Work of the Police Matrons At the Indianapolis Station

They Deal With Women and Children, and Find That Women Once Arrested, Whether Old or Young, Are Past Reform

YOU go through the police court room, and on the left side is a glass door on which is printed the words "Matron's Office." It is in here where the two police matrons hold full sway and conduct a female police station of their own. In the office there is a very official-looking desk strewn with papers of various kinds, but directly back of this is a neat-looking little sitting room, where the feminine instinct of the matrons predominates, for it reminds one more of a parlor than a room in a police station. It is fitted up with rocking chairs, a small center table and a large leather couch, all of which make the place look very homelike.

The matrons are Mrs. Ella Gregoire and Miss Rena Reisner, and one or the other of them is on duty continually. Their watches are divided into twelve hours each, one coming on at 7 o'clock in the morning and remaining until 6 at night; the other goes on duty and stays the remainder of the time. Both of these women have been engaged at this work at the police station about seven years. Mrs. Gregoire, however, has had the most experience, for she was formerly matron at the workhouse. Both of the women show great ability for the work and no matter how many times the administration changes or how many new superintendents of police there are the matrons still keep their places through it all.

When the interviewer called Mrs. Gregoire was on duty, and in answer to a knock at the door she explained that she did not then have time to talk, for she was engaged upon a case which took every minute of her attention. It was necessary for the reporter to call three times, and the last time she was found disengaged.

Mrs. Gregoire doesn't look like a police official, nor is she the type of a business woman. She has a pleasant voice and one can see at a glance that she is a woman of strong feeling, but very decided. In answer to the question of what the matron's duties were she said:

"The police matron has many duties to perform and when she gets through with her work her time to be relieved by the other matron has arrived. Consequently our hours of duty never hang heavy on our hands, and when it comes time to go home we are tired enough to go there and enjoy it.

A RECORD IS MADE.

"You see when there are many prisoners brought in the matron is awfully busy, for it is her duty to slate them and each one must be asked where she was born, her age, where she lives, what she has been doing for a living and all such questions as that. We have, in fact, a little biography of each prisoner by the time she has answered all the questions put to her by us.

"Then all of these prisoners have to be searched, which is no small task in itself. Those, of course, who have the charge of larceny against them have to be searched very thoroughly, because you can never tell just what they have concealed about them. Those who are brought in for being drunk and other charges, while they must be searched, it is not necessary to go over so carefully, for as a rule they don't have anything more than a bottle of whisky concealed about their person. I remember one old woman who used to be brought in here every once in a while for being drunk. As soon as she would get in the office she would extend both arms toward the ceiling and say 'sure, Mrs. Gregoire, I haven't a thing about me this time,' but I would simply tell her to hold down her arms, for I knew where to find her bottle all right; she always kept it in her sleeve."

"Doesn't the matron have to appear in police court every morning?

"Yes," she said, "when court convenes every morning the matron has to go and look after her prisoners. After her cases have all been disposed of she brings her prisoners back, and those that go to the workhouse have to be escorted to the wagon; others who have jail sentences she has to see are sent to the jail, while some have their fines stayed and are discharged from here, and it is her duty to look after that.

"Then there are the insane women to look after," said the matron, and a genuine look of despair came over her face. "These are the worst that I have to deal with. To see these poor demented creatures, especially those who are suffering from melancholia, is really very depressing. The patrolmen send in these insane women, and they have to wait here until a commission can be formed to declare them insane; these women affect me more than any whom I come in contact with. Some of them rave continually, and it is simply awful to sit here and listen to them."

Mrs. Gregoire was asked if the work of matron was not a great strain on one's nervous system, and it was also suggested that it was a great wonder it did not break her down in both mind and body. Smilingly she replied:

"You see, I do not live here inside of the station house. My home is outside, and when I leave this place I never think of it again until it is time to again come on duty. Once in a while when there is some case up in which I am greatly interested I will think over it continually, but this is very seldom, and I hardly ever give the place a thought from the time I leave it until it is again time for me to come to work. I couldn't stand it if I worried about it, although I haven't always been thus. When I first began this work I thought about it continually, and whenever a prisoner was sentenced I suffered as much as she did, and when she was discharged by the judge I rejoiced with her also, but I saw this would never do, for I was continually on a nervous strain.

THE FIRST CASE.

"I shall never forget the first case I had when I was appointed police matron. It was that of a little colored boy who had stolen something or other and the judge sentenced him to the Reform School at Plainfield. Well, when the sentence was passed, of course, the boy began to cry, and so did his mother, and the first thing I knew was that I was crying as hard as either one of them. I interceded with the judge for the boy and he took the sentence off and discharged him and, I will tell you, he and his mother were both happy."

"Was the boy ever asrrested again?"

"Yes; it wasn't long before he was up here again for the same offense, but by that time I had become more used to it, was not quite so easily affected, and had begun to be more sparing with my tears. The boy this time went to Plainfield.

"The children that are brought in here by the police all come to the matron, and they are quite numerous. However, there are not as many of them as formerly. Since the juvenile court has opened the boys are kept at the house of detention, and this has taken quite a good deal of work off of the police matrons. The lost children are still brought here and held until their parents come after them. These lost youngsters sometimes get to wanting to go home and will cry for hours before anything can be done to quiet them. All kinds of means have to be resorted to to get these children quieted. The majority of them, however, strange to say, do not become cross and are very well contented to stay here and play and sleep. Once in a while we get hold of one who does not want to return home when its parents come after it."

"About how many prisoners do you generally average in here in a day?" was asked.

"That would be hard to say, for the majority of women who are brought in here have some one who will go their bond and they are immediately released. Now, yesterday, I only had four who remained all night, but there were many more arrested who were released on bond. The average woman who is brought in here can get bail with little trouble, for she will have some friend or other who will help her. Often I will telephone around for these women and hunt up their friends for them so that they can get out. I don't like to lock a woman in a cell, especially if she is young, consequently, I often permit them to sit here in the office until they are released."

"Do you ever take any particular interest in any of these women who are arrested?" she was asked.

"Oh, once in a while I will find one for whom I will do all I can to get some one to go her bond, but outside of that I seldom take any personal interest in any of them," the matron said. "I used to become interested in some of these prisoners, especially girls, but it did no good. Miss Reisner and myself frequently, when young girls were arrested, would write to their parents, but it did no good. When a girl reaches eighteen or twenty years and goes wrong her parents can't do anything for her. I am not saying this from theory, but from actual experience obtained by being thrown with these girls for years."

"I see," said the visitor, "that in the report of the women arrested in New York city it is said that each year they average younger and that now the majority of them brought in by the police are mere girls. Is the same true in this city?"

NEW YOUNG GIRLS.

"No," replied Mrs. Gregoire, "it is not. In fact, so far as the women of this city are concerned, the majority of them who are arrested are far from being girls. I will further say that there are fewer girls under twenty years old arrested now than ever before, and the monthly reports will bear out this statement. Last month there were 108 prisoners brought to the woman's department, and of this number there were only eighteen who were under twenty, and the month before it was practically the same thing.

"There is quite a large number of women brought in here ranging in age from fifty-five to seventy, and all of them are complete physical wrecks. Often when these old women, who are confirmed drunkards, and who have been here dozens of times, become sober and completely free from the influence of liquor their nervous systems are in such a state of collapse that they have to be supported when they walk. It really makes one heart-sick to see them in such a pitiable condition. I remember, not long ago, that an old woman was brought up here who was over seventy years old; she was a drunkard of the worst type, and as complete a physical wreck as I ever saw.

"Another class of women that always appeal to me, although I know that they really do not deserve any sympathy, are those that the police call 'dope fiends.' Whenever a woman becomes addicted to either the morphine or cocaine habit she has sunk about as low as she can get. There is no redeeming these women; they are absolutely gone. Sometimes they are brought in here and when the effects of the drug have worn off they are absolutely wild. It is often necessary to call the doctor, and he administers small doses of the drug to quiet them."

"At what age do you find that the average woman commits her first offense for which she is arrested?" the matron was asked.

"When a woman is brought in here," said the matron, "she has been offending for a long time, probably, but this is the first time that she has ever been caught. Those who come in on their first offense are between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-five, and few of them are sentenced unless their offense is more serious than ordinarily. Many times the matron will intercede with the judge for them and ask him to give the prisoner another chance, which he generally does. Another thing, when a girl is brought here for the first time I seldom put her behind the bars, for whenever you do this your girl is gone and she will never amount to anything. Locking any girl behind bars on her first offense is a bad thing and generally completes her ruin, for all of her self-respect leaves her and she seems to think that there is no use in trying to reform."

"Do you notice that the women criminals of to-day are any more hardened in character than they formerly were?"

"That is one thing in which they never change," said Mrs. Gregoire. "They have been hardened in character enough ever since criminal women have been in existence, although it takes them some time to become thoroughly hardened. There are three distinct stages in this process, and I have often seen women go through all of them. When they are first arrested they become humiliated, and cannot be reconciled to the thought that they are under arrest. The next time they are brought here they are more indifferent. To be sure, the average woman will cry a little the second time she comes, but not like the first time, and she is much more easily consoled. But when she comes to the third stage of the hardening process she is completely changed. She is altogether indifferent and has but one object in life, and that is dissipation. When she has passed through this last stage, of course, she is as low as she can get. She is clear at the bottom and there is little hope for her."

OF LOW INTELLIGENCE.

"Do any of these women who are brought in here ever display any great amount of intelligence?" Mrs. Gregoire was asked.

"No," she replied, "there are few of them who ever have any education or knowledge to amount to anything. Those who have more intelligence than the average, as a be deadened. They don't seem to comprehend anything and their one thought seems to be of dissipation and debauchery.

"Of the women criminals, many display general thing, have been so dissipated that their intellect seems to a certain extent to a shrewdness that would do credit to men of the criminal class. There is one strange thing about a woman criminal, and that is that she will not talk. There is where she differs from the ordinary woman. She will not tell who was associated with her in her crime, and she is altogether a hard person to manage."

"Are long sentences to prison the means of correcting and reducing crime so far as woman is concerned?"

"No, indeed; whenever a woman is sent to prison she is lost. There is really only one way to redeem women at all, and that is through the suspended sentence. They will behave themselves then out of fear, for, if when one of them is out on a suspended sentence and an officer finds her doing wrong she will have this old sentence to serve, and this generally keeps her straight."

"Is bad companionship the general cause of a woman's downfall?" the matron was asked.

"There are various reasons to which this can be attributed. Some have bad home surrroundings, their parents take no interest in the girls and they have become bad before they realize it. Another reason very often is a stepparent who makes the life of a child miserable. Then you will find many parents who are too lenient with the girl and permit her to run around all hours of the night, and the first thing they know she is arrested. These girls generally average in age from seventeen to twenty.

"When a girl does become bad and is once arrested it is a hard matter to redeem her, for she then seems to lose all self-respect. I never fail to try to reform a young girl who is brought in here for her first time, and for the seven years that I have been here I still have my first one to completely reform. I had one girl who, I think would have turned out all right but she died. The first time a girl is brought here she will promise to be good and never do wrong again, but it will not be long before she will be put in again, and so far I have found no exceptions to the rule. When a girl is once arrested there seems to be no hope for her, for she has fallen. Many of them take up a bad life purely from choice, and when you find one of these, there is no use trying to reform her; there is nothing good in her, at all. Some of the girls I know have been arrested two and three dozen times since I have been here."

At this point the door opened and in came a policeman bearing in his arms a little lost child. The little fellow had been in one locality all day. He was tired and covered with dust. A woman had given him a sack of cakes, to which he clung tightly and looked at the policeman with his big, wide-open blue eyes. However, when the officer started to leave the youngster let forth a yell that was astonishing. The officer came back and patted him on the head and said, "The kid took to me when he first saw me. He don't know his name, or where he lives, but somebody no doubt will be after him soon." The matron picked up the child and quieted it. The interviewer saw that it was time for him to withdraw and as he went by the desk sergeant down in the corridor he thought of the words of the criminal in Richard Whiteing's story, "No. 5 John Street:"

"You can't do anything for us; it's too late. But save the children."

Henry Ward Beecher's First Church Was at Lawrenceburg, Indiana

What He Said About It From Plymouth Pulpit When Its Congregation Was Endeavoring to Erect a New Building... Had to Borrow Deacon and Elder...Was Sexton as Well as Pastor

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. He received a common school education and then attended Amherst College. After graduating there he studied theology under his father, Lyman Beecher, at Lane Seminary (Cincinnati), of which institution his father was then president. The progress he made under the guidance of his father was remarkable, and without exhibiting any great precocity, his early work predicated a brilliant future. He cultivated a very dramatic style, which made his discourse effective. This, coupled with his keen sense of humor and his apt illustrations, caused his popularity as a public speaker to become prodigious.

His first charge after finishing the course at Lane was at Lawrenceburg, Ind. This church was organized in 1827 and was just ten years old when Beecher took the charge. The church itself stood on the site of the present Presbyterian Church, which was built in 1882. The remarkable energy of the young minister became apparent soon after he came to Lawrenceburg. There are those living yet who remember him as a "boy preacher." He kept the church in repair and acted as its janitor. He borrowed lamps wherever he could in order to hold night meetings. He caught drift wood in the river for fuel. During the two years he was in Lawrenceburg he made many friends and increased his congregation greatly.

In 1882, when the Presbyterian Church was nearing completion, contributions were asked to assist in paying for it. One of these requests was sent to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., "an organization of orthodox Congregational believers."

Henry Ward Beecher's Church at Lawreaceburg, Ind.

Relative to this the following article is quoted from the New York World of May 22, 1882:

"Mr. Beecher baptized nineteen babies yesterday morning, the little Christians behaving, with few exceptions, most admirably. In asking for a collection for the Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., he said that it was the church over which he was first settled as pastor. 'When I was twenty-three years old,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I went forth knowing but little, and having no grace of that knowledge except that I knew I knew very little. My first stop was across the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati, where a hall had been opened with a view of forming a New School Presbyterian Church, for I was then a Presbyterian, and am still in everything except their Confession of Faith. I began to preach there, however, and after preaching about a half-dozen Sundays I was visited by a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years old, named Martha Sawyer (that's not her name now, so you know who it is), and I was invited to take charge of a church at Lawrenceburg, Ind. She was, I believe, trustee, deacon and treasurer of that church; at any rate, they had no other. She collected all the money that was collected, and they paid about $150 a year and the American Missionary Society made up the rest, so that I had the munificent salary of $450 a year. There I began my ministerial and pastoral life. There was but one man in the church, and that was one too many. However, here I began to learn. I don't know how, but here I learned for two years and a little more, and then I was called to Indianapolis, where I was for the two years preceding the time of my coming here. That little brick church, which would seat 100 or 150 persons was where I preached my earliest sermons. When we had communion I had to go out and borrow a deacon and elder. That church remains. A photograph has been taken of it and has been sent to me. I recognize every brick in it. I was sexton of it as well as pastor. I swept it twice a week, got lamps from the adjoining town and hung them on the walls and bought oil and filled and trimmed them, and kept them trimmed, for previous to that there had been no evening service. The church has existed ever since, with various degrees of prosperity, but now they have undertaken to build for themselves a new church, and I come to ask you what are you going to do to help them.' The baskets were passed and returned well filled."

A Natural History Study

A DAY IN THE FOREST

By Ernest Harold Baynes

ONE night last week I found myself at a neat New Hampshire farmhouse, which stands on the border of a forest which I expected to explore on the following day. The country was new to me, and I had arranged for a guide to take me where I wished to go. I arose at daylight, to hear robbins, bluebirds and red-winged blackbirds calling across the brown fields, and by the time the sun was up I had had breakfast and was ready for the start. There was still plenty of snow in the woods and on the hills, so we slung our snowshoes on our backs and set out. The air was just frosty enough to be bracing; it was the kind of morning the New England farmer chooses for the first tapping of the sugar maples. And sure enough, as we passed the farmhouses set far apart along the road, we saw that the sugaring had begun. Into the trunks of the big leafless maples, a row of which grew in front of nearly every house, one or more sugar holes had been bored, and into each hole a wooden tap had been driven, and below each tap there hung from a metal hook a shining tin bucket, into which the sap, clear as distilled water, fell with a "ting-ting-ting," for as yet there was but little in the buckets.

But presently we came to the point where we were to enter the forest, and here we knelt to put on our snowshoes. My guide, with a skill born of long practice, twisted the long elk-hide thongs about his feet and ankles and was ready before I had one shoe fairly adjusted. He was a rather remarkable looking man, short of stature, but with a well-knit frame, broad-shouldered and muscular. His face was dark as an Indian's, and from beneath a pair of black, shaggy eyebrows, two small keen eyes looked out past a nose which somehow suggested the bill of a hawk. He wore a suit which matched the color of the bare woods and the white oak leaves which still hung shivering on the trees. Like the wild things which he had spent so many years in hunting, he blended with his surroundings perfectly.

As we walked along in silence he was as interesting to me as any other inhabitant of the forest. Nothing pertaining to the animal life about us did he seem to miss. His eyes were everywhere, on the sky, in the trees and on the ground, and he not only saw things but he knew what they meant. His ears, too, were wonderfully acute, and not only sorted out the different sounds which came to us but told the distance and direction of each.

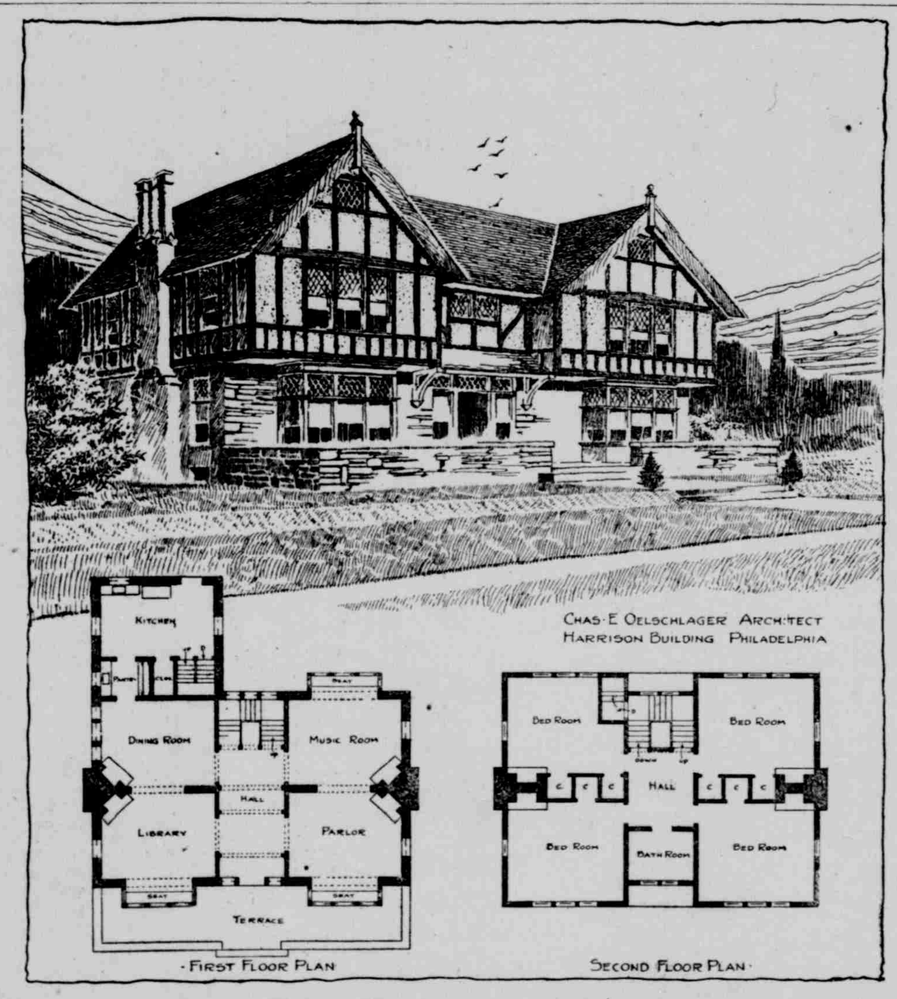
We had been walking perhaps ten minutes, when he said "Hist!" and, following the direction of his eyes, I saw on a hillside above us a deer quietly browsing at a patch of brown grass which the sun had cleared of snow. It was quite unconscious of our presence as we stood there, but as we started forward again it caught the sound, and, raising its pretty head, started straight at us. For just a moment we saw the full face, with the long ears standing out on either side like the wings of a butterfly. The next instant it wheeled, and sprang away up the hill, its broad white tail in the air. Barring its path was a clump of bushes; at least five feet high they looked from where I stood, but, turning neither to the right nor the left, the lithe creature simply rose in a graceful arc, and cleared them as a bird might have done. On reaching a safe distance, the deer stopped, turned round and looked at us again for a moment, and then, with a scornful flirt of the tail, trotted into the woods.

On every hand were signs of deer, sometimes well-trodden paths through the snow, at other times a single trail. And my guide gave each a glance in passing, occasionally calling attention to some peculiarity in the footprints. "That deer was lame," he would say, or "that track was made by a last year's fawn." On examination the truth of the statement was plain enough, but this man's examination consisted of a glance.

Once as we were making our way down a little valley, the bottom of which was marked by a foaming, pitching torrent, three large birds flew over head, screaming wildly. I asked the guide what they were, and he said they were woodpeckers, and from his description of the birds it was easy to identify them as pileated woodpeckers, a species with which I am not personally familiar. And a few minutes later I heard one of these big birds hammering on a tree, though had we not been several miles from any dwelling, I should have thought for a moment that it was a carpenter nailing clapboards on a house. So powerful are these birds that they sometimes cut down large trees in their search for insects.

Several times during our tramp we saw small herds of deer file past through the trees, and once, far away upon a bare hill top, we caught sight of a cow moose. Now and then we came upon a porcupine, or "hedge hog," as my guide called him, and we always stopped for a minute to hear the "porky" whine his disapproval at our interruption of his meal, and to watch the clumsy fellow climb a little further out of our reach. Foxes we did not see, but, judging from their tracks, they must have been plentiful, a fact which doubtless accounted for our seeing but one ruffed grouse during the whole day's tramp. Speaking of porcupines, I am sorry to learn that there is a bounty of 25 cents on them in New Hampshire. Shurely there is no more inoffensive creature in the woods if he is left alone, and if he does thin out a few trees by eating the bark off, it is a very small matter when compared with even a very insignificant lumbering operation. Long life to him, he's one of the most curious and interesting of the wood folk in New England, and I for one would be very sorry to miss him from my walks.

With these and a few other creatures my guide and I amused ourselves until nightfall, when we trudged homeward past the sugar houses on the roadside, whence issued the smoke of burning wood and the odor of boiling sap.



Half Timbered Residence.

This splendid example of old English half timbered work, with its quaint gables, bay windows and chimneys, is especially designed for a person with artistic inclinations. The first floor is of local stone, laid in white mortar. The pebble dash is painted a light gray, while the half timbering and shingle roof is stained to harmonize with the predominant color effect. The upper sash contains leaded glass of a diamond pattern.

The first floor is well arranged, and one can obtain very artistic effects with a little study and attention. The hall ceiling will have oak beams, and the entire side walls will be paneled in oak.

The finishing woodwork, including flooring of all first floor rooms, will be Flemish oak. Fireplaces are located in the four principal rooms on each floor.

The second floor contains four spacious bedrooms and a bath, all of which are well lighted and ventilated, while the third floor is divided into three bedrooms and a store and bathroom.

The approximate cost, including heating, electric lighting, etc., is $10,000.

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Talk By the Architect About the House and the Pocketbook

They Should Be Commensurate in Size and Much Trouble Would Be Prevented...Home Building and Strength of Character

THE architect had had a wearisome day. The spring sunshine had filled his office with people who for months had been thinking of building, but had neglected consulting their architect until they were nearly ready to break ground. This is hard on the architect. He was sitting in his easy chair, with the evening paper on the floor, where he had dropped it with the remark that he guessed he would send it back; there was nothing in it. His companion told him he ought to know, because he had been an hour finding out.

The day's experiences had made him talkative. His clients had all contemplated the building of homes and his mind still ran along the line of his day's work. He said:

"The struggle to build a house is too often unnecessarily great. Many people build houses which are both larger and more elaborate than their pocketbooks warrant. They cost too much when they are built, and they cost too much to maintain every day of every year. The initial expenditure of erecting a house is small compared with the expense in labor and money of its daily care. We of America have yet to learn the charm and dignity of living easily within our means; of having simple things about us. In the past we have built thoughtlessly and hastily. This was one phase of our development, made necessary to the settlement of a new country. But even after this stage had passed in the old communities, the spirit of haste and lack of careful thought remained.

"From my experience I believe the most wasteful expenditures in house building come from the desire to have a house larger than the family really needs. It is a charming matter to have many rooms for even small families. It gives a certain variety to life to spend part of the day in one sitting room and the afternoon and evening in another. There is unquestionably a spirit of repose about a house of large rooms and many of them, which is not easily attainable in smaller quarters. But this is a luxury which ought to be attempted only by a family whose income is large.

HARD ON THE WOMAN.

"When I see a tired man and haggard woman I often wonder if much of it is not the result of trying to maintain a home which is larger than the family purse admits. Such effort is hard enough on the man, but it is harder far on the woman, who knows the hourly struggle of keeping clean rooms which are seldom used, of planning for furnishings therefor, which get shabby and soiled, even when the room is rarely entered. It is a heart-breaking matter, because it is one which cannot be neglected when the house is once built.

"This is why I dislike to see my clients building beyond their needs and their purses, even though such expenditure is seemingly to my advantage. I have wasted much time and lost not a few clients through trying to persuade them to build more modestly. Yes, I have now seen the error of my ways, and am building for clients just what they ask, but I am none the less convinced that houses larger than the owner's purse form one of the chief burdens of our American life.

"But there is one thing I cannot yet see a client do. Neither self-interest nor ease in doing business will permit me to see over-elaborated houses erected without strong protest. The Americans have a strong sense of the picturesque—too strong a sense for present needs. It has led to a wildness in exterior planning and tawdriness and overcrowding in interior decorations which one cannot contemplate without a shudder. There is no need to point out concrete examples. Just go out on the street and see for yourself, or, if you wish to verify what I say in regard to interiors, make a call or two on your friends. The truth is self-evident. And it is not alone our sense of the picturesque which has led to these horrors, but as well a desire for display which is unhappily characteristic of this Nation. We need to go abroad and see the comfort and dignity of simple living. We need to learn that a home may be more beautiful and more artistic, that it will cost less in the beginning and be more satisfying thereafter, if the vulgar education is abandoned. It is not wise for me to say much on this subject because I feel so strongly.

NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.

"Do I not think we are beginning to see the error of our ways? Yes, in a few places. But the movement to a simpler, more artistic and more comfortable living seems to be sporadic, as yet. We find it in isolated places. It may spread. I most sincerely hope so. If I were younger, had had less experience with clients, I should be more optimistic. Yes, the craftsmen are doing work which is vital. Their ideas of homes and home life are along right lines, which may affect a larger number in coming years.

"But the home builders are not confined to those who for any reason build houses which are unneccessarily large and elaborate. In America any one who wishes may own his own home. It is merely a question of denying one's self a part of the non-essential pleasures, and the result may be a spot of ground with a house upon it, and safety from some of the cares and anxieties of life. The strong desire to own one's home property is next door to realization. The exceptions to this statement are not greatly influential. The workman whose occupation is in the center of New York and whose skill does not justify fair wages and the cost of rapid transit to and from his work, must live in cramped, miserable quarters and pay 25 per cent. of his income in rent if he will live in the center of the great city. But why live in New York at all?

"Nearly any one may own a lot. He may buy it on terms so favorable, so encouraging, that the denials made necessary in its purchase will be forgotten before the ink is dry on the last receipt. Money is cheap and easily obtained on even fair security. Any man of good habits, with an industrious, prudent wife, can secure money at low rates as soon as he has a modest basis of security, and such a man will not be long in paying for a lot. When that is done the road is easy. The impulse to buy, the impulse to save, is half the battle. Any one can own a home who can pay rent. Every rent receipt should be a notification to build for one's self. A man who pays rent must of necessity pay interest, principle and other fixed charges within a definite number of years upon the house he lives in. Otherwise land values and improvement values would have no existence.

INTEREST IN HOUSE PLANS.

"Every one is interested in house plans. The newspaper which publishes them has earnest readers, even among those who are struggling to pay rent, and whose larder is not plentifully supplied. It is the woman who thinks most about a home of her own. The home is practically her world. It is her all. With a man a home is more nearly an incident. He eats his meals there, stops there over night, but there are other things in the universe than his own roof. Most houses that have been built as homes are the result of the dream of some woman, often a woman tired and careworn, but struggling for the safety and comfort of her children, struggling against the necessity of paying rent. It is the man who hangs back, who hesitates. The man cares more for the little superficial pleasures. He cares more for the summer outing or the theater, for the streetcar rides, fishing excursions and the gratification of his stomach than does the woman. Out of things like this come our homes.

"A house of two or three rooms is a good deal better if it is your own than if it is a four or five-room house and belongs to some one else. It is a great deal better to plant ferns and vines and trees, to put in seeds in your own soil than in that which requires a rent receipt each month in order for you to be able to cultivate it. A sitting room which may serve as a dining room, a kitchen and a bedroom are not a bad start for a home. The ambition, the training and the joy of living under one's own roof and digging one's own soil, even where the house has only two or three rooms, will develop the strength and impulse to realize a more convenient and comfortable structure. A man who does such a thing develops abilities which advance his business. The home spirit, the home ambition, of the American has as much to do with his commercial supremacy as do his practical skill, ingenuity and ability to organize. He does all these things primarily that he may have a home of his own."

"I have paid for more than one home in rents," said the architect's companion.

EDWARD SWITZER.

Mark Twain Doesn't Study Italian.

Literary Bulletin.

Mark Twain is not studying Italian; he does not consider it necessary, even though he is domiciled in Florence for some time to come. "I cannot speak the language," he recently explained; "I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too idolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer them in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair I throw in an Italian word when I have one." Mark Twain recently gave a half-hour's humorous lecture on Italian grammar in the Rinuccini Theater at Florence for the benefit of the British Relief Fund. The audience was a cosmopolitan and brilliant one, and the lecture, which was published previously in Harper's Weekly, was received with much applause.