more than once arisen from the maid's appearing in the garb or the ornaments of the mistress; sometimes, too, such gifts are purposeful—meant for revenge sometimes, or in aid of questionable associates. So madams is more than ever a blessing and a necessity. She is the dearest, best, small Frenchwoman, with a trim shap in an out-of-the-way mode. She has been in business many years and years. We all have her address, and when gowns and wraps begin to cluster everywhere, she is sent for, comes in a cab twice daily about, pulling over

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and peeping at things, then says: 'I give the lady so many dollars, counts out the money and goes away. Next day a trunk or two leaves the house, not addressed, but in charge of some one who knows where to take it. At about the same time, maybe, the charity organizations receive a sum of money, either anonymously or accompanied by a well known name, and, oddly enough, it is exactly the amount madams left behind her. Not a great sum, either. She took twenty-eight gowns from me at her last sale. More than half were French, and had cost from \$300 to \$500 each, and I had just \$500 for my fund.'

AT MADAME'S SERVO. A card took the inquisitive person to this mysterious madams, and revealed an open house to the wanderers of the next week. The half had not been told of it. Worth gowns overflowed the closets, the presses, the big trunks that lined the wall, all with the maker's stamp, and many with hardly a trace of wear.

It was a riot of silk, of embroidery, of jeweled beading and ephemeral lace. Madams fingered the gowns lovingly. This garment came from next door to a Vanderbilt, that one had figured at an Astor ball, another's sole acquisition was at a Newport dinner, its wearer being forced to put on mourning within the next week. Here were gowns from Murray Hill; there were ten meant for 5 bells in upper Fifth avenue, also suddenly bereaved. Indeed, all about were waves and billows of social history, made manifest in color and sheen, in silk and gold and silver and pearl.

Madams, of course, buys to sell again. Her customers are first of all actresses, particularly those on tours. After them comes an army of women who care more for excellence of cut than for absolute freshness in their garments. Altogether, she and her shop are a bit of Paris set down in New York's heart.—New York Sun.

Best for Farmers' Wives. At least a third of our women complain that they can't do their housework without great weariness, and many are obliged to hire help who otherwise would not if they would sit down to talk, or sit to do such work as could be as easily done sitting as standing, and then we could keep rested. No one should keep on the feet until trembling and tired, but keep within strength, and then strength would increase, but if worked to exhaustion, it sooner or later brings on weakness and disease. If sitting does not give complete rest, then lie down each day more or less. If not overworked, the mind is much clearer and the nerves steadier, the sharp answer not half so apt to be spoken.—Root's Gleaming.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble. No Chemicals.

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EARLY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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